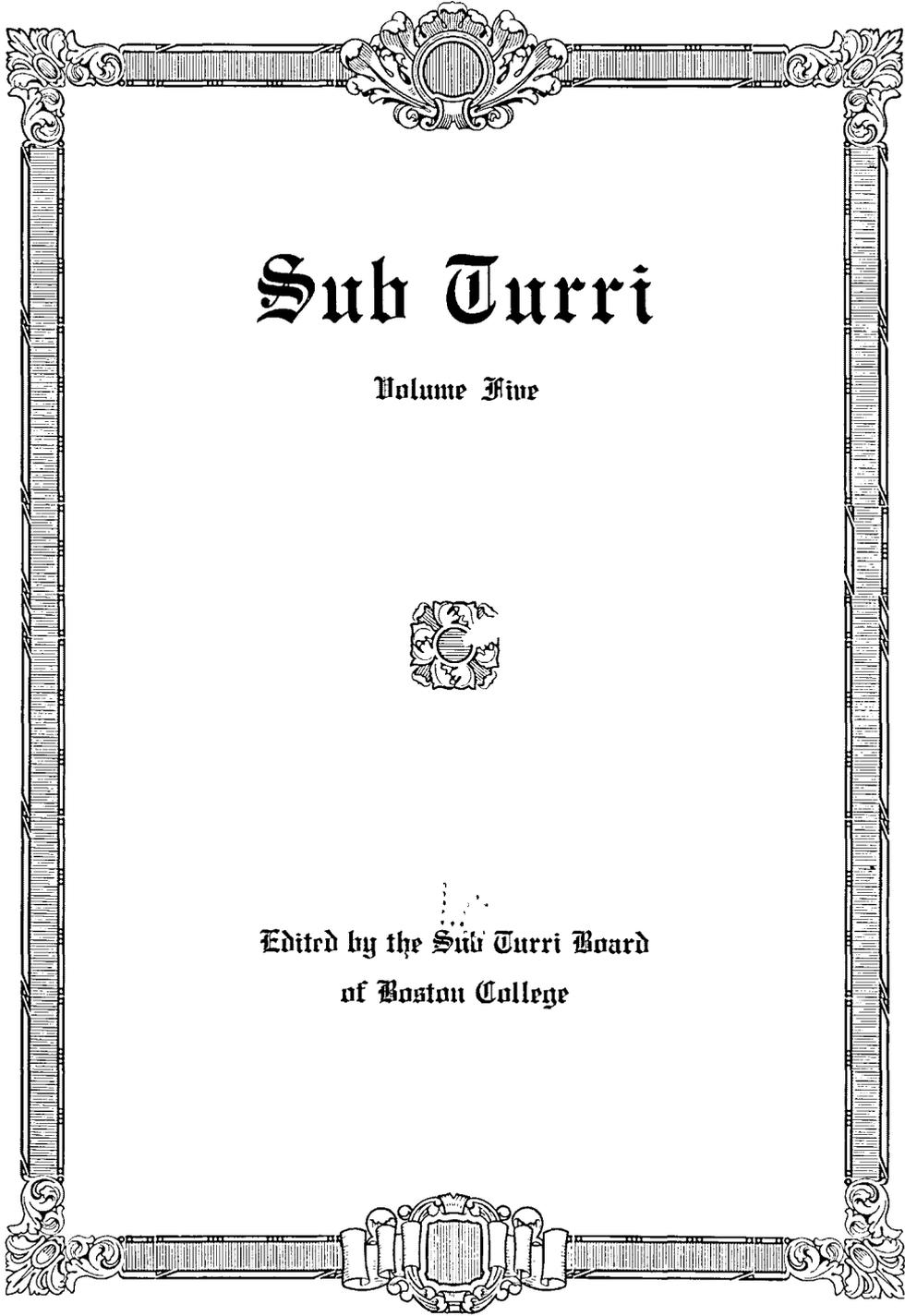


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1917

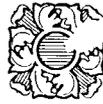






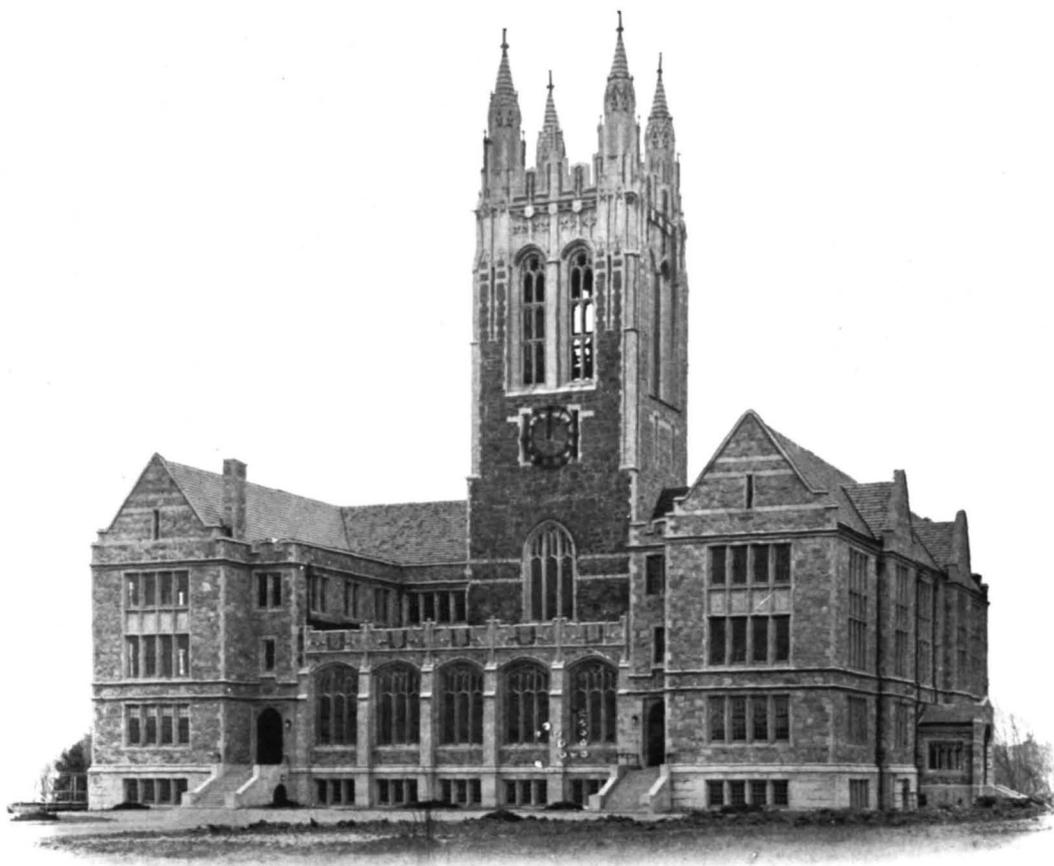
# Sub Turri

Volume Five



Edited by the Sub Turri Board  
of Boston College

LD478  
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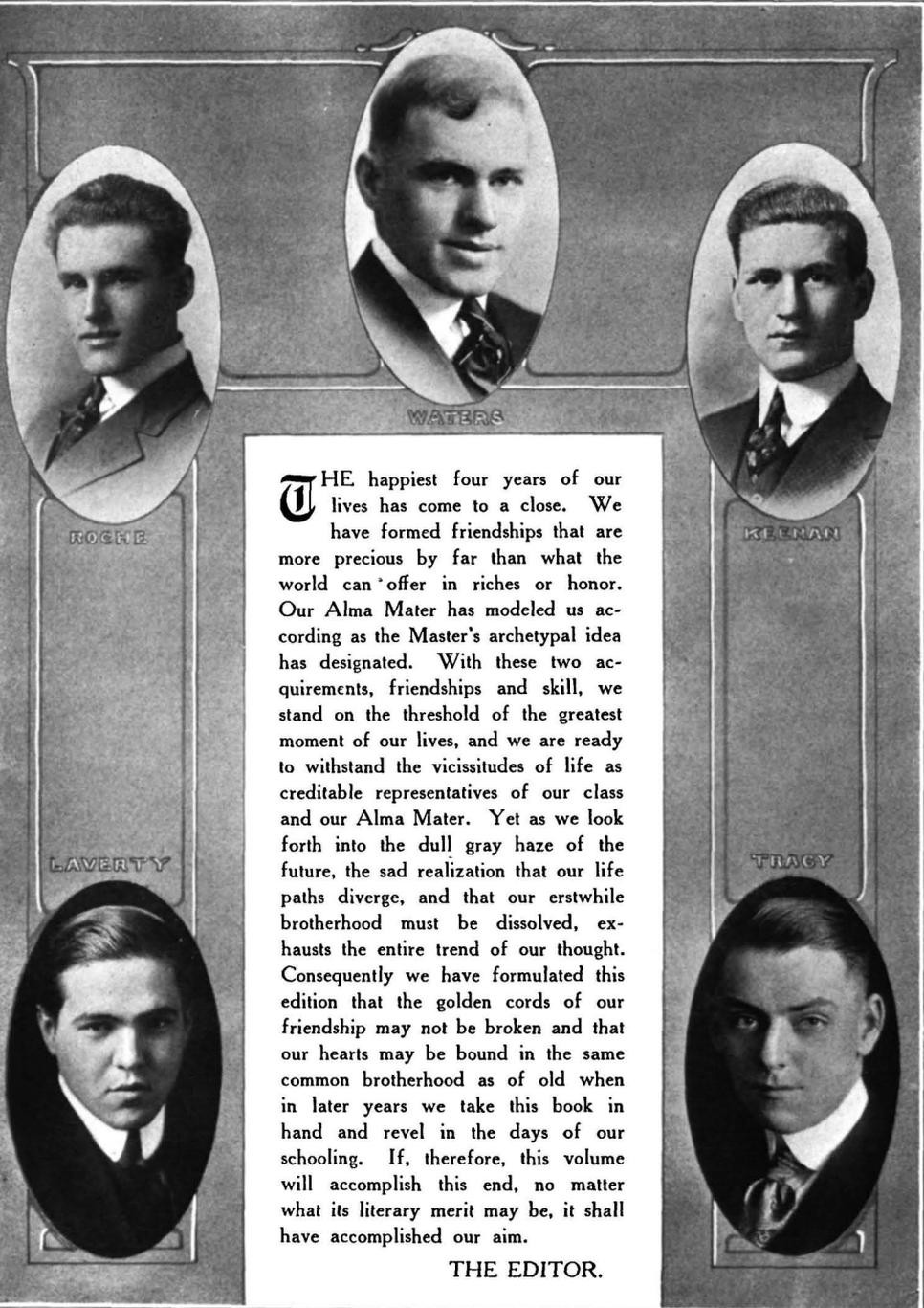
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To  
His Eminence  
William Cardinal O'Connell, D.D., '81  
Archbishop of Boston  
who, in scholarly attainments, masterful direction  
and lasting achievement  
and through recognitions showered upon him by the  
Sovereign Pontiff  
has reflected most glory upon his Alma Mater  
We, her youngest sons, most respectfully  
dedicate  
whateuer of merit may be discovered in  
this Book



ROGHE

WATERS

KEELMAN

LAVERTY

TRACY

THE happiest four years of our lives has come to a close. We have formed friendships that are more precious by far than what the world can offer in riches or honor. Our Alma Mater has modeled us according as the Master's archetypal idea has designated. With these two acquirements, friendships and skill, we stand on the threshold of the greatest moment of our lives, and we are ready to withstand the vicissitudes of life as creditable representatives of our class and our Alma Mater. Yet as we look forth into the dull gray haze of the future, the sad realization that our life paths diverge, and that our erstwhile brotherhood must be dissolved, exhausts the entire trend of our thought. Consequently we have formulated this edition that the golden cords of our friendship may not be broken and that our hearts may be bound in the same common brotherhood as of old when in later years we take this book in hand and revel in the days of our schooling. If, therefore, this volume will accomplish this end, no matter what its literary merit may be, it shall have accomplished our aim.

THE EDITOR.



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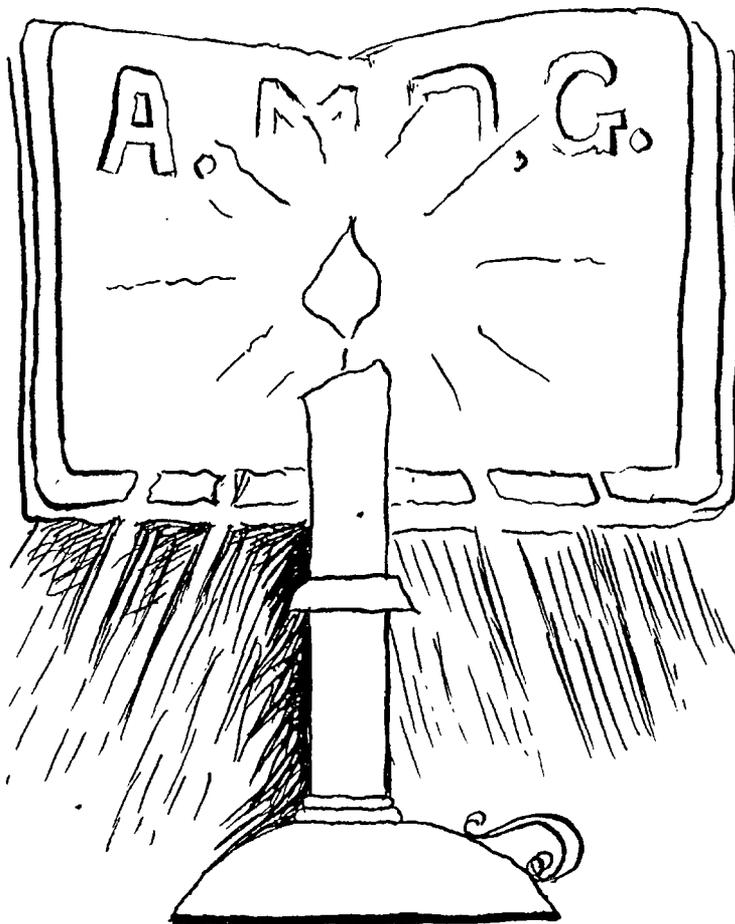
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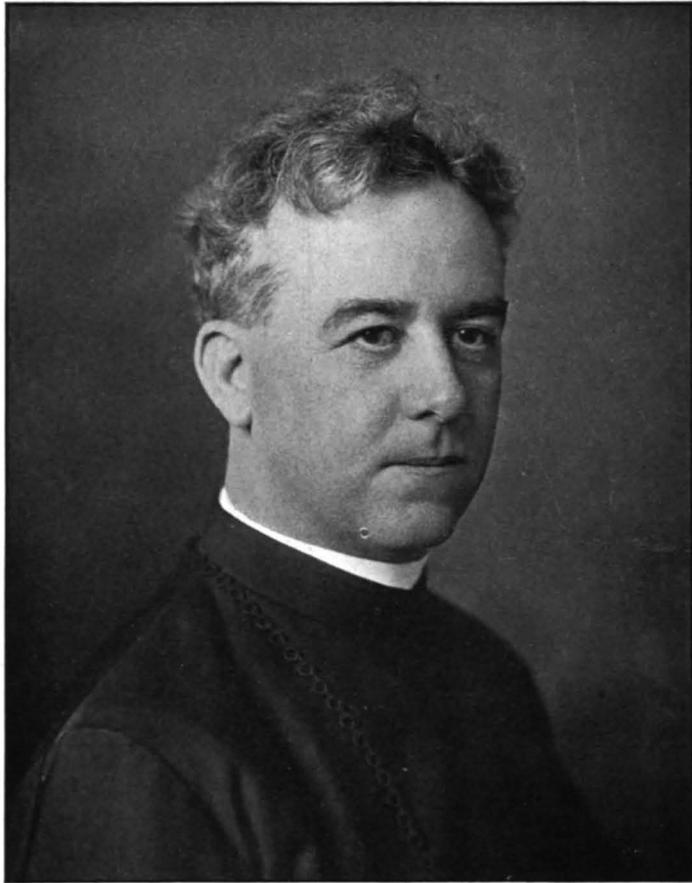


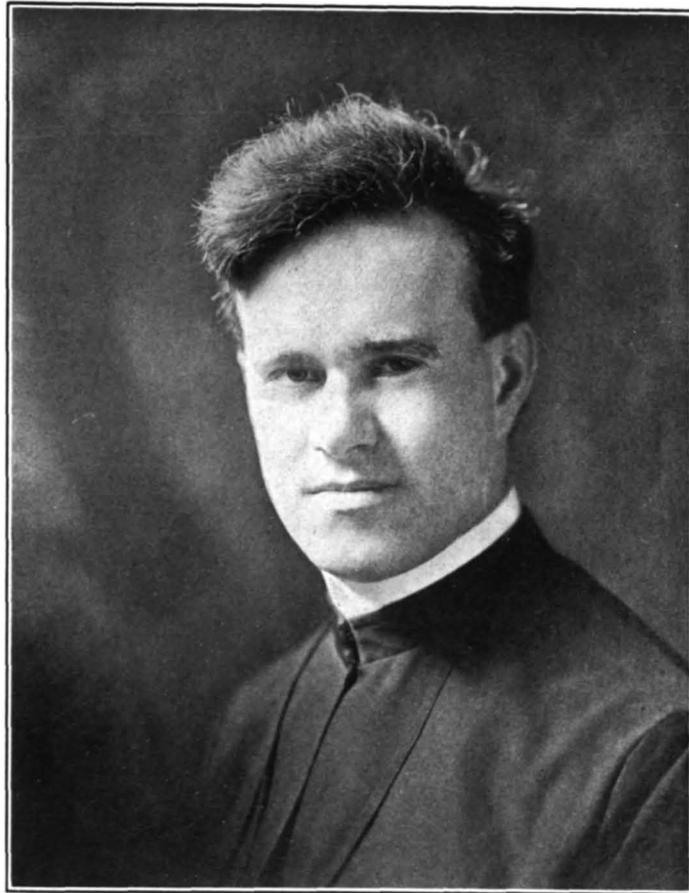
# Faculty



The Light of Our Way A.M.D.G.

A.P.L. 17



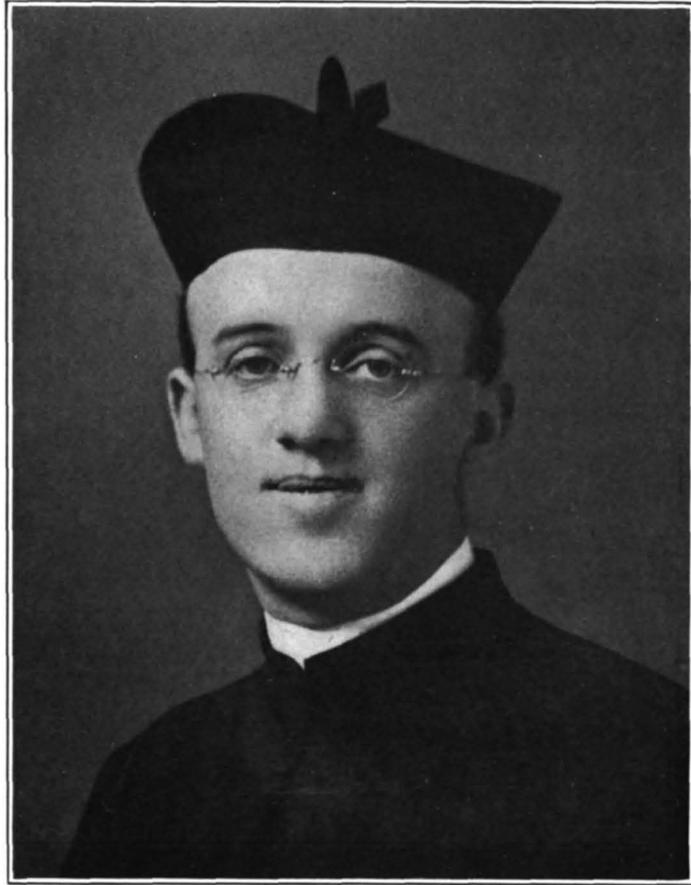


# Ethics

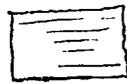
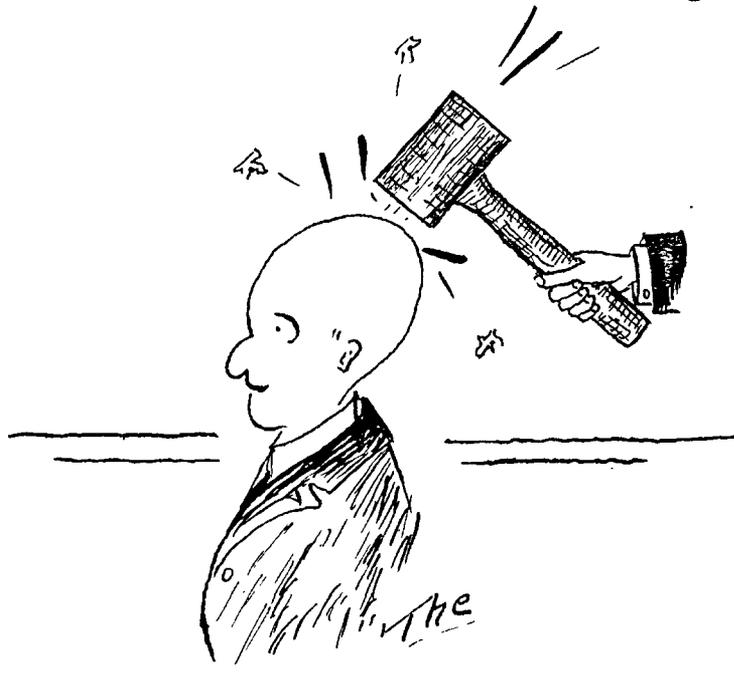
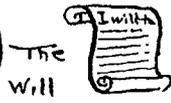


The Positive Law

SAVED BY



# Psychology



Universal Ideas

"Origin of Ideas"

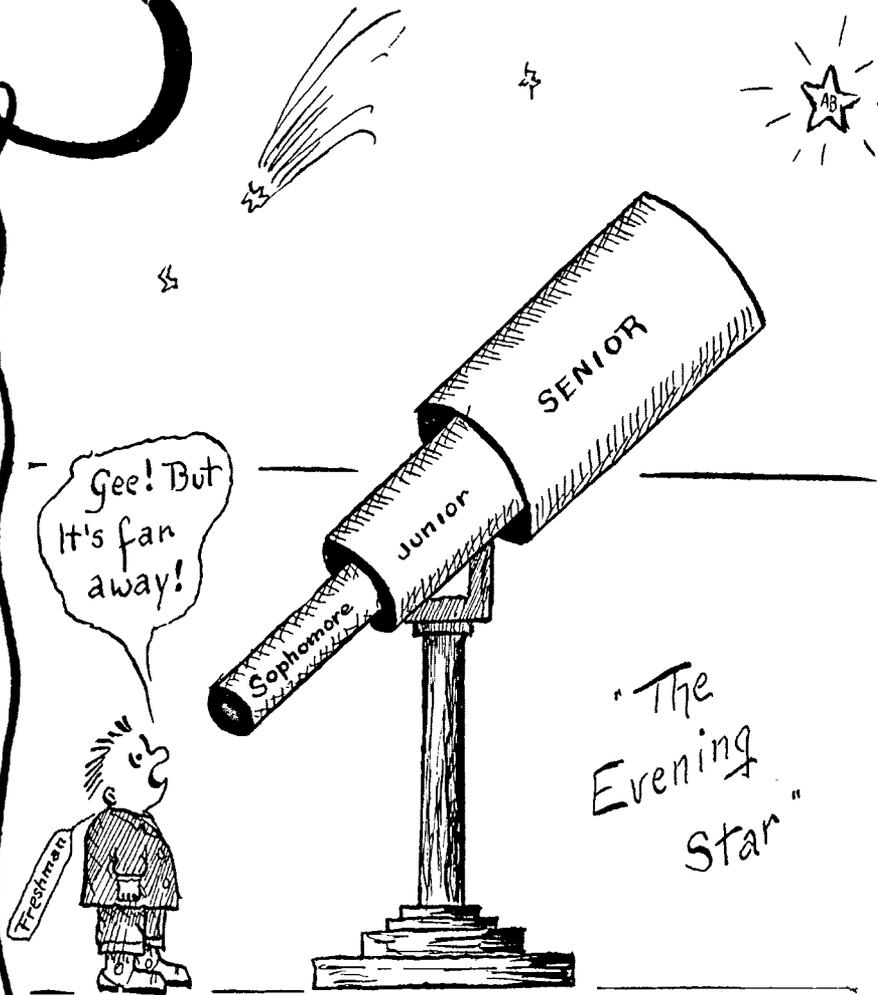


"The Psychic Ultimate"

LAVERTY



# Science

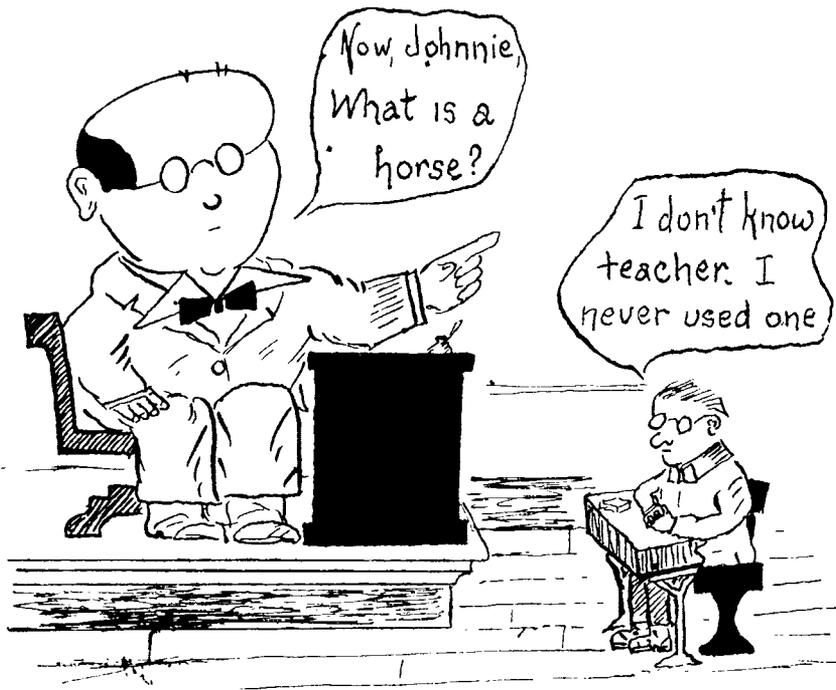


Gee! But  
It's far  
away!

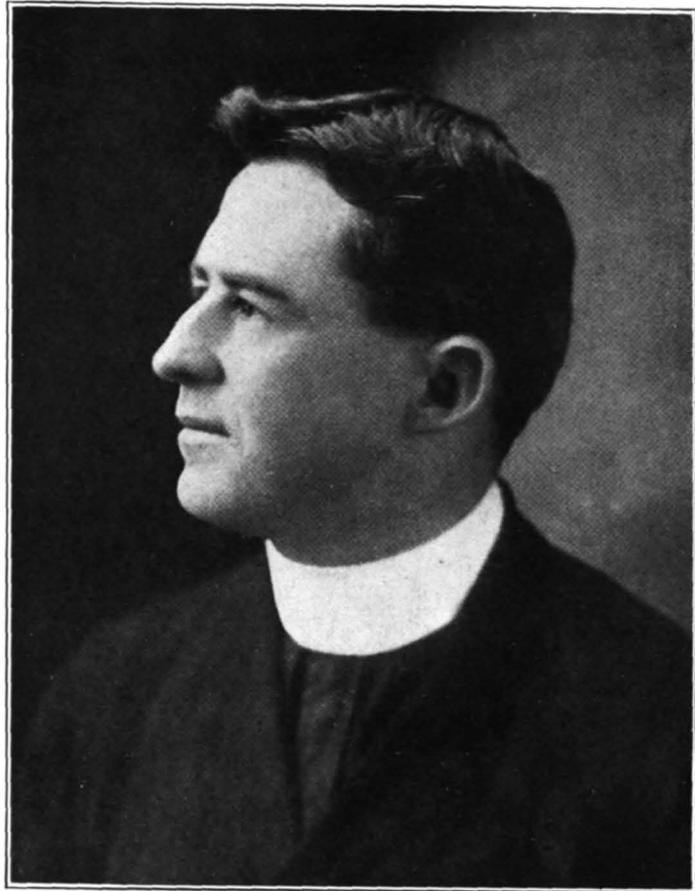
"The  
Evening  
Star"

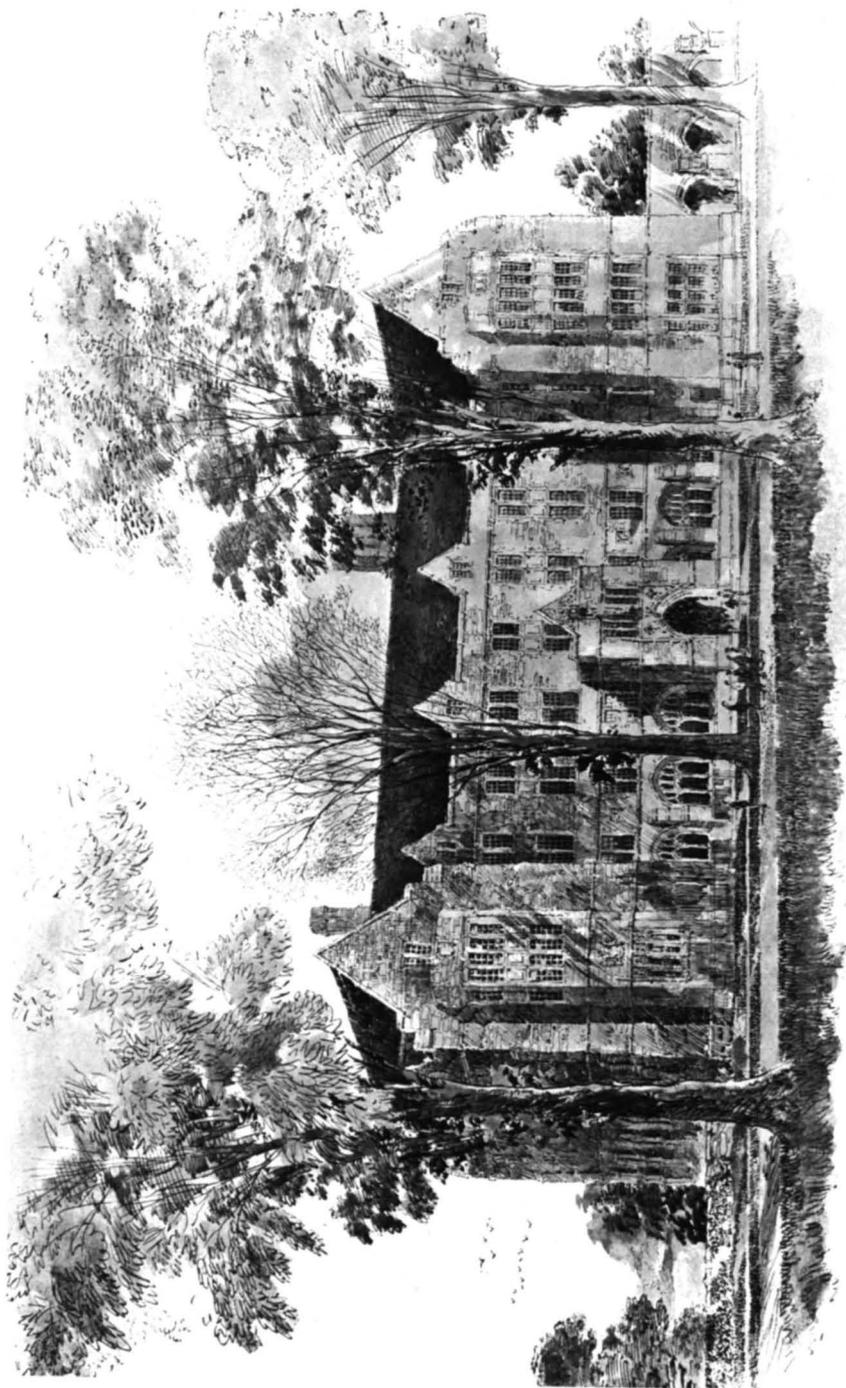


# Pedagogy



*The Eighth Wonder of The World*





ST. MARY'S HALL

## The New Boston College

**T**HE history of Boston College at University Heights has been one of rapid progress. These four years are but a beginning of what may be called the Golden Era of our College and they augur well for its future.

