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The Setonian

A Quarterly



GEORGE WASHINGTON BICENTENNIAL NUMBER

Seton Hall College

South Orange, N. J.

Vol. IX

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PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

The Nation is celebrating the bicentenary of the birth of the great military leader and statesman who contributed so much by his talents in peace no less than in war to inaugurate the history of the United States as a unique and significant sovereign power in the world.

The exponents of Catholic colleges in this country have reason to pay a tribute of gratitude to George Washington. He was a defender of that type of tolerance which we Catholics demand as our right in this country. We maintain a principle enunciated by Washington, that since there is so much diversity of religious opinion a citizen may not be deprived of those rights which he has in the common interests of the nation, nor of the protection which belongs to all in civil matters.

It would be well for all citizens, in this day of disordered thinking as well as ill-advised civil, social and economic experimentation, to retrace the course of historical development in the government of our Nation to the stand and conception of Washington.

That Almighty God may give wise counsel to the authorities in State and Nation, the spirit of righteous, God-fearing piety to all citizens, inspiring them with love for the supreme values of peace, brotherly love and contentment in His Holy Will, should be our prayer in these difficult times. We look with confidence to Our Redeemer, to Whom, as Catholic Professors and students we should become more deeply and personally attached in this Holy Season, and beseech that through His Passion and Death we may share in the fruits of His glorious Resurrection. That this reward may be the portion of all who are associated with or devoted to the interests of Seton Hall, as well as of all our people, is the sincere supplication of

THOMAS H. McLAUGHLIN,
President.

LITERARY

GEORGE WASHINGTON, THE SOLDIER

GEORGE F. CROWE, '33

"Thou gallant Chief whose glorious name
Doth still adorn the Book of Fame:
Whose deeds shall live while freemen prize
The cause for which the Patriot dies,
Long to Columbia mays't thou be,
The beacon light of liberty."

—REV. DENIS O'CROWLEY.

Washington Irving and Jared Sparks in their intense devotion to George Washington, employed a superabundance of superlatives when they penned the details of the life of the romantic figure of Mount Vernon.

Hence, when some sophisticated twentieth century biographers perused the excusably exaggerated accounts of the life of Washington, written by his early biographers whose admiration obscured all else, they decided as one historian put it, "to take him down a notch." Long enough, thought the enlightened scribes of the Rupert Hughes school, had the hero of Valley Forge been held up as a demi-god; now they were to show the American people that he had feet of clay.

To the credit of the reading public, they accepted these "debunked" biographies of the great man at their face value. Washington became more human and dear to the average person, when he learned from these new biographies that Washington had many of the minor faults of temper and conduct in common with average people.

Furthermore, many readers arrived at the conviction that our first President would speak out boldly, were he living today, against ill-advised legislation that has crept into our present government.

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Some of the new biographers went so far as to intimate that the Father of our Country was not a great General; that he won no large battles; that his cautious policy would have defeated him in the Revolutionary War, were it not for the intervention of luck and foreign allies.

If these writers include in their definition of a soldier, or rather of a General, the necessity of tremendous, colorful, sweeping victories and thoroughly-equipped and carefully-drilled troops, then I admit they must take the epaulets from the shoulders of General Washington.

Washington had no mammoth force of well-drilled men behind him; his soldiers were courageous followers from Jersey, "green mountain boys" from Vermont, patriotic youths from old Massachusetts and riflemen from Virginia and the sunny Carolinas. The government behind him supplied little support, moral, material or financial. Nor did he have the ambition of world conquest of a Napoleon to spur him on.

His resources were small, but he had unflinching courage, dogged tenacity to cause, meticulous attention to detail and routine, even when hope was at as low an ebb as a Valley Forge could make it.

When but a youth of twenty-two years, Washington was a Colonel commanding scarcely more than two hundred Virginian volunteers.

At this early stage of his life it was no uncommon occurrence to have his small command of frontiersmen suddenly attacked by shrieking Indians, who seemed to leap out of the very floor of the forest as if they had found trap-doors leading out of Hell. It seems that God had in mind the noble purpose which Washington was to fulfill in the American Revolution, when he clad the young Virginian with an armor of divine protection.

With all their vaunted iron discipline and fighting qualities, the veterans who came to Virginia under the unfortunate General Braddock to drive out the French and Indians, were but fragile warriors when it was a matter of forest warfare at which the Virginians excelled.

Washington, the Soldier

The young Virginian Colonel and his frontiersmen matched the stalwart patience of the Indians with an equal stolidity. When the Indians shot from behind the tall pines of the virgin forests, the frontiersmen retaliated with a return fire from other pines. As they fired, mental pictures of burning cabins and mutilated bodies of their wives and children pushed them on to superhuman courage.

Thus at an age when the youth of today is attending a well-organized military academy, this young Virginian attended the bloody military academy of the forests of the Alleghenies. A rifle was his football, danger and death his team mates, and bitter experience his coach and trainer.

After they had finished a game of ambuscade with the French and Indians there were no shower baths, followed by a hot meal, for Washington and his tired companions. On the contrary, they took along their wounded comrades and made the long trek back to their frontier homes.

How fortunate for the early colonies, and for us all, that out of the rift in the war clouds of the Revolution rode a hardy, vigorous, middle-aged Washington, a finished product of the pioneer school.

No sneer of "modern" cynicism twisted his face. The true companionship and suffering that he had shared with his fellow-Virginians in the recesses of the Virginian forests had seen to that. No indifference to God and to His divine providence stifled his soul. He was no idle dreamer, yet he knew the value of dreams. He was no gross materialist, yet he was a practical business man, who knew the value of perseverance, attention to the minor duties of running an army, and the happy faculty of being able to make a worthy appraisal of his subordinates.

Frederick the Great, himself a General of immortal fame, testified to the greatness of Washington, when he called him "the greatest General of all time." In spite of the handicaps of a small and undernourished army of colonials, Washington, as Commander-in-Chief of the Continentals, hurdled the obstacles of Valley Forge, Princeton and Trenton. The sword of oppression was broken over the knee of the tall General, in Virginia, after he had seized it from the hand of the redcoat.

