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The White and Blue 1927

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White & Blue

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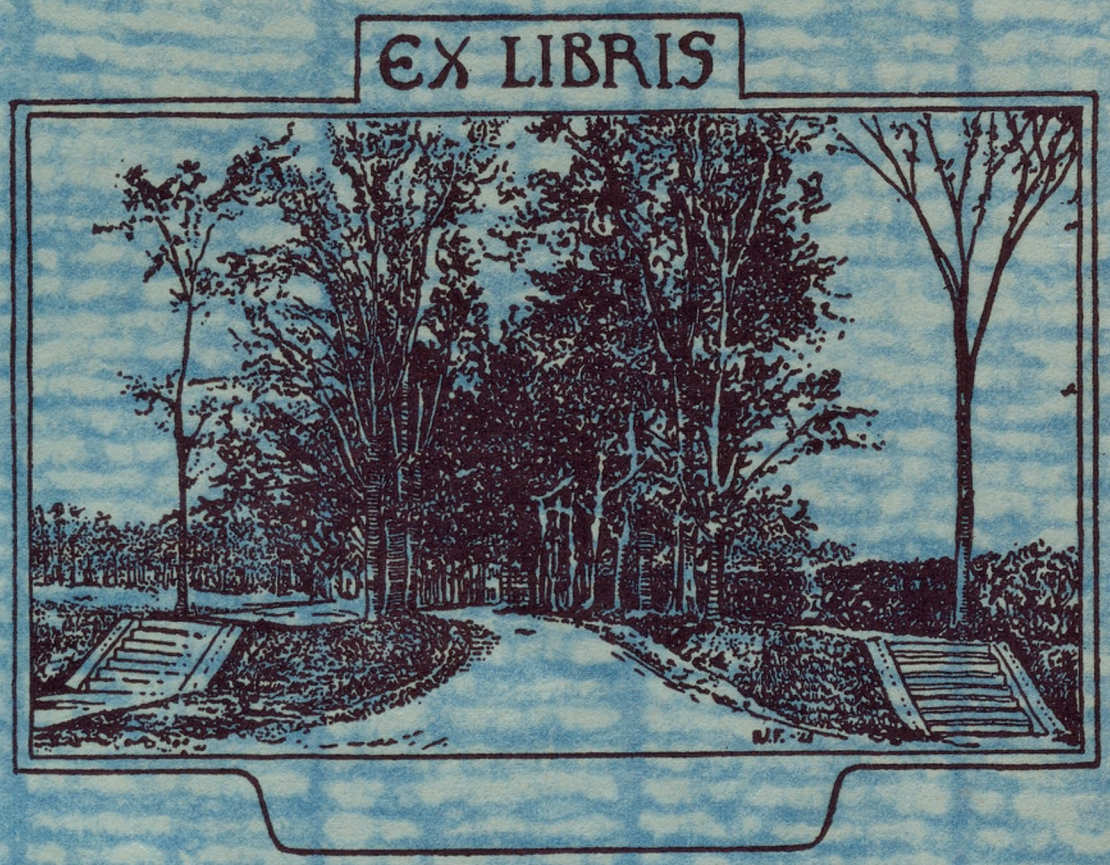
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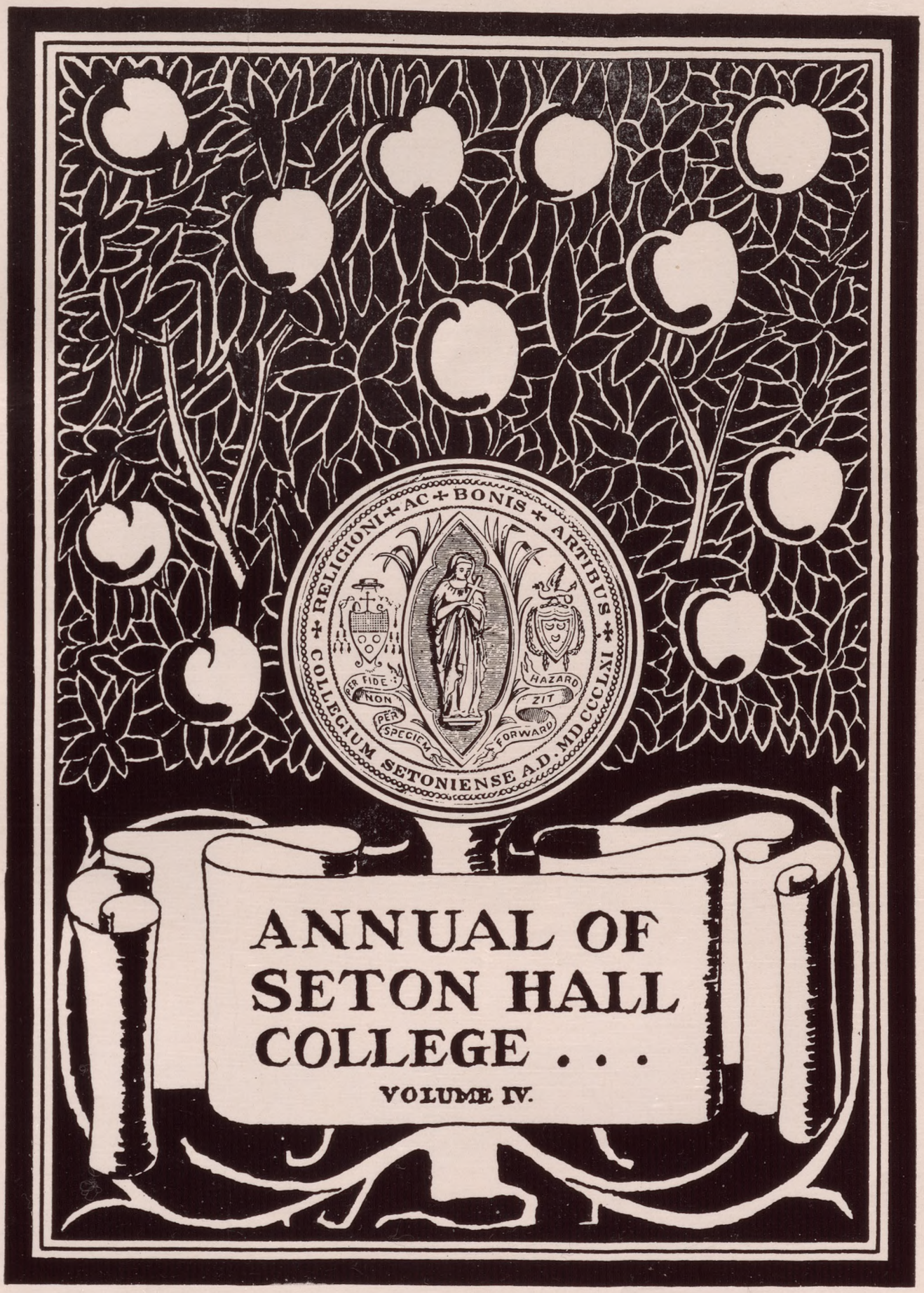

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"MEMORY IS THE ONLY PARADISE

FROM WHICH WE CANNOT BE DRIVEN."

The White and Blue.

Published by

SENIOR CLASS

1927.

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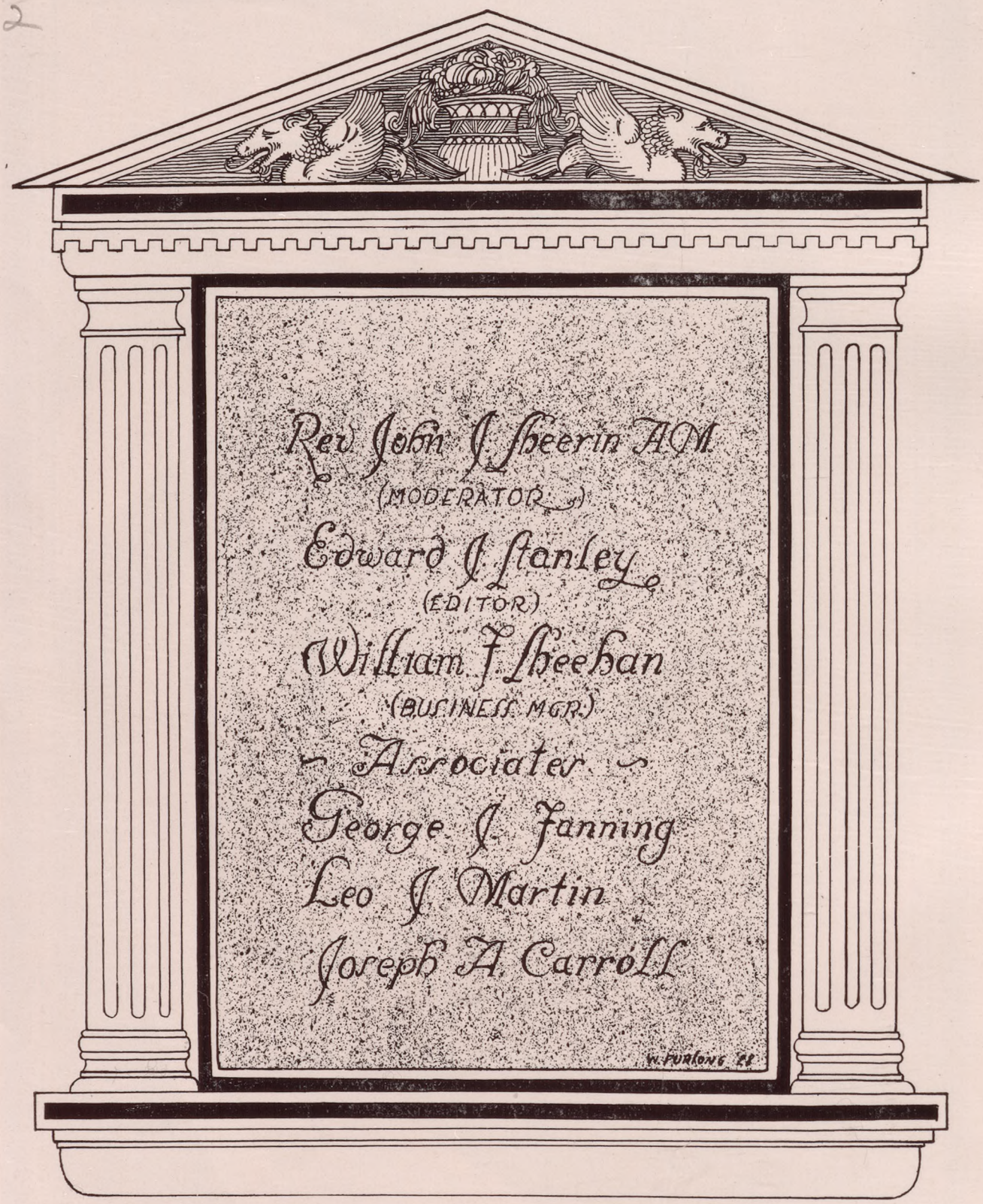

Foreword

THE curtain slowly falls. The great play has given its last number and the audience soon withdraws. The actors stand backstage and gather up their trappings, things they had learned to love so much. They all played a part whether great or small and each in his heart sees the glamour of triumph paled by the thought, 'it is the last time!' In his hand each holds a programme, souvenir of their happy work together, a remembrance of the struggle to success. It says to them in louder tones than spoken words White and Blue. The orchestra dies away—the crowd has gone, perhaps forgotten. But those who stood upon the stage with the joy of attainment filling their hearts, like true artists are strengthened at this parting from the beloved group with whom they spent their apprenticeship. As they take leave the stillness echoes with a gentle sound,—it is the strains of the last song ringing in their ears,—unforgetable, consoling.

Dedication.

We, the Class of nineteen hundred and twenty-seven, having arrived at length at that period wherein we are entrusted with the execution of the sacred privilege of a dedication which embodies all the work, hopes, and accomplishments of our college career, wish to bestow that singular honor where it is most deserved, and where it will be most acceptable. It is more than a privilege—a long-awaited day arrived—when now we can show in some way, that throughout the years we knew, and tried, and longed to to have the opportunity of displaying this token of our love to those who have made it possible. Into the ageing hands which have grown hard and worn with toil for us—before the dimming eyes which have so longingly watched us grow to manhood, we place our little reward with a prayer that it be a fitting emblem of our sentiments, a manifestation of our youthful effort to carry on what first we learned at their knees. And so, fully realizing and appreciating the love which actuated their constant personal sacrifice that we might reach this height in education, we very affectionately dedicate this volume of the White and Blue to our beloved parents.

RT. REV. JOHN J. O'CONNOR, D. D.
President, Board of Trustees

To our venerable and beloved Bishop, Eminent Alumnus of Seton Hall, whose sanctity and ardor in his ministry have extended without diminution through so many years, we offer our congratulations upon the celebration this year of his Golden Anniversary in the Priesthood and his Silver Anniversary in the Episcopate of the Diocese of Newark.

RT. REV. THOMAS H. MCLAUGHLIN, S. T. D.
President.

Melius Esse Quam Videri

OFTIMES indeed have we watched the golden beacon of day sink slowly, radiantly behind the Orange Mountains; and as we gazed upon its receding glow there came to us a tinge of sadness that another day was over. Yet in that note of sadness arising from the present loss there lay a comfort in the thought that in some far off distant land that self-same ray of hope announced the dawn to another world. Today we watch a sun that sets for the last time on our years at Seton Hall. In its dying beams sober reflection bears a manifold review, but there is one feature that stands above the rest—"Rather be than merely seem to be." It was the guiding light which we tried to follow throughout our career and as it starts its descent upon that life we are now leaving, we see with joy that greater and better field which it begins to open to us, and we make a wish that in it too, ever our actions will shine forth and that we will "Be rather than just seem to be."

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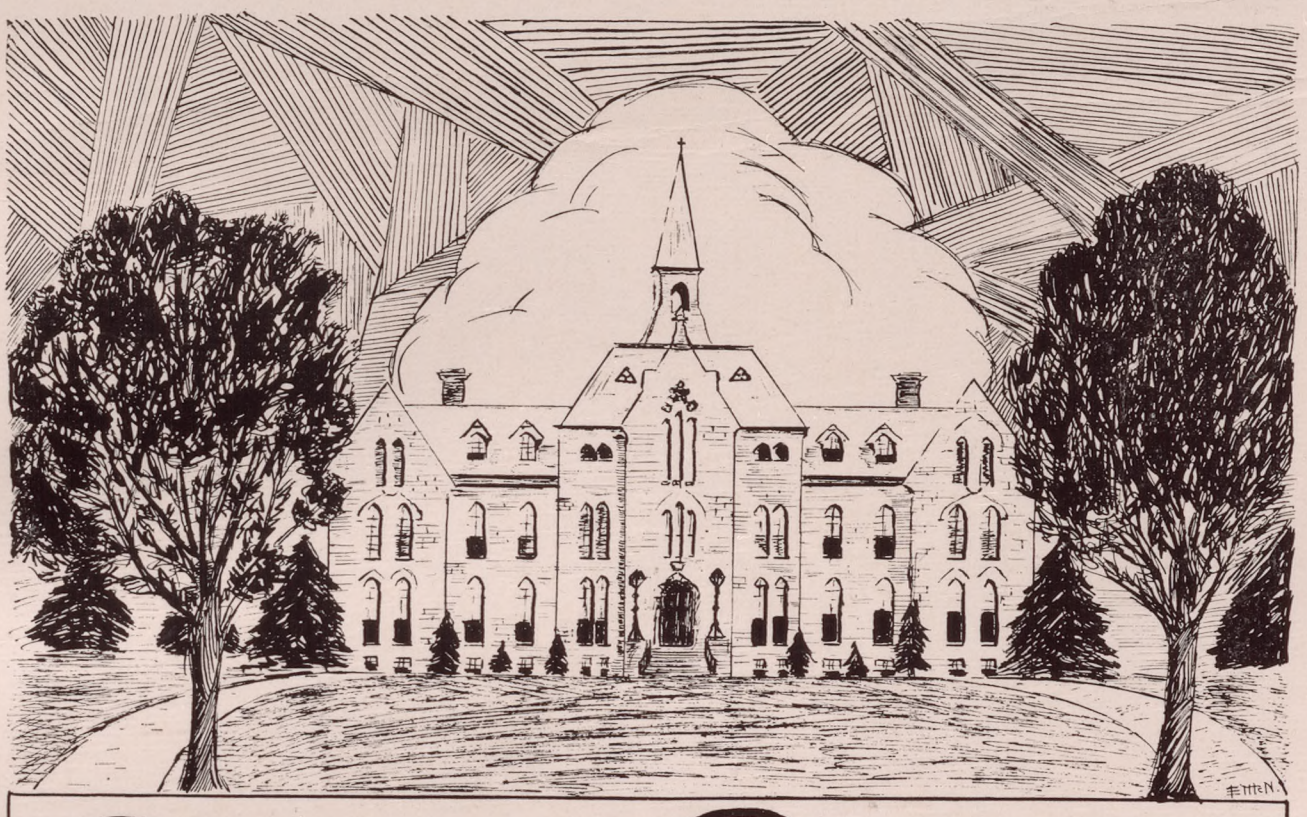

Campus Scenes

'Tis a fragrant retrospection
For the loving thoughts that start
Into being, are like perfume
From the blossoms of the heart;
And to dream the old dreams over
Is a luxury divine
When my truant fancy wanders
Through the past, as years decline.

"This is the path of solitude where nature canopies with mottled beauty the weary philosopher 'midst the quiet of the dying day."

"And here is our little chapel—haven or rest! No scene more beautiful in our college days, where all alike are treated and a whisper of the Divinity reaches out to the passerby."

"Turning our gaze from the chapel we see draped with the redeeming softness of spring the House of State from whose walls administering justice comes and wherein all hopes are decided."

"We pass under the little bridge between the chapel and the administration building and approach Alumni Hall from whose steps our Alma Mater gives her final benediction to her outgoing Sons."

"Leaving Alumni Hall we turn at the rear of the chapel and look back upon the famous old quadrangle so well known to friends of Seton Hall. Here the old grad loves to wander and in his mind's eye live once more the days of his youthful aspirations."

"We proceed along the path to the front and come in view of Bayley Hall our newly created philosophy hall, much loved picture of our Senior year framed in the fashion of the Great Artist."

"From here also we can look across over the Great Heart to the college building, the home of Seton Hall beneath whose sheltering roof our happiest hours were spent."

"Before we go we take a final look from our room in the college building over the campus and the house-tops to the encircling Orange mountains; and then we say good-bye to Seton Hall."

FACULTY

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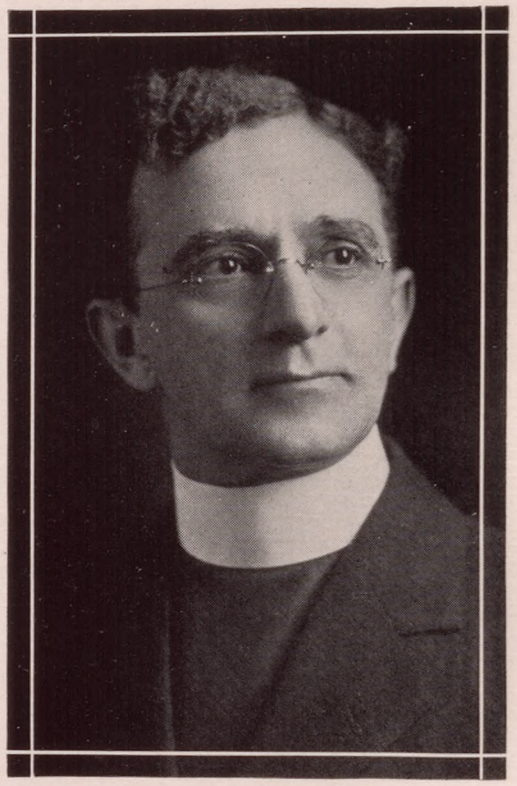
A. M., S. T. D.
Professor of Economics



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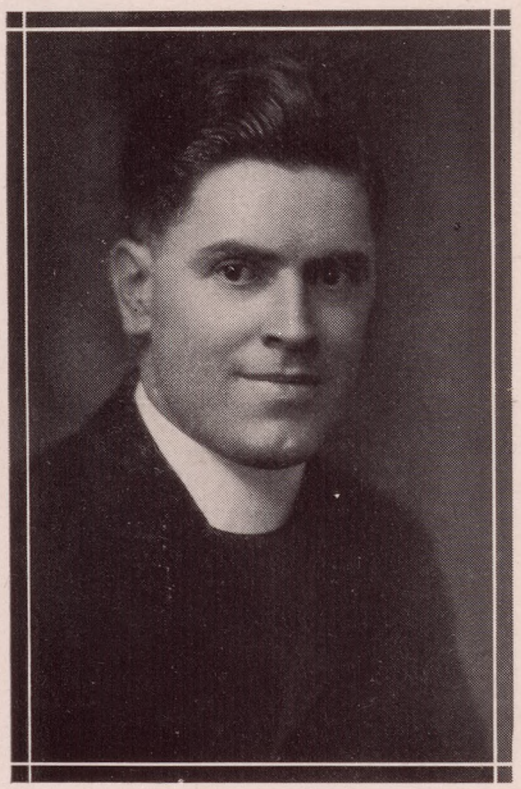

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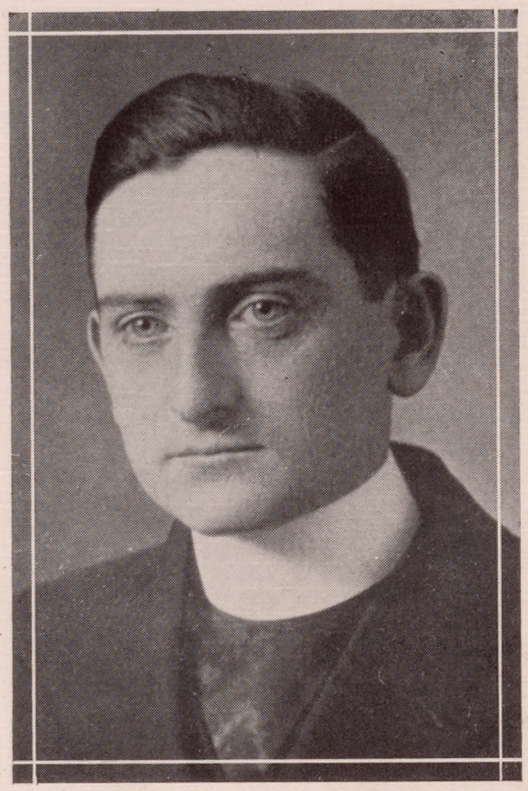

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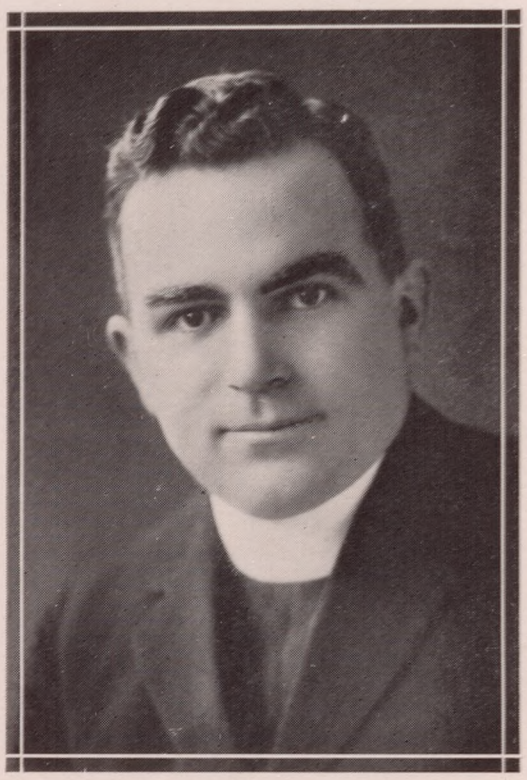