Boston College was established in 1863, and in 1907, when it was not yet fifty years old, Father Gasson, foreseeing the future needs of the College, purchased the present site facing Commonwealth Avenue and overlooking the Reservoir. No one who has enjoyed the beauty of this place will doubt the wisdom of the choice.

The Recitation Building, the first of the eighteen buildings which are to be erected on the Height, was finished in 1913, the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the College. The cornerstone was put in place in June of that year, the ceremonies being performed by Right Reverend Joseph G. Anderson, D.D., Auxiliary Bishop of Boston.

On September 17, 1915, the first Freshman class, the Class of 1917, entered the new Boston College and the first complete collegiate year began. In October of this year the chime bells were hung in the tower. The sweet tone of these bells can not be forgotten by any one who has studied at University Heights.

Father Gasson was succeeded at Boston College by Reverend Charles W. Lyons, S.J., in January of the year 1914. The departure of Father Gasson was deeply regretted by all the students whose hearts he had won by his kindly ways, but they were glad to welcome our present Rector, under whose able leadership the College has grown wonderfully.

The need of a residence on the grounds for the faculty was soon felt, and the grounds were blessed and the first sod turned for the second of the group of buildings on September 8, 1914. The simple ceremonies were performed by Father Lyons. This Building has been placed under the patronage of our Blessed Mother and named St. Mary's Hall.

It has naturally been the hope of all our athletes that the College might have an athletic field of her own. This hope was realized in 1915. On October 30th of that year, the new athletic field, a field of which every son of Alma Mater may well be proud, was dedicated. It was named Alumni Field in honor of our alumni, who helped so generously that the field might be finished, and raised the money for the erection of the grandstands. A flag raising and celebration were held on May 9th, 1916, at the Field by the Philomatheia Club, who donated the flag-pole. This Club, an organization of ladies

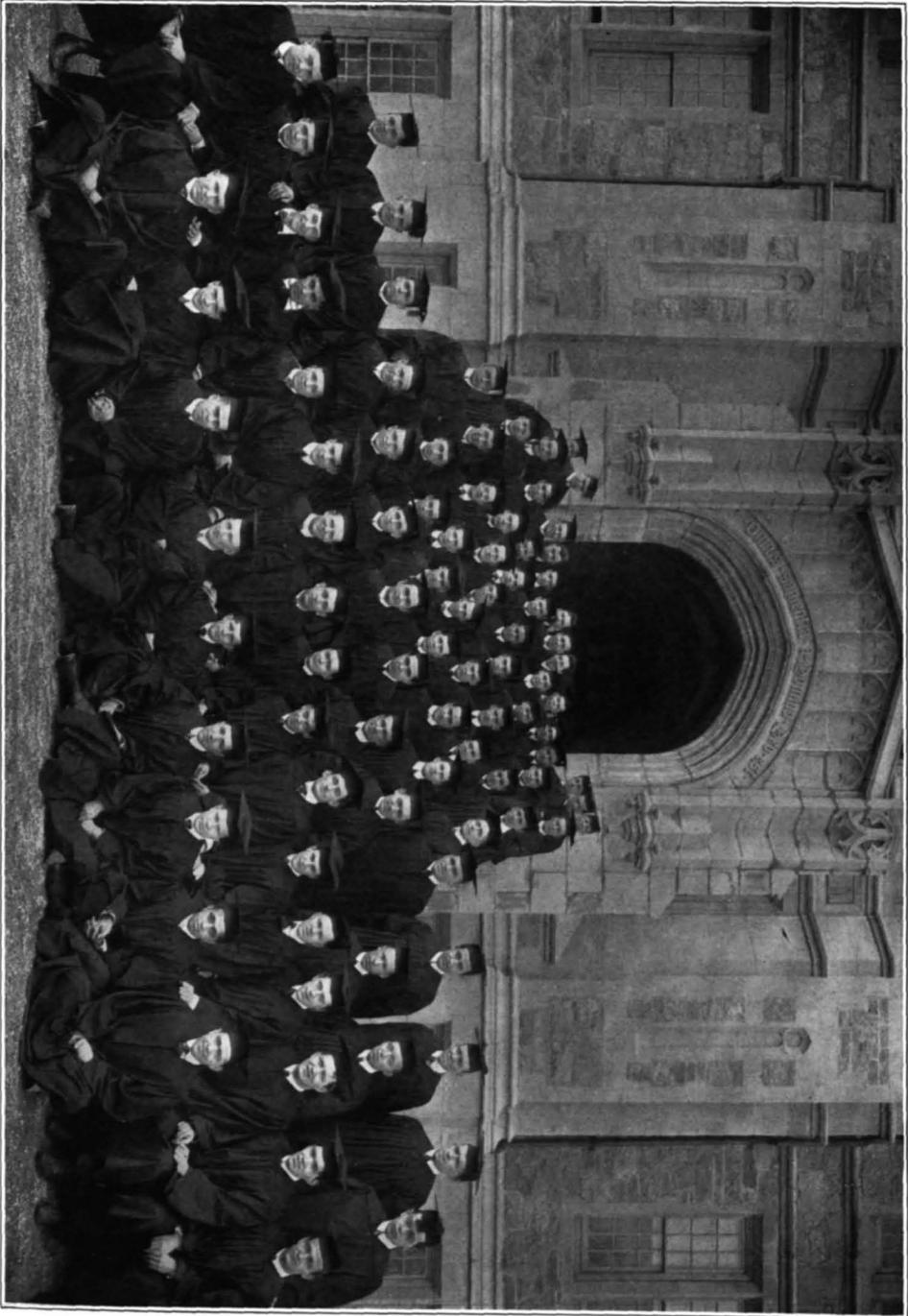


who wish to further the interests of Boston College, deserve the praise of all our College men for the splendid work which its members have accomplished.

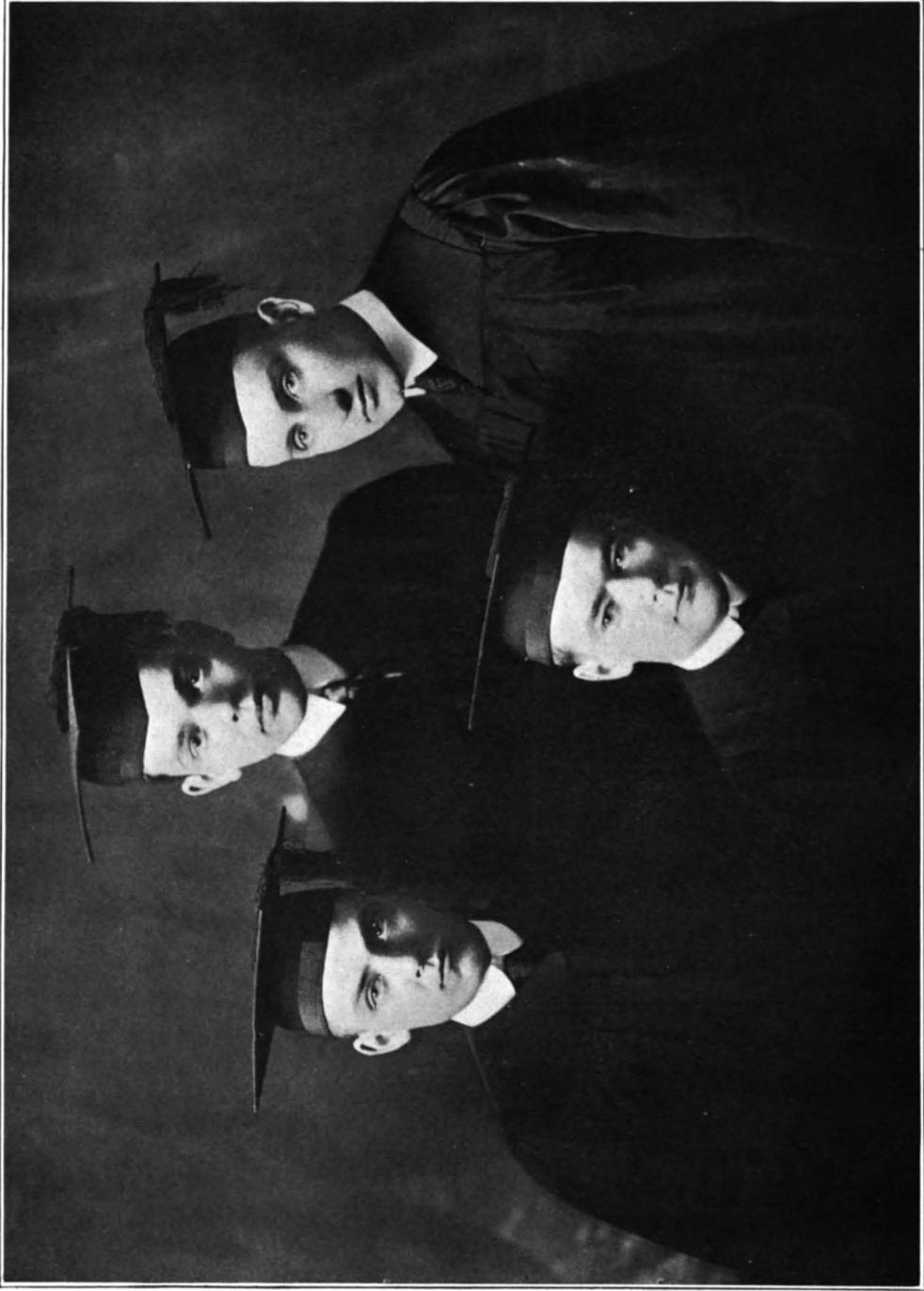
St. Mary's Hall was finished in January of the year 1917. It is in keeping with the Gothic Style of the Recitation Building, and is the finest house of its kind in any Jesuit College in the United States. It was formally opened on January 6, 1917. The first Mass was celebrated in the Chapel of the new building on that day, Father Lyons officiating.

Almer Mater has developed wonderfully in the past four years, and it is the wish of the Class of 1917 that she may continue to grow and expand far beyond the dreams of her early founders. We can not conclude this short history with more fitting words than the closing ones of Bishop Anderson's address at the laying of the cornerstone of our Recitation Building: "Boston College, I bid you God-speed, 'Intende, prospere procede et regna'."

JOHN J. HENNESSEY.

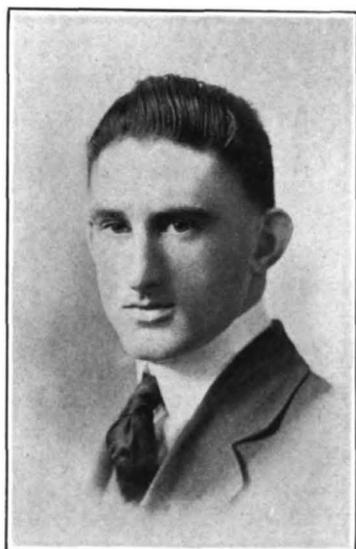


SENIOR CLASS



SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

“O had some power the giftie gie us  
To see oursels as ithers see us”



EDWARD J. AUSTEN      CAMBRIDGE, MASS.  
"Eddie"

*"Thou hast no sorrow in thy song  
No winter in thy year."*—Logan.

IXOUS (1, 2); Varsity Football (3, 4);  
Class Football (1).

Ed Austen has always guarded the top of the alphabet during the period of repetitions, and in view of this fact he deserves first place in order of biographies. Ed comes from Cambridge, and although we have many denizens of the University City among our number, yet we have none possessing a voice as sweet or with such a thrilling effectiveness as Edward's. The monotonous din of the class room is to a great extent diminished when he is in the back of the room performing a song and dance act. He also lets us know that he is in the rear of the room when he at-

tempts to explain the intricacies of dogma to Donahue.

He has been a source of joy to all of us during his collegiate career. He has drawn us closely to him with his sunny disposition and magnetic smile. He has caused us to envy him on account of the ease with which he accomplishes things, and even when a difficult situation spreads its huge mist before him,—well, he even finds humor in it.

On the football field Ed has made a reputation at least for hard work and versatility. He has been an end on the varsity for two years and has earned the respect of his coaches and football enthusiasts. His diligence has also been noticeable in his academic work. Ed has always clung to the books with unfatiguing tenacity, ever holding before him as an incentive "Books are the makers of men."

We are at a loss as to what occupation Ed "will grapple to his heart," but we are sure, nevertheless, that he will have ease in getting to the front because of the hosts of friends that he will make.





THOMAS A. BRAY      HOLLISTON, MASS.

"Tom"

*"I dare do all that may become a man  
Who dares do more is none."*—Shakespeare.

IXOUS (1, 2); Sodality (3); Kem Club (4).

"Tom" is numbered among our many commuters who wind their tedious way from obscure points to University Heights. Now, if perchance you labor under the delusion that Holliston is not on the map, you are deluded quite justifiably. However, prepare for a disillusion for we promise that our Thomas will one day be the means of causing geographers to place a red star beside the name of his home town.

"Four years is a long time in the life of an ordinary commuter." The dreadful result—the wreck of an amiable disposition—has very frequently occurred. "Tom," however, has a disposition which refuses to be ruffled under any circumstances. This may account for the fact that fate destined him for the onerous task of beadle in his Junior year. At any rate he performed his task well and it did not pass unnoticed by his classmates.

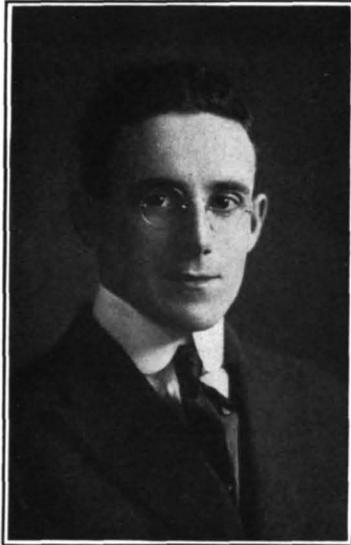
Among his natural accomplishments he has a latent oratorical ability, first brought into light during the happy days of Junior. Appearing in the character of a voluntary entertainer, "Tom" displayed in his quiet unassuming fashion the possession of a bold, clear and resonant voice. The congratulations that he received on this occasion prompted him the following year to seek membership in the Fulton. In that organization he continued his prowess with marked progress.



Tom has been an extremely good student. In his early years on the Heights he was the recipient of a few prizes and all through his college career he has been listed among the honor students. His pal, Lester, tells us that it comes natural to "Tom" and that he sought the shades of slumber every night before the Holliston lights went out. Of late "Tom" has devoted all his spare time bisecting and dissecting the inferior living beings while specializing in Biology.

If "Tom's" tendencies are toward the study of medicine, we feel safe to say that his past achievements are a criterion of his future prosperity.





VINCENT P. BURKE NEWTONVILLE, MASS.

"Vin"

*"The man who smokes thinks like a sage and acts like a Samaritan."*—Lytton.

IXOUS (1, 2); Sodality (3); Marquette (2).

"Vin" is one of the great trio that hails from Newton which has been very much in the front during our college course. "Vin" is a quiet, unassuming young man, but one upon whom we could always depend for any class activity. His chief hobby is to argue either upon the worth of certain baseball players, the superiority of a certain brand of tobacco, or upon the intricacies of ethics and psychology. His two best companions while at school were "Joe" Hurley and his little black pipe. "Joe" was "Vin's" sparring partner between classes and the pipe was his main solace in weary hours. Hardly is class over but out comes the pipe prepared to give a few moments

of pleasure to this gentleman who so much resembles a blacksmith's bellows. There are few, however, who can boast of such a pleasant disposition as "Vin" displays in and outside of the classroom. Always he has inspired other members of the class to shake the grouch and seek the portals of levity. Although "Vin" has never sought the dazzling glare of publicity, although he has rarely sought pleasure in the whirl of the light fantastic, and although he has evidently not been endowed with a yearning for honor or with a zeal for high-browish culture, yet there is something way down deep in "Vin's" soul which seems to escape from its boundaries to warn us that all this honor, achievement, and renown is going to be proclaimed far and wide in his name after he has once built a starting basis here at Boston College. "Vin" has been engaged in the railroad business, as a city official, and has taken a hand in great municipal work and if any one of these holds "Vin's" future career for him we know that every one will hear his name even to the four winds.





FRANCIS J. CAFFREY      LAWRENCE, MASS.

“Caff”

*“He stood among them but not of them.”—Byron.*

IXOUS (1, 2); SUB TURRI (4); Cap and Gown Committee (4).

There are two things which will formulate some day to make Francis J. a wonderful character. In the first place he is endowed with diligence and integrity. This fact is manifested by his determination to arise before the sun every morning in order to catch the seven o'clock train from Lawrence to Boston. In the second place “Frank” has the unique potency of wrapping himself in an obscure mist of mystery which makes it difficult for others to know of his doings or whereabouts. If we were to write of each individual's activities, there would be one name we would have to inclose in a question mark. “Frank” goes and goes, he is always where there is any activity connected with the College, yet we need a Sherlock Holmes to detect his mysterious movements, so clever is he to avoid the jests of his classmates.



“Frank,” however, has a great love for his Alma Mater and even while a college man he was one of the prime movers in the formation of the B. C. Club of Lawrence, whose one purpose was to make the college more appreciated in that city. The great difficulties that he overcame and the wonderful success that crowned his work speak volumes for his perseverance.

Early in “Frank's” Freshman year, he attempted to set the style by appearing one morning in a huge sweater, and for five hours he sat in class, thusly attired, much to the delight of teacher and class. Since then he has continued to formulate precedents in class, social activities and in other phases of college life. Consequently we are well assured that “Frank's” perseverance and originality will open a prominent place in life for him.

THE UNKNOWN  
TABLE.



JOHN J. CONNOLLY      BRIGHTON, MASS.

"Jack"

*"This gentleman will out-talk us all."*—Shakespeare.

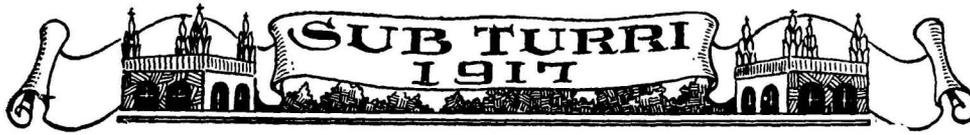
Marquette (1, 2); Marquette Medal (1); Fulton (3, 4);  
President Marquette (2); Lecturer (4); Prize Debate (4);  
Fulton Medal (4); Publicity Committee Fulton (4).

Gab, gas and hot air are John Connolly's strong assets. A chuckle peculiar to John alone and his ever familiar "Hello Bo" combine to formulate the happiest and most easy going member of our class. John can talk most fluently on any subject which is discussed within a radius of thirty feet of him. In fact, John had so skilfully developed this habit of his that even in the far off day of Freshman he was able to compete with the best orators that ever mounted our famous Bema. On one occasion, while a Freshman, he modestly rode far out into the country with the Mar-

quette prize medal tucked away in his vest pocket. Then and there John was a recognized hero and became at once the orator and diplomat of the class. He also has developed a facility in keeping close to the professor's ear and is continuously whispering those "sweet nothings" for the benefit of the class. In fact John would pawn his last suit if he thought it would get the class anything, so much does he think of us. His motto is efficiency, integrity, and honesty, and he has outlived it to the letter. So honest is he that he once told the professor, purely voluntarily, "You've got to admit this Greek is hard and of course I use one of those little green ponies to trot it out."

Many a time we have been entertained by John's gems of elocution which varied so often from language of darky land to the common curriculum of street urchins. Of late, John has been devoting his efforts to the betterment of the denizens of the North End, instructing them in various phases of education and especially in the rudiments of parliamentary procedure. It looks now as though John will continue to exercise his altruistic tendencies through life and our fondest wishes go with him.





THOMAS D. CRAVEN DORCHESTER, MASS.

"Buttsy"

*"Too busy with the crowded hour to fear to live or die."*

—Emerson.

Marquette (1, 2); Fulton (3); Varsity Football (1, 2, 3);  
Manager Varsity Football (4); President Student  
A. A., IXOUS (1, 2, 3).

A short, stocky young man who answered to the name of "Buttsy" attracted our attention one day at the beginning of our educational preamble, when he strutted forth to the football field heavily garbed in pads. In action we kept our eyes on him, and when at the close of the season we saw him receive his letters, well, we marveled that one small man could do all he did. For three years "Tom" played on the varsity and in his Senior year he managed the team to a most creditable season.



This amazing grit and hard work has dominated "Tom's" career at B. C. It has been most prominent in scholastic endeavor and in school activities. With regard to the latter he has not even a competitor for first place. He is here, there and everywhere and how his short strides take him to so many places in so short a time is inconceivable. Within the college walls he has been the busiest man there, being engaged in managing the student athletic activities, searching for the unknown in the "Lab" and endeavoring to act really difficult roles in dramatics. As for the latter, it is sufficient for us to recall to you the noble courier who hastily entered the scene and breathlessly announced: "The man is dead!" We believe that because of this one line "Tom's" name has been immortalized in B. C. dramatics.



As a debater, too, "Tom" has quite a reputation. On one occasion he endeavored to uphold Chinese Immigration even against the most direful and obnoxious effects that were promised by his opponents.

"Tommy" acts the part of a hotel boy in the vacation time, and we little wonder that he has little trouble being reinstated in the same place each year, for "Tom" is a little fellow of big mind and heart, and such men always succeed.



WILLIAM M. CURLEY MARBLEHEAD, MASS.  
"Bill"

*"A youth to whom was given so much of earth,  
so much of heaven."—Wordsworth.*

IXOUS (1, 2); Sodality (3); Marquette (2).

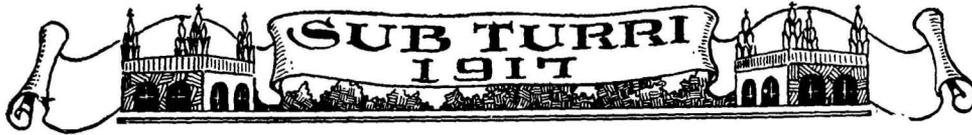
It has been an accepted and established axiom that "They never come back." On this page, however, we present to our readers "Bill" Curley, or the man who came back with a kick. "Bill," after departure from prep school, sought the environment of the business world and delayed in this atmosphere for two long years. Then, foreseeing that a high education was necessary for a Rockefeller career, he came back for the culmination of his school days at B. C. "Bill" was not long in making an impression upon the minds of his classmates for the gentleman has cultivated a smile which extends from one ear to the other, and an

evil eye that looks into the very depths of nature. One day shortly after the gentleman had joined our family, he was called on to recite. After making a rather brilliant response the professor calmly asked "Bill" from what part of the state he came. Then "Bill" immediately made a hit with the class when he boldly admitted that his home was in Marblehead. However, "Bill's" head is far from what the members of the class attempted to infer and we congratulate Marblehead on the fine specimen of citizenship that it has reared.

When not harassed by the cares of the student's life, "Bill" carries the mail for Uncle Sam and at some time in the future we expect to hear of the gentleman's promotion to Postmaster General. In this respect "Bill" has one advantage over the rest of us. He has the advantage of intercepting his own mail. This is surely an advantage when the marks are sent home.

"Bill" has never made much noise while in college, for which fact we like him the better, but he has made hosts of friends who admire his simple and easy-going manner. He has ever been a constant student and an untiring worker for B. C. activities. As a classmate "Bill" has been a shining light containing all the warmth and enthusiasm that a heart could hold, and we hope this light will never grow dim when he becomes an alumnus of B. C.





DANIEL M. DALEY                      MEDFORD, MASS.  
"Dan"

*"Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind."*

Kem Club (4); P. G. (4).

"Dan," like all good things in life, arrived very late, for it was not until Senior that we focused our tortoise shells on his hallowed features. He came to us after preambing through numerous academies and seminaries and the tendency of his to roam, both in this respect and when a psychological question is at issue, has quite fittingly given him the title of the Wandering Jew.

"Dan" has an unsatiated coveteousness for knowledge. He will ask more questions in a minute than a youth of three would ask in an hour. However, "Dan" has adopted the Socratic method of acquiring knowledge and consequently we have to respect his questions as coming from a serious man. He has been up among the leaders in scholarship and even Ethics with all its terrors is easy to him.

He's quiet, amiable, and dignified. He minds his own business, too, which adds to his charm. He just dotes on tennis, and as for croquet,—O Gollies! He has become affectionately inclined to Horrigan, who sits beside him, so much so that even now "Dan" will venture to whisper to him during lectures.



"Dan" has also been attractively drawn to the study of biology. In fact, every small four-footed animal will fly away like the wind whenever "Dan" draws near, so desirous is he of searching animal anatomy. His biology texts have been a source of joy to all of us who have sat near him in class, and the various fragments of knowledge that we derived from "Dan's" explanations of animal life have attracted us to him with an unfailing friendship. Whatever "Dan" has undertaken, he has accomplished well and whatever be his calling, whether pulpit or surgery or bench, we know that "Dan" will do it well.



JOSEPH F. DEE

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

"Joe"

*"Officious, innocent, sincere,  
Of every friendless name the friend."—Johnson.*

Varsity Football (1, 2); Varsity Baseball (1, 2, 3, 4);  
Captain Baseball (3); Student A. A. (3, 4).

"Joe" needs no introduction for he is known to all. If you, dear reader, are not one of the "all" men then we assure you that you have missed something worth while. At least allow us to help you to recall him to your memory. "Joe" was that lithe little quarterback that guided and counseled our elevens so energetically during his first two years. He was always injecting fight into his team and you surely could not forget that noise he was making behind the line. If you can not recall him from the above—well, you surely have seen him or at least heard of his reputation as a catcher.

He was that fellow who crouched down behind the batter with all kinds of knightly protection around him. "Joe" has hardly a peer in the college world in this respect and he has been in great demand by other baseball nines. He has all the ability and gray matter requisite for a "big leaguer" and the scouts have long been on his trail. In fact, his ability was recognized so early in college life that he was elected captain for the Junior year. Now if you do not see him in your mind's eye, recall that slim, good-looking fellow who was cheer leader at the Holy Cross football game. If you were there you could not help seeing him for he was garbed in white flannels and a sweater upon which glared a huge gold B. There is only one place left for us to mention where you might have seen him, and that is in the social world. If you can not remember seeing that fellow with the rah rah haircut and who was extremely light on his feet—well, ride over to Cambridge and ask some one over there to point "Joe" out to you.

From what we have already said of "Joe" it is needless for us to mention his attitude toward class activities and furthermore it is unnecessary to mention success to "Joe," for a man of such diligence, good nature and power to make friends will certainly attain that goal.





JOHN J. DONAHUE     DORCHESTER, MASS.  
*"Jack"*

*"The mildest manners with the bravest mind."*—Pope.  
 IXOUS (1, 2); Sodality (3, 4); Class Baseball (2).

The parting of John and "Gus" was a sad one indeed. "Gus" was called early in his college life but left orders for John to join him later and we have reason to believe that the union will again be made strong after this year. After this parting we discovered John's presence in our midst quite often. However, having gained his intimacy, we have found him a true classmate and friend.

John is essentially argumentative. Not that he participates in debating where forensic rules and parliamentary procedure is so necessary. Far be it, dear reader, for such conventions bore this gentleman. However, he rejoices in private discussions where speech is free, and the audience is composed of old friends. We have often observed Austen scratch his noble head in bewilderment after John had "fired" an objection at him. He has proved to be a hard man to beat in a battle of wits and a philosopher of the first order. In fact, his persistent struggle with the classics early in his career has compelled his mind to work along the philosophical channel.

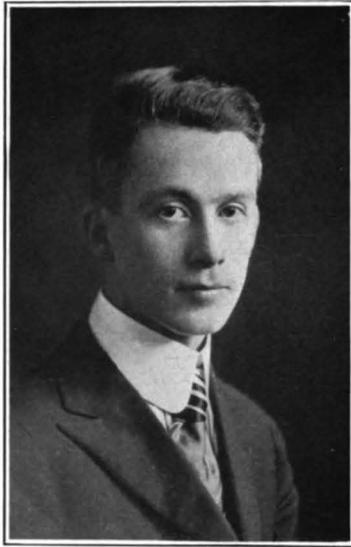
Diligence has also marked John's brief sojourn at college, and not only with the books has this trait been most prominent but also with outside work. He has been a night clerk at the post-office in his home town, and that it takes more than common ordinary grit to do well in study and in work is needless for us to say.

As a result of these and other excellent qualities he has as friends all with whom he is acquainted. That success shall crown his efforts is the wish of all his classmates.





SUB TURRI  
1917



ARTHUR W. DOHERTY WALTHAM, MASS.  
"Art"

"*Mu·ic hath charms.*"—Congreve.

IXOUS (1, 2); Class Song (4); Cap and Gown Committee.

Waltham has sent forth many a talented man to represent her in the world of strife. In such a category Arthur owns a place. Whenever the name Doherty was mentioned within our hearing, we immediately thought of "Art's" musical talent which was so gratifying to our souls when it was displayed. Therefore we say, "'Art' has done his city proud." We always had a notion that he was a celebrated pianist for in our frequent conversations with the utilizers of Nuttings we were forced to believe the fact. However, we were startled beyond expression when one day in Senior, "Art" submitted an entirely original musical selection in the form of a football song.

You, no doubt, have already become acquainted with its stirring melody so we think it unnecessary to sing its praises further. This talent has also been a means of pecuniary assistance to him, for we were obliged to allow him to hasten back to Waltham three afternoons a week to manage a dancing class.

"Art," although yet a youth, has a remarkable maturity of thought and judgment, and, as is characteristic of his species, he disports tinges of gray amid his silken locks. His wisdom no doubt is but an emanation from the company he keeps, for John has always been the sagacious arbiter of the class. At least, it required some discretion to produce that song. His silver threads may, however, be caused from the many cares that go with a Ford touring car, for "Art's" spare moments are for the most part spent beneath his flivver.

Sufficient has been written to make intelligible the high respect and affection in which he is held by his friends, and their good wishes for success go with him.





JOHN J. DOYLE

ROXBURY, MASS.

*"Men are but children of a larger growth."*—Dryden.

Marquette (1, 2); Fulton (3, 4); Chairman Finance Committee (4); Kem Club (4).

John is a dangerous man to have around where there is any money and if you, dear reader, have any change in your pocket hold on to it for dear life if you see him near at hand. He is the custodian of the class dues and he surely has been successful in that office. He has always been after dollar bills and his dark blue eyes seem to have some sort of X-ray power in them, for John always knows when there is a green-back cozily reposing in a remote corner of your vest pocket. We are not aware what the gentleman intends to pursue in after life, but we would highly recommend John to Sumerfield's or some other credit house as a collector for he would follow a man to Australia or the Isle of Madagascar in order to make him pay up.

Besides breaking holes in our finances John has been a heart breaker. He has been one of the social lions of the class and the occasion is yet to be had in which we have not heard the rustle of petticoats about John's elongated features. Although he has at various times tried to make us believe that Ethics and Pedagogy occupy his time evenings, yet a wise little owl disclosed the fact that the lure of companionship has attracted

John to other climes of enjoyment. At any rate John has always been foremost in our discussions as we sit in the balcony at debates and look down upon him and his companions.