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This picturesque horseman from Bridges Creek, Virginia, was the very soul, the very hub of the Revolution. He showed all the earmarks of a true crusader during the long, bitter struggle. Largeness of character, great physical endurance and prowess, deep wisdom, born of tragic experiences, steeled his body and soul to a fine temper.

In our current depression, which has continued its pernicious inroad even into nineteen thirty-two, the 200th anniversary of the birth of Washington, many public speakers are advising their auditors to follow in the footsteps of the Father of our Country.

Who among us should despair of hope when we think of the peer of patriots, ~~as he stood in the snow of Valley Forge,~~ while a sharp east wind tore at his uniform as if to rend its cloth, and admit the cold demon of despair?

Music has its Victor Herbert, Science its Edison, Painting its Michael Angelo, Philosophy its St. Thomas Aquinas, and America its Washington.

Furthermore, just as the melodic rhythm of a Herbert or a Schubert musical gem reaches our very soul; just as the incandescent lamp of Edison lights our homes and shows a beacon light to the traveller; just as we gaze in profound admiration in the Sistine chapel in the papal palace of the Vatican at Michael Angelo's grand fresco of the Last Judgment; just as we marvel at the vast intellect of St. Thomas Aquinas, so do all Americans look at the face of Washington imprinted on the Stars and Stripes for the inspiration to pursue eagerly the objects he loved—Freedom, Justice, Integrity, and the Fear of God.

1732 — George Washington — 1932

SURPRISE!

THOMAS J. GILLHOOLY, '33

The Carters lived on Jones Street. An ordinary street, Jones Street, winding its rather irregular way through a maze of shops and stores which catered to a middle class of people. The Carters were happy. The husband worked in an office downtown for thirty dollars a week. Every summer they spent two weeks at a popular seaside resort just as thousands of other thirty-dollar-a-week couples did. They enjoyed bridge parties every other weekend, either in their own apartment or in one of their friend's. Such was their routine of life. The same as that of the average young married couple of limited circumstances.

I said they were happy. Happy but for one thing. The young wife craved jewelry to such an extent that it became a mania with her. Not ordinary "paste" jewelry, but the real thing. At breakfast and dinner, for he did not come home for luncheon, young Mr. Carter heard nothing but jewelry, jewelry, jewelry! Mrs. Smith had a gorgeous bracelet set with seven diamonds, or Mr. Quinn had just given his wife a pearl necklace worth ever so much, or she didn't want to go to this bridge party because she was embarrassed at her lack of jewelry. Mr. Carter desired to please his wife, but what can a young man do with thirty dollars a week? He even went so far as to inquire in the stores of the city, but the cheapest piece of jewelry was far out of his reach.

Mr. Carter hurried to business one morning. He was afraid, now that times were so bad, that he might be released by the firm. He recalled that those fellows in the park looked rather hungry and forlorn and cold. He had a lot to be thankful for, he told himself,—and the cheery "Good morning, Mr. Carter," of the elevator boy cut short his musings.

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A letter awaited him on his desk. From a law firm. He tore it open. A rich uncle in Nevada had died and left him a thousand dollars. A THOUSAND DOLLARS—an enormous amount of money to a struggling young clerk! Young Mr. Carter did then what any other young husband would do under the same circumstances. He reached for the telephone. He hesitated. By jove! he had it. Helen always wanted jewelry, did she? Very well, she would have it. Mr. Carter put down the 'phone, took his hat and left the office.

"That will be nine hundred dollars, sir". The clerk put the necklace back into the velvet box and took the draft which Mr. Carter handed to him. As Mr. Carter left the store with the necklace reposing safely in his overcoat pocket, the clerk commented to himself on the fact that Mr. Carter's clothes were well worn and shiny in spots. And yet he paid nine hundred dollars for a piece of jewelry. But the clerk, used to eccentric persons, dismissed the incident with a shrug of his shoulders.

"What a beautiful necklace". Mr. Carter did not expect that his wife would be as overjoyed as she really was. He felt himself well repaid for his reckless expenditure of his legacy. Oh, yes, indeed,—to his wife's questioning, he explained that he had received an unexpected bonus,—and so the necklace. "No, it didn't cost a fortune,"—but he was glad that she liked it. No use telling her that he had spent nine hundred dollars, for she would feel guilty that she had caused him so much expense.

Mr. Carter hurried home from business one evening. It had been just a week since he had presented Mrs. Carter with that expensive piece of jewelry. His wife met him at the door. She seemed excited. It was about the necklace. Mr. Carter waited for the worst, and prayed for the best. His wife explained,—
"and so, I thought that I didn't really need the necklace at all. Mrs. Broome across the hall told me about a store downtown. I went there this afternoon and sold the necklace for one hundred dollars. Think of it, John, one hundred dollars"!

TO A ROSE

JOHN ANSBRO, '33

O Sacred Rose! the fairest flower
That ever has been grown,
You bring to mind a single hour
Of centuries now flown,

It was upon Mt. Calvary's heights
That Christ His life did give,
That we who had transgressed our rights
Might in His Kingdom live.

Thy tender branch is His young life
Which, like the morning dew,
Laves all the wounds of this earth's strife
And makes us pure of hue.

The thorns along thy slender stems
Make up the crown He bore,
In stead of one beset with gems,
The one that Herod wore.

Thy petals with their skins once pale,
But now suffused with red,
Are grim reminders of the nail
And lash from which He bled.

Thy fragrance, like His sacred love,
Affects what it pervades,
It gladdens God in Heaven above
And brightens Calvary's shades.

O Sacred Rose! the fairest flower
That ever has been grown,
You bring to mind a single hour
Of centuries now flown.

THE HUMAN SIDE OF WASHINGTON

GUY H. POPHAM, Jr., '32

When men wish to honor a national figure or a great hero, they are wont to place such a ~~one~~ upon a high pedestal, in order that the whole world may see and admire that man or that woman. Each is held as the ideal, the paragon, of human conduct; each is held as "the glass of fashion and the mold of form" of patriotism; and each is idolized by a grateful people or nation, to whom they have given all that they possess, even lives and fortunes. When, as we have said, men wish to pay homage to great fellow-men, they single out a certain characteristic to be held as praiseworthy, and build their idol's own personality upon this one feature of his make-up. Few, however, if any at all, pay an iota of attention to the human side of their hero and idol. They prefer to view him in the perspective which his elevated position upon the pedestal of idealism has placed him; they prefer to regard him in the light of a nation's worship, which places his human side in the shadow of oblivion, as the side of a statue upon which the sun shines not, is in the shadow of half light.