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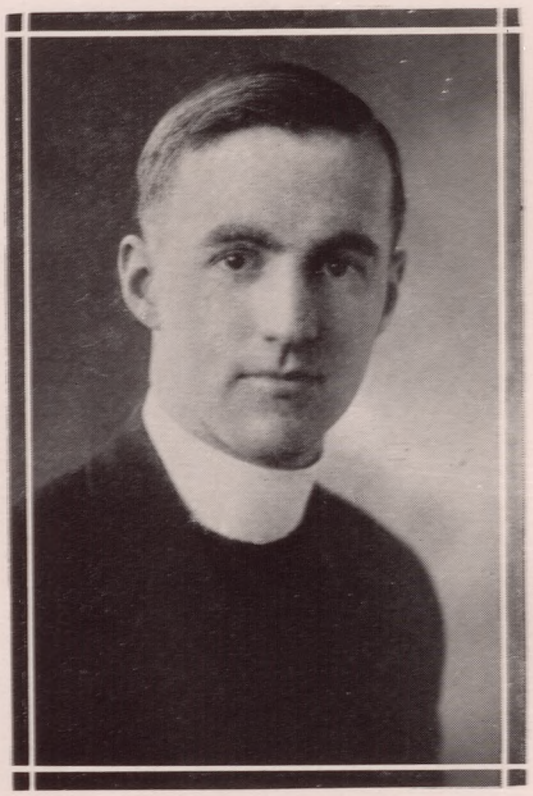

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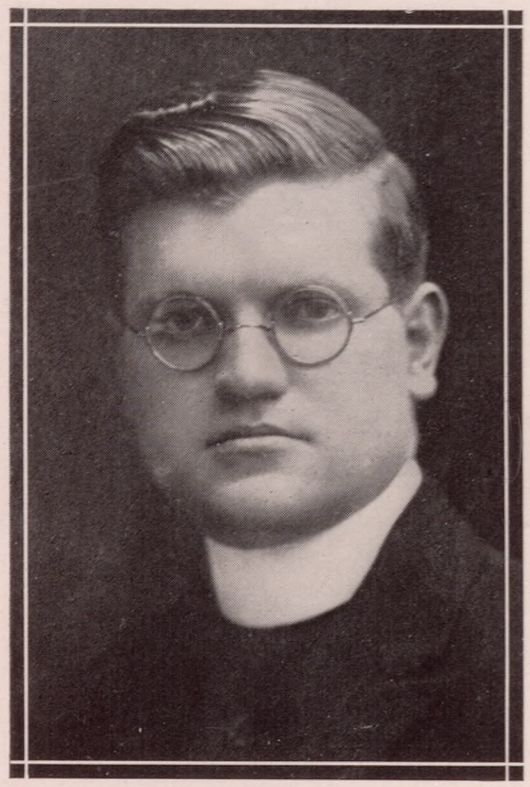

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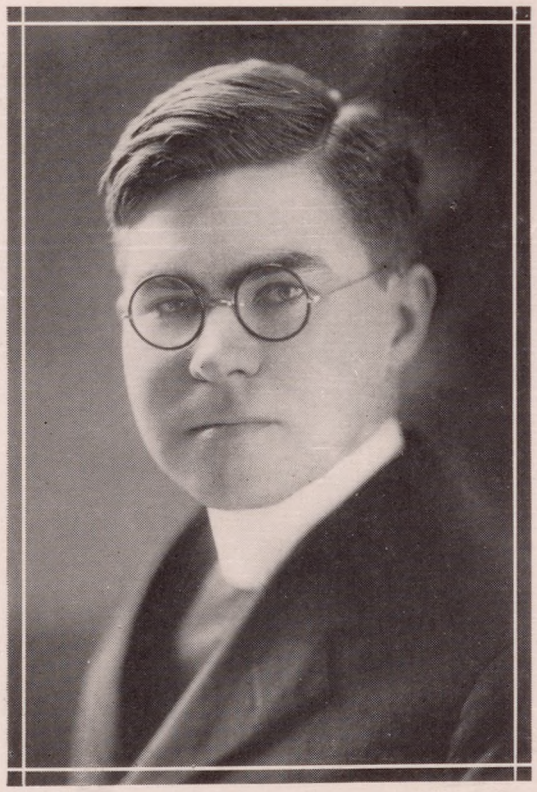

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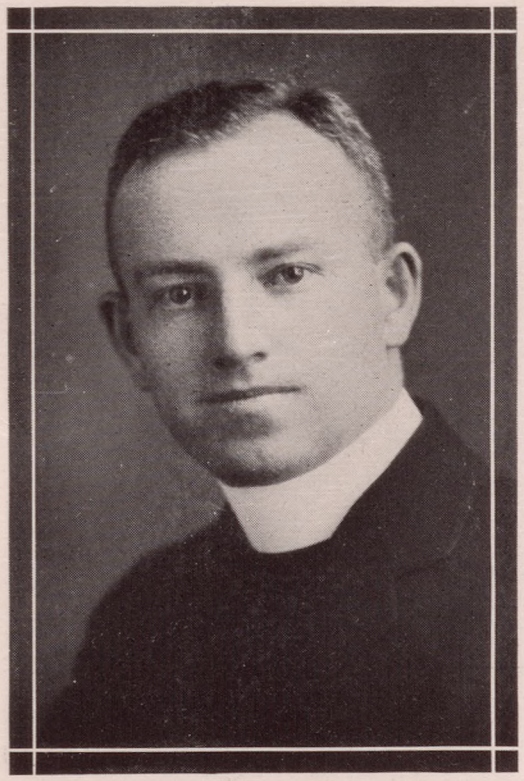

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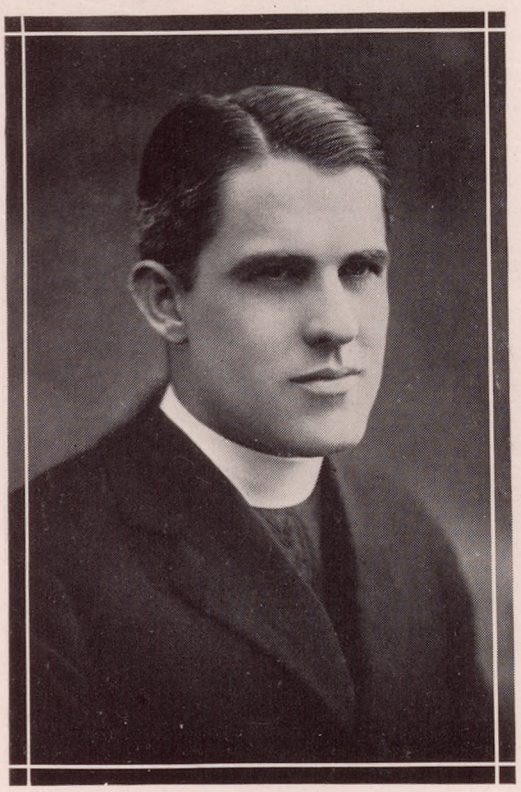

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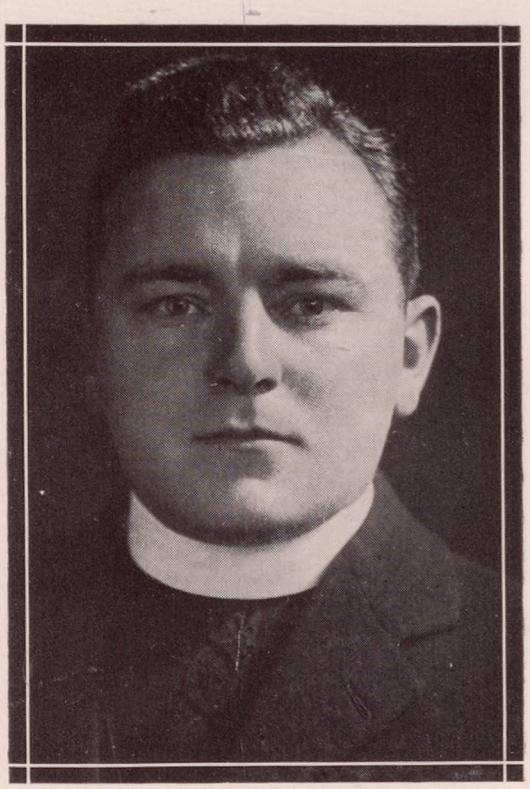

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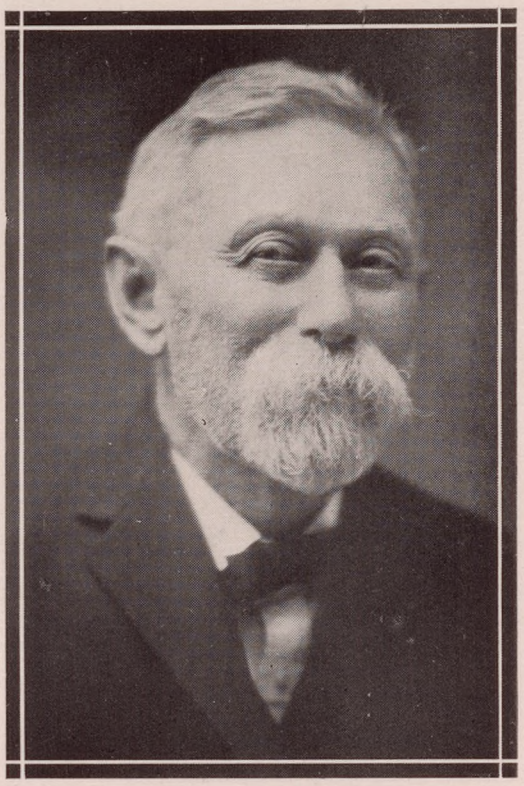

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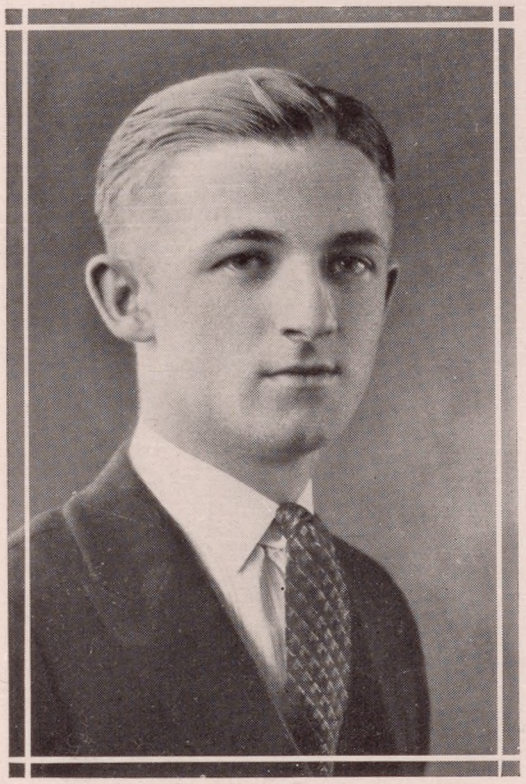

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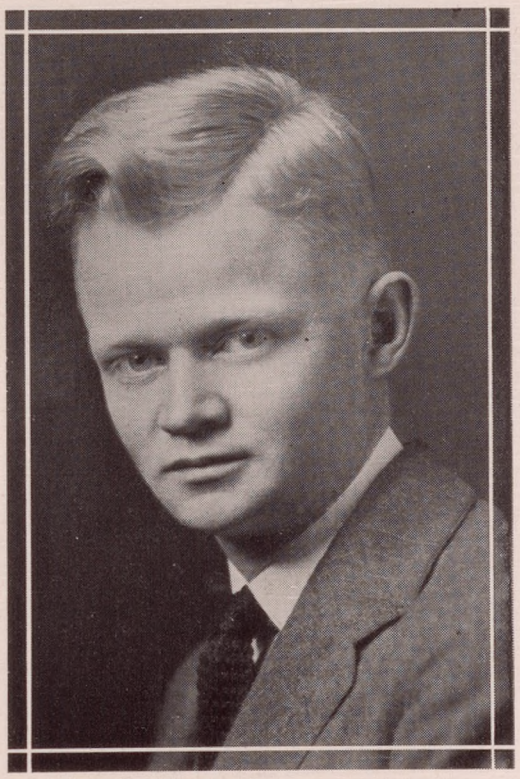

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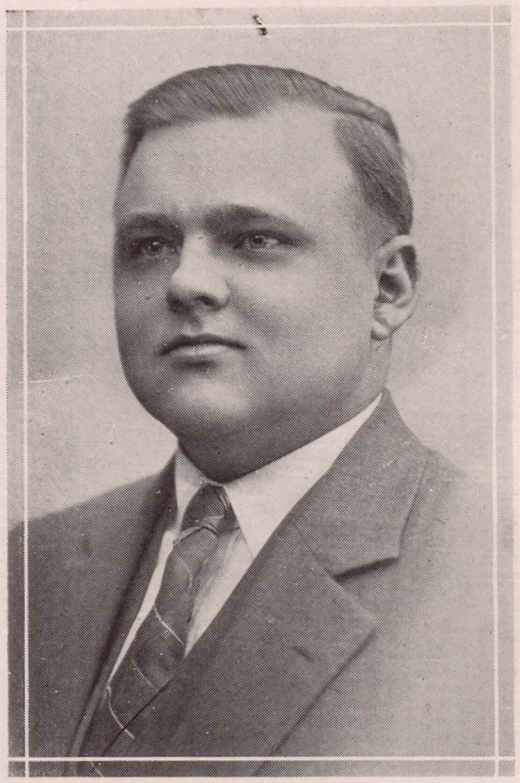

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Instructor of English and Mathematics

Mr. John A. Sherry, A. B.
Instructor of Spanish

Mr. Howard E. Merity, A. B.
Instructor of History and Director of Orchestra

Mr. Leo F. McManus, A. B.
Instructor of English and Mathematics

Mr. George J. Martin, A. B.
Instructor of Mathematics and History

Mr. Arthur A. Siniscal
Instructor of Science

Autographs

SENIORS
W. FURLONG '28

SENIOR

CLASS

Class of 1927
Seton Hall

William Anthony Hornak of *Bayonne;* Edward Joseph Stanley of *East Orange;* Joseph Aloysius Carroll and Francis Xavier Donovan of *Elizabeth;* Thomas George Grant of *Hillside;* Francis Carlos Carey, Peter Joseph Cousins and William Francis Sheehan of *Jersey City;* Walter James Kraus of *Kearney;* Joseph Aloysius Doyle, George Joseph Fanning, John Aloysius Farrell, Joseph Francis Kaiser, John Joseph Outwater, and Joseph Patrick Powers, all of *Newark;* Charles Everett Garrett of *Orange;* Leo James Martin of *Roselle Park,* – all in *New Jersey;* John Justin Kinta of *Waterbury,* in *Connecticut;* and William Glen Lavery, *West New York, New Jersey.*

Retrospection

Life with it's shadow is blending
Care and unending toil,
While my weary way I am wending
Far from my native soil.
Still my dream of the golden past
Shows me a golden tint
Of faces and forms that evermore last
With joy that holds no stint.
Memory's hand so deft to paint
The loved scenes of the past
Traces for me with colors faint
The thoughts that time has cast.
The greying head, the dimming eye
Sees far beyond the veil,
So come with me and we will try
To unfold dame Memory's tale.
In picture fair I see the scene
Of youthful hearts afire
Pursuing mad life's fairest dream
Of which they never tire.
Twenty young hearts aglow with love
Step from a portal high
With sprightly step, eyes turn'd above
For them life's future's nigh.
Strange are the paths each one selects
O'er many a land and sod,
Each to the task where duty becks
Yet all lead back to God.
Countless years have marred the trace
Whither each youth did tread
Time and care have seamed each face
Many have joined the dead.
Memory marks for those who are left
The pictures of bygone years
Slowly but surely with fingers deft
Traces the joys and fears.
Down near the blue where sunset glows
In the slanting shades of the sea
Memory lingers again to show
Faces of you and me.

W. FURLONG '28
BACKWARD TURN BACKWARD
O TIME IN YOUR FLIGHT.

Out of the Past

THE crystalled glass reflects the myriad sparkles of nature's whitened wood and frosted diamonds lead their beams from the embers of my parlor grate to the frozen world beyond the pane. I can hear the wind outside, —there is a soothing comfort in it, and somehow as I gaze through the portiere beyond into the snowy hills I am a trifle homesick. The radio seems to sense my longings and it's strains of music are lightening to the tune of an old, old piece;— "Backward turn backward O Time in your flight—make me a boy again just for to-night.—" It fades and then as I enter my study to sit in revery at my table;— "Mother come back from the echoless shore take me again to your heart as of yore,—" All the vivid feelings of time's resurrection envelop me and the air carries me gently as an angel would a cloud away from the light of the sun.

I am rolling gently—down and down—strange figures loom ahead and yet I seem to know them—reason enough, for it is the "Big Parade" of long ago. I can see the picture draw nearer; alternate views of many things. And there before me is a much famed group quite happy and each one carrying books and papers. One I presume is a noted authority on English for it is being told how he won some great medal—the Noble Prize I believe, for his English; Carroll is the name. All are on the "qui vive" about something,—nothing very important as I found out later—only themselves. They are all talking about some friend named Socrates—a political leader, I judge from what they quote of him to the effect that, "he makes the better reason appear the worse."

What is this gathering, Congress? No, not enough long speeches for that. Some socialists? Perhaps, from the way they use each other's papers. Time progresses and worried faces succeed as different men put the assembly to task for opinions on subjects of various kinds. From the answers it would seem to be a trial of some dear friend and testimony is unwilling.

But the answer is easy. They are but reflections of days of wanderings eclipsing those of Ulysses. Back through that quaternary of years beginning in September 1923 the spell carries me. Then we were called freshmen, term significant of lowliness and obeisance. In the eyes of those above us we served as so many gargoyles decorative even in our meanness for better things. There we are rushing up with our morning papers,—doing that Greek and other easy subjects, spending noon hour fighting for a place in the cheap store, wondering what it's all about on sleepy afternoons and then playing Mah Jong until 5 P. M. or pounding the floor in dainty steps for "On the Campus." Hear the pennies! What days! That Freshman Banquet with it's manifold and joyful references came and went and so the Spring, the period of our freshness and greenness passed as in us the seeds of knowledge began to develop under the careful cultivations of our reverend professors.

Sophomore Year

Before we knew it the summer was upon us with a sun shining more freely and diffusing it's beams in a sky that was bluer than the last for now we were sophomores. Our number was less for here and there a weed had been pulled or some had died for want of the cultivator's hand during the short period of vacation. How we towered above the new freshmen! It all seems so recent now as I visualize those days in the library building with the knowledge of centuries peering down upon us. Look, there is Father Walsh sitting in the back of the room while Ev Garrett gives a travelogue on Alaska or George tells us how to ship our trunks. You can almost see the icicles and hear the trunks as they fall gently from the truck. Father Demjanovich has just entered with a hay infusion and the dear little worms and frogs—so nicely preserved in sweet smelling sauce—pleasant memories of after luncheon topic! There we see Iphigenia, and the "stranger twins" succumbing to her wiles as she "makes up to them." Horrors! But it's all in the game and speaking of games; how our baseball team played—beating Seniors, Juniors and—getting beaten—well I don't remember. Leo Martin and Ed Stanley are playing to the gallery in the "Sophomore" and Peter Cousins is bowing over his violin in the pit, evidence of our aesthetic side.

In those days there was standing room only and sometimes resort had to be made to borrowing a chair from hallowed districts. And the free lunch at the cheap store—Oh yes under the Grant credit system; it was great. But quicker than speech the summer had travelled and now was drawing to a close. We had budded and blossomed, we had been fortified and strengthened and upon us was the flush and glow of learning.

Echoes of Guggenberger, lull me once again in peaceful dreams!

Junior Year

Our eyes closed for a moment to open once more upon the Autumn. This was the time of the harvest, a season rich in fruit and brilliant in color. They say that fools rush in where angels fear to tread. We weren't angels but despite our "rush" time proved we were not of the other class either.

Resuming effort we entered upon a world of mystery—Junior. Boarding, bells, black books, Higgins and Waples, beautiful texts—all in one and oft repeated,—they were the things that stole our smile away. How the "Barbara Celarent—" rings yet in my ear and the "few objections that were raised,"—and that adequate disjunction of knowledge or its lack. It was a case of 'ut patet' or 'mox patebit' but the burden of proof was all on our side.

The discussions on our separated brethren and the "good Doctor" or the quotations of the "gentleman from the south" still linger as I see us sitting there, the strangest class that ever went through the place in many a moon. The reading lessons too, with their interpolations of "Say Mister" and "punctum" recall hours of value and of Marx. There's the line up which gave the inspiration for the song "I'm Walking Around in Circles." Dancers? No, just the boys with the tabula rasa on their first phil oral day.

We learned to face the issue and under classic fulminations our power of subtle disquisition came into its own and with it, Junior Night. Can you think back how in accordance with everything else unique we had to feast on fish because it was Friday? Do you recall how we posed all stiff and trim for a picture that didn't come out? And do you remember the Ave Marie version of Tschaikowsky "Melodie?" Or can you hear the piano solo in the "Country Garden,"—and see the speakers standing like aurochs before the podium and in the back the beautiful decorations and our fancy class banner? A homely reminiscence of what was!

Following days brought more assurance in their wake, the wrinkled brows relaxed, faces were shaved more often and in the cool of the evening our steps were lighter as we walked along with the Seniors on the front path. Our eye began to turn to things to come and in that turning one question was uppermost "Who will they be?" Conjectures, facts, denials, proofs and all meant nothing.

And as we ponder I see this period drawing to a close amidst the final ploughing and gathering and other tests that usually accompany this busy season of the harvest. The seed that was, had fallen upon good ground and as the fruit matured this season as the rest passed in aeternum.

Senior Year

And now we come to the Winter—to the time when the harvest must bear the frosts and colds of the biting air and show itself worthy of the name it bore; Senior the year of years.

How pleasant it seems to be again in our little private room with the sound boards for walls. Father Sheerin so well known and loved by us in previous years returns as professor of phil and as he sits there expounding the loftier concepts of "bonum in commune" and "aseitas" there comes a vivid recollection of that so well learned fact that something (I don't know what) was discovered amongst the ancient Greeks, was resurrected by Locke and elaborated by Condillac. What a beautiful thought.

We might have been christened quidnuncs by one who should see us rushing around always going somewhere holding consultations and meetings in various places, managing teams, editing literary works, collecting money and now and then taking to the stage or singing harmony in the Glee Club and of course going to class on the side. We sure were busy but how I wish we could do it all over again, don't you?

There came a time when the seniors in globo took a special liking to the campus and the trips to the village and city line were made by two representatives alone. Strange fact but true. It was a golden chance for us to see Seton Hall and its grounds. Seven chosen ones were picked to live apart from the rest that they might grow in wisdom. Remember then how Jack Outwater as a bold bad pirate unfolded the plot of the Christmas play with the all important words "What now master" and how Joe Carroll as his fellow-pirate was his prompter, and how the handsome rollicking sailors, Bill Sheehan, Willie Hornak and Frank Carey looked so nice and unusual in their clean white suits; and how the landsmen pure and simple in the person of Ev Garrett, John Farrell, Tom Grant, Joe Doyle took such pains to rouge and powder their faces to match the glow of their velvet costume; and how Ed Stanley sang in the quartet with a stage name ending in—ski?

Father Whalen was still with us in those days and how he grieved at mid year over what happened to the poor books of Moses. "Oh—its beautiful and grand." How often we sighed when as tired amanuenses we'd pause as Dr. Monahan would look up and then to our disappointment say, "New paragraph." It was an established custom to try everything new out on us so Mechanics became our senior novelty and brought with it a new and pleasant association with Father Dilger. We cannot forget the examples.

Frequent were our meetings behind closed doors when the president had news of note for seniors to decide or we listened attentively to the obsecrations of the year book staff. How our pictures were in demand! At every turn of the road a camera was waiting to snap us. The price of seniority and importance. The contretemps of our career occurred during the economic crisis due to the sudden demand on black ties. Only our ingenuity and steady fingers saved us from disaster.

I could go on in almost endless relations but it must suffice to give a simple review of our closing days at Seton Hall. The swiftness of time brought us toward the goal; class day when we welcomed our guests and relatives and friends to rejoice with us;—alumni day when we entertained those whom soon we were to call brother alumni; and then commencement the biggest day of all when we stood on the brink at the end of our journey, a garden of cultured young gentlemen, the product of an untiring and faultless cultivator our Alma Mater, directed by her worthy workmen, our faculty. What a metamorphosis we had undergone; first, the crude freshman, then the clumsy overbearing sophomore, next the proud, haughty junior and now the finished dignified senior. Soon, very soon—too soon we were to leave our Alma Mater—then to the Freshman in life's School. We sought to give a pledge that day that we, ever mindful of our training at Seton Hall would prove a worthy Harvest to the World. Do you recall?

