1930

The White and Blue 1930

Seton Hall University

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THE WHITE AND BLUE
OF NINETEEN HUNDRED
AND THIRTY
FOREWORD

Enter, gentle reader,
Through these mystic gates,
And beyond them you will find
Fair Memory awaits.

Let her take you by the hand,
Guide your wondering ways,
She will lead you through the years,
Back to other days.

Days of dreaming laughter,
Days of dreaming song,—
Let her take you by the hand,
Leading you along,—

And you'll hear of singing hearts,
Hushed as years sped on,
Little hopes and tears and triumphs
All forever gone.

For beyond these portals,
Memory will find
All those little hours of laughter
We have left behind.

Do not wisely smile on them,—
Little ghosts of golden truth,—
Gentle reader, 'tis the story
Of our vanished youth.
THE WHITE AND BLUE
OF
NINETEEN HUNDRED
AND THIRTY

ANNUAL OF SENIOR CLASS
SETON HALL COLLEGE
SOUTH ORANGE
NEW JERSEY
VOLUME SEVEN
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Eugene A. Sharkey

SETON HALL

1930
The race is run and our denouement is at hand. Our Alma Mater has signified her approval and sends us forth as standard bearers of her traditions. Just as the spreading circles in a pond, when disturbed by a sinking stone, we shall choose our different paths, drifting wider and wider apart like the floating rings, until we shall "Fill all the watery plain, and to the margin dance." When this margin is reached, our days at Seton Hall will be remembered with mingled joy and sorrow. Joyful as we live over again the long since pleasures of our college days, and then sorrow, for such is the memory of a joy. Atque vale, Alma Mater! Scene of the happiest, most contented part of our life. In far-off years the lofty ideals you have inculcated will act as torches leading us to the Light of the Universe. In trials and troubles your patience and fortitude will be ours. In triumphs your humility will guide us. But now, the time has arrived when these years, our four, must slip into our ever growing past, when we must say what those before us have said and what shall be said ad infinitum, Atque Vale!
TO OUR PARENTS

We, the Class of nineteen hundred and thirty, present this work of our hearts, this seventh volume of the "White and Blue," as a lasting memorial and final beau geste of our student days. For four years our accomplishments have redounded to our own honor and glory; Vestigia Nulla Retrorsum has been the spirit behind our activities and we are justly proud of our attainments. But with this volume we wish all our honors to be bestowed on those to whom they belong; to those, who have observed the spirit of our motto since our cradle days, although they knew it not; to those, who have given generously of their life and devotion in order that we could be in a position to accomplish these works; to those, who have given us the advantages of education as a preparation for our work in the world; to those, who have made us what we are and what we always hope to be, men, true to God, to home and to country. Deeply conscious of our debt, we, the class of nineteen hundred and thirty, impelled by every force of heart-felt gratitude and love, dedicate this book, as a permanent record of our success, to our Fathers and Mothers.
Through the medium of this volume, the final product of our unified efforts, we extend our sincerest gratitude to those who have given unselfishly of their time and devotion that we may become cultured gentlemen, men of high character and lofty ideals. Our days at Seton Hall have marked the transition period of our lives; from plastic, impulsive youth we have grown under the guidance of our Professors to men capable of accurate, good and true reasoning; thanks to their tireless efforts we are prepared to take our place in the world as men among men. During our journey through life they will be our exemplars of excellence and models for imitation, and during the twilight years, when recollections of college days will often crowd upon us, the memories of these men will stand forth most vividly of all. Then we will fully realize that they taught us, not from books alone, but by the example of their lives daily spent among us. We members of the Class of nineteen hundred and thirty will be better men, intellectually and morally, for having known them, and for this our gratitude is inexpressibly profound.
Rt. Rev. Thomas J. Walsh, D.D.
President, Board of Trustees
AD MULTOS ANNOS

In issuing this volume of *The White and Blue*, the Class of 1930 wishes to give testimony, not only of their loyalty to our beloved Right Reverend Bishop, but also their gratitude and appreciation. They feel that they have special reason in congratulating him on his great achievements since he took over the direction of the Newark Diocese, to congratulate themselves because of the fact that he enabled them to make their Junior Night an outstanding one in the history of the College, for his first official attendance at the traditional St. Joseph’s celebration coincided with their program. Of all our Right Reverend Bishop’s constructive labors, his work in the field of education has especially claimed our attention. His inspiration has infused new life into all institutions of learning; new high school centers throughout the Diocese not only will afford opportunity for Catholic youth to attain the knowledge required today, without imperiling their salvation, but will be of vast importance in directing their steps to higher seats of Catholic learning, such as our Alma Mater. In founding the Mt. Carmel Guild our Right Reverend Bishop has visited every portion of his Diocese and has endeared himself to all by his piety and zeal. It is our heartfelt wish that he be spared to us *ad multos annos*!
VESTIGIA NULLA RETRORSUM

For four years we have proceeded onward, leaving our deeds and achievements, our triumphs and trials, our successes and failures, one by one behind us. It was not until our Junior year that we gave expression to the spirit animating our endeavors. But once given, we have accepted it as the motto which is to be our aid in adversity and our inspiration in success. Vestigia Nulla Retrorsum embodies the spirit of every man in the class of nineteen hundred and thirty and during our probation on earth, as spiritual temptations and material misfortunes fall to our lot, we are confident that our motto will serve both as a sanctuary from despair and a stimulus to overcome adversity. With these convictions firmly fixed in our minds, we take last leave of Seton Hall and step across the threshold into the world. Deep in our hearts we hope that in the pleasant afterglow of our life we shall be able to realize that we have never stepped backward, never cast aside the standards we knew to be good and true.
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"A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot!  
Rose plot,  
Fringed pool,  
Ferned grot—  
The veriest school  
Of peace; and yet the fool  
Contends that God is not—  
Not God! in gardens! when the eve is cool?  
Nay, but I have a sign;  
'Tis very sure God walks in mine."
ALMA MATER

Within the hallowed silence of these halls,
Our lips have held communion with the past,—
Time's long-silent masters hushed our youthful yearnings
With mystic treasures that the years amassed.

Here amid these scenes, we gave our eager hearts
To all youth's golden dreams of future years,—
Now with all our dreaming done, we must leave forever
All youth's little smiles and little tears.

Gone, now, forever those happy blessed hours
When friendships flowered with each fleeting day,
Gone from us forever the scenes of love and laughter,
Time in its passing has taken them away.

Yet though our days must leave these favored haunts
And glimpse no more their mystic dreams unfold,
Still shall we remember them, cherish them, and love them,
If only,—for the memories they hold.
"Naught but a hard and tiresome road."
So say the passersby;
But what an honor to have trod
That road as oft as I.
This is the Hall in which we learned
Much of the knowledge that books can give.
But of all the lessons we were taught
We treasure most that of How to Live!
Herein rests One to Whom we brought
Our childish doubts, our youthful woe;
Herein rests one Who gave to us
What joys we have, what truths we know.
"Vestigia multa retrorsum."
O Sun! that floods this plot with warmth
How often more shalt thou
Light up these old familiar scenes
And vainly search for me.
These walls knew us and knew us well
As only walls can know,
And though the years pass swiftly by
They'll not forget, I trow.
Alumni Hall, another shrine
Erected to His Name,
And though the altars differ far
The God is One, the same.
Herein dwelt those we scarce began to know
When Time crept up and softly whispered "Go!"
OUR FATHERS AND MOTHERS

Lips may whisper love's soft greeting,
Or endearing terms unfold,
But the heart holds many hidden,
Fonder still,—yet seldom told.

For the heart has countless chambers
That the lips can rarely sound,
Here it is love's deepest feelings,
Fondest hopes are ever found.

Oh how well these hearts remember
All their little dreaming days,
And the hands that softly held them,—
Led them in their stumbling ways.

Little steps we later fashioned,
In those years beyond recall,
Little hours of childish triumph,—
How they loved and blessed them all.

Bearing all our little failings,
Through the flight of passing years,
Living just to hear our laughter,
And to hush our tiny tears.

Now with Time's impatient fingers
Touching all that once was fair,
On their days there comes a quiet,—
Spray of silver tints the hair.

Hands that once so gently held us
Now unveil the toil of years,
And the eyes bespeak the sorrow
That was often told in tears.

Oh great souls, for all your labors,
All your God-like love and care,
Take our lowly tearful tribute,—
Heart-felt, loving, grateful prayer.
"Grave is the Master's look; his forehead wears
Thick rows of wrinkles, prints of worrying cares;
Uneasy lies the heads of all that rule,
His worst of all whose kingdom is a school.
Supreme he sits; before the awful frown
That binds his brows the boldest eye goes down."
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Professor of Music

Mr. Patrick E. Joyce, A.B.
Professor of History

Mr. Jerome D. Gilmartin, B.S.
Professor of Mathematics and Chemistry
"Come back! ye friendships long departed!
That like o'erflowing streamlets started,
And now are dwindled, one by one,
To stony channels in the sun!
Come back! ye friends, whose lives are ended,
Come back! with all that light attended,
Which seemed to darken and decay
When ye arose and went away."
SENIOR CLASS

NINETEEN HUNDRED AND THIRTY
## SENIOR ROSTER

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SENIOR OFFICERS

JAMES V. FINLEY
President

BERNARD M. SWEENY
Vice-President

MATTHEW G. CUMMINGS
Treasurer

JAMES A. CAREY
Secretary

NINETEEN HUNDRED AND THIRTY
VESTIGIA NULLA RETRORSUM

Proudly with banners flying,
And with battle flags unfurled,
We have trampled the dust of buried years
To the gateways of the world.

Down through the mists of ages,
Down through the dim unknown,
We have marched with banners flaunting high,
Proudly to claim our own.

Yet now as we rest our standards,
And reckon the striving done,
We find our laurel a feeble dream,
And the battle just begun.

But ours is the blood of conquest,
And was never doomed to dust,—
Blood that will give to the last faint call,
And die—if die it must.

Then onward, Oh ever onward,
Great glorious blood of youth,
Raise high on the field of time afar,
Our standards—Faith and Truth!

Proudly with banners flying,
And with battle flags unfurled,
We come, we come, we are marching on,
Through the gateways of the world!
"When you are old and gray and full of sleep,
And nodding by the fire, take down this book,
And slowly read and dream of the soft look
Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep."
PRELUDE

There is no group of individuals, however large or small, which has not some record of deeds done, of achievements accomplished, of trials and triumphs. As nations, states, cities and Rotary clubs have triumphed over time by committing the account of their activities to the tender mercies of history, so we attempt to place in some permanent form a brief outline of our various activities.

Therefore, let us conjure up phantasms of days gone by, let us associate past experiences contiguous in space and time, let us dispel the vapors obscuring old times with the bright beams of memory, and briefly relive our happy Setonian days.

1926 FRESHMAN

A sunny September day four years ago there came into being the embryo which was to be the Seton Hall class of nineteen-thirty. A vividly green bunch we undoubtedly were, but our verdant colour faded with nature’s and winter found us unblushingly accepting the title: College men. Faced by that perennial Freshman problem of orientation, we plunged into all activities and soon our motley array of ninety-five stalwarts was a well balanced machine doing its share to help raise aloft the banners of the “Alma Mater” claiming all honor and allegiance.

Our first retreat launched us into the new year with a flying spiritual start. Then we were herded together by the Seniors for our first class meeting. John Farrell, the Senior president, gave away the bride, i.e. Freshman Rules, a wifely list of Do’s and Don’t’s, which we did promise to honor and obey during the ensuing year.

An election of class officers was conducted shortly after this meeting. Edward Arliss was selected to captain the Freshman ship; John Dougherty, Frank McCue and Peter Rush were his capable assistants in piloting us through this difficult year.

We invested fifty cents in a blue cap with a red button and carried next to our hearts a typewritten copy of the so-called Freshman Rules. This practice was summarily discontinued when we displayed our prowess in the annual rush with the Sophomores.

Gradually we became accustomed to our studies and discovered that under the reserve of their profession our professors were quite human. Father Sheerin spent a few classes hunting up that elusive individual who used the name Kneser; and Dr. Monaghan convinced us that Beowulf and Caedmon were not the names of forgotten cities. Not one of us can honestly assert that he did not hear Father Whalen chidingly say: “You left out a word!”; or Mr. Brooks: “Just a moment!”. The professional exodus to Darlington broke up the monotony of the second term very nicely.

In keeping with that old Scholastic axiom, “Mens sana in corpore sano,” our class gave its best to the varsity teams of old Setonia. A Freshman football team was organized, captained by “Inky” Kearney and managed by James Carey; the team played several spectacular games which gave our class quite a reputation in the college. Our basketball team suffered but one defeat; and our baseball team was better than the average.

We had our full share of representation in the Glee Club, Orchestra, and A. A. Show. John Imhoff with his violin was the sensation of the Seton Hall Musical, held at St. Antoninus’ Auditorium. Michael Reilly starred in the principal role of “Ready Money.”

To conclude the year properly we turned in a 100% subscription to the “White and Blue”; then, joyfully casting aside the disdained title we had borne so long, we united our voices in bidding farewell and wishing success to the class of nineteen twenty-seven.
THREE month's vacation made even the laziest of us want to work again. And so we found ourselves once more wending our ways toward the heart of South Orange, to take up anew the dizzy whirl of Setonian activities. We came, however, not in the role of lowly, downtrodden Freshmen, but as high and mighty Sophomores, monarchs of all we surveyed, conquerors who had leveled the barriers of distinction and taken their place in the Setonian "sun." Bow ties, knickers and mustaches were the distinguishing features of our newly gained power.

Our loss of Edward Arliss to the Passionists necessitated the choice of a new president and John Dougherty succeeded to the post. William Louis was made vice-president; Daniel Reilly and Edward Cahill filled the remaining offices. Immediately after election we began to heap indignities on our successors, enjoying our authority immensely; but they retaliated by scoring a technical victory in the annual tussle with the mattress. We had a wonderful excuse for this defeat, but it fails to come to memory just now.

After attending the first of Father Sheerin's biannual appearances before the student body, each of us was anxious to kick in with his dollar for a year's subscription to the Setonian, our monthly newspaper. Needless to say, practically all yielded to that praiseworthy desire. Richard Meany, William Condon and George Geiger received appointments to the staff.

Father Dilger, wielding a potent "de fide," readily explained even the most profound mysteries of our holy faith. Father Walsh instilled a Latin complex which he developed to the supreme point of perfection in preparation for our approaching struggle with Philosophy. Under Father Sheerin's guidance we travelled from Scylla to Charybdis; we also learned that Demosthenes could probably have outtalked a Philadelphia lawyer. Mr. Joyce became convinced of that fact that "Poets are born, not made" when he witnessed our attempts to add three lines to "At night upon the blue lagoon." The foundations upon which future medical, dental and engineering careers would rise, were carefully laid by Father Maine.

In history we found that the eighteen day diet could have forestalled the French Revolution. Marie Antoinette never dreamed of this when she ordered the national cake party. Chemistry was just one molecule after another for the Arts section of our class; Atomic weights, osmosis, the ionic theory and the carbohydrates caused several attempted suicides, by explosion or gas, in the laboratory. Physical training developed into "three deep" or a dancing lesson.

The usual means of diversion from studies, besides cutting classes, was athletics. The more proficient members of the class brought glory to Seton Hall by their sterling performances on varsity teams. Sal Basile, returned to us from Georgetown, became a scintillating basketeer, while Jack Gallagher, Bernard Sweeney and John Madden cavorted brilliantly on the diamond. Our class football team scored an impressive victory over the Juniors.

Remember the milling throng on the back steps of the Administration Building the day our class photograph was taken? How many times we surged up and down those steps no one knows; then the voice of authority petrified us in our tracks, and the picture was successfully snapped.

In a body we attended the ceremonies of Commencement Day. It was the first time many of us had donned the traditional cap and gown so we derived much pleasure from looking and acting as much like Seniors as we could. We had reached the turning point in our college career; the remaining two years held nothing but pleasures and privileges reserved for upperclassmen.
SEPTEMBER found us back again, glorying in the title of Junior and suffering from an attack of megala-kephalitis (enlarged cranium) at the thought of being real, honest to goodness upperclassmen. Many of our classmates, willing to increase their quota of sleep, established their residence on the grounds. Once more the pruning knife was brought into play; our number dropped to fifty-nine.

The class elections were of special interest due to their concomitance with the National presidential ballots. In spite of a strong Republican opposition, Bernard Sweeney, aided by an overwhelming Hudson County plurality, was chosen president in a close battle. James Carey, backed by all the forces of Bigelow’s organization, romped away with the vice-presidency. For the first time the offices of Secretary and Treasurer imposed a duty on those holding them, so we showed our developing philosophical bent by electing Eugene Sharkey and Edward Cahill to those positions.

Then we entered the realms of Philosophy, the queen of the sciences. We studied a little ditty about this same queen (Barbara Celarent is the name), and we became as true scholastics as ever made a formal distinction. We learned to rattle off lengthy, tongue-twisting syllogisms, and to distinguish between “essence” and “person” or “nature” and “existence”—well, something to that effect! Cosmology was taken up as a ‘matter’ of ‘form’; for we were willing to admit anything St. Thomas had said—particularly in view of the fact that his feast day was a holiday.

Christian Evidences, also taught by Father Walsh, got us out of bed earlier, but caused no diminution of sleep. The loss of Father Zolzer, an admirable and zealous teacher, was a hard blow to the unity of our Education course; but his successor, Father Buchmann, aided us very efficiently in completing our second term’s work.

The beauties of Florida, Setonia’s pristine football glory, and the wonders of Venice were discussed at length by Dr. Dauenhauer in our weekly political economy class. These topics were of 100% interest to his audience.

This was the third consecutive year Father Maine had taught our B.S. men, and he was looked upon as the patron of their class. Both he and Father Duffy attained a high degree of success in their respective classes. The essentials of presentation were pointed out by Mr. Brooks, and may come in handy in the future.

At last arrived the most glorious time in a Junior’s calendar, the long anticipated and planned for Junior Night. We will not here revive memories of the many heated class meetings we held to discuss it, for prudence is the better part of valor. Do you recall the gayly decorated auditorium taxed to capacity with our friends and how honored we were to have with us the Rt. Rev. Thomas J. Walsh D.D., Bishop of Newark, who was making his first official visit to the college?