But what do we mean by using the word "human" as we do here? The meaning assigned to the word by Webster is "that which pertains to man; having the qualities of a man or of mankind." That, however, is too restricted a sense for our purpose. It is true that heroes, however great, have all the elements of that definition; we wish to go deeper, yet we shall in no sense entirely disregard the above characterization.

In order to illustrate better our point, we feel constrained to relate the story of Abou ben Ahdem as beautifully told in verse. At the moment, the author's name escapes us, but the story is none the less clear in this writer's memory.

One night as he lay sleeping, Abou ben Ahdem was suddenly awakened by a brilliant light that flooded his room. An Angel was seated at the foot of his couch, busily engaged inscribing names in a book of gold. Although Abou ben Ahdem addressed the Angel more than once, the Spirit vouchsafed no

Human Side of Washington

answer for several moments. Finally, he raised his head to reply to Abou's query as to what he was writing.

"I am," said the Angel, "writing herein the names of those who love their God."

"And is mine one?" Abou wanted to know.

Receiving a negative reply, he then said to the Angel, "I pray you, then, to write me as one who loves his fellow-men."

And, as the poet so beautifully puts it, "the Angel wrote, and vanished." The next night, he returned to show how Abou ben Ahdem had fared with him, "and lo! Abou ben Ahdem's name led all the rest!"

It is in the sense, then, of loving one's fellow-man that we use the term "human" here. Perhaps the word "humane" would be considered by some as being more exact, but nevertheless, we shall continue to employ the designation with which we have started.

But to return now to our main point, the digression from which we beg the readers' indulgence. Perhaps the reason that a hero's humanness is submerged in his idealized and idolized figure is that men fear to discover that their idol will have feet of clay. Such a fear, however, is unjustified, for rather than showing feet of clay upon any hero, looking at his human side will prove that a heart of gold beats in that bosom which has ever placed others before self.

But let us see how George Washington conforms with the idea of "human," both as defined by Webster and as expanded by the writer. That George Washington had his faults, all will admit. Some years ago, a well-known author, by way of gaining a bit of publicity, brought down upon himself the shocked and horrified reproaches of not a few by stating in substance that the Father of his Country could (and would) give vent to expletives upon provocation, enjoyed spirituous refreshment upon occasion, and (this was the proverbial straw) that he could, as the author rather crudely puts it, "lie like a gentleman."

Lest any reader should fall into the erroneous impression that we condone any of those faults, permit us to observe that they are used merely as illustrations. However, aside from the ethical principles involved, the above shows that Washington

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was human in the lexicographic sense at least. But, the inquiry naturally follows, "What has the above to do with love for his fellow-men?"

Just this: At the battle of Monmouth, when General Charles Lee suddenly decided to withdraw his division from the fray, Washington loved his men enough to appreciate the danger which Lee's action involved. Could one imagine a mild reproach falling from the lips of the great leader? On the contrary, one would quite agree that his wrath should be rather devastating, and his words, though not truly abusive, may have been quite expressive.

But it was during that terrible winter at Valley Forge that Washington's human side came to the fore. Often he could be seen moving about among the soldiers, chatting with them, cheering them up, offering a mild rebuke here, perhaps for an inadvertent infraction of military discipline; passing the time of day there, with a group playing cards perhaps; everywhere sacrificing, that his army might want for nothing. At all times cheerful before the men, yet he suffered much. We are told that he frequently was seen praying in an out-of-the-way spot, unaware that he was observed. This is the greatest proof that Washington was human, that he loved his fellow-man. For himself, he cared nothing. For what was he praying? Ah! The answer to that is another proof that a simple human being lay behind the figure of that consummate leader. For Washington prayed for success only that his army might benefit; he prayed that the army might weather the crisis brought on by the bitter cold the men were enduring that dread season; always for others that prayer was ascending, literally storming the gates of Heaven; always for others was the first thought in the mind of Washington. But beyond the mere fact of showing that Washington was human, these illustrations portray a man keenly aware of his own humanness and human short-comings. Why did he pray? Not only because he believed in a higher power than his own; not because he believed merely that a God, just and powerful, existed; but because he was keenly cognizant that he was merely human, filled with human frailty and impotence. He prayed for help with the simple faith of a child, Washington in battle, Washington the President, Washington the simple, private citizen, was at all times Washington the man, Washington the human being.

Thus, when we enshrine our heroes, let us not forget that they, too, are men like ourselves. Only by giving place and thought to their everyday life shall we be able to appreciate fully the debt which we owe them for our heritage of Liberty.

BUT THE SPADE IS MIGHTIER STILL

MICHAEL N. JACKOVICS, '33

The concern for superficial accounts of any particular event in history is minimized in an archaeologist by his natural appetite for truth. Like the shrewd connoisseur of the authenticity of a painting who has but a passing interest for the inner truth of the theme depicted, the learned expert in antiquities looks for the scarcity and the genuineness of the traces of past civilizations which he lays bare. As he penetrates deeply and more deeply into the covered mounds of history, the existing perspective of a heretofore locked past widens, until the growing stream of new knowledge of distinct types of civilizations aims to drown out the conflicting theories and charges of "myth" that are rampant today.

It is commonly known that ancient cities rise slowly and continuously on the regular piling up of their own dust and debris. This process, lasting through the centuries, continues until buildings and streets are located many feet above their original level. Recent excavations on the suspected site of ancient Troy reveal as many as seven superimposed cities. The various stages of debris and earth indicate particular and unmistakable types of culture, each layer representing an era of development.

The behavior of civilizations in hiding away in Mother Earth is not at all regretted by archaeologists. Their manner in doing this is at times evident. It is understood that Pompeii was buried under molten lava. The rubbish thrown up by the engines of Sulla during his siege of Athens buried the monuments on the renowned "Street of Tombs." And the famed "Atlantis" of Plato lost itself in the inundating waters of the mighty Atlantic. There are, however, cases not so intelligible. Such a one is the burying of the Agora, or Market Place of Athens. This most famous location, which has been used continuously since before the days of Pericles, corresponded in general to the Roman Forum. In it was centered not only the commercial, but also the social life of the wealthiest and strongest power on the Aegean Sea.