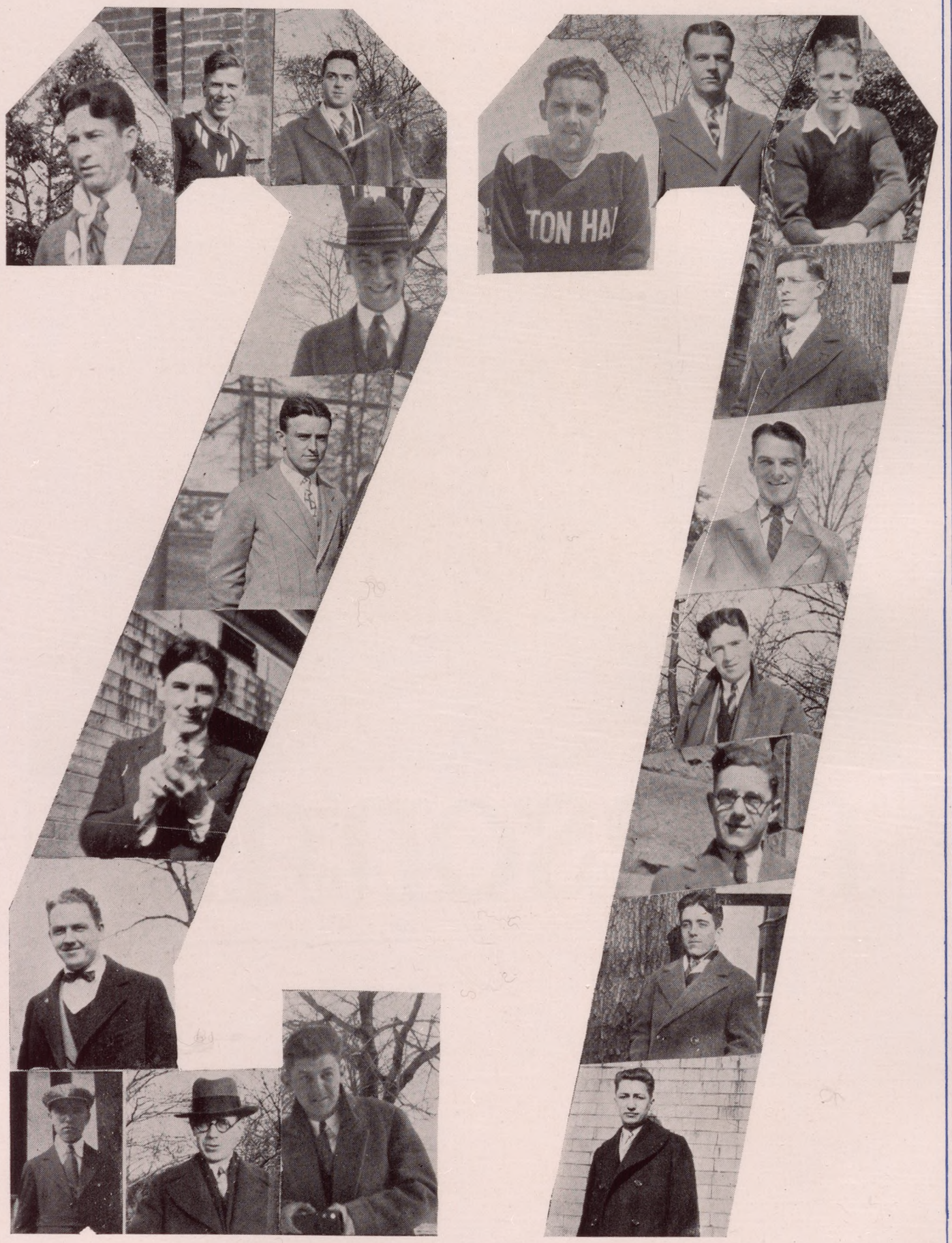
In one great scene as in the closing act of a drama there stands the representation of all the happy incidents, all the events that once transpired and all of us in one grand tableau. Briefly the picture remains. The figures then merge together and become a dim vision. Gathering clouds gradually lower and envelop the spectacle, bearing but a rolling black mass. Slowly from my reverie I awaken and with a sigh of resignation withdraw myself from the influence which had held me in its grasp.

College days farewell!

DISTINCTION OF TERMS USED AROUND THE HALL

A. B. .....The goal.
Permission .....Strange rite necessary for freedom.
Dumping .....Profound dissipation; chronic to seniors.
Stew .....Like electricity, indefinable; known from properties and and constant use.
Senior Cafeteria .....Place where lay professors enjoy good meals.
Lay Professors .....Individuals with whom seniors are on a par.
Private Room .....Half-Way house for tired day scholars, etc.
Bacon and Eggs .....Heard of but as yet not seen on premises.
Privileges .....The "Will of the Wisp" we so long sought.
Dismal Science .....Siesta; late morning news, letters, day dreams.
Five Bells .....Habit peculiar to prefects.
Double Holiday .....Home sweet home,—with the emphasis on the sweet.
City Line .....The Centre of gravity. (?)
Great Heart .....Sacred precinct of the campus.
Seniors .....They who know!

PERSONALS
W. FURLONG '28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FRANCIS C. CAREY, A. B.

"Men of few words are the best men."

Class Athletics. Glee Club.

JPRITHEE who is this dignified youth? The answer to the query is found in Frank Carey, the tall Senior who has distinguished himself by what little he said and how he said it in our four years' acquaintance. No one would meet "Max," without being impressed by his air of gentle manliness and candour. As a student Max has always held his own and no philosophic problem is so abstruse as to dampen his ardor for argumentation. Statistics are his mainstays and with such he has often won his point. In athletic lines Max has always taken a keen interest and displayed good form. Apart from his usual routine, every call for Carey can be promptly answered from Room 45 where sleep was even forgotten in the insatiable quest for new orchestras or new stations on the air. As high in ideals as in stature we need no seer to delve into what will come. May the present seed of good fellowship and staunch friendship ripen with passing years into a broader and greater circle with yourself Frank, at its center.

JOSEPH A. CARROLL, A. B.

"Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit."

Associate Editor of "The White and Blue" Glee Club.

A SENIOR class would not be complete without one of whom it could say,—'He was small in stature but excelled in worth'—and here he is. Joe quickly overcame the handicap of coming from Elizabeth and this surely is a strong fact in his favor. Joe comes nearest to our ideal of the perfect gentleman. He ever exhibited those qualities of calmness, gentleness and manly humility which others of us often envied. Always unobtrusive, he possesses that rare quality which draws others to him. As an ad getter for "The White and Blue" Joe early won fame and was judged a necessary addition to its staff. As everywhere else, so also on the Senior football team his successes were surprising and effective as often he avoided the swiftest pursuer by running under them. But time is up and for the rest we must bid Joe good-bye. Remember Joe when we shall draw apart and the brown curly head over which many successful years have rolled is tending to gray that we too will be remembering you.

PETER J. COUSINS, A. B.

"And he puts himself upon his good behavior."

Orchestra. Class Athletics.

ONE would hardly recognize here the bashful youth of four years ago in our now strictly collegiate Pete Cousins. Like many others of such calibre his talents were unheralded until some kind fate let it be known that Pete was not only a scholar but a musician and athlete. Many afternoons he lightened the wearied hearts of the boarders in "Hogan's Alley" with the sweet strains of his faithful old fiddle. The class of '27 was always sure of a representative in the thespianic exhibitions when Pete would infallibly begin brushing his white trousers for his next public appearance. In class athletics, Pete always excelled and every-time an athletic committee was needed, Pete was chosen and protected '27's interests. Now more than ever before we feel the truth of Shakespeare's verse "Parting is such sweet sorrow." We will cherish as fond memory Pete's winning smile, and will strive to imitate his non-committal air. Whatever path in life he treads our good wishes are with him to be followed by the accomplishment of life's hopes we know as the just reward of toil.

FRANCIS X. DONOVAN, A. B.

"Thinkest thou existence doth depend on time?
It doth; but actions ever are our epoch."

Class President (Junior). Committees.

WHO is there, who does not know our own inimitable Francis X. Donovan. In the days of our Freshmen year Frank was with us but not of us, as each afternoon you would see him hurrying Elizabethwards with his little brown brief case. Sophomore year brought Frank as a boarder, and with him an endless array of books of every language. During the past two years in our close associations of boarding life, we have discovered in Frank a substratum of intense fiery zeal for progress in learning. On whatsoever subject you may speak, almost at his finger tip he can refer you to a book from his extensive library. His ability in legislative lines was exhibited in the efficient way in which he conducted Junior class activities. Frank together with us all faces life's great problem. The future spreads before him and knowing his depth of foresight we feel he has visualized some great future. To him God's speed and in his endeavors well earned fruition, is the keynote of his classmate's farewell.

JOSEPH A. DOYLE, A. B.

"Measures not men have already been my mark."

Class Secretary (Senior). Class Athletics.

FROM all he says and does we own he might already be on the platform of the Hague machine, but truly not yet. Joe's calm deliberation weighs all problems well and his erect carriage brings him where he breathes the air of senators. In questions of moment Joe's O. K. was always ready to settle dispute and clear the trouble. He was some dresser too and always upheld the senior prerogative of looking his best at all times. When it came to arranging or managing stage fixtures and scenery the work could not be done without him. During the lecture in behalf of the C. S. M. C. Joe's experience served in good stead when he operated the machine for the slide illustrations. Never ruffled nor excited Joe passed along on a plane of his own and even in athletics maintained that dignified stride and manner which christened him "Senator." Let us know Joe when you are to oppose the "gentleman from Alabama" and you can be sure we'll tune in to hear you.

GEORGE J. FANNING, A. B.

"Rise with the lark and with the lark to bed."

Advertising Manager of "The White and Blue." Vice-President (Senior).

HERE is one of Newark's best and we know that's saying a lot. We believe he is the original subject for—"Let George do it"—for letting this George do it ever assured prompt response and that sincere fairness which characterized all his actions. The living example of Heaven's first mandate of order he works hard when he works and he plays hard when he plays,—the senior teams can verify; and we who know him will ever remember how seriously and how enthusiastically he took life at the Hall. You cannot separate a great character from his virtues, so we do not attempt to adaequate those of our friend with poor words. A constant smile of patience, an ever helping hand, an unbiased opinion in our steel armed George endeared him to us and makes us foresee the coming success which his calibre cannot help but have. At our parting we give you our hand, George, with the wish that you will reach the heights at the game of being "healthy, wealthy and wise."

JOHN A. FARRELL, A. B.

"He's great who is what he is from nature and never reminds us of others."

Class President (Senior). Glee Club.

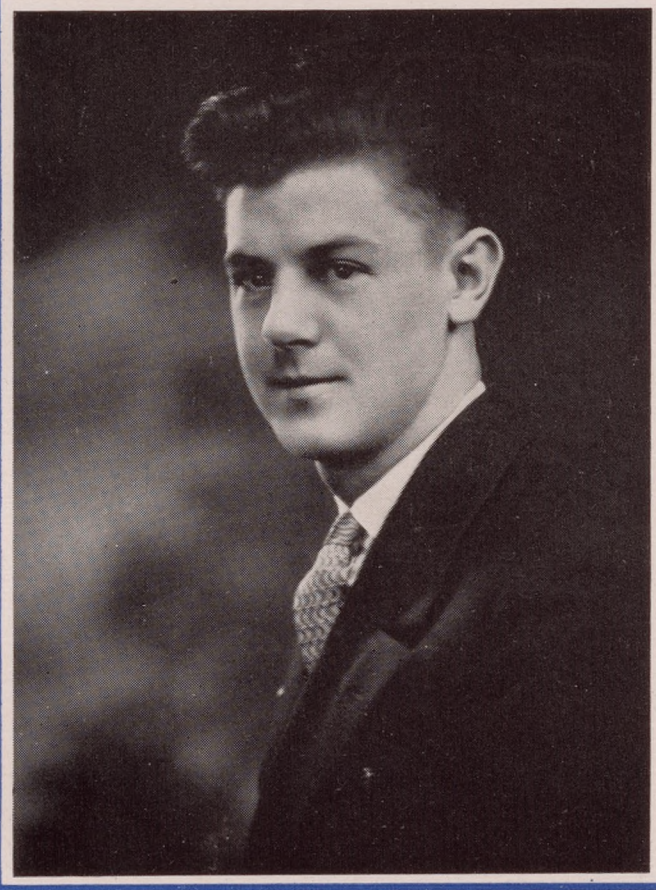
WITTY and wise marks our president's career. John's presence was the panecea for choleric tendencies. Always alert for something new his wide awake tactics kept us too on the jump for what was coming next. As an entertainer he produced many a show that would have made the public sit up and take notice had it been given outside his esoteric circle. No one can ever appreciate John as we do. His sagacity lay beneath remarks dressed with the appeal of witticism and used to advantage in the solution of class difficulties. As Junior treasurer his methodical care put us all financially "well off" and earned the respect which made him head of senior government where "Farley's rule" brought pleasant progress to our most important year of college. John was a born usher and no occasion was complete without him to lead the way. His companionship is stored with the treasures that outlast time and always though land or sea may separate it will live with us in spirit. Good luck John!

CHARLES E. GARRETT, A. B.

"I am a man and nothing that concerns a man,
Do I deem a matter of indifference to me."

Manager of Baseball. Junior Night Speaker.

WHEN we come to tell you about him it is rather hard to know where to start for only "Ev can be "Ev." We believe it would be rather out of nature for him to change nor would we wish such to be; strong-willed, scholarly, sincere, good looking and with a smile you just cannot resist, expressing a character unique as it is likable. Ev's life at Seton Hall was one round of success with the man ever marking his action by the estimable rule "duty before pleasure." In sophomore his eloquence won for him the medal for elocution in the college and on Junior Night he continued his rise as a speaker. Although his name was ever found amongst the select circle of intellectuals he found time for other things as well. When "sogginess" threatened he was out on the field with the best of us to renew that waning strength. As baseball manager Charlie climaxed his efforts with something worthy of note with a schedule showing the real man behind it. You leaving us to go—and where? There is only one answer Ev—to perfect that way you started at Seton Hall.

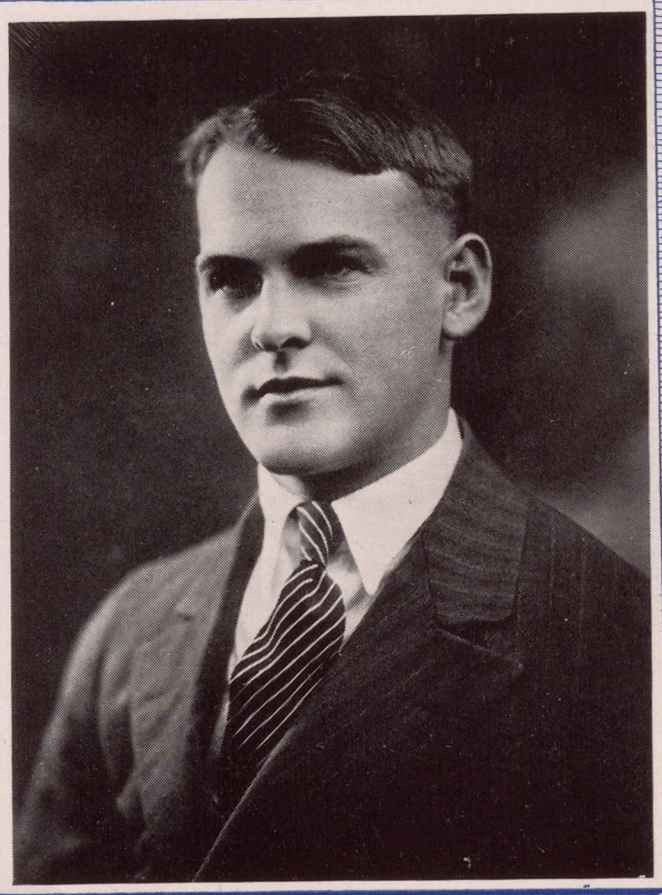


THOMAS G. GRANT, A. B.

"A friend may well be reckoned the masterpiece of nature."

Manager of Basketball. Glee Club.

MEET the host of Room 45, whose complacent and congenial being gave welcome to the poorest wayfarer and increased the fame of that historic corner. Tom possesses some secret power by which he allows nothing to worry him and believes that everything comes to him who waits; care-free yet definite in pursuit he is able to get where he's going with the best of us. *A* native of the Hill-side he was alert enough to come to Seton Hall where all the hay seeds were dropped to reveal the sterling character of "Gran-ti." Like other great men he has his failing in a strong liking for coffee; with a "Higgins" on his lap and coffee to last through the evening he would be contented for hours at a time. His big aim was to put over the Varsity Basketball Schedule and arrange those trips, which he did with an ease had by none other of us. Tom was a three letter man in class athletics besides ranking high as a student; and Oh what a local memory he had! But we give you to the future Tom and if that comes even near what we wish for you, all to which a man could aspire will be yours.



WILLIAM A. HORNAK, A. B.

"The manly part is to do with might and main wnat you can do."

Varsity Athletics. Glee Club.

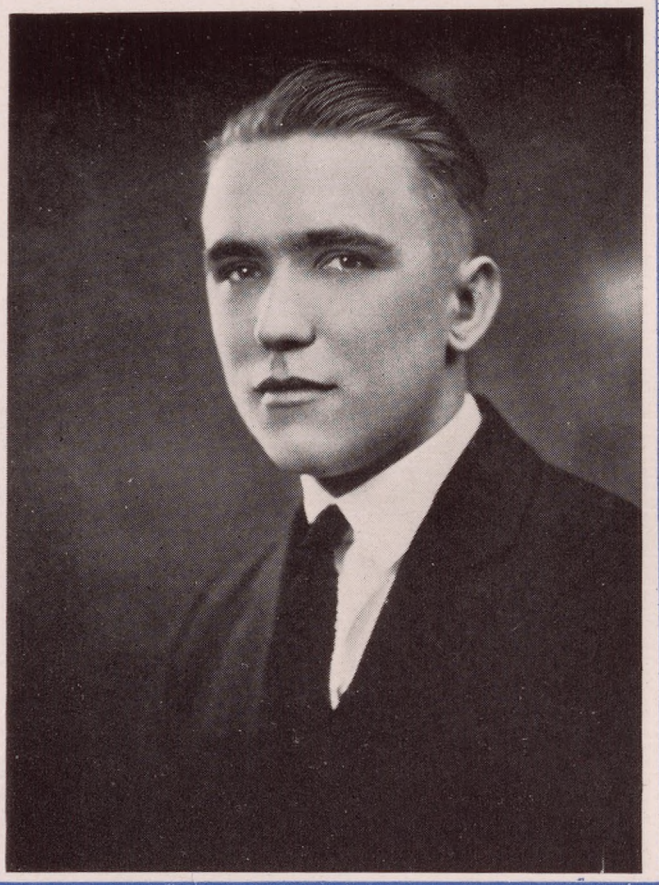
AT last we've reached Bayonne and in the arrival meet our mutual friend "Mac." He has a fondness for taxis but who wouldn't coming from such a distance? Another name emblazoned on the pages of athletic history we cannot tell much that is new in his career that has not already graced the pages of the daily press. We can however speak of the man and in a few words describe him as we know him. The "never say die" spirit was Willie's standard. His intensity of effort was recognized by his captaincy to Varsity Basketball in Junior year and his alternate captaincy of baseball in the same year. He had seemingly endless capacity of energy and always tried to expend it for his beloved school. When the Alumni played the prep football team "Mac" was the outstanding star of the whole game just because he went in there and played well as he did everything else well with an effort that gives all. As a friend Willie's place is sacredly guarded by each of us and in that place we hope to hold him in the future crowned with the success which is deserving those who always do their best.

JOSEPH F. KAISER, A. B.

"Happy am I from care I'm free,
Why ar'n't they all contented like me?"

Varsity Baseball. Committees.

CHEER to Joe is the essence of a happy life. It may be because he was a day scholar and he had the laugh on us when we were not free and he was. But whatever might have been the cause he certainly willed to share the result with others in the presentation of a perpetual smile accompanied by vigorous expressions of undying loyalty to Seton Hall whether it be varsity or minims. We welcomed Joe in Junior year but he needed no introduction or time to win our intimate friendship as long before we had known him. His sincerity was enough to captivate the attention of anyone and we well enjoyed Joe's enthusiasm and spirit for athletics. On the diamond he'd think nothing of stealing home after the catcher had the ball and his swift legs brought many a needed run to the varsity. In his friendship he made no line of demarcation and to his credit Joe's friends are numerous. Like the rest of us he is on his way now to leave;—good-luck be with you and keep that happy spirit ever burning in your heart.



John Justin Kinta, A. B.

"And if I laugh at any mortal thing
'Tis that I may not weep."

Class Athletics. Glee Club.

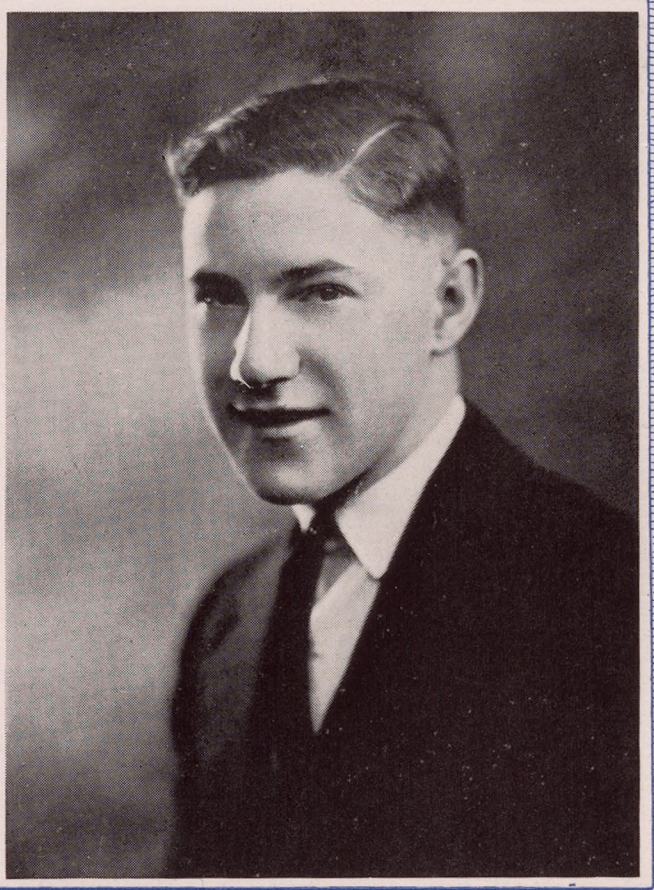
HAIL to the representative from the nutmeg state! Genial John stepped quietly into our ranks in Sophomore year and unheralded and unnoticed he plodded along until a startling rendition of Iphigenia's sad experiences brought the class to its feet. John is always ready to tell you about how they do it in Waterbury and is an information bureau on current events; consult John and you find the competitor of newsdealers, for everything that is new, John knows. His pet pastime was to strike out each afternoon for distant Newark to procure a paper with the news about the folks up home. A place for everything and everything in its place was typified in John as the class hours ending announced the buzz of static letting neighbors know he was at his hobby. From crystal to super hetrodyne, fell under his observation and like the Mythical character he took them apart 'to see of what they were made.' For John we predict naught but the good attained; for where love is, there is no failure, and no one can deny John's interest and affection toward studious enterprise.

WALTER J. KRAUS, A. B.

"Few things are impossible to diligence and skill."

Class Athletics. Committees

UNFLINCHINGLY we attempt this task of writing something apropos for Walter Kraus or our "Walt." From an abundance of good things we select a few and all are characteristic of Walter. Work! Work! and then more work meant nothing for him. The recitations may come and go but Walter keeps plodding along. In our early days at Seton Hall we scarce made his acquaintance so quickly did he come, so silently remain and so hurriedly did he depart. On meeting him Kearny was raised in our estimation for such a product could bespeak nothing but par excellence. In such a character we have found many things worthy of our admiration and imitation. Earnest and efficient he owes apologies to no man. Graduation means for Walter a crown of success that but portends still greater laurels. Nothing is insuperable to hard labor and with Walter's resolve and unbending purpose the lofty heights of great endeavors will surely be scaled. So long Walter, and may the best of good fortune ever be in your path to light a happy journey through life.



WILLIAM G. LAVERY, A. B.

"We grant although he had much wit
He was very shy of using it."

Class Athletics. Glee Club.