We were fortunate in securing the appearance of Master Glauco D’Attili, an Italian child pianist. Speeches, songs and music led up to the last and outstanding feature of the lengthy program. This was the staging of a one act play, “The King’s Men,” written especially for the occasion by John Dougherty, a member of our class. Who can forget the startling “Kinsmen!” of an armored soldier who appeared suddenly before the crowd?

But our achievements did not confine themselves wholly to the intellectual and aesthetic spheres. On the athletic fields, court, diamond and track, our prowess has brought further glory to the banner bearing the proud motto “Vestigia Nulla Retrosum.”

The year was brought to a fitting close with a class banquet to commemorate the departure from our midst of those who had been called into the vineyard of the Lord, for they were not to join us again until Commencement day.
ND now we come to the year of years, Senior! How short a time since Freshman—it seems only yesterday that we entered the banquet halls of knowledge to taste the ambrosia of science, the nectar of philosophy! College days will soon be a memory, a figment of the imagination, a dream in which we shall take pleasure during rare moments of leisure in the workaday world we are shortly to enter.

But Senior year has its joys as well as its sorrows. Self-importance, confidence in reaching the goal we are striving for, and many, many Senior privileges help to brighten up our otherwise despondent cogitations.

As the result of a well executed coup d’etat, James Finley triumphed over a split ticket for the presidency. Thus was maintained the tradition of but one term for each of our presidents. Bernard Sweeney received the vice-presidency; James Carey and Matthew Cummings took control of the other offices.

Frequent were our meetings behind closed doors to argue about the relative value of rings, Senior coats, or football paraphernalia. Never an assembly passed that we did not listen to the disparaging exhortations of the Yearbook Editor or Business Manager. Their declamations were not in vain, for when the time was ripe we filled the coffers with “ads” and patrons. The annual crusade to the photographer’s lair was a great success in view of the fact that the majority of the reproductions were good, even though contrary to fact. Rumors that some of our long-term boarders were lost for several hours on their trip to the New York studio were revealed by investigation as being utterly without foundation.

Once more we plodded our weary way through the puzzling mazes of philosophy, led by the intrepid Father Sheerin. This modern Theseus furnished the thread of explanation which delivered us from the habitat of the Minotaurus Failure into the light of success. The enjoyable discussions which so often enlivened our first morning class will be outstanding memories of our Senior year. We came to the conclusion that Philosophy in its woman-like logical illogicality demands its royal title of Queen, any other would be a lamentable misnomer.

English under Father Duffy and Biology under Father Lillis developed many cases of writer’s cramp, but we’d go through fire to express our opinions on School Spirit, School Publications, etc., etc.; and to definitely know such things as where the “resting cell” rests when it rests, if it rests; and to what branch of the National Turners the hydra belongs. We were delighted to renew our acquaintance with Father McNulty; his Evidences class was always practical and highly interesting.

Then there were the various athletic teams, managed and led by seniors. Who can forget the inter-senior football game in which the supremacy of roast beef, as a practical food, was established? The terrific “chromosome” formation was used to good advantage by the boarders.

As Seniors we found that the responsibility for student publications focused sharply upon us. We provided our monthly journal, “The Setonian,” with a very able editorial staff. These men introduced several very readable features; their skill as columnists—recall “The Cynic,” “The Tattler Talks” and “Setoniana”—made the paper an eagerly awaited event in our college life.

How the year slipped by! Beautiful spring days during which Nature revived the beauty of our campus, caused us to regret unspeakably the swiftly approaching end of our carefree college days. Commencement Day!—unbelievably present! The culmination of our ambitions, the divider between youth and manhood! And then, to one another, and to Seton Hall, Farewell!

“Farewell! a word that must be, and hath been—
A sound which makes us linger;—yet—Farewell!”
HENRY F. HOFF PLAYING WOLF FOUND THE TON.
WHILE AUDIENCE BURNED BOATHOUSE

-- His First Day Back --

-- Meeting Barbara Celarent --

"Nero" Imhoff playing while audience burned

-- Jim Coyle paging Dr. Kinsmen! --

-- Summer Jobs --

Symons

Ms. Cluskey

-- Don Lynch --

-- We Found the Boathouse --
"All to myself I think of you,
Think of the things we used to do,
Think of the things we used to say,
Think of each happy bygone day.
Sometimes I sigh, and sometimes I smile,
But I keep each olden, golden while
All to myself."
SALVATORE EUGENE BASILE, A.B.

Varsity Basketball, Captain

Seldom do we meet with a man who exerts such a wide-spread influence as our Sal. His striking appearance, his attractive personality, his modest demeanor blend to produce one of the leaders of men whose presence is intuitively recognized in every gathering.

Sal returned to Seton Hall after completing his Freshman year at Georgetown. Their loss was a real gain for us, when he stood out as the star of one of Setonia’s great basketball teams during his Junior year. As a well-earned reward his teammates unanimously elected him captain for the 1929-30 season. Under his inspiring influence a team, destined for mediocrity because of injuries, established a record detracting nothing from Seton Hall’s basketball prestige.

Another instance showing how his character impressed itself on those who knew him was his unanimous election as representative of the Senior Class on the Athletic Council. Sal was also a strong contender for a berth on the varsity baseball squad.

Morally, intellectually and physically Sal is well fitted to pursue and win success in the field of Law. That your every triumph be but a stepping stone to greater honor is the heart-felt wish of your departing but remembering classmates.
MENOTH GERALD BATTISTA, B.S.

Varsity Track

Among the many gifts a smiling Providence saw fit to bestow on the young man pictured here, we, his classmates, believe that the power of conscientious, faithful effort ranks highest. His concentrative ability, his willingness to work hour after hour over some knotty scientific or philosophical problem, make him an outstanding product of Seton Hall’s Scientific curricula; a man who will carry her name high in the world of Science.

We cannot call this short, inadequate Epitome complete unless we describe the origin of the famous nickname, "Muzzi," heard so often during our years together. In October, 1926, statistics were made public showing that Fascism had 1,500,000 active adherents enrolled; immediately every Setonian linked to the sunny Vineyard became a Black Shirt, and to Menoth went the honored title "Mussolini," soon shortened to a collegiate "Muzzi."

Expecting to see your name soon listed with Galvani’s and Volta’s we bid you farewell, Muzzi. We know that in your success you will remain a true, sincere friend of Seton Hall and the Class of ’30.
JAMES ALOYSIUS CAREY, A.B.

Athletic Association, President

Business Manager "White and Blue"

This is a personal in which an introductory paragraph would be folly. If you know Seton Hall you know Jim Carey; if you are unacquainted with both, we pity you. We can’t call Jim a true Setonian, for the rest of us who like to attribute that title to ourselves, do not measure up to the standard he sets; he is in every respect a super Setonian.

We immediately recognized his unique ability to produce order from chaos and placed his first Seton Hall burden on his broad shoulders in the form of managing Freshman Football. We all remember that successful team! Sophomore and Junior brought their full share of successes.

As you might expect, Senior year found him the Polaris of Seton Hall activities. Snugly roomed on the top floor of the Administration Building, he was to be found daily working over the business accounts of the A. A. and our "White and Blue." Remember his classroom orations? Especially that one in English class last December? His boundless physical energy expended itself in class athletics and varsity track. Remember Senior Football? According to common opinion, when Jim tackled you, you stayed tackled!

All this business experience developed in Jim a quickness of perception and assimilation which accounts for the uniformly high scholastic ranking which was his.

Jim, it is the wish of every man in the Class of '30 that you attain the same success in the years to come as you have won in your years at Seton Hall; Banacht leath!
RAYMOND CHARLES CONNELL, A.B.

"White and Blue" Staff

Little would you think that the tall, broad-shouldered, athletic young man gazing so confidently from this page, was the short, slim youth who answered the roll call back in '26. Ray was the subject of phenomenal growth during our Sophomore and Junior years, and his added "heft" was used to great advantage on the Senior Day-hop football team. Remember him in that game? At the risk of being old-fashioned, we shout, and HOW!

Never ostentatious nor pretentious, Ray has earned a high position of esteem in the regard of his classmates and all others who come in contact with him. We often had occasion to appreciate his discerning mental powers, so we know that the intricacies of law will be clear sailing to him.

We could not run to ground the rumor that Ray first came up the front path eight years ago astride a tricycle; but we have undoubted evidence that he was seen countless times pedaling his way to the Prep on a bicycle. Arriving at college Ray advanced his social standing by purchasing and riding a motorcycle; he then progressed to a dilapidated Chevrolet. The culmination of his means of transportation was achieved this year, when he appeared on the campus in a still more dilapidated "Chevee."

The best we can wish you, Ray, and we do, is a path of life as smooth as the path you have worn from Montclair to Seton Hall in your eight years commutation.
MATTHEW GABRIEL CUMMINGS, B.S.

Senior Treasurer

That Matty has derived real benefit from his years at Seton Hall is the firm conviction of his classmates. The satisfactory manner in which he completed the studies leading to a Scientific diploma proves that he has not overlooked the mental development to be carried from college. His friendly intercourse with classmates and underclassmen indicates that he has acquired the social development which many claim should be the practical aim of college training.

He has participated in class football, basketball and baseball each year, always playing a game that made us wish he could try for the varsity.

During the first three years of our college course, Matty commuted from J. C.; this made it practically impossible for him to devote his time to the long afternoon sessions of basketball practice and still retain his excellent class standing. Wisely, he followed where duty pointed, and thus our varsity squad was deprived of a sinewy forward.

Seeking the ultimate perfection Matt boarded during his Senior year. He is an ideal roommate, for he lived a whole year with Setonia’s Seething Saxophonist and says that the thought of murder never crossed his mind.

We have no doubt but what Matt will be a credit to the teaching profession; his foundation for its arduous duties, both physical and mental, has been sound; Ergo, Success awaits your hand, Matt! Good luck!
"Life is a comedy to those who think, a tragedy to those who feel." This little quotation is an apt summary of Ray. His ever-smiling lips (so annoying to his "Profs") and laughing blue eyes conceal (or perhaps we should say, evidence) the clever mind behind them. Ray is a student, an accomplished student, not so much of weighty, voluminous tomes, but rather of his fellow man and human nature.

During his entire career among us he displayed much athletic prowess, numbering among his successful sporting endeavors: football, basketball, tennis and ping pong (not a wise-crack). In class he was much inclined to philosophical discussion on many topics, especially perfection. His knowledge of several other philosophical systems, in addition to Scholastic, made him difficult to corner in an argument.

Such ability could not go unrewarded so Ray was chosen one of the associate editors of the '30 "Setonian." In this capacity he displayed a great amount of journalistic ability and contributed much to the success of our worthy journal.

What does the future hold in store for Ray? Who knows? Maybe law; perhaps journalism. At any rate, success! As for his particular sphere of endeavor, we quote his reply: "Kismet!"
EDWARD ANTHONY CZELADKO, A.B.

Committees

Junior Night

During our Freshman and Sophomore years we were given only fleeting glimpses of Ed as he finished the long trek from Jersey City, caught his breath, and started on the return trip. In Junior, however, he enrolled as a boarder and gave us an opportunity to know him more intimately.

Exceptionally quiet in voice and manner, exceptionally conservative in dress and thought, Ed has always been more or less a mystery to us. We perceived in him an almost perfect disregard of the *materia mundi*; then intellectual ability which gave him high scholastic ranking; and lastly a simple faith revealed by his unquestioning "Credo." Such qualities won our respect and gave him an unusually individualistic standing among us.

The only part of the curricula Ed disliked was Biology lab. The livers, lungs and lights which a few of us enjoyed, and the remainder endured, carving up, lacked all appeal for him. We must confess that he was not alone in his aversion.

Ed's future rests securely on the strong Christian character he has so well developed during his four Setonian years. We know that he will fulfill the duties of the life career upon which he enters with the same degree of excellence marking his college work.
HERBERT JAMES DWYER, A.B.

Editor-in-Chief "Setonian" 

Herbert J. Dwyer, scholar and student, editor, reporter, columnist, social light, furniture salesman extraordinaire, etc. etc. We could go on ad infinitum ascribing titles to Herc, and when we had finished eternity would have passed (if it passes) and still we would have given a most inadequate picture of this rara avis.

The fame of Herc's scholastic ability preceded him from St. Benedict's so no one was very much surprised at his feats in this field. Throughout his whole college course his name was ever to be found listed among Setonia's best students and scholars.

It took Senior year, however, to show him in toto. As one of the editors of the White and Blue, he did his share to make it what it is. And the Setonian! What would it have been without Herc's apt and most original suggestions! Among the items of particular interest in this sheet there was a column run each month, the author of which deemed it wise for himself to remain incognito. That column was "The Tatler Talks," its author (Yes! you've guessed it!) Herc!!

We were going to go into a detailed account of Herc's other attributes and activities, but the mean old editor told us to make it short. So now I guess we are supposed to prophesy. Who could prophesy for Herc? All we can say is that whatever Herc does will be done differently, more quickly, and 100 per cent better than anyone ever did it before, if anyone ever did do it before.
JAMES VINCENT FINLEY, B.S.

Senior President

Would anyone blame us for choosing this tall, darkly handsome young man as our leader through the vicissitudes and numberless activities of Senior year? And if they would not be guided by externals, let them study the persevering, unselfish spirit animating him; the record of achievements marking his eight years at Seton Hall; after that we no longer wonder how they would cast their vote.

Undoubtedly he is the best runner in our Senior class; three years' consistent training for Varsity Indoor Track and Cross-country has kept him in the finest possible condition. Track was always Jim's weak spot; he could no more resist the competitive call of the cinder path than he could act in a manner not in accord with the gentlemanly principles always guiding him.

Though one of the youngest men in the Class of '30, his clear-headed cogency, exhibited in affairs both curricular and outside the regular course of studies, was such as to convince us of his ability to handle very capably our class business. The truth of our prejudgment was amply demonstrated by actual events of the year.

Though this book marks the end of your literal reign, Jim, you leave us but to prepare a better kingdom for yourself. It is certain that the D.D.S. you seek will be long in finding a more worthy name to grace. May it soon be yours, Jim! Au revoir!
HENRY RUSSELL FINN, B.S.

Editor-in-Chief "Setonian"

Giving an adequate description of an editor is not easy, in fact it might be called difficult, it may require some thought, but it actually does demand diplomacy.

Anyway, Harry has always been a central figure in the Class, forming as he does, the nucleus of the famous Finn, Hyland, Cunneen and McCluskey quartette. His face is continually wreathed in smiles and, being of a co-operative nature, the smile perceptibly deepens when classmates say anything containing even faint traces of humor.

We shall refrain from saying that Harry is well-liked, for that would be superfluous. His sunny disposition and ability in literacy composition made him an ideal man to hold the editorial reins of the "Setonian"; the first gift enabled him to secure co-operation and the second kept him a leader in our journalistic field. His success was indicated by the spirit of youthful vigor and life characterizing his work and personality.

Harry is versed in many other activities, for instance: he plays a good game of tennis; is skilled in the art of punning and knows that in bridge it is never safe to bid over 300.

We rest assured that your ability will bring you safely through "med" school, Harry, and that your disposition assures you of a prosperous career.
William Joseph Fitzpatrick, B.S.

Here is one good soccer player who wasn’t born in Harrison; he has never even been there! This quiet young fellow received a soccer ball from Santa Claus on his first Christmas and he has been kicking it ever since. There he goes, the ball goes too, a quick pass, out with his foot, and then a goal is chalked up! (or do they call it a touchdown?). Willie also enjoys playing baseball; the class team has had his name in the line-up every year for it’s not easy to find a hard-hitting second sacker.

Whenever a student wears “specs,” as Fitz usually does, people start to talk of books, study and midnight oil. However, the midnight oil he delights to burn is the light at the bowling alleys, and why shouldn’t a consistent 200 hitter like to play the game? It is evident, of course, that his elucubrations include some intense studying, for no one could reach Senior year without the necessary head-work.

His cheerful, care-free spirit is a gift for which he should be very thankful; it made his years at Seton Hall happy ones and many times brightened the dark days of his classmates.

That no future tasks give you more worry than your Setonian ones is our sincere wish. Vale, Willie.
JOHN MARTIN GALLAGHER, B.S.

Varsity Baseball

In introducing Mr. Gallagher, popularly known to us as Jack, we avoid rhetorical amplification and embellishments and portray him as he is, a good student, a sincere friend, and a capable athlete. When Jack came to us from the home of the Gray Bees, we had no idea that we were going to be the classmates of one who had done and was slated to do big things in the athletic world.

Quiet and reserved by nature, Jack first became known to us when he was a member of the Freshman football team. In his unassuming way Jack became the steadfast friend of all, gaining a place in our hearts by his amiable character.

On the court, he has displayed ability of high calibre. However, baseball was his favorite sport, and in his four years at Seton Hall, Jack has been one of the mainstays of our pitching staff. Ever a conscientious player and a consistent star, his natural ability has developed along stellar lines.

Unhesitatingly, we predict success for Jack, for the same guiding principles of Catholic education which have made him a fine student and athlete, will stand him in good stead when he sets his foot in the business world.
WILLIAM JEROME GREEN, A.B.

Varsity Track          Class Athletics

At the beginning of our Senior year we were agreeably surprised to find in our midst none other than our old friend Jerry "Red" Green, who, after working a year, had returned to collect his deserved sheep-skin.

Until we had spent a few weeks in class with Jerry none of us had realized what tremendous odds he was fighting against in daily journeying from that far distant hamlet called East Orange. We soon learned that geographically it would have been much more convenient for him to attend Stanford U., and thus we greatly appreciated his presence among us.

He is one of the most poised and gentlemanly members of the Class of '30. Never have we seen him excited, always calm and serene he outwardly shows the confidence in himself that makes for greatness. His accomplishments, intellectual, athletic and social, have made his friendship a cherished possession of his classmates.

At an honest game of bridge (note that adjective) or billiards he excels. In track and tennis his fighting spirit has carried him to many hard-earned victories.

Words cannot fully express our respect and liking for you, Jerry, we are confident that an ideal lawyer exists within you, so with great expectations we shall wait the tidings of your future achievements. Farewell.
PAUL THOMAS HESSION, A.B.

"White and Blue" Staff

Class Athletics

In Paul we find the same air of assurance and self-confidence that marks the successful business man the world over. His salesmanship has been an asset to every Seton Hall enterprise requiring advertisers, patrons, or subscribers. The Editor and Business Manager of this White and Blue especially wish to thank him for the whole-hearted, self-sacrificing way he has worked to make our book a success.