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Various explanations have been advanced, but the accepted one seems to indicate that the Periclean houses were made of mud-bricks; and as these were torn down, they crumbled to powder almost immediately. It was, therefore, on this newly-formed soil that succeeding structures arose. Although the Agora rests far beneath modern Athens, the spade has revealed successively three different strata. The first is that described by the "talkative" Pausanias who visited the city in 160 A.D. Immediately below is a layer containing objects dating from the Fifth Century B.C.; and further down is a charred layer whose date extends beyond the Persian invasion.

The average person is inclined to think of ancient Athens in terms of the Acropolis; that is to say, a resplendent affair of marble and bronze. Could he return to the year 430 B.C., he would be dismayed at the sharp contrast between the magnificent citadel and the mean city lying at its base; a city made up of crooked and narrow streets, whose main avenue leading from the Agora to the Acropolis being but fifteen feet wide. He would find its houses squat and built of mud-brick, a substance so weak that a burglar was called a "house-digger." He would meet with sanitary conditions so primitive that the Plague of 430 B.C., carried off one quarter of the city's population. He might wonder how conditions such as these could prevail among so outstanding a race; but not for long, for he would soon discover that the reason why the Athenian citizen seemed to neglect his house was because he spent so little time in it.

The spade of the archaeologist knows no "depression." It is busy not only in Greece, but in Palestine and Egypt as well. A very large city has but recently been revealed in the land about Canaan, dating back to 2,000 B.C. This period is identified with the first phase of the "Middle Bronze Age," and the discoveries made in this region reveal a high degree of local civilization undreamed of as yet by the probing archaeologist.

The black marks of Jehovah's fire on the mighty walls of Sodom have been brought to light by the Pontifical Archaeological Expedition. The spade has also produced evidence to the effect that around 1,500 B.C. the walls of Jericho collapsed, most

probably because their foundations had been undermined by Joshua's men previous to the famous "trumpet blast."

The dry climate and the shifting sands of Egypt tend to preserve intact whatever lies buried there. Only recently an expedition, sponsored by the Metropolitan Museum of New York, discovered the mummy of a queen, whose neck was encircled by a wreath of flowers that still retained some semblance of their original colors. The experts have easily identified the flowers from their colors as the native acacia poppy and lotus. They reasoned that since these bloom in the Fall of the year, this fact, together with other information concerning the mummy itself, could serve to identify the date on the "find" as the twenty-fifth of November—other indications supplying the year of 1,049 B.C.

Much to the delight of the archaeologist, ancient builders, unlike their modern successors, took little or no pains in clearing away the rubble and remains of preceding structures, but builded immediately over them. This well-known fact, together with the other findings previously mentioned, would seem to indicate that in order to acquire a clear impression of the growth and history of an ancient civilization, it is necessary to sink the spade deeply and skillfully into the cryptic layers which lie hidden under the present level.

MARCH NIGHT

GEORGE F. CROWE, '33

Moonlight on the roofs, splendor in the sky,
Faintly twinkling stars, as the moon goes by;
Mystic blueness resting on the shoulders of yon hill,
Casting beauteous shades on the night so still.

BLINDFOLDED

WALTER T. MacGOWAN, '32

The American nation and, indeed, the entire world is gazing with no little interest upon the warming-up process for the approaching presidential race, with particular interest centered upon the runner-up in the last contest; which thrilling spectacle achieved unprecedented proportions from every conceivable aspect. The bitter struggle of four years ago is history, albeit proximate; and since human nature does not change substantially in four years or four thousand, sane-minded, clear-thinking American folk may expect to witness during the coming seven months (or maybe only three) a wave of fantastic bigotry which people with a sense of humor scoff at, while some others seriously take it to heart. Understand that in this place we use the phrase "sense of humor" in the strictly comprehensive manner of the ability to understand or appreciate the true value of things. The latter of the above-mentioned groups—those who "take it to heart," are devoid of this inestimable asset; not, however, because the bountiful Creator failed to include it in their natures, but solely because it is held dormantly by willful prejudice.

If the defeated candidate in the last presidential election (and a potential nominee in the coming one) chanced to be anyone other than the Honorable Alfred E. Smith, perhaps the interest in the approaching race would be less tense, and surely the spotlight would not ceaselessly be focused upon the aforementioned candidate. Assuredly, this "solicitude" in favor of ex-Governor Smith is not occasioned by his name,—it might be Ghandi or Grandi for that matter; why it might even be "Crosby, Columbo or Valee." Perchance, then, Mr. Smith is the subject of controversy and discussion because of his past record, or the manner in which he combs his hair (or is he bald?), or maybe because he wears spats. No, we have heard no adverse comment on these matters. Perhaps it was (and will be) because of his attitude regarding the Eighteenth Amendment.

When the South, which unalterably opposed former Governor Smith in 1928, allegedly because of his stand in regard to Prohibition, endorses Franklin D. Roosevelt, (who also is an

anti-Prohibitionist) as its favored candidate in the 1932 campaign, which it is actually doing, we have an indirect but clear confession of the motive which prompted not only the South, but other bigoted citizens, to bitterly oppose the Democratic nominee in 1928. Had not Alfred E. Smith placed allegiance to his Creator by union with the true Church before all earthly affiliations and dignities, he would unquestionably have been selected for the nation's highest office in the election of four years ago.

The American people are placed upon a pedestal and are foremost among the nations of the world because of their astoundingly rapid rise to the leading position in nearly all industrial, commercial and artistic enterprises which constitute the economic life of man. Yet, we shamefully admit that many citizens in this "land of the free" are guilty of a private willful ignorance in that they do not attempt to differentiate between two such simple things as spiritual and temporal allegiance. Simple, yes, but extremely important. And because of this willful privation of knowledge they vividly picture the Pontiff of the Roman Catholic Church transferring the See of Peter to Washington, D. C., if Mr. Smith or any other Catholic succeeds to the Presidency of the United States. Now we know that Mr. Smith pays to His Holiness that homage which spiritual allegiance demands, be proffered to Christ's earthly representative. It is absurd, however, to vision Mr. Smith as President, asking the Pontiff to adjust tariff rates or determine the tax standards. From the infamous gibbet of Calvary the Saviour raised His eyes to Heaven and said, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," and the same prejudice, the same volative ignorance which Christ discerned in His enemies, is manifest today in regard to the aspirations of one of His truly noble creatures.

It is because of the blind held by the clasp of prejudice, that many Americans fail to realize these simple principles. These few unworthy lines are not intended as a dissertation in favor of, or against anyone—either in politics or not; but when bigotry and willful ignorance stifle the equal rights of men, we think it right and dutiful, openly to express our convictions and not harbor them because of temerity or indifference.

GEORGE WASHINGTON, STATESMAN AND SOLDIER

FRANCIS JOSEPH BLAKE, H. S., '33

It is not altogether unfrequent for history to give us the combination of statesman and soldier in one man. More rarely, however, has the lustre of a man's true greatness as a soldier been rivalled by the equally great brilliance of the same man's superlative statesmanship. Rome had her great Caesar. France gave to the world the marvelous Napoleon. As though not to be outdone, England, from her colony in Virginia, gave us the magnificent Washington. Caesar and Napoleon died with defeat written large over their declining years; but Washington to the very end guided a newly-founded republic through the critically eventful days of her infancy and died with every major purpose richly achieved.

As a soldier George Washington was a military genius. As a statesman he helped to establish on a firm footing a nation that was one day to become a world power. The accomplishment of success in each of these fields was surrounded by seemingly insurmountable difficulties. To bring to a successful conclusion the War of the Revolution, hampered as he was by a lack of resources, was in itself enough to bring to Washington immortal fame. To spend eight years and more beyond all that in building the undying groundwork of a nation was successfully piling Pelion upon Ossa in order to glimpse an Olympus of freedom.

The fact that Washington was both a statesman and a soldier did not deter him from achieving full success in each of these fields. In fact, many qualities requisite for one position were equally valuable to him in the other. Washington, the soldier, could realize the price with which liberty had been bought; Washington, the statesman, needed no greater incentive to establish that hard-won independence on the firmest of footings. His tact and his prudence were equally useful as a statesman. His unswerving perseverance aided him in giving to his dear country of the best that in him lay.

Washington, Statesman and Soldier

As a soldier Washington deserves ranking among the world's greatest. He earned the approval of the greatest soldier of his day, Frederick the Great, of Prussia. He was an example of Christian fortitude and manhood scaling the difficult heights of glory. From the outset he gave great promise as a young colonial officer; and with the hand of God strengthening him ever, for Washington was a prayerful man, he fulfilled the promise of his youth on Yorktown field.

George Washington, the statesman, was far-seeing and industrious. He had finished the fight for liberty against the enemies from without only to take up the work of securing the newly-won freedom against the enemies from within. His wisdom helped a country deeply in debt and with no credit to advance itself. He fully realized the value of Alexander Hamilton's plans, even though many in high stations withstood them. He warned his country against any entangling alliances with foreign powers, advice which became an American axiom. None realized more than Washington, the necessity of the work of internal unification and the dangers of dissension among the but recently United States. He was truly "first in peace."

We have been accused of being a nation of hero-worshippers. There are those who dissent in the matter of Washington's greatness. But how can an American be other than a hero-worshipper with such a man as the Father of all America? You will hear his praises not in this nation alone, but throughout the civilized world as well. Be not deceived. He who was "first in war," and "first in peace," shall ever be "first in the hearts of his countrymen."

Editor's Note: This essay was given first place in a contest conducted in Seton Hall High School, under the direction of the Department of Education of the State of New Jersey. This contest was part of a state and nation-wide competition in connection with the George Washington Bicentennial Celebration.

INSOMNIA

EDWARD R. NEARY, '32

Nocturnal umbrage stole away,
As pale opacity prefaced day.
Tired, blear-eyed stars had lost their gleam
And closed their lids to sleep and dream
Contentedly.

The orient blushed with florid hue,
While nature roused the sun to view . . .
The matin beauty of the earth,
The dewy plants and grass and trees, at birth
Of golden day.

God's creatures, stirred from deep repose,
Received the day and then arose
To new diurnal tasks; but I,
Poor wakeful soul, had still to try
My somnolence:

ON BORES

WALTER GLASER, '32

Society, as conceived by Byron, was divided into two classes:
"Society is now one polished horde

Formed of two mighty tribes, the bores and the bored."

Though I am by no means a very keen, nor yet a very thorough, student of human nature, I do not think it requires a very sharp power of discernment to be convinced of the truth of this couplet. The more you observe of the "animal rationale"—perhaps, even at the risk of cynicism, "irrational" would be better—the more do you become convinced that not only Barnum, but also Byron was right.

It is my humble opinion, and I have found it to be shared in by others, that the world in general likes to be hoaxed. If this is not true, then tell me how stocks took such spectacular flights not so very long ago? How, even yet, when we should know better, all sorts of get-rich-quick schemes thrive? How the Eighteenth Amendment still remains? How the mythical chicken winged its way into the dinner-pail? No, there is no alternative. All these things exist simply because men like to be imposed upon.

But men do not like to be bored, and one way to bore them is to tell them the truth. Even the adage that truth is stranger than fiction seems to be disproved, for flattering fiction is, precisely because of its strangeness, far less boring than the honest truth. Tell an unlovely creature that she is a ravishing beauty, and you are immediately the most interesting person living. Tell a living skeleton that he is Ajax reincarnated, and he at once becomes your slavish Friday. But tell them the truth and you become an insufferable bore. Yet, when necessary, duty requires one must tell the truth even though it be boring.

Telling the truth, however, is not the only way to become a bore. Airing the Ego is another and more prevalent way, and the egotist is the worst of the bores. Then, too, there are not a few lesser bores. We have heard the preacher who bored, the professor who bored, the everlasting talker, who talks and talks,

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but fails to say anything worthy of his effort. I do not pretend to be acquainted with all varieties of the bore. Let it suffice, then, to say that every man is a potential bore, and consequently, there are as many, or at least almost as many varieties of bore as there are types of man.

Now, just what is a bore? The dictionary defines him as "a person who is tiresome." That definition lacks strength and seems to me to be the lowest common denominator of boredom. I prefer to come to my definition directly through the verb, which has two meanings: to eat out, gnaw or corrode; and to pierce or drill. These meanings seem to approximate more closely my idea of a bore.

The bore is an acid that corrodes your outer veneer of good nature and forbearance. He is a loathesome worm or grub gnawing at your heart. He is a sleepless woodpecker, picking and pecking, ticking and tapping, with unwearied energy upon your brain. His voice is a piercing, shrieking whistle that splits your ears with its din. These are, metaphorically, my ideas of a bore. What mental anguish he wittingly or unwittingly inflicts, no one but the sufferer himself can realize. I think all of us have, at some time or other, suffered in that way. What makes the suffering doubly keen is the fact that we cannot give expression to our feelings of extreme pain while we are suffering them. He is indeed a hero who can speak, even in monosyllables, to a bore. And now that I have spoken my mind on this subject, I think I shall cease, lest I, too, become somewhat of a bore.

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WASHINGTON IN MORRISTOWN

JOHN HOURIHAN, '33

The year of 1777 found George Washington and his pitiful army hemmed in on all sides by the British. England's hour of triumph seemed at hand. Burgoyne with his splendid army was sweeping down from the north, Howe was advancing from the south; the plan was to seize the Hudson and to open a road to Canada; the New England States would be cut off from the southern States at the same time, and with this accomplished, the English would have the Colonies at their mercy. It was in this crisis that New Jersey, and in particular, Morristown, became the center of Washington's strategy. Retiring rapidly across New Jersey, he wintered at Morristown, a village in the hills of northern New Jersey. From this vantage point the Hudson could be defended by means of the road through Pompton, Darlington, Suffern, and, at the same time, the weary army would be safe from attack. The British outnumbered Washington's men, four to one. The men of the American army were ill-clothed and hungry. To make matters worse an epidemic of smallpox broke out and approximately one third of the troops were attacked by this malady. In spite of the weakness of the army, the winter was spent in security, thanks to the fortifications of the camp.

Reinforcements arrived and Washington moved across New Jersey, and on across the Delaware, only to return to spend the winter of 1779 at Morristown. The winter of 1779 was the worst of the century. Washington's men were poorly equipped and weary. Snow was piled from four to six feet and there was little shelter. Food was so short that two pounds of meat were all that was allowed a man for ten days rations. George Washington and his wife Martha spent the winter as the guests of Mrs. Jacob Ford at her home in Morristown. Again the American army was outnumbered, but once again the English feared to attack it in its fortified position. As the winter drew to a close Washington had his men build shelters and to keep them

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out of trouble and to keep them busy, he set a goodly portion of them to fortifying the heights of Morristown.

The largest of these fortifications received the name of Fort Nonsense, and to this day it is so known. Today this fortification is part of a park owned by the Town.

While at Morristown this second time, Washington was visited by Lafayette and members of Congress. Spain, too, showed her interest in the valiant fight that the Colonies were waging and a Spanish Grande, a representative of Spain, visited Washington at Morristown. While a guest of Washington, this man fell ill and died. In honor of his distinguished guests, Washington held an enormous ball and people for miles around attended. Thus ended the second winter spent by the Colonial army in Morristown.

Many of the buildings of Washington's time are still standing; monuments mark the sites of others. The house where Alexander Hamilton courted and won Elizabeth Schuler still stands and is open to the public; the Wicke house also stands, but the importance of both of these is dwarfed by the Ford house, Washington's headquarters on his second visit to Morristown.

The Ford house was built in 1774 and was occupied by the Ford family. During the winter of 1779 General and Mrs. Washington were the guests of the Ford family and Washington used the house as his headquarters. Eighteen of Washington's servants, together with those of the Ford family, were crowded together in the kitchen and in the buildings around it for the winter. In 1873 a few gentlemen purchased the house and raised a fund of money in order that it might be preserved, together with its historic contents. Today, the house is in good condition and on certain days it is thrown open to the public. Thousands of people visit it yearly. The original furniture is still in the house, and clothing of both General and Mrs. Washington is on display, together with letters, books and other intimate belongings of the celebrated couple.

GLORY

THOMAS J. GILLHOOLY, '33

Glory comes to some men
In the form of vast eclat;
In the plaudits of the multitude,
Who view their deeds with awe.

To some it comes as glittering gold
From the coffers of the world;
To satiate men's greed and lust,
To set men's minds aw whirl.

Some aspire to lofty heights
In the realms where art holds forth,—
To these gods they bow their heads,
Their faculties and thoughts.

But glory waits for some men
Beyond this vale of tears,
Where flowers bloom forevermore,
And time is not in years.

Where glittering gold is foreign,
And fame a fleeting word,—
Where the love of Jesus reigns supreme,
And angel hymns are heard.

RAMBLING IDIOSYNCRASIES

ANTHONY P. BUBAS, '32

Life is truly unusual. I can remember when I was about eight years old. The greatest ambition of my life at that time, sad to say, was not to be a fireman or policeman; it was to reach my twentieth birthday. At the present writing when I have exceeded those twenty years by three, my greatest sorrow is that I ever turned eight. And so life goes. I wanted to find out how one felt when one was twenty years old when I was eight, and as a result I paid for my inquisitiveness to the extent of twelve years and a great deal of unnecessary worry.

Why anyone should begin an account this way, I do not profess to know. Maybe the writer wishes to introduce to his readers, if any, one fact in his life, namely, that he is twenty-three years of age. At that period one should have a little sense, no doubt, but I am sure an exception can easily be made in my case, if only for what I am about to relate.

I have a penchant, if one may use that word, for observing while riding in public conveyances or even while walking on the street, persons who are perfect strangers to me, but who nevertheless afford me the delightful pleasure of discovering them. By this I mean, I try to pick out their vocation in life. For example, if, while riding on a subway train, I notice a spectacled middle-aged man, neatly tailored, with dark hair inclining towards gray, and who is reading the editorial page of the New York Times, I stop thinking, which isn't out of the ordinary, and start wondering who the gentleman can possibly be. You see, I try to discover him. Now, he can be almost anybody ranging from a dignified college president to an ordinary business man. The difficulty is to find out who the man really is. And how does one go about this interesting piece of business? To one experienced like myself it is comparatively simple. Of course, after I come to a decision I'm not sure that I'm positively correct, but then, again, I'm not sure that I'm absolutely wrong. It works both ways, and when anything works both ways, it works the best way.

But let us come back to the man in our subway train. Fortunately, he is sitting in the same place and has not left the train, as did the charming lady who was seated next to him. Reader, you may wonder why I am disregarding the member of the fair sex and focusing all my attention on an uninteresting, commonplace specimen of humanity, a man to be exact. I am far from being a misogynist; rather, I admire the female of the species, but it suits my purpose better to keep the lady out of this, because if I am presented with a difficulty, no one will be afforded an opportunity to exclaim "cherchez la femme." As it is, I find it trying enough to assign some station in life to the gentleman whom we are discussing. Before I forget it, and while we are on the topic of assigning, the thought strikes me that we humans would be very poor as original creators. It would be ridiculous, wouldn't it, if a creature tried to create a world of his own with nothing, absolutely nothing at all to guide and direct him. I am quite confident of myself when I say that were the task of making a new cosmos allotted to anyone of us, we would make a terrible mess of the assignment. And yet, many people complain of this world that we're living in. We'd never recognize it if all the conflicting pictures were put on canvas. I guess these people complain because of shallow thinking; they only scratch the surface of things.

If Mr. H. G. Wells had been given the opportunity of creating his Utopia before God Himself ever raised a finger to make the world, he would have made man not of flesh and blood, but of wood and iron, an automaton. Mr. Wells would have never thought of the glorious sunrise and sunset. His sun would be made of Utopian granite. We would have no spring, no summer, no winter. The birds in the trees and the fishes in the sea, if left to the feeble hand and mind of Mr. Wells would never see the bright light of day. There would be no use for the Utopian city, because man, as made by Wells, would think twice before entering such a place, if only for the sensible reason that man's author was painfully ignorant of how to make one insignificant, real, honest-to-goodness insect. And so, until such a time as Mr. Wells can think of things of his own to put into a better world, it would be advisable for Mr. Wells to concentrate on

his own business and write a book that's at least plausible; something that will help man and man's world. We're not interested in what Mr. H. G. Wells might have done; we're vitally concerned with what God, the Creator of Mr. Wells, has actually done.

Patient reader, I am sorry to have again disappointed you. The man in the train left two stations back. We'll leave him alone. Maybe he would prefer being left alone to being hounded by us. And as for you, kind reader, I trust you have borne with my idiosyncrasies, my many departures, my many entrances.

ODE TO ST. FRANCIS XAVIER

The Patron of the Apostleship of Prayer

GEORGE F. CROWE, '33

Dear Francis, all the world does know,
How the bright vigil light of your soul did show
That ships of earthly glory lead to grief,
And enchant our hollow crafts to the ocean reef.
Then your holy steps did lead to distant Goa,
Where the bold beast of sin paced the shore,
Daring God's shepherds to enter the door.
Enter you did and drove with snow-like hand
That terrible beast from the sodden land.
Untamed jungles slid aside in your quest of souls;
The banks of the coiling Ganges felt your sway
And welcomed the dawning of the day.
Troubled hearts of your mildest balm did sip,
And turning their reeling and aimless ship,
Drank in the truths that sprung from your lip.

WASHINGTON AND HIS WRITINGS

ROCCO MISURIELLO, '33

Ordinarily, the mere mention of the name Washington reproduces in the imagination a picture of greatness. But specifically speaking, this greatness is indefinite and vague. The average person thinks of Washington as the "great" president, the "great" patriot, the "great" commander-in-chief and the "great" warrior. I do not deny that he was famous in these various roles, because greatness with respect to Washington admits of a multifold divisibility. There is one phase in particular in which Washington is comparatively unknown. I refer to his literary ability. In reality, how many of us regard him as a writer? I am certain that few do; and now it is my purpose to clarify that aesthetic part of our revered first president. Washington was not a writer by profession but by necessity of circumstances. Of his writings I intend to discuss the number, the character, and the effects of his literary efforts.

Washington from his youthful days was imbued with an ardent desire to write. In those days he had a personal copybook in which he notated his daily thoughts or happenings. This diary was always a source of happiness for him in times of mental or physical distress. Even in his later years he enjoyed fondling the old copybook and reliving those days of yore with a wistful sadness. The practice he obtained from writing his diary formed a basis for his future correspondence, messages, or addresses. In manhood Washington's correspondence was enormous; and practically all his friends preserved his letters, little dreaming that they were to become a heritage for posterity. From surveyor, to general, to president, Washington wrote constantly and prolifically. Even as he approached old age the ever-growing demands of writing, whether of letters, messages, or speeches, were often excessive. His correspondents included such men as Hamilton, Jefferson, Adams, Lafayette, Madison, Morris, and numerous other historical figures. During his life, Washington was called upon very frequently to make public

addresses. He acceded to these requests with alacrity, for his foremost thought was to serve his people. As we review his speeches now, we see an inestimable value present in those gems of wisdom which fell from his lips. His addresses to members of all religious, social, political, economical, and industrial organizations are well recorded. Almost all his writings are contained in twelve large-sized volumes, each volume comprising about six hundred pages. This is indeed a large collection of written thought for a man whose prime purpose was "to preserve, protect, and defend" his country; how well he accomplished his end marks an epoch in history beloved to us Americans.

The character of Washington's writings is merely a manifestation of those virtuous qualities which are sure to be present in a true hero. To analyze his literary work is to analyze his character. There exists a mutual dependence. For example, in actual life Washington was modest and unpretentious. In his writings modesty is prevalent throughout. Some people maintain that Washington was shy and bashful. Yet it is hardly conceivable that a man as familiar with the battlefield as he was would be affected by timidity. At any rate his writings are delicately fused with that spirit of moderation, and one may extract many a moral lesson in the perusal of his works.

Another characteristic of Washington's writings was a religious one. Practical as he was, he knew and realized that a people devoid of religion was likened to a ship without a rudder in the midst of a tempest at sea. I do not mean that he intended to establish or encourage any particular religion; but I do mean that he urged the various sects to pursue their respective doctrines. In his writings Washington continually promulgated a spirit of veneration to the Almighty. That pious feeling whereby he renders thanks to God makes Washington's character scintillate like a far-off star shining in the dark of night. In the beginning the Colonies were founded because of man's insatiable desire for religious freedom. Washington has a profound cognizance of this fundamental principle, and in one of his speeches he says, "of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispens-



A REMINISCENCE

EUGENE F. KINKEAD, '95

In a recent autobiography, Jack Barrymore tells a brief story of his year at Seton Hall. He was then a lad of eleven, perhaps, and Lionel three years his senior. Their father, Maurice, was at the height of his fame—America's greatest stage idol—their mother, true to the traditions of the Drews, had won for herself a high place in her profession, receiving and meriting the respect and appreciation of the theatrical public.

The Barrymore boys arrived at Seton Hall in the fall of 'ninety-three—I was starting my Junior year. Naturally the sons of parents so distinguished received more than ordinary attention—this for a day or two; then they were merged into the score or more lads of their years attending the high school classes. Our total student body was less than a hundred; in fact, when we reached one hundred, as we did occasionally, we were given a holiday in celebration.

There was little to indicate that the delicate looking, pink checked, fine featured boy of eleven was destined to leadership in the world of make believe. He was quiet and unassuming; did an average amount of study; and as I recall his weekly marks, they were in line with his application. Lionel spent most of the recess period in the gym, and became a gymnast of more than ordinary ability. He was the lanky, rangy type, careless in dress, but direct and manly, and to me the more attractive of the two. His features, coarser than his younger brother's, showed greater strength of character.

As the school year rolled on, Jack wrote a story of New York life in the early eighties and Lionel illustrated it. It was written in an ordinary copy book, which I found in the library some years after my graduation. The story as I remember it

had little merit, but the sketches were a promise of the ability which won for Lionel a place on the staff of the "New York American." This was after his return from Paris where he studied art, expecting on his return to the United States to follow a career as cartoonist.

But the stage was in his blood, and two years after his stage debut he registered his first hit as leading man in "The Mummy and the Humming Bird" and was hailed as his talented father's successor. I recall wiring him: "I knew this triumph was coming, but didn't expect it so soon." One had only to see Lionel absorb all that was in the smaller parts entrusted to him to realize his unusual histrionic ability.

In American stagecraft, few actors have kept for so long a period popularity to the same degree that the Barrymores have. Their success upon the screen has even surpassed their stage experiences.

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BASKETBALL

Under the careful guidance of Coach Les Fries, Seton Hall has completed another successful basketball season. Although the season's record is 10 games won and 9 lost, we are nevertheless justified in calling it a successful season. The team rose to great heights in defeating Fordham, in taking revenge on the proud Upsala team, and in defeating St. Peter's in the final game. The most satisfying victory of all was the one over Upsala. Seton Hall broke the long winning streak of the East Orange boys in this game, while at the same time avenging a previous defeat.

The final game with St. Peter's saw Captain Harry Singleton wind up a brilliant career in basketball. Harry was at his best in this farewell performance, and the large crowd which turned out for this game were rewarded with a brilliant performance. When Harry left the floor just before the end, he was given the greatest round of applause which ever has been tendered a Seton Hall player. Another star of the team was Shorty Zdanewicz whose sharp shooting featured every game. Lou Babiak performed in great style at center, and in several games rose to spectacular heights. Mush Eslar, Spaz Madigan, Al Reiss and Marty Byrne were all steady performers.

To Coach Fries we tender our congratulations on the fine team which he turned out in his first year as varsity coach. We hope that he will be with us for many years.

BASEBALL

Sharp cold days mean nothing to the stalwart group of candidates who have reported for baseball practice. Perhaps the memory of last year's fine team is warming their cold fingers. Whatever the cause, there is a very promising group of athletes working out daily under the coaching of Milt Feller. Mr. Feller is taking the place of Mr. Smith, who is recovering from a recent operation, and we are sure he will do everything to pilot the team through a successful season.

As a backbone we have the veteran infielders, "Bill" Kearney and "Al" Reiss, who should make a splendid keystone combination. First base is open and consequently Coach Feller is on the watch for a prospective Bill Terry among his candidates. Harold Tyne and Gene Kenny are two third base prospects. The outfielders remaining from last year's team are captain Harry Singleton, "Al" Prange and Bill Madigan. Add to these "Shorty" Zdanewicz and several newcomers and the outfield problem should be solved. "Nippy" Joyce, "Bud" Crown, "Bill" Outwater and George Keller, formerly of St. Benedict's, will be the pitchers.

The chief source of worry is the catcher's position: Here the passing of "Ed" Madjeski leaves a great vacancy to be filled. Right now "Frank" Coyle and "Jim" Boyle seem to be the leading candidates.

Although the starting lineup is somewhat a mystery just now, it will not be very long before Milton Feller will have selected his team. Then we may look forward to another banner year in baseball for Seton Hall.

AWARDING LETTERS

Definite rules are being formed for the awarding of letters and certificates. On the provision that he has conformed to these rules, a player will be given a large "S" and a certificate declaring his right to that letter.

STUDENT ATHLETIC COMMITTEE FORMED

The members of the Student Athletic Committee recently formed by Father Lillis are:—Maurice O'Sullivan and George T. Donahue, elected from the Senior class; James O'Neil and Thomas Finn, from the Junior class; Joseph Holzinger and John Kiley, from the Sophomore class; James Kelly, from the Freshman class.

The purpose of this committee is to aid Father Lillis with his work as director of athletics and to stimulate and foster student interest in college activities. Representatives from the separate classes are to be elected once every school year by their classmen.

—G. T. D., '32

SPORTS MANAGERS APPOINTED

Upon the suggestion of the Student Athletic Committee, Father Lillis has appointed the following men as managers and assistant managers:

Baseball—Joseph Walsh, '33, manager; Joseph McGraw, '33, assistant manager; James Daly, '34 and Charles Johnson, '34, assistant managers; George Byrne, George Drexler, Edward Slattery, William Piga and Thomas Delaney as Freshman assistants. George Byrne will take charge of Freshman baseball. Martin Byrne, '33, will take charge as football manager in the Fall, assisted by Edmund Peacock, '34. Harry McTague, '33, will manage basketball, assisted by William Brennan, '34. Thomas Howell, '33, will manage track, assisted by Edward Wojtycha, '34.

—G. T. D., '32

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