A KIND word turns away anger. Whoever composed that sentence must have known William Lavery, or "Dutch," as he is popularly called. Affable, likeable, witty yet serious, are but few of the copious adjectives to designate him. The first two years at Seton Hall fled swiftly by and we hardly knew who was the retiring youth, who said so little but expressed so much with his knowing smile. Junior year added to the ranks of boarders this curly haired lad and the wealth of witticism which he so cleverly concealed became wide spread, so that no outburst of hilarity or ring of cheerful laughter was complete without Dutch. Diligent and studious you would always find him with the little black book or reclining in his antiquated morris-chair with some good novel. Like all good things our close association with Dutch as college classmates must come to an end. Too many are the possibilities in life to decide upon for Dutch, and his retentiveness forbids too close inquiry. Where the road ends, we feel certain there is a great future, where the laurels of success will be his.

LEO J. MARTIN, A. B.

"He read much; he is a great observer,
And he looks quite through the deeds of men."

Editor-in-Chief of "The Setonian" — Class Treasurer (Senior).

LET us introduce to you a worker of the best type, assiduous, unwearying and withal always ready with a helping and welcoming hand. The midnight oil that burned in Leo's room usually burned for the benefit of some one else and the self same room was never empty of visitors who, 'came to tarry about a great man.' A wealth of knowledge gleaned from a wealth of experience and copious study afforded many a pleasant evening which reached into the wee sma' hours as we listened to the tales he told. As a student he is not to be excelled and we can't forget the example which his scholarship set for us. He is a deep thinker, and beloved friend, the last of which is his most admirable quality as agreed by many who call him such. The editions of "The Setonian" which came from press under Leo's capable hand are enough to tell you what he can do, and how well. As years pass on the memory of his "bed time" stories and the depth of humor lying in that learned head will be enjoyed again in retrospect, as we renew in mind what now we say, "Leo, the best success attend you."

JOHN J. OUTWATER, A. B.

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

Varsity Athletics.

Associate Editor of "The Setonian."

HERE is our most well known friend and there is none whose claim to popularity is more deserving. From his first days at Seton Hall in the prep to the last of his college days Jack has evidenced an admirable striving after perfection. For four years he held the role of first pitcher for the varsity baseball team, twice captained the basketball squad and in that time was assistant coach in the preparatory division. His work exemplified the ready concurrence of athletic and cultural attainments, for never did he allow one to be sacrificed to the other. Jack was a man of few words but the few usually came as a complement to something well thought upon and worth hearing. He has been christened "lucky" for there never was a situation however seemingly difficult that some providence did not step in and suddenly relieve him where others would have failed. Be that as it may we'd rather attribute it to the just outgrowth of a manly character. Jack's friends are numerous and his name far heralded. A great field lies before you Jack and in that too may you ever take the lead.

JOSEPH P. POWERS, A. B.

"He knew what's what and that's as high
As metaphysic wit can fly."

Business Manager of "The Setonian." Class Athletics.

PONDEROUS steps announce the arrival of one of our day scholar force and we look up to greet Joe Powers just got in from his morning walk; a man who carries weight in society. Since we've known him, Joe never told us much of what is on his mind but we believe there is something behind Joe's quiet which some day may be told to a world which can listen to its advantage. As a scholar he knew when to talk and his recitations evidenced that is wasn't bashfulness that kept him from being garrulous. Joe was a walking encyclopedia on college sports to the few chosen ones who shared his discourses on rare occasions. His affiliations with the newspaper business gave Joe a head start for his work on "The Setonian," whose business side he managed to perfection. Joe doesn't worry as his beaming presence evidences and his full proportions indicate. We hope Joe, that wherever your state in life shall lead, you shall never have occasion to deviate from such a philosophy of life but always successfully take and overcome things in their turn.

WILLIAM F. SHEEHAN, A. B.

"He sits 'mongst men like a descended god,
He hath a kind of honor sets him off more than a mortal seeming."

Business Manager of "The White and Blue." Glee Club.

BIG Bill was our towering giant and every inch of him a division of rare quality. In the fitness of things he was doubly blessed with a proportionate intellectual harmony to match his physical size. He joined us in junior and from the moment of his adoption took a place with the chiefs of the class. Bill had a wisdom far reaching and discerning and particularly delighted in knowing who was who amongst modern authors and of what value were their works. He made good use of those long legs and arms in gym and made us envious as he'd dash down the field for a touchdown so he'd get a mark of 90. Bill undertook that most difficult work of arranging Setonia's first football varsity schedule which unfortunately was called off. The work however, gave a glimpse of the masterful power in his makeup which culminated in his efforts to make a financial success of "The White and Blue." An eminent friend, tireless business man—the world waits for the day Bill when our loss will be its gain. May prosperity always light and guide you on your way.

EDWARD J. STANLEY, A. B.

"To those that know thee not, no words can paint,
And those that know thee, know that words are faint."

Editor-in-Chief of "The White and Blue." Junior Night Speaker.

AND last but not least we come to Ed. A depth of human understanding coupled with a gift of sage advice and a perfect willingness to give his help to anyone at any time marked to Ed's room a beaten path. We always enjoyed his association and his fluent talks and explanations on the deepest subjects. A clear analyst with a wide cultural knowledge he was a leader as a scholar; and further you may credit him as writer, speaker and singer,—a good mind with an equal voice and and pen to display it. His friendship marked no lines and asked only that it be accepted. Ed's character is rooted on a love of justice as its expression was given in our dealings with him. Always unostentatious we found his qualities only in his actions. To him we may apply the words "By their fruits you shall know them." "The White and Blue" is Ed's crowning work and in it you may read the man himself, original and painstaking in his quest for perfection. Ed, we prize your friendship and companionship and knowing the ideal will never break we bid you Au Revoir but not good-bye.

The Perfect Senior

HE is always first into chapel no matter what the cost. He makes everybody distinguish terms before entering into conversation with them. Goes to bed at nine-thirty on his night out; Is very careful of other people's property when they have it; Restrains his temper after he has won his point; Never exercises physical violence on others while he's busy; Hurries to class if he feels so inclined; Is never late unless the bell rings too soon. Does not talk incessantly when no one is around. Never tries to influence others unless he thinks he can. Sticks to his convictions until some one else changes his mind. Takes the biggest piece of pie because he knows the rest would want him to have it. Does not seek to shine without first finding out the best way to do it. Knows his rights and stands on them and others. Never moves the football up a yard when the other side is looking. Doesn't criticize the players when they catch the ball. Reports at gym at least once a year. Uses innuendo but not to display his rhetoric.

There he is at any rate and in his generosity he leaves to those who are to come after him, the privilege of the rear seat in chapel; all the disputations of the good old scholastic ways; a much worn canoe without a paddle; all the things he couldn't borrow; the peace and quiet of his absence; a book on social etiquette; a pair of running shoes,—apply at Spauldings; an alarm clock that does not alarm; a lot of hot air for the cold winter months; his silver tongued (?) oratory for emulation; all his original ideas lost on the premises; one stack of pie plates,—collect at room No. 45; bottle of hair gloss (metaphorical), and a set of mirrors; a soap box for stump speeches; one rubber tape measure; a book of rules he never read; the back path for hasty exits; some advice in a "round about way."

Use at your own discretion.

OLD FAMILIAR FACES

"TEMPORA MUTANTUR ET MUTAMUR IN ILLIS"

BUT let us not so change that with the change may spread a decay of our present associations. May the change be accompanied by the constant presence of what we were and what we did in our college days. And when the growing years lay their dust upon us may we see 'neath the cloak the same old faces as we see them to-day. It will be but a covering preserving the picture of the sweeter days. And may the picture that is to come, be drafted from the frame that is.

Why is there beauty in day's death,
Why the pleasure so serene and fine?
Can it be we long to see the breath,
Taken from the day, God's light divine?

Seek we to know what lies beyond?
In placid revery we muse;
Our quests in silences resound,
Whose answers solitudes refuse.

Were we to know the answer here
And be on Heavenly Right,
Perhaps our way were full of fear
The morrow one more fright.

FUTURABLES
W. FURLONG '28

Volume 29 MAY 20, 1952 Number 27

ALUMNI NOTES

In accordance with the policy followed out in **THE SETONIAN** thus far, we are devoting all the space of Alumni Notes in this week's issue to the Class of '27, whose members this year celebrate their Silver Anniversary. THE SETONIAN offers its felicitations on the occasion.

The headings have been taken directly from the "PHNGNA," a monthly magazine edited by Mr. Leo J. Martin, who will be remembered by the old timers as the Editor of "The Setonian" when it was but a sixteen page monthly edition. His magazine contains a commentary on current events and also fiction of the best authors of the day. Mr. Martin personally reviews all matter before it goes to print and his circulation account of one million and a half is a testimonial of his success. The "PHNGNA" is a unique edition and has recently been introduced into Senior as a classic.

CAREY COMPLETES WORLD CIRCUIT

Frank C. Carey realized his ambition and the other day completed his walk around the globe. Wearing the John J. Kinta Radio Boots he was able to record his every step to the Electrical Farm of his old class-mate at Waterbury. Professor Kinta at his private radio studio broadcasted his views on the result of Mr. Carey's accomplishment. The Radio Boot is Professor Kinta's invention and is so constructed as to enable the wearer to have communication with the Radio Station whose meter boot he is wearing, without being overheard. It is a very simple device and is expected to revolutionize the international police system. In ending his trip Mr. Carey regrets that he must return to the hum-drum life of a millionaire, but hopes some day to come back to Seton Hall and walk up and down the campus as of old.

CARROLL SECURES PH. D.

A learned treatise well written in good penmanship and so learned that the critics were forced to give it up as too abstruse, is the crowning work in the French Academy this year. It is entitled "Smoke or Steam" and consists of very fine analysis regarding these two potent factors in the work-a-day world. Mr. Carroll has given his life to the work and was justly rewarded with the Ph. D. Degree. The Setonian congratulates him and invites him to speak at his old college someday on this important subject.

Volume 29 MAY 20, 1952 Number 27

ALUMNI NOTES

COFFEE THE STAFF OF LIFE

The above is the motto of the OUT-WATER-GRANT COFFEE HOUSES, which are to be found now in every section of the country. Well known for their expert taste for coffee during their days at Seton Hall, through their combined study and experiments with various beans and different shaped pots, they have given the world a new appreciation of this previously much maligned beverage. The Coffee Houses are always crowded and the members of the old class of '27 are constant visitors. Messrs. Grant and Outwater teach that coffee before bed-time, far from being injurious as was believed years ago, is a positive inducement to peaceful slumber and pleasant dreams. They are to be congratulated for their work in cultivating a taste for coffee and it is hoped that the new Bill prohibiting the use of handles on cups will not restrict also the use of what is in them. "Hot Coffee and more of it," is now the Slogan.

COUSINS GIVE RECITAL AT LAVERY ANNIVERSARY

Two old Setonians got together in a mutual admiration game the other day when Peter J. Cousins, Concert Violinist, entertained at the inaugural ceremony of William G. Lavery, who took the Mayorality of West New York for a third successive term. The affair had a special significance in as much as it was the occasion also of a general get-together of all the class of '27, in preparation for their twenty-fifth Anniversary Banquet. Mr. Cousins promised to bring his sixty piece Symphony Orchestra on that occasion and the Mayor has granted the use of the Town Hall, as it is the plan of the members of the old Class to give a general invitation to all the Alumni of Setonia to be their guests on their Silver Jubilee Night.

FANNING'S THEORY OF PUZZELISM TAKES WORLD BY STORM

George J. Fanning has returned to America after spending twenty years in the company of Hindue Fakirs. Mr. Fanning has mastered the secret, which his classmates told him he never would and he intends to make his astounding discovery known to a needy world. His secret will be the undoing of the band of public disturbers who insist upon selling puzzels to the passerby, thus causing heartache and distress in families. "Puzzelism" is going to be the salvation that will rescue the country from the dread menace of unsolvable puzzels, and our alumnus is its founder.

Volume 29 MAY 20, 1952 Number 27

ALUMNI NOTES

DR. SHEEHAN HEADS NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL CENTER

Dr. William F. Sheehan has just been appointed National Secretary of Education at Washington. The good Doctor attributes his success to the pedagogical training which he received at his old Alma Mater. His theories on education have become widespread in the present day training of youth and he is well known throughout the country for his establishment of the "Four Meal Day" for teachers and students.

HORNAK WINS PENNANT FROM KAISER

John McGraw and Miller Huggins were 'babes in the woods,' back in the twenties, in comparison to the present managers of the Giants and Yankees. Manager Hornak who was a star on the Setonian nine when McGraw was at his height, recently stated that he would take back the pennant which he had lost to his old friend Joe Kaiser the last year. All fans can remember how Manager Kaiser of the Yanks won that series one year ago by stealing home with two out, two on, and two strikes, winning the series by his own cleverness. Willie, as he was known to his intimates, turned the tables this past year and fulfilled his promise by coming through with a homer that scored four runs in the end of the ninth. Setonians were safe in their bets that it would be a Setonian who would take the pennant, and can be proud of their alumni who not only manage but play and win their own games.

GARRETT-STANLEY FIRM WINS NATIONAL CASE

The Supreme Court recently acknowledged two former Setonians and after hearing the case on "Air Traffic Regulations" as presented by the Hon. Charles E. Garrett and Hon. Edward J. Stanley, as representatives for the American People, rendered a decision, declaring that according to the twenty-second Amendment, State Rights do not extend to the air. Beside being a partner of the Law Firm, Mr. Garrett was judge for two years in the Court of Errors, where he was exceptionally brilliant due to the experience he obtained while Manager of the Varsity at Seton Hall. Mr. Stanley spends his leisure moments in writing and his latest work is an original treatise on law entitled "Does It Hold For All?" At their offices in Washington they entertained our representative and promised to come up sometime and tell the boys about the good old days back in '27.

THE SETONIAN

Volume 29 MAY 20, 1952 Number 27

ALUMNI NOTES

MEMORY EXPERT LECTURES AT SETON HALL

Professor Walter J. Kraus, authority on intuition and memory, last week gave the student body of his Alma Mater an exhibition of his prodigious memory, the like of which he claimed can easily be had by the ordinary individual. He holds that nothing is hard to learn and that a combination of subjective knowledge coupled with the reading of a topic will make the person master of it. We regret with him that he forgot to bring along a little treatise which he had written for the occasion entitled, "There Is No Such Thing As Forgetting."

FARLEY TO PLAY AT THE MAMMOTH

To his intimate friends the above-named will be remembered as John A. Farrell of the class of '27 whose achievements on the legitimate stage have excelled all contempories. He has originated a new form of dialogue known as the Tragic-Comedy, which he says he thought of while at Seton Hall. Farley is a favorite to all the public and his return to the Mammoth Theatre at South Orange Square means a treat to the students, as a general holiday will be declared to welcome him in his art.

POWERS GETS SEAT IN WALL STREET

Joseph P. Powers, whose rise in the financial world culminated yesterday in the acquisition of one of the best seats on Wall Street, attributes his success to the following out of an old principle he practised while at Seton Hall; "Come in first for the last race, rather than last for the first race." We know that he will always continue to be one of the 'Powers' in the world of money.

NOTED LINGUIST ARRIVES ON THE STENTOR

When the Stentor docked to-day Francis Donovan, master of seventeen languages was met at the pier by Senator Doyle with whom he is to be associated in the civilizing of the natives of the Yadi-boodi Islands, to which Senator Doyle has just been appointed Ambassador. Mr. Donovan in his days at Seton Hall is said to have spent much time in the study and analysis of strange languages, which was a big factor in the success he has attained as an international interpreter. With him as an aid Mr. Doyle expects to find little difficulty amongst the Yadi-boodians.

The Paper Stated

Fanning Is Pleased Over Progress Made

MARTIN HEADS LEAGUE OF NEIGHBORS

Outwater Honored By Educators at Dinner

Kaiser Due to Return.

Johnny Farrell Home, Plans to Take Rest

Powers Measure Is Urged byGovernor'sCommisison

Seven Prisoners Free In General Jailbreak

Max Carey In Fold Of Robins

Grant Is Wed

Garrett in Congress

Hornak Reaches Florida

Carroll Flies To Morocco Wedding
CASA BLANCA, Spanish Morocco.

DOYLE MIXES BUSINESS WITH PLEASURE

MAYOR COMMENDS CHAIRMAN SHEEHAN

DAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1

Stanley Takes Over Davis Theater Chain

Cousins Daily Spectator at Ford Tax Fight Hearings

Kraus Urges Churches Take Hand in Cleaning Up the Broadway Stage

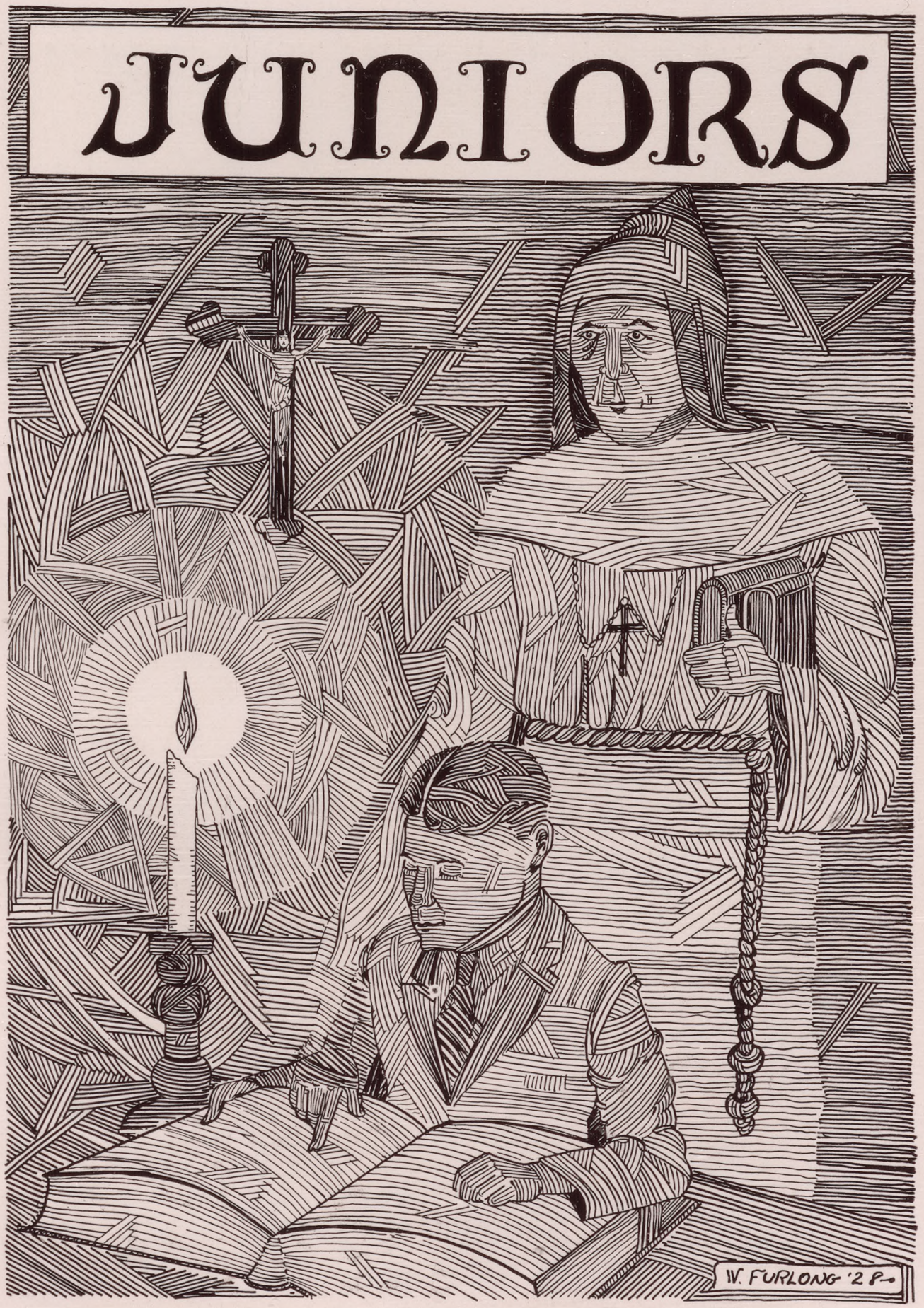
YEAR BOOK TELLS OF PROGRESS

New Ticket Tip Follows Donovan's Denial of Alliance

John Kinta Rents Suite on Park Avenue

Lavery Will Be Honor Guest at Dinner

JUNIORS



The White and Blue

1926

Junior Class History

ENIGMATIC yet ever optimistic forty-six strong we have safely piloted our ship "Under-classmen" over fateful shoals into the harbor of "Upper-classmen." As Freshmen we could only detect "Doom," reflecting it's foreboding rays upon our future success, we regarded as the impossible. Our Sophomore year however overcame "Doom," with a refulgent corona of "Hope," which became our guiding star and principle during this year of diffusive wisdom.

With the unheralded and auspicious Fall of " '26," came a gracious invitation from our Alma Mater, who no longer desiring us as her "guests and "itererant visitors," now extended her propitious arms that her loyal sons might adopt her as their permanent home. Accordingly accepting our wise "Mother's" solicitation the majority of us enrolled ourselves among the memorable personages—styled, "boarders." The new sphere entailing, it is true, many unknown and unexpected hardships has, however, been an inspiration and pleasure to our youthful lives.

Constantly recalling, re-embracing and re-dedicating ourselves to our efficacious motto, "Per Angusta Ad Augusta," we have once again emerged unscathed from a well-known complexity—Junior year. If our intellectual ability should, perchance, be questioned, we need only refer all inquirers to one of our esteemed professors, who designates us as the "ideal" Junior Class of Old Setonia, intellectually as well as numerically. We consider this sufficient evidence of our scholastic ability, especially when another professor, with all seriousness declares us, "theologically inclined," and adds that our knowledge of Evidences is inestimable. With such endowments and attested proclivities we can observe nothing in the horizon but a glorious and radiant future.

But our achievements do not reside solely in the intellectual sphere, they reach far in their comprehension. On the court and diamond, our prowess and attainments have emblazoned the folds of the White and Blue. Our contribution of class members to the College Orchestra has likewise been acknowledged as an asset to our Alma Mater. An example of our talent was displayed on Junior Night, when the precedent of former years whose purpose is to honor the Foster-father of the Child Jesus by making his feast day one significant of literary culture, was once again celebrated. In it we believe we equaled all the past efforts of the men who went before us.

To the successors of our lofty positions we wish an equal success and profitable career. Upon the class of '27 who have gone now and left to us their places, that we may accomplish well as they have accomplished, we evoke the Divine Guidance, as enthusiastically we look forward to the possession of their bequest, "Senior."

SETON HALL UNIVERSITY
McLAUGHLIN LIBRARY
SO. ORANGE N. J.

The White and Blue

1929

Junior Night

TRUE to precedent, on March 18th the youthful seekers after wisdom diverted from their ceaseless perusal of philosophic lore, and graced the limelight with the Musical and Literary Entertainment, known as Junior Night. From the first stages of the college career, that evening, symbolic of Junior superiority over under-classmen is the anticipation of every student. Like all great events in the lives of men, the Junior Night Entertainment has come and gone, its approval has been committed to the charity of its audience, and its exhibitors are content to sit back and await the advent of Seniority.

The Catholic Church, Mother and Guardian of the most sacred ties of humankind, was heralded with all befitting glory in relation to the Individual, to the State, and to Society. The great concerns of every problem which affected these three units were discussed from various angles, and the speakers manifested in style and content a thorough appreciation of the subject treated.

Walter Artioli, President of the Junior Class, in the name of the members, expressed deep appreciation for the manifestation of interest displayed in the large attendance, and briefly outlined the programme of the entertainment. Frederick Edwards paid tribute to Catholicity, as the Protector, Fosterer, and Generator of high ideals in the Individual. The second speaker of the evening, John Enright, in his theme, "Catholicity and Society," further recounted the indefatigable zeal of Catholics in bestowing upon the social unit, the highest and most cherished ideals, and their continual insistence upon the abrogation of private interest in the cause of common good. The last speaker, Arthur Griffith, concluded the subject by a resume of the advantages that Catholicity has bestowed upon the Civil State, mentioning as an example, Our State, America. His words displayed the salutary influence that the Catholic Church has always exercised in social problems and showed how indissoluable is the bond that links true state justice with the tenets of Catholicity. The Literary Entertainment concluded with a recitation by John Mahoney.