John is gloriously tall and to him belongs the distinction of being the loftiest member of the class. He stands six feet in his stockings and added to this feature is a long nose which no doubt has put him on the scent of those dollar bills. He has been a member of the Senior bowling team and has become successful there also. There is, however, another capacity outside of college activities which we link to John. That is as a classmate, and if you ever meet a more agreeable or more pleasant companion than John please inform the writer.





MAURICE V. DULLEA SOUTH BOSTON, MASS.

"Maury"

*"Self reverence, self knowledge, self control  
These three alone lead life to sovereign power."*

—Earl of Sterling.

Varsity Football (1, 2, 3, 4); Captain (4); Marquette (1, 2);  
Fulton, (3, 4); Censor (4); Chairman  
Banquet Committee (3).

The calendar had but passed over two days in the year of 1896 when Maurice first started picking obstacles out of his path to success. South Boston checked its busy whirl for a moment to look upon the boy that was making all the noise and ever since "Old Southy" has been boasting of her son "Maury."

And it is no wonder, for Maurice, although a quiet, modest, unassuming chap, has always been before the public eye, both in the scholastic and athletic world.

Rarely one runs across a sterling athlete who is also an honorary student. Therefore the class presents to you a "rara avis" of whom she has nothing but words of praise. Maurice has played on the varsity football team for four years and he has the unique distinction and honor of leading the team to its first victory over Holy Cross in years. On that memorable occasion the entire student body elevated its captain on to its shoulders and proudly displayed him to all Boston. He has also been a member of the Student Athletic Association, and his wisdom has been manifest in the activity of that body.

As a student he has been equally prominent. Although not desirous of manifesting his knowledge to "all the world" nevertheless, Maurice has covered himself with glory by his brilliant recitations. During class meetings his opinion has always been heard and that he is always in every activity only follows from the foregoing.

A quiet and even disposition such as is characteristic of our classmate can not be subject to any "knocks," and if we had any such to offer we feel that they would be entirely out of place. With tears do we bid Godspeed to you, Maury, and fondly do we pray for your success.





PHILIP J. DWYER MEDFORD, MASS.

"Phil"

*"Silent and still he steals along  
Far from the world's gay busy throng."*

IXOUS (1, 2); Sodality (3); Promoter S. H. (2).

Whatever else may be said here concerning "Phil," we must at least award the palm to him for being the most retiring, modest and unobtrusive young man in the college. As you gaze upon his massive form, what a giant he does seem. How quickly you associate him with other members of the giant family. Around him you imagine the vaulted canopy of heaven resting easily upon his mighty shoulders. Yet, dear reader, here is an example where you cannot rely upon your senses. No, "Phil" had us all thinking the same way some four years ago, but to what a pass he has brought us. How he wrecked our hopes a few weeks after



he had mounted the heights. How he shattered the testimony of our senses. It is inexpressible. At any rate when the football captain came around to ask "Phil" to don the togs, he as well as we were violently surprised to observe "Phil" expand his huge lungs and feverishly and in a high pitched effeminate voice exclaim his disapproval of the ungentlemanly sport. Since then his fellow classmates have marked him next in line for canonization as one of the saints of the twentieth century.

Although the aforesaid gentleman has been one of the most conspicuous members of the class, we have been unable to discover where he disappears to after class or to learn of his whereabouts. "Phil" has been a mystery and a deep problem for Craig Kennedy. Some one has suggested that angels drop from the sky, but "Phil" claims that he lives in Medford, and that is where his robust youth waxed to manhood. However, we are glad that we have had "Phil" as a guiding beacon, although he has shunned the Senior organization known as the Potsdam Giants.



"Phil" has always been a consistent worker in everything he undertakes, and many a time he has been a consolation to the professor. When the rest of the class were talking during the lecture at least he was paying attention. Never have we seen an angry expression shade his hallowed countenance. Never has a professor become wrathful at any of his actions. We are sure that down deep in his heart he has a warmth of love and affection for all of us, and as all the whole world loves a lover we certainly love "Phil."



WALTER T. DURMAN CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

"Wally"

*"Far from the maddening crowd's ignoble strife  
They kept the noiseless tenor of their ways"*

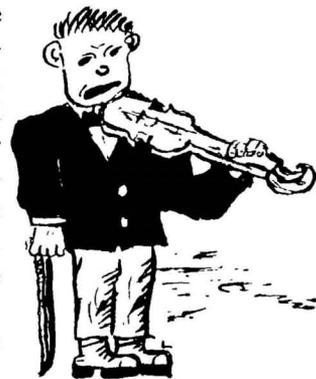
Orchestra (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Athletics (1, 2, 3); IXOUS  
(1, 2).

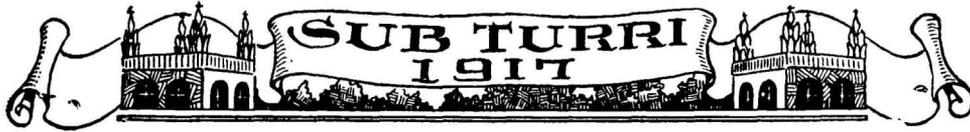
Walter's course at B. C. has been one long sweet dream. We can not recall when we ever met the gentleman that the sunshine of his smile did not penetrate even to the depths of our hearts. He has always joined the Senior circle that meets before and after class, yet always upholding his dignity. In Walter we have the essence of dignity, not only while a Senior, but all through his college career. He has been one of the quiet ones of the class, saying little but thinking much. However, there are few who can boast of as sincere and as devoted an enthusiasm for his

Alma Mater and for all of his college activities.

Walter is crowned with a curly thatch of red hair which is so wonderfully trained that it never requires a brush or comb to restore its posture. The majority of this peculiar species known as red-heads are famous for quick temper, yet Walter transcends this plebeian characteristic by obstinately refusing to depart from the quiet tenor of his ways. The only time that he has been known to wax wrathful was when he flayed the members of the class for immaturity.

Besides being a very quiet chap, this torch-bearer has been a very sincere and earnest worker. He is among the few Seniors who sit within the orchestra rail and add to the musical entertainment of Boston College audiences. He also has responded to the call for class athletics, being a member of both baseball and football class teams. On one occasion while practising for the class football team he was valiant enough to almost contribute an eye, after colliding with Keenan, that sport might take root among other classes. Foremost in his studies, this tendency is marked. He has been the only Senior to receive 100 per cent in astronomy from time immemorial. His ability has been proven by results and we do not doubt but that the same will be said of him when he tackles bigger things.





JOHN F. ELIOT                      DORCHESTER, MASS.

“Jack”

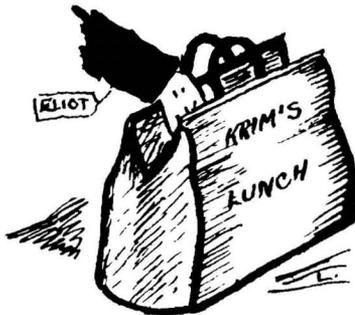
“I am resolved to grow fat and look young till forty.”—Dryden.  
Manager Baseball (4); Student A. A. (3, 4); Marquette (2);  
Banquet Committee (3); Class Athletics (2, 3).

If we could but reproduce John’s red cheeks and his wonderful laugh it would be needless for us to dwell for any length of time upon his sunny disposition. The rosy hue, dear reader, has been caused by John’s dissipation of the baker’s produce. Three meals were insufficient to satisfy John’s daily capacity and consequently if he was not extracting Krim’s lunch from the bag, he would be feasting upon some of Thompson’s foodstuffs. His noticeable laugh, no doubt, is the result of the solicitous care of his physique.

John possesses a remarkably keen sense of humor and wit. We have been the recipients of some of his humorous poems during class hours and his witticisms, coming as they usually did at the most serious occasions, are the cause of pleasant memories. He is truly a harbinger of good cheer, an optimist of the first order, and an abridgment of all that is pleasant in man.

He was devoted to the betterment of social conditions of college life, being always listed among the active members of his class. This perceptive faculty was the means of landing for him the position of baseball manager. Here John served his Alma Mater well and the schedule printed in this book bears testimony to our statement.

In his Senior year John was a member of various committees, also class historian. In the Passion Play he manifested his college spirit by giving up his time to add his voice to the mob’s. He was also a member of the Student Athletic Association which managed so well to make athletics “boom.” His diligence, versatility, and thrift, although at times under the most difficult circumstances, have at all times been surmountable by a cheerful disposition. Such words are only describable of our greatest men.





JOHN W. FHELLEY PLYMOUTH, MASS.

"Jack"

"Self trust is the essence of heroism."—Emerson.

President (1); Marquette (1, 2); Fulton (3, 4); Fulton Prize Debate (3, 4); Fulton Lecturer (4); Dance Committee (2); H. C. Intercollegiate Debate (4); Student A. A. (2, 3, 4); Manager Track (4).

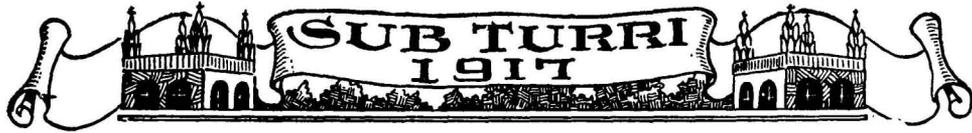
John comes from far away Plymouth. This fact, however, has not prevented him from becoming one of the class leaders. Away back in the history book of 1917 he has been recorded as being the class president. Ever since then he has been in the public eye and more so than any member of the class. He has been a member of the Marquette debating team and competed in the prize debate. He then graduated into the Fulton which has heaped laurels upon his worthy brow. He represented the Fulton in all their

intercollegiate debates, and also was a lecturer to many councils of the Knights of Columbus around Boston.

He was elected manager of the track team in his Senior year, and the vast improvement of track possibilities at the college was due greatly to the schedule that he arranged. John has always been conspicuous for popularity among his classmates. He has always been first in starting things and every activity had him in some way connected with it. He belonged to a missile throwing clique composed of Mahoney, Kinehan and Fihelly, and often took delight in directing these missiles at some unfortunate man in the front of the room. It was during such times as these that much enjoyment was had in the classroom, and John surely tried hard to make the day's program one of pleasure.

We are sure that John's activities will not end at graduation, and that same ambition that prompted him to rise at 5 a. m. every morning to journey to Newton we know will give him success in every undertaking.





EDWARD J. FITZPATRICK WOBURN, MASS.

"Eddie"

*"He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty  
And he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city."*—Bible.

IXOUS (1,2); Sodality (3); Class Athletics (2).

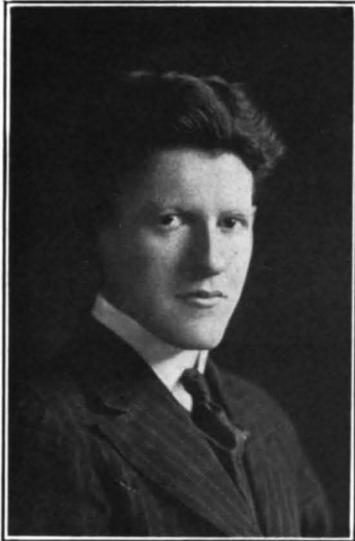
Here is Woburn's only gift to our class. We do not believe the name of "Eddie's" home town ever made much of an impression upon us before our association with him, but now we know that the place is somewhere—at least that it was "Eddie's" birthplace. However, in the face of all opposition, our distinguished young Woburnite continues to insist that one's education has been sadly neglected if one has not visited the "Utopia City."

Our celebrated classmate can boast of other things than his home city, however, for besides being a versatile, studious and amiable youth, Edward has accomplished what many another dauntless student has attempted in vain. This achievement has consisted in "Eddie's" penetrating far within the sanctum of the venerable and mysterious Philip J. Dwyer's friendship. Indeed he has succeeded in cultivating an intimate acquaintance with him.

Like Philip, "Ed" was also somewhat of a mystery. We have never been able to discover what he did or where he went after class was over. He generally was one of the last to come and the first to go. One morning in Junior, however, Edward was on time, and the reason that he gave to our countless questioners was that the arsenal blew up early that morning and had ejected him quite precipitously from the new mown hay. Thus he was able to catch an earlier train.

We are almost prompted to give "Ed's" future occupation, but we will let fate take its course. But suffice it to say that Edward has always been a consistent ground gainer throughout his college course and it is such a man that does the big things of life rather than the luminary that appears with a flash and whose brilliancy soon consumes itself.





JOHN K. FLEMMING      ARLINGTON, MASS.

*"Jack"*

*"He who rules within himself is more than a king."*—Milton.

IXOUS (1, 2); Sodality (3); Kem Club (4); Vice-President Science Club (4).

Arlington was surely put on the map when John Kernan sailed across the Charles to plant the seed of his prowess at University Heights. When John first appeared on the hill he told us about his native home and assured us that there were no more at home like him. We were quite assured of this fact when he showed us his fiery red hair and his constant devotion to his text books, and we finally came to the conclusion that John was not bragging after all. Yet he has not the temper that tradition claims is inseparable from hair of such a reddish tint, but is quite calm and collected under difficult circumstances. For a long time he linked his affections to long John Doyle, but since he has been investigating the nature of explosives in the chemistry laboratory, his heart seems to have been averted to making his classmates uncomfortable by the obnoxious odors that ascend from his chemical apparatus. However, it was very fortunate that some of us were near his chemistry note book in laboratory hours, that our difficulties might be explained. Yes, John has been a clever student and there is yet to be found a text book that is a terror for him. Philosophy has been John's daily meals and as for the rest of his academic program—well, it is just play to his unnatural appetites. He has always been a worker, not only beneath the waning lamp of early morning hours but also in promoting a large class treasury and in uniting the various sects of the class. John has always been present at college activities and has been an unflinching and untiring worker for his class. Because of this fact he has earned a place in the hearts of all of us and we have no better opportunity to assure his townfolk that if a few more like John come over to the Heights, Arlington will soon gain a reputation.



**SUB TURRI**  
**1917**

JOHN H. FLYNN                      CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

*"Porky"*

*"Describe him who can*

*An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man."*—Goldsmith.

Varsity Baseball (1, 2, 3, 4); Kem Club (4); Student A. A.  
Vice-President (4); IXOUS.

One of our professors has continuously remarked, "We have much to be thankful for." Now as we come to the point of saying farewell to one another we take "Porky's" hand and again utter the same words. In this gentle, unassuming youth is exemplified one of the best, kindest and sincerest of natures and if one requires to know more of "Porky's" disposition, let him raise his eyes to the quotation at the top of the page.

"Porky" is richly endowed with most noticeable attainments. His class record will substantiate this statement. On the baseball field he has covered himself with glory and many a time a "Flynn Rah" could be heard to echo across the campus after he had performed one of his wonderful circus catches. His ability as a baseball player was recognized in Freshman and since then he has been one of the star outfielders of the collegiate world. Besides this attainment of being able to act on the field, he has also the ability to manage. He has been a member of the Student Athletic Association for the last two years and also has filled the chair of vice-president.

Chemistry and Biology have occupied most of the young man's spare moments while pursuing his peaceful way at school. He was a member of the Kem Club and the Science Club whose object was to make the love of science more extensive. If we are not greatly mistaken, a Doc. Flynn will be hanging his shingle on a door in Cambridge some day. His love for experimenting with nature and its elements would give one this impression anyway, and we are sure that his patients will be well cared for.



**SUB TURRI  
1917**



PAUL H. FURFEY                      CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

*"Flowers of genius can modestly grow anywhere  
With the greatest sweetness and the most grateful perfume."*  
—Pedroso.

Marquette (1, 2); Fulton (3, 4); H. C. Intercollegiate (4);  
Treasurer Fulton (3, 4); Exchange Editor of Stylus  
(3, 4); Passion Play (3); Secretary (4); Execu-  
tive Committee (4); Rector's Day (2, 3, 4);  
Track (3, 4).

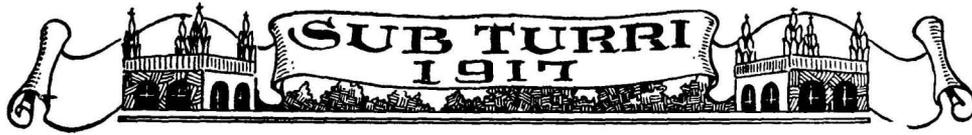
Oh cruel fate, who hath decreed that the task of writing Paul Hanley's history should fall upon our unworthy heads! Our hand trembles and our pen scratches illegibly as we think of the Herculean task committed to us. To speak of Paul in the ordinary parlance would be sacrilegious; to attempt to recount his many achievements would be absurd, yet we must enumerate his most conspicuous traits.

In scholastic circles he has ever been at the front. Where a medal was concerned there was no competition, and all honors were generally conceded to him the first of the year. As a debater and litterateur, Paul ranks Number One, and as an editor he has made a name.

Yet Paul is more than a student. Imagine our consternation and surprise when one fine day in Senior the young man, unattended and unannounced, cantered down to Alumni Field, clad in a running suit and a broad smile. Nor was his faun-like figure the only thing he displayed; he demonstrated with elephantine gracefulness the grit and determination that have always characterized him. Paul's activities were not destined to culminate here, however, for a basketball team was talked of and Paul walked into the manager's berth. He composed an excellent schedule and his team had a very good season.

Paul is very well acquainted with several different languages, including Mathematics, and all his spare time is devoted to the betterment of the mind. He has been a middle man between professor and student—at least his note books have—and there are but few of us who have not learned wonders from his lucid explanations. Whatever Paul may do in future life, we all are sure that he will be an extremely handy man to have around.





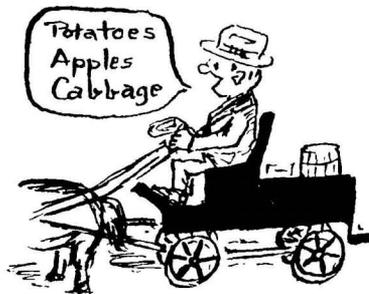
THOMAS J. GARRICK SOMERVILLE, MASS.  
"Tom"

"Every action is measured by the depth of the sentiment from which it proceeds."—Emerson.

IXOUS (1,2); Sodality (3); Kem Club (4); President  
B. C. Club of Somerville.

The value of organization or of united effort in attaining a common end has always been appreciated by "Tom" Garrick. From his earliest school days he has longed for and even propagated the construction of a B. C. Union. Upon reaching Senior his enthusiasm ripened. The influx of students from Somerville became great and at once a Somerville Club of B. C. students was founded upon "Tom's" long premeditated plans. "Tom" was placed at the helm of the organization and that the Union proved advantageous only follows from the impetus that it gave to other similar movements in the vicinity of Alma Mater.

But this was not the only ambition that "Tom" had tucked away beneath his hat. When we heard the name Garrick first uttered in our class we immediately chose the religious life for the third member of the family. But no—philosophy does not run in the blood—"Tom" started in right away to investigate the chemical elements of nature. We have looked upon him time and again laboring among the most stifling gases. We have gazed with awe at the infinite number of test tubes he was wont to utilize. We saw him elect this branch of study in Junior and Senior, and now, although we do not wish to usurp the powers of the class prophet, we can see "Tom" handing out five dollar advice to an infinite number of patients.



Our hero has had many occupations while meandering through college. He has had a hand in about everything, ranging from selling garden produce to a clerk in a post-office. Somerville citizens tell us that "Tom" has performed these duties well, and from what we know of him we are not backward in saying that he will continue to make good in his chosen profession.


**SUB TURRI**  
**1917**



ROBERT C. HEALEY So. WEYMOUTH, MASS.

"Clif"

*"Esti parvus in corpore, magnus in mente."*

IXOUS (1, 2); Sodality (3); Kem Club (4).

The moving picture business must thank "Clif" Healey for its great financial success. At least the only movie house in Weymouth must. For a time we thought that he was going to become a "movie" actor, but later "Clif" assured us that he had enough to do to look out for the financial betterment of the business and also to keep his studies up to the standard. Whenever we wished to know the latest film in the "movies" world, all we had to do was to ask "Clif" and thence we would go down town to see it.

Although "Clif" has so many activities of great magnitude attached to his youthful career, yet we have often wondered how his small stature could support them. "Clif" belongs to the clique known as the Pygmies, and although we realize that the pygmies of mythology overran the house of giants, yet we marvel at the manner in which "Clif" overcomes the mental giants of the class. The truth is that the aforesaid gentleman has been a consistent worker in his youthful years, and now he has risen to prominence.

"Clif" is also an ardent prohibitionist, according to his pal "Mose." He has kept the sleepy occupants of the train awake while delivering his anti-saloon sermons on the way home. The inhabitants of Weymouth point him out to their friends as the model gentleman, so why need we say more? But apart from all of "Clif's" aforesaid characteristics, we like best to think of him as a classmate and friend. He has been a strong devotee to the old song, "Brighten the Corner," and whether "Clif" continues his work with the "movies" or in the pulpit, this tendency to look on the bright side of life will certainly hasten his success.




**SUB TURRI**  
**1917**

FRANCIS W. HEANUE      CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

"Frank"

*"The social smile, the sympathetic tear."*—Gray.

Class Athletics (1, 2, 4,); Smoke Talk Committee (3); Executive Committee (4); Sub Turri (4); Fulton (4).

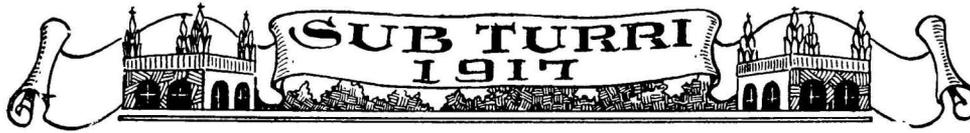
Another one of Cambridge's loyal sons:—Mr. Francis Heanue. This gentleman has been very popular among his classmates all through college and very instantaneously was his popularity created while a Freshman. This happened one time in the "Trig" class when, after giving a short account of his life to the professor, he was quite surprised to hear this master of sines and co-sines exclaim, "Ha! Ha!! So you're the fellow that calls on my—!"

Tripping the light fantastic in company with Hines, Mulvey and Quinn has been one of his many pleasures during college life. Whenever we would pass by the above group, we could generally hear "Frank" arranging for some social function and the following day they would come in for the second hour of class. "Frank" has quite a methodical mind for arranging things anyway, for during our class meetings his voice was always heard endeavoring to direct committees as to what course to pursue. As a result of such endeavor he was appointed a member of the dominant executive committee in Senior.

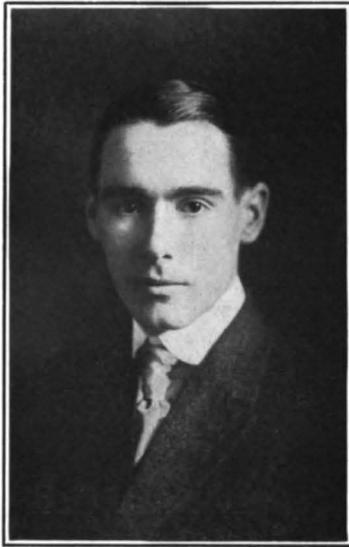
Many times has "Frank" donned the athlete's uniform to compete in class athletics. In fact, always has he been listed on the lineup unless stress of work necessitated his presence elsewhere. In Junior, he turned his attention toward managing the baseball campaign. Many an hour he with two others of his class worked as assistant managers and thus did he always endeavor to hold up the spirit of the school.

In class "Frank" has earned the reputation of being a good student who has managed to mingle work with play. Many a weary and tedious hour has been lightened by the flashes of his wit and humor. What he has done he has done well, and to the other men of the class we say "Ite et fac similiter."





SUB TURRI  
1917



JOHN J. HENNESSEY DORCHESTER, MASS.

*"Noise does no good and good makes no noise."*

Sodality (3); Sub Turri (4); Dramatics (3, 4); Home Night Committee (4).

For some reason or other John has always kept himself in the shadows of the towers while tending to the maximum of his intellectual activity. We do not believe that we have a classmate quite as modest or retiring as John unless with the possible exception of "Phil." At any rate, he decidedly refrains from the atmosphere of the smoking room, and as for the social environment—oh horrors! Perhaps the last fact may be due to his amiable affiliations with "Bert" Shea. Who knows?

John has red hair. So have the other members of his family, we are told. And to add to this, they are all pedagogical heads. John has told us that the teaching profession will receive another Hennessey after he has severed his connections with Boston College, and we have only words of praise for such a truly altruistic household.

As a harbinger of his future profession, John has been allured to the Dorchester library in several ways. He has sought the light fiction of the green covers in his youthful years, and he has manifested such an extraordinary ability of research that the authorities of his home town thought it wise for the good of the community to appoint him librarian.

Besides being allured to groping among the classics, John has also a musical acquaintance with a violin with which the dull moments of his peaceful life are made refreshing. Like Orpheus, John also has a love for dramatics. In his last two years he has been conspicuous in mob scenes, excelling as Tharmar in the Passion Play. John has ever displayed a fine disposition and we feel sure that he is just the man needed for the upbuilding of his pupils' characters.





MICHAEL T. HICKEY      BROOKLINE, MASS.

“Mike”

*“What I am, I have made myself.”—Davy.*

Sodality (1, 2, 3); Marquette (2); Fulton (3).

“Mike” is one of the Brookline boys that came to Chestnut Hill on the 9.04 every morning, consequently we can not recall when he was tardy or, in fact, absent from school. In this way, at least, he differs from his fellow townsmen that boast of membership in our class. Nothing phases “Mike.” If told that Brookline was deluged in water because of a leak in a hydrant, or that his railroad station at Brookline Hills was robbed, he would merely regard your excitement with sympathy, and ask you to step out of his sunlight. There is nothing that “Mike” has taken seriously in life except studies, and even these seem to have had some humorous attraction for him. At any rate, he has been able to talk seriously on psychological questions for a longer time than he has preambled on other questions of moment.



“Mike” has never sought the glare of the spotlight but he has always been on hand when others of his class were reveling in its brilliancy. His presence has always been an inspiration at least for when “Mike” lends his dignified prestige to an occasion, the belligerents are evoked to the best of their ability.

Besides finding interest in college life, we are told that this dignified Senior picks up bits and scraps of interest in the town library. Most any afternoon after class you are likely to find “Mike” poring over some Shakespearean drama or searching for war questions to discuss among those of his classmates who will hearken unto them. More than this, we are told that “Mike” attends every lecture that is given within the border of his home town, and we have come to the conclusion that “Mike’s” greatest good is the maximum of mental activity. He never feared to give expression to his thoughts under any circumstances, which certainly is an attribute of no small man.




**SUB TURRI**  
**1917**



MARTIN P. HIGGINS CHARLESTOWN, MASS.  
*"Marty"*

*"Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea."*  
 —Shakespeare.

Marquette; Fulton (3, 4); Dance Committee (1); Secretary  
 Fulton.

If Hibernia could be Boston and the Blarney Stone were on Bunker Hill, Martin would be right at home. However, he patiently waits for the dear little isle of green to be free from the oppressor's yoke and then he will say farewell to Charlestown and Ireland will be his forever. According to all reliable genealogical records Martin's ancestors were Celtic kings and no doubt "Marty" has imbibed their loyalty and devotion to the homeland. However, though contrary to the democratic tendencies of his sires, Martin is strong for prohibition and the citizens of

Charlestown have advocated that "Marty" be ostracized for his public attacks on license. Argument forms the sum and substance of this gentleman's daily meals, at home and abroad, on the street car, in class, and even while stabbing butter behind the counter at Ginter's. He will argue on the principles of Ethics, he will tell you that your theory on the origin of ideas is all wrong, and he will soar aloft to the heights of the latest fad or folly. But "Marty" spoils all because his argument is always on the right side, that is in his own opinion, and he clings tenaciously to it. Martin's favorite dish is macaroni and beans or chop suey, and he loves to relate his many experiences in the restaurants of Chinatown while he is partaking of this relishing repast. "Marty" says that if you want to have a deep melodious voice, you had better try this dish for that is precisely what has endowed him with his long-shoreman's throttle. We have often heard this deep sonorous voice tell us stories of dear old Ireland and its offspring Charlestown, and with it Martin has become a conspicuous member of the class and he departs with our best wishes for fortune, health and might.





MARTIN P. HINES      ROSLINDALE, MASS.  
"Marty"

*"A profound conviction raises a man above the feeling of  
ridicule."*—J. S. Mill.

Marquette (1, 2); Vice-President Marquette (2); Dramatics  
(2); Fulton (4); Smoke Talk Committee (4);  
Class Athletics (1, 2).



That remote section of Boston called West Roxbury has been endeared to us for two things; first, it has been famous for its rich spring mud, and secondly, it is the native home of Martin P. Hines. In short, we might say that Martin himself is responsible for giving his town a place on our map for it was Martin that brought in a sample of the mud on his heels. Into the classroom every morning Martin comes shaking the mud from his shoes and immediately as he settles down into his seat, the silence is broken by his first line, "Out my way last night there was—" It must be a wonderful community.

To Martin has been awarded the unique distinction of buying hats, especially derbys. We have been told of the prices that he has paid for them. We have been told of the fabulous prices that have been offered by men for the violin on which Nero played at the burning of Rome. We have seen men spend thousands on antiques, but the question uppermost in our mind is, "How was Martin able to buy that last derby?"

In those times in which students think of earning money for the ensuing year, Martin holds down a position of Captain on the good ship "Camden," one of the great white fleet of the Eastern Steamship Co. His walk substantiates this statement while the yarns he tells are nothing if not the concoctions of an old salt.



Besides many other minor characteristics, Martin is known to a select few as a debater. Occasionally we have seen the aforesaid gentleman arguing with Mulvey and Heanue. We have watched him gesticulate and we are quite certain that Martin knew what he was talking about. At any rate, he would enforce his arguments on his companions by holding them by the collar. He has had much practice in this line for we are told that the members of the Fulton have commented on his continual improvement.

As a complete story of Martin would fill this entire book, let us suggest to those interested in the above photograph, that they visit him in person and we are sure that they will name him even as we do, a cure for all ills.



WILLIAM E. HOEFFLING

DORCHESTER, MASS.

"Diker"

*"Young in limbs in judgment old."*—Shakespeare.

Varsity Baseball (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Football (1, 2); IXOUS  
Cheer Leader (4).

William, otherwise known as "Diker" has, no doubt, been looked upon by you before, dear reader. He was that dark, long haired, Jewish skinned fellow that shouted through the megaphone "Three Bostons, nine rahs and three Bostons" at the football game. You could not help seeing him since he was always out in front and besides he had white flannels on, and upon his breast he sported a huge gold "B." If you still do not recall him, perhaps his lithe figure attracted your attention while he was prowling around second base in pursuit of red hot grounders. "Diker" has played baseball for four years on the varsity and when he is in action, it is said that the big league scouts put their heads together. Now if you do not recall seeing him we know he could not have escaped you when you went into Liggett's for a college ice. He was that nice looking young fellow that blended the ingredients for you and politely demanded your check. If you still persist that you can not remember ever seeing him,—well, come out to Lake Street some morning about 9.25 A. M., and gaze upon him as he mounts University Heights as though on winged heels.

Considering all the above distractions by which "Diker" has been influenced, we confess that we have to give him credit for his constancy at the books. Although he has never aspired for honors in scholastic circles, he has always been capable of marching through each class with ease. He has ever been earnest and industrious, yet never failing to brighten the day with his genial humor. In everything he has been fair and square with all, and we confer upon him our fondest wishes for success.





GEORGE G. HOLLAND So. BOSTON, MASS.  
"Yidgi"

*"And then my heart with pleasure fills  
And dances with the daffodils."*

Dance Committee (1); *Domi* Editor (2); Assistant Manager  
Football (3); Smoke Talk Committee (2);  
Student A. A. (2).