Pleasant, generous and ever helpful, he is a friend to all. Notwithstanding the fact that Paul works daily after class hours for one of New Jersey's great newspapers, he has succeeded in leaving a fine scholastic record behind him. When a young man is able to combine two such activities, and give his best to both, as Paul has done, he surely has ability beyond the ordinary!

Though his work prevented him from taking part, to any great extent, in athletics, he could not resist the call of the Senior Football team. His spirited play during that bruising hour was a revelation to us. The varsity squads certainly did miss some fine material in Paul.

A true Setonian in thought, word and deed, admired and respected by his classmates, he leaves his school days to further educate himself in the school of life. We predict and expect great things of Paul.
Gene Higgins, B.S. Of all the titles and attributes that we in all honesty might have appended to Gene’s name, the simple one of Bachelor of Science would be the most appreciated. Throughout his years at Seton Hall, Gene has been noted for his devotion to Science and the end of his scholastic career finds him endowed with all the valuable traits of the true scientist. A deep-seated desire for truth and certitude, a passion for accuracy and precision are the dominant marks of his character.

As a student, Gene is second to none, earning for himself the position of Assistant to the Professor of Science; as a classmate and friend, he is most sincere; as an editor, judge this book! A fast, hard-driving game of tennis finds Gene in his athletic element.

Lest you are waiting for Gene to take wings and fly away to some celestial abode, we’ll let the Tattler talk. Despite his protests to the contrary we believe he has a severe leaning toward misogyny. He is cheerfully pessimistic, and has a penchant for violent-colored smoking jackets, in which he does not smoke, but studies. Finally, he eschews the social whirl, being convinced that it is a method for advancement devised and employed by the ambitious mediocre.

We respect Gene for the resoluteness with which he holds to his convictions and wish him the well-merited success he is sure to attain in the not far distant future.
THOMAS JOSEPH HYLAND, B.S.

Committees

Raven-black hair, a pair of clear, sparkling eyes, gleaming white teeth and what have you? No, not Magnolia—but Tom Hyland. Pardon everybody, we almost forget that great, friend-making smile so characteristic of Tom. Also we might just as well let you in on this at once: Tom is a resident of that hive of industry commonly known as Harrison; the pride engendered by this fact is very imperfectly obscured in him.

Tom luckily has an added kind of education which not everyone enjoys, namely, that afforded by travel. He has roamed the seas during the summery months of vacation and often holds our open-mouthed attention with his tales of the briny deep. On land it's Tom Hyland B.S., but on the sea it's Tom Hyland A. B., for in his wandering Tom was a high-ranking able-bodied seaman.

As a sideline to his school work Tom manages a battery business. His knowledge of autos has saved his classmates many a dollar on repairs, for if ten minutes of Tom's tinkering fails to get a bark out of an engine, you may as well tow it to the nearest bridge and push it in.

Tom, himself possessing that filmless smile, wishes others to acquire "it," and to that end he's going to study dentistry. Although he is possessed of a brilliant career as a follower of Neptune, we have sound facts pointing to an equally successful career in his chosen profession.
JOHN GEORGE IMHOFF, B.S.

Eight years of unselfish devotion to his Alma Mater and four years equally devoted to the interests of his class have earned for Johnny the respect and esteem of his classmates and, indeed, of all who know him.

Besides being a fine student, gifted with a keenly practical mind which could express abstract theories in concrete, striking way, John has proven himself one of the most entertaining members of the Class of '30. When Phil and everything else seemed hopeless we always looked to Johnny for a cheering tonic and we have rarely been disappointed. His questions or his essays with their subtle undercurrent of wit never failed to tickle our risibility.

With his qualities of intellect and personality, John combines an aesthetic passion for music; his mastery of the violin is recognized by everyone. Some months ago he undertook the difficult task of subjugating a saxophone; though it still occasionally runs away with him, he has it pretty well under control.

John's athletic prowess is shown by his skill on the tennis court and his ability in track and basketball, which, unfortunately for Seton Hall, he has not developed to varsity caliber.

Your success at Seton Hall, John, is a foretaste of your future triumphs as an M.D. Our earnest hope as we say farewell, is that the ideals now animating you remain yours forever.
WILLIAM THOMAS KEHOE, A.B.

Class Athletics

Four years ago, upon our arrival at Seton Hall, we were immediately attracted by the magnetism of a rather corpulent (or should we say pleasingly plump?) individual named Bill. For two years we were content to simply rest within the charmed circle of attraction and to bask in the warm sunshine of Bill's friendship. But then came Junior year, and with it Philosophy. Being philosophically inclined, we decided to "investigate the cause" of the powerful magnetism of Bill. Turning to our text in Physics, we learned that the attraction of bodies varies proportionately to the products of their masses. O! Ho! A solution? Not for us! We are philosophers! We want the ultimate reason—Eureka! We have IT! The ultimate reason is Bill himself, his magnetic personality.

Nature, however, did not cease with charm of personality in her bestowal of gifts on Bill. For we find him excelling, not only in the smoker or salon, but also on the gridiron (who can forget the unconquered Senior team of '30?) and in the ring (did you ever box with Bill? No? Then don't!)

In response to a questionnaire anent his future occupation, Bill replied, "Why think of this?"—an apt summary of Bill's happy-go-lucky, optimistic disposition. May he always retain this attitude in his jousts with the windmills of life!
HENRY BRENDON McCLUSKEY, B.S.

"Setonian" Staff

Harry, the second of the inimitable trio from Orange (Symons, McCluskey, Cunneen), and best known about the campus as a silver-tongued orator and debater of the highest order, is one of those silent but sure individuals who attain success with exertion of the least amount of effort.

As a student at the College, Harry displayed unusual talent and ability, not only in class work but also in extra-curricular activities. He has the calm and equanimity of the true philosopher. His modestly hidden talent received recognition in his Senior year when he was appointed to the staff of the Setonian in the role of Sports Editor. We all enjoyed Harry’s many interesting contributions.

As an athlete, Harry contributed much to the success of the various teams of his Class, especially in his Senior efforts. He was a member of both the Senior Football (day-hop) team and the Basketball team.

At present Harry is doubtful as to whether he will grace the legal or medical profession with his talents. However, wherever he goes, and whatever he does, he has the best wishes of his class for the success that we are all sure he will attain in the not far distant future.
FRANCIS PATRICK McHUGH, A.B.

"White and Blue" Staff

As a rule Frank is rather quiet, but in Room 22 on cold, dark nights, to the popping of carbonated beverage bottles and the inhalation of toasted tobaccos, he can easily break up the party by extricating such hearty guffaws from the others present that the Prefect just must come in to put his "birds" to bed.

Loyalty is characteristic of Mac. He comes from—let's see—Miners Barre or Wilkes Mills (it's hard to remember the names of these villages) and he sticks by the home town through thick and thin. The same spirit marks his attitude toward Seton Hall; and if Frank is your friend, he's that in every sense of the word.

Along in Senior year, the mountainous biceps which people Mac's mighty arms, coupled with a sudden and sensational development of the upper part of his trunk, threatened to change his nickname to "Shoulders." The lad's blushing refusal to notice or approve of the new appellation was a credit to his modesty and so, well enough was let alone. It is also rumored that Frank can pierce the ether with great celerity.

In giving Mac his due praise we first use the old words, loyal, brave and true, then we sum them up in the modern way and say that he was "regular."
JOHN THOMAS MADDEN, A.B.

Varsity Baseball

There are so many fine qualities in Jack that it is hard to choose a few outstanding ones to record here. His honesty, to his school, to his friends, and to himself is known to all of us, for it was shown in his hard studying and hard playing. His ready smile and helping hand, so well known during our first three years, were even more enjoyed and appreciated during Senior, for Jack became a boarder and his room was a Mecca for old day-hopping friends.

Smiling Jack has cavorted brilliantly on the varsity diamond for the past three years, fielding and hitting with the best of them. On the gridiron he was a human juggernaut, incessantly ploughing through the opposition to earn the name "Five-yard" Madden. Remember that fall day when the inter-senior battle occurred? How the day-hops did regret Jack's enrollment as a boarder!

From his poised, gentlemanly carriage we picture Jack an ideal Supreme Court Judge; his future law studies should not give much trouble for he has always shown a real interest in the legal profession. We therefore state as a fact that with your character and outward appearance you will win to whatever heights you seek. Best of luck, Jack, and may we soon shake your hand in greeting once again.
JOHN FRANCIS NAUGHTON, A.B.

Class Athletics

John is one of those easy-going individuals who take things as they come, when they come, if they come. We have often wondered if he has any nerves, for his complete indifference to every stimulus, including Phil orals, is wonderful to behold.

Rack and search our memory as we will, we can recall only one occasion on which Johnny apparently lost his self-possession. It was a bright May afternoon in 1929, the Junior-Soph baseball game was being heatedly contested; Johnny was on third and for some unknown reason decided to amble home. Half-way to his destination the catcher and third-sacker began to close in on him and kept the ball whizzing by his head; unable to choose his direction, after several futile motions in both, Johnny permitted his two opponents to tackle him and wearily yelled "Down!"

We'll always remember his puzzled face as he stood midway between third and home.

His innate taciturnity might cause us to worry for his future success, but we know the qualities which are hidden beneath it will see him through anything the future has in store for him.
Class Athletics

If you ever paraded down the corridor of the third floor in the Administration Building you may perchance have heard a plaintive note, a rather sweet note, a note in fact that made you stop and listen, in short a note that created in you a desire to hear more notes just like it. If such is the case, please don’t be deceived. You may think it’s Rudy, but the objective reality is none other than our own Joe.

Now aside from his vocal attainments Joe is a born athlete. He proved it more than once in inter-class games, especially in football. It will be hard to obliterate the memory of Joe’s activity in that hectic football game between boarders and day-hops.

His hobby is to explain the inside machinations accountable for the Yankees’ victory of eight straight games over the Nationals in the World Series; and the absolute “sine qua nonness” of his beloved Tony Lazzeri in its accomplishment.

Joe is seldom given up to psychological reflection, for he is too practical; nor does he ever permit emotion to sway his actions. As a friend and companion Joe is just aces high. He intends to teach next year and we know he will impart to his pupils the same cheerful philosophy of life that always characterized him at Seton Hall.
Manager of Baseball

Setonia's press representative, that's Dan. Always working for a bigger and better Seton Hall, always boosting, never knocking and never sitting idly by while others knocked, those are qualities which reveal how Dan feels towards S. H., his educational mater for eight happy years. While we have never made the front page of the nation's press—Dan's plan for robbery, murder or kidnapping of a student not meeting with the approval of the authorities—we have had more favorable press attention than we thought possible. Congratulations on a good job, Dan!

Confidence in his ability resulted in the honor and duties of managing varsity baseball being conferred on him. The schedule, completed by months of wearisome letter writing and discussion, was excellent, and surpassed the expectations of even the most enthusiastic followers of the game.

His personal achievements on the athletic field and in the classroom won our respect in Freshman, and the passing years have served only to augment it. We were delighted to hear that he was preparing for law, for with his intellectual ability and imposing personality we feel the courtroom to be his proper element.

Dan, it is not only our wish, it is our true belief that your success will surpass your fondest hopes.
MICHAEL FRANCIS REILLY, A.B.

College Dramatic Society

We here present the most versatile and argumentative member of our class and Seton Hall. To know him is to envy his manifold gifts and then to admire the reserve with which he bears them.

Inimitable humor, forensic skill and histrionic ability combine to produce our Mike. He has earned extensive fame for himself and for Seton Hall by his work in the Dramatic Society, while in Debating and in Elocution he has reached heights which will not soon be scaled by any aspiring under-graduate. "Spartacus" will be heard and remembered as the favorite recitation of this master of oratory when other Setonian orators contend in future contests.

These accomplishments are Mike's claim to public fame, but his delightful personality and wit are reserved for his classmates alone. We admire his cheery countenance, and we thank him for the many dull periods which he has changed into explosive sessions of mirth. Mike's carefree attitude toward both studies and athletics was a constant source of astonishment to us; even the Phil orals did not seem to faze him.

Surely it is self-evident why a man with such ability should choose the Law for his life-work. In you, Mike, the legal profession has secured an indefatigable orator of ability plus.
EUGENE AUGUSTUS SHARKEY, A.B.

"White and Blue" Staff

Eugene Augustus, better known as Sleep, is one of those very necessary individuals in the make up of an all around good class. Just as such an organization must have its leaders in scholarship, leaders in athletics, leaders in social endeavors, and leaders in all other departments, there must be a leader in "good-naturedness." Sleep fills this last capacity perfectly. We say this, not because he has no claim to candidacy in any of the other fields, but because this priceless virtue just bubbles and effervesces from him.

One great problem, which grew in the curiosity of the class with the passing of each year, was how Sleep managed to get off the Morristown express regularly each day at South Orange. Some attributed the mystery (for that's what it is) to the fact that the conductor on the train received remuneration at the end of each week for depositing him, as near awake as was humanly possible, on the platform. Others insist that he was labeled and shipped as freight; while others believe that a somnambulistic sixth sense drove him from the train and up S. O. avenue in the general direction of Setonia.

We will all remember Gene for that graphic extemporization on Setonian Sport news; but the hard, successful efforts he made to insure the financial success of this White and Blue will linger longest in the minds of his classmates. Best of luck, Gene! Our friendship and good wishes are yours for life.
BERNARD MICHAEL SWEENEY, A.B.

Varsity Baseball
Senior Vice-President

Time and time again, people will utter in despair: "Our loss is their gain!", and when Bernie came into our midst in Second High, St. Peter's Prep surely did lose a remarkable athlete, scholar and gentleman.

As an athlete, Bud distinguished himself in every branch of sport; as a scholar, he was among our best; and as a gentleman, he is an ideal product of Christian education.

Bud's quiet modesty is a characteristic which has marked his conduct during his entire Prep and College course, both in class and out, on field and off. But his light of talent refused to remain hidden beneath the bushel of his retiring nature, with the happy result that it shone forth to illumine a most successful Junior administration.

As a member of the editorial staff of the "White and Blue," and as Business Manager of the "Setonian," Bud greatly aided in the attainment of whatever success they can boast.

As for his future—it is rumored that he intends first to teach; later to study law. No matter what line of endeavor Bud may pursue, we are sure that he will attain well-merited success and bring honor to his College and his Class.
Introducing J. Harold Symons, shining light of the '30 class; scholar par excellence, his forte was the undertaking and subsequent burial of philosophical difficulties. Questions put to him receive a snappy answer, correct just about ten times out of ten.

To call Jimmy a bookworm would be a faux pas. He studied when he studied, but he played hard when he played—remember Senior football. His spare time was spent at the show, the concert or the opera.

He made his presence felt in the journalistic field. As an editor of this White and Blue, he helped to achieve the success attained. As a member of the Setonian control-board he co-operated in the introduction of several new and readable features. Also, he was the very active secretary of the College Debating Society.

During his Senior year Harold displayed himself in the role of a philanthropist by publishing a two volume translation of Fr. Hickey's Philosophy. This aid to slipping Juniors was given away at the unthinkable price of two dollars.

Jimmy’s only weak point is his excessive nationalism. From the day he arrived at S. H. on his bicycle till his departure summa cum laude he has ever vociferously championed the rights of Englishmen.

For a man of your versatility, Jim, the future holds nothing but what you choose to make it hold. Vive, vale!
GEORGE WILLIAM TYNE, B.S.

Class Athletics

A rare distinction does this young man possess; in fact, he has something about him lacking to all others in the class. To break the suspense we'll tell you that it is not something intangible or ephemerical; you might call it—and it really is—a pampered little moustache! This series of abbreviated antennae give the finishing touch to the nonchalant and breezy attitude of its own. Indeed, George is quite a man of the world; it would be difficult to imagine a set of circumstances in which he would not feel at perfect ease, even though the nearest Murad would be miles away.

In class he is an adept at reciting Phil, and whether he's prepared or not is a matter of small import, for there are so many points upon which he can seduce a teacher into futile and time-killing argument that he always retains his imperturbability intact. It is rumored that if anyone ever finds words to define this "it" thing, that person will surely be George.

Although his tonnage only comes to 148 pounds of flesh and bone, that 148 pounds is pure, unadulterated dynamite on the football field. Such pluck and downright fearless courage as George exhibited on our great Freshman team and the Senior day-hop team will linger for many a day in our memory.

For the next few years he intends to study law and teach; in this dual capacity and in the future practice of his profession we ardently hope that Dame Fortune will constantly smile upon our George.
JOSEPH ALOYSIUS VICARI, A.B.

Class Athletics

"White and Blue" Staff

We can honestly say that Joe is the quietest man in our class. Try as we will we cannot recall him ever expressing a personal opinion or heatedly arguing with anyone. Perhaps it was the mountain air of South Orange which did not agree with him, and, for all we know, on his return to the unmapped side of the Passaic he became as talkative as the rest of us. If this should be the explanation, we think we'll swim the river some day and satisfy our curiosity as to what Joe has drawn from his four years with us.

Joe's good scholastic standing is explained by the fact that he carries the fundamental facts of each subject with him, and never fears an exam.

Thinking back over the years we remember one day in Junior when Tom Hyland and Joe had a quite a vivacious discussion; and then in Senior he liberated a complex during our biology mid-years, so we apologize, Joe, for that "ever" in the first paragraph. We are glad these two events came to mind, for they save us the trouble and danger of that exploratory trip we were considering.

It's our wish that you derive as much from the world as you did from Seton Hall, Joe, and so we say good-by.
“There’s a fount about to stream,
There’s a light about to beam,
There’s a warmth about to glow,
There’s a flower about to blow;
There’s a midnight blackness changing
Into gray;
Men of thought and men of action,
Clear the Way.”
GRADUATION

For one brief hour the world is all our own,
And heaps its gracious gifts about our hearts,
The dream of yearning years has come at last,
And oh, the soul-deep joy that it imparts.

Now is the world’s great soul afire with youth,
And grants one fleeting hour of sunlit skies;
For soon—too soon,—the laughter will be hushed,
And lost, the lustre of fair youthful eyes.

For now of all Time’s little joys and cares,
Its griefs and smiles, we too must bear a part,
And soon,—too soon,—the sweep of passing years
Will hush the singing of each dreaming heart.