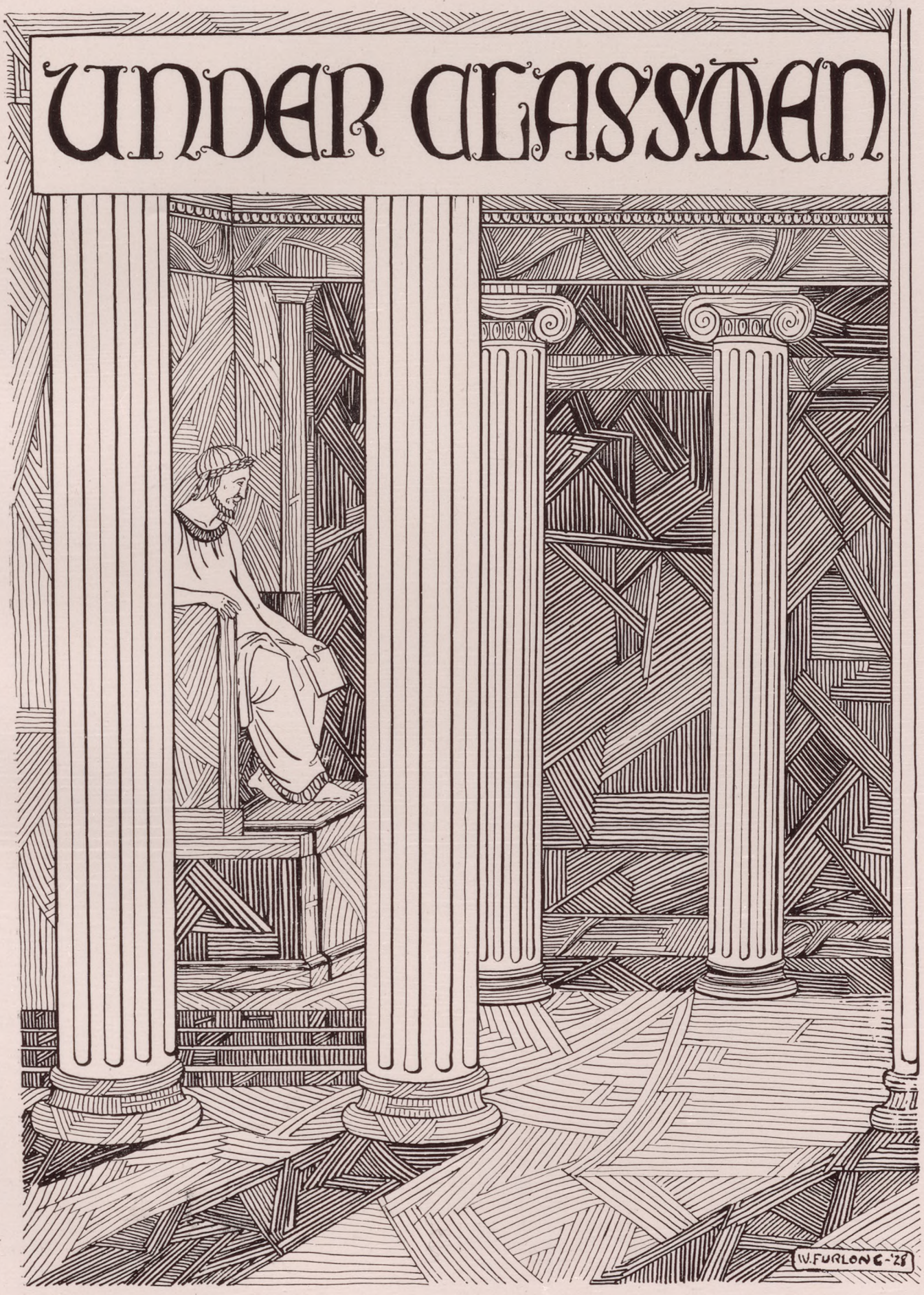
Musical renditions were given by the College Orchestra, supplemented by vocal selections by Stafford Blake and by a quartette composed of John Horan, Arthur Kantor, John Enright, and Stafford Blake. An inovation was introduced in the form of banjo selections by Harold Brown which brought to a close the evening's entertainment.

When the curtain fell upon the Class of '28, the present claimed as memories the anticipations of the past and in the fulfillment of the historic precedent, the Juniors rested in complacent satisfaction at their work's reception. On the following day with all the student body to join in their celebration, the Juniors were the honored guests at a specially catered dinner at the refectory,—and then to their well earned holiday, to muse upon the fast approaching Senior Dignity, while they leave to their successors the stir and importance of the next Junior Night.

On the Rialto

"Hello Al,
Give us a tip."
"Ploop, Ploop—"
"I'm getting soggy."
"Oh well."
"Did you get that ad?"
"I'm looking for the handle."
"I congratulate you, young man."
"Smoke or steam."
"Pass your plates."
"Time."
"What does he say here, now?"
"I never wore a shirt."
"Why not."
"He lost his pal."
"Some people around here,—"
"Ham and eggs again?"
"Applesauce."
"Gee, I like that."
"Hey Bub."
"Am I late."
"You win."
"I'll take the speckled one."
"O. K."
"Let's go slumming."
"That's grand."
"Words fail me!"
"So to-day, now,—"
"You're twelve minutes late."
"New paragraph."
"Two and a half months to go."
"He's not like the rest of men."
"Can this be you, ain't it?"
"My dear young men!"
"How time flies."
"Above all assert yourself."
"My way, SURE; your way, NAW!"
"Where's my keys?"
"Yes, meaning No."
"Otherwise we'd be led into error."
"The water is consistently good."
"All men agree."
"Call Podubny!"
"Lend me your stopper."
"He has 'it'."
"I know this better with the book open."
"Be back one half hour after,—"
"Gone are the days,—"
"I deny it in toto."
"Yes, Walter."

UNDER CLASSMEN



Sophomore Class History

ANOTHER stretch of our voyage over the lustral waters of a College education is nearing completion, and with it's completion we are to embark with renewed vigor to gain the port, whereupon we hope to find the coveted reward of our laborious journey. At times the trip was tedious and troubled, but under the guidance of several skilled professors we weathered the storm and today are about to bring to an end a successful and joyous year, which, doubtless, many among us would like to live over again.

Who wouldn't long to revive once more those pleasant Latin periods under Father Walsh, to whom sixty young men owe their success in the Roman Lingua? or to be once more in that old Greek class, in which, under the careful guidance of Father Sheerin, we earnestly endeavored to whistle off some seemingly impossible expressions? Who doesn't sigh for the good old days when Father Hamilton would debate with us for hours on "The advantages of Rhetoric" or some such subject; or when we would be requested by Father Donnelly to tell the death toll of the thirty years' war; or Father Whalen would ask that undying question: "What does the Council of Trent say about it." These, however, times are past and as the days move on we shall enter upon another year with the two-fold title of 'Juniors' and 'Philosophers.'

But let it not be thought that all of our time was spent in turning pages of books. For we were well represented in the field of athletic endeavor. Our grid-iron representatives opened the eys of all about them, nor was the clarion call for courtsters unheeded; for how could our two giant centers, Henaby and Griffin, neglect such an opportunity of becoming famous? Needless to mention that our class excelled all others in producing track material, sending out one of the best distancers in the East in the person of Dalton, not to speak of the baseball men we turned out. Verily, to further enumerate our achievements would consume much unavailable space. Let our deeds speak for themselves.

And thus were we led through what may be truthfully termed by anyone as a successful year, the social end of our life having been made a huge success due to the strenuous efforts of our worthy and capable class officers: Charles Murphy, President; Thomas Burke, vice-president; Harry Kennedy, secretary; and John Griffin on the financial end.

As the sun is about to set upon the second year of our college education, let us offer our sincere gratitude to those who assisted us in completing this year successfully. And let us take this opportunity to extend to the class of 1927 our heartiest congratulations, wishing them every success in future undertakings and hoping that wherever they may depart they will be worthy to be called sons and alumni of the White and Blue.

The White and Blue

Freshman Class History

ANOTHER year has passed into eternity leaving in its wake only fond memories of the days that we spent as freshmen at our beloved Seton Hall. That, which last September seemed aeons away is now here, and perhaps not a little regretfully have we come to the last day of our first year at college. As we approached the end the sands of time seemed to fall with ever increasing speed and now as we look back over the months that have just passed we cannot help wondering how so many pleasant happenings could have all been crowded into that one year.

Election of class officers was held a few days after the beginning of classes, and after a close and spirited session of voting the class of '30, the largest Freshman class in the history of the College, was formally launched on its journey through the sea of knowledge. Next we were duly acquainted with the "Freshman Rules," drawn up by the Seniors and as usual the Sophomores endeavored to see that the rules were carried out to the letter. Each of us parted with fifty cents and received in return one brand new blue skull cap with a bright red button attached. The button afforded a handy place to grasp the cap when tipping it to Seniors. Those of us who were unfortunate enough to have brought bow ties along were obliged to send them back home for the year.

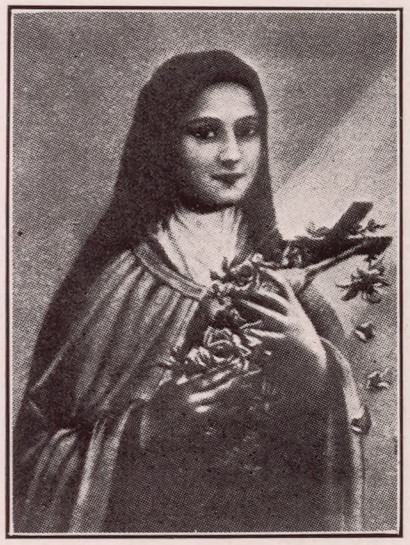
The prime purpose for which we had come to college was not forgotten however and we soon found ourselves deep in the realm of study. In French we had our troubles trying to fit our tongues to the pronunciation of such words as "oeil," "heureusement" and others just as disastrous. In Latin, we were thoroughly acquainted with the requisites of a true poet as Horace saw them. Those who had ambitions of becoming doctors, dentists and the like were safely guided through the intrigues and pitfalls of biology and chemistry by Father Maine; and heaven help the one who couldn't explain "lay investiture" in Father Donnelly's History class.

In our endeavor to develop morally and mentally we did not neglect our physical growth. In every varsity sport our class was represented, giving its full share of young blood, and our men did their utmost to uphold the honor of Setonia in the field of sports. It is with pride that we point to our Freshman football team. Led by Captain "Inky" Kearny, it went through a most successful season. Our class basketball team was as good a representative team that ever shot a basket in the Seton Hall gym, and our teams in the other sports were capable of being rated with the best freshman squads Seton Hall has produced. We had too our full share of representation in the glee club, and in the orchestra, and were well represented on the school paper with a trio of men.

Before we leave we take this medium to express our thanks to our parents and teachers for all they have done for us in the past year; and it is the sincere wish of the Freshman class that the graduates of twenty-seven may receive the greatest of God's blessings throughout their future lives.

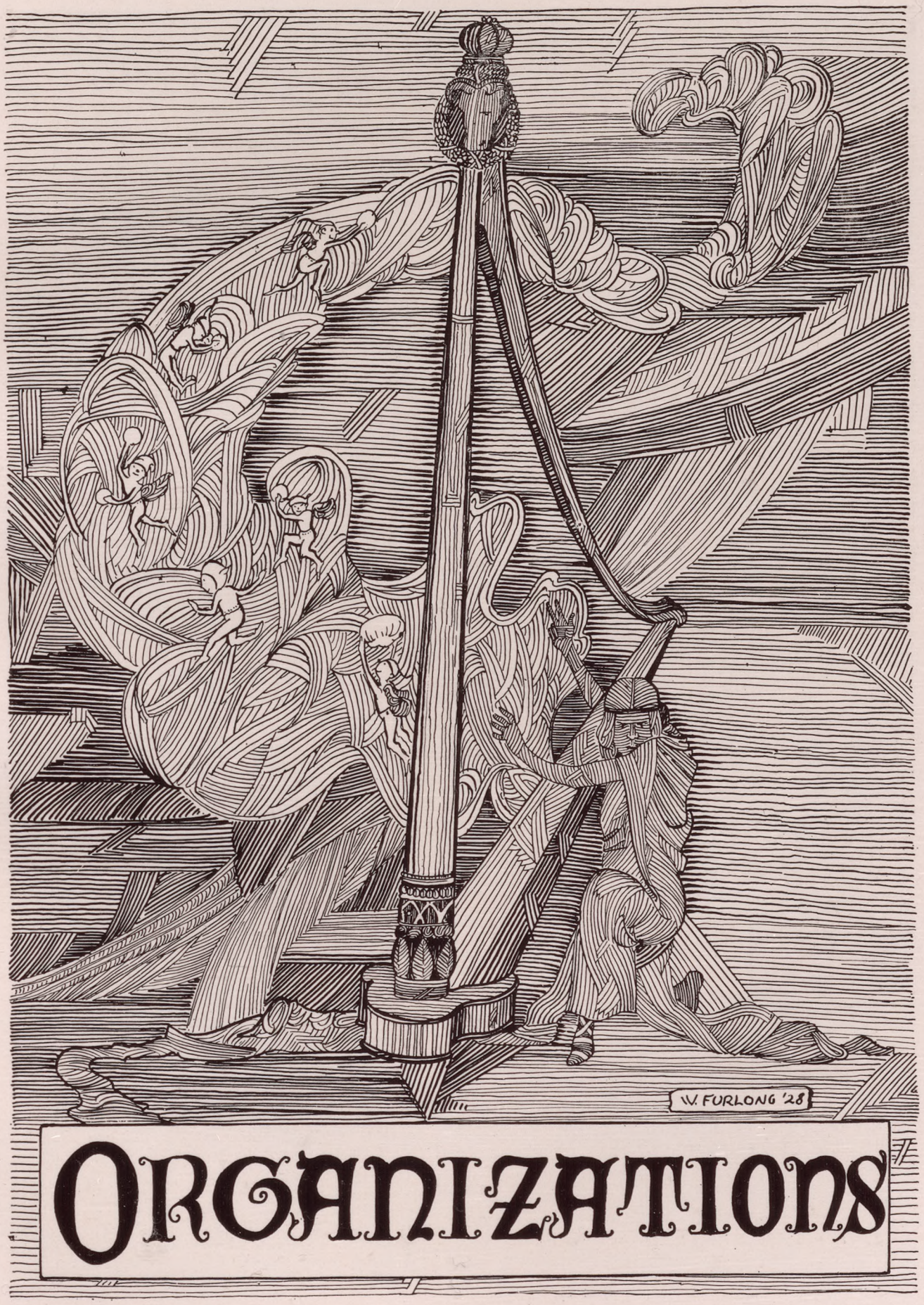
"The Little Flower of Jesus"

THE Senior class of '27 made no more important move in their senior year than that in which they entrusted in an especial manner all their coming activities to the protection of the Little Flower of Jesus. In the previous year she had been in an informal way the special advocate of their first philosophy days. To her love and help may be accredited much of the success with which they safely passed into the realm of Seniors. That she might be duly recognized and that the Senior class might further profit by the help of this spotless flower of heaven she was formally proclaimed patroness of the class of '27. A beautiful picture in colors was purchased and with due ceremony dedicated in the Senior room and blessed by the Right Rev. President early in the year.



From the time of the little Saint's canonization an ardent love for her has sprung all over the world. It took a special root in the members of the class of '27 as evidenced by the private devotion to her, which grew at length into an acknowledgment that she was guiding the class in a particular way. Her nearness in time to our day has made a peculiar appeal to the wayfarer in life, and has drawn from us a feeling of confidence in her understanding and generosity. Her threefold promise gives assurance of help to those who seek her aid: "In heaven the good God will not refuse me any request because I have never done my own will on earth;" "I will spend my Heaven in doing good upon earth;" "After my death I will let fall a shower of Roses." To turn to her is but the accepting of the kind invitation of a willing and generous giver.

As young men our admiration and love for this little saint is free of sentimentality and springs from a sincere appreciation of Christ's chosen One. While she bloomed in the earthly garden of His Father, Christ watched and waited and saw how befitting she was for His own. And He asked His Father that He might have her soon and at the request the Almighty tried the little bud lest it be unfit for the greatness He intended. And from the earthly sod He took her and with rapid haste conveyed her to His Son, this pure and beautiful white rose, "The Little Flower of Jesus." Safe in the hands of the Divine Gardener she breathes forth her fragrance to a weary world, and strews her flowers upon those who ask with faith in her as a friend. Like their author, her flowers, her shower of roses, are the rarest and their possession leaves an undying love in the nearness of her friendship. Like her Blessed Mother, Our Mother—she will live forever—the guardian of Flowers—this "Little White Rose—of Jesus."



ORGANIZATIONS

The Glee Club

THE establishment of the College Glee Club this year at Seton Hall is concomitant with a general move in other colleges to bring the progress of the glee club to its original purpose. In the last decade there has been a falling away from the exposition of artistic harmony and the rendition of the masters by God's most wonderful instrument, the human voice. The consonance arising from the union of blended voices is more than a pleasing result and instruments, may they be rare and aged, can never equal but only poorly imitate the 'vox humana.' The present year marks a combined effort of many of the larger colleges to re-establish the Glee Club as an organ expressive of such culture and to lift it from the state to which it has frequently fallen as a mere conglomoration of raucous quartets and ukeleles. It is just as important a feature in education as any other extra-curricular activity and a more cultural one than most, and recommends the student to a delightful as well as an instructive engagement for his spare time.

Many a voice of silver tone had too long echoed to a responseless campus but now they are harbored by Rev. Father Maine to whose irresistable personality and love for music we may lay the foundation of the independent organization of the Glee Club. As a starting point Father Maine summoned a group of eligibles picked from here and there and after two short weeks of practice presented an entertainment for the house, early in the year. The occasion was enlivened by this unforseen attraction, in what was before to be but just a smoker. It took the form of a minstrel in which choral and solo work were the features. The reception accorded the attempt was enough to fortify the intentions for something better and so the work began.

We will not forget the try-outs to ascertain who was who of those that came in answer to a formal call for members for the Glee Club. With our names we wrote the voice we thought we sang and how disappointed some were to discover they were not basso profundo but high tenor. After a few words of explanation upon the intended undertaking, the real work began with the individual parts. The plow thru the repetition of an unvaried tone was tedious and very unharmonious at first but the reward came at the first putting together when the mingled tones burst forth in a gorgeous harmony. The possibilities of the endeavor were realized in the actuation of an unusual and worthy Christmas entertainment, an operetta entitled "Captain Van der Hum," succeeded by part singing of the Christmas Carols and other pieces befitting the time, and concluded by a special quartet number.

The activities of the Glee Club were not confined to the Christmas Recital but on other occasions too the air wafted a tuneful echo over the campus from the 'cloister of harmony.' The extent of their intentions realized its perfection in the programme given by the members of the Glee Club on Commencement Day. It was a creditable showing indeed giving an enjoyable turn of a musical character to this most important day.

SETON HALL

The Orchestra

THE depth of musical charm that wafts its way up through the corridors at frequent intervals makes one pause over his deep dark problem and list to the soothing strains of sweetest harmony. Has a Beethoven returned? Or a Schubert to grace us with a visit? We find it not so but come to the answer in the renditions of our own orchestra men as their playing echoes in a soulful harmony, tuned to the whisper of diacoustic fading. A gentle introduction of Lydian appeal, a progression of the chords to a stirring action and a climax to a symphony of delight calls us to where the artists bend in metred rhythim over their instruments.

Seton Hall today may justly boast of an orchestra which stands among the best of its class. With a nucleus but three years ago consisting of thirteen pieces, Mr. Merity built a larger organization for the following year which began to attract the notice of the college by its success. In the past year the orchestra grew to thirty pieces comprising a symphonic society equal to any collegiate group of this nature. The talent and training exhibited in the concert work took the attention of the public and their services were much in demand throughout their season.

On several occasions the youthful musicians had an opportunity of bringing Seton Hall into the lives of thousands of people by the creditable radio concerts which added much to their growing popularity. The precedental public appearance of the orchestra was further embellished this year by one of singular importance. Under the direction of Mr. Merity the orchestra presented a splendid musicale on the night of February 8th at St. Antoninus' Auditorium, Newark, and again on the following night at St. Aloysius' Hall, Jersey City.

In addition to the Junior Night entertainment the orchestra furnished the music for the Alumni Banquet and the Banquet of the Holy Name Directors tendered by the Rt. Rev. Bishop as a testimonial of appreciation to the directors, Clerical and lay, of the Holy Name Society. Alumni Day and Class Day also featured the work of this organization as an important movement in behalf of the progress of the college. There was a growing demand for their talent in outside engagements and with due generosity as many as possible were fulfilled.

The promises for the future in this aesthetic branch of higher education have received a great impetus from this present fructification of a long cherished hope. To Mr. Merity and the members of the musical body whose self sacrifice and co-operation have made such a thing possible the congratulations of the student body and the college are extended. They have added much to lighten the hearts of others with the sweetness of their artistry and the Class of Twenty Seven upon its departure wishes to voice its special appreciation for the assistance they gave at its Class Day and other functions. May the continued success of our orchestra bring Seton Hall more in the limelight and always enliven its social endeavors.

The White and Blue

1929

College Cafeterias

EVERY country has its general store and with proverbial precision we find gathered around its fireside the general populace discussing the happenings of the vicinity. Seton Hall too has its popular corner hid far away in the background. A dozen or more stairs, two or three winding turns and you will come upon the garden spot of the student's universe, "the cheap store" called by the more genteel, the Varsity Shop. Everything from class elections to the present size of holes in doughnuts is thrashed out between chews and drinks. You can always find a goodly gathering in the last minute rush before bedtime looking for bargains on antiquated material. It is but just to say that the shop keepers have their hands full satisfying the customers' desires and at the same time maintaining a comfortable advance on the overhead.

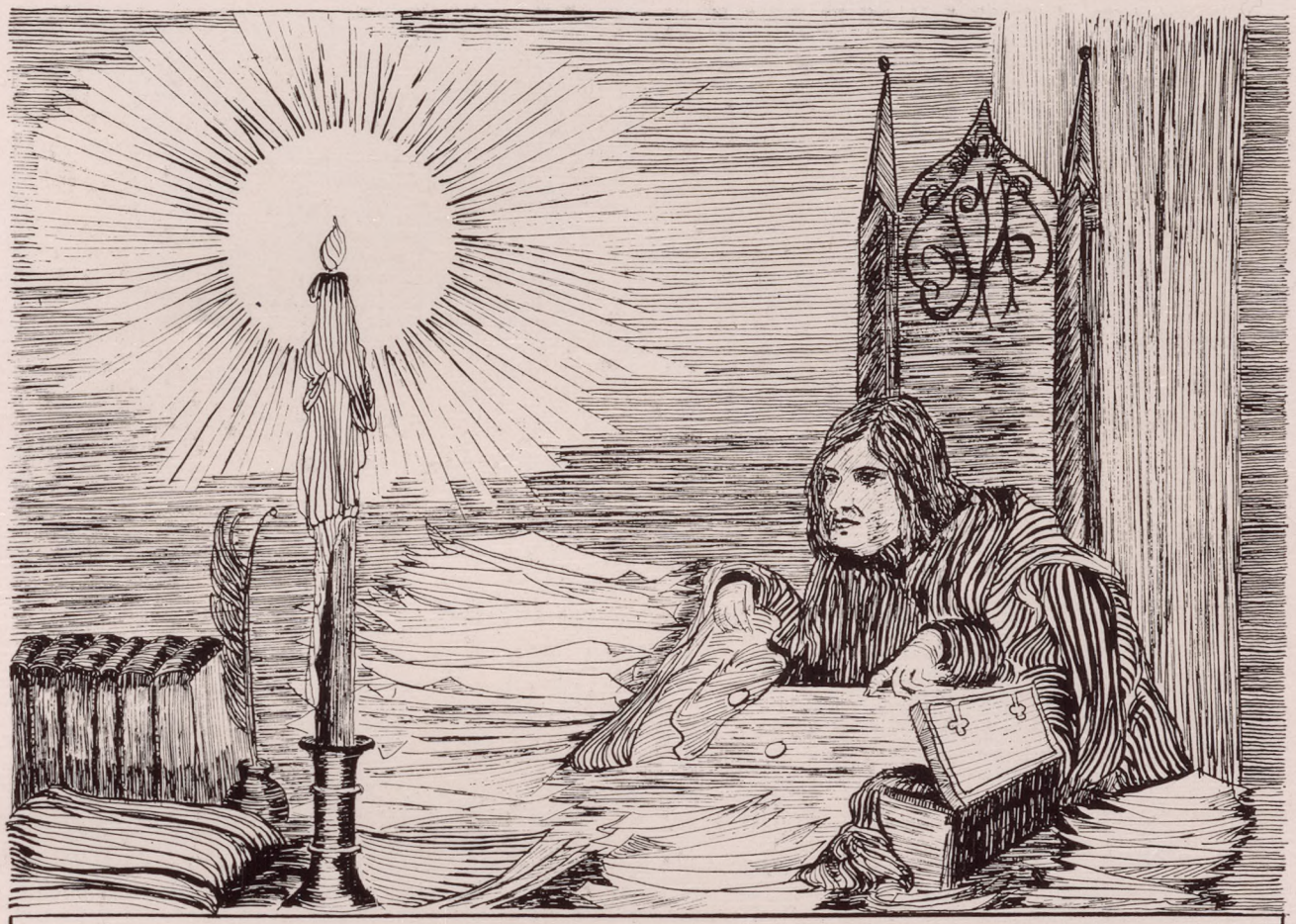
It takes a genial character indeed to administer pleasant service in the face of myriad demands for hotter coffee or heavier doughnuts, saltier peanuts, etc., and an equal amount of business tact to see things through so that as many as possible can be pleased. The staff did all they could do to vary the line of attractions at the counter and everything from "iron giving" raisins to golden watch fobs were procurable. Pat Gerrity and his staff of co-workers endeavored to keep in line, with a service that made the business function in a profitable return and continue in such a way as to maintain the standard set by the previous year.

The proceeds from the Varsity Shop contribute to the support of the athletic programme of the year and so it is a factor in furthering the plans in the fields of sport. And so its contribution to the welfare of Seton Hall has not been restricted to the role of a mere coffee house where natural philosophers might decide the problems of the day, but has given a substantial move in pecuniary aid to athletics.

We cannot pass over the fact that with the growth of the student body in the past two years there has been a concomitant increase in the number of appetites to be satiated. In answer to this phenomenon a subsidiary shop was started in Bayley Hall under the name of "Bayley Hall Lunch Room." An entirely new and independent venture it started out with a line of wares purchased in the hope of success. The sweet aroma of newly brewed coffee coming through the transoms of the college classes soon had its effect and down they went to find whence all this sweetness came. A pleasant greeting by the new proprietor, Tom Smith, and his three assistants, plus epicurean delights resulted in a thriving business which demanded the continuance of the Lunch Room and before long it too, had a clientle equal to the Varsity Shop, without however offering any opposition to its greater neighbor.

To the men who have given so much effort to these enterprises the appreciation of the student body and college is extended upon their closing up shop with a wish also for greater things in days to come.

NO PARKING
ALLOWED HERE



PUBLICATIONS

The White & Blue

The Setonian

THE WHITE AND BLUE

REV. JOHN J. SHEERIN, A. M., Moderator

EDWARD J. STANLEY, Editor-in-Chief
WILLIAM F. SHEEHAN, Business Mgr.
GEORGE J. FANNING, Advertising Mgr.
LEO J. MARTIN, Associate
JOSEPH A. CARROLL, Associate
WILLIAM FURLONG, Art Editor

CLASS REPRESENTATIVES:

Junior: ARTHUR GRIFFITH, PATRICK GERRITY
Sophomore: THOMAS DONNELLY
Freshman: JAMES LOONEY

The White and Blue

THE masterpieces of centuries—the immortalized ideals of time immemorial, the symbolic art which places before the eyes of men the minds of genius —ask not for fame but are their own preferment. Men strive to emulate their lesson and in the endeavor are brought closely to the great family of beings who lived and were of other ages. Old paintings, old sculpture, old books—what treasures of the times.

We humbly break upon the shadows and place beside this great collection our little contribution to the Muse's shelves. We do not boast it as a work of technical art or ask for it a judgment fairer than the rest of it's kind but only say it is our record committed to print for those who would know what Setonia's Sons are doing.

THE WHITE AND BLUE marks the zenith in our college activities and it's endeavors tend toward exemplifying the training we have received;—it seeks to give a real picture of college life. Being strictly a Senior production it was for us the Seniors to see it through. We banded our powers together in an effort to present a worth while book to you;—to show Old Setonia what young Setonia can do, to give the alumnus a chance once more to look out with us from the College window and live in the old traditions and laugh as he reads between the lines his own happy college days.

Our year book stands as a fitting close to our academic career, and is our version of our days at Seton Hall. In it's formation and completion we underwent the vicissitudes that come as they who went before us did, and it is our hope that we have succeeded in overcoming threatening mistakes in proportion to our endeavors. And so we present THE WHITE AND BLUE to the public eye which long has watched our sheltered lives. We show the things we did within that time that they who see may have appreciation for college and it's work. It is our test of culture for the world to criticize and judge.

To us THE WHITE AND BLUE is the epitome of life—for here in college has our life been summed up. We are proud of our little book not alone because we wrote it but we are proud because it is ours. To perfect it the slogan was, not "have you had your iron today," but "did you get your ad today;"—never to be forgotten experience with the business world. We could not put down here upon its pages all we might have wanted to, but our abridgement with its innuendo will suffice to recall the merry days and incidents in plentitude.

We may go far and wide but may this diary of our youthful training always be for us a guide and comfort—our teacher in the world. May it bring too, some degree of pleasure to those who in their time at Seton Hall looked forward eagerly to the days of it's realization and by others still may it be thought to be worthy of a place however humble, amongst the "Treasures of the Times."

THE SETONIAN

REV. JOHN J. SHEERIN, A. M.

LEO J. MARTIN, Editor-in-Chief
FREDERICK M. EDWARDS, Asso. Editor
WILLIAM FURLONG, Art Editor
JOHN J. OUTWATER, Literary Editor
CHARLES B. MURPHY, Asso. Editor
NEAL SHAY, *Notes* Editor

JOSEPH POWERS, Business Manager
EDWARD MARTYN, Ass't Bus. Mgr.
WILLIAM WICKMAN, Advertising Mgr.
JOHN LAWLOR, Sports Editor
RICHARD J. MEANEY, Asso. Editor
WILLIAM CONDON, Asso. News Editor

The Setonian

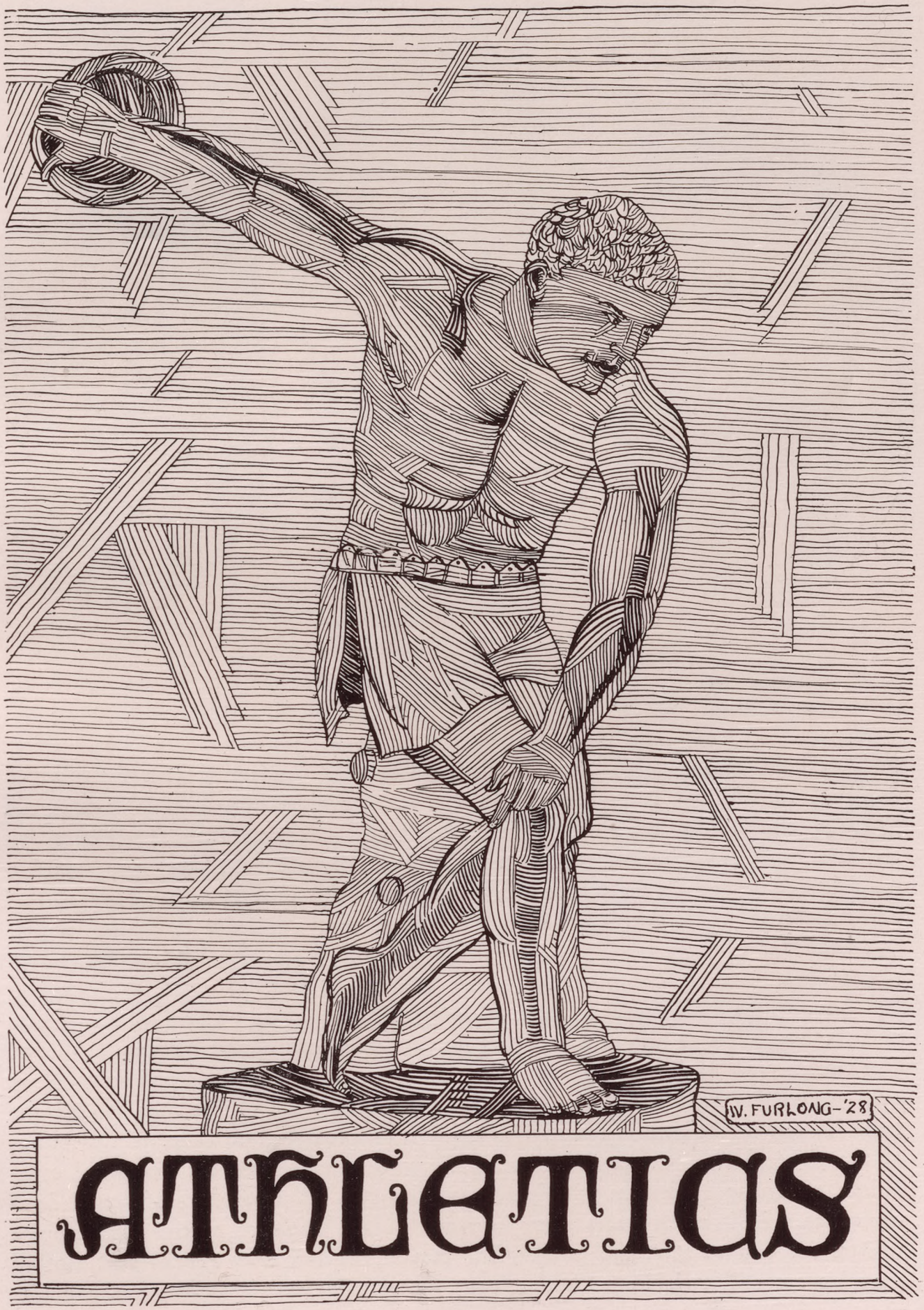
OUT of the labyrinthian mazes of speculative processes arose a reality. Year after year it was the topic of student gossip, the theme of class meetings, the hope of the student body, the desire of everyone but somehow or other its inception was delayed. Rumor does not always err, but in fact sometimes is the herald of great truth and in this case it was such. The long awaited collegiate issue was to become a fact and immediately received the name "THE SETONIAN." A small beginning with four humble pages and a staff of six members, inauspicious as it may seem did not dampen the ardor of the propounders of the new project and their anticipations have not been in vain.

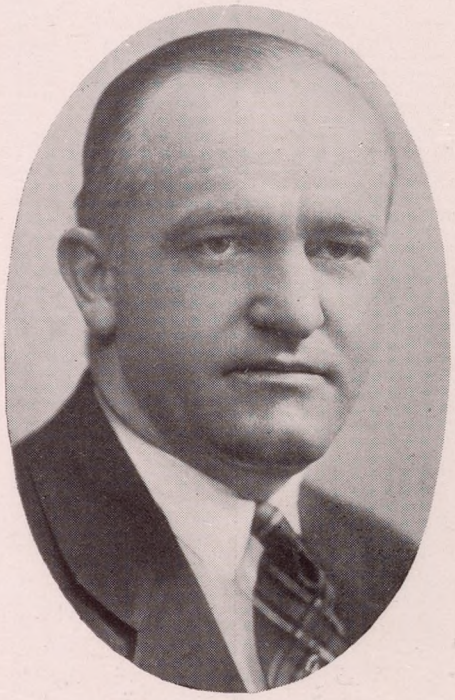
Discouraging fears were all dispelled by Father Sheerin, Moderator of the new periodical in the initial meeting in early March, nineteen hundred and twenty-four, when John J. O'Brien '24 was elected Editor-in-Chief and Albert Warsley '24 Business Manager. Under their capable supervision "The Setonian" sallied forth on it's first venture.

Time and experience strengthened the hopes of Setonian supporters so that in September of that same year with Henry Mott '25, Editor-in-Chief and B. Melvin Kiernan '25, Business Manager, the second year of it's publication saw the subscription list doubled and likewise the Edition itself. No longer a sombre periodical, "The Setonian" could boast of a cartoon page edited by Bill Furlong, a boon to the paper as well as to the editor. Each new Edition had it's novel features, each Editor further embellished the ideas of his predecessor and "The Setonian" waxed strong as an eight page periodical. Gone from the realm of merely possibles the Setonian resumed activity for the third year with Francis Porter '26 and William Sesselman '26 taking up the judiciary reins to carry on the work of their predecessors. How well they succeeded is best evidenced by their results, and the fact of "The Setonian's" growth to a sixteen page issue with new and more attractive features.

The class of Nineteen hundred and twenty-seven has zealously lent their efforts to the representative staff of the paper. Despite the difficulties attendant upon the venture of the publication, the recollections of the efforts expended are happy ones. The praiseworthy "Setonian" left by the former classes, the reputable record achieved during the short period of it's life at Seton Hall has been zealously safeguarded by the staff of twenty-seven. To Leo Martin, Editor, and Joseph Powers, Business Manager, great thanks is due and extended for their labor and the success they achieved in surpassing all other years.

May it ever continue to be the bond that links the past with the present and fulfill its purpose of literary furtherance and excellence at the college, the promotion of good fellowship, and the cementing of that sacred tie that binds all Setonians within or without the halls of Alma Mater.


W. FURLONG-'28
ATHLETAS



JACK FISH

FRANK HILL

HARRY COATES

COACHES

HERE is a page of unusual merit which the White and Blue is proud to contain. It is an honor indeed to be able to present at once such a trio and to say they belong to Seton Hall. The mention of their names strikes a cord of appreciation for what they have done in the past and assures a brilliant continuance in the future. It is not too much to say that they have a great and important position at Seton Hall and that in their respective fields their unselfish and earnest effort has been a remarkable aid in furthering her success and in placing her name at the pinnacle in the Athletic World.

Mr. Frank Hill needs no introduction to anyone. We could just say "Hill" and the long years of his successes stand out in the history of the Basketball World. For twelve years he has turned out teams from the court of Setonia and as you look over your old scrap book there is a thrill of remembrance of the man behind the gun. A day in the gym is essential to a student's education, to listen to this prince of the physical art. Coach Hill teaches his boys regardless of their personal capabilities, enforcing his lessons as only he can with that follow-through of actual demonstration. It is many years since he stood in the circle at centre awaiting the whistle for him to start the game. But though his hair now carries that tint of gray his eye still twinkles with that ever young glow and he smiles as he guides

the sphere into the net. In his coaching Mr. Hill has aimed at and succeeded in implanting that spirit which is the ideal of athletic success and we still hear his deep bass tones ring out the words; "A clean body is the result of a clean heart." Philosopher and intimate friend as well as coach we never want to see him go from Seton Hall until his court days are over. The class of '27 upon its departure gives its sincere felicitations to Frank Hill.

For the past two years Seton Hall has been enjoying the realization of a dream long ago had in the addition to her athletic staff of two men who brought to her a supremacy in fields whereon she had not been even registered for many years. The names of Jack Fish and Harry Coates suggest immediately the great advance made in such a short time under their direction and makes one realize the vital benefit of having them with us.

The accomplishments of Mr. Fish in the first year with the Varsity Baseball team are enough to be remembered for the new start he put on the grand old game at the Hall. Still filled with the fire that carried on while he was captain of the famous team of 1915-1916 which made Setonia head of the baseball world, he took the rather poor material in 1926 and brought out of it a team fit to break the old Rutgers jinx, a victory of note to his work. And although the schedule may not have been perfectly successful for the season it was so in the way Mr. Fish wants, —perfection of playing, win or lose. Through the season of 1927 he continued that upward grade against difficulties that only he would attempt to fight. His coaching and tireless masterful way brought forth a shadow of those great teams of the used to be and in the varsity of '27 all the risings of the future are seen. In football his results have been epochal and although he could not place a varsity team on the field it gave him opportunity to concentrate his efforts on the prep where he truly accomplished wonders.

"Give me a boy with a fighting heart and a pair of legs," are words of his own which symbolize the man Harry Coates. Straight from the shoulder, sincere and open in manner he tells what he feels, he asks for what he wants and he works hard and long with what he gets. Harry brought back track to Seton Hall, the same time Jack brought football, and not content to bring but the sport he brought also a national championship the first year, then world's records and unheard of advances in scholastic realms. The cups continue to arrive and again the papers herald what Coates is doing at Seton Hall. Nationally and internationally famous, his Alma Mater is not unaware of the treasure she possesses and her student body as well as her alumni give their hand to Harry Coates directed by a will which wishes him long years of more great deeds and which promises him all the help within their power.

In this account the White and Blue endeavors to give a little just acknowledgment of noteworthy work and a personal congratulation to these men of Seton Hall.

VARSITY BASKETBALL

THOMAS G. GRANT, Manager — JOHN ENRIGHT, Assistant Manager

CAPTAIN JOHN J. OUTWATER, Forward

WILLIAM A. HORNAK, Guard
RAYMOND S. NELLIGAN, Forward
FRANCIS HENABY, Center
SAUL NAIDORFF, Guard
STEPHEN MICKEVICH, Forward

JOHN F. GRIFFIN, Center
MARTIN A. LIDDY, Guard
THOMAS J. HOLLERAN, Forward
ROBERT A. COYLE, Guard
JOHN J. BLEWITT, Forward

FRANCIS G. DONNELLY, Guard

Varsity Basketball

BASKETBALL has been long held to the bosom of Setonia especially in the yesteryear, as its one great game. In the days when all sports meant major sports to our Alma Mater, it was natural for basketball to be the king of our athletics for this game required the least number of players,—the key note of success being team work. No matter what heights she has reached in other sports of late, Seton's game will always flourish in the form of basketball.

The secret of victory which has attended Setonia's basketball is found in the very fundamental teaching echoed so often by its coach Mr. Hill: "Be a catholic gentleman in all places and under all circumstances; win if you can; but to reflect the teaching of your Alma Mater is your duty." How well the students of the game have grasped the meaning of Coach Hill's words is evidenced in the grand array of athletes that have defended the White and Blue on the court. The success that has accompanied its team no matter how great the opposition, bespeaks the quality of the playing, beneath whose exterior lies the cause, great passing, the test of real team work. The signal system, the go-give-and-take play, the excellent marksmanship would be useless were it not for this unselfish passwork which has been engendered in the team, bringing to it many a victory over far bigger and more individually skilled opponents.

The team welded together for this season was a unit of unusual speed with swift passing, and accurate shooting combined. The floor work of the team was a subject for remarks wherever it was seen in action. A remarkable feature noted in the score book shows an almost equal number of points for each individual player, a manifestation of their cooperative playing. The quintet was a smooth, even running machine exhibiting well the perfection of the Hill System. Although it was truly a five man team, it must be said that the exceptional ability and leadership of Captain Outwater was a great influence in its success. It is not amiss here to express in the name of all Setonians, a word of commendation to Jack and his able fellow player Willie Hornak, who for eight years through prep and college have fought for the glory of their Alma Mater and who have closed their careers this year in a thrilling finish. Setonia will miss them in future years and will not forget the service they have rendered in her name.

After disposing of Cooper Union in the initial game of the season by a large score, Seton Hall encountered a small, lithe opponent, Cathedral College. The Black of New York had run up a list of five consecutive victories and their banner read, "The White and Blue shall not pass." The game was a thriller, a perfect exposition of real basketball. With a puzzling bounce pass, criss-cross play they tried to break through the five man defense of Setonia but their play was soon frustrated. The conditions of the boys of the White and Blue told the story and they wore Cathedral to the ground for their second victory.

THE DREXEL GAME

Coach Hill made special preparation for the Drexel game and was rewarded by a stellar come-back of his team. Throughout the going was the fastest yet seen on the home court. As usual Jack started the ball rolling by a classy one hand throw. But with that, things seemed to stop for his men and Drexel took the game over, running up a score of 16-6 in the first half. A consultation at time out decided to flash the passing system regardless of the points. And so in the second half, Willie started things moving, Naidorff took up the reins with six points and the undercurrent of passes by Nelligan and Outwater brought 31 points to Seton Hall and kept Drexel to but five; a glorious victory, giving the spectators something at which to marvel.

SETON HALL Vs. YALE

A stout hearted squad of youths entered the portals of the "Bull Dog" at New Haven to do or die for Seton Hall. A huge structure was his lair with giant defenders to oppose aggressors. A whistle called the little invaders to action and they found themselves upon a lengthy court. The play started and lo and behold a whirlwind ziz-zag attack of Yale was smashed against a stone wall defense. For seven minutes it failed to register a break, while the little "Terrier" from South Orange had a six point lead to its credit. Starting out on a beautiful pass from Henaby, Captain Outwater dropped the first basket, which broke the ice. A one handed shot by Henaby followed on a perfect forward-to-centre play, and the Bull Dog growled in anger. This was his threat and with it came an attack of height and strength against speed and passing. Some brilliant distance shots brought Yale abreast of Setonia and the battle for supremacy waged hot and fast. With the time five minutes to go the Bull Dog was trailing by six points. Captain Carmody of Yale who had been taken out of the fray, returned to the game and in a furious attack under the instruction of Coach Taylor to peg them at every opportunity, a new life took possession of his team and for three consecutive shots he sank the ball and simultaneously, the good ship Setonia, by the score of 28-26.

THE ST. BONAVENTURE GAME

Seton Hall crowned the basketball season with glory in its victory over the great St. Bonaventure Team. With a string of twelve victories, the Alleghany Boys, who had conquered Villanova, Brooklyn Law and famous university teams came to smash Setonia. When the two locked horns, the breath of victory emanating from the larger team encountered a stiff retaliation from the spirit of the small Setonians. They who were fortunate to see that game were treated to a rare exhibition of the use of the bounce pass, Coach Hill's original contribution to basketball. With the score tied and two minutes to play, an audience of howling spectators about them and,—the little men could not break the sterling defense. From

Henaby to Nelligan and back to Naidorff, on to Hornak and yet no score. A minute to go,—a snappy pass to Outwater and then his old reliable feint, while the whole team shifted for a fake pass, at last turned the trick and the Seton Hall men did what no other team could do, foxed the great St. Bonaventure Team and so garnered another victory.

And so went the season. Captain Outwater was taken ill and remained out of the game for the rest of the season. The team dropped a slow game to Villanova at the Armory after having taken St. Francis College and Albright into camp. The second game with Drexel at Philadelphia conceded a victory to the opposition as the boys were not quite in form due to the loss of their captain. The Loyola Team from Baltimore paid the boys a visit, gave some tough opposition but like the rest went back on the short end of the score. Ray Nelligan proved his lightning speed was better than great size in his outplaying a man of exceptional ability and much bulk. Mickevich, who was playing in the place of Outwater created a sensation which lasted through the rest of the season.

Of course there was nothing left but to close the season in a manner befitting the progress thus far made and so the final win was over Providence College. The finish was a whirling one in a see-saw game full of pep and fire. The wonderful tapping of our centre, Henaby, featured the plays as they were put through to end with the swish of the ball in the net. The season closed with the triumphant din drowning out the whistle which rang down the curtain on a banner year at Old Setonia. The tabulation of the team's work shows a consistent effort. To the individual men we do not give a rating as their work was one. Captain Outwater, and Willie Hornak, who captained the team in the absence of his team-mate, as veteran and able leaders, deserve whatever particular praise may be extended. They leave their work to be carried on by Nelligan, Henaby and Naidorff who with others helped to crown their last year with success.

RECORD

Seton Hall College 53;	Cooper Union	16
Seton Hall College 30;	Cathedral College	26
Seton Hall College 35;	Drexel Institute	21
Seton Hall College 46;	Univ. of Pa. (E. S.)	18
Seton Hall College 26;	Yale University	28
Seton Hall College 28;	St. Bonaventure College	23
Seton Hall College 26;	St. Francis College	24
Seton Hall College 36;	Albright College	31
Seton Hall College 28;	Villanova	41
Seton Hall College 25;	Drexel Institute	28
Seton Hall College 30;	Loyola College	20
Seton Hall College 2;	Brooklyn College of Pharmacy (forfeit)	0
Seton Hall College 25;	Providence College	24
390		300

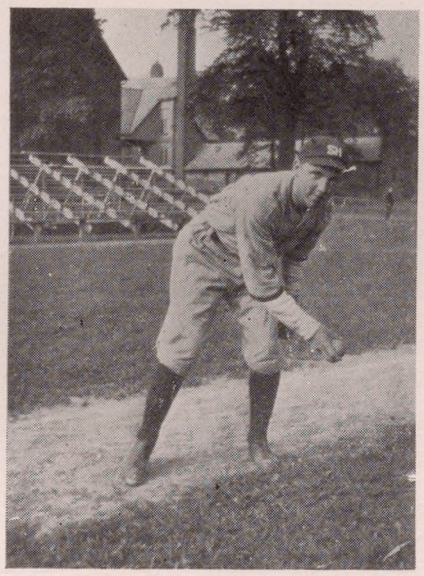
VARSITY BASEBALL

CAPTAIN JACK OUTWATER

CHARLES E. GARRETT, Manager
WILLIAM HORNACK
RAYMOND NELLIGAN
NEIL SHAY
JAMES POWERS
JACK GALLAGHER
CYRIL PRUZINSKY
THOMAS KEARNY
JOSEPH GAVIN, Assistant
FRANCIS HENABY
JOSEPH KAISER
MARTIN LIDDY
PHILIP MCCABE
HARRY KENNEDY
SAUL NAIDORFF
JAMES NAUGHTON

FREDERICK CONSTANTINO

Varsity Baseball



In the Spring a young man's fancy, turns to thoughts of,—baseball. With the spring fever comes also another, contagious and widespread, evidenced by symptoms which cover the campus with manifold gloves, bats and balls. Hurrying individuals group themselves together and dressed in whatever sort of paraphernalia they can beg, borrow or (?), they proceed in unceremonious array to show their version of the great game and how it should be enjoyed. And out of these amateur attempts at times, the most thrilling contests are witnessed and the best of future material discovered. Making a way through the almost endless teams, (for it seems that everybody has taken to baseball, including the lay professors), back to the official diamond, we pass busy managers, earnest assistants and wandering water-boys and pushing to the front line came upon the Varsity in a strenuous practice under Coach Fish. It is a better team both defensively and offensively than that of last year as the snappy field work covering the hitting well shows. Coach Fish, after the usual few weeks of training in the first principles, essayed a comprehensive campaign toward perfecting the beginnings, emphasizing the drill in batting which has not been without good results.

When we start to examine the team we notice some "old timers" skirting the inner defence, Joe Kaiser, the inimitable on third, and Willie Hornak, who has practically owned the short-stop position ever since 'Seton' has been attached to 'Hall', scooping them up, hot from the bat. Jack Outwater is on the mound, dazzeling the poor batters as only he can with the famous old curve ball which lands snugly in the glove of Neil Shay behind the bat, whose catcher instinct impels a beautiful fast throw to Cy Pruzinsky at first for a put-out. On the throw-around that follows our attention is called to a new star in the person of Freddie Constantino, cavorting about second base like a big leaguer. Jack lets them hit a few now and so we get a chance to see the boys in the gardens do their bit. Marty Liddy's swift feet carry him out to the extremes to grab a high one and we can hear the satisfactory slap as he squeezes the 'fly' at the end of its journey. In the regions of the "Mississippi", Sol Naidorff, an addition to the baseball ranks this year, eagerly awaits his chance to exhibit a little of his versatility. The right field is carefully patrolled by Jim Naughton, who keeps away the danger until Jack comes out of the box to take the place.

The side lines are a work-shop all their own, where the relief men are warming up for a try later on. The mound staff for Setonia has never raised aloft so many and so varied a style of hurlers as it has this year, and it looks like a banner performance by each is going to take place when they face the batters. Beside the varied curves and tricks of Captain Outwater, the speed of "Styx" Henaby supplies an interesting and effective ball for prospective batters to think about. The big boy looks good as he sends them over to "Inky" Kearny, who picks them from behind an imaginary plate, while waiting to take the battery with "Styx." Close by, Harry Kennedy is taking the best that comes from the hands of the master relief man, Ray Nelligan, the Marbery of Setonia. He is flanked on either side by "Darby" Powers and Jack Gallagher, whose native talents have taken a rise under the rigors of the Fish System. Darby's coolness adds much to an already well trained pitching ability and in conjunction with the promises evidenced in the workouts of Gallagher, will help to ring the victory bell for the Hall when these boys get in the game. There are others about, doing the things that are usually done in such an important a thing as practice and among them Phil McCabe is cutting quite a caper as Coach Fish sends him in to take the keystone sack for a round or two.

We wait around a bit and see a little base sliding, some fancy stealing and hitting and then we enjoy a chat with Mr. Fish, who invites us up to see the boys under fire in their next game.

SCHEDULE

April		
2	Rutgers University	New Brunswick
7	St. Francis College	South Orange
11	Newark Interna. League Club	Newark
13	C. C. N. Y.	New York
22	Providence College	South Orange
25	Manhattan College	South Orange
29	Temple University	South Orange
30	Mt. St. Mary's College	South Orange
May		
7	Trinity College	South Orange
9	Lafayette College	South Orange
11	St. Joseph's College (Phila.)	South Orange
14	Montclair A. C.	Montclair
19	Cathedral College	South Orange
21	Drexel Institute	South Orange
23	St. Bonaventure's College	South Orange
25	Upsala College	South Orange
June		
7	Alumni	South Orange
9	Cornell University	Ithaca, N. Y.

CAPTAIN MELVIN DALTON

MEL Dalton needs no introduction to the public at large and his name has been heard frequently of late in connection with the Olympics of 1928, as one of the leading possibilities for America's Team. Apart from that, the Mel Dalton in whom we are interested is he who runs for the honor of Seton Hall, a gritty and perfect captain. Mel's feats in cross country are enough to place him as one of the best in his class, but he does not end his performances there. In the two mile run, Mel has met and conquered the best runners of that distance.

To begin his season Mel started out in the Fordham games and finished fourth against a field consisting of the great Finnish flyer, Ove Anderson, Lermond of Boston A. C., Cox of Penn State, Laviree and Willie Goodwin. It was a gruelling run and the two miles were covered in record time. With such an opening to his season he next entered the Brooklyn College Meet and with a seventy-five yard handicap, overtook the limit men and led down to the tape, by a distance of forty yards, the swift Ove Anderson who is hailed as the equal of Nurmi. Due to this victory which created a stir amongst track fans, Mel's handicap was cut to twenty-five yards in the following run at the St. Joe Games at the Newark Armory. Here again, with that will to win and with the punch that counts in the final drive, Mel showed his exceptional ability and defeated Ove Anderson for the second time, together with Lermond.

Dalton has accomplished what few others could attain and Seton Hall is proud to acknowledge her youthful fleet-footed conquerer, for the White and Blue.

VARSITY CROSS-COUNTRY TEAM

MELVIN DALTON, Captain

NEIL SHAY

ADDISON CLOHOSEY

JOSEPH MCBARRON

FREDERICK ESSER

JEROME GREENE

Cross-Country Team

With the principle of making haste slowly, Harry Coates, Track Coach for Seton Hall, has confined his efforts in the college department this year to the development of a varsity cross-country team. It is still too early to expect to launch a full-fledged squad upon the track, but from a good start in one direction an indication of probable material in other lines can be estimated. With this starting-point assured by the performances of the Cross-Country Team in the past year, there is a good indication of a prosperous future for years to come when a full track team will be worked up by Mr. Coates.

In answer to the call for candidates for track the number that responded was rather small, but some men of real ability were found among the new material. Following weeks of hard training the Setonian harriers were given their first chance in competition on October 2nd when they entered the Junior Metropolitan A. A. U. Cross-Country Championship Meet held at Van Cortlandt Park in New York City. To Mel Dalton went the distinction of being the first college man to complete the six and a quarter mile grind, and he was but a few seconds behind the winning Finnish star, Fagerlund. Mel decisively defeated his old rival and foremost college contender, Phil Edwards of New York University. The Siamese Twins Addison Clohosey and Neil Shay finished well up in the first division with Addison leading his team-mate over the line.

Harry Coates now undertook a special program of training to groom them for their next test in which he hoped to annex the State A. A. U. Cross Country Championship of New Jersey. After a month of faithful workouts the time came to prove the metal and its endurance. A field of fifty runners crowded the starting line at Branch Brook Park as a cutting wind blew across the ice covered lake around which the five mile run was staked. The first mile found Dalton leading the pack with his team-mates, Clohosey and Shay, hard on his heels. Gradually widening his lead with his blue-clad followers holding the pace for a time, Mel soon deserted them all and at the close of the race led his nearest rival by 175 yards, setting a course record of 27 minutes 18 seconds. Neil Shay was the next Setonian to cross the line for fifth place with Clohosey, who had suffered a stitch, close behind. Kelly of Seton Hall dashed over to take the eighth place and Fred Esser completed the score for his team when he finished eighteenth. Joe McBarron and Jerry Green brought up the rear for the White and Blue and the day ended with one more laurel added to Setonia's fast growing achievements, the winning of the New Jersey State Cross Country Championship.

FRESHMAN FOOTBALL

JAMES CAREY, Manager — RAYMOND CONNELL, Ass't Manager

THOMAS KEARNY, Captain

WALTER REILLY, L. E.
BERNARD SWEENEY, R. E.
JOHN DOUGHERTY, R. G.
RAYMOND O'NEIL, L. T.
EDWARD ARLISS, L. H.
GEORGE TYNE, R. H.
SAUL NAIDORFF, Q. B.
SAMUEL BAIER, C.
JOHN GALLAGHER, R. E.
ANTHONY KURZYNOWSKI, L. G.
FRANK SKURKA, R. H.
WILLIAM GLEASON, R. G.
FRANK MCCUE, L. H.
EDWARD KANE, R. T.
JOSEPH STOCKHAMER, R. G.
PETER RUSH, R. H.
JOHN OTT, R. E.
JAMES MOORE, R. T.

Freshman Football

THE epochal return of athletic pre-eminence to Seton Hall within the last two years was accompanied by a restless spirit which wished to extend itself to all branches. The unheard of advance of the new track teams and the wonderful success of the prep football encouraged this spirit to rise and demand a varsity football team for the season of 1926. The detail and expense of introducing such an enterprise was figured and unfortunately the project could not be carried out even though a schedule had been arranged. The idea however never died nor did the temporary disappointment dull the effort to realize it.

At the beginning of the term for 1926 we find this desire for a football team in the college taking root amongst the newcomers in the freshman class. For a while the rumor held sway in the promise of a team representative of the gridiron and soon rumor yielded to fact. Following days saw an eager group of incipient football stars encouraged by the earnest cooperation of Father McVeigh making effort to get themselves in a shape fit to be called a team. Serious plans were laid and a captain elected in the person of Tom "Inkey" Kearney who in his prep days left a record of great achievements on the football field. He, aided by Edward Arliss, Setonia's prep captain of the previous year, looked their material over and then set to work. The next move was to have a manager, a schedule and suits. The managership was voted to James Carey whose live wire tactics brought much of the success to the ensuing season. His schedule was one worthy of any college freshman team. The question of suits was attended to by soliciting of funds and as a result the team pranced out proudly in their new togs with flaming red jerseys.

The first game of the season was played against the Newark Academy team whose reputation for strength was well established. The Freshmen blasted their way to an impressive 7-0 victory in which Arliss was the big gun for Setonia; a wonderful start and splendid encouragement to Captain Kearney who held also the role of coach. The next game was played at Setonia's field where the famed Fordham Freshmen were entertained. This game was of particular interest since Fordham consisted of many stars from prep schools, amongst whom was Captain John O'Shea who had been the triple threat man of Seton Hall Prep the former season. The game was a fiery one and it was plain to all that Fordham was outplayed everywhere. But as such games will go, by a score 7-6 they took the game from the Freshmen.

St. John's team from Brooklyn were the next to lower their flag in a hair raising contest with a 21-6 score resulting in favor of the home freshmen. St. Peter's Prep of Jersey City held the Freshmen to a 0-0 tie in a game that was truly representative of that spirit which lay beneath the heart of each. The finish of the season was marked by the defeat at the hands of the impregnable New York Military Academy team at New York.

Who Can Ever Forget?

The glorious SUNSETS over the Orange mountains.
The DISCUSSIONS that took place in room No. 45.
The mystery of the missing "BLACK JOKER".
"DARBY" and "JOE".
The BIG PARADE (when we were Juniors).
Mr. Powers' after dinner SPEECHES.
HOGAN'S ALLEY by candle light.
The time Willie ordered the CAKE and VEGETABLES.
The ADVANCE DOPE on senior sems.
When OUR SIDE went out FIRST.
The HUNGER STRIKE.
When Dr. Monahan forgot his book on MEMORY.
The "PINCHING OFF" in sophomore.
How we SOLVED the MYSTERY.
Joe reading the MINUTES that seemed like HOURS.
The dialogue of PETE and WALTER.
The BEAUTIFUL TEXTS.
The daily scramble for LETTERS that NEVER came.
The "STRUGGLE for EXISTENCE."
The things we DID, the things we DIDN'T DO at DEAR OLD SETONIA.

PREPARATORY

The Preparatory

AS the sapling is bent so the oak will grow. Gone from the more tender years of its dependence the time is present when it awakes to the world about it and in the pleasing sway of youth follows where the breath upon it leads. By a sturdy directive it is held to its development straight and full lest bent beneath the unrelenting wind, too late it finds a posture distorting to its nature. Such is the stage of youth looking only by the irresponsibility it entertained before. And so comes the task of educating that youth to a realization of things as they are, in dispelling of the vague and undefined attempts and in the presentation of means to develop its hidden strength for the fight against the rugged way before it.

Seton Hall College is a seat of higher learning but realizing the necessity of proper beginnings it has had the good fortune to be able to supply the initiatory step leading to the study for the degree. Seton Hall preparatory division bespeaks its own importance as individual and distinct in its activities, while being at the same time integrally one wth the college in all that is Setonian. Not a supplement but rather an introduction to the college, it so has its own organization and moves in a circle of its own. But Seton Hall, be it college or prep is always one and so we are pleased to allot on these pages due representation to our younger associates in the pursuit of knowledge.

For the men who have completed their course in the prep this is an important year too, since it marks their egress from the first stage in the framing of their future lives. Relative to their position, they in the fourth year high class may view their outgoing as a significant turn in the road of endeavor. With the beginning of maturity in sight they look back to the past four years and estimate them as synchronizing in progress, proportionately with that of the graduates of the college. Due to the large size of the class two divisions were arranged under the leadership of two presidents, Bernard McCafferty and Kenneth McNeil. Working in conjunction with their class advisor, Rev. Father Kern, they have amalgamated their efforts and tried to distribute their talents in scholastic and other circles. The major portion of the carrying on of Setonia's fame in athletics rested on this class and they must be credited with distinctive success. The big event at the close of their work beside the graduation ceremony was the celebration of their class banquet, an historic precedent which joins them with the junior Alumni of Seton Hall.

Eager to take up the traces left to them by their predecessors, the members of the third high class willingly conclude the struggle with their first Greek author and with Cicero. Extended but not beaten they have completed a well spent year. They have the distinction of having formed the Literary Club, in which there were weekly discussions by inchoate statesmen and future men of affairs. Each month a debate was held in which an exemplary exhibition of contempary disputation was

shown. Maintaining a good scholastic standing they were not far behind in their offering to the athletics in which the prep gloried.

And down we go to second high larger in number though less in state. Three sections comprise the whole group, whose special distinction consists in its publication of an independent paper known as "Among Ourselves" and sponsored by Rev. Dr. Guterl. Even here the athletes abound and it was this class that won the Arnold Trophy for the two mile inter-class medley race at Seton Hall's Meet. But their day of further recognition is coming and so we leave them to await it as we grant a few lines to the neophytes on the path of learning, the members of first high. Their quest of success was a maze of fundamentals and we admire these little fellows who stuck to the last when all seemed up in the blue. The largest class in the high school they have much to look forward to in the anticipation of their diploma day.

The preparatory of Seton Hall besides upholding a well known record for high scholastic work has recently taken a rise in the athletic world, not only locally but nationally. Out of a mediocrity has come a reputation which has attracted a world wide attention. Resuming its activities in two fields long ago discarded, the prep under capable tutoring, has competed with the best in football and track and made many of the old dopesters shake their heads in wonder.

When we mention football we bring a thrill of joy to the heart of every son of Setonia, who will never forget what the self-same prep which but two years ago possessed a team of only mediocre ability, did in football circles under the direction of Mr. Fish. Making their debut in the season of 1925 the team went through a strong schedule with the loss of but one game and so introduced themselves to an astounded world. The record made in the second year of its advance brought the Prep to a pinnacle topping its greatest rivals and creating an enviable reputation for itself. From the start the Prep evidenced a spirit that was to tell the tale against those who dared their path on the gridiron.

Under a boiling sun the machine got under way for the first time and in a much heated contest overcame the Bloomfield High School Team. In the second attempt the prep began to show some of the class it really possessed and in a battle at Staten Island again took the laurels from the Curtis High team, which was rated highly in its section. Chester End began his rampage for the season and waked up by a 0-0 score at the end of the first half, tore through in his unique form for a touchdown early in the second part. Not to be outdone, Bill Rattigan added another score to the first and the prep then called it a day and left the Curtis boys on the field, mourning the short end of a 13-0 win.

Travelling to Jersey City on the next visit the Setonians greeted an old rival with a new tune. Long accustomed to the rigor of football, the experienced St. Peter's boys had nevertheless to lower their flag in deference to these new Titans in the field. The boys from the Hall were hitting the pace now and it would be difficult to say on just whom in particular that 12-0 victory was dependent. As an opposition the St. Peter's Team was full of fight and the clash was something to

look at as the better team gradually forced its strength over the opponent, by alternate drives of Bill Keating, Jimmy O'Connell, End and Rattigan and the end plays of "Dinny" Sullivan. This was an introduction to the game that was to be played at Princeton and it gave the prep an idea of what that game was going to be like. Princeton Prep noted for its very strong line and experienced backfield had been tumbling the strongest comers with comparative ease throughout the season. From the minute the starting whistle blew it could be seen that a 'battle of the century' was destined for that day on that muddy field. That tearing backfield that none could stop who opposed the Princeton line, time and time again was held in its tracks by the breaking through of the men from Seton Hall. The clash of these two teams was a spectacle exhibiting the thoroughness of the training they had received. The advantage of weight that Princeton had did not avail it against Seton Hall and so the battle raged, much like that between two horn locked steers, up and down the field. Backed to their own five yard line the White and Blue men stopped with a stone wall that awful onslaught of Princeton's mighty line and turning the tables started an attack of their own which rushed Princeton to the wall. Within the shadow of the goal, the last drive saw Chet Ends tear off a fifteen yard run over the line for a touchdown. The all-seeing eye of the official saw a discrepancy in the play and the score was called invalid. Be that as it may, the line of the Tiger Cubs had been broken by Setonia at any rate and to those who saw the game it was evident the men of Seton Hall had outplayed their mightier opponents. The game continued in a see-saw fashion with Russ White, Jimmy Owens, Ken McNeil, Joe Ratti and Bill Doherty, John Cummings and Vin Liddy forming a line that the Maroon and Gray could not pierce. At length the Princeton team was treated to a break in the form of a penalty that brought them within twenty-five yards of the goal in the centre of the field. Captain Hall of Princeton so well known for his drop-kicking, with perfect form placed the ball squarely between the uprights for the score which gave Princeton the game. A few minutes later, Chet End, while attempting to tackle Dangerfield of Princeton, suffered a double fracture of the leg and had to be rushed to the Princeton General Hospital, a most unfortunate accident which lost to Seton Hall and to the Athletic World in general, one of the best football stars of the times and a track man of rare ability.

Two more sensational victories and then came the "shot that was heard 'round the world of sport,"—"Seton Hall Prep conquers Benedict's by a score of 27-0, and wins the Catholic Prep Championship of New Jersey, in a game in which the Setonians at last come into their own." The honey so long collected and stored by the Bees from their South Orange neighbor was harvested to the full and was the sweeter for its age. The victory of the White and Blue was significant of a new era for Seton Hall when they beat their most feared and respected rival at its own game.

The piece de resistance of the scholastic football season got under way with a bang as the White and Blue received the kick from the Bees and began a march that

was to end only by a touchdown. Straight as a battering ram with alternate thrusts the Setonians rushed the melting Benedict line before them. With varied plays of precision the ball was brought to its last play by Cummings skirting a superb interference. The playing of Captain Keating and Bill Rattigan on an off-tackle play that the Bees could "only" admire, again swept them from the way and so the score took a rise. Russ White at centre taught the Bees how the line should be broken by a plunger and his every thrust was one the Bees could not resist. With Bob O'Connor throwing aerials that would shame a marksman for accuracy and Dinny Sullivan, Keating, Liddy, to receive them, coupled with a line offense had by few other teams, it is no wonder the poor Bees tried but in vain to stem that matchless attack. The sensational 40 yard runs of Keating, for his second touchdown and Owens, who intercepted a Benedict pass was rivalled by Cumming's classy run-backs of punts throughout the game. It was a great game and even the unbeatable Bees had to admit no score on their sheet, despite the sterling efforts of their gallant little Captain Whalen with his most dependable men, O'Brien, Slater and McDonnel.

But we cannot linger too long on football, it being but one side of the square that our prep boasts in sports. Take up any paper in the past year and you can read that something astounding in track circles has just been done by the 'greenhorns' of Harry Coates from Seton Hall. Records were just made for breaking in the estimation of Harry's stars and the White and Blue has been brought high up into the limelight by what its prep boys did on the boards and cinder path.

In the first meet of the Eastern District High Games, the relay team from Seton Hall Prep won the 1¼ Medley Relay, creating an unprecedented new world's record of 4:38 for the circuit, thus clipping 19 seconds off the old indoor record. A. A. U. officials and track experts stared in wonder at this phenomenal running which broke every existing record, indoor or outdoor. Vic Smith ran the first 220 in expert style for his first experience in short distance, having in the previous year been a cross-country man. Francis Troy turned in a remarkable record in the second part of 660 yards and Joe Burns, a new find in trackland took the quarter mile like a veteran. Captain Bernard McCafferty receiving the baton thirty yards behind Victor Fitzmaurice, the P. S. A. L. Cross-Country Champion who was running the half-mile for New Utrecht, with a beautiful stride overcame the lead and added to it thirty more yards as he finished his 880 share of one of the most sensation victories in track history, to capture the Medley Relay Championship of America.

At the Coast Guard Meet in Brooklyn the one-mile handicap relay was lost by the prep to Poly Prep School in a hard run race by Cummings, Troy, Smith and McCafferty, in a time of 3:33 3/5. The Prep did not have great success in the following meets at the De La Salle and St. Joseph's games. The individual running of Burns, Kearney and Ochetsky carried the reputation of Setonia's men to recognition by all who witnessed the performances. The Millrose Meet found the White and Blue team all primed up to defend their National Title in the mile relay, but the gods saw fit to disappoint them and their valiant effort to hold the cup was

PREP FOOTBALL

ADRIAN K. BURKE, Manager — GEORGE WALKER, Ass't Manager

WILLIAM KEATING, Halfback, Capt.

Ends: CORNELIUS SULLIVAN, EDWIN SCHNELL, WILLIAM HESSION, EDWARD SAN FIIPPO, VINCENT LIDDY, JOHN DONAHUE.

Tackles: WILLIAM DOHERTY, JAMES OWENS, WILLIAM ARLISS, EDWARD MOONEY.

Guards: JOSEPH RATTI, KENNETH MCNEIL, EDWARD LASKOWSKI, JOHN KOEFERL, JOHN REILLY, JOHN ELWOOD.

Center: RUSSELL WHITE, EDWARD CONFROY.

Backs: JOHN CUMMINGS, WILLIAM RATIGAN, CHESTER END, ROBERT O'CONNOR, JAMES O'CONNELL, LOUIS BERTONI, SABITINO ADDONIDZIO, ALBERT DAVALA, JOHN HODGINS.

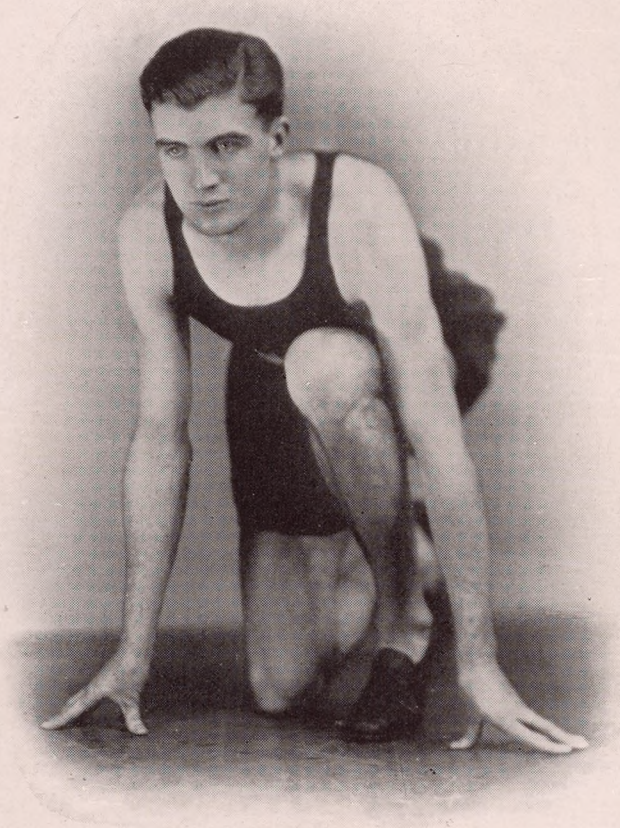
frustrated by a mix-up in the baton passing at the beginning of the last leg, in which MacDonald of Poly Prep was the gainer. With the feature running that took place the Setonians had nothing to be ashamed of in the loss of a race that was timed at 3:35. At the Seton Hall Meet in the Newark Armory Setonia's Flying Four had to bow to the St. Benedict team in the mile and quarter relay and incidentally lose the John A. Matthews Trophy to the new Medley Relay Champions, retaining however the World's Record for time.

Ever alert, the prep has not fallen asleep or rested on its oars in allowing success in one field to carry its name in others. In Basketball the prep reached the semi-finals in the state tournament and after easily disposing of Bordentown was slated to meet St. Benedicts for the State Championship. The game was played in the Newark Armory but turned out to be anything but what a Seton Hall-St. Benedict game ought to be. In a very slow game the Bees won out and left the prep runner-up for the title.

Basketball over, the balmy air called the prepsters to the diamond to show the fans what they had to offer in that line. Under Coach Fish the raw material began to look a little more refined as time went on and the weeding of the poorer part left a bed of some quality. Among the veterans from the last season Liddy, Sullivan, Russ White, McNeil, Cannizaro, Bill Outwater, afforded a solid ground for the new team. With careful training the new men were molded around to work in accordance with Mr. Fish's style of baseball, and on review showed the results of its perfection.

Manager William Arliss arranged a hard schedule for his diamond squad, which will tell the story of the team's calibre. Foremost of course are two games with St. Benedict's Prep and the villagers intend to take the measure of the Bees in this field also. The total amounts to seventeen games and includes the best teams in the Metropolitan district, among which are Curtis High, Trenton Normal, St. John's Prep, Blair Academy, Cathedral Prep of Trenton, St. Peter's of New Brunswick, Rutgers Prep, New York Stock Exchange and others. A successful conquest in such a group will make any team a leader and our prep is out to take that schedule by storm, not only with that will to win but because they have the goods which counts.

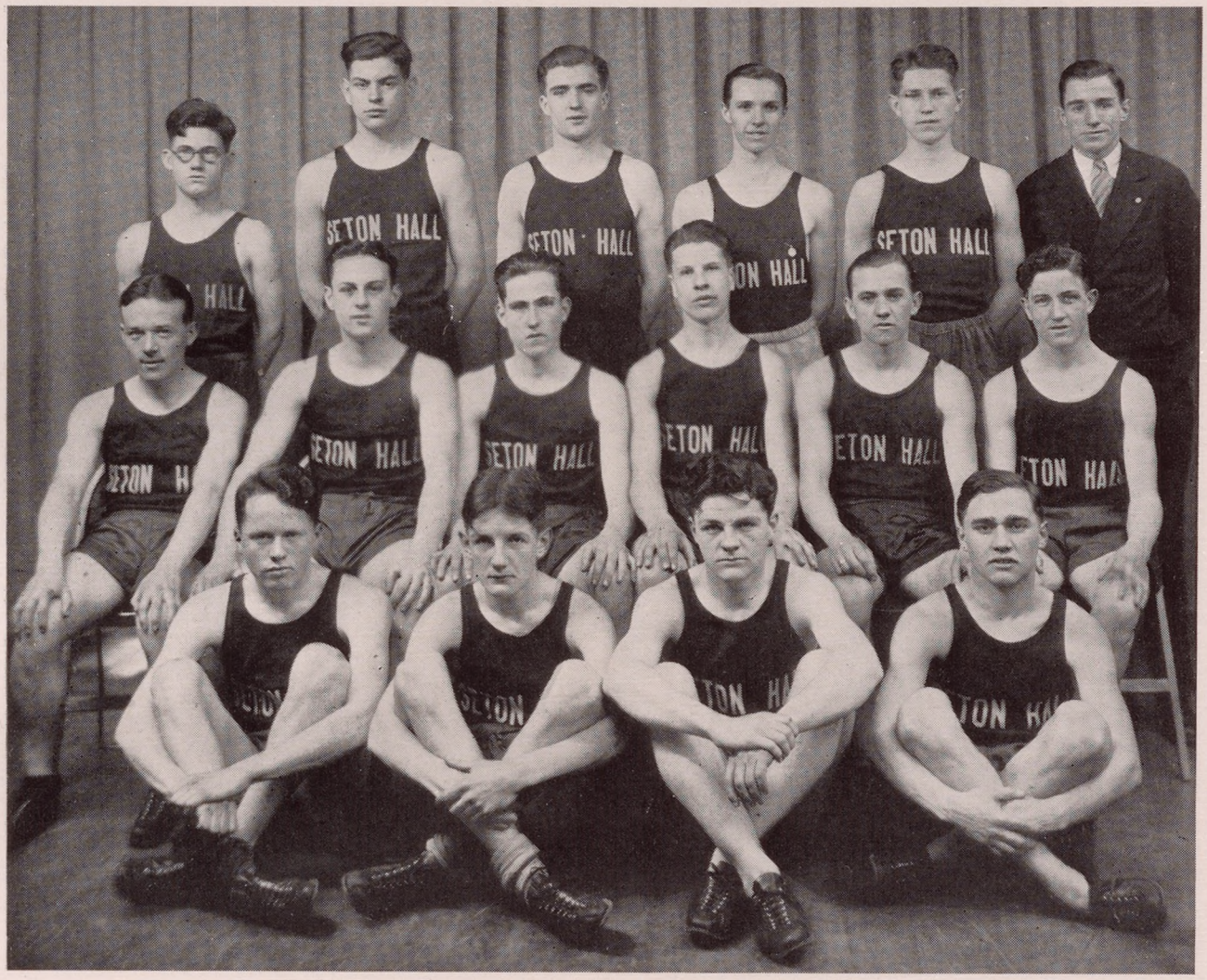
We could go on in various lines to speak further of Prep and the place it holds at Seton Hall. We have a real interest in this organization so closely allied with ourselves in the one unit of Seton Hall, and accordingly as it comes time for us to make our parting with our Alma Mater, we include whole-heartedly in the review of our days at Seton Hall, the representation worthy of its accomplishments. We have shared and rejoiced with them in all that the name of Seton Hall has added to herself and with her Standard unfurled in glory over them we bid adieu and wish prosperity to our men of the Prep.



CAPTAIN BERNARD McCAFFERTY

BERNARD McCafferty, "the most sought after runner in America,—" so introduced at the John Hopkins Meet in Baltimore, the Seton Hall Prep man was greeted by the most enthusiastic reception ever accorded a track man according to the old timers of the game. Having been in the game but little over a year, Mac has risen to the heights and is one of the outstanding contenders for national honors. He treated the Sunny South to a rare exhibition of his exceptional running in capturing the 880-yard handicap from scratch, finishing forty yards in advance of a field of fifty contenders, most of whom had forty yards handicap. His time was two minutes, three-fifths of a second, a new track record. Twenty minutes later he entered the 660-yard and took the National Title for that distance and again won by forty yards in the time of one minute, eighteen seconds.

Previous to this marvelous display Mac had taken three consecutive victories within four days, beginning with a win in the 880-yard at the St. Anselm's Games on Feb. 11. The following night at the St. John's races he again came to the front in the 880 against a strong field and on Feb. 4th he completed the triangle at the New York A. C. Events, where he broke the tape in a stirring finish to capture the 1000-yard run in a time of 2:19. At the Seton Hall Meet, Mac starting out on the last leg of the relay more than forty yards behind Deady of Benedict's, outran his opponent with a speed that made Deady look as if he were walking, but missed the tape by a few feet, having made the record time of 1:57 for the 880. Mac successfully defended his State Inter-scholastic 880 title at the St. Benedict Meet and without any opposition broke his own record by a time of 2 flat. At the New Jersey A. A. U. run on March 10th, Bernie again took the 1000 and won the Junior Championship for that distance.



PREP TRACK TEAM

BERNARD MCCAFFERTY, *Captain*

JAMES MCKELVEY, Manager

FRANCIS TROY
VICTOR SMITH
JAMES MOINAHAN
ERNEST OCHETSKY
JAMES BARRY
ANTHONY ARNOLD
BERNARD KELLY
JOSEPH BURNS

JOSEPH MAHER
WILLIAM MEEHAN
JOHN CUMMINGS
WILLIAM MCDONALD
GILDO CALLIGARO
ALBERT DAVALA
GEORGE WALKER
WILLIAM KEARNY

PREP BASEBALL

KENNETH MCNEIL, Captain
RUSSEL WHITE
CORNELIUS SULLIVAN
WILLIAM RATIGAN
EDWARD MOONEY
JAMES LILLIS

WILLIAM ARLISS, Manager
VINCENT LIDDY
EDWARD SCHNELL
JOHN CUMMINGS
LOUIS CANNIZARO
ROBERT PETTIT

MICHAEL ATRASH

The Alumni

EVERY passing year sees the line grow, sees it stretch further and broader in its circle, scoring for its centre one more triumph and we note the increasing membership marching from the threshold of the college door to join that train that never fails to stop to take aboard the new arrivals to the college's proudest boast, its Alumni. A successful time well spent with his beloved guide brings one at last to the field wherein he is to bear her name with honor before the world. A new enthusiasm binds him to the place he loved so dearly and in the absence, which 'makes the heart grow fonder,' a deeper and unusual possession overtakes him in its regard. The great and grand army that embarked in years gone by does not forget its place of setting sail but makes a course back to that harbor of preparation to rest and recoup the inspiration that fired it to action. Further than its own benefit it reciprocates to those who now stand where it once stood by fortifying that Alma Mater with its aid of experience and accomplishment.

Seton Hall has its army in the field with its captains and officers who long ago made the mark to which the world attends. There in the ranks stand venerable men whose wisdom and devotion to the ideals of their Alma Mater distinguish their glorious paths. At the head of the line stand the old grads whose names are heralded for their deeds. But it is not purposed to eulogise here the individual but rather to take that body as it constitutes the outside guard of Seton Hall, its veterans, be they young or old.

The most appropriate way of talking about the alumni is to review the efforts it has made in the past two years. Ever dependable for the help so needed in the field of athletics the Alumni Association put its shoulder to the wheel with renewed vigor in recent times. Upon the return of Jack Fish to Seton Hall as Director of Athletics the attention of the alumni was drawn to the activities of Setonia in a more tangible way. With such a live wire as Mr. Fish the alumni was able to reach within the structure of what comprises the body politic of the college and with Jack as spokesman offer its substantial aid in that quarter. It was not long before its potency was realized and recognized with the result that constructive plans were soon under way for the rehabilitation of athletics. The work of the alumni has been spontaneous, arising from an altruistic spirit, as well as from a just pride in the name its members bear, with a sincere intention of helping to educate in the Catholic ideals from which itself has profited.

Actions speak louder than words and in this principle our alumni was not found wanting. To prove their interest we may look to the support they gave to the games that were undertaken with the confidence of such support. The Yale game at the armory a year ago brought them out in droves to see their team come through and again at the Seton Hall Prep-Benedict game they evinced an interest as great as

the student body itself. At every affair that boasted Setonia's name boxes and seats were purchased in full to help put over in a financial way as well as an athletic way these events.

The Annual Alumni Banquet held in the Robert Treat on February 1 was an event worth while remembering for all who attended. As graduate alumni to be in the near future the Senior Class of '27 was given an invitation to be present at this gathering of the men from all past classes at the Hall. At the speakers' table Major Eugene F. Kinkead as Toastmaster welcomed the guests in a few words.

The individual features of the evening could not here be enumerated. Major Kinkead, typical of the ideal the Seton Hall student would emulate introduced the speakers and supplemented their remarks with pledges in the name of the alumni, to the support of all Setonia's undertakings. Mr. Bernard Stafford and Monsignor Quirk recalled the days of old to enliven the spirit lying 'neath the dust of years ago. Hon. John A. Matthews whose ardor for everything Setonian is so well known as usual succeeded in voicing plans which arouse to action, this time in behalf of the coming Track Meet. At the close Monsignor McLaughlin as President of the college acknowledged with thanks the cooperation which had been given him in his effort to further the interests of Seton Hall.

We could list and list the names of the heroes who fought for Seton Hall in the dim past and who still carry her standard in deeds that add to her fame. Scores of Reverend Clergy administer their calling in their holy field with the name of their Alma Mater still provocative of the feeling of interest they had as college men. Their work has turned them where they have exercised an influence of importance to Seton Hall's growth. Remembering that the boy is father to the man they have succeeded in sending many boys to Setonia's fold that the benefits of Catholic education may ever increase. In the secular field too we could introduce a roster of the many sons of Setonia who have continued in their various walks of life the well started success they achieved at Seton Hall. An enumeration of individual names is impossible here and need not be placed in order that their owners be known.

And so for the Alumni,—they had their annual get-together on Alumni Day in June, when the old were young again and all mingled in one grand holiday 'to live in the days gone by.' All in all their efforts have been fruitful and as we see them take leave from the campus, until another year shall bring their anniversary, our parting pledge is with them to strive after the ideal expressed by Monsignor Quirk; "that the new Seton Hall expanding by leaps and bounds, will advance until it equals any Catholic College in this great land in which we live."

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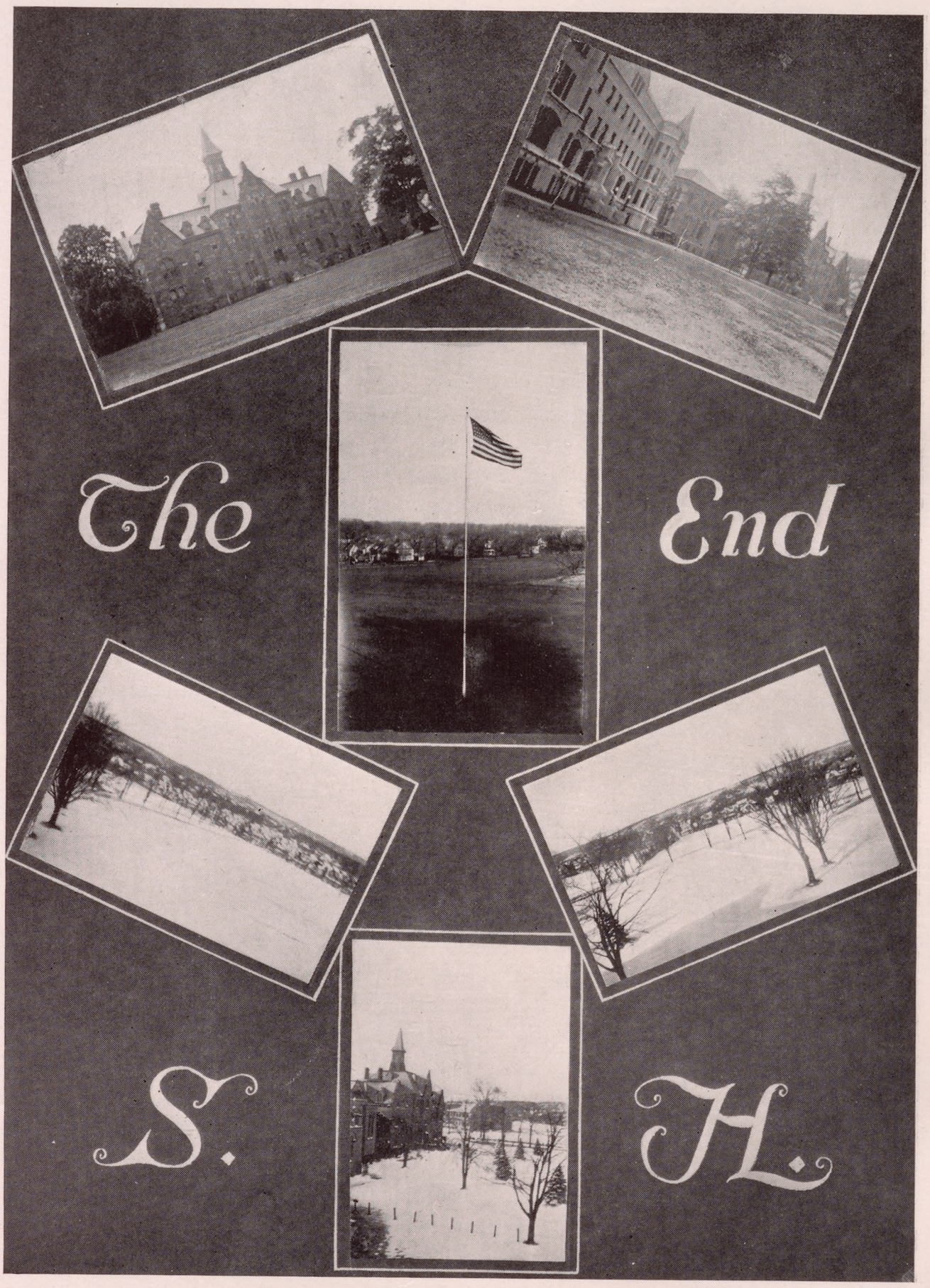
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Apostrophe

FAREWELL,—must we say it now—Seton Hall, when ages crowd thy walls in crumbling lines—and time effaces thy proud picture of to-day—then would it not be better said than now? But no, we cannot wait for slow erasure of time to blank the palimsest of the mind, but with a happy smile as best can spring from parting friends we must give over to our under men our Alma Mater's care. To stand without thy walls as men of yours, our hearts rejoice; and though a pang must come, thy training has taught us how to take it—with a smile, unselfish and strong. Farewell, but so that as true friends love remains set deep; and though separation come, memory's fine chain will bind everlastingly, unforgetably our Alma Mater to ourselves.

Appreciation

UPON the completion of this volume we wish to give our sincere thanks to all who have assisted in its production, particularly to Rev. Father Sheerin, our Moderator, for his kind advice and correction of manuscript, and also to all the Faculty of Seton Hall for their interest and support. To William Furlong of the class of '28 we owe a special tribute for his tireless and willing endeavor to beautify our book with his art; and to Mr. Edward McNally, Mr. Robert Brady, Mr. E. Vincent O'Brien for their help in the same line. We wish also to express our appreciation to Mr. Sherman of the Sherman Studio for the pains he took to give us photography of distinction; to Mr. Lassans and Mr. McKiney of Colyer Printing Company for their professional assistance and effort to fulfill our desires in the completion of the book; to Mr. White of the Essex Engraving, whose generosity and patience have been a factor in our success; nor can we fail to give a word of thanks to our generous patrons, patronesses and advertisers and to the student body who have subscribed.

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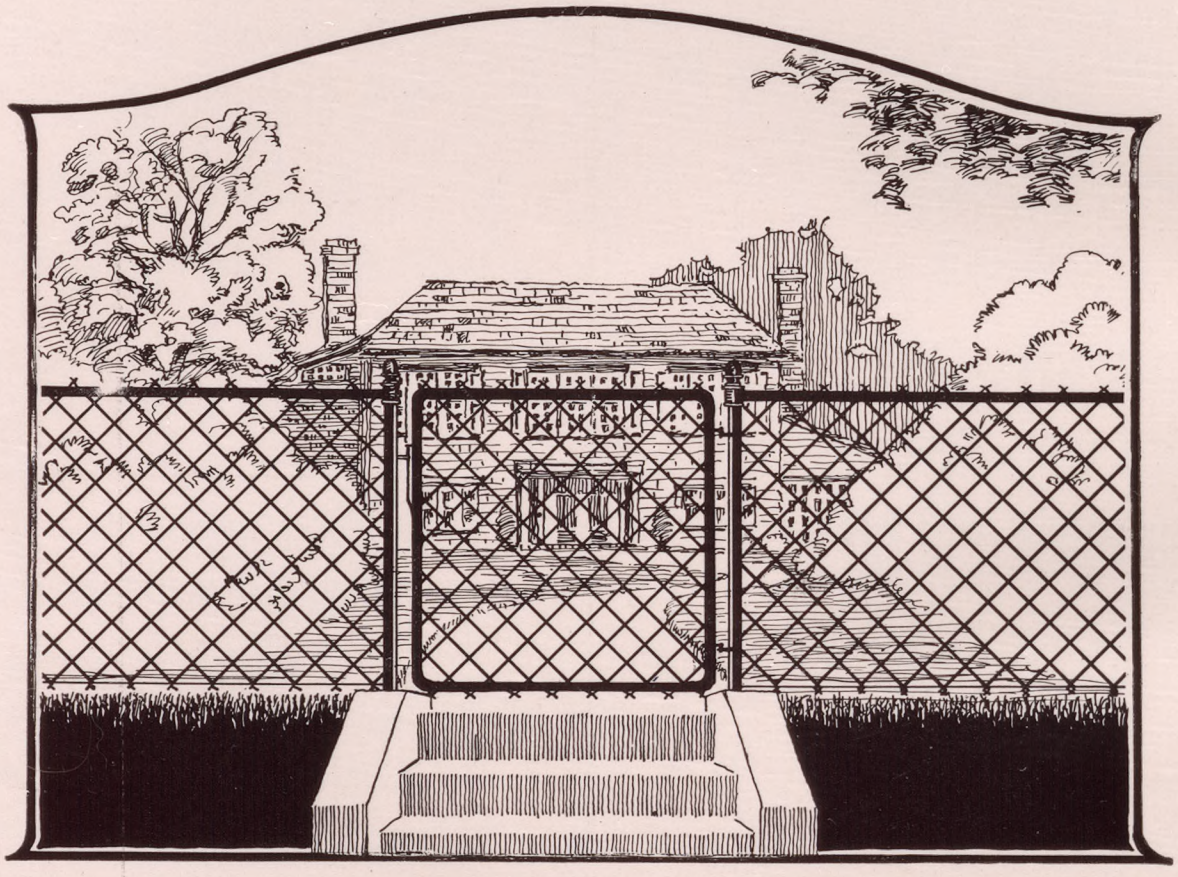

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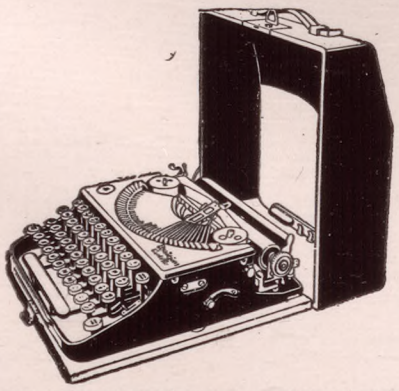

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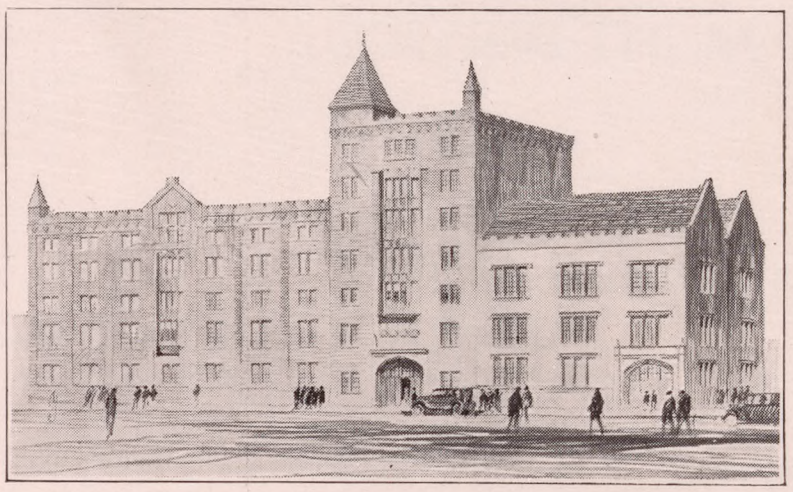

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