

# THE CLUB

One For All - - All For One  
For the Good That We May Do


## Extracts From the Constitution

### Article I—Name

This organization shall be known as the  
Tigers Club of Freeland, Pennsylvania.

### Article II—Object

The object of establishing this club is to develop in our membership a broader sense of their duty toward their God, their country, themselves and their fellowman, that the same may have a tendency to promote more friendly relations between all classes of people, and that by associating together we will disseminate a spirit of brotherly love, good fellowship and true manhood among our members and advance their condition socially, morally and intellectually. As a means of attaining these objects the club shall establish and maintain rooms wherein the members can assemble and spend their leisure time with profit to themselves by the reading of good, sound, moral and instructive literature, by an interchange of views on matters pertaining to the welfare of all and in the enjoyment of games and sports.

TRIBUNE PRINT  FREELAND PENNA.

## Thirty-fifth Anniversary Banquet and Reunion



Wednesday, June 25, 1924.



## THE MUSIC

ORCHESTRA

UTOPIAN

- 1..... America
- 2..... "Liberty Bells"
- 3..... "California"
- 4..... "Monavanna"
- 5..... "Apple Blossoms"
- 6..... "Nine O'clock Sal"
- 7..... "Twelve O'clock at Night"

1889-1924

## THE MENU

CATERER

JOSEPH MULHEARN

Olives	Celery	Relish
	Puree of Tomato	
	Virginia Ham	
	Roast Spring Chicken	
Mashed Potatoes	Sweet Potatoes	
New Beans	Stewed Peas	
	Cold Slaw	
	Tomato Salad	
	Neapolitan Ice Cream	
Cake	Coffee	Cigars

Address

President Neale Boyle

1889-1924

## LOYALTY

In pleasure we like to mingle  
 With all we deign to share  
 Fruits of our earnest labor  
 To drive away dull care.  
 Remember our Motto: "Loyalty,"  
 With good cheer in our home  
 Call or write, be friendly  
 Tho' with or from us, you roam.

1889-1924

Toastmaster - - Rev. Hugh A. McDevitt

1889-1924

AMERICA

The Audience

My country, 'tis of thee  
 Sweet land of liberty,  
 Of thee I sing;  
 Land where my fathers died!  
 Land of thy pilgrims' pride,  
 From ev'ry mountain side  
 Let freedom ring!  
 Our Father God! to thee  
 Author of Liberty,  
 To thee we sing!  
 Long may our land be bright  
 With freedom's holy light,  
 Protect us by Thy might,  
 Great God! Our King!

1889-1924

Tigers in Base Ball - - John J. McGarey

Vocal Solo

Joseph Gallagher

## OLD HEROES

The heroes of the Old Camp  
Those we can't forget  
Who bore the Tiger Emblem  
And it's colors firmly set  
Upon a lofty pinnacle  
There to be enshrined  
By future generations  
Who grace the Battle Line.

There's visions of a "Big Pat"  
Who hurled the ball with speed  
A "Biddy" neat and nimble  
Tried Hervey to exceed  
While lean and lanky Barney  
Moved about with ease  
Eyeing earlike Garvey  
Lost with speedy ones he'd tease.

In spirit there's a shadow  
We yet see fit the air  
It's restless Johnny Bower  
Whom opponents try to scare  
And the spark you see beyond him  
Is Matthew banded o'er  
Digging for a ground ball  
To thus avoid a score.

Forming the outer phalanx  
Amid the campus din  
Is Charles, a keen eyed sentry  
Telling a "Pat," "John" or "Jim,"  
While the image of a Trimble  
Lingers in our gaze  
A modest "Little Kipper"  
Undaunted claims some praise.

When we think of all the pleasure  
Departed years have brought  
This memory of Old Heroes  
Palates with fondest thoughts  
Their glorious scenes of action  
Bring forth our Bengal's cheer  
With pledged support and loyalty  
Their laurels be insured.

SO THIS IS VENICE

The Audience

So this, so this is Venice!  
'Pon my word, by jove, its Venice!  
There's water on the Highways  
And there's water on the By-ways.  
Thru' my monocle, its so comical;  
All these ferries!  
Oh I thinkin, strike me pinkin its the berries!  
So this is Venice! I wonder  
Where a man can park his car

Honorary Members - James S. Brogan

## OLD FACES

I sat alone the other day  
And delved into the past  
Amazed was I at changes  
God and Time upon me cast.  
My yesterday's companions  
Who with me romped and played  
When happiness was rampant  
Most all from me are strayed.  
Today I see new facts  
As I stop and look about  
Happier am I to see them all  
Though quandried in some doubt.  
But tomorrow out I'll venture  
Unmindful what I'll see  
It may be to chide upon  
Old faces dear to me.

Address

Rev. P. J. Gaffikin

THAT OLD GANG OF MINE The Audience

Gee but I'd give the world to see that old gang of mine  
I can't forget that old quartette that sang "Sweet Adeline"  
Goodbye forever old fellows and gals,  
Good bye forever old sweethearts and pals (God bless them)  
Gee but I'd give the world to see that old gang of mine.



Vocal Solo

Neal McHugh

1889-1924

## REMINISCENT

Across the boro border  
I think the night was June  
We fellows were a talking  
Of the winter coming soon.  
We liked to stick together  
And have our jolly time  
But snow and blow was coming  
And shelter we must find  
As we sat there a chewin'  
"Big Pat" a brainy youth  
Expressed himself and told us  
What he thought would suit  
Let us build a shanty  
A bummer let it be  
Each fellow go and get a board  
We'll buy a lock and key.  
Granny Pete was with us  
"Peace be to his Soul"  
Sort of thinking different  
Before he up and told  
How we could do better  
Go and rent some rooms  
Furnish them with furniture  
Cheeker games and brooms.

This sounded good to Philip  
Now down in "Philly Town"  
Who said, to pay expenses  
Let each put a dollar down.  
A silence reigned for moments  
It sounded kind of right  
A pledge we made and each one gave  
The coming pay day night.  
Then from our summer quarters  
Like the caravan of old  
We hastened to inhabit  
Our new winter home.  
Where years of sportive pleasure  
And friendship real and true  
Has forged the links of loyalty  
That binds us old and new.  
But time works many changes  
Mid mortals and their ways  
It berefted us of faces  
That graced our early days  
Some in death are slumbering  
More travel distant lands  
We keenly feel their absence  
Though their spirit with us stand.

1889-1924

Tigers Club - Rev. Edward J. Gaffney

1889-1924

## TILL WE MEET AGAIN The Audience

Smile the while you kiss me sad adieu,  
When the clouds roll by I'll come to you,  
Then the skies will seem more blue,  
Down in lovers' lane my dearie,  
Wedding bells will ring so merrily,  
Every tear will be a memory;  
So wait and pray each night for me  
Till we meet again,



## In Memoriam Rev. Michael J. Fallibee

And, when the stream  
Which overflowed the soul was passed away,  
A consciousness remained that it had left  
Deposited upon the silent shore  
Of memory, images and precious thoughts  
That shall not die and cannot be destroyed.  
Wordsworth

Deep in the hillside, worked by his hands  
Constant in sleep at God's command  
Forgotten, we hope not, but daily in prayer  
Reward for his kindness our vanished despair.

Deep from our memory, daily rise thoughts  
Of numberless guided and blessings wrought  
When among us he came, God's message to give  
Some wayward or dying or faults to forgive.

Children his joy whom God deign assign  
Rejoiced in his labors their habits to coin  
Youth in its vigor unconquered in play  
Nodded respect as he plodded his way.

The old, the decrepid alike in their tears  
Speak as of Saints, his work for years  
The careless, the reckless when duty resign  
Yielded repentance, came back into line.

Love him departed whose absence is grief  
Not for himself as for his belief  
For not of his flock, not of his creed  
Respected, admired his earthly deeds.

Now quietly sleeping enshrouded in earth  
Your spirit we hail as unlimited worth  
Forget not thy children when weakness assail  
The Shepherd is near thee, speak, lest we fail.

## Thirty-five Years Young

Never Happier

Never Healthier

Thank You

1889-1924

We sing of love that lives  
On the errors it forgives.

1889-1924

### TIGERS!

Not from a den of danger  
Not for all life can give  
Always a thought for others  
This is the life we live.  
Seeking in acts of justice  
Grasping time as it flies  
Anxious to smoothe the roughness  
That injure human ties.

Jolly and true to pleasure  
Reeking in sportive jest  
Thoughts and words of kindness  
Spring from our Tiger breasts.  
Steadfast and strong in action  
Determined in will with main  
We've conquered many a rival  
With blood we're yet unstained.

Not like the Royal Bengal  
Springing from jungle lair  
Pounces upon its victim  
Devours its carcass slain.  
Rather in manly efforts  
Eager in strife for gain  
Vying in contests of sportive life  
Laurels of others to claim.

## DECEASED ROLL

Name of Member	Date and Place of Death
Higgins, Patrick	Sept. 22, 1893, Freeland
Boyle, Michael	March 11, 1897, Gum Run
Cannon, Patrick	Oct. 18, 1898, Freeland
Gallagher, Edward F.	Dec. 17, 1900, Long Island
Gallagher, Patrick	Feb. 11, 1901, Jeddo
Gallagher, Charles	Dec. 8, 1904, Freeland
McGarvey, John J.	March 19, 1906, Freeland
O'Donnell, Maurice	Jan. 27, 1908, Bayonne, N. J.
McTiobe, Daniel J.	May 6, 1908, Torreon, Mexico
Gallagher, Peter G.	Jan. 26, 1912, Hazleton
Gaffney, John	May 3, 1912, Scranton
Dugan, Edward	Aug. 13, 1912, Freeland
Breslin, Con E.	June 2, 1913, Freeland
Breslin, Patrick J.	Jan. 30, 1914, Freeland
Murrin, Daniel	Feb. 2, 1914, Hazleton
Quigley, Thomas	May 9, 1914, Arizona
Mulligan, John	May 12, 1914, Nenquehoning
O'Donnell, Peter	Aug. 10, 1914, Freeland
Burns, John	Sept. 18, 1914, Freeland
Lawler, William	Aug. 12, 1915, New York City
McKinley, James	July 28, 1916, Butte, Montana
Halpin, Michael, Jr.	Aug. 17, 1916, Philadelphia
Houston, Peter	Sept. 10, 1916, Bethlehem
McCarthy, Hubert	Feb. 23, 1917, Freeland
Malloy, James	Sept. 4, 1918, Freeland
Clarke, Thomas	Sept. 30, 1918, Camp Lee, Va.
Wackley, William	Oct. 11, 1918, Camp Lee, Va.
Breslin, Daniel J.	March 31, 1919, Freeland
Herron, James	May 9, 1920, Chester
McCole, Edward	Nov. 13, 1920, Jersey City
McFadden, Bernard	May 4, 1922, Mauch Chunk
Amon, Thomas	Oct. 11, 1922, Turtle Creek
Breslin, Hugh	June 24, 1923, Freeland
McGroarty, James	May 10, 1924, New York City