Then let us hold this happy hour of song
Until its last gay liltings drift away,
When only lingering memories will remain,
To light the darkness of some distant day.

And when at length its fleeting strains are lost
Beneath life’s mingled touch of hopes and tears,
Oh let us keep the memories of its song
Down through the silence of the waiting years.
Alumnus Honored at Ninety-ninth College Commencement

Connell Stadium
To Be Dedicated

The formal dedication of Setonia’s new football stadium, named after our well-known coach, Ray Connell, ’30, will take place on Commencement Day. Fortunate indeed for Seton Hall was the day when Mr. Connell turned from teaching Philosophy to coaching football. To use his own words: “Who ever saw 85,000 people cheering a philosophy recitation? I’ll take the Chair of Football!”

To these immortal words we owe our Eastern Championship and the new stadium.

Mr. Sweeney Retires

This June marks the cessation of the labors of an old alumnus, Mr. B. Sweeney of the Class of 1930, who was business manager of the Setonian of that year and has been working ever since to pay off the debts incurred.

Mr. Sweeney has been a familiar figure around Seton Hall for the past twenty-five years. He has almost become a tradition, with his wheelbarrow, horse and wagon, etc., as he went about his daily chores.

We are sure we will all miss him (and very likely many other things too) when he walks down the front path for the last time never to return.

Fraternity President Elected

The early days of this month witnessed the election of James V. Finley, ’56, to the Presidency of the famous Sigma Theta Fraternity. This election is given an added signification in view of the fact that the organization was founded some twenty-five years ago by Mr. James Finley, ’30, father of the newly elected officer.

The Ninety-ninth Annual Commencement of Seton Hall College will be held in the new Stadium on the morning of June 10th, at ten o’clock. On this occasion the Honorary Doctorate of Medicine will be conferred on the Honorable Michael Reilly, ’30, of the nearby State of Coma, in which he has resided for the past twenty-five years, in fact, ever since his graduation from the College. Seton Hall is indeed proud and happy to be able to so honor her noble sons. This is the first time that a Governor has received an honorary degree from Seton Hall since 1954 when the Honorable James A. Carey, ’30, Governor of the State of Anxiety (in which he has resided since the publication of a Year Book in 1930), received the Degree of Doctor of Laws.

There is another honor accruing to Seton Hall on the occasion of this Commencement. After no amount of solicitation the great Professor Gigli Imhoff (who is none other than John Imhoff, ’30, plus name and whiskers), has designed to grace our Commencement with his august presence and soul-stirring music. The Professor is director of the New York Sylharmonic Orchestra, which most of us remember as the Filharmonic. The great Maestro has changed the name, however, because of certain unpleasant associations, the nature of which he refuses to divulge.

Among the guests in academic attire will be Doctor Joseph Primiano, A-Z, ’30, Dean of Smyth College. Dr. Primiano is expected to give a short talk on “Heroism and the Race Track.” His Alma Mater wishes to congratulate the Doctor on his realization of an ideal (the Deanship of Smith) conceived while he was but a Junior at Seton Hall.
Setonians Disappointed;
Lecturer Fails to Appear

As mentioned in the last issue of the Setonian, a lecture was scheduled for two weeks ago last Saturday evening. Unfortunately, the gentleman who was to have delivered it has not yet arrived.

The whole affair is shrouded in deepest mystery. The missing lecture was last seen at seven o'clock on the Saturday evening in question when he left his home ostensibly to come to the College Auditorium, where he was scheduled to speak. No trace of the professor has been seen or heard since. The Czeladko Agency has been assigned to the case and a report is expected any year now.

The missing gentleman (as you might have supposed) is Professor Jerome Green, '30, Doctor of Phrenology, who was to have spoken on "The Psychology of Late-coming."

Though our disappointment is quite keen, we must not give up hope entirely. We must take into consideration the fact that the Professor lives three long blocks away from the College and is known to have been a trifle late on other occasions.

Noted Alumnus Turns Philanthropist

Mr. Frank McHugh, '30, has recently made through the Alumni Editor an unusual offer, so unusual in fact that we deem it worthy of special mention. Mr. McHugh, the Wilkes-Barre Coal Baron, has offered to supply free of any charge fifty tons of coal for every "victory" bonfire that is observed at the College as long as he lives. This is indeed a strange proposition and though we do not understand, we shall be very glad to receive the coal.

Daring Scoop!!!

-exclusive to the Setonian-

Mr. Herbert J. Dwyer, Jr., '55, our indomitable demon reporter, has done it again. Another scoop!! Chip of the old block! And he did it with his little camera. But, hold on, we are getting ahead of our story.

Our editor H. R. W. Finn, Jr., also '55, early this morning rushed (what? he never rushes? Say! whose story is this, anyway?) well, as we were saying, the editor RUSHED into the Setonian Office (Yes! OFFICE) in a very Excited manner and exclaimed: "Men! I have a very dangerous mission for one of our reporters! Who will take it?"

"Well," drawls or mumbles Ray Cuneen, Jr., '55, "I would—but—" At which H. J. Dwyer, '55, who had been present when Finn began to speak, radios a reply from the North Pole: "I have it! He was hiding out up here! Will see you soon!"

One minute later 'Herc' Jr. dashes in and displays it—the desideratum of all newspapers, the dernier cri of the yellow sheets—a picture, an actual photograph, of Johnny Naughton!!!!!! which we herewith submit with our sincerest apologies.

Alumni Send Regrets

Mr. Fitzpatrick, '30, Chief of the Syracuse Fire Department, and Mr. Jack Madden, also '30, regret their inability to attend the Commencement exercises on June 10th.

It seems that the Syracuse Fire Department and its Chief are to visit Ogdensburg on that day, and Mr. Madden, as Fire Chief of Ogdensburg, must remain at home to welcome the visiting firemen.
Sleep-Walker Returns
To His Alma Mater

About 2 A.M. this morning, while one of the Czeladko trio was prowling through the halls (as is their custom) seeking or thinking he knew not what, he accidentally bumped into a pajama-clad figure, a total stranger, who seemed to be in a very profound stage of somnambulism. Mr. Czeladko ‘55 summoned aid and one of the prefects soon arrived to question the nocturnal visitor. But all the stranger could do was mutter, “Juicy beef steak! Juicy beef steak!”

Thinking the poor man to be hungry the prefect dispatched Mr. Czeladko to the kitchen for some food. Mr. Czeladko returned shortly after with a nice large slice of Setonian roast beef. This was given to the guest. But even though he was in the very last stage of auto-hypnotism his external senses could not be deceived. The visitor grunted, turned on his heel, and departed.

Later in the day he was identified as being Mr. Matthew Cummings of the Class of 1930, whom the members of that class will remember as the in-veterate sleep-walker of the third floor.

Millionaire Becomes
A “Free Spirit”

Mr. Gene Sharkey, ’30, President of the B. L. & W. Railroad, at the instigation of Dr. Joseph Vicari, the Watsonian psychologist, recently paid a visit to Seton Hall to rid himself of certain inhibitions which he had acquired during his college daze.*

Mr. Sharkey set to work immediately upon his arrival. Among the more interesting pastimes, in which he indulged are the following:

1. He slept for three hours in as

(Continued on page 4)

*Typographical error for “days.”

Interviewer’s Column

Your interviewer was very fortunate this month, he having secured three very interesting interviews, two of which were intentional, the third quite accidental. They follow:

The first gentleman, whom we had the pleasure of interviewing, was Dr. Menoth Battista, scientist and mathematician extraordinary. In depth of thought and vagueness of expression the Doctor is surpassed by no one, not even the late Prof. Einstein.

As we entered Dr. Battista’s study, he was sitting in an easy chair with his ever-present pipe between his lips just about to reach for a match.

Interviewer: “Do you—”

Dr. Battista: “—agree with Prof. Einstein’s ‘unified field theory’? Well, yes and no! It all depends on the point of view. Melius est distinguere, you know. To a certain extent, that is, to a limited degree, I agree; but not wholly. It really depends on how one looks on the matter. On the whole I would say that it was a matter of opinion. In short, I agree with Prof. Einstein and yet I disagree. He is partly correct and partly in error. That is my position in the matter. I hope it answers your question sufficiently.”

Interviewer: “Well, not exactly. You see I was going to ask, ‘Do you wish a light?’”

We next had the pleasure of calling on Mr. Paul Hession, ’30, Editor of the Newark Evening News.

Interviewer: “Does the newspaper field hold forth many opportunities to the college man?”

Mr. Hession: “Yes.”

Interviewer: “Then you think that it would be a good profession for the young college graduate to enter?”

Mr. Hession: “Yes.”

(Continued on page 5)
Vale!

Farewell! adieu! good-by or good-bye!
good-day! au revoir! vale! fare you well!
auf wiedersehen! au plaisir de vous revoir!
bon voyage! gluckliche Reise!
vive valeque! bye-bye! be good! so long!
farewell! adieu! good-by or good-bye!
good-day! au revoir! vale! fare you well!
auf wiedersehen! au plaisir de vous revoir!
bon voyage! gluckliche Reise!
vive valeque! bye-bye! be good! so long!
toodle-ooo! farewell! adieu!
good-by or good-bye! good-day! au revoir! vale! fare you well!
auf wiedersehen! au plaisir de vous revoir!
bon voyage! gluckliche Reise!
vive valeque! bye-bye! be good! so long!
toodle-ooo! farewell! adieu!
good-by or good-bye!
good-day! au revoir! vale! fare you well!
auf wiedersehen! au plaisir de vous revoir!
bon voyage! gluckliche Reise!
vive valeque! bye-bye! be good! so long!
toodle-ooo! and other expressions of heart-breaking valediction!!!

Millionaire Becomes A “Free Spirit”

(Continued from page 3)

many Philosophy classes;
2. He carved his initials on every chair in Bayley Hall;
3. He short-circuited all the bells in all the college buildings;
4. He smashed the Big Bell into infinitesimal bits;
5. He bombed the Administration Building and then set fire to all the others.

When he had finished his dastardly work, “Sleep” sat down on the one surviving chair and laughed and laughed and laughed in childish glee. The President of the College and the Faculty crowded around and joined in the merriment. A good time was had by all.

We: Heard that Ed Czeladko, ’30, has some high class products in the plastering line.
They: Yes, both Imported and Domestic.
Interviewer's Column (Continued)

Interviewer: "What particular branch would you particularly recommend as most likely to appeal, the social, the athletic or the editorial?"
Mr. Hession: "Yes."
Interviewer: "You mean that these three departments are of equal interest?"
Mr. Hession: "Yes."
Interviewer: "Do you ascribe your success to your college training?"
Mr. Hession: "Yes."
Interviewer: "Then you would advise young men who intend entering the profession to first secure a college education?"
Mr. Hession: "Yes."
Interviewer: "Thank you very much. Good-bye."
Mr. Hession: "G'bye."

And now the third! A harassed, careworn individual, mumbling names and numbers in an undertone, collided with us in the elevator. Glancing at him we were struck with the huge mass of gold encircling one of his fingers. A second look, and we recognized a well-worn Class of '30 ring. His answers to our questions ran along these lines:

"Batavia U. 13, Umskiddum College 7; Yes, Seton Hall,'30; Spadok defeats Honey Do in three-year-old 800, King-of-War third place; No, never went back; Soppe wins bowling cup for seventeenth time; Yes, too busy and had 'nuff; chess champion Antonionski Cephalamegalitis; No, haven't a cigarette, 'bye.

The young man at the information desk was able to satisfy my curiosity and thus I learned that I had been addressing Daniel Reilly, '30, Athletic Editor for the A. P.

Needless to say, after such a successful day, we joyfully ran all the way back to school merrily whistling at the top of our whistle.

Book Column

The Charm of Music: By Professor Gigli Imhoffi; Symons Press; $5.00. This book can be best reviewed by quoting a few words from the introduction, which explains in a very clear and simple manner the purpose, nature, and aim of the tome. We quote: "It is my intentionality to impart in the present opusculum an abbreviated disquisitional dissertation appurtenant to the sonorous syncinicity eventuating from the isochronous synchronistical syneresis of multinomial symphonious instruments." We heartily recommend this volume of music for the average student who does not care to delve through more weighty works.

Dr. McCluskey's Africa: By Dr. H. Brandon McCluskey; Symons Press; $5.00. An entirely new aspect of Africa is presented in this most recent of Dr. McCluskey's works. In this book Dr. McCluskey, the famous Africa explorer, opens up an entirely new field of exploratory research. Many Alumni will recall the Doctor as a member of the famous Class of 1930. Ever since his graduation from College the Doctor has applied himself consistently to a study of African life and presents in this volume a resume of his valuable gleanings in this field. A very interesting work.

When asked for a few words concerning his new opus, Dr. McCluskey replied: "I'm the driver!"

When in Ogdensburg
Don't fail to stop at the
OGDENSBURG COUNTRY STORE

Jack Madden '30, Prop.
SPORT CARTOON COMMENT

By “Sleep II”

Well I guess there is no doubt about the success of Old Setonia in sports this year. Champions in three fields! But what else could one expect from such coaches as those pictured above. I wonder by what strange coincidence it happens that all three of 'em were members of the class of 1930. That always was considered Seton Hall's Best, anyway. No wonder!!

Coach Connell's Cohorts sure led 'em all a merry race! A defeatless season! For scores and other statistics, look up your old Setonians.

And that new Stadium! It's easy to see that Economics has a place on our curriculum!

Then came Basketball and Coach Salvatore Basile (fondly known as “Our Sal”). What a season on the courts! You know the scores and the results. Why repeat them! Victory! Victory! Victory!

And that set of human stairs standing on the side lines in that upper left? Why! they are the Little Sals. Coach Basile always brings them along to show the boys how it's done. And the blue clouds? Oh! I guess you've never heard our coach's vocabulary in action!

Spring! and Baseball! With Coach Jack Gallagher. Another Championship. Seton's eternal triangle of victory!

We intended to mention our boxing coach also. He modestly and forcefully said "No!"
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<th>Higgins'</th>
<th>Hyland's</th>
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<td>Scientifically Prepared (100% Pure) Grape Jelly</td>
<td>Salt Water Taffy made by an old tar</td>
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<td>The Result of Twenty-five Years in the Laboratory</td>
<td>&quot;Sold in Varsity Shoppe&quot;</td>
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**Compliments of Sigma Theta**

**Kehoe's Restaurant**
(Wm. Kehoe '30, Prop.)

*Roast Beef Our Specialty*

"Drop down after class for a Roast Beef Sandwich"

**JACQUES FINLEY**

Publishers

"We do the SETONIAN" &

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SEE and HEAR!!

**JACQUES FINLEY**

(alias Mr. James Finley '30)

*The Romantic French Star in "BABE RUTH*"

all next week—at

**R. Leo Cunneen's**

*"EARLY BIRD" THEATRE*

South Orange, N. J.

("Every Show an Early Bird")

Patronize Setonian Advertisers
'How charming is divine philosophy!
Not harsh, and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo’s lute;
And a perpetual feast of nectar’d sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns.'
JUNIORS
JUNIOR CLASS HISTORY

SEPTEMBER 17, 1929 was a red letter day in the annals of Old Setonia—although we must admit that Setonia didn’t react in the traditional red letter day manner—for the Class of 1931 had returned as upperclassmen—Juniors! We returned seventy-five strong and for the first few days basked under the warm September sun, waiting for the translations of the philosophy texts, and wondering if phil was as tough as it looked (it was). The scientific section was also subjected to another form of mental torture known as physics and life became a conglomeration of vector quantities, divisions of ideas, Archimedes’ principle and Barbara Celarent—black books (also blue books) and green books—a hectic jumble, which we are glad to say righted itself—somewhat.

Soon after our return we decided that we needed a smooth running class organization and determined to hold class elections. The politicians produced long black cigars and campaign speeches which were never delivered. After the smoke of battle cleared away, it was found that Joseph Bradley had been returned to office as class president; T. Richard Dougherty was vice-president, James O’Connell secretary, and Joseph Tierney treasurer. The consensus of opinion was that we had elected the right men.

Life settled down to a normal level and things progressed smoothly, except for periodic upheavals caused by such nightmares as phil and physics quizzes. We attended football games and enjoyed holidays, made the annual retreat and felt much better spiritually because of it. The warm days of September changed to the golden brisk days of fall and brought thoughts of the Thanksgiving recess.

Before we knew it Thanksgiving was upon us—half the first term gone! The short recess gave us a needed rest from our academic pursuits, and, thanks to Monsignor McLaughlin’s declaration of an extra holiday, a chance for some of us to see the great Notre Dame team in action against Army.

Upon our return work was begun in earnest on the Winter Dance which was held in the Newark A. C. on January 3rd, 1930. The committee was headed by Joseph Bradley and thanks to his untiring efforts and the spirited efforts of his fellow-committeemen, the dance, the first event of its kind to be conducted under the auspices of an undergraduate body at Seton Hall, was a huge success.

Christmas vacation arrived and was indeed welcome. It brought another needed respite from our duties and allowed us time off in which to work for a few days and thus help to build up the Christmas Sinking Fund. Needless to say the Fund sank rapidly after Christmas and disappeared altogether before our return to classes.

The mid-year exams approached all too rapidly and brought haggard faces and tired brains to our class. They also brought the Great Ordeal—the Phil Orals! On the second day of examination week the Junior Class assembled en masse outside the inquisition chamber, with each individual member attired in his Sunday best awaiting his turn to enter and show how much or how little (betting odds favored the latter) he knew. The waiting was accompanied by a sense of dire foreboding and a curious emptiness in the abdominal regions. But the orals are now history and mirabile dictu they were not so bad after all! Exams passed and brought a few days of recess which were spent recuperating and making hazy resolutions about hard study in the second term.