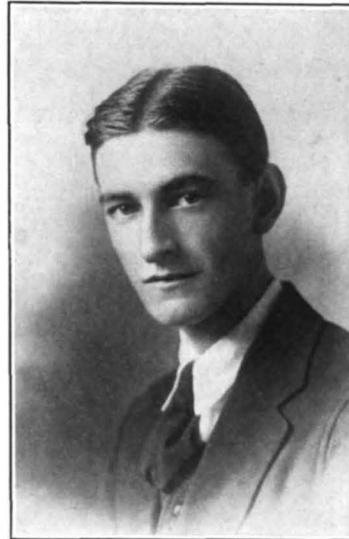
It is unnecessary for us to introduce George any further than to engrave his faun-like features upon this page. He is on the trail of the Goddess Terpsichore, as you, dear reader, have probably concluded after watching him perform in special exhibition dances. He excels in this respect, and has an extensive repertoire. Social lions claim that George never performs the same act twice, which is quite uncommon for an amateur.

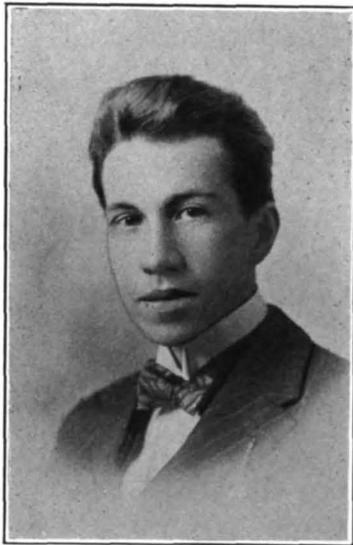
George's greatest ambition is to get fat. He has even gone so far as to partake of the luscious fruit of the banana tree three or even four times a day. So zealous was he to pass the M. V. M. examination for picket duty in Mexico that bananas and George were inseparable companions. George's patriotism, however, was put on file until the next insurrection in Mexico. In the only military organization of the school, known as the Potsdam Giants, he occupies the position of mascot. It is a frequent happening for us to look toward the back of the class room and behold George in the arms of one of the giants who is on the point of hurling him out of the window.



At all class functions, George has been prominent, and if he were absent such would not be complete. Beside being active in class activities, he has also been seen most frequently on the athletic field. One season George worked real hard as an assistant manager and because of his work, he deserves the commendation of all. He has never taken studies too seriously, but as in everything else, George looks upon these good naturedly.

We must confess, however, that although we have "knocked" George to a great extent while in college, he has borne it cheerfully, and has smilingly demonstrated his sportsmanship. When George becomes editor of the *Boston Post* he will have a chance to retaliate with his more reaching editorial "knocks."





CLARENCE D. HERRIGAN JAMAICA PLAIN

*"Above any Greek or Roman name."*—Dryden.

Marquette (1, 2); Marquette Prize Debate (1, 2); IXOUS (1, 2); Sodality (3).

There is not a man in the class who has acted as prominent a role in our class doings as has Clarence. To say that he is popular would not exactly be saying enough. His name has ever been on our lips in the class room and elsewhere and even his very presence has added a somewhat humorous charm.

When we first laid our eyes on Clarence we immediately thought of a John P. Morgan, for he was wont to drive up to the recitation building in a large limousine, and after disrobing himself of a monster ulster, he would walk into the class room with that

self-satisfied swagger that is characteristic of so many of our Wall Street bankers. Furthermore Clarence belongs to society, or at least his name can be found on the roll call of the "400." He is a staunch supporter of the waltz and two-step and from what we hear we would judge that the ball room is his second home.

Clarence started right away while but a Freshman to learn the arts and wiles of oratory. He represented the Marquette Debating Society twice in its annual prize debate and his convincing arguments were bulwarks of defense for his side.

By all these characteristics our hero might well be remembered, but there is another which has been engraved in our memories and never will be worn off. That is the way of wearing his hair. We need not describe it since it may be seen on the noble head that adorns the top of the page. However, it resembles a plateau that has a thick growth of shrubbery on the sides.

Much might we say of this young man, but let us leave him knowing well how successful his path will be in time to come.





JOHN J. HURLEY    NEWTON CENTER, MASS.

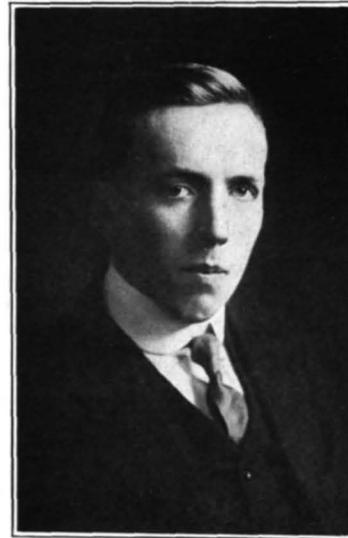
"Joe"

*"Courage mounteth with occasion."*—Shakespeare.

IXOUS (1, 2); Kem Club (4); Marquette (1, 2);

Sodality (3).

John Hurley or "Joe," as he is familiarly known to us, looks askance at you, dear reader, from the upper right hand corner of this page. John has been so retiring and modest that we fear that it will take him a long while to get up courage enough to read this page. This young man comes from a rustic section of Newton Center called Oak Hill, and it is his great boast in the summer time to roll up his shirt sleeves after pitching a load of hay, and quietly call your attention to his protruding muscle. This muscle is very much in evidence whenever Burke is around to challenge "Joe" to a wrestling match. "Joe" has been a fellow whom the most serious thing in life could not phase. He has been indifferent to law and "I should worry" is his famous motto. One day the professor told the class, if they would not pay attention, to go to sleep and not bother the other members of the class. Consequently "Joe" slid down in his seat and soon was in the land of dreams. Another day the professor said, "Gentlemen, tomorrow morning I will begin giving every one that comes in late to class a zero for the day's work." Now "Joe" had never been late before, but the next morning he walked in twenty-five minutes after class had begun. It looked bad, but "Joe" blamed it on the new car's inability to plough through the snow that adorned the country road.



"Joe" has a hobby for elocution and his famous "Charge of the Light Brigade" will long remain in our memory as a sterling piece of oratory. So vivid was the picture in fact that we could almost see those cannons leveled at the left and right of "Joe's" white locks. "Joe" also has a hobby for chemistry, and belongs to that band of anarchists who insist on driving us out of college with terrible odorous bombs of H<sub>2</sub>S. However, as a friend "Joe" has no peer, and he will long live with us as a true, amiable and devoted classmate.





JAMES I. KELLEY                      LOWELL, MASS.  
*"Jimma"*

*"The world knows nothing of its greatest men."—Taylor.*

IXOUS (1, 2); Sodality (3); SUB TURRI (4).

Ours is the great pleasure in presenting to our readers the nearest example of a nightmare in reality that can be found. No other than James I. Kelley. His unique specialty of hat-wear seems to have gone hand in hand with his surname for we have not seen many derbys like "Jim's" "Kelley." "Jimma" arises every morning before the birds for the particular purpose of getting to University Heights before ten o'clock. It is no wonder then, that James becomes sleepy during the day time. It is no wonder that he has to be ever on the watch on his return trip to Lowell lest he fall asleep and be borne into the state

of New Hampshire on the wings of the flying express. This event has happened but once in "Jim's" life, but Caffrey has been on guard lest it occur again.

We have to admire the youth for his determined stick-at-it-ness, for remember Lowell is a long way off from Boston, and it takes a lot of courage to confine oneself to the daily curriculum of books and steam cars for four long years.

Persistency and determination are fundamental notes of "Jim's" character. Persistency in seeking the heavenly company of "Tom" and "Silk" and also in keeping Vigeant quiet. Determination in argument, and to whatsoever his ambition lead him to aspire. He has disdained the dizzy glare of the calcium, yet he has always been foremost in class activities.

With debating "Jim" has never had any sympathies, yet he has always loved to talk free from all parliamentary procedure. In class this prolific tendency has been most conspicuous, so much so that he has often had our sympathies while paying the penalty in "Jug." We all hope that his future life will be what his college one was, a quiet life but a complete success.





JOSEPH J. KEENAN ROSLINDALE, MASS.

"Joe"

"One ruddy drop of manly blood the surging sea outweighs."  
—Emerson.

Orchestra (2); Photo Committee (4); Sub Turri (4); Track (4); Class Athletics (1, 2, 3, 4).

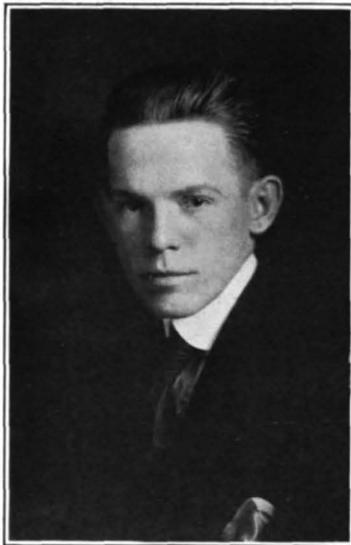


The gentleman's portrait that adorns this page, dear reader, is a healthy product of that widely known section of our state—Cherry Valley. It was there that our classmate "Joe" first saw the field of his future endeavors and we are told that there, from the crowing of the cock to the nestling of the sun "Joe" was just as much a speed merchant as he is today. Shortly before "Joe's" advent to Boston College his folks came to live in Roslindale, and no doubt that is how we happened to have "Joe" as our classmate

and friend. He has been a student of reputation and always has been in this respect the apple of the professor's eye. On the athletic field "Joe" has excelled also. In his Junior year he displayed a remarkable amount of college spirit by getting out every day on the gridiron to face the regular squad, in other words to be scrubbed on the scrub team. As a pole vaulter and discus thrower "Joe" has made a great reputation under the tutoring of "Bob" Fowler. During the interclass meet this noble extract of 1917 captured a number of points for his class and that we were all proud of him needs no mention here. However, these are but minor details to the fact that in this robust young



man we have one of the champion bowlers of the class. "Joe" usually hits them for about 105 and this is "some going." You probably wonder why it is that such a wonderful athlete could be produced along such rotund lines as is characteristic of "Joe." The secret lies in the fact that "Joe's" good nature, together with the fact that wherever there are "eats" there also is "Joe," has given him a strong, rugged physique. We all wish him success and we are sure that all our fond wishes for his success will be outborne by him.



JAMES S. KERRIGAN DORCHESTER, MASS.

"Jimmy"

*"Wit and wisdom are born in a man."*—Selcker.

IXOUS (1, 2); Student A. A. (3, 4); Varsity Baseball (4); Executive Committee (4).

This is "Jimmy" Kerrigan of Dorchester. "Jimmy," according to the scribes of Roxbury, is John Eliot's guardian and the two roam about the corridors like Socrates and Plato of old. "Jim" is endowed with a wonderful flow of wit and a remarkable fountain of wisdom that would sink old Solon in the mire of oblivion. His indifferent attitude toward things serious, and his ability to crack a joke without a smile has inscribed his name on the books with Germany Schaefer and Nick Altrock. However, "Jim's" occupation is not a comedian, like the

aforesaid gentlemen, but this happy faculty is born in "Jim" and we who associate with him are amused free of charge.

"Jimmy's" greatest ambition is to play first base for the "Pirates." In fact, we have seen a contract in his hands and all that was necessary to make "Jim" a member of the Pirate clan was his "John Hancock in black and white." In the Dorchester league he held the highest batting average and also had the reputation of batting out the most home runs in any one season.

But what is more—"Jim" is a philosopher. His physical powers are not his only endowments. At times the class has been startled by the conclusions that he deducts from premises. At times we have sat up and taken notice while "Jim" ran through the metaphysical argument or fluently gave his "notion of Being in general."

The pure gold of a fair character alloyed with the precious metals of wisdom, trust, and fidelity are "Jim's"; and how would we recommend him better to the world? May yours be a continued life of sunshine, "Jimmy."





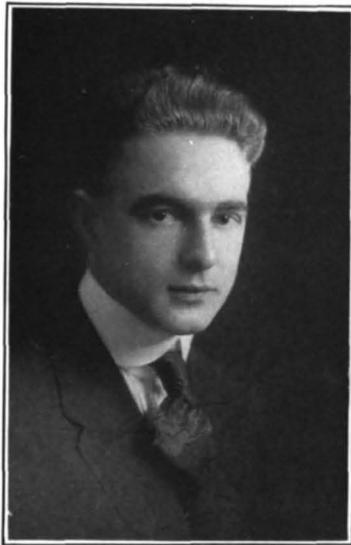
WILLIAM E. KERRIGAN So. BOSTON, MASS.  
"Bill"

*"First in the fight and every graceful deed."*—Pope.

IXOUS (1, 2); Class Athletics (2, 3); Marquette (1, 2);  
President of Marquette (2); President of Junior (3);  
Oratoricals (4).

Another one of South Boston's sons greets you, dear reader, from the upper left hand corner of the page. This is "Bill" Kerrigan. Although of an extremely modest temperament, nature thrust leadership on "Bill." In the first place he has gallantly led that illustrious band of "commuters from Old Southy" to the Heights for the last four years. It was a common sight to see this troop storming the hill mornings with "Bill" setting the pace that he might get his men into class before the recitation bell resounded in the valley. In the second place, our hero has been a leader of the Marquette Debating Society. His administration teemed with success, although he was aided to a great extent by the unflinching labor of R. V. Quinn, our famous sergeant-at-arms. Thirdly, "Bill" was elected the leader of the class in Junior and his former experiences at the helm together with his acquired business ability were the means of our enjoying a real live year. Fourthly, he was a leader in eloquence. His oratorical profusions were the means of winning a place on the platform in the annual oratorical night. Finally "Bill" was a leader in society. It would be necessary for us to dwell on this point further, were you to gaze upon the lithe form that this gentleman displays. In the social world "Bill" knows everybody and everybody knows "Bill," and even from South Boston to the vicinity of the Franklin Square House is his name engraved on the winds. Whatever his intentions are for the future, we are sure leadership will always be his.





THOMAS F. KINAHAN

JAMAICA PLAIN

"Gunny"

*"Were one so tall to touch the pole  
Or grasp creation in his span  
He must be measured by his soul  
The mind's the measure of the man."*

—Watts.

IXOUS (1, 2); Sodality (3); Class Athletics (2, 3, 4);  
Varsity Baseball (1).

"Tom" came up from B. C. High with a reputation for many things. Yet he cast aside all past achievements in his one endeavor to become an alumnus of Boston College. While doing this he made a reputation as a far-sighted and shrewd young man. He took class work as a mere matter of course and we cannot recall when he was ever troubled by impending exams. "Tom" is the tallest member of the

class. Yet his good natured soul is in his "whole body and in every part." He has been a man of few words, bearing with him all the characteristics of a mystery. Those who know "Tom" well have told us that there is but one way to stir the even tenor of his way and that is to display a pugilistic front before him.

Kipling has told us of the pleasures of the great Nick O. Teen, and if one would wish this history retold—well, ask "Tom." He has been a constant devotee of the fragrant weed all through college, and he has been a source of envy to us oftentimes, when, stretching forth his long legs on some foot rest, he would revel in the fragrance of his little old briar. He can discuss matters pertaining to the famous weed very aptly, and why not? His spare moments have been spent behind a tobacco counter at Jaynes'.

There is only one man in the class to whom "Tom" will confide his secrets, and that is Roland. The two have always been together. If not, then they were both looking for each other. The two have come to class in Roland's limousine and have departed to climes unknown in it. They have reveled in society together and truly they have been inseparable. "Tom," nevertheless, is very popular among the rest of his classmates, although with not such intensity as he is with Roland. However, Boston College graduates a son in whom she is well pleased.





GEORGE F. KRIM ROXBURY, MASS.

"Germany"

*"A happy soul that all the way  
To heaven hath a summer's day."*

—Crashaw.

IXOUS (1, 2); Sodality (3); Seminar (4).

We have refused to bring up war questions at our class meetings because of the many nationalities that have been represented in our community. Here is one of them—George Krim, the defender of Kaiser "Bill" and the house of Hohenstauffen.

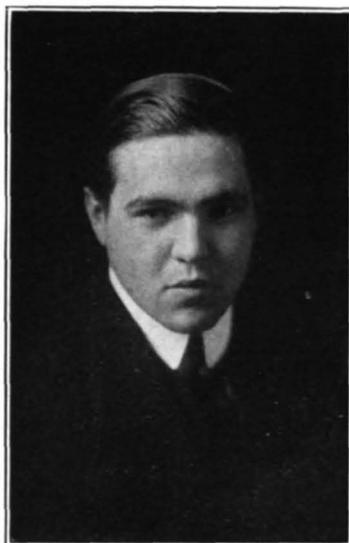
George has always been greeted with the patriotic slogan "Hoch der Kaiser" whenever he drew nigh, yet his placid German disposition has refused to become ruffled. He and Meslis have formed an alliance to protect their sacred rights against the encroachments of the mob and that they have stemmed the inroads of multitudes needs no verification here. George has confined all his activities to this alliance for he debates, walks, plays ball and shoots Kelley only in company with Meslis. An attempt on the part of any other classmate to join their company would instantly necessitate war.

During the last two years of our association with George we have had to recognize his marked proficiency in scholastic circles. In Junior, DesCartes and Hume were most shamefully forced to bow to his refutations. Probably this fact also was due to his affiliations to Meslis for that year "Tony" took the prize. In Senior, George ranked

up among the foremost in formulating laws to guide men along the straight and narrow path and also in investigating the activities of his soul. Especially in pedagogy did George shine, for the remedies that he suggested in his Seminar essay are fast being adopted as educational factors.

In truth George has been extremely clever in whatever he undertook to do, even in collecting pennies in his parish church, and we look forward to a bright future for him.





ANTHONY P. LAVERTY

SOMERVILLE, MASS.

"Tony"

"What the world wants is men who have the nerve and the grit to work and wait whether the world applaud or hiss." —Edison.

IXOUS (1, 2); Editor of Senior (4); Art Editor SUB TURRI; Senior Cartoonist.

Art and exorbitant size do not usually co-exist in human nature, but here, dear reader, you gaze upon the perfection of both in "Tony" Laverty, wonder artist, musician of fame, and Herculean type of humanity. "Tony" is considerably above the 200 lbs. species in avoirdupois and a little over six feet in his stocking feet. His artful nature bids fair to send Fisher and Opper into oblivion. However, art and weight do not constitute the complete repertoire of "Tony's" accidental attributes. He has a patriotic fervor for Somerville and is an extremist in college spirit. Nothing will stand in his way when he wishes to display this feature of his character except football togs, which he shuns most readily. He never rejects class football, but when it comes to the varsity, a derrick and six horses could not get him out on the field. We think that this is because "Tony" is very modest and does not enjoy the glare of the spectators. "Tony" has other prominent qualities which have brought him to the top in popularity. For example, he elected himself the editor of the Senior Magazine which he published weekly. There were but two volumes of this publication for ninety-three readers, but all of us managed to read it sometime or other. And then his wonderful voice made some of his week-kneed classmates marvel at the wondrous depths to which his voice could descend. One failing mark in Anthony's career at B. C. was his bashfulness, for he would never compete for speaking, singing, or dramatics, although we pleaded with him most sincerely, claiming that with his wonderful voice he could soften the hearts of the hardest. "Tony" has the makings of a great character and whatever his future may be, whether a journalist, cartoonist, musician, sign painter or stump orator, he will always live in the hearts of his classmates of 1917.



**SUB TURRI**  
**1917**

JOHN J. LANE

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

*"Jack"*

*"The gods approve the depth and not the tumult of man's soul."—Wordsworth.*

IXOUS (1, 2); Sodality (3); Kem Club (4); Marquette (2)

September, 1913, brought us this golden crowned gentleman from Cambridge and ever since his companionship has been most enjoyable. Much is hidden concerning his past history but as the old saying goes, "Men become famous over night," and thus did John's history start early in Freshman.

John is a deep thinker, incessant reader, and of a scientific bent. His mind is teeming with philosophical subjects and as for a stubborn objector—well, Kant and Hume come first after John. Many a time the philosophic scribes of the class have been

observed taking down John's objections in a circle and then have dived into the library for an extra two or three hour session to solve them. However, John does not spend all of his time thinking but he has also dabbled in literature. His poems and short essays in Freshman and Sophomore prompted us to choose him as an associate editor on the *Sub Turri* board and if you, dear reader, think well of many of these biographies, then you think well of the gentleman's talent.

One of John's greatest ambitions is to be manager of a summer hotel. He has been studying up the science for the past few years while performing the two-man act of bell boy and waiter. We have heard of his proficiency in this drama and thus we can explain the friendship between John and "Silk."

Concluding this epitaph, let us add that outside these few characteristics, John has the extreme defect of being a jolly good fellow.



SUB TURRI  
1917



FRANCIS G. LEE                      BRIGHTON, MASS.

*"Frank"*

*"Knowledge and virtue, sisters like, descend from heaven to perfect man in nobleness."*

IXOUS (1, 2); Sodality (3); Marquette (1); Vice-President Boston College Club of Brighton.

In all seriousness, we have to admit that there are men in the class of very quiet manners, of gentle bearing, yet of great determination of mind. To this category, "Frank" belongs. In fact, if it were not for the brilliant recitations which "Frank" has so many times given us, we would hardly know he was in the class. Yet he is always there, ready and eager to help all who labor under difficulties.

"Frank" has always been extremely busy in and out of school and has mastered a number of trades while tending toward his goal. He has treated us

to a soda at Bossum's, Liggett's and Jaynes's while he was working there and has repeatedly brought us samples of Ginter's groceries in his lunch. Besides these occupations "Frank" has found time to make several mysterious trips to Plymouth and the town papers have been filled with comments on his social achievements while in the town.

Recently "Frank" moved to Brighton under the shadow of the tower, and at once the townfolk were made to realize that they had a prominent young man in their midst for he at once started a B. C. Club of Brighton of which he was elected vice-president. "Frank" has another distinction which is peculiar to him alone. He is the one man in the class who believes in going to dances, not alone, nor even with one partner, but he always takes two partners to keep him company.

We cannot guess what "Frank" will do in days to come but from what we have seen of him, we are sure that no small corner will be ever occupied by him for he will always be at the front of things in his serious journey toward prosperity.





FRANCIS T. LIMONT DORCHESTER, MASS.

"Frank"

"His tribe were God Almighty's gentlemen."—Dryden.

IXOUS (1, 2); Sodality (3); Class Athletics (2, 3); President Kem Club.

If you ever wish to hear the history of Poland and her famous men, you could do no better than to interview "Frank." Heated discussions have ensued whenever he and Keenan came together, over the merits of Poland and Ireland. However, as "Frank" was but one man against ninety his arguments, although crafty, were a prey to the winds.

"Frank" is essentially a chemist. For three years he reveled amid the most stifling odors and explosive gases. He took pride in showing us his disfigured hands which had been caused by the chemical elements. In Sophomore his note book was the center of attraction for his classmates, who were mystified by Mr. Hommen's intricate questions. In Junior he continued his chemical researches and so intensely interested did he become in his pursuit that many a night would be closing the college in darkness before he decided to leave for Dorchester. In Senior he adopted Biology in connection with his chemical work and it has been said that "Frank" could almost put an animal together. At any rate, rumor has it that he intends to see for himself whether or not there is any truth in Darwin's theory of evolution.

Ever standing well in his studies, "Frank" nevertheless always found time to develop the physical man. His modesty, however, has rather checked his ambition to strive for varsity honors, but anyone who has seen "Frank" disport himself on the diamond with togs will admit that he displays great proficiency as an athlete. He has been self reliant and experienced, and he surely deserves to have Dame Fortune smile upon him, as she has done in the past.





CYRIL M. LYDON ABINGTON, MASS.

"Cy"

*"Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness  
Some boundless contiguity of shade."*

—Cowper.

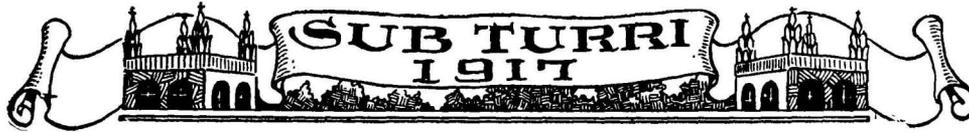
Kem Club (4); Executive Committee (4); Cheer Leader (3).

Cyril "Morpheus" Lydon has remarkable courage. He will undauntedly admit that he comes from a remote section called Abington. Unflinching he will tell us that our celestial environment is "slow." Again and again he will take his pal McKeown by the arm and lead him away from our society, and as a further example of his courage, he will boldly seek the portals of Morpheus while the professor is giving his lecture. Many times we have envied "Cy" because of the ease with which he can fall asleep and we could almost see the object of his dreams as he feverishly tossed about in his chair. However, "Cy" never falters to recite when the teacher's stentorian voice arouses him from his slumbers. In fact he is always willing to elucidate matters in general and even while inhaling the obnoxious weed he will draw similes between the light of the cigarette and the immortality of the soul. "Cy" is one hundred per cent original.

Besides courage, "Cy" has remarkable sportsman's blood in his veins. At our Junior banquet he volunteered to act as cheer leader and all the spirit and vim imaginable was injected into his magnanimous leadership. He has always been an admirer of the joyous side of life and has cured many of us of our mental anxieties. Of late he has become interested in chemistry and the study of the anatomy and we expect to see him hanging up his M.D. shingle within the next five years to cure us of our physical anxieties.

No more amiable companion nor more open hearted friend can be found than "Cy" and he has repeatedly taken recourse to his courage and sportsmanship to help a friend or to clear away the clouds of anxiety and despair. Consequently we can do nothing better as a return than to wish him every possible success in his future medical career.





JOHN A. MAHANEY    DORCHESTER, MASS.

"Art"

"A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance."—Old Test.

IXOUS (1, 2); Sodality (3, 4); Manager Class Baseball, Football, Hockey, Track (4); Varsity Track (4).

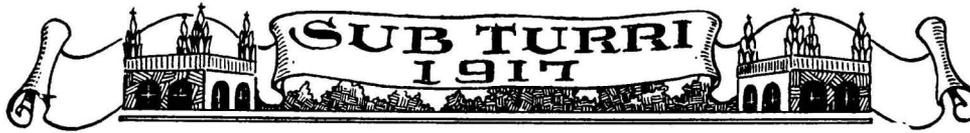
Fortunate were we to discover "Art" in our enrollment in Junior. Fortunate we have been in having him represent our numerous class teams in their victories over undergraduates. Yes, fortunate have we been in having a man in our midst who had the courage to show us how to argue with a professor.

"Art" jumped right into the rut we were making in Junior and has been pushing steadily ahead ever since. There has not been an activity connected with the class in which he has not had some hand. On the football field it was he who outwitted and outran the heavy Junior squad by his marked ability. On the hockey rink he again excelled and coached the Senior team along to an undefeated schedule. On the bowling alley, it was Arthur again who helped flay the aspiring ambitions of the lower class men by his defense of Senior.

Besides being an athlete of no small reputation, he also excels as a linguist. "Art" has been known to argue with a professor longer than any one of his classmates has ever dared to. He has repeatedly entered the classroom after the bell for recitation had sounded and either has started an argument with the professor or else has whispered such an abundance of sweet nothings in his ear that finally "Art" was allowed to take his seat without a blank for tardiness.

Mirth always has prevailed in Arthur's vicinity for he had an habitual tendency to make life as comfortable and as unharassing as possible. Especially did he take the part of comedian when he and "Pete" came together. Perhaps it is this last characteristic more than any other that has made him so popular with all of us. However, his self reliance, versatility and humor have helped to increase his respect in the class and he certainly deserves Dame Fortune's hand.





JOHN J. MAHONEY DORCHESTER, MASS.

*"Jack"*

*"I am a part of all that I have met."*—Milton.

IXOUS (1, 2); P. G. (4); Marquette (1, 2); Smoker Committee (2); Class Athletics (1, 2); Acolyte (1, 2, 3, 4).

John is the possessor of a real original and hearty laugh which, together with a care free personality, makes him the idol of us all. Since he has been with us he has never been known to look at more than one side of things and that was the bright side. As a result he became about the most popular member of the class. He has been one of the missile throwers that assemble in the rear of the room and cause the men up front to seek shelter behind the chairs. In fact, John has been the cause of many an upset to his fellow classmates. On one occasion, when the

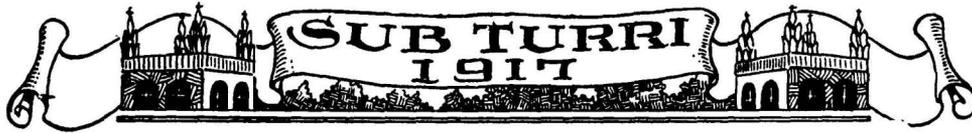
professor had succeeded in attracting our attention to a lecture, and when all minds were concentrated on its explanation, a loud crash was heard from the rear. Upon looking around we discovered John on the floor as a result of his chair's inability to withstand the gentleman's extra avoirdupois.

Like all our city boys, John was very much attracted to the boys from the country. He and "Jack" Fihelly have always been like brothers and if not together each one could always tell where the other was.

When not engaged in traveling back and forth to University Heights, John can usually be found behind a tobacco counter at Jaynes's. This is one reason why he is an inveterate smoker. We have had his company before and after class in the lounging room, and his sample weeds and briars have been sampled by all our friends.

He intends to make a name for himself in the world—how, he does not know—so we will not dare to guess. However, 'most any profession could be adopted by John in after life and accomplished well, so here's our luck to him.





JOHN J. McCARTY      WALTHAM, MASS.  
"Jack"

*"The wise and active conquer difficulties by daring to attempt them."—Herrick.*

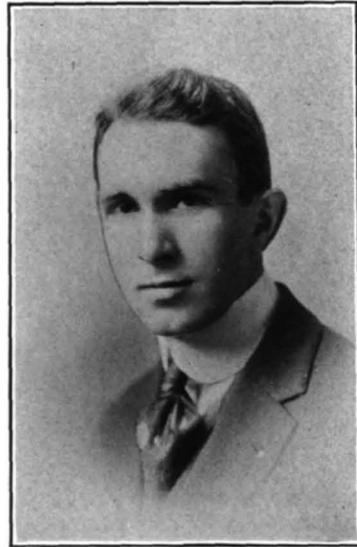
Varsity Football (2, 3, 4); Marquette (1, 2); Fulton (3, 4);  
Fulton Lecturer (4); Executive Committee (4);  
Class Song (4); Plattsburgh (4).

Upon John's tall physique rests the head of an arbitrator, councilor and logician. During class meetings John's voice is always heard above the din, directing us as to what to do or else wisely formulating some plan whereby peace may ensue. At all times we have grasped his decisions to our heart "with whoops of steel" and we realize that a potent factor of the class would be missing if John had not sought our society.

John and his pal Doherty have the unique distinction of being the only song composers of the college. The football song of these Watch City boys made a great hit in our Senior year, and at present writing another song is about to be published by them. John writes the words while "Art" composes the music. Such an achievement surely necessitates more than a close friendship in order that thought may coincide with thought. Consequently we have another pair of inseparables who seek the college sanctum together and depart together.

Although it may seem a broad jump from musical talent to athletic ability, John is nevertheless a versatile athlete. He excels on the gridiron as a tackle and has held this position on the varsity for two years. His development into a spectacular linesman under the Brickley regime was decidedly shown forth during his last year. Especially was he a powerful factor in shattering the long existing Holy Cross supremacy.

Besides these many achievements John has been a great friend of all because of his repeated appearance at college functions and because of a fine cheerful disposition that knows no bounds.





WILLIAM J. McCARTHY

CHARLESTOWN, MASS.

"Willie Joe"

"And young as beautiful . . . .  
. . . . and innocent as gay."—Young.

IXOUS (1, 2); Associate Editor of *The Senior* (4); Glee Club (4).

"Billie" is the boy wonder of Charlestown. Here you see him, dear reader, both in his natural and unnatural state. Naturally he is a gas agent, but once in a while "Billie" deviates from nature's path and assumes the features of a human being. However, in either state he is just simply dear little "Willie."

Since the day he enrolled as a member of the Class of 1917 he has been the admiration and the subject for affection of all our professors. We remember on one occasion when "Billie" and the trigonometry teacher formed a bond of companionship in chanting the intricate formulae of sines and cosines. We remember also how this charming "kid" developed to manliness through his linked association with the physics professor. He has had many experiences in his young life, both as a gas boy and a necktie salesman. He has told us of his trials, his hardships, and the queer scenes which have met his searching eye as he traveled here and there over Winter Hill in quest of gas meters. He even told us how he came face to face with his own classmate, Sharkey, while he was engaged in research work in the cellars of Somerville.

From this picture "Billie" might appear calm and innocent, but we assure you that the gentleman knows his book through and through. His charming features, grace in movements, and his bewitching eyes have not escaped the notice of the Charlestown girls and we are told that the gentleman has to pass up invitations for every day in the week so socially rushed is he. Indeed, "Billie" is attractive of his very nature and they surely are not culpable who call him Cupid in disguise. He does not knock, brag or put on airs but is simply "Billie" all the time, and even when his pedagogic aspirations have culminated we hope that he will always remain just "Billie."





WILLIAM F. McCORMACK

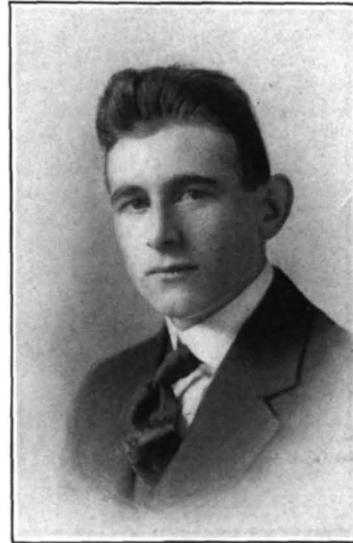
DORCHESTER, MASS.

"Bill"

*"The humble without being called upon never recollect to say anything of themselves."*—Lavater.

IXOUS (1, 2); Sodality (3); Marquette (2); Captain Track (4).

Enter the entire Senior track team. Not in the singleness of many but as one—William, or better, "Bill" McCormack. We have introduced him thus, dear reader, for it was he that represented the Senior class in the interclass meet and scored all of Senior points. But one would not wonder at this unheard of feat if one was to see "Bill" in action. His winged heels have been the cause of his winning many trophies on the "cinder trail" and also have been the means of making "Bill" the captain of the varsity relay team. On one occasion he had rather hard luck for, to tell it as John Slamen does, "Bill" would have outrun a representative of Harvard had not his fast moving feet caused a shoe lacing to become loose. However, when "Bill" runs along the track all former phantasms of Sephire come back to mind.



"Bill" has been one of the quiet members of the class and although he has accomplished many big things, he is the last to speak of them. Yet he has entered heart and soul into every class activity whereby we have grown to know him as one in whom the highest type of friendship resides.

He is the possessor of a most even disposition which is proper to "Bill" alone. Few words escape his lips but there is always a smile extending from ear to ear to greet a friend's approach. We have never known him to wax wrathful unless it was when he and Trigonometry had a giant tussle or perhaps when the Reverend professor called him to the board.

With regard to studies, "Bill" has always shown a friendly disposition even to them, yet no desire for intimate relations. With such an ease of mind and genial personality "Bill" is predicted to bring fame to himself and the Class of 1917.





THOMAS A. McDONOUGH

JAMAICA PLAIN, MASS.

"Butch" "Tom"

*"Tongue nor heart cannot conceive or name thee."*

—Shakespeare.

IXOUS (1, 2); Sodality (3); Athletics (1, 2); Marquette (1, 2).

If Jamaica's citizens were all like "Tom," what peace and tranquility would reign. What a haven for solitude it would be. The very ghosts of our forbears would be lurking about in the uncanny silence of the day. Words would be whispers and whispers words. However, we began with a supposition and consequently the conclusion had to be imaginatively supposed. Nevertheless, "Tom" has a reputation of being the most quiet and unobtrusive young man within our walls. With him words have meant energy

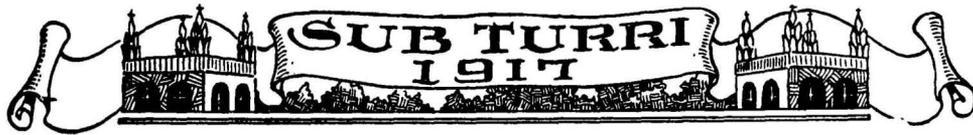
and even exertion and were it not for the fact that we see him once in a while we would not know whether he was in his seat or not.

"Tom" claims that the greatest men are men of few words. At any rate he wisely maintains that a man of few words will not make any enemies. The latter statement is surely outlived by "Tom" for we refuse to believe that he has an enemy in the world and his ability to mind his own affairs has made for him hosts of friends. To grapple for a place within the inner circle of his affiliation is almost as difficult as it is to delve within the restricted sanctum of "Phil" Dwyer's friendship. Yet we who have "palled" with "Tom" can only express the depth of sentiment that reposes there.

From the above—can you believe it?—our hero is a real social lion. No, we are not trying to be funny—that would be hard—but wherever you go around the vicinity of Jamaica Plain, whether it be at a dance, church affair, or community gathering, there you will find "Tom." A character of serious and solemn manner does not generally harbor any such tendencies as these, but our "Tom" is an extraordinary character and is a deep mystery in himself.

During recreation hours, "Tom" carves hams and lambs for a Jamaica provision dealer and, according to McKenna, "Tom" is quite a carver. We do not know whether he intends to pursue this latter profession or not but at any rate he has our fondest wishes for success.





FRANCIS P. McKENNA

JAMAICA PLAIN, MASS.

"Pete"

"Young men that blush I like better than those who look pale."  
—Plutarch.

Varsity Football (2, 3, 4); IXOUS (1, 2); Hockey (4).

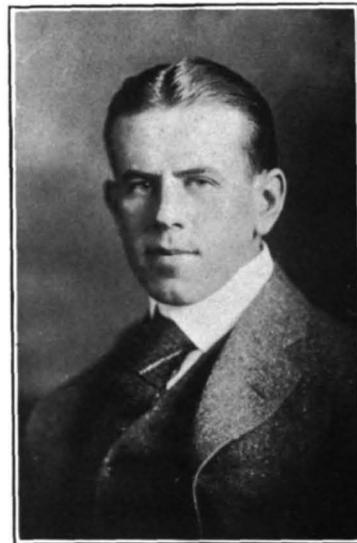
Pessimism has one most violent adversary in the person of "Pete" McKenna. His idea of the greatest good does not require a passage to a future life. No indeed! Why go to so much bother when we can get along so nicely on this planet? Optimism is clearly personified in the modest faced youth and his presence has always created an atmosphere of good cheer which has endeared him to the hearts of us all.

To blush is a manifestation of innocence; but Peter is certainly addicted to this act of presumable virtue; therefore,—but as we were saying, "Pete" does not spend most of his time blushing. As an athlete he has won the admiration of all football enthusiasts. "Pete" has shown a fighting spirit that has made him a terror in the eyes of the opposing team and has gained for him a berth on the varsity for the last three years. He has been the champion wrestler of the class and many a time in special bouts he has floored Tobin and Holland, to the delight of all.

At times "Pete" became serious, and after an interesting lecture would formulate a series of objections to try on his friends. He always brought us right down to the prime matter of things from whence we had no escape. In his early academic career, "Pete" proved himself a mathematician of real promise. It came natural to "Pete," in fact so natural that he never worried over impending exams or the wrath of the spluttering Napoleon. He also excelled as a poet and his effusions on "The Bells" caused a lengthy discussion among other would-be poets.



"Pete" has always been one of the joys of the class, quick to wrath, but quicker to get over it, and although we have come to the inevitable end, our prayer is that our friendship has not ended.



**SUB TURRI  
1917**



GEORGE C. MACKINNON BRIGHTON, MASS.

*"Words of learned length and thundering sound."*

—Goldsmith.

Marquette (1,2); Fulton (3); IXOUS (1); *Stylus* (3);  
Editor-in-Chief of *Stylus* (4).

Behold, upon the upper left of this page the mighty bust of one George C. MacKinnon. Erudite scholar, unflinching leader, flowery linguist, ablest of penmen, and walking dictionary par excellence. Look upon that massive brow that has inspired the student body on to read the Boston College *Stylus*. Gaze into those eyes that are wont to flash and twinkle behind a pair of unhallowed looking tortoise shells. See those lips from which a volume of elongated words ripples forth as naturally as the flowing waters of a font. Yes, those lips, those ever moving lips, the upper one of which exchanged places with an eyebrow for a few weeks while George was a Sophomore. Can you imagine how he looked then? No? Well, ask the Reverend professor of Sophomore A. Dear reader, in all seriousness allow us to present to you one of the most exquisite members of our class. From time immemorial we have heard of the writings, perusals, poems, and ironical speeches of our dear classmate, George. He has been the whole works of our college magazine since entering upon his collegiate world. Today he is the editor-in-chief of the Boston College *Stylus*, and we predict that this is but the starting point of a truly wonderful career. Besides being an eminent master of the pen, George is an eloquent speaker and has held many audiences spellbound with his wonderful flights of ironical eloquence. He also has another role in which he excels, namely, that of actor. Histrionic supremacy rests as serenely on George as does his hat. He really is good in this particular role, and when he struts forth from the "green room" onto the stage there has always been an outburst of applause to greet him. It is needless for us to wish George success because he is going to have it anyway, but our God-speed to him is as hearty as we can make it.





RAPHAEL F. McKEOWN ABINGTON, MASS.  
"Raydo"

*"A proper man as one shall see on a summer's day."*

—Shakespeare.

Class Treasurer (2); Dance Committee (1); IXOUS (1, 2);  
Smoke Talk Committee (4); Kem Club (4).

That obesity and good humor are inseparable is one way of introducing "Raydo." Another way we might begin our treatise on his personality would be by singing the old song, "Sing me to sleep and let me rest." At any rate, he must certainly have an easy conscience or else the whole world must be turning in his direction, for "Raydo" could not be presented to you thusly if such were not the case.

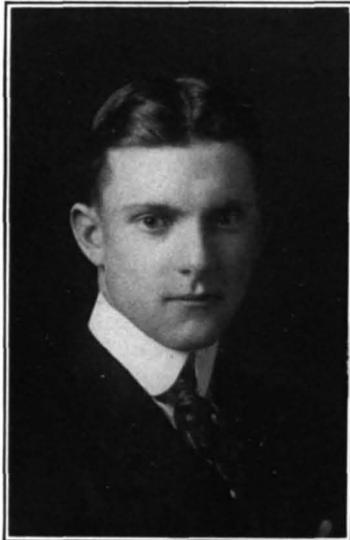
Ever since the gentleman poked his way down to Boston from the woody confines of Abington, he has added some sunshine, some mirth, and a little more of joy to our college life. His very presence is inspiring. His lofty brow is attractive. And above all, his smile is most alluring. He and "Cy" Lydon have had a mutual attraction for each other and they go and come together like brothers. It is little wonder, however, that such attraction is so noticeable and we do not hesitate to say that if we all were inhabitants of Abington, there would be a great amount of strife among us in trying to beat out "Cy."

"Raydo" is the man that put the "Bing" in Abington. He is an officer in the Ancient Order of Hibernians that meets every Wednesday in the "Sons of Erin" Hall. Besides this, he is a politician of no small worth, being extremely influential in his home town. When he is not engaged in these two occupations, he is either studying or else spending his time about the Brockton playgrounds.

It was a pleasure to greet "Raydo" every morning, but now that we must part, the pangs of remorse choke off further words. However, we will always think of him as the best hearted fellow in the Class of 1917.




**SUB TURRI**  
**1917**



MATTHEW F. MEALEY BROOKLINE, MASS.

*"Matt"*

*"His life was gentle and the elements  
 So mixed in him that nature might stand up  
 And say to all the world "This was a man."*

—Shakespeare.

IXOUS (1, 2); Sodality (3); Marquette (2); Fulton (4);  
 Reception Committee Fulton (4); Chairman Cap  
 and Gown Committee (4).

"Matt" has never entered our class room unless he was accompanied by "Joe" Nevins. Furthermore, he has refused to sit beside any one else in class except this gentleman. We are at a loss how to account for such affection. The fact that they both come from Brookline may be the reason and then again the fact that the same house was wont to harbor their esteemed personages Sunday evenings may also have been a

cause of their Damon and Pythias union. We have saved "Joe" for a later page, but "Matt" must receive his due here.

There was but one big thought weighing upon Matt's mind when he walked over Hammond Street to the Heights for the first time and that was to make a reputation for himself. That he accomplished this we will not venture to say now (for Matt would not wish us to) but we will venture to say that he has accumulated more than enough knowledge to place his ambition within his grasp. He has ever been a student of honor and an aspirant for medals, even. His quiet and unassuming manner, however, has ever striven to keep the light of his talents hidden beneath the proverbial bushel, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that we prevailed upon him to accept a membership in business and literary committees.

We think that Mr. Mealey's aspirations are along the pedagogical line. He has been taking note of the gestures, actions and vivid expressions of the psychology professor of late, as well as following closely the trend of thought. If this is to be his future occupation we feel sure that those under his charge will grow fond of "their teacher," since "Matt" has always been but a child among children, and yet has never lost one whit of his dignity.





ANTHONY B. MEZLIS    BRIGHTON, MASS.  
"Tony"

"I am more an antique Roman than a Dane."—Shakespeare.  
IXOUS (1, 2); Class Athletics (1, 2); Philosophy Medal  
(3); Sodality (3).

Since coming to University Heights, "Tony" has become so enamored with the surrounding atmosphere that he decided to move from South Boston to the live and spirited part of Brighton. Here, for a pastime, Tony took up the art of gardening and, according to his own professions, he has become a master of his art.

Early in his college career "Tony" and Krim formed an alliance. The class has respected it as one of its most sacred unions since it meant the coming together of Germany and Lithuania for the purpose of exterminating the Irish. A declaration of war was proclaimed a short time after when the alliance began to shoot paper missiles at Horrigan. The war ended when an outside power reprimanded the alliance and restored Horrigan's sacred rights. Wherever you see "Tony," Krim will not be far distant. They have succeeded in making things lively during our collegiate life and have been a constant source of worry to their various professors.

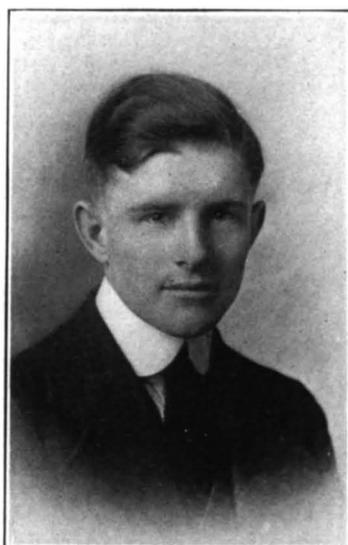
During our Junior year, however, "Tony" gave us a great surprise when he became serious enough to win the medal in Philosophy. He worked diligently and many a time he disclosed great difficulties that were menacing our tired intellects.

"Tony" has always been the first to arrive every morning and probably has helped the janitor turn the heavy key. In the spring mornings, it was a familiar sight to see "Tony" and Krim down in the athletic field playing ball, utterly forgetful of every one else and of the awful five hours that were to follow.

We are sure that his past deeds are but harbingers of future greatness.




**SUB TURRI**  
**1917**



JOHN J. MORRISSEY    SOMERVILLE, MASS.

*"Johnny"*

*"Whose little body lodged a mighty mind."*—Pope.

Class Athletics (1,2); IXOUS (1,2); Sodality (3);  
Dance Committee (2).

Better be small and shine than be big and cast a shadow, is what "Johnny" taunts his fellow classmates with when they persist in reflecting on his size. John is small, but within this little giant beats a heart that cries for a larger cell in which it can manifest all its love and affection. No better manifestation of the fact that good things come in small packages can be found than in this Senior who adorns the page. Many accomplishments may be attributed to John while he has been in college, but none can surpass his achievements of the last year. Especially the appearance of John at the Holy Cross football game with a young

lady companion. It is true that we had a difficult time locating this gentleman in the flurry of furs and feathers, but nevertheless when John's laugh was heard to rise above the volley of shouts and cheers, we were sure of our man. We had not thought this of John, but perhaps it is because he is a pal of Billie McCarthy's that this has occurred. John has many events circled about his small physique which we would love to recall, but perhaps the most notable accomplishment is that he has been devoted to the study of gas, both the illuminating and the inert variety. So long as we have had any acquaintance with John, he has insisted upon explaining to us just how he tests the gas meters of the denizens of Somerville, and probably this is the reason why he is an ardent devotee of chemistry. In fact, John reads, eats, studies and talks by gas, and most likely this accounts for his wonderfully small stature. However, aside from all these facts of John's college career there is a fine disposition rooted at his heart. We are told that "Johnny" is so powerful in his own home town that he is the guiding star of the politicians and the social set. He is the chairman and president of organizations there, and we know that his cheery nature will always attain and hold these positions for him.





JOHN J. MULCAHY      DORCHESTER, MASS.

"Mul"

*"With thee conversing, I forget all time."*—Milton.

Marquette (1, 2); Fulton Prize Debate (3); Oratoricals (3, 4); President Fulton (4); Dance Committee (2); Fulton Lecturer (4); Banquet Committee (3).

We can not give a satisfactory account of John unless we also consider his allied affection for Charlie Myron, for throughout their college life the two have been such strong pals that the class has given them the name "The two gentlemen of Verona." In fact, they have had the faculty of contracting colds, tonsillitis and other ailments at just the same time. What the real cause of this extraordinary phenomenon is we do not know for sure, but we know of other instances where young men suffered these ailments because of their frequent journeys to Brighton and Needham.



John has become famous for his gift of oratory, and his frequent appearances on the platform, in debates and oratorical contests, have been a source of much pride to his classmates.

In fact, so prominent has he been in this respect that the Fulton members elected him president in his Senior year. He has been a member of the Marquette and Fulton intercollegiate debating teams as well as twice representing the college in oratory. Though John has always been an earnest and conscientious student, he has found time to become one of the social lions in his little hamlet, Dorchester. Being especially favored by the goddess Terpsichore and a certain suavity which goes with it, his path in the social world

has been an easy one. In consequence of his popularity, John's greatest trouble has been trying to fill all his social engagements. We are told that John was on the stump for equal suffrage in the last election, and we may yet hear of John wearing his mass of hair in hair ribbons. In the near future we expect to see John shining forth as a legal light, and we feel that the talent which we know him to possess will ever guide him as he climbs the ladder of success.





JOSEPH A. MULVEY LAWRENCE, MASS.  
 "Joe" "Mull"

*"He from whose lips divine persuasion flows."*—Pope.  
 Executive Committee (4); President of B. C. Club of Lawrence (4).

"Joe" came to University Heights during our Sophomore year after he had found that Holy Cross had no attractions for him. He was not long in making an impression on the more established members of the class, for his dubious explanations in philosophy made quite a hit. At our Junior banquet he excelled in leading a band of songsters through a hymn known as "Snitzelbank," and that his success was brilliant needs no mention here.

It was in Senior, however, that "Joe" became famous. Every morning he would come in from Lawrence twenty minutes late, and how he managed to do this with only a fifteen-minute permission was the wonderment of all. On his arrival in class, he took his seat among the rest of the Potsdam Giants and began a lecture of his own entirely opposed to that of the professor. The subjects of his discourses were usually confined to the B. C. Club of Lawrence, of which he is President, and to the Mulvey Steam Laundry Company of Lawrence, which is his other occupation when not studying.

In scholastic circles, "Joe" is best known for his ideas on evolution, and he glories in holding the patrons of the Lake Street car spellbound by his vivid explanation of man's descent from a green pea. We are forced to confess that if "Joe" gave as much time to the right theory as he does to formulating original theories, he would rank with Rousseau and other lights.

When "Joe" betakes himself from out the college world he will take with him the class of 1917, for there is no one that is not with him or with whom he is not, for that has always been his desire, to be loyal to all.





GEORGE I. MURRAY NATICK, MASS.

"George"

*"His heart was one of those which most enamoured us  
Wax to receive, and marble to retain."—Byron.*

Fulton (3, 4); Oratoricals (3, 4); H. C. Intercollegiate (4);  
Marquette (1, 2); Vice-President Fulton and  
Senior Class (4).

If good fellowship and sincerity were ever united with a studious nature, the combination most assuredly exists in George. The only thing that we have against him is that he comes from Natick, and this fact detracts largely from his character. Even while a Freshman we could see the deteriorating effects which Natick had upon him, for the door never opened to let him into class before 9.45. However, although George started his college life in this propitious manner, he has never been tardy in rallying to another's assistance, and in fact his whole college career manifested a keen interest in everything pertaining to college activity, and in everything he has undertaken he has shown remarkable ability.

It was not until his Junior year, however, that our attention was called to George's strongest asset, namely, his oratorical ability. To say that the modest youth who was wont to shun all opportunities to "shine publicly" should suddenly come forward and astound his hearers with a burst of eloquence as George did would be expressing the truth mildly. Yet George has so rapidly advanced in oratorical fame that many greet him as the peer of Demosthenes, who, we all admit, was rather clever.



George also has been a leader in society, and from time to time we have had the opportunity to meet several of Natick's belles. His fellow townsman Powers has notified us that George is a magnet of attraction at social gatherings at home and from our connections with him we can not see how it could be otherwise.

In our opinion George would make an ideal politician because of his ability as a soap-box orator and also because of his democratic tendencies, which make him loved and respected by all. Whether we shall hear later of Mayor Murray of Natick or whether we shall hear of George leading some prominent activity, we will always bear the same feeling that we have for him now.





MAURICE G. MURPHY No. ABINGTON, MASS.  
"Mose"

*"A stoic of the woods—a man without a tear."*—Campbell.  
IXOUS (1, 2); Class Athletics (1, 2); Cap and Gown Committee (4); Banquet Committee (3); Marquette (2).

Maurice, otherwise known as "Mose," became popular the very first day that he mounted the bema. This happened at the very beginning of his Freshman year, when the class was reveling in Shakespearean drama. The memory of his first attempt will live long after this book has been covered with dust. In this manner he got a good start in his college career, and he has been doing things worthy of note ever since.

In the classroom "Mose" was a brilliant scholar and the clique that formed about him had many a time recourse to his knowledge of things. He had a remarkable business ability about him which is outborne by the fact that he was chosen chairman of several committees. His companionship was sought by all because of his geniality and frankness.

"Mose," however, like all great men, was not without his hobbies. He had a little garden in Abington in which he experimented with different phases of vegetative life. This particular hobby took up much of his time, for the wonderful recitations that "Mose" gave in psychology on the vegetative matter could only be characteristic of a constant slave to the hoe and plough. He was real serious about it, too, for he considered such research too noble an occupation for jest.

Another trait characteristic of "Mose" is that he has been addicted to taking long walks. So accustomed has his physique become to such pedantry that it no longer fatigues under the strain even when he walks away over to Rockland. Of late, "Mose" directs all his spare footsteps to Rockland.

At present we would have difficulty in prophesying Maurice's future profession, but we know he has the rudiments of prosperity in his grasp.





CHARLES L. MYRON DORCHESTER, MASS.  
"Sleuth"

*"He makes a solitude and calls it peace."*—Byron.

IXOUS (1,2); Beta Kappa Phi (3); Freshman Dance  
Committee (4); Treasurer Freshman A. (5);  
Senior Executive Board.

"Charlie" has reveled in society. The spell of the light fantastic has cast its shadow over his youthful soul. Lights dazzling and music profound bring joys unlimited to his heart. Yet he has never cared to participate in social affairs unless the honorable Mulcahy was at his side. The presence of one acted upon the other as an inspiration, and thusly did they make bold. The Monponsett vacationists thought that "Charlie" was a wonder, and we are told that he has received epistles from many of them requesting him to attend social gatherings at that resort.



The railroad business has also been attractive to "Charlie's" romantic nature. He has worked for some time helping the Bay State railroad sell tickets. Perhaps this accounts for the fact that he is always on the move. However, all these external attractions are but trifles to "Charlie's" love for study. He has been most faithful and industrious in his work and for a man to be among the foremost both in society and academics is certainly an achievement. We have always seen him at our gatherings, philosophical, athletic and social. He has been most enthusiastic about all matters connected with the class, and in recognition of this we have appointed him to serve on various important committees.



Although from the above description of "Charlie" he might seem more or less of a whirlwind, nevertheless, he has been a rather quiet factor in the class as far as words are concerned. His troubles have to all appearances been few indeed, for he has taken all things calmly and has surmounted all difficulties without a tremor. However, an eminent writer has once said that the greatest men are those that say the least, and consequently we are disposed to think of "Charlie" in this light. We know, at any rate, that he will outlive this statement when he severs his connections with us.



JOSEPH G. NEVINS      BROOKLINE, MASS.

"Jerry"

*"Alack there lies more peril in thine eye  
Than twenty of their swords."—Shakespeare.*

IXOUS (1, 2); Class Athletics (1, 2); Kem Club (4);  
President of Science Club; Fulton (3); *Stylus* (2);  
Advertising Manager *Stylus* (3, 4); Execu-  
tive Committee (4); Dance Com-  
mittee (1).

Although not a native born, "Joe" is one of Brookline's most luminous citizens. When he walks along the pavements the sparks fly from beneath his shoes. When he encounters an opponent thunder and lightning reign. When mischief is brewing the very fires of Hades are kindling within his soul.

No one will dare dispute "Joe's" reputation for being the most hilarious and garrulous member of the class. The most commonplace remark has its humor

for him; and as for talk—ye Gods! He is ever anxious to display his oratorical talent whether he talks on the subject or not. However, "Joe" gave a fine disputation on "Dress Suits and the Right to Wear Them" once in our brief history, and he clung tenaciously to his point.

Aside from what we have said of "Joe," we must admit that business ability is written all over him. Since he assumed the duties of advertising manager of *The Stylus*, the number of advertisements has been greatly augmented.

"Joe" is also a litterateur. We have often read stories from his pen when they appeared in *The Stylus*, and their literary value was really worthy of a Jack London. However, "Joe" was in a position where he could obtain countless plots, for he was always in the center of railroad wrecks, floods and robberies while working in the B. & A. R. R. Station.

He has been a member of the orchestra for four years, and he was president of the B. C. Science Club. To give a detailed account of "Joe's" career at college would require the entire book, but this we can say of him in a nutshell: "He was a plain, blunt man, who had both hands in mischief, both feet in work, and his whole heart in the interests of the class." He has won our friendship, and whatever his future may be, we dare him to break it.





THOMAS F. NOLAN      ROXBURY, MASS.

"Tom"

*"A mind not to be changed by place or time."*—Milton.

IXOUS (1, 2); Marquette (1, 2); Fulton (4); Dramatics (3, 4); Dance Committee (1, 2); Smoker Committee (2, 4); Chairman Seminar (4).

"Tom" comes from Roxbury every day with a pipe in one pocket and "Edgeworth's ready-rubbed" in the other, and a mighty knowledge of the preceding day's lecture beneath his hat. The pipe adds to Tom's seriousness, and especially when starting an argument with a classmate he will immediately bring it forth. "Tom" received his earlier training at B. C. High, and liking the atmosphere of the institution so well, he decided to assimilate the higher branches of learning at B. C. His favorite study has been astronomy, and as a result of "Tom's" nocturnal observations he is well able to inform us as to the best points of observation in and about Roxbury. Perhaps it was due to this marked propensity of his that he was so successful in portraying one of the star-gazing shepherds in the Passion Play. "Tom" has always been a leader in class standing, and, in consideration of the strenuous pace that he sets in society, this is a wonderful achievement.



Last summer "Tom" was awarded the degree of M. A., that is, magazine agent. Quite frequently we have met him walking along the pavements of various suburbs with a book in hand, a pencil on his ear, and contrary to book agents' characteristics, with a broad smile of success upon his countenance.



"Tom" has been a very companionable chap, and we have many a time enjoyed his company at social gatherings, including bowling matches and class football games. However, his strong companion is Smith, and his affection for this gentleman has but made another one of those countless pairs that come and go together. In "Tom" there is a little bit of seriousness, a little bit of humor, and the balance is mostly good fellowship. Such men are hard to find, and our earnest prayer is that such may be said of him always.


**SUB TURRI**  
**1917**



ROBERT L. O'BRIEN      BRIGHTON, MASS.  
 "O'Bie"

*"Small strokes fell the mightiest oaks."*—Franklin.

Varsity Football (3, 4); Hockey (4); Class Baseball (1, 2);  
 Kem Club (4).

Little Bob O'Brien has more grit than the biggest man in the class. As a proof of this we need only to recall to your memory the little chap clad in a B. C. football suit that felled his giant opponents as they circled his end on the gridiron. He has had the reputation of being in every play from start to finish and as this holds true for football so also it does for his college career. He has excelled as a hockey star also, and it was his good work for the Seniors that defeated the Juniors in a stubborn uphill contest.

His energy has also been put in action beyond the Athletic field. "Bobby" was a prime mover in the formation of a B. C. Club of Brighton, and as a result was elected its first president. His consistent working in the interests of his friends has made him decidedly popular among his college mates, and this popularity has never been expressed as it has been known and felt.

"Bob" during his Senior year decided to make a survey of animal anatomy; consequently, he adopted the study of Biology. He has given us some interesting data concerning the microscopic head of a mosquito and the cause of frogs being bow-legged, and many a time he has put members of the class in good humor by his interesting accounts of his experimenting in the laboratory. In fact, he has been a live wire in the class, always looking for the sunny side of things and refusing to be worried by difficulties. His books have never been overworked, but he has nevertheless been a good student.

In the social world "Bobby" is also a big factor. Any night in the week you are likely to meet him at the Allston Chateau or else meandering along the shores of the Charles. Brighton may well be proud of you, "Bob," and naught but success awaits your footsteps.





SUB TURRI  
1917

GEORGE L. O'DAY      BROOKLINE, MASS.

"Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flowing."—Tennyson.  
Orchestra (1, 2, 3, 4); Business Manager *Stylus*; Marquette  
(1, 2); Junior Smoker Committee.

George is one of the few Brookline boys that has had the privilege of free transportation to and from school. In other words, he was the possessor of a pass on the B. & A. Railroad. George has occupied the office of station agent in his quiet little hamlet for four years, and this accounts for his influence with the railroad magnates.

When not engaged in loading and unloading truck around the station, George is usually found at his desk in the *Stylus* office. The success of the college magazine financially has been due to his influential and compromising manner of extracting subscriptions from both students and alumni. We have been told that many a time George has been so busily engaged with this work that the early shades of evening would be enclosing the Heights before he would lock up and direct his steps toward Brookline.

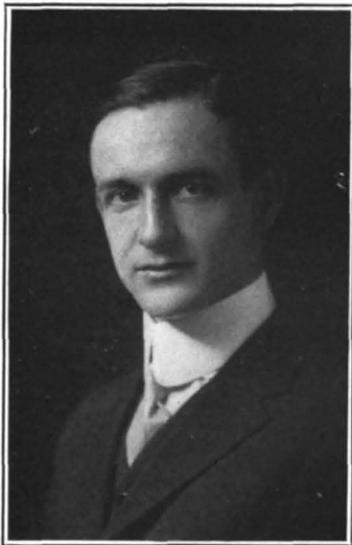
He has also been a member of the college orchestra as long as we can remember. He has various instruments that he can play exceedingly well, but he especially excels in blowing draughts through a big cornet. On one occasion the entire student body marched to the cheering stands to hear the melodious strains from George's cornet, consequently he must be widely appreciated.

George's social brilliance, however, outshines all else. His repeated appearance at the dance hall has aroused our extreme interest, not only because he has cut a decided figure while engaged in the light fantastic, but also because he has a noticeable manner in becoming acquainted. We are told that this is also a marked characteristic of George in his own town as well, and we are sure that this tendency will go on making friends for him through life.





SUB TURRI  
1917



LAWRENCE J. O'LOUGHLIN

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

"Silk"

*"Fellowship is life, and lack of fellowship is death."*

IXOUS (1,2); Kem Club (4).

"Silk" is one of those peculiar specimens of the genus homo that is actually in love with mathematics. It makes no difference what kind of a problem you give him, whether it be a problem in mathematics or a problem of life, "Silk" will always derive the correct conclusion by the use of figures. He is a man of deep thought and possesses the researching powers of an Aristotle. So profoundly deep is "Silk" that we have already awarded him free passage through the golden gates. He is also most humble and has the patience of Job, for any man who can sit beside "Nap" for a whole year must possess patience unlimited.

In "Silk's" college life there have figured two other gentlemen of the class, "Tom" and "Jimma," and the famous trio have been strong in one another's defence, especially if any remarks are made in jest of "Jimma's" derby or "Tom's" dimples. Besides the society of the aforesaid gentlemen, "Silk" has membership in another anarchist circle renowned for seeking the corners of the smoking room before class every morning and whose purpose is to undermine the preceding day's lectures. "Silk" comes in so early mornings that he does not have to study at home. Consequently, he has had much time to himself, and thus his presence at Symphony every night with a tray in his arms is explained. "Silk" has become quite skilled in the art of waiting on table and so skilfully has he juggled water pitchers and other breakables, that we expect his promotion to head waiter, provided he "waits" long enough.

"Silk" always manages to keep around the top of the list in academic lines and as for good behavior—Oh dear! Oh my! In short, "Silk" is a true and steadfast classmate who has won the esteem of all and of whom the class is justly proud.





TIMOTHY J. O'SULLIVAN

ANDOVER, MASS.

*"Bonnie"*

*"A magnificent spectacle of human happiness."*

Glee Club (4); P. G. (4); Smoke Talk (4).

This is O'Sullivan preceded by Timothy J. and better known to all as "Bonnie." He has only been a short while with us, but it seems as though we have always known him. He came to us when we were Juniors, and for one day he was unknown. After that day he introduced himself to us all as "Bonnie," and thus he became like an old member of the class family. He received his education in numerous places, being somewhat of a wanderer. He began in New York. When we first heard of him he had finished at Andover and was half way through Yale. He then left Yale for Holy Cross, but owing to certain happenings there, "Bonnie" came to Boston College, and there he has been since, much to his honor and ours.



He had a reputation as a bowler when he came to University Heights, and we had many a struggle to down outside supremacy. However, he proved himself of worth and we placed him on the Senior team that defeated the Juniors. "Bonnie" also plays tennis, and from the number of missiles that have been projected from his hand in the classroom we judge that he is also a good ball player.

"Bonnie" has had two ambitions. He has always aspired to reach the last note on both ends of the scale. Consequently he joined the Glee Club. The second tendency is to help "Jim" Slattery bring the Potsdam Giants before the public eye. This organization owes its strength to "Bonnie" and "Jim," and we hope that the former's ambition will be realized. Some day we expect to see "Bonnie" a business magnet and we hope his bright smile will always greet others as it has us.





CHARLES L. OSTRIDGE

WATERTOWN, MASS.

"Birdie"

"Ah! You flavor everything; you are the vanilla of society."—Smith.

Smoke Talk Committee (4); Banquet Committee (3); Chairman Dance Committee (1); Varsity Football (2); Sodality (3).

If mere names possessed any personal significance, an analysis of the titles which this gentleman bears might produce a factitious idea of some sort of composite being, part man, part lion, and the rest bird, and one might be led to the conclusion that at last the missing link in Darwin's hypothesis had been discovered. In a single glance at the Apollo-like features which adorn this page no one can doubt but that "Birdie" is the Beau Brummel of the class. In all

social activities, "Birdie" has ever been present with his fascinating and chivalrous manners, and if any one of our readers wishes to obtain patrons for a dance or other social affair, we promise you that the aforesaid gentleman will patronize it.

Nor is "Birdie's" fame confined within such narrow limits. In the field of philosophic speculation, he has often startled us with his radical and original conclusions. He has become particularly interested in questions of heredity and insanity, as is clear from his daily examinations of "Luke Welsh." However, we who have known him for so long can safely vouch for his *compos mentis*, and we are assured that such observations are made merely in jest.

Whenever, in the Psychology class, the professor described a long-necked, hump-backed, hairy-skinned, two-legged animal, some enlightened individual in the rear of the classroom was sure to cry out "Ostridge." Yet there is one thing about "Birdie" that the members of the class admire, and that is his ability to take a joke good-naturedly, and this amiable disposition has been a source of enjoyment to the class as well as substantiating him in our friendship. That success may crown him is our fondest hope.





P. NICHOLAS PETROCELLI

ROXBURY, MASS.

"Nick"

*"Infinite riches in a little room."*—Marlowe.

Marquette (1, 2); Fulton (3, 4); Executive Committee; Chairman Class Executive Committee (4); Smoker (4); Intercollegiate Debate (4); Prize Debate (4); Oratoricals (4); Lecturer (4); Cercle Francaise (2).

It was a very portentous event in the prime beginning of our class history when "Nick's" parents left the sunny shores of Italy to make a home for themselves in "young America." Not only did the event cause the recording of their surname on our class list, but it also was the cause of recording some notes alongside of the name.

"Nick" first attracted our attention by flashing his clinching black eyes upon us and then holding us fast in the allurement of his smile. He got a good start in his first two years by proving to us that he was truly devoted to the classics and also that mathematics had few terrors for him. Thus did he sow the seed of his later endeavor.

When Junior entered into "Nick's" history, we were forced to keep our eyes on him all the time. During class meetings he would arise and in choice words, derivable only from the classics, expound the follies of certain actions and would display the real logical path to pursue. His logic was concise and to the point. That year he was elected a member of the Fulton and since then—well, we have only to mention his achievements.



"Nick," however, saved all his big deeds for the last. At the beginning of Senior his business ability received its recognition when he was appointed chairman of the class executive committee and also of the Fulton. He then added a large feather to his hat when after competition he won a place on the intercollegiate debating team. His logical arguments were a great barrier to Holy Cross on the memorable evening of this debate. "Nick" also has another big factor connected with his career and that is his extreme popularity. There are few who can boast of as cheerful a disposition or as contented a mind. He has ever been beside the man overladen with difficulties, cheering him on to overcome them. Is it any wonder then, dear reader, that the name Petrocelli has become famous?

We smile when we think of "Nick's" future. We can see there happiness and prosperity. We can see his foreign name engraved on the four winds, and our departing word is Godspeed.




**SUB TURRI**  
**1917**



FRANCIS X. POWERS      NATICK, MASS.  
*"Posie"*

*"My mind to me an empire is  
 While grace affordeth health."*—Southwell.

Class Baseball (1, 2, 3, 4); Treasurer of Student Council;  
 Fulton Debating Society (4); Chairman Committee on  
 Intercollegiate Debates (1).

We challenge the readers of these pages to appropriate a more fitting name for the gentleman above than "Posie." Thus have we styled him, and anyone to look upon him could hardly do otherwise.

Frank hails from Natick, the nursery of so many B. C. men. Yet, unlike the majority of Natick's sons, he has always shunned the path of glory on the athletic field or the bema. According to his pal, Murray, Frank has been otherwise engaged keeping democracy alive up home. He is actually in love with a goddess

named Terpsichore, and his pet subjects are "The Fireman's Ball," "The night before" and "Is it a dress-suit affair?"

Determination is Frank's predominant characteristic. He will argue with anyone on any subject, but his determined consciousness that he is in the right can never be prevailed upon. When Frank has a lounging chair, something to put his feet on, some one to talk to, and a weed to pull through, then is "home, sweet home" really enjoyed by him. He has always been noted for enjoying such repose among friends and his presence has been really gratifying to all of us.

Frank spends his summer leisure in the capacity of bell boy and waiter at country hotels. In acting this role, he has made himself known to and respected by all the schoolmarm who summer in the mountains. His ability to talk on classical literature and to delve in philosophical questions has, we are told, put many an odd dollar in his bank roll. But Frank has a method of making friends any way, and his four years at University Heights has numbered hosts of friends. Such an endowment will, no doubt, aid him in his future business career.





THOMAS A. PRINTON      MEDFORD, MASS.

"Tom"

*"I would study, I would know, I would admire forever."*

Class Secretary (3); Marquette (1, 2); IXOUS (1, 2);  
Honors (1, 2, 3, 4).

"Tom" mounted the Heights some four years back with the determination to accomplish something. He got an early start and has been accomplishing things ever since. Athletics had no lure for him except to demand his presence at the college games. The more serious side of college life appealed to him as a worthier means to a worthier end.

In his Freshman year he displayed an enthusiastic devotion to the Greek and Latin poets and in recognition of this fact the faculty thought fit to shower numerous medals upon him. While a Sophomore, he efficiently filled the office of beadle and once more revelled with the ancients. This ability was fast becoming universally recognized and when he returned for his third campaign, he was elected to perform the secretarial duties of the class. That year "Tom" excelled in all matters regarding national finances and also the physical elements of nature. At any rate his pockets were bulging forth Commencement day from the many medals that were awarded his excellence.

"Tom's" particular pals were "Silk" and "Jimma" and we would have been greatly surprised if upon looking towards him we did not behold the other two members of the trio.

No doubt this clique was formulated as a bellboy and waiters organization for the three have been thusly employed during vacation. "Tom" was so popular with guests of a certain summer hotel that the managers recently appointed him chief of the bellboys fraternity. All of which proves that "Tom" has been appreciated outside of our environment as well as within it. It is needless for us to speak of success to "Tom" for his popularity and pleasant features will insure this for him.





FRANCIS X. QUINN ROXBUBY, MASS.

"Frank"

*"Heart to conceive, understanding to direct, or heart to execute."*—Miscellaneous.

B. C. Scholarship; Marquette (1, 2); Fulton (3, 4); Marquette Medal (2); Fulton Medal (3); President Fulton Intercollegiate Debate (4); President Class (4).

Winning a scholarship to B. C., "Frank" entered upon his college career fresh from the classical environment of Boston Latin, and has represented that institution nobly ever since. His achievements, listed on the top of this page, bear witness to our statement. The ditty above expresses the universal opinion of his classmates and the picture above represents nothing if not the marvel of our age.

The classroom perhaps has witnessed his greatest achievements. Having an intellect both brilliant and logical by nature, he has brought to his work untiring devotion and effort, the yearly result of which has been a round of medals and premiums for excellence in scholarship. His capacity for hard work was recognized by an eminent professor of Sophomore, when he awarded "Frank" the position of beadle. But "Frank" was not to remain a slave to this menial position for his ambitions were higher than the ordinary. That year he romped home with the Marquette prize pinned on his lapel. It was here that his career as an orator really began, for after that achievement he was chosen to represent the Fulton in the prize debate, and he again was awarded the medal. In Senior he was elected president of the Fulton and was captain of the intercollegiate team that defeated Holy Cross.

Recognizing in him a leader of singular ability we chose him president of our Senior class and his administration has been noted for system and business ability. Class spirit has been the keynote of "Frank's" character and this note was certainly struck during our last year.

The Elevated R. R. has also recognized "Frank's" ability, for it placed him in an office during the summer where only men of experience and age were demanded. "Frank's" is a truly admirable character, possessing both sincerity and geniality. He has gained the universal esteem and popularity of all with whom he has come in contact. A great future lies before him.





RALPH F. V. QUINN                      BOSTON, MASS.

*"Visnet"*

*"He did with cheerful will what others talked of while their hands were still."*

Marquette (1, 2); Sergeant-at-Arms (2); Fulton (3, 4);  
Class Beadle (1, 2, 3, 4); Newman Academy (2);  
Cercle Francaise (1).

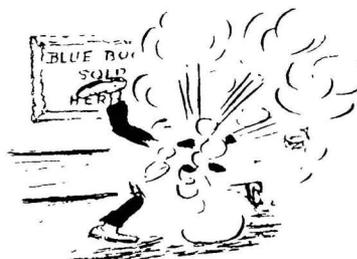
Dear reader, with all apologies, we beg to present to you our dear friend and class beadle, Ralph, at other times known as "Vishnu." His popularity has no limit. In fact, so popular is he that we have four times appointed him class beadle. His originality is startling, both in stature and in dress. As to the latter, Ralph is the only man in our vast assemblage that has a patent on collars or has cornered the market on red bow neckties.

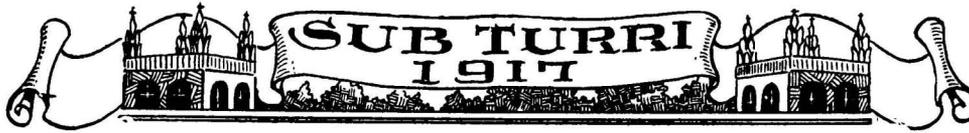


As an actor, he has no peer. His long black locks, together with a jet black grizzly beard, at once remind you of a Marlowe or a Shakespeare. He has taken an active part in the Passion Play each year, and has contributed much to its success. His ability as an actor, however, has been most prominent when he attempts to sell "Blue Books" before an examination. Smoke arises on all sides of him, the shouts of the mob fill the classroom. Carnage and pestilence rend the very atmosphere. Then of a sudden the smoke lifts and all eyes behold Ralph standing erect and unadorned against the plastered background of the wall.

Ralph has a very inquisitive disposition. When not inquiring as to whether certain classmates are in their seats, or whether they have brought excuses for absence, he is searching into the recesses of science for further knowledge. On one occasion he was investigating the nature of a certain acid in the chemistry laboratory when, lo and behold, looking down at his trousers, he beheld a little drop of acid eating off one leg. His inquisitiveness was the cause of his departure for home on that day with more pins on his person than Vanity herself.

However much we may have knocked Ralph during college life, equally as much have we respected his sincerity and companionship, and as for conscientiousness—well, ask "Raydo" McKeown. Our only regret is that we have not the whole book to devote to Ralph's biography, because he is certainly worthy of it.





RICHARD A. QUINN

SHARON, MASS.

"Alan"

*"Thou sayest an undisputed thing in such a solemn way."*

—Holmes.

A year spent at Holy Cross was all that was necessary to assure "Alan" that Boston was more alluring than Worcester. Consequently, he joined us in our Sophomore year. When, some time later, "Joe" Mulvey followed, it was a treat to hear the pair comparing the latest stories of the crowd at the Cross.

"Alan's" home was somewhere in the White Mountains, but recently his family moved Bostonwards. In speaking of homes or addresses, we can safely say that no man in the class can boast of more at the same time than can "Alan." In vain have his friends sent mail to Melrose, Sharon, Dorchester, Billerica, or

Lake Boone, only to find that some other locality was then claiming him. Like the venerable hero of Rome he could truly say wherever he went "veni, vidi, vici."

Under the gaze of placid features, he leads one to think that his hobby is philosophy or books, but despite the fact that a lofty brow is usually cognitive of such a tendency, our hero has a stronger hobby in making friends in the social world. We are told that every summer several hotels have bid for his company, and if he is not at the ocean pier, then he is sporting a prosperous smile in the country.

If we were to insist on a final and characteristic phase of "Alan's" career it is this, that never has the accomplishment of any activity given him the least worry. Under his critical eye, obstacles melt rapidly. Beneath his skillful hand difficulties disappear into oblivion. Always his good nature prevails. Scowls give place to smiles. Clouds break to admit the sunshine of his heart, and the warmth of his friendship sends its ray deep into our hearts.





WILLIAM R. REID EAST WEYMOUTH, MASS.  
"Bill"

*"One inch of joy surmounts of grief a span  
Because to laugh is proper to a man."—Rabelais.*

IXOUS (1, 2); Sodality (3); Class Athletics (2, 3);  
P. G. (4).

Dear Reader,—William Reid, alias "Bill," all the way from Weymouth or the "Hub of the South Shore." Thus has he spoken of his home town, and if we may tender a little information "sub rosa" he is presumptuous enough to assert that he was the originator of such a distinctive title.

During our acquaintance with "Bill" at University Heights one characteristic of his has been most prominent, and that is his humor. He has a wonderful stock of humorous stories which are practically all concerning the doings of "Bill" and "Cy." One fault, however, with regard to these stories is that he tells the same one too often. This characteristic has made him much in demand at our gatherings and his genial personality, sparkling with mirth, has won our strong friendship.

Living at a rather distant point from us, he never has had much time to give a real active support to our college functions or acquire a leading role in any activity. His entrance to class was usually "sine ventu" and his exit was one of great haste. We do recall, however, that at one time he played on the class baseball team and later reported with the "rookies" at the opening of the "Sweeney regime." We can not give any detailed account of "Bill's" reputation in this sport but sufficient it is for us to say that he only reported.



During vacation "Bill" takes care of a bathhouse and we are told that such a position was offered him because of his power in political circles in his home town. We hope, however, that the children under his charge did not imbibe his famous giggle, for if so, the entire town of East Weymouth would be overthrown. However, we know enough about "Bill" to assure the denizens of this town that a more capable young man would be difficult to find, for in him B. C. has one of her most diligent sons.




**SUB TURRI**  
**1917**



WILLIAM J. REARDON SAXONVILLE, MASS.  
*"Bub"*

*"Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit."—Fielding.*

IXOUS (1, 2); Sodality (3); SUB TURRI (4); Class  
 Athletics (1, 2, 3).

The little town of Saxonville will surely immortalize itself when "Bill" turns his attention to the world's great battle. It has already made its name unerasable from our memory because it has sent this gallant son to us. Consequently we have predicted its future above.

As all big men have had but a moderately small beginning, so has "Bill" commenced life in the above heretofore unknown town. However, we threaten the world with but one word—"Wait!"

"Bill" is universally conceded to be the most imperturbable character in the class, having never been known to concern himself over any difficulty, however serious. Studies have been the least of his troubles and he has even been devoted to the principle "In medio stat virtus." He has shunned class honors as others have coveted them. Whenever there was a possibility of one of those disdained prizes coming his way, he studiously concealed all indications of intelligence. Sometimes, in order that he would not appear to be interested in the lecture, he would attract his classmates' attention to his comic cartoons, for "Bill" was quite famous as an artist.

In his home town "Bill" has a wide spread reputation as a ball player. The fans have fairly gone mad at times when their famous "Bub" gallantly taps the plate with the bases choked. They call him "Bub" in Saxonville, which sounds affectionate anyway.

In closing this short chapter of your account, "Bill," we would impress upon you this fact: Many a man who now stands upon the highest rung of the ladder began like you,—an innocent country bred youth.





JOSEPH A. ROCHE JAMAICA PLAIN, MASS.  
 "Joe"

"By the work one knows the workman."—La Fontaine.

Marquette (1, 2); Fulton (3, 4); Photo Committee (4);  
 Manager SUB TURRI (4).

If we did not have "Joe" as a classmate, this book would never, never—well, we would have to have somebody else to battle with finances in order that we might publish it, that's all. Yes, "Joe" is the business manager of our SUB TURRI, and if you are ever at a loss as to how you are going to publish a book, well, see "Joe" Roche. As a worker "Joe" has been most consistent, not only in the management of this edition, but also in his collegiate environment. As a scholar, owing to his consistency with the texts, he has always been found among the top notchers. As a devotee of college spirit we can offer no more fitting or illustrious example than he. "Joe" has never desired the dazzling allurements of the public eye, but he has always been around when there was anything doing, so what more can be said of any man than to exclaim, "There is a true and loyal college gentleman." "Joe" has very aesthetic tastes, so much so in fact that he took to analytic Geometry and other abstruse complications as a duck does to lemonade, and for a long time he has been trying to petition the faculty to have this removed as an obstruction to the peace and composure of one's mind. It was after a trying hour of mathematics that "Joe" came around and told us that he was going bowling and he said he was going to call the head pin "mathematics." A few of us went with him and that day, after hitting this pin on the head every time, he



rolled a string of 115. Since that day "Joe" has held the reputation of a bowler of vengeance. Thus ends the brief biography of Joseph A. Roche, upon whom we shower all our richest hopes, our best wishes, and multifold blessings for a future career par excellence.





CHARLES F. SHARKEY SOMERVILLE, MASS.  
"Charlie"

*"A finished gentleman from top to toe."*—Selected.

Class Secretary (1, 3); Secretary Marquette (1); Fulton (2);  
Marquette (1, 2); Fulton (3, 4); Passion Play (3);  
Fulton Reception Committee (4).

Whenever we were looking for someone to write letters or to write accounts of our doings, wise or otherwise, we generally chose "Charlie." He has always been in demand as a secretary even when we started in upon our college career. He has been secretary of the class for two years, of the Marquette, and of the Fulton societies, and many things of interest can be found in his big ledger.

Besides guarding the scroll, "Charlie" has another hobby. There is nothing so inspiring to his aesthetic tastes as the dazzling glare of the dance hall, with its decorations of flowers, plants, and college banners. So enthused did he become once over decorating a hall in Somerville that he actually refused to study for his mid-year exams. In recognition of his skill in decorating he received many compliments from the fair ones at the B. C. Ball in Somerville. We were all over to Somerville for that event and as for being popular in his home town, "Charlie" surely is unrivaled.

In the classroom "Charlie" has been always "on his dignity," except on one or two occasions when he had to reprimand the Nevins-Mealy combination for opening the windows. However, we will excuse him for this hastiness. His dignity is most noticeable first because of the angle of declination in which he keeps his nose, and second because of his short snappy step along the corridors. Were it not for his quiet, unassuming ways, we might be forced to feel ostracized from "Charlie's" company, but as one member of the class expressed it, "He might wear a plug hat but he's one of the gang all the same."

In one other role, however, we like best to think of "Charlie." That is his devoted friendship. All through his college career he has been the first to greet us and the last to leave us and we hope that this will be outborne by him even after he departs from his Alma Mater.





ALBERT J. SHEA                      DORCHESTER, MASS.

“Bert”

*“Whate’er he did was done with so much ease  
In him alone ’twas natural to please.”—Dryden.*

Passion Play (2, 4); Newman Academy (2); Finance Committee (4); Fulton (4).

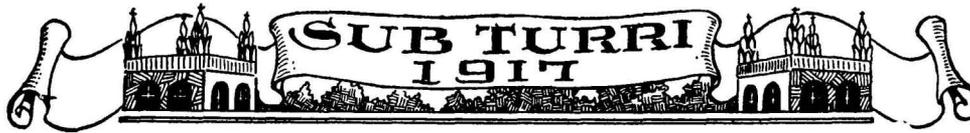
We will no doubt remember “Bert” most formidably for two reasons. First, he was the fellow that persisted so much on us rallying to the support of the class exchequer. Secondly, he has done this in a very pleasant manner although under the most difficult circumstances. He belonged to the corporation known as Doyle, Tracy Co., famous for pressing dollar bills. Few of us have escaped “Bert’s” daring question every week, “Have you got a quarter?” However, he has performed his task—for task it was—in the most commendable manner, and the success of our commencement was largely due to his untiring efforts as a member of the above corporation.

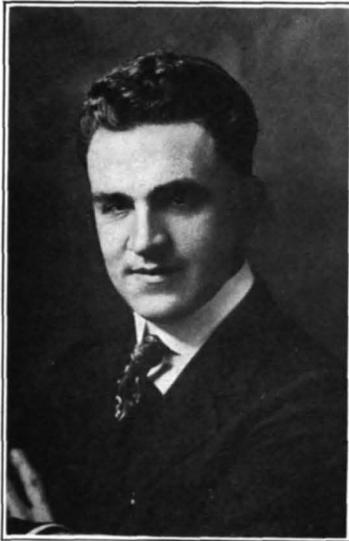
Although many of us have dodged “Bert’s” approach when there was a pecuniary question at issue, we have nevertheless demanded his companionship in and outside of college life. He has a huge amount of wit, which together with a most pleasing personality has endeared him to us all. He has become an inseparable companion of John Hennessey, and an account of “Bert” would not be complete unless John was mentioned. Not only are they inseparable within the college walls, but they have also been seen walking together along the rocky pavements of South Boston.



As a pastime “Bert” follows up the jewelry business, and has offered, especially around Christmas time, to buy jewelry for us at a popular price. For an occupation, outside of college, “Bert” carries the mail for Uncle Sam, which is very apropos to the young man’s dignity. We could mention many occupations at which “Bert” would be a success, but we know that there is a room awaiting his hallowed brow in the institution across the street, where so many of our former classmates repose.




**SUB TURRI**  
**1917**



JOSEPH L. SHEA                      HOLLISTON, MASS.

*"Lester"*

*"His time is forever, everywhere his place."*—Cowley.  
 Sodality; Class Baseball (1, 2, 3); Captain Class Football;  
 Varsity Basketball (4); Fulton (4).

An elder member of the Shea family founded the trail from Holliston to Boston College, and as a result the going was rather easy for J. Lester. However, we can not recall when "Lester" was able to get to University Heights in time to hear the last bell resound, which fact shows that the trail is not yet sufficiently beaten.

"Lester" came to us with an athlete's reputation and also a scholar's reputation. He did not outlive the former because practice for any of the varsity teams would necessitate his presence until late in the day and by the time he got back to the country the lights would

be going out. We can say, however, that the latter reputation was well outborne by him. As early as Freshman, "Lester" showed his love for the classics, reveling in the Greek and Latin poets, and also converted a strong affiliation for Math. Later he started to specialize in Chemistry and for a time it was thought that he was tending towards a physician's degree. The common opinion was rather upset when Lester began his Senior year, for he immediately adopted the study of Pedagogy. In this particular field Lester noticeably displayed his prowess, for if he was not pointing out the evils of the modern day schools, he was advocating more practical means.

For recreation, Lester usually devotes all his spare time to the cultivation of a little plot of earth and his thusly derived knowledge of vegetative matter is amazing. We have seen many a product of his gardening in his school bag and from all appearances they speak well for the gardener.

We have all enjoyed the happy hours spent with "Lester" and in parting he leaves behind many a friend. His success is but a matter of time, for his diligence and power of making friends are surely harbingers.





JOHN F. SLAMIN BOSTON, MASS.

"Johnny" "Dukey"

"He wears the rose of youth upon him."—Shakespeare

IXOUS (1, 2); Sodality (3); Class Athletics; Marquette (2)

Imagine the above genial countenance and massive brow depicted upon a husky, rotund, manly figure and you have a facsimile reproduction of John F., otherwise known as "Dukey" Slamin. "Johnnie" was not always thus, however. When we first experienced the thrill of his magnetic presence, he was a delicious little chap with a distinctly feminine voice, which, during recitations, often made a few of our most imaginative classmates transport their souls to the realms of a co-ed school. Yet we were not long destined for such pleasant reflections, for, after the summer vacation, John returned to us with a bulky frame and a bass voice rivaling in its richness the stentorian tones of our beloved classmate Tony Laverty.



During his first year John showed the possession of pugilistic proclivities to a marked degree. One morning a representative of Lowell, Kelly by name, saluted him as "Dukey," which, in the vernacular of that famous city, seems to mean "left handed." Naturally the young man resented such treatment and was about to extract an "L" from Kelly's name when we hastily interfered. Since then, although we still have clung to "Dukey," we have been a bit cautious of John's courage and Spartan temper.



John has always been a hard and consistent worker in his studies, ranking high in the order of excellence. We can not recall a day that he has been tardy or even absent from school, which certainly is more than we can say for his classmates. Always his bright sunny smile greets us when we enter the classroom, and this fact together with his buxom youth has endeared him to all of us.

Without any pretence in the art of prognostication, we venture to predict that if "Dukey" grapples with the propositions of life in the same energetic way that he has manifested on the heights, he will surely make an indelible mark upon the history of the world and will bring glory to himself and his Alma Mater.



JAMES F. SLATTERY WHEELWRIGHT, MASS.  
"Jim"

*Calmness of thought indicates strength of intellect*  
Banquet Committee (3); Smoker Committee (4); P. G. (4).

Dignity, fair reader, is written all over "Jim" so much so that he has been awarded the title of "Father Jim Slattery." Of course, it is recognized as a universal fact that self-consciousness of mighty achievements tends to clothe one in dignity, but prescinding from this fact, if "Jim" is conscious of his great deeds while at college, he has never had to order an extra size hat; consequently we are inclined to think that the fates have been real kind to him.

"Jim" strongly advocates "might makes right." Seeing the need of a strong organization in Senior, he at once mobilized the three rear rows in the class to demand the rights of the rear. To this he affixed the

name of Potsdam Giants. With "Jim" as its leader, the troop took everything before them, even the daily lunches of their classmates. In fact, so far did these vandals go that the Reverend professor had to intervene and change the seats in the classroom.

For a time "Jim" had intentions of becoming an athlete. We saw him once twirling the sphere over the plate in Spring practice. However, when he saw the pitching department well fortified, he decided to forsake the sand paths and close-cropped greensward for the more substantial honors of the classroom.

"Jim" is always popular and was ever a true friend here at B. C. That he is the same outside we can only judge from his frequent visits to the immediate vicinity of our high school. Nothing but success awaits him hereafter.





CHARLES D. SMITH      DORCHESTER, MASS.

"Charlie"

*"A charm for thee, my gentle Charles, to whom  
No sound is dissonant that tells of life."—Coleridge.*

IXOUS (1,2); Sodality (3); Marquette (2); Dance Committee (1); Class Athletics

Charles is one of the heavyweights of the class, both in avoirdupois and in brains. As to the former case, the above picture amplifies the statement. In the latter case the inevitable question arises as to whether it comes natural or does he burn the oil into the early morning. We have long been undecided about this question, but one thing is sure, that he is always wide awake in class. Consequently we are inclined to think that brains are a natural endowment to Charles. At any rate, his name is always recorded on the list of honorables.



"Charlie's" birthplace was Chelsea, and when he was not talking of the Chelsea fire, he was expounding the beauties of Chelsea highways with their wealth of oriental humanity. He has upheld his native city right honorably in opposition to the scandalous attacks of his classmates. However, these attacks must have had a great effect on "Charlie's" composure, for recently he changed his habitat to Dorchester, and no longer does the gavel of the ferry ring in his ears.

He is very systematic and methodical in his movements. Everything must go in its proper place, all notes must be typewritten, and neatness must prevail at all costs. So characteristic is this last attribute that "Charlie" has been favored by one of the professors with the honor of decorating the blackboard with questions for examinations. So precise has "Charlie" been in every matter that we recommend accountancy to him as a profession in days to come. These characteristics combined with his jovial personality will surely take him to the top of the ladder.




**SUB TURRI**  
**1917**



**GEORGE C. THOMPSON** ABINGTON, MASS.  
*"Carroll"*

*"He was a man of an unbounded stomach."*—Shakespeare.  
 IXOUS (1, 2); Sodality (3); P. G. (4); Marquette (1).

Ever since George's pecuniary savings were discovered under the household hearth, he has become a subject for deep study and interest. It is hardly possible that a more zealous epicure than this distinguished young man has ever existed since the days of Roman pomp and splendor. Yet we can say with a degree of certainty that at least at the present day George stands uncompeeted as an authority on Gastronomy and Dietetics.

Every morning our hero arises with the sun, and having stored his head with knowledge, and his pockets with luscious condiments, leaves his native Abington to commune with the intellectual solons of University Heights. Once seated in the classroom, he devotes his energies exclusively to the application of soothing refections to the corporeal element of his nature, while his soul revels in mysteries profound. Nor is this his only dissipation. His townsmen have often invited us out to Abington Sunday afternoons just to take a lesson or two in chivalry from George as he proudly struts along the main thoroughfare—accompanied.

Aside from these enumerated failings George has been a very modest, quiet and amiable classmate. He has devoted himself to his studies with unflinching tenacity in spite of the endless sources of distraction in his vicinity. The shoemakers of Abington have confirmed the statement that George is a conscientious, diligent worker, so why search further into the gentleman's upright character? We know that he will continue to uphold this good name when departed from us and that, together with his versatility is all that George needs for prosperity.





EDWARD F. TOBIN

BOSTON, MASS.

*"Toby"*

*"Ye call me chief, and ye do well to call me chief."*—Spartacus  
Fulton (3, 4); Dramatics (3); Passion Play (4); Dance  
Committee (2); Banquet Committee (3);

This is Edward Francis Tobin. In looks he resembles somewhat a Japanese school boy. In dress he imitates the Duke of Clare. In act he wields the power of the Gods of Rome. At heart he is our manliest man.

The clouds broke, the sun shone, and at the same time the door opened and Edward entered the Freshman class. From that time on, he has been one of those classmates who have helped to preserve joy in dull hours with an ever ready smile and pleasant word. If we attempted to mention anyone in the class as a chum of his we would have to ask for more space, for from A to Z in the alphabet everyone has been his comrade at some time or other, ranging from a soirée with George Holland to an intellectual sojourn with Paul Furfey. He has had a rather lengthy experience as an actor on B. C. platforms, for from his very first year in our midst his hallowed name was inscribed as a member of the cast.

There was one great difficulty, however, that "Eddie" ever had to cope with. That was his attempts to reach University Heights before 9.30 a. m. Not that he was ever late (for he himself admits that that never happened) but to hear the last bells ring and at the same time not see Tobin strolling along was—well—it was one of those things that never happened.



We might go further into the doings wise and otherwise of Sir Edward, but we see him shaking his ebony head with "No, you have gone far enough." Consequently, we will cease, but to know him well, we beg of you to meet him and follow him. We will not prophesy his future, but whether his course lies on the calm or the rough, we maintain that he shall return the captain of his ship.





CHARLES F. TWOMEY LYNN, MASS.

"Charlie"

*"Thy steady temper can look on chaos  
In the calm light of mild philosophy."*—Addison

Marquette (1, 2); Fulton (3, 4); Marquette Prize Debate (2);  
Fulton Oratoricals (4); Commencement Speaker (4).

Quiet, dignified and unassuming, "Charlie" possesses one of the best, kindest and sincerest natures that our class can boast of. That such a statement can be made of a real live democrat is more than one can comprehend. Nevertheless such is true.

Though richly endowed with intellectual attainments, "Charlie" has modestly preferred to hide his talents from the public eye, and "live among the common clan, though not of them." He never has aspired to class honors, although he has had them given him

without the seeking. On one occasion, however, he did try for a place on the Marquette prize debate. As is only characteristic of the gentleman, he got what he sought for, and covered himself with glory. He has been a firm supporter of the general good at all times, worthy of holding many honorable positions among us, but he has preferred at all times to help others secure them rather than to have them for himself. His stirring appeal for unity will never be forgotten by the Seniors who heard it, for not only did it accomplish its end but it put men in office who were competent enough to lead us through a successful year.

During his summer vacations "Charlie" is a conductor on the narrow gauge from Boston to Lynn. Everybody along the line knew him, and we have only to mention that we came from B. C., when immediately they would ask, "Do you know Charlie Twomey?"

From "Charlie's" diligent investigation of things pertaining to Chemistry and Biology we would judge that he intends to follow up medicine, and the best wishes of everyone go with him.




**SUB TURRI**  
**1917**

FRANCIS J. TWOMEY EAST BOSTON, MASS.

"Frank" "Bary"

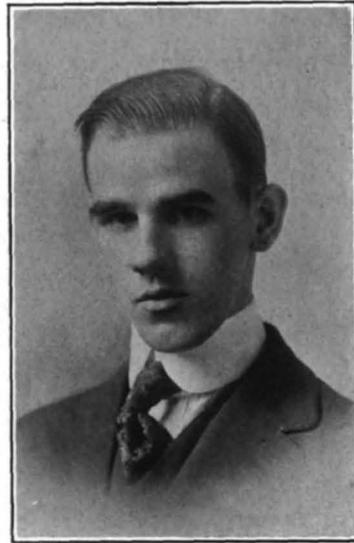
*"His air, his manner, all who saw admired,  
 Courteous though coy and gentle though retired."*—Crabbe

IXOUS (1, 2); SUB TURRI (4); Sodality (2, 3, 4);  
 Class Baseball (1).

Another Twomey of equally as quiet manner as his predecessor, greets you, dear reader, from this page. "Frank's" sojourn on the heights has been one of sureness and sincerity and gifted with the ability to do whatever is his to perform quietly and successfully. His intimacies were few. His constant companions were Lavery, Morrissey, and McCarthy, and they were, for some reason unknown, called the "little boys from Boston."

"Frank" has character; it shines out all over him, and manliness, determination and conscientiousness are its three big headlines. He is a man who neither does nor cares for gossip, and such a characteristic makes him a *rara avis* in the class. As a student, he has ever been friendly disposed toward his books, and although not a medal man, he ranks well in the class standing.

Along athletic lines "Frank" has never shown much consistent application, but he has always been present at the athletic field whenever anything was doing. He has done a little work in class athletics, but has never courted publicity to any great extent. He has been much interested in church affairs and his time has been greatly taken up by them, for to be the instructor of a throng of altar boys and usher and "handy man around the place" surely does demand time. However, his duties to church do not absorb so much time that he cannot also be loyal to the state. "Frank" is also a politician, and he can speak on public questions far better than many of his classmates. The combination of interests together with a natural shrewdness ought to insure him among his fellow citizens the same high esteem with which he is regarded by his classmates.




**SUB TURRI**  
**1917**



EDWARD J. TRACY      CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

*"Jeff"*

*The creation of a thousand forests is in one small acorn*  
 Treasurer (4); Vice-President Glee Club (3, 4); Assistant  
 Manager Baseball; Assistant Manager Year Book.

"Eddie's" small physique has been the center of countless accomplishments. So numerous are they that we hardly know where to begin. However, as we have already started the precedent, we will proceed from the beginning. He went through Freshman and Sophomore building up the reputation for good fellowship and college enthusiasm. His popularity was universally conceded as immense. His presence was universally requested at all college functions. In fact, so enthusiastic was he in attending everything connected with his collegiate world that his accidental absence from any one event was universally conspicuous.

"Ed" has become "one of us," so much so that we had to award him an enviable office in the Senior class. His honesty and integrity prompted us to give him charge of the exchequer, which was greatly embarrassed until he adopted a system whereby its health was assured. That he lived up to expectations while handling our funds only follows from what has been said of him before.

He was the first member of the class that had the courage to display his sweet dulcet tones in the glee club. For three years "Eddie" has been cultivating a vocal talent under Uncle Tom Hurley, and at the same time he has been alluring others of his classmates to the society. As an appreciation of his work he was elected vice-president of the organization.

We have only one thing against "Eddie's" character which offsets to a great extent all the nice things that we have heretofore said of him, namely, his linked affections to Waters and Reid. This fact has made us constantly on the lookout for missing funds in the treasury. However, we found nothing amiss with his administration and we all know that this honesty, popularity and pleasing personality of his will accomplish big things.





ADRIAN W. VERETTE MANCHESTER, N. H.

"Duke"

"Like two single gentlemen rolled into one."—Coleman  
IXOUS; SUB TURRI (4); Class Athletics (4).

With the tearful tune of "Home, Sweet Home" ringing in his ears, Adrian left the country lanes and pastures of New Hampshire to bask in the sunshine of Boston's fair ways. However, we had passed through two years of our history before we saw the gentleman's Napoleonic structure force a way into our circle. Upon questioning him why he came so late to us he told us the complete history of his life. Before entering our midst he had been a student at St. Augustine's Academy and then advanced to Assumption College at Worcester. Thence did he bring his developed brain to B. C.



Immediately he found a chum to his liking—Nap Vigeant, and ever since the two have roamed about like the "Merry Wives of Windsor." In fact, they follow each other about, sit beside each other at every class, conspire together, and even fight for each other's rights.

Adrian, however, unlike his pal, has a quiet and easy-going disposition, and has been far from a persecution of his fellow classmates. He never sought for public honors but was content to follow his own even course, which never strove to outdo his classmates. He has been a good student, always showing consistent, scholarly attainment, but philosophy was his most natural bent. He has been especially proficient since reaching his higher branches.

We do not know what the gentleman's ambitions are, but whatever his intentions are for the future, his ability and conscientiousness will win him renown.




**SUB TURRI**  
**1917**



NAPOLEON J. VIGEANT      LOWELL, MASS.

*"Nap"*

*"Then he will talk—good Gods! how he will talk."*—Lee  
 IXOUS (1, 2); Sodality (3); Class Athletics (1, 2);  
 President B. C. Club of Lowell

After studying for a short period at Bates, "Nap" packed his trunk and resought the companionship of his old friend "Jimma" at University Heights. He was not long with us before we realized that we had an uncommon character to deal with. His rabid flights of declamation mixed with French and other elements at once attracted our attention and became a real pleasure. He has nerves in every part of his anatomy, and we can not recall when we ever observed him standing still or keeping quiet for a single minute.

"Nap" took particular delight in "hob nobbing" with "John" in the Polish dialect during lunch time.

John would become so completely taken away with "Nap's" list of complimentary names that he forgot whether he was selling ice cream or coffee. "Nap" also had another hobby which occupied many of his leisure hours, and which also increased his popularity in Lowell and in the college. This was the upbuilding of the B. C. Club of Lowell. It was he who founded the organization while journeying homeward on the train one evening, and as a result, his fellow townsmen elected him its first president. Immediately upon his founding of the club, "Nap" determined to hold a ball in order to strengthen the treasury. His plans were carried out and according to the testimony of our attending classmates, "Nap's" first attempt was a pronounced success.

At present he is deeply enthused over law. Whether this is for the purpose of pursuing it further or whether to find flaws in it we are unable to state. However, if the work "Nap" has done in the last four years is a criterion, then success stalks at large before him.





PAUL A. WATERS NEWTON CENTER, MASS.

"Gus"

"Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,  
And fools who came to scoff remained to pray."—Goldsmith

IXOUS (1, 2); Sodality (3); Class Athletics (2, 3, 4);  
Varsity Baseball (1); Stylus (2, 3, 4); Domi (3, 4);  
Marquette (1, 2); Fulton (3, 4); Banquet Com-  
mittee (3); Editor of SUB TURRI (4).

Newton Center, the home of our college, is also the home of our SUB TURRI editor and classmate Paul. His career at Boston College has been laden with many an achievement but beset with many a difficulty. However, it speaks well for a man who can say that he has derived as much pleasure out of college life as he has derived knowledge, and thus does our Newtonite boast. He certainly has "rushed" the social life both in and out of college, and that it has agreed with him—well, just look at him. His obesity, however, is not due to this fact alone, for whenever a man's lunch was in sight, Paul would always have to give in to the temptation to break the seventh commandment.



Paul has been a student and especially a litterateur of limitless qualifications. We have but to recall to your memory his countless contributions to the college magazine. For three years he served on the literary staff, and his "pennings" have added much to its success. His last year on the staff promoted him to "Domi" editor—evidently an office of leisure.



In his home city, he is a big politician, as is evident from the numerous positions that he holds. He started off while but a youth as a playground director and occupied this office for five years. He has also been a life saver of reputation, a warden at elections, master of the boy scouts, and has had his finger in about every political activity. Such positions have made him most popular in his home city, and we are told that the children tip their hats to him, the adults bow, and the "400" wave to him from their automobiles.

We thought for a time that Paul would follow the steady course of the Waters to the institution of higher learning across the way, but his pitiful plea, "Lay off, will you?" has started us guessing. However, here's many thanks and good luck to the editor of this book.


**SUB TURRI**  
**1917**



JOHN F. WELSH      SOUTH BOSTON, MASS.

*"Luke"*

*"I am the very pink of courtesy."*—Selected  
 Marquette (2); Smoke Talk Committee (2); Banquet (3);  
 Sodality (2,3); First Captain B. C. Reserve  
 Officers' Corps (4).

Last but by no means least. We, dear reader, would be committing a grave offense to the class if we endeavored to save a page by leaving out John Welsh, or more familiarly known as "Luke."

After spending a year at St. Anselm's he happily saw the light and entered B. C. in Sophomore. As his family habitat was located in South Boston, John was immediately accepted as a member of the class. That year he became famous for his quotations from the celebrated author, "Genung."

In class and out of it, John has always commanded our attention. For what with his abandon and intelligent personality, who could deny that he possess some "hidden or esoteric wisdom." We are also told that he has acted as legal adviser to the P. G. Senior frat, which organization was continuously exerting itself toward the upheaval of the class. For a person in his position John bears his honors lightly. What man is there who having had the opportunity to hobnob with such characters as Raymond Hitchcock or Montgomery and Stone could resist the temptation to look down upon his fellow men? Instead of this "Luke" has given free seats to several of his classmates during the past theatrical season. Many a time we have seen him talking with Dee, Ostridge or Kerrigan and deliberating with them whether it shall be home to study or down to the "Follies."

As we look toward the future we see nothing but the best for John, and we who have shared his company wish him health, peace and prosperity.





ROLAND D. MAHONEY

JAMAICA PLAIN, MASS.

"Bo"

*"I am rich beyond the dreams of avarice."*—Moore.

Banquet Committee (3); Ticket Committee (4); Smoke Talk Committee (4); Baseball (3);  
Football (3).

There are few men in the class who are such wonders at all trades as is our Roland. He has been a chauffeur, a very good soda clerk, a clever politician, and incidentally a very good student. Few, if any, have ever given to Roland the credit that he deserves for burning the midnight oil, which fact is overshadowed by his ever pleasing, contented and sunny disposition, and thus he escapes the rather rare appellation "plugger." Roland has always kept his marks high, and many a time he has caused a frown of perplexity to appear on the professor's brow after asking a perplexing question. In some studies Roland could talk indefinitely, as in Political Economy and History, and often he would have the class wondering how one small head could contain all he knew. His particular hobby is to entertain the boys, and he always takes care that no one has the blues about impending tests or circles. Amongst the members of the class he has an enviable reputation and has in many ways shown himself worthy of imitation along the lines of dressing, etiquette, personal appearance and self respect.

During Roland's college career he has been a real social lion and wherever there was a social function connected with the college or elsewhere, Roland was sure to be seen very much in the public eye, either as a hurler of confetti upon dancers or performing gallant acts of chivalry. Roland also excelled as an athlete. He has developed into a baseball twirler and also a clever end on the football team. A gentleman having all these redeeming qualities, and endowed with such pleasing facilities will surely encounter no great difficulties in his march toward success and we expect great things of him.





## History of the Class of 1917

**F**OUR years ago we, a body of men, assembled upon a hill and, like the Christians of old, determined under God to conquer the world. We severed all alliance with former peoples, we gathered our utensils of war about us and utilized our energy in preparing for this great fete.

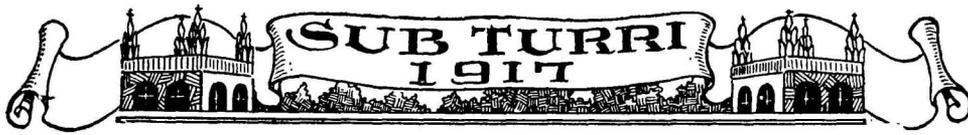
Now there were four great mountain peaks that it was necessary to scale in order to come to the culmination of our ambition. Each peak was higher than the one before it. Each slope required more energy to climb. Each display of energy necessitated an outlay of time.

In the fall of the year of our Lord 1913 we set out to accomplish our ambition. Like all Gaul our army was divided into three legions and comprised a motley throng of some one hundred and fifty men gathered from all parts of Massachusetts. We carried along with us five chaplains, Fathers Lane, Stedler, McGivney, DeButler and Caballero, S. J. This band had two torchbearers in the persons of Mr. McFadden, S. J., and Mr. Facey, S. J., who led the day's march. The former advocated a means to conquer the enemy. The latter showed us the follies of Nations who had gone before. There were a few men who, in their shrewd far-sightedness seeing that in unity there was strength, advocated that a leader be chosen. We accordingly raised John W. Fihelly from private to major general. His staff was composed of Robert B. Fitzgerald, first lieutenant; Charles Sharkey, field marshal, and Daniel O'Connor, brigadier general.



*The best in his line*

We had been on the march but a short while, when the inhabitants of the hills, foreseeing our worthy intent, received us with palms and welcomes. They set apart an evening to show us their respect and loyalty, and there, revelling in the clouds of smoke, we pledged our faith. There were present old men of the year 1914, middle aged men of the year 1915, and young warriors of the year 1916. Each class counseled us in the method of our undertaking and a real enjoyable as well as profitable evening was spent. Our long nights on the march were spent either by listening to our many orators stirring us onward to battle, or else dancing with the inhabitants of the hills. On one occasion a contest in speaking was staged and the people from far and wide came to listen to the logical arguments pro and con. The orators on this occasion were John J. Connolly, John J. Mulcahy and Clarence D. Horrigan. The decision of the house was in favor of John J. Connolly, and a



prize bearing the stamp of Père Marquette was awarded him. One night our army held a dance to which were invited all the denizens of the hills. Prior to the event, heated discussions were held concerning the question of dress suits. The regiment was divided on this question. Privates Mulcahy and Higgins insisted that at least the committee should put aside their military garb and make themselves conspicuous by wearing "boyle" shirts. The other faction, led by Privates Nevins and McCarthy, were strongly opposed. So spirited did the meetings become at times that our chaplain, Fr. Lane, had to interfere. Private Nevins boisterously flayed his opponents, telling them of his past experience in such wearing apparel and holding himself forth as an example of the "400." However, we all gathered at Horticultural Hall that night in our regular uniforms and had a wonderful time.

Each month the literary men of the hills published a magazine to which members of our army contributed. We looked forward to its publication with great enthusiasm, for all of our military affairs were recorded within its pages. We read the essays and stories of George C. McKinnon and George Holland with applausive interest and the poems of Robert Fitzgerald and Paul Waters awoke in us pleasant memories of home and mother. For a daily program we had to submit to the regime of study in the classics, history, and mathematics. In the latter we had a Napoleonic figure sing the sines and cosines to us, and his stentorian command, "Come to the board," echoed harshly among the hills. When not hastening along the trodden roads, some of our men indulged in games of football and baseball. So expert did they become that the people of the hills invited them to play on their teams. In football our men comprised the greater part of their team, for Privates Dee, Craven, Drummy, Wall, Fitzgerald, Sullivan, Conboy, Carolan and Brigadier-General O'Connor were awarded the golden B—the standard of the hills. In baseball this standard was awarded Privates Dee, Flynn, Hoeffling, Wholley, Donnelly, Gildea and Waters.

By this time we had reached the top of the first peak, and many in the rear, finding the point rather too fine, were forced to slip back. However, for efficiency as soldiers Paul H. Furfey, Francis X. Quinn and Thomas Printon were awarded the highest number of points and were promoted to higher rank. Thus we very creditably encountered the first mountain in our progress toward the conquering of the world.



*Senior Activities*



## II CAMPAIGN.

In crossing the valley between the first and the second peak we lost a few of our number through fever of despondency and also because some were needed to care for their families at home. However, when September came around, the days began to get cool, the germs of fever were cleared away and our army was found assembled at the foot of the second great mountain. However, our chaplains had to remain on the first mountain for a certain charitable purpose and consequently others had to be chosen. Fathers Keating, Becker, Miley, S.J., were the spiritual advisers selected, while it was thought necessary to have three torchbearers, Mr. McFadden, Mr. Facey, and Mr. Duggan. As our task was a much more difficult one than the first, it was necessary for our men to become skilled in the use of explosives in order to tunnel our way through the cliffs. Mr. Wennerberg, S.J., and later Mr. Hommens, S.J., two Germans skilled in the handling of explosives, volunteered to explain their powers to us. These two gentlemen had a helper in the person of a Mr. Foley, from Natick, while Fr. Miley's train was carried by a Dutchman, popularly known as John. On one occasion while inquiring into the nature of an explosive a very popular comrade, Private R. V. Quinn, came near losing his right leg, for while busied in research a leg of his trousers was blown off into oblivion. Mr. Hommens insisted that each man do some experimenting and, as we recall now, these were done by the a priori method or, as is more intelligible, by access to Private Paul H. Furfey's note book.



*Guess Who?*

Now, as our Major General was growing old, and since he thought that younger blood ought to have the leadership over this greater undertaking, we consequently assembled a quorum to appoint another. Considerable discussion was had and after much deliberation, First Lieutenant Fitzgerald was promoted to the leadership. His staff comprised Richard Cushing, first lieutenant; Thomas Craven, field marshal, and Raphael McKeown, brigadier general. These leaders of ours arranged a program for the year's march, comprising social activities, oratorical contests, games, etc. We held a dance at Horticultural Hall, which was by far the most brilliant social affair of that season. To it flocked all the people of the hills. His Honor the Mayor favored us with his presence and "tipped" Privates Eliot and Roche for their care of his coat in the checking room.



In the oratorical contest Privates Connolly and Mulcahy represented our legion and brought glory to us. In the Marquette prize debate, Privates F. X. Quinn, Horrigan, Shields and Charles Twomey wore our colors. F. X. Quinn was awarded the medal. In baseball and football our legion was strong. Many of our men became so expert in the handling of the "pigskin" and "sphere" that the people of the hills formed their athletic teams from the material in our company.

Privates McKinnon, Furfey, Horrigan, Nevins and Waters continued to contribute articles for the monthly magazine that was published by the people of the hills. In the drill room we became acquainted with a new character named "Genung" and afterwards what this character said was taken for Gospel truth.

When June arrived, we had successfully finished the first half of our enterprise. We had come to the second peak, from whence we could look back over our previous marches and also look up into the last two marches that lay before us.

### III CAMPAIGN.

The warm summer weather obliged our legion to disband and as a result many of our men, finding that their calling was not toward the conquering of the world, entered an institution near at hand to labor in the vineyard of the Lord. It was with greatly diminished ranks that we again assembled at the foot of the third great mountain, ready once more to take up our great task.

Private William Kerrigan was chosen major general. New chaplains were appointed. Fathers Devlin and McClusky were to be our philosophical guides, while Father Miley and the ever-ready John were to give us our introduction to the laws of physics. Philosophy was necessary, for when we had conquered the world, we could, by our philosophy, find the truth. Physics was to show us how the various elements of the world acted. That year we learned the various famous revolutions of history and also the reason why banks were formed, why the clearing house was not a lottery, and that "the fellow who put the dummy in the front seat may stay after school." It would be quite difficult for any one of us to forget the extra drill sessions in the Fulton room, especially the five o'clock sessions. Also the stifling odors that came daily at 12.45 from the apparatus of our chemical classmates. Mr. Creedon, S.J., did his best to insure our comfort but after a time he had to take measures to insure his own.



*"Take up thy cross and follow me."*



Philosophy turned out to be quite interesting to all of us and we immediately became proficient in juggling arguments. However, Logic, be it ever so logical, could not change the mind of our disciplinarian, Mr. Corliss, S.J., when we appealed for a note for tardiness in falling into line.

In athletics our men again well represented their legion. Private Dee was chosen to lead the baseball team, while "Porky" Flynn, by the dexterous wielding of his mace, brought many victories to the people of the hills. Privates Dullea, Craven, McCarthey, McKenna and McKeown upheld our reputation on the football field, while Privates McCormack, Keenan and Furfey showed their heels to many a native of the hills on the track.

One night while on the march we came to a large hotel bearing the sign "Quincy House." Our officers thought it well to fall out for a few hours and partake of the luscious condiments that the proprietor had to offer. It was a gala evening that we spent here and many were loath to fall into line again. Private Tobin's speech on this occasion will go down in history as the greatest piece of oratory since the days of Cicero. Private Lydon acted the role of cheer leader and Private Mulvey led the songsters.

The natives found that there was great oratorical talent in our legion and consequently they opened the doors of their Fulton Debating Society to us. Private F. X. Quinn captured the medal that was offered for the best delivery of arguments, and at the close of the year he was chosen to lead the society when we would start to climb the last mountain of our journey.

Our talented litterateurs continued to write for the natives' magazine, and as we were drawing to the top of the third great peak, Private McKinnon was elected by the people of the hills to edit the monthly publication, while Paul A. Waters was chosen editor of the home guard and Paul H. Furfey editor of the exchange, George O'Day business manager and Nevins advertising manager.

We had now reached the third great pinnacle of our enterprise and upon looking forward there was but one great obstacle that hindered us from seeing the world that was to be ours. Assembling on the lofty height, we offered thanks for our safe guidance over the three giant mountains and then elected men to lead us to our goal. F. X. Quinn was raised from private to major general; Private Murray was chosen first lieutenant, Private Furfey was elevated to field marshal, and Private Tracy was appointed brigadier general. Private R. V. Quinn was again restored to his office as sergeant-at-arms. The legion then went into summer quarters to rest up for the crucial test of its strength.



#### IV CAMPAIGN.

Early in October Major General Quinn assembled us in the valley between the third and fourth mountains. Although reinforced somewhat by a few external powers, our legion was by no means complete. New chaplains were chosen to guide us up the highest mountain of all. Father Corrigan, S.J., told us how to act in the new world that was to be ours. We discovered the difference between murder and suicide; that socialism was a menace; that it was improper to talk in the drill room; that a law is binding if sufficiently promulgated; and that the law, the breaking of which imposes a penalty of twenty-five Greek lines, had been sufficiently promulgated.

Father Fox, S.J., implanted the science of psychology and theology in our minds. His lectures in the drill room concerning the origin of crocodiles, clams, oxen and ibises made the long day's march an interesting one. Father Mellyn, S.J., instructed us in the method of instructing others who would come under our care, while Father Caballero, S.J., instructed some in the science of surgery. Father Ahearn, S.J., gave us many an interesting talk on the character of the stars and planets and also on the stony character of rocks and glaciers while ascending the height.

Our sergeant-at-arms, "Visnet," proved himself to be the best in his line during the entire march. His artistic taste in the choice of cravats and red neckties won the admiration of all.

While on the march, our legion defeated the people of the hills in football, baseball, hockey and bowling. Much praise was heaped upon our manager, J. Arthur Mahaney, for his clever handling of our athletic schedules. Not only did he give us a chance to show our superiority, but he also put fight in the legion to mount the last peak, which was beginning to fatigue many.

We had been only three months on the march when we encountered a legion bearing the flag of Holy Cross. Our football leader, Dullea, assembled all the giants of the mountain and for the first time in many a year the Holy Cross legion was forced to retreat, badly beaten.

In baseball our legion was well represented in Privates Dee, Flynn, Hoeffling and Kerrigan and to these men was awarded the golden B.

In the field of literature, Editor McKinnon became very antagonistic by flaying both the members of the legion and our chaplains. However, his literary work was well appreciated by the natives. Paul H. Furfey also continued to brighten the pages of the magazine with his work, while Privates O'Day and Nevins took good care that the magazine prospered financially.



In the Fulton Prize Debate four men from our legion were chosen to speak: Privates Connolly, Petrocelli, Murray and Furfey. In the annual oratoricals Privates Murray, Mulcahy, Twomey and Kerrigan were chosen. Private John J. Mulcahy was elected to succeed F. X. Quinn, who guided the society through its first term.

The days were now becoming long, and summer was almost upon us. The peak was almost reached, but many were stumbling and falling back toward the last week of the lofty climb, so severe were the tests of strength and so numerous the hardships.

At length we all came to an equal footing on the very top of the mountain, and looking forth we could see the large area of haze that lay before us. Into this were we to plunge, here we were to conquer or be conquered. Here we were to spread our knowledge of Christianity and to propagate a strong, healthy and Christian posterity. With joy we danced in the mountain house on the last night, and pledging fidelity to one another, we rushed down the mountainside into the world.

Thus have we formulated a history. The rest of our history is in the making and cannot be anticipated here. However, we can look back on the time spent at University Heights as the happiest period of our lives, and while looking back, pray let us not forget the men who so thoroughly prepared us for the world, viz., our chaplains.

JOHN F. ELIOT.





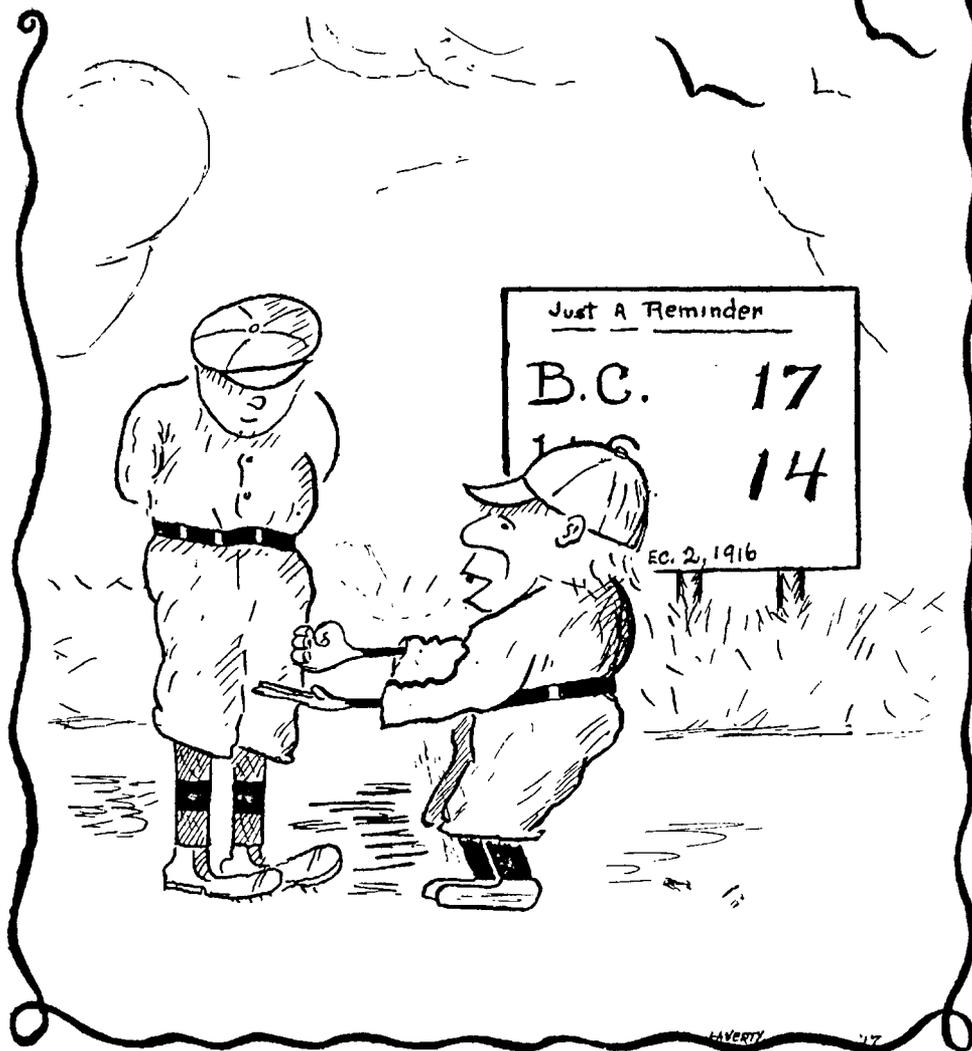
## Senior Song

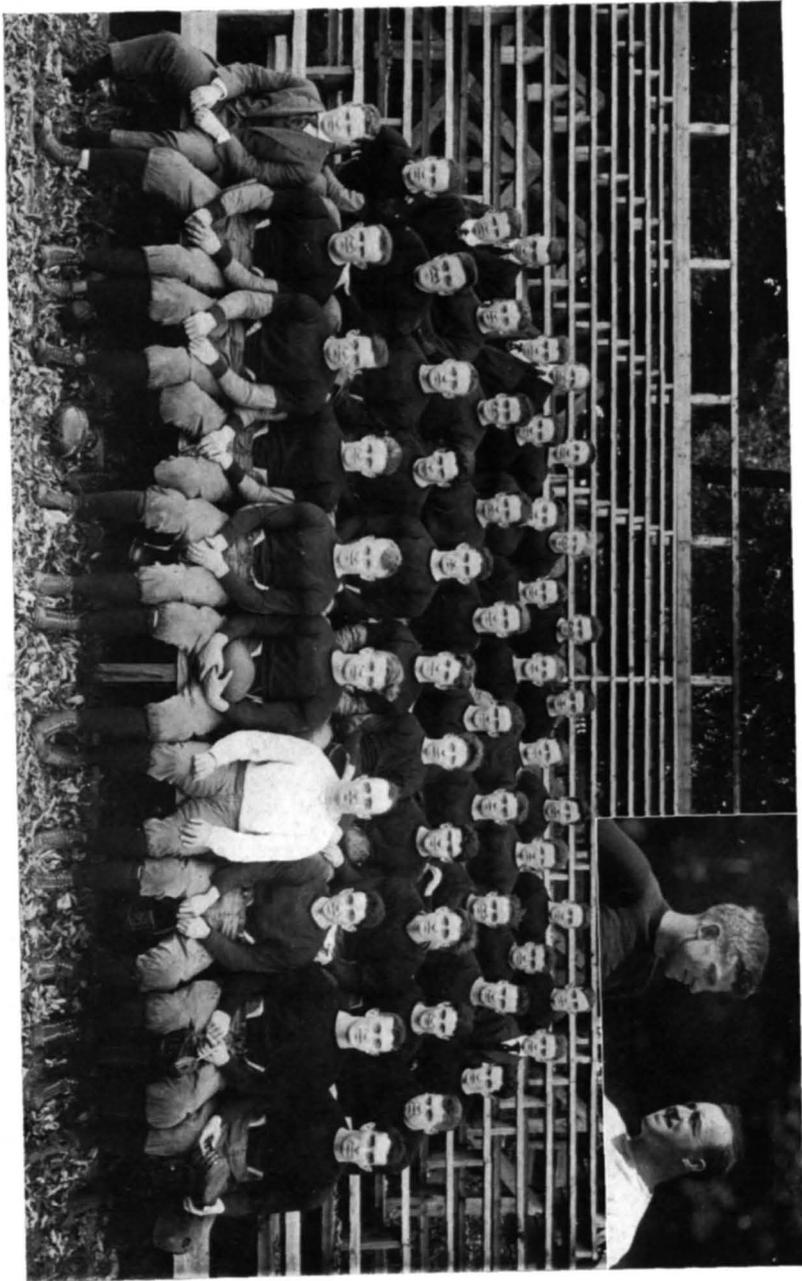
(Words by John McCarty, '17; Music by Arthur Dougherty, '17.)

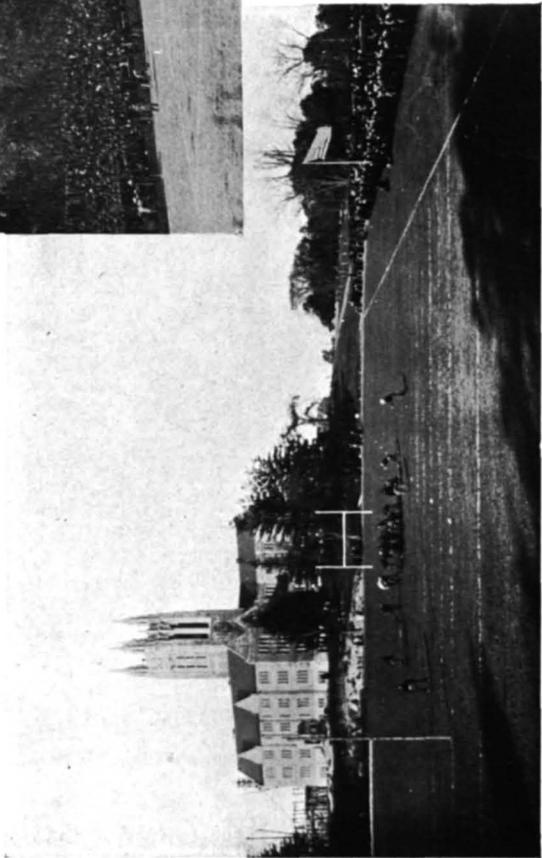
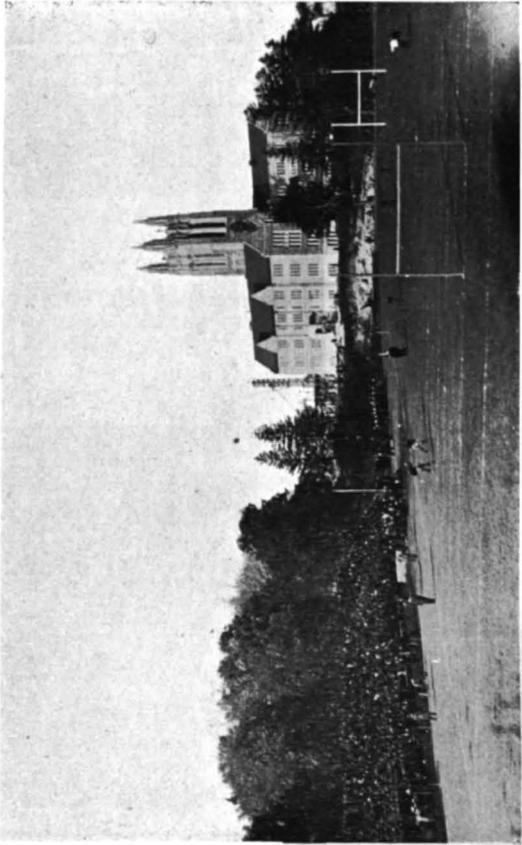
As lark flies forth to greet the sun at dawning,  
And violets raise their blossoms, wet with dew,  
So, in the troubled years that steal upon us,  
Old Boston, we will always turn to you.  
To you, our guide, our Alma Mater, fondly  
We pledge our love and loyal hearts for aye.  
Thy maxims true will never cease to guide us,  
Until our last loved classmate drops away.

The golden sun of student days is sinking,  
The goal of all our hopes is drawing nigh,  
And yet, with grief we watch the hours creeping,  
It seems so hard that we must say "Good-bye."  
But now, farewell, these few short years are over,  
We must go forth to worthy be of you,  
Each man within him feels the call of duty,  
So, Boston College, fare-thee-well, Adieu.

# Athletics









## Base Ball Schedule

JOHN F. ELLIOTT, '17, Manager

H. BENNETT MURRAY, '18, Asst. Manager

THOMAS A. GILDEA, '18, Captain

### APRIL

Mon. 9 Mt. St. Joseph's College  
Baltimore, Md.  
Tues. 10 Baltimore Int. League Team  
Baltimore, Md.  
Wed. 11 Maryland State College  
College Park, Md.  
Thurs. 12 Catholic University  
Washington, D. C.  
Fri. 13 Georgetown University  
Washington, D. C.  
Sat. 14 Seton Hall College  
South Orange, N. J.  
Thurs. 19 Worcester Polytechnic Institute  
Worcester, Mass.  
Sat. 21 New Hampshire State College  
University Heights  
Mon. 23 Bates College University Heights  
Fri. 27 Colby College University Heights  
Sat. 28 Dartmouth College Hanover, N. H.

### MAY

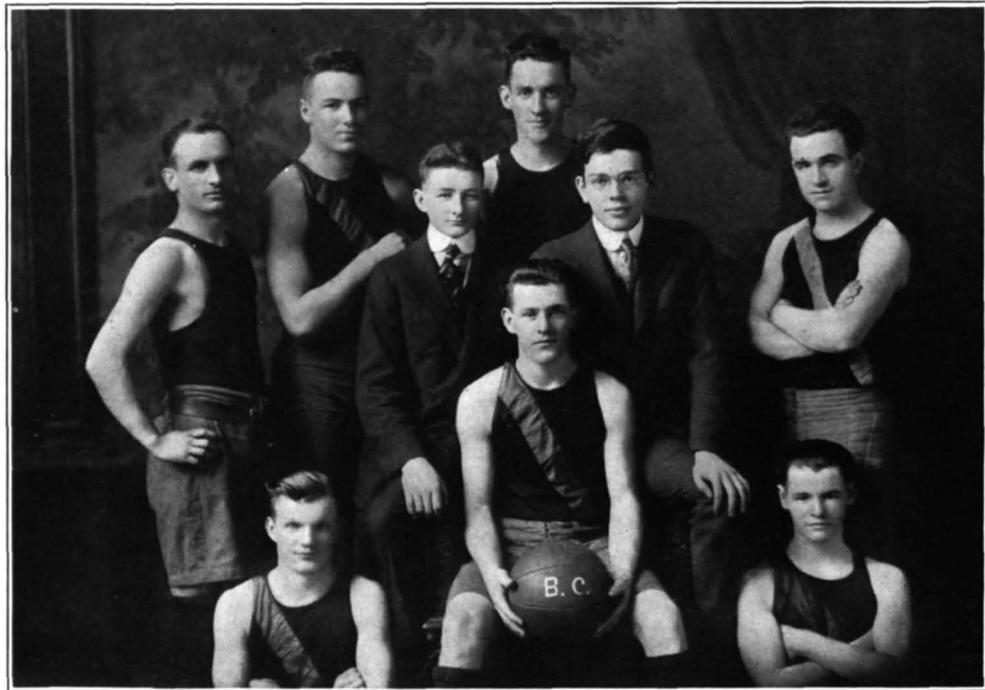
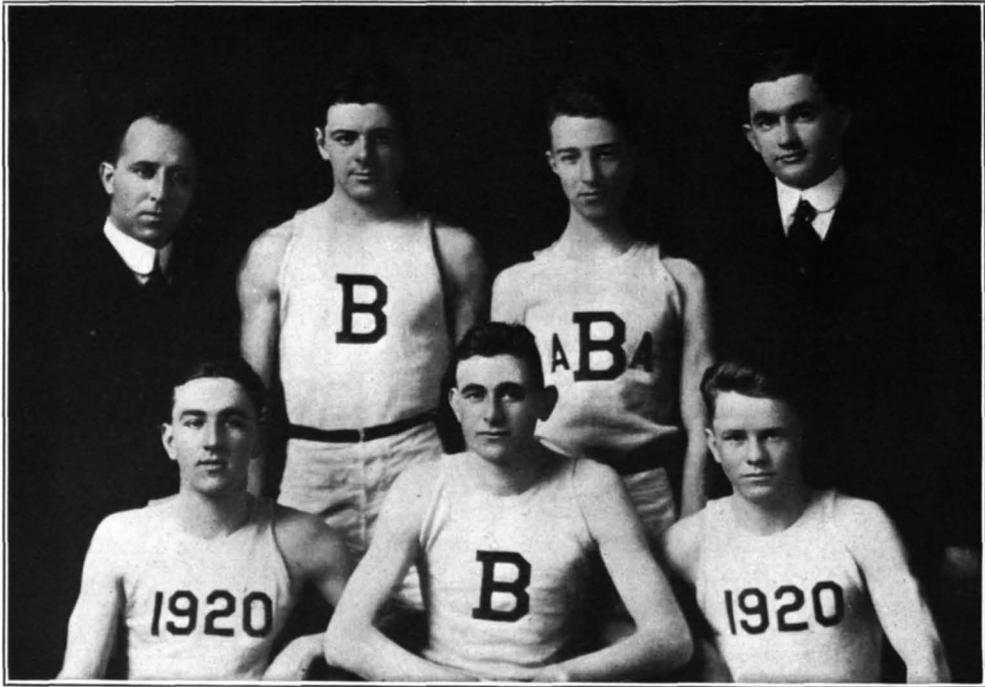
Thurs. 3 Catholic University  
University Heights  
Fri. 4 Pennsylvania State College  
University Heights  
Sat. 5 Rhode Island State College  
University Heights  
Thurs. 10 Georgetown University  
University Heights  
Sat. 12 Tufts College Medford, Mass.

### MAY

Thurs. 17 St. Anselm's College  
Manchester, N. H.  
Fri. 18 Seton Hall College  
University Heights  
Sat. 19 New Hampshire State College  
Durham, N. H.  
Tues. 22 Tufts College University Heights  
Fri. 25 Dartmouth College  
University Heights  
Tues. 29 Massachusetts Agricultural College  
University Heights  
Wed. 30 St. Anselm's College  
University Heights  
Thurs. 31 Springfield Y. M. C. A. College  
University Heights

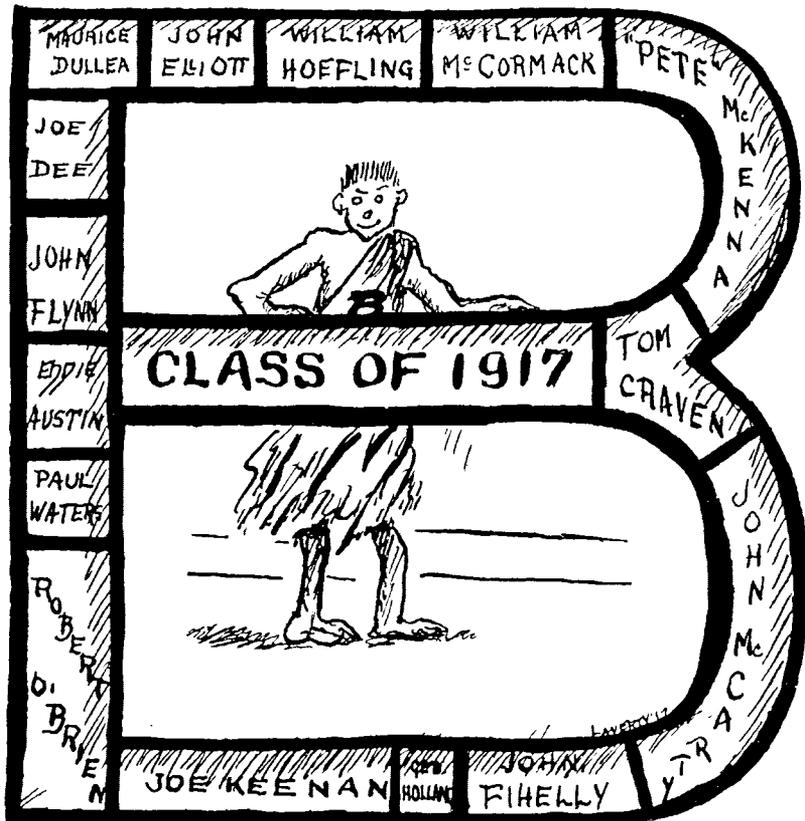
### JUNE

Sat. 3 Trinity College University Heights  
Thurs. 7 Mt. St. Joseph's College  
University Heights  
Mon. 11 Holy Cross College  
University Heights  
Tues. 12 Harvard Univ. (provisional)  
University Heights  
Wed. 13 Holy Cross College  
Worcester, Mass.  
Fri. 15 Harvard University Cambridge, Mass.  
Sat. 16 Lehigh University  
University Heights  
Mon. 18 Leland Sanford Jr. University  
University Heights



# WEARERS

OF THE





Fulton 1<sup>ST</sup> Term



Track Team



Question Box



Anarchists



Senior



A.O.H.



Fulton 2<sup>ND</sup> Term

College



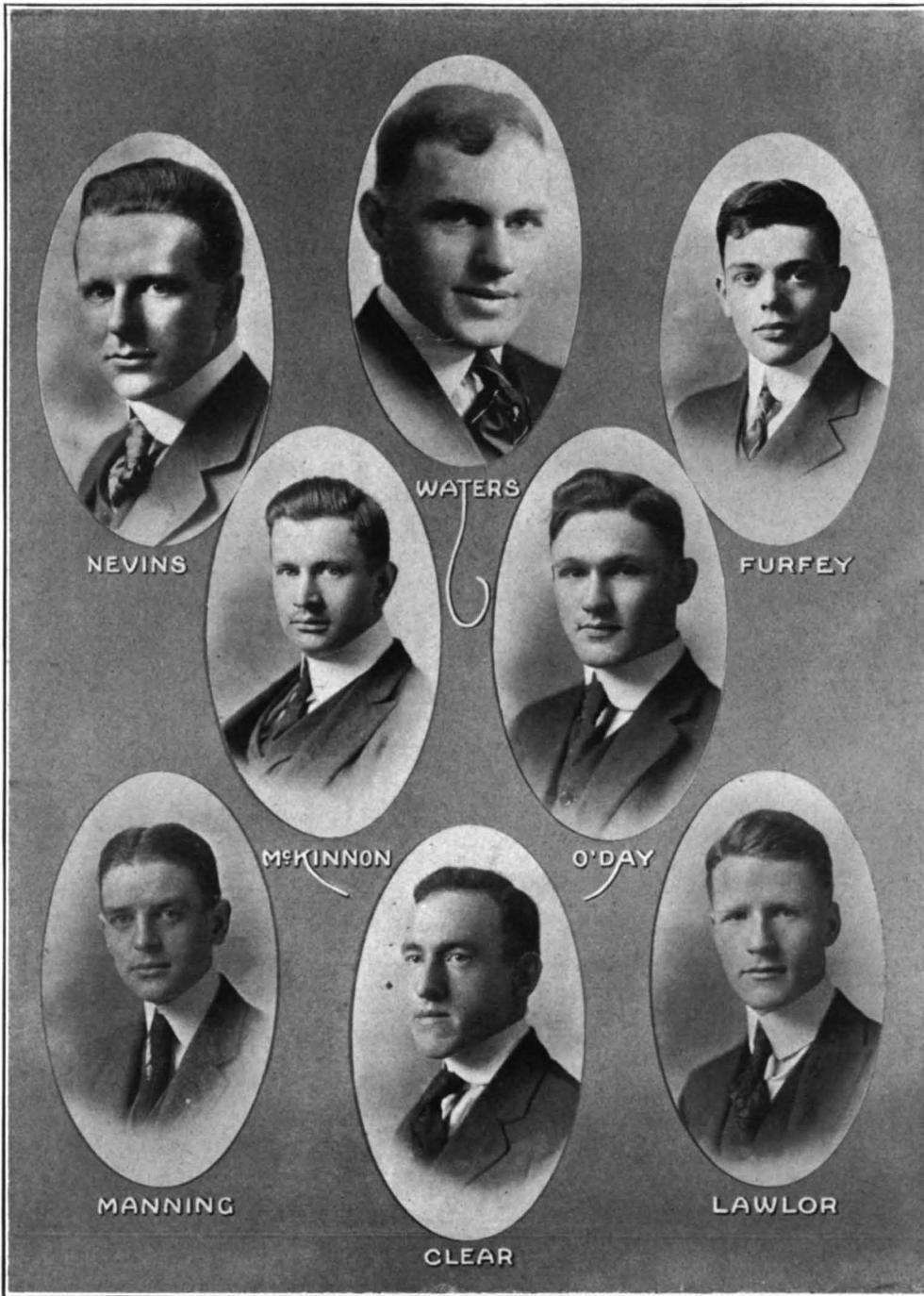
Activities



FULTON PRIZE TEAM



STUDENT ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION



STYLUS BOARD



## Class Statistics

	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	FAMOUS FOR	GREATEST AMBITION
Eddie Austen	Haw! Haw!	Ventriloquism	Run a bakery
Vin Burke	Got the makin's?	Arguing	Orate
Tom Bray	Any Biology today?	100% in Biology	Tailor
Jack Connolly	Ah, Bo!	Talk	Pass Mathematics
Buttsy Craven	Now, fellows	Wrist watch	To beat Harvard
Bill Curley	Now this is the way	Being late	Postmaster-General
Dan Daley	Say, father, er—er.	Objections	Become a cut-up
Joe Dee	Atta Boy	Baseball	Big league
Art Doherty	Oh, Lord	Ragtime	Organist
John Donahue	Look-a-here	Keeping quiet	Be a Stoic
John Doyle	Come across, you guys	Inertia	Teach Algebra
Maury Dullea	Say, Charlie	Devotedness	To be provincial
Walter Durnan	I can't see it	100% in Astronomy	Master Socialism
Phil Dwyer	Oh, fawthaw, I would never face that crowd	Blushing	Contractor
John Eliot	Any one seen Kerrigan?	Ziras	Own a B
Jack Fihelly	My friends! My friends!	Sargent School	Mayor of Plymouth
Eddie Fitzpatrick	Got anything done?	Dwyer's disciple	Change his seat
John Flemming	I	Chemistry	President of Science Club
Porky Flynn	Where's Sap?	Dimples	Be a doctor
Paul Furfey	We have as a reference	Basketball Team	To be as good as Mac-Kinnon
Tom Garrick	Well, I'll stick if you do	Carrying mail	Get into Medical School
Clif Healey	How's this, Maurice?	Movies	Flay Prohibition
Frank Heanue	Here's a new one	Sage of Cambridge	Second a motion
Mike Hickey	What paper have you got?	Reading books	Railroad magnate
John Hennessey	But I don't see this, father	Rusty locks	Teach kindergarten
Marty Higgins	Now, Gintlemin	Brogue	Ginter manager
Marty Hines	How's Kid?	Derby	Captain of Camden
Yigi Holland	Come Seven	Dancing	Join M. V. M.
Diker Hoeffling	A regular cheer, now	Soda water	Standard Oil magnate
Clarence Horrigan	For the simple reason	Hair cut	Drive a horse
Jos. Hurley	Gee, he's a hot one	Making hay	To smile
Jimma Kelley	What did you think of the one with me?	Angel face	Superintend schools
Joe Keenan	Tee, Hee!	Champlains model	To do 5-foot-6
Jim Kerrigan	Did yer see Eliot?	Home runs	Play with Pirates
Gunny Kinahan	My dame	Selling shoes	Monarch of South Boston
Bill Kerrigan	Where'll we go tonight, Bo?	Legs	Get by
Germany Krim	Where's Mezlis?	Plaguing Nevins	To mature
John Lane	What the —!	Philosophy	To explain
Tony Laverty	It's a tough country	Senior weekly	Be an editor
Frank Lee	Chocolate Milk?	Early morning study	Go in business with Fihelly
Frank Limont	What have the Irish ever done?	Chemical research	Restore Poland
Cy Lydon	Called last night	Buick	Marry young
Art Mahoney	Isn't that what I said?	Twenty-five lines	Bowl 120



Campers



3 Bostons  
9 Raes



The Team That  
Beat H.C.



Chemical Affinity



Merrimac Valley



Country Born



Midgets



	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	FAMOUS FOR	GREATEST AMBITION
Jack Mahoney	Hey, Gunny	Choice of butts	Drug proprietor
Duke Mahoney	The committee have, etc.	Limousine	Own hotel
John McCarty	Now, fellers, we ought to	Astronomical scene shifter	Publish song books
Willie McCarthey	Hey, Gunboat!	Throwing missiles	Class baby
Bill McCormack	Pretty soft, eh?	Breaking shoestrings	Beat Andy Kelly
Tom McDonough	What do yer know?	Cutting hams	Movies
Pete McKenna	Let's get Toby	Ties that speak	A. B.
Raydo McKeown	We've settled up again, Cy	Rotundity	Please every one
George MacKinnon	Of course that's only your opinion	Ideas	To edit the flame
Matt Mealey	Oh you farmer, Murphy	Hair comb	Bank president
Tony Mezlis	I'm not a Pole	Lawrence lectures	Reform leader
John Mulcahy	As Patrick Henry said	Pompadour	To have the floor
Joe Mulvey	It's all bunk	Step dances	Make a show
Mose Murphy	She's a beaut	Calling Sundays	Raise potatoes
George Murray	Give me a ticket, father	Smile	To bring up Natick
Sleuth Myron	Gee, these guys are slow	Frats	Own a bungalow
Johnny Morrissey	It's all off now	Reading gas meters	Grow tall
Jerry Nevins	They can run up a tree	His business	To meet Smith
Tom Nolan	Well, I tell you	Pipe	Edit the lamp
Silk O'Loughlin	Rotten night, last night	Week-end trips	Hydraulic Engineer
Bob O'Brien	Coming down Lake St.?	Broken noses	Play end
George O'Day	Do you want to pay me now?	Cornet	Rival Sousa
Birdie Ostridge	Write 'em out a check for \$10	Nerve	Society
Nick Petrocelli	Not only that, but	Talk	Get space
Posie Powers	Out in Natick, etc.	Perfections	Run a hotel
Tom Printon	Stay with me tonight, Mul.	Modesty	To make Medford
Frank Quinn	The first thing to consider	Being on the inside	Rival Webster
Visnet Quinn	I'd rather be in Bohemia	Collars	Imitate McKinnon
Alan Quinn	Absolutely not	Serenity	Sink into oblivion
Bub Reardon	What train, Les?	Hero worship	Cartoonist
Bill Reid	Look at my chest	Getting tips	Own South Shore
Joe Roche	Do you want to settle?	Crabbing	Put SUB TURRI through
Charley Sharkey	How are you today?	Secretaries	Diplomat
Ab Shea	Two bits, please	Wit	Enter St. John's
Lester Shea	Who wants to buy a Ford?	Basketball	Agriculturist
Duke Slamen	Will you run today, Bill?	McCormack's trainer	Manager theatre
Jim Slattery	I know a school teacher	Potsdam Giants	Be cardinal
Charley Smith	Bow Wow!	News monger	Pack crackers
Caroll Thompson	Down in Abington	Dinner trunk	Get married
Eddie Tobin	Let's do it up right	Japanese hair cut	Be general
Charley Twomey	Revere!—Lynn next	Piety	Be a doctor
Frank Twomey	Tell Laverty	Retiring manner	Donate a church
Jeff Tracy	Have one of mine	Height	Corner money market
Adrian Verette	Aw, youse is a stiff	Soup	Speak English
Nap Vigeant	May I go, domi?	Speed in articulation	Subdue class
Paul Waters	He's Kid	Wooing the Muse	Get the money in
Luke Welsh	Coming to the show?	Smile	Own Colonial



Russo Quartet



Frog



From Natick



The Broads



A Rose  
Between 2 Thorns



Nothing To Do



On The Water Wagon

## DO YOU REMEMBER

MacKinnon's mustache?	Furfey's note-book?
Mulcahy's Patrick Henry speech?	Nevin's Jug slip?
Thompson's Lunch?	Dress suits?
Mezlis and Krim?	Laverty's art?
Psychology?	Our Sophomore president?
The Bowling Alleys?	Tobin's Rah, Rah?
McCormack's hair cut?	Waters's grouch?
Fr. Ahearn's assistant?	The Profusions on Woman Suffrage?
Red neckties?	Hurley's charge of the light brigade?
Furfey in a track suit?	Our retreat on the Heights?
Those Greek lines?	Higgin's voice?
Horrigan?	The sale of Blue Books?
Our beadle?	Ethics?
Political Economy?	

## DID YOU EVER SEE

Eliot wearing a stiff collar?	Nevins out of mischief?
Daley not asking questions?	Tobin thinking?
Holland in a state of rest?	O'Sullivan studying?
Thompson not eating?	Vigeant quiet?
Furfey taking conditions?	The Twomeys making noise?
Tracy in on time?	Doyle not asking money?
McKenna not blushing?	Hurley sporting a smile?
McKeown worrying?	Dwyer cutting up?



*Potsdam Giants*

## FAMOUS SAYINGS OF MIGHTY MEN

Hey, Craven, what's the matter with those managers, anyway?  
Two bits, please.  
The man is dead!  
Come up to the board!  
The same soldier with a different shirt on.  
"This is not a time for quibbling."  
Your education has been sadly neglected.  
Can you ever forget that?  
Clear the decks!  
There ain't no money in Ontology.  
Expelle temore.  
Let's see what "Genung" says.  
My ambition is to make you fellows mature.

## AS THEY COME AND GO

Mezlis and Krim  
Doherty and McCarthy  
Nevins—Meeley  
Heanue—Hines—Quinn—Mulvey  
Quinn—Petrocelli—Connolly  
Tobin and the Class  
Higgins—Roche  
Shea—Hennessey

Myron Mulcahy  
McKeown—Lydon  
Murray—Powers  
Reardon—Shea—Bray  
Vigeant—Kelley—Caffrey—Mulvey  
Kelley—O'Loughlin—Printon  
Kinnehan—Hoefling—Mahoney



*The Workers*

## Acknowledgments

THE EDITORS OF THIS FIFTH VOLUME OF THE SUB TURRI PRESENT THEIR EFFORTS TO YOU WITH THE HOPE THAT YOU WILL RECEIVE IT KINDLY AND IN NOT TOO CRITICAL A MOOD. OUR EFFORTS HAVE BEEN NOBLY MET WITH BY OUR DEAN, FR. JESSUP, S.J., AND WE, ON BEHALF OF THE CLASS OF NINETEEN-SEVENTEEN, SINCERELY APPRECIATE HIS INTEREST IN OUR UNDERTAKINGS.

TO YOU, CLASSMATES, WE ARE ALSO INDEBTED FOR YOUR GENEROUS SUPPORT AND HEARTY CO-OPERATION.

THE BRILLIANT DRAWINGS CONTAINED WITHIN THIS VOLUME ARE THE RESULT OF OUR CLASSMATE ANTHONY LAVERTY, TO WHOM WE OFFER OUR HEARTFELT THANKS.

WE ACKNOWLEDGE OUR APPRECIATION TO MR. MAKANNA OF HOWARD-WESSON, AND TO MR. WILLIAM J. GURLEY OF THE HARRIGAN PRESS FOR THEIR HEARTY CO-OPERATION ALSO.

FINALLY, TO OUR ADVERTISERS WE EXTEND OUR MANY THANKS FOR THEIR GENEROSITY, AND WE ASK THE CLASS TO PATRONIZE THIS BOOK.

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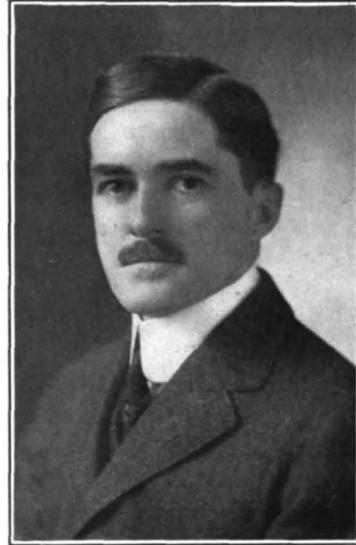
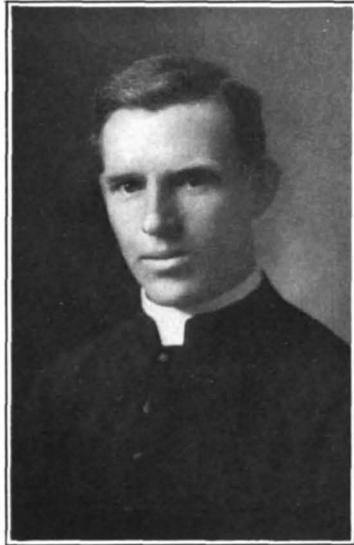
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