The second term rolled around—as was to be expected—not exactly bearing gifts, but bringing unintelligible phil, a treatise on light and electricity, a promise of spring and thoughts of Junior Night.
JUNIOR OFFICERS

Joseph Tierney  
Treasurer

Joseph P. Bradley  
President

Richard Dougherty  
Vice-President

James O’Connell  
Secretary

JUNIOR ROSTER

Wilbur Ahr  
Edwin Gasperini

Charles Bell  
William Gleason

Louis Beltrani  
Arthur Heimbold

Ralph Bergamo  
Charles Hoffman

Francis Boland  
Joseph Jaremczuk

Joseph Bradley  
Joseph Jialdini

Martin Brady  
Bernaed Karolewski

Adrian Burke  
William Keane

Lawrence Callaghan  
Patrick Kearns

Charles Casserly  
Edmund Kielty

William Connors  
Louis Konzelman

John Costello  
Joseph Kramer

John Cronin  
Robert Lamb

Thomas Cunningham  
Thomas Liddy

Daniel Curtin  
William Lynch

Eugene Davis  
Francis McCarthy

Vincent Donovan  
Joseph McCauley

Thomas Dougherty  
John McGuire

James Doyle  
Thomas McHugh

Joseph Dzionksza  
John McKenna

Eugene Finegan  
Walter MacGowan

Leo Finegan  
Joseph D. Maher

Charles Fitzpatrick  
Joseph P. Maher

John Flynn  
Edwin Madjeski

William Gallagher  
James Martine

Edward Moorey

Alfred Moran

William Murray

James O’Connell

Raymond O’Neill

Andrew Orlovsky

Francis Reilly

Stanley Rocinski

Charles Sauer

John Scowcroft

Gabriel Stone

Emil Suchon

Eugene Sullivan

James Sullivan

John Sullivan

William Thompson

Joseph Tierney

Michael Torpey

Richard Wall

John Washington

Dennis Whelan
The second big event in the life of the Class of 1931, that is to say Junior Night, was what is known in newspaper parlance as a “tough assignment.” We didn’t wish to depart from the traditions of this annual event, but we worked hard to make it more entertaining than ever. We finally conceived the idea of producing a play depicting a phase in the life of that great Catholic Sir Thomas More.

A committee was selected and every member of the class was given some task in the general preparations for the evening. After many heart-breaking days everything was ready; the auditorium and refectory were decorated, the stage settings placed, the entire class squeezed into dinner jackets and the guests began to arrive.

Needless to say, none of us will ever forget that night. The cast of the play in knee breeches and bearing spears, the members of the class in wing collars and enduring agony. The staunch and true stage hands with overalls over their gleaming white shirt fronts—losing at least three pounds through worry—the worry springing from doubts as to how long the prison scene would remain erect and not snuff out our Thespians in its expected collapse.

Despite our worry the evening went off as planned and we (the members of the class) vowed it was the best Junior Night ever. We are confident our guests enjoyed themselves to the utmost.

The next thing on the programme was the Junior Banquet which was held after Easter, and which was a very “large” evening indeed. We had steak and steak and—let me see—oh yes, filet mignon, and many other good things. Among these good things were speeches, anecdotes and reminiscences by members of the faculty. Our only regret was that Monsignor McLaughlin was on his way to Carthage to attend the Eucharistic Congress, and was therefore unable to be present at our last gathering as Juniors.

Spring now held us in its languorous spell and suggestions for any unnecessary activity were loudly shouted down by the sufferers of that terrible malady spring fever. The men who went out for baseball were looked upon as superhuman because of their activity. We, the more fatigued ones, watched the leaves come forth on the trees and the campus turn emerald-green, we listened to the crack of the bat and the click of the golf club. Finally we did rouse enough ambition to indulge in a swim, in which we shattered all existing records by swimming forty yards in six hours and twenty-three minutes and catching a bad cold from the immersion and unwarranted exercise.

Spring rapidly gave way to early summer and thoughts of final exams hung over us like shadows of impending doom. Like the proverbial bad pennies the exams came upon us and again brought phil orals, this time we did not fear them so much but events proved that we should have. Exams finished and with them the academic year of 1930.

We have finished as Juniors and are now approaching the last long mile—Senior Year. We know that Father Walsh will be heartbroken to lose such a brilliant class of philosophers and we know that he will have a hard time finding another class as philosophically inclined as we were. To Father Maine we also extend deepest sympathy for his loss of the scientific geniuses among the members of ’31.

To our good friends the Class of 1930—whom we have forgiven for our rough treatment in Freshman—we are now forced to bid a sorrowful adieu. We wish them all the luck in the world in their chosen professions, and take this opportunity to inform them that our latch-string is always out, they will be warmly welcomed any time they care to pay us a visit.
HE solution of a Junior Night program is a rather disconcerting proposition annually placed in the care of the Junior Class. Being one of the oldest traditions of Seton Hall, each succeeding Class has faced the difficulty of preserving the customary high standards of literary and moral excellence characterizing it, and—at the same time—of presenting a novel, pleasing program.

A committee composed of Joseph Bradley, T. Richard Dougherty, James O'Connell, Joseph Tierney, William Murray, Edmund Kielty, John Washington, Charles Casserly, Raymond O'Neil, Charles Hoffman, Robert Lamb and Charles Sauer was selected and they decided to present a play of a literary type. After due consideration and consultation they chose a four-act drama "Sir Thomas More", written by an anonymous Brother of Glasgow University.

The play was a beautifully written and well constructed piece depicting that phase of Sir Thomas More's life which has to do with his imprisonment and the events leading up to his execution because of his refusal to give up his religion and bow to the will of Henry VIII.

The characters were played exceptionally well by Raymond O'Neil as Sir Thomas More, James O'Connell as Henry VIII, Alfred Moran as the Duke of Norfolk, Edmund Kielty as Cromwell, John McGuire as Sir Alfred Allerton the Chief Justice, and William Ahr as Sir Thomas More's son. The parts of the halberdiers were acted by Arthur Heimbold, Eugene Davis, Thomas Liddy and Emil Suchon; those of the judges by Thomas Cunningham, John Washington and William Gleason; the court clerk by James Sullivan, and the gentleman-in-waiting by James Doyle.

Great credit is due the leading characters for their portrayals of the heroic figures in the play. James O'Connell—royally garbed and almost indistinguishable behind a flaming red beard—was as overbearing and self-centered a Henry VIII as could be imagined. Raymond O'Neil, in the title role, was gentle and saintly, yet firmly convinced of the righteousness of the course he was pursuing. Alfred Moran superbly portrayed the vacillating courtier Norfolk, and Edmund Kielty was unsurpassed as the fawning yet strong willed and ambitious Cromwell.

Junior Day itself dawned auspiciously. It was bright and cheery with just that tang of spring in the air to lend a zest to life—to give the joie de vivre. In the morning a Solemn High Mass in the presence of our Rt. Rev. Bishop assisting in cope and mitre opened the celebration of St. Joseph's Day. During the Mass we were addressed both by Rt. Rev. Bishop Walsh and Rt. Rev. Monsignor McLaughlin.

Shortly after mass we assembled in the refectory where the traditional St. Joseph's Day dinner was served. The refectory was indeed a colorful place, being tastefully decorated in the class colors, blue and silver. As the largest Junior Class we enjoyed the distinction of having two full lines of tables running the length of the room and a small table at their head for our officers. It was on this table all eyes were centered, whether drawn by Joseph Bradley's Spats or by the gigantic cake, we don't know, but if left to a vote we are afraid that the cake would win.

During the afternoon the finishing touches were put on the decorations in the auditorium, and during the remaining hours we spent our time in finger nail biting and making nervous remarks anent the probability of the play's success. The watchword of each and every Junior at Old Setonia that great day seemed to be: "I wonder if it'll be a success?"
Finally supper arrived and passed. The following hour found many Juniors endeavoring to borrow studs, cuff-links, collars, dress-shirts, ties and sundry other articles of haberdashery. Much commotion and helter-skelter movement was in evidence until the Junior Class had climbed into its respective dinner jackets and assembled in the Junior classroom in Bayley Hall. Here we sought to give relief to our high strung nerves by indulgence in close harmony, but alas we are afraid it was too close, for all the dogs in the neighborhood chorused the great "Amen" at the end of our ninth attempt at "Alma Mater."

Finally the zero hour arrived and we received orders to fall in and advance to the front, i.e. the front of the auditorium. We lost no men in the heavy shelling on our way over—remember how dark it was?—and reached the safety of the Administration Building without mishap. Here, with white shirt fronts gleaming, we paraded down the aisle, graciously receiving the tributes of our friends, relatives and admirers, until we reached the seats reserved for us.

The orchestra—which had also entertained us at dinner—under the direction of John Imhoff and composed of Adrian Burke, Francis Boland, Joseph Jaremczuk, Joseph P. Maher, Timothy Cronin, John Gleason, James Foran and John Basner, played the opening march and selections during the entr' acts and performed exceptionally well.

After the opening march, a short and eloquent speech of welcome was delivered by President Joseph P. Bradley, and then the curtain rose on the first act of the play. We all settled back in our seats and enjoyed ourselves immensely, being sorry that there had to be such a thing as a final curtain.

After the play Monsignor McLaughlin gave a short address complimenting us on our choice of entertainment and on the affair in general; also he announced us as the "Diamond Jubilee Class," a distinction of which we are justly proud.

After the singing of the Alma Mater by the entire class the entertainment came to an end. Everyone joins us, we are sure, in pronouncing it the best Junior Night ever.
JUNIOR WINTER DANCE

The soft moan of saxophones and the muffled throb of drums—the more strident call of the brass—the soft shuffle of dancing feet—little tables with snowy white napery and gleaming silver, sparsely populated, for who could resist the enthralment of such music? Color—supplied by the variegated female raiment, gorgeously multitinted as a rainbow and set off to advantage by the somber black and white of male attire—Winter Dance—a jumble of memories!

On the evening of January 3, 1930, your reporter casually dropped in at the Newark A. C. to view the proceedings and record them, faithfully as possible, for you. The most exact presentation we can make is the above paragraph, for it describes the overwhelming first impression received.

The affair was well under way at the time of our arrival and standing in the foyer one heard and felt the soft enthrancement of the music, ably furnished by Gene Ingraham and his orchestra. Upon entering the ballroom proper the riot of color momentarily confused us, but we soon were able to recognize our smiling collegemates so cheerfully paying homage to Terpichore.

Everyone was happy, enjoying the evening to the utmost; we are proud to say this enjoyment stayed within the bounds of that propriety which should always characterize Catholic gentlemen. We met many a friend and acquaintance and upon interrogating them as to their reaction to the affair we found the universal cry to be "Encore!" So we here record the unanimous hope that the Dance will be an annual event.

In short, the Winter Dance was a great success, socially and financially. The committee in charge and especially its chairman deserve a great deal of credit for the enjoyableness of the evening. The committee, besides the energetic chairman, Joseph P. Bradley, included T. Richard Dougherty, James A. O'Connell, Joseph M. Tierney, Charles D. Sauer, Edward A. Mooney, William P. Gleason, Patrick R. Kearns, John J. McGuire, Walter J. MacGowan, Frank E. Reilly, and John E. Mongon.
"All things journey: sun and moon,
Morning, noon, and afternoon,
    Night and all her stars;
'Twixt the east and western bars
Round they journey,
    Come and go!
We go with them!"
UNDERCLASSMEN
"For take thy ballaunce if thou be so wise,
And weigh the winds that under heaven doth blow;
Or weigh the light that in the east doth rise;
Or weigh the thought that from man's mind doth flow."
HAT irony for the erstwhile Freshman to discover his former estate far preferable to the long-envied one of Sophomore! For then he was higher esteemed. Then a butt only by tradition, now he is one in very essence and name. Typical of the unkindest things now said about him is the remark of a mid-Western professor, "I have no use for Sophomores in any walk of life." After this dictum Woodrow Wilson seems not so ungracious when he deemed the Sophomore—"one in whom the sap is rising and will gradually mature."

The "I'll-show-them" attitude of the present body of Sophomores was a natural reaction to all this and John Warnock, as president, was chosen to keep the resolve from waning. Harry Singleton, Edward Neary and Richard Rush were to aid him in the capacities of vice-president, secretary and treasurer. The class gained further confidence from the fact that some of its members held positions of importance in the college organization. Louis Baldacini was librarian, Edward Hartnett stationer, and Leo Schnell sacristan. Also, Arthur Barber, Thomas Smith and Albert Wahl were in daily evidence at the Varsity Shop.

That sophomore year is a sinecure may have been a fact a few years ago when a preceding class gloated over three afternoons off per week, but in our case we were not so fortunate. The complexities of the subject taught by Father Maine and Mr. Gilmartin shortly had all in a fog, more real than figurative, else how explain a certain confusion of gas jet with water spout in "lab"? Difficulties in this subject and in History and English were physical as well as intellectual. The dictation barrage drove Sophomores to night school, seeking refuge in shorthand.

Our Greek course had something in its favor in that it early relieved a worry which extended back to second year high when Iphigenia, who had vanished right out of the First Greek Reader into thin air, was found safe at Tauris. But the end of our work in Euripides again left her in doubtful fate, and so with Orestes and faithful Pylades. "Which isn't right," complains a fellow accustomed to read the back of a new detective novel first (after he found De Corona much harder).

In evidences with Rev. Father McNulty and in our classics, philosophy constantly entered into our study so that the formidable black book of Junior year will not be entirely strange. Contact or even exposure to such a course, rounded out by French, Physics and Public Speaking, could not fail to bring about the maturity of Mr. Wilson's definition.

It may have been from this maturity, suddenly acquired, that in time we found ourselves above hazing Freshmen. What had been their previous lot is left to the Freshman chronicler (the personal angle is always fresher). More likely it was the respect they acquired in spurring us on to win Field Day, and the common satisfaction of administering a smarting defeat to the upperclassmen.

Mention of retreat comes before Field Day, however, for just as it was nip and tuck between '32 and '33 rain postponed the outcome. This was just as well since in this time given us to take our measure spiritually, we perceived that winning a Field Day was a comparatively easy and unimportant thing indeed.

But that was a hard-earned victory gained the sunny Friday of the retreat's close. Besson was highest scorer and individual star. Singleton, athletic standard bearer of
SOPHOMORE OFFICERS

Richard Rush
Treasurer

John Warnock
President

Henry Singleton
Vice-President

Edward Neary
Secretary

SOPHOMORE ROSTER

Louis Avitable
Louis Baldiccini
Peter Barauskis
Arthur Barber
Franklin Besson
Kalman Biczak
Anthony Bubas
Ernest Bugg
Thomas Burke
Thomas Carey
Joseph Carney
Raymond Doll
John Donnelly
William Downey
Edward Duffy
Francis Dunn
Vincent Fiessler
Thomas Finn
James Foley
Raymond Gibney
Walter Glaser
Aloysius Goldenbaum
Francis Guidera
Edward Hartnett
Francis Hennessy
Thomas Hession
William Ireland
William Jordan
Joseph Kasisky
William Kearney
Daniel Keegan

Martin Kennedy
Raymond Kilkenney
Joseph Kinney
Michael Komar
Vincent Lake
Michael Lease
Thomas Lennon
Richard Looney
Joseph Lynch
Francis McCarthy
Walter McCudden
Leo McDonald
Eugene McGuire
James McKenna
Thomas McLaughlin
William McLaughlin
Edward Majewski
Peter Manning
August Meyer
John Moyer
Arthur Mueller
Francis Mulquin
Joseph Mulvaney
John Mulvihill
Edwin Murphy
George Murphy
Henry Murphy
John Murphy
Francis Narkiewitz
Edward Neary

Vincent Noonan
Richard O'Brien
Maurice O'Sullivan
William Outwater
John Palmer
John Parmigiani
Edwin Paulmann
Guy Popham
David Proce
Richard Rush
James Ryall
Kenneth Schlatmann
Leo Schnell
Maurice Scott
William Shea
Charles Sheelan
Francis Sheridan
Chester Sikinski
Harry Singleton
Edward Smith
Thomas Smith
Vincent Sprouls
Daniel Stein
James Stone
James Sullivan
John Sullivan
James Thompson
Edgar Voerhoest
Alfred Wahl
George Walker
John Warnock
the class, but "only a novice" in track and field competition, contributed mightily to the win, as did Kennedy, Kearney and Hession. Later, at the Setonian meet, the team of Besson, Hession, Kilkenny and McLaughlin again demonstrated sophomore supremacy by winning the inter-class relay.

As to other sports, Barber, Carney, Kearney, McDonald, Sikinski and Singleton sacrificed their shins in the name of Varsity soccer and when basketball followed in its wake, Singleton, Outwater and Mulquin were a redoubtable trio on the court. Among ourselves, day-scholars regularly engaged with the boarders in the reigning sport, usually to the latter's chagrin.

The picture does not suffer elsewhere by comparison. The indefatigable efforts of Donnelly, Thompson and Verhoest placed the Junior Debating Society on a par with the Senior organization. The Setonian found room on its staff for Glaser, Ryall, Shea (who also served the "White and Blue") and Verhoest. Glaser, it comes to light, was the sophomore contributor to "Setoniana," a feature little less notorious than "The Tatler."

Doubt attends the success of our efforts at harmony. True, these received recognition from one faculty member, at least, but not by way of compliment. It rankles that Father Maine should have overheard these attempts yet never have drafted any of us for the Glee Club.

Not that the class had no entertainers. These we are rather disinclined to mention, however, since this would bring to the fore Martin Kennedy's affliction of St. Vitus' dance and the fact that Mickey Walker "tipple". These, Baldacini, Popham and others were a troupe that often stole the show.

This has been the history of the class to date. To record it has been an agreeable task, but now to incorporate the future into the record, especially a record to come to light after the said future has joined the past—there is something to ponder over. Yet, with the past achievements and known talents of the class to guide us, little prophetical powers are required.

Accordingly, with the good fortune to be represented by Edward Neary, of "Three Live Ghosts" and public speaking fame, the class has the promise of a fair share of glory when the play shall have become its annual success.

Meanwhile the clatter and thwack of bat, ball and glove stir us as to baseball fortunes. The class had a monopoly of the infield of last year's Varsity—and it still seems secure—with Ed Murphy at first, Singleton at second, Kearney at third, and Outwater toeing the mound occasionally. Now that enough is known about vitamins to counteract "general lassitude" classmates may join them in the outfield, for there is other "big-time" material in the class. George Walker expects a busy season as assistant manager of the varsity team. In intra-murals, class teams should lead the league on the strength of the year's record alone.

Now as this recital draws to a close, it comes to us—the folly of it all, this striving at length to prove that laurels of the year go to the Sophomores, wholly regardless of the fact that not we, but the Seniors are the cynosure of all eyes, that every year, claim it who may, is always the Seniors' year. Happy, happy is this chastening thought that comes just in time to divert our eyes from our selfish concerns, to still our prattling tongues long enough to join in this toast to the Senior Class—"Vive, valeque!"
"Hail, blooming Youth!
May all your virtues with your years improve,
Till in consummate worth you shine the pride
Of these our days, and succeeding times
A bright example."
FRESHMAN CLASS HISTORY

All things are accomplished in the fulness of time.” Just a short time ago, imbued with a feeling of uneasiness and trepidation, we stood on the threshold of a new era in our lives. The passing from high school into college, though only one of the many changes in the affairs of men, is nevertheless an important change. It means new associations, new studies and new friends. There is little wonder then, that when we entered the Chapel on the first day our minds were filled with doubt because of the uncertainty of what our first year at college held in store for us. Only time could tell what our lot would be in Freshman year. Now, however, all this is past. Our first year is rapidly coming to a close and the many things that have been accomplished are only memories.

While we recall to mind the numerous events of the past year, there are roused in us feelings of regret, wonder and joy. The regret is such as usually attends the parting from things we have enjoyed and loved. For after all, even those encounters with Sophomores which we experienced quite frequently, either individually or en masse, created much wholesome fun. When we reflect upon the countless pleasant happenings that took place within the past nine months we are amazed and wonder how all of them could have been crowded into such a brief space of time. Lastly there is perhaps the most important sensation, that of joy—joy caused by the realization that so much work has been done, by the fact that the first lap in our college course has been successfully completed and also that the foundation of our career has been prepared and firmly strengthened. Now we too shall be enrolled among the elect and shall no longer be looked upon as green, insignificant, unappreciated Freshmen.

The first day of school found the Freshmen scattered here and there in small groups. It was a simple task on that day to point out who were Freshmen. Even an outsider could judge. If you saw a fellow very neatly dressed, with a haughty look upon his face, his head high and a dignified mien, you could say without fear of being mistaken that this was his first year at college. For the first few days we were, in our own estimation, the boi aristi, and everybody should step aside respectfully when we were about to pass by. While still in this frame of mind we gathered together to elect class officers and to get a good look at our fellow-classmen. At that assembly Thomas Gilhooley was chosen to act as president with Joseph Fleming assisting him as vice-president; to Thomas Barry were assigned the duties of secretary and the management of the class finances was entrusted to Joseph McGraw. We had already met our teachers and been made acquainted with the nature of our studies.

For a few days we reigned supreme. It was about this time, when several Freshmen were thinking of making a few changes here and there in the management of the college that suddenly the inevitable came. A meeting was called, not by our own president but by the president of the Senior Class. Out of curiosity the Freshmen flocked into the hall. What a jolt we received! We were duly informed that there were a few laws passed by the Seniors in accordance with which we were to conduct ourselves henceforward. Perhaps you may have heard of them as Freshman Rules. At any rate the sudden change that came over the Freshmen was remarkable. It cannot be clearly described. Here we “college men” were bing subjected to rules which would greatly burden our dignity. Imagine! wearing a ridiculous little scarlet cap on the street and walking in roadways and tipping our hats to Seniors and carrying their packages! Such nerve on their part! Tyrannical! To make matters worse, the Sophomores were to enforce these rules. Nevertheless, immediately descending to earth, we
THE WHITE AND BLUE

FRESHMAN OFFICERS

Joseph McGraw
Treasurer

Thomas Gillhooly
President

Joseph Fleming
Vice-President

Thomas Barry
Secretary

FRESHMAN ROSTER

John Ansbro
Vincent Arecchi
Franklin Bael
Thomas Barry
John Basnar
Stanley Brach
Charles Brannick
William Brennan
Robert Bruce
Joseph Burns
Martin Byrne
George Chelius
John Chiego
Edward Chmely
Thomas Comer
Brian Conlon
Jerome Connolly
Thomas Connors
Charles Covert
Francis Coyle
Walter Crown
William Delebar
Henry Dempsey
James Dempsey
Charles DePasquale
Francis Desmond
Frederick Desmond
Frederick DeNapoli
Thomas Dolan
Joseph Fagen
Thomas Fedigan
Maurice Fitzgerald
Leo Fitzsimmons
James Flanagan

Joseph Fleming
James Foran
Edward Fox
Joseph Frazza
John Gagliano
Salvatore Gerard
Thomas Gilhooley
John Gillick
Thomas Gillick
John Gleason
Francis Glynn
Gustave Goetz
Stephen Gostkowski
James Gray
Dennis Hayes
George Holland
John Hourihan
Thomas Howell
Daniel Hurley
Francis Jankunas
Basil Kane
William Kavanagh
William Kelly
Fenton Kennedy
Terrence Kennedy
Eugene Kenny
Francis Kraus
Paul Lang
John Lopresti
Duncan MacDonald
Andrew Maglio
Felix Masterson
Gerald McAteer
David McCarthy
Francis McDermott

Thomas McKeever
Joseph McGraw
Vincent McIntee
Edward McKeon
John McMahon
Walter McNeely
Henry McTague
Vincent Messina
Vincent Minan
Rocco Misuriello
Paul Moran
Benjamin Moscinski
William Murcko
Francis Newman
William O'Brien
Joseph O'Connor
George O'Gorman
James O'Neill
Clarence Patrovic
John Pender
Salvatore Pepe
Francis Plowman
Henry Quinn
Eugene Reilly
Aloysius Ryan
Dalbert Sabo
John Scharnus
Vincent Sharkey
William Shelley
Francis Snyder
John Sokol
Joseph Walsh
Joseph Whelan
John Zdaniewicz
entered into the spirit of fun and "accepted" the rules. Although we received quite a
jolt when we were given the rules we soon found out that we were to experience quite
a few more at the hands of the Sophomores. In fact the effects of some of these lasted
for several days. In a very short time the rules seemed to be forgotten, not, however,
to our own advantage; for one comprehensive rule, though unwritten, was largely en-
forced, namely: "Do whatever you are told to do when you are told to do it." In
complying with this rule a great deal of talent in the way of singing and dancing
was discovered among us, talent which no one knew of before, not even the possessor!
Of course we could have easily (?) overcome the Sophs if we wanted to, but we
thought we might as well let them enjoy themselves. As a matter of fact one day the
Freshmen did turn out in a body to subdue them but upon thoughtful consideration
of the matter—or perhaps it was because of the presence of several Seniors—they re-
strained their spirits.

In nearly every line of activity the Freshman Class has been well represented. We
contributed a goodly share of members to the Debating Society and were especially
honored in having our class president elected to the leadership of that Society. To the
staff of the Setonian were sent two very capable men, James O'Neill and Thomas
Comer; the former had a hand in its business management and the latter saw that the
Freshman Class received its full share of publicity. Joseph McGraw represented the
Class on the editorial staff of the White and Blue.

The outstanding accomplishment of the year was the Freshman basketball team.
It was the first time in several years that the Freshmen were able to put forth such a
group on the court. It is true that a few of the players held positions on the teams
of their respective high schools but even so, the Class of '33 has set a record which we
predict will not be surpassed in the near future. It is one of which we can justly be
proud. Since this meagre report is so brief that it cannot do full justice to the basket-
ball team, a more extensive treatment is given elsewhere in this book. The Freshman
Class was also well represented on the varsity basketball team. Two of the team's
outstanding regular players, Marty Byrne and "Shorty" Zdaniewicz, were Freshmen;
McAteer, Kennedy and Conlon were also members of the varsity squad.

Although we were engaged in many activities the real purpose for which we came
to college was not forgotten. We were soon engrossed in the study of the classics,
both Latin and Greek. Having crossed the Alps with Hannibal and his men we next
turned to the more sublime in spirit and learned the true requisites of a poet as ex-
emplified by Horace. We stood by Socrates to the end of his trial wishing sometimes
that he had studied up on the "language of the courts" and had made his plea ac-
cordingly. Chemistry and French, though new to most of us, we found very inter-
esting.

Especially worthy of note is the fine spirit that the Freshmen manifested through-
out the year, both in special class activities and toward one another. The class as
a whole always gave its full support to whatever the college undertook. In its own
sphere the will of the majority was the law and no matter how disagreeable it was to
the few, those few would comply. At the first meeting, like most Freshman Classes,
the members of the Class of '33 resolved that their class would be the finest that ever
attended Seton Hall. As the year draws to a close we consider in retrospect the many,
many activities of our class and judging from them and from its truly sincere spirit of
interest in and support for all things Setonian, we believe that our first year has done
much to assure the fulfillment of that resolution. Consequently, much will be ex-
pected of this Class; but we put our whole-hearted confidence in its ability to fulfill all
expectations, for the Class of '33—like that of '30—will always labor to be a credit
to its Alma Mater.
"Oh! 'tis easy
To beget great deeds; but in the rearing of them—
The threading in cold blood each mean detail,
And furze brake of half-pertinent circumstance—
There lies the self-denial."
AVOCATIONS
GLEE CLUB

THE advent of the 1929-1930 scholastic year marked the fourth anniversary of Seton Hall Glee Club. How well the Class of 1930 remembers the labors of Father Maine in our Freshman year to found an independent, well-organized Glee Club from the conglomeration of solos, duets, quartets and octets flourishing on the campus. The major result of his efforts in that year was the presentation of the highly successful operetta "Captain Van der Hum" at the Christmas Entertainment. Then in Sophomore and Junior we recall the harmonious Christmas Carols; and the selections rendered on Junior Night each year.

And then—in Senior—the greatest Christmas Entertainment ever presented to the Alumni, undergraduates and friends of Seton Hall. A Minstrel of Fun and Frolic so delightfully humorous and harmonious that it seemed hardly begun when it was over—how tempus did fugit that evening.

But—to begin at the beginning—let us record the gasp of surprise and pleasure that rose from the audience as the curtain was drawn aside. Black and white modernistic back-scene—forty young men garbed in formal black and white—orchestra ensconced in the center of the stage—four darky end men, laughable in appearance, dress and action. Here, indeed, was something worthy of unstinted praise, and the friendly, delighted audience expressed its sentiments in a roar of applause that fairly shook the rafters!

After the "Opening Chorus" presented by the entire ensemble, the Interlocutor, James A. Carey, exchanged some scintillating repartee with the End Men—Charles Casserly, Joseph Jialdini, Martin Kennedy and George Walker, before introducing the first soloist, Joseph Tierney who sang "Painting the Clouds With Sunshine."

This selection was followed by a continuation of the conversation between Interlocutor and End Men—after each solo the witty remarks and intramural jokes of these men never failed to bring applause and laughter from the audience. Among the solos rendered, we heard Joseph Frazza sing "King for a Day"; Edmund Kielty "Ol' Man River"; Arthur Heimbold "Sunny Side Up"; Charles Casserly "Weary River"; Emil Suchon "Following the Sun Around"; Basil Kane "The Rangers' Song". George Walker's "Doing the Racoon", Louis Baldiccini's "Blues" and Martin Kennedy's "Piccolo Pete" fairly brought down the house—encore after encore being vociferously demanded.

After the "Closing Chorus" the singers presented those soul-stirring Christmas hymns "O Holy Night" and "Adeste Fideles". Thus the Collegiate program of the evening ended, leaving the audience in the eager, joyous mood of the Christmas season.

All Setoniana is eagerly awaiting the next presentation of the Glee Club, for we know that having gained such a reputation, its members and Rev. Director will do everything in their power to keep future programs on the same delightful plane, and, indeed, we are sure that they will even strive to surpass the famous Entertainment of December 21, 1929.

It is not necessary for us to repeat here how important such an organization as the Glee Club is in student life; its educative, cultural and recreational values are self-evident. The talented, energetic Director, Rev. Adrian A. Maine, who guides the destinies of the Glee Club, deserves much commendation for the growth and excellence of the organization.
DRAMATIC SOCIETY

WILLIAM J. MCKENNA
Director

REV. THOMAS H. POWERS
Moderator

JAMES A. CAREY
Business Manager

CAST

James O'Connell
Michael Reilly
Edmund Kiety
John Washington
Edward Neary
Francis McCarthy
Charles Hoffman
James Doyle
Richard Rush
Robert Lamb
Wilbur Ahr
John Mongon
Thomas Cunningham
Guy Popham
Aloysius Goldenbaum
Thomas Gillhooey
Vincent Minan

Capt. Drummond
Carl Peterson
Dr. Lakington
Algy Longworth
Gerald Benton
Tom Peterson
Peter Darrel
James Handley
Hiram Travers
An attendant
Brownlow
Denny
Derbyshire
Marcovitch
W. Hocking
The Boy
A Chinese mute
HEN the academic year at Seton Hall has entered upon its wane and Seniors are feverishly making provisions for Commencement, social activities are climaxed traditionally in the annual dramatic production. On two consecutive nights, amid former and newly-acquired friendships, Setonia's Alumni, undergraduates and well-wishers are richly entertained by scholastic Thespian endeavors. Invariably the dramatis personae meet with merited approbation and their theatricals are truly appreciated.

This year's representation was no deviation from the rule. Early in May at Procter's Lyceum in Newark and at St. Patrick's Theater in Jersey City, the Dramatic Society presented "Bulldog Drummond," a melodrama adapted from the novel by Cyril B. McNeile. The Rev. Thomas H. Powers is moderator of the Society which under the experienced direction of Mr. William J. McKenna made rapid progress.

The members of the cast conducted themselves superbly. In fact, the production at both performances encountered such general approval that it seemed even to surpass precedent. At any rate, the consensus of opinion had it that the students' talented portrayal of the piece easily rivalled any professional exhibition.

The story is concerned with a demobilized British officer, bored with the extreme quiet and placidity of post-war conditions and his successful efforts at securing diversion. In an apparently legitimate nursing home a group of utterly unscrupulous criminals is making use, with considerable remuneration, of an ingenious plan of extortion. The nursing home, conducted by a certain Dr. Lakington, confines under the guise of patients several wealthy gentlemen who are gradually being fleeced out of their fortunes. How Drummond, aided by his friends, frustrates the blackmailers' intrigues, winds out a very engaging and intensely exciting tale.

The student histrionic artists deserve a world of commendation for the admirable representation they offered on each occasion.

James O'Connell, '31, in the role of Captain Drummond rendered an impersonation of the highest order. Michael Reilly, '30, and Edmund Kielty, '31, as Carl Peterson and Dr. Lakington were so insidiously villainous that, had he been present, the author himself would have been appalled. The parts of Algy Longworth and Gerald Benton were cleverly handled by John Washington, '31, and Edward Neary, '32. Frank McCarthy, '32, displayed budding genius in adapting himself to the character of Tom Peterson.

Among the other ably-acted parts were Peter Darrell, played by Charles Hoffman, '31; James Handley by James Doyle, '31; and Hiram Travers by Richard Rush, '32.

There also appeared in the cast Thomas Cunningham, Wilbur Ahr, Robert Lamb and John Mongon of the Class of '31; Guy Popham and John Goldenbaum of '32; and Thomas Gillhooly and Vincent Minan of '33.
SENIOR DEBATING SOCIETY

REV. JAMES F. KELLEY
Moderator

MICHAEL REILLY
President

JAMES SYMONS
Secretary

JAMES O'CONNELL
Vice-President

WILBUR AHR
JOSEPH BRADLEY
EUGENE DAVIS
WILLIAM GLEASON
WILFRED HOFFMAN
EDMUND KIELTY
JOSEPH JAREMCZUK

WILLIAM LYNCH
JOHN MADDEN
JOSEPH MAHER
ALFRED MORAN
HENRY McCLUSKEY
RAYMOND O'NEILL
EUGENE SULLIVAN
URING the scholastic year of 1929-1930, the College Debating Society exhibited a noteworthy amount of vitality and arranged a splendid program of activities which have proven beneficial both to the individuals concerned and to the College which they represented.

In accordance with the system inaugurated last year, the Society was divided into two sections: the Senior Varsity, the membership of which was made up of Juniors and Seniors; and the Junior Varsity, consisting of Freshmen and Sophomores. Each division of the Society performed all its functions independently.

At the first meeting of the Upperclass Division, Father James F. Kelley, Reverend Moderator, presided and supervised the election of officers for the year. Michael Reilly, '30, was elected President; James O'Connell, '31, secured the office of Vice-President; and James Symons, '30, was chosen Secretary. Regular meetings were held once a week thereafter for the remainder of the year.

Under the direction of their Reverend Moderator, Father William Duffy, the Lowerclass Division elected Thomas Gillhooly, '33, to the Presidency, John Donnelly, '32, to the Vice-Presidency; and James Thompson, '32, to the Secretaryship.

In former years it had been the custom of the Society to engage only in intramural debates. The past season, however, set a happy precedent in the form of several extramural contests with neighboring institutions.

After a series of elimination debates held within the Society on various topics ranging from "home-work" to "co-education," each branch of the Society selected its extramural representatives. These series of debates occupied the members for the better part of the first term.

According to the system adopted by the Upperclass Division, a Panel of seventeen members remained after the eliminations. A schedule of intercollegiate encounters was arranged and before the end of the scholastic year every member engaged in at least one extramural contest.

On March 22, the Senior Varsity Division of the Society, represented by Eugene Sullivan, Joseph P. Maher, and Edmund Kielty—all members of the Class of '31—met Messrs. Joseph Lakowsky, Myron Engleman, and Sidney Feiler, of New York University, on the question: Resolved: That the nations adopt a policy of complete disarmament except for such forces as are needed for police protection. On April 2nd, Alfred Moran, '31, James Symons, '30, and Henry McCluskey, '30, met the Upsala College team on the same question. The Setonians, on both occasions, had the affirmative side of the question. On April 5th, Michael Reilly, '30, Wilfred Hoffman, '31, and Joseph Bradley, '31, met the team of the College of the City of New York. Seton Hall, on April 12th, met Princeton University on the question: Resolved: That national advertising, as now carried on, is socially and economically harmful. The representatives of Seton Hall had the affirmative.
JUNIOR DEBATING SOCIETY

Rev. William J. Duffy
Moderator

Thomas Gillhooly  
President

James Thompson  
Secretary

John Donnelly  
Vice-President

Thomas Comer
Thomas Gillick
Gustave Goerz
Thomas Hession
William Kavanaugh
Francis Kraus
John Lopresti
Vincent Minan
John Moyer

George Murphy
Harry McTague
James Ryall
Dalbert Sabo
Maurice Scott
Thomas Smith
John Sokol
Alfred Wahl
Edgar Voerhoest
Other debates, one with Seth Low School of Columbia, and others with other institutions have been scheduled; details were not available at the time of this book's going to press.

The system of the Junior Varsity differed much from that of the Upperclass Division. After the elimination contests within the Division, a representative team was chosen. The members of this team were: John Donnelly, '32, James Thompson, '32, Thomas Gillhooly, '33, and Thomas Comer, '33, alternate. The team elected James Thompson, Captain, and John Donnelly, Secretary.

The elimination contests were highly interesting, hard fought contests which most certainly attained their end, i.e. practice for all and the revelation of the best material in the Division. Among the outstanding questions—those which developed the most fireworks—discussed at the weekly sessions, we recall the following: Resolved: That the profits of a corporation should be divided among its employees; Resolved: That the world owes more to navigation than it does to railroads; (after two hours of heated argument the learned judges announced that there would be no decision due to the undefeatable potentialities of the proposition); and, Resolved: That the pulpit exerts a greater influence than the press. All the members of the Division were carefully scored with respect to the essentials necessary for a winning debating technique, and then the final team was chosen.

On the evening of March 15th, in the College Auditorium, the Junior Debating Team met as its first opponents Messrs. Joseph McGovern, James Casey, and Henry Kennedy, of Fordham University. The proposition was: Resolved: That the evils of the machine age outweigh its advantages. The affirmative was upheld by the gentlemen from Fordham, and the negative by Seton Hall. The Junior Varsity also met the College of the City of New York (Junior Varsity) on the disarmament question; and they plan meeting the Junior Varsity teams of the other Colleges which the Senior Society has debated or intends to debate.

It is with justifiable pride that the members of the Debating Society and the whole student body look back over the work of the Society during the year that has just passed. Seton Hall has been represented upon the forensic platform by teams which have capably met the debaters of some of the largest universities and colleges in the East. Their oratorical ability, analytical flaw-finding, constructive and logical presentation of their own arguments, have all been reasons for the pride we mention above. That both divisions of the Society—Senior and Junior—will continue to develop with the same admirable modus operandi pursued by this year's teams, is the firm conviction of all Setonia. It is with well placed gratitude that we render thanks to Fathers James Kelley and William Duffy, the Moderators, who gave so unstintingly of their time, advice, and labors to make this year a most successful one in so important a field of collegiate endeavor.
COLLEGE ORCHESTRA

John Imhoff
Saxophone—Violin

Joseph Jaremczuk
Piano

Adrian Burke
Trumpet

Joseph Maher
Banjo

Francis Boland
Traps

Timothy Cronin
Violin

Charles Sauer
Piano

George Walker
Traps

James Foran
Trumpet

John Bassner
Saxophone

John Gleason
Violin

William Delabar
Trumpet
In September, 1929, the seventh year of Seton Hall's orchestral efforts was formally started when Doctor Schreiner assembled the musicians for their first practice. After a few months' intensive drilling—during which the organization appeared at several Setonian smokers—Doctor Schreiner in co-operation with Rev. Adrian A. Maine outlined the program for the Christmas Entertainment and our musicians went to work with a will.

The immediate result of their application was a Christmas program delightful in the extreme. Besides the introductory and concluding selections which were from the classics and were rendered with skill and technique, ten modern, popular arrangements were played with all the vivacious abandon they demand. The Christmas Entertainment of 1929, justly called the best Seton Hall has witnessed, owes much of its success to the efforts of the College Orchestra.

During the second term Doctor Schreiner placed the directorial reins almost completely in the hands of John Imhoff, '30, a charter member of the orchestra who grew up with it through Prep and College. A better, more capable student director could hardly be chosen, for he is one of the most skilled musicians in the orchestra and frequently delights the audience with well executed solos on the violin (his first love) or the saxophone (a newer acquisition). The organization has progressed steadily under his tutoring, aptly adapting itself to the bewildering rhythms of present-day music. Another soloist whose control over the ivory keyboard has often been demonstrated to a crowded auditorium, is Joseph Jaremczuk, '31.

The next occasion—after the Christmas Entertainment—on which the orchestra made an important public appearance, was Junior Night. At this traditional celebration the opening selections, march and overture, were chosen from the "Chocolate Soldier." Beyond doubt these sparkling numbers recalled to many of the music-lovers in the crowded hall certain touching scenes from that light opera, and transported them back into that land of unreality where all earthly considerations vanish, that land of unadulterated joy created by a wonderfully effective soul-soother; fine music. Through the remainder of the evening the orchestra entreated between acts with an excellent rendition of popular selections. The wonderful reception accorded these numbers was ample proof that the rhythm of modern music as presented by the Setonians was quite acceptable—nay, delightful! to the audience.

Incidentally, we might record that the orchestra played in the refectory during the Junior Day dinner. Their efforts yielded a vivacious Ben Bernian rendition of the latest, and made the dinner so enjoyable that even the supposedly inane fruit salad seemed inclined to respond to the rhythm and resist ruthless consumption.

Among the other evenings the orchestra livened for us we must not forget the Intercollegiate Debates held during March and April. An appropriate opening number allowed the debaters and audience to settle themselves; after the excitement of the debate proper, the musicians soothed those present with dulcet strains while the debaters prepared their rebuttals; then, at the conclusion, they obliged with a stirring march as the victors strode from the hall, followed by soft, slow music as the vanquished were borne out on their shields.

The performance of the orchestra at the Annual Play gave a finishing touch to that very pleasant evening. Before, entr' act and after the performance we were treated to as fine a musical presentation as anyone could desire.

The orchestra has truly served its purpose as a brightener of every social function during the past year; from present success we can gauge the future and thus we expect continued advance in this aesthetic branch of collegiate education.
THE VARSITY SHOP

Raymond J. O'Neill
Manager

James A. Carey
Eugene V. Davis
Charles F. Fitzpatrick
William P. Gleason
Charles W. Hoffman
Guy H. Popham
Arthur C. Barber
Thomas F. Smith
THE VARSITY SHOP

An institution within an institution—that seems to be a fair definition of Setonia's Varsity Shop. Every loyal son of the White and Blue who has ever felt the pangs of hunger or has desired to ingest victuals for the mere sport of the thing has paid his homage to the now famous Cheap Store. A man rarely thinks or acts more seriously about anything than he does about his dinner, and so it is that when the noonday bell sounds there is heard a thunder-like rumble—undergraduates rush down the numerous (2) stairways—Philosophy Hall quivers to its foundations—green freshmen turn greener with fear! What can it be? An earthquake? The newcomer soon realizes that this is merely an everyday occurrence in the life of every Setonian. It is simply a college man's way of showing that he is hungry and that he knows delicious provisions are awaiting him in the College Caf.

Every conceivable delicacy is on display. The most popular choice with the busy collegian is undoubtedly one or more of the numerous (4) kinds of sandwiches and a cup of real red-hot coffee. For dessert he generally chooses pie or cake a la mode. However, there are those who believe in the maxim "variety is the spice of life", they are never disappointed for the Varsity Shop could justly be called the Variety Shop. Needless to say, their lunches are not like those of Longfellow's Hidalgo who had very little meat and plenty of tablecloth.

The young intelligentsia, having finished their repast, sit back and discuss politics, journalism, the high-lights of the athletic world, etc., and in a most unusual manner settle, once and for all, the great problems of mankind.

The picture would not be complete without the ever hungry boarder. He reigns supreme every night for some twenty-five minutes before retiring. These future greats show in that short time what true fraternity means. Smiles gleam from every friendly face, good cheer is regnant, pleasant topics are discussed. Then, all too soon, the allotted time comes to a conclusion and our friends go regretfully to their caves.

The Varsity Shop not only serves the student body, but it also does its share in helping the Athletic Association finance the great varsity teams that represent Old Setonia in the realm of inter-collegiate sports.

This year marks the most successful in the history of the Shop, and is it any wonder, for while doing himself a good turn eating at the Caf. every student realizes that he is helping the A. A. in its never flagging efforts to advance Seton Hall's athletic prestige. The genial, hard-working manager, Ray O'Neill, and his excellent staff of co-workers deserve great praise for the progress made and the service rendered.
"The best verse hasn't been rhymed yet,
The best house hasn't been planned,
The highest peak hasn't been climbed yet,
The mightiest rivers aren't spanned;
Don't worry and fret, faint-hearted,
The chances have just begun
For the best jobs haven't been started,
The best work hasn't been done."
WHITE AND BLUE

Eugene V. Higgins
Editor-in-Chief

James A. Carey
Business Manager

Herbert J. Dwyer
Editor-in-Chief

Bernard M. Sweeney
Business Manager

SETON HALL PUBLICATIONS

THE SETONIAN
HE culminating act of any Senior Class, the event which—next to the be­
stowal of the diplomas—marks the finis of that Class’ four years, is the publi­
cation of its Yearbook. The degree of success it achieves on the campus and
beyond, either sends forth the Class producing it with additional prestige and
respect or it becomes a source of humiliation and detracts from the worthy
reputation of that Class.

As we wrote these few words the long, busy period of compilation was
nearly at an end, final decisions on practically all parts of the book had been reached
and our financial foundation was thoroughly mapped out. Then, during a few moments
relaxation from the seemingly endless succession of petty details, we began to realize
more fully how representative of us this seventh volume of “The White and Blue”
would be, and amid the assailing doubts and worries that gathered around us, we hugged
to ourselves Cervantes comforting phrase: “There is no book so bad but something
good may be found in it.”

Undoubtedly our inexperienced hands have been the source of many technical and
editorial errors, but we hope our friends shall overlook them in consideration of the
final end which our book attains. While seriously handicapped by the limitations of
type and paper, we have done our best to express within these pages—both in picture
and in written account—the Setonian activities of the scholastic year 1929 and 1930.
If we have accomplished that end, we rest satisfied.

In our writing we sought not for the regular cadence of the rule-conscious pro-
fessional essayist, but, rather, we strove to preserve the natural, easy and unstilted
language of our pleasant informal gatherings. Admitting that the latter mode of ex-
pression flows with greater facility from our pen, we feel confident that our training
has made us capable of more polished literary expression when occasion requires. That
our memories should be preserved herein as we lived the reality is the goal we strove to
attain, and we realize that the success of our efforts will shortly be indicated by the
reception given this book. We can only hope its success will reciprocate the well-nigh
unbelievable amount of work it represents.

A faltering duet, lisped in numbers, by the passing Editor and Business Manager
for the benefit of their successors ad infinitum:
Discard any vain hopes to which you now cling,
Just demand your copy and ads in the fall,
And if you don't get them till late in the spring,
Why, realize you're lucky to get them at all!
THE SETONIAN

Herbert J. Dwyer
Editor-in-Chief

Bernard M. Sweeney
Business Manager

Associate Editors
James H. Symons
Eugene V. Higgins
Raymond L. Cunneen
James A. O'Connell
John J. Scowcroft
Eugene A. Sharkey
Henry B. McCluskey
Thomas W. Cunningham
Joseph Jaremczuk
Donald Lynch
William J. Shea
Walter G. Glaser
James J. Ryall

Associate Managers
John J. McGuire
James O'Neill
THE SETONIAN

In September, nineteen hundred and twenty-nine, a staff, inexperienced in the intricate ways and means of journalism, undertook to guide THE SETONIAN through its sixth consecutive year as the monthly publication of the college. The October number appeared, carrying on practically all the traditions set by its worthy predecessors, as also did the November issue.

From its foundation, progress has been the key-note of the SETONIAN. The eager eyes of Father Sheerin, its moderator, and indeed the entire faculty and student body, have watched with interest the evolution of the four-page periodical of March, 1924, to its present status as the official news organ of Seton Hall.

Then, in December, the Christmas number appeared in the festive dress of the season. Something new, something different, smart, attractive, that captured the eye and heart of the student body. The evolution of progress had made itself manifest by the addition of a colored cover. The bonds of conventionality had been brushed aside. The sensation caused by that issue will be long remembered.

But the tumult and the shouting dies! The captains and the kings depart! The peaceful college routine lapses once more into its accustomed ways. The colored cover is continued in the January number, but being expected, is no longer a surprise.

During the first term, the Editor-in-chief was Harry R. Finn '30. At mid-term Herbert J. Dwyer '30, a former Associate Editor was appointed to fill the vacancy left by Mr. Finn.

It is not our office to prophesy. The wheels of Time move relentlessly onward. To what heights the SETONIAN will scale 'twould be idle folly to predict. Every venturesome spirit has its critics, but the Setonian's room for expansion and improvement are without limit.

The staff wishes to extend a vote of thanks in particular to the Art Editor, Don Lynch '31 without whose whole-hearted co-operation what measure of success we may have attained would have been impossible.

Editorial associates for the years 1929-30 were Raymond L. Cunneen, Eugene V. Higgins and J. Harold Symons of the class of '30 and James A. O'Connell and John J. Scowcroft of the class of '31. The staff was composed of Thomas W. Cunningham '31 Literary Editor with Joseph Jaremczuk '31 as associate. Eugene A. Sharkey '30, Sporting Editor with Henry B. McCluskey '30 as associate.

Donald Lynch '31 managed the Art Department with Walter Glaser '32 handling the exchanges. William J. Shea '32 was in charge of the notes, with the organization news divided between Edgar Verhoest '32 and James Ryall '32.

The financial department, the sine qua non foundation of the publication was in the capable hands of Bernard J. Sweeney '30 assisted by John J. McGuire '31 and James O'Neill '33. Business Manager Sweeney deserves much credit for the way in which he worked to make possible the costly improvements innovated by the Editorial Staff.

For those who would know the Setonian's merry, fun-loving Tatler we suggest a perusal of page sixty-five.
"Oh, we are men of learning,
We wield the sword or pen,
We're skilled in all concerning
Accomplished gentlemen;
We live in expectation
To shine with great eclat,
A credit to our nation,
Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah.

Then glory to old Seton Hall
Her fair name ne'er decay;
We'll e'er remain her valiant sons,
Setonia, Setonia, hurrah.

We're skilled in all concerning
To shine with great eclat,
A credit to our nation.
Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah.
ATHLETICS
Rev. Charles E. Lillis, A.M.
Director of Athletics

Frank Hill
Basketball

Milton Feller
Baseball
BYOND a doubt the modern, highly developed version of American basketball constitutes one of the most spectacular games presented to the sport world. This swift-moving contest of brain and brawn exerts an elemental appeal, rousing in spectator and player vestigial memories of that long-past era when our cave-dwelling ancestors hot-footed it from saber-toothed tigers.

It is a game of suspense and breathless thrills: a loose-gaited, shifty-hipped forward weaves his way through the defense, he hesitatingly pauses, then darts down the court, takes a lightning-swift pass and drops the ball through the net for two points. Where can such a game be seen in its perfection? Wherever a Hill coached team plays!

This year Frank Hill celebrated his fifteenth anniversary as basketball coach at Seton Hall, and during his years with us our teams have produced seasonal records which rank them among the best in the East. The reason for his success is evident to those who have watched him conduct practice. He insists on a thorough mastery of the game's fundamentals and minute care of success-producing details. He stresses maximum use of brain and speed rather than mere brawn. On a par with these basic mechanics of Coach Hill's game, which by constant repetition becomes second-nature to his players, we place his emotional inspiration and his gift for understanding and utilizing the mental and physical powers of his men.

Had not this year's squad been severely handicapped by serious injuries, it would have been a real testimonial to the ability of Coach Hill, for the line-up was practically the same as that of the great 1929 quintet. We congratulate Coach Hill on the fine season the 1930 team completed in spite of its misfortunes. It is to be regretted that the demands made upon Mr. Hill's time and energy by his efforts to properly coach the teams of two widely separated institutions have rendered necessary his resignation from Seton Hall's Coaching Staff. We know that the removal of this heavy burden will prove beneficial to Mr. Hill personally and to both Seton Hall and Rutgers. With best wishes for his continued success in the future, we bid Mr. Hill farewell.

And now, let us devote our attention to the great American sport ruler, King Baseball. Here we find the ever jovial Milt Feller for the third year coaching the baseball team of his Alma Mater. A few years ago Coach Feller was one of Seton Hall's best on the diamond, possessing a speedy pair of legs, a great liking for baseball and a strong individuality. These three qualities stamped him an outstanding player and now stand him in good stead as a great coach. As yet we notice no loss of speed in the legs; his liking for the game increases with his experience and his individuality has evidently impressed itself on the Setonian teams he has coached. In his two years of coaching at Seton Hall the Blue and White nines have always been near the top in Eastern Collegiate baseball. With the 1930 season upon us, we know that Milt's old accustomed vigor will mold together a strong nine which will carry us through a successful season.

Without capable coaches a college's athletic reputation may fall very low, but it is conceivable that the caliber of the players could overcome such a handicap. However, the *sine qua non* requirement for the production of successful teams is the sincere whole-hearted support of the student body, fostered and encouraged by the authorities.

The progressive policy maintained by the Rev. Director of Athletics is evinced by the general appearance of our teams, in the schedules compiled by their managers, and in the very successful Annual Track Meet. It is a regret of the Class of '30 that it must leave just when Seton Hall is entering upon a period of expansion and success in many new fields. As Alumni, however, we shall keep in contact with things Setonian, and shall do our share to support any and all activities of our Alma Mater.
## COLLEGE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

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<td>President</td>
<td>James A. Carey</td>
<td>T. Richard Dougherty</td>
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<td>Vice-President</td>
<td>Walter T. McGowan</td>
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<td>Secretary</td>
<td>Charles A. Bell</td>
<td>Joseph S. McCauley</td>
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<td>Secretaries</td>
<td>Edgar A. Verhoest</td>
<td>Guy H. Popham</td>
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1930
COLLEGE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

If we were to stop and consider all the organizations which go to make up a thriving, progressive College, our ultimate choice of the most important would undoubtedly be that active group of students forming the Athletic Association. Fundamentally a student affair, all officers are chosen from the student-body and these men—prudently guided by a faculty Director of Athletics—plan and conduct the annual track meet and show. Year by year the inner machinations of the organization have become more and more complex, it has assumed duty after duty, task after task, until it now forms the rigid framework upon which the future athletic greatness of Seton Hall may be securely raised.

The supervision of this work—resting on the Rev. Director of Athletics—is a difficult task invested with much responsibility. Rev. Father Lillis was fortunate in having as his able lieutenant the President of the Athletic Association, James A. Carey '30, a young man whose tireless activity, business acumen and leadership almost gave him omniscient omnipresence in the eyes of his associates.

The major event on the calendar of the Athletic Association is the Annual Track Meet. The Meet of 1930, presenting a program of events studded with outstanding stars of the track firmament, attracted a record crowd to the Newark Armory. Conceded by nationally known critics as one of the greatest meets held in the East, it brought fame and glory to both the Alumni and student-body of Seton Hall.

Thinking back over such events as the Five-hundred Special, the Sprint Series and the Intercollegiate Relay, we wonder how next year's Meet can possibly match them. However, for all our wonder, we are confident that by some means or other the Rev. Director will succeed in making the Track Meet of 1931 bigger and better than ever.

One of the major intramural activities of the A. A. is the annual Field Day held during the early part of October. Interclass competition, keen rivalry, varied events, many medals and real interest made this year's meet an excellent one.

The A. A. closes its year's work by co-operating with the Dramatic Society in presenting the College Show. The melodrama "Bulldog Drummond" was selected for presentation early in May. Hard work by all members of both co-operating organizations made the affair a complete artistic and financial success.

Before concluding this brief outline of the A. A.'s labors, we must mention and commend that unflagging, daily source of revenue, the Varsity Shop.

The Association has closed its activities this year with promise of even greater success in the future. A foundation has been constructed, a reputation won, and with these Rev. Father Lillis and his co-workers can guide Seton Hall to any height they seek in the athletic world.
"Behold, O Fount of knowledge,
Thy children salute thee;
To claim thee as our College,
A queen among them all.
Thy classic halls in glory,
Are standing, commanding
All loyal sons to rise and sing
To Seton Hall.

Come now and sing the joys of former days,
Come join us in our Alma Mater's praise
While all the crowd in honor voices raise;
Hip - Hip - Hurrah, Hip - Hip - Hurrah
Se - ton - ia."

VARSITY BASKETBALL

Salvatore Basile  
Captain

Bernard Sweeney  
Manager

Harry Singleton  
Edward Madjeski  
John Zdanewicz  
Martin Byrne  
William Outwater  
Thomas Liddy  
Francis Mulquin  
Gerald McAteer  
John Gallagher  
Michael Torpey  
John Mongon  
Fenton Kennedy  
Brian Conlon

Joseph Jialdini  
Asst. Manager
S football at Seton Hall is still in its embryonic stages, the call for basketball candidates was issued early in October. About thirty-five men reported to Coach Hill for tryouts, and—after the preliminary cuts were over—we had plenty of cause for rejoicing over the prospects of an excellent season. Together with our experienced veterans of last year’s team, Captain Sal Basile, Harry Singleton and Ed Madjeski, we had in Shorty Zdanewicz and Marty Byrne two highly reputed newcomers; these men, aided by a very capable substitute squad, made up the 1929-1930 organization.

After a few uneventful weeks of practice the same jinx that so neatly clipped our wings last year once more made its appearance on the campus. Captain Sal seriously injured his leg and Harry Singleton suffered a broken arm, both, of course, were out for the first few games of the season.

As usual, the Alumni game headed the schedule; the varsity succeeded in scoring a brilliant 51-26 win over the old grads. Following immediately on the heels of this warm-up, they took Brooklyn C. C. N. Y. into camp to the tune of 44-23. In this game the debonair Marty Byrne showed his mettle by ringing up 13 points and Shorty Zdanewicz started himself on the road to fame by his brilliant play.

St. Francis of Brooklyn was next on the program. The Blue and White was slow in starting so the half ended with the score 16-14 against them. In the second half they tied the score, forged ahead, and then saw the tide turn against them in the last few seconds of play, losing to the score of 25-24. However, in the return engagement, Captain Sal and his followers evened up matters by avenging their first defeat with a 34-31 victory.

A previous fray with Cooper Union witnessed Singleton’s return to play; demonstrating a powerful attack the Blue and White quintet swept to a decisive victory over the Engineers, the final score being 49-24. The Columbia five from Morningside Heights proved a it too powerful for our boys—at least their court did—but our boys forged into the credit column again with an easy win over Montclair Teachers College, and displayed superb form in their inspiring win over Newport Naval Academy, the final score being 49-16. In this game the sailor boys were at sea in every sense of the word, for they were outmanoeuvred in all phases of the game. There were no individual stars, each and every man played his game, the team was “on”, there was no beating them.

On their trip to Scranton the Blue and White demonstrated that the hoodoo which has followed them to the mining camp for the past three seasons was still on the job, for at the end of the St. Thomas game they found themselves on the short end of a 34-25 score. However, on the return engagement played at Shanley Gym, with Madjeski and Shorty playing stellar roles the Thomists were defeated 33-32. At half time the play stood 21-18, Seton Hall leading, but on the tap-off of the second session the visitors closed the gap and from then to the final whistle it was a nip-and-tuck battle. The Irishmen showed a fighting team, but our boys, with a tinge of international flavor were superior throughout.

In the interim between these two games, the Setonians had again subdued Montclair with a 38-32 score; and St. Stephens at Annandale-on-the-Hudson proved ready victims for the Blue and White, final score being 55-41.

In the next game at Shanley Gym we saw Basile & Co. encounter St. Joseph’s of Philadelphia; the Phillies were submerged in a fast and exciting avalanche of baskets to find themselves victims of a 34-31 defeat. On the return game, however, Setonia lost a close game by a one-point margin, 38-37.

And now, ladies and gentlemen, we embark on the fair ship “The Flying Eagle” to visit the folks up yonder in New England. An hour’s rest between a nine-hour ride and a basketball game is not an advisable preparation for any team, so the 53-33 defeat administered the White and Blue by Holy Cross is really excusable. Captain Sal, who seemed to be the only Setonian able to find his basketball legs, was the shining light of the game being high scorer with fifteen points.
The next stop was the Naval Academy at Newport; here, all our boys played excellent basketball and when the sailors reached shore they found a 51-38 score chalked up against them.

On to Providence. The Friars—36, the visitors—25. What a game! Clean, hard basketball was played by every man; Ed Madjeski carried off high honors with ten counters. Though we cannot call the trip a complete success as far as victories are concerned, we know that the bonds of friendship between Seton Hall and the institutions visited were strengthened by the fine hospitality of our three hosts and by the exceptional brand of basketball exhibited.

Back home again the first team played was Canisius. Basile & Co. got the jump and succeeded in administering a 31-23 defeat to the visitors. Then, out from the Smoky City came the hard-playing quintet from Duquesne. Though victors by a nine-point margin, the Pittsburgh boys were outplayed by the Blue and White throughout most of the game. It was a fast, clean, hard-fought battle, and Duquesne found the Setonians always ready aggressors ready to take advantage of any opening.

And then Seton Hall wound up its basketball season on the short end of a 31-27 score. The Scarlet of Rutgers administered the final defeat of the season to Basile & Co. in a game which was more evenly contested than the score would indicate. The Blue and White pressed the Scarlet hard to the final whistle of the game, always fighting fiercely. The varsity men were strong contenders throughout, and the game was featured by the splendid defensive game of Marty Byrne, the sharp-shooting of Harry Singleton, and the hard, clean game played by our leader, Sal Basile. It was Sal’s last game and he played it as he has always fought for his Alma Mater, giving all that he had.

Throughout his three years of collegiate basketball at Seton Hall, Sal has been a consistent player, high-scorer on the squad for the past two years, and always a nemesis to his opponents. Clever on both the offensive and defensive, Sal has caused many an opponent to cross his fingers upon seeing the Blue and White Captain launch one of those long shots so often spectacularly successful.

1929 Team Record 1930

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FRESHMAN BASKETBALL

Thomas Connors
Captain

Thomas J. Gilhooley
Manager

Francis Coyle
Eugene Kinney
Charles Covert
Gustave Goerz
Francis Snyder
William Shelley
Henry Quinn
HEN the basketball season approached, the Freshman Class, broken into the routine of college life by hard-hearted professors and equally hard-hearted upper-classmen, decided to seek diversion by putting a representative quintet on the court. At one of those rather riotous class meetings, practice was announced for those who would give their all for the honor of the "Frosh". Coach Harry Singleton, of Varsity fame, who graciously consented to coach the team, was quite surprised that afternoon when about twenty-five Freshies reported to the college gymnasium, arrayed in the various silks which they had sported in high school ranks. Nevertheless, Coach Singleton, shading his eyes from all the colors of the rainbow by means of sun glasses, took the men through their tests. After three weeks of intensive practice, the squad was cut and the eight members of the team were chosen. Now,—the trouble began. Manager Tom Gillhooly was besieged with such questions as: "Did the suits come yet? Have you completed the schedule? When's our first game? etc. etc. etc."

The elections for captain were held and little Tommy Connors, formerly of St. Michael's High School, took the honors. The remainder of the team were: Frank Coyle, guard, of St. Peter's High School; Gene Kinney, forward, of Bayley High School; Charles Covert, forward, Gus Goerz, guard, Frank Snyder, forward, and Harry Quinn, all of Seton Hall High School, and last, though far from least in either size or ability, Bill Shelley, center, of St. Michael's High School.

The first game of the season was against the strong Immaculate Conception Alumni quintet of Montclair. The Frosh stepped forth, blazing in the colors of the Freshman Class: "The Gold and the Blue." Hardly had the din of the reception died away when the Freshies emerged victorious to the tune of 26-15.

The next game was the St. Joseph's Catholic Club of Newark; during the early part of the game the Frosh were forced to extend themselves considerably, but in the last half they held the visitors to one point and won the game to the score of 18-12.

Following this, the Freshmen from Montclair Teachers' College were met at Setonia and defeated 48-23. In the next game the Freshmen stepped out of their class to play the "Jayvees" from Panzer College. The Frosh played excellent ball in this game, but were defeated in the last quarter, losing by a score of 32-27. In a return game with the Panzer Junior Varsity, the Freshmen again lost by five points, this time 30-25.

In a preliminary game at the Shanley Gym., Newark Tech was defeated to the tune of 19-16. A return game with Montclair Teachers' Freshmen resulted in another win for '33, the score being 35-26.

The passwork of the Freshmen was excellent, being the primary cause of their mounting string of victories. Tom Connors and Frank Coyle were two of the outstanding guards of the team and both contributed greatly to the success attained.

Coach Singleton now spent much time in preparation for the Manhattan Frosh game at Shanley Gym. This was one of the hardest games of the year and the Freshmen of Old Setonia played their best brand of ball right up to the last whistle, losing to the score of 47-28.

Shortly after this bitterly contested match, the last game of the season was played at the court of Newark Technical College. Due to injuries the Freshmen were deprived of some of their strength, but playing a stellar basketball game, they were defeated, 34-26. This contest marked the conclusion of the Freshmen's season on the courts.

The Freshman Basketball Team representing the Class of '33 has made a fine record at Seton Hall; all undergraduates and many of the alumni have watched its career with great interest and are unanimous in hoping that each coming Freshman Class will strive to equal or even to surpass the results attained by the Freshman Team of '33.
"Long may fair Seton prosper
And grow in strength and fame
And spread throughout the country
The glory of her name.

Then may each proud endeavor
To keep her fame intact
Be aided by us ever
In thought, and word, and act."
EDWARD MADJESKI
Captain

DANIEL REILLY
Manager

JOHN GALLAGHER
SALVATORE BASILE
JOHN MADDEN
MICHAEL TORPEY
JOSEPH JIALDINI
EDWARD MOONEY
JOHN COSTELLO
FRANK MCCARTHY
EUGENE DAVIS
RAYMOND O'NEIL
JOHN SULLIVAN

GEORGE WALKER
Asst. Manager

TIMOTHY CRONIN
HENRY SINGLETON
WILLIAM OUTWATER
MARTIN KENNEDY
EDWARD GASPARINI
WILLIAM GALLAGHER
WILLIAM KEARNEY
RAYMOND KILKENNY
JOHN MURPHY
GERALD MCAITEER
JOHN ZDANEWICZ
IMULTANEOUS with the termination of another successful season on the basketball court, came the call of Coach Milt Feller for baseball candidates. The signal was heard and answered by forty-odd men in quest of a position on the nine which is to cross bats with some of the leading college teams in the East.

The honor of leading the team against all challengers was bestowed upon one of Setonia’s most popular and versatile athletes—Ed Madjeski, who is again to renew his lease on the back-stop assignment. It would be hard to find a more capable man than Dan Reilly in the College to handle the managerial position, and from a glance at the schedule he has compiled, we are sure he will finish his job well.

The fine performances of the veterans in practice, and the promise shown by several newcomers, are causes for the optimism with which the Blue and White faces the baseball campaign. There is only one major problem facing Coach Feller and that is the replacing of men in the pitching staff which was hard hit by graduation.

Chief among the pitching veterans are Jack Gallagher and Bill Outwater. They can be counted on for their share of work and victories if they retain the hurling ability which gave them varsity berths in previous years. As a wise policy of victory insurance, Coach Feller is priming Mike Torpey, Sal Basile and Marty Kennedy to carry their part of the burden. Granting that these three deliver a sufficient number of strikes—and, having watched them perform, we are very confident of their success—there is no doubt as to the kind of baseball we shall enjoy this spring.

Of course, Ed Madjeski has the catching post sewed up, with Ed Gasparini and Bill Gallagher in reserve. Reviewing the other material, we see that, with a nucleus of last year’s veterans and an impressive group of rookie performers, Coach Feller is practically assured of a smooth working aggregation when the men become accustomed to each other and get the teamwork clicking properly.

Before presenting a tentative first-team line-up and list of substitutes, our coach made a thorough study of each player’s ability and as a result we find some important changes from last year’s line-up. Some of the positions were fought for by men of almost equal ability, and thus we find many of our veterans—driven by keen competition—playing a better game than ever. At present, the main change contemplated is the switching of Bill Kearney from third to short, with the injection of Jerry McAteer at the hot corner. Then too, we see Harry Singleton receiving the assignment at first base, while a closely contested battle ensues at second between Joe Jialdini and Shorty Zdanewicz; the latter seems to have an edge over Joe in hitting prowess.

Taking a look at the outfield prospects, we see that Jack Madden has garnered the left-field position and is counted on for regular duty with no reservations. The center-field post will probably be held down by Ed Gasparini; a toss-up ensues for the other garden job with Ed Mooney and Johnnie Sullivan performing equally well. There are other hard working candidates out, and who can tell but that one or the other may use a little black magic and—Presto! Become a regular! Anything can happen in baseball!
And now let us turn to the schedule of fifteen games arranged by Manager Dan Reilly. The Scarlet of Rutgers will start the Blue and White off with a game to be played on the banks of the Old Raritan. The rivalry between these teams augurs well for a repetition of the close battles of former years. Then the Varsity opens its home season playing host to Long Island University; a game with Cathedral follows a short time later in the month. After these two contests, our boys make a trip to Easton to exchange compliments with an ever formidable Lafayette nine.

On May 3rd, Setonia’s power will be tested to the full by an intersectional adversary from the South, when Georgetown sends her nine upon the field at our home stamping grounds. This is the first time in ten years that the Washington boys have met us on the diamond, and we hope that it will be a strengthening link in the friendship that exists between the two Catholic institutions.

A few days later Providence will pay us a visit, and then the Varsity will take the road to encounter Union and St. Stephen’s on successive days. Returning to South Orange the team will meet St. Francis and Manhattan College to complete a busy week.

Ursinus will next test our boys’ skill in another home fray, and then, after a week’s lay-off, the Blue and White will meet another representative from the sunny South in playing host to Catholic University. A victory over the C. U. aggregation would indeed be a feather in Coach Feller’s cap for the Southerners enjoy an enviable reputation on the diamond. The last game in May sees Setonia buck the Fordham Ram on the latter’s home field.

Then they must turn their thoughts to exams. After successfully battling with the leaves of knowledge, they meet the Old Grads returning to issue a challenge to the younger nine of their Alma Mater.

The season finally closes with a game at Ithaca; here we expect the Varsity to complete the 1930 schedule in a blaze of glory by repeating last year’s victory over Cornell.

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1930
CHEER LEADERS

George Chelius  Arthur Heimbold  Edmund Kielty  Charles Casserly

Boom chicka boom; boom chicka boom,
Boom chicka ricka, chicka ricka, chicka boom
Rah—Rah—Ching,
Rah—Rah—Chow,
Rah—Rah—ching—ching, chow—chow—chow,
Rip roar, rip roar, rip roar ree,
Seton Hall College
S. H. C.

R—R—R—R—R—Ah (5 times)
Ray—Ray—Ray—Ray—Ray
Team—Team—Team.

Whistle—Boom—Ah
Team—Team—Team.

Coakity—ax, coax, coax,
Coakity—ax, coax, coax,
Boo—o—o—rah, Boo—o—o—rah
Team. Team. Team.

S—E—T—O—N—I—A (5 times)
Team—Team—Team.

Ray—Ray—Ray
S—E—T—O—N—I—A
Team, Team, Team.
“Oh, may our hearts and wishes
Breath blessings on the days,
When we were all together
And loved old Seton’s ways.

Then three lound cheers for Seton
While we are gathered here.
To God we’ll raise a song of praise,
To Seton Hall—a cheer.”
VARSITY TRACK

JAMES V. FINLEY
Captain

MATTHEW G. CUMMINGS
Manager

JACK MADDEN
JEROME GREEN
GEORGE TYNE
RAYMOND CONNELL
JOSEPH P. MAHER
JOHN MONGON
JAMES RYALL
THOMAS HESSON
THOMAS MCLAUGHLIN
GEORGE CHELIUS
DALBERT SABO

1930
VARSITY TRACK

On our return to college last fall, we found the first athletic activity of the
year, Field Day, awaited with keen interest by upper and lower classmen alike.
A replica of last year's performance was provided in a few of the races, for we
saw Frank Besson—the Mighty—overcome all opposition in the sprints to
capture the 100 yard dash, and then repeat in the furlong with Gleason and
Chelius trailing in each. In the quarter-mile novice Harry Singleton demon-
strated his skill by winning his favorite distance with a great burst of speed.
But the closest race of the day was furnished when Joe Burns, whom we have since lost
to Manhattan, was almost nipped by Tom Liddy in the 440 yard race.

Joe Burns also copped his favorite, the half-mile, when he ran a great race to
win in 2:03, with Jim Finley taking second honors. The mile race saw Finley have
things pretty much his own way in capturing the distance crown, with the "late"
Jerry Green taking second honors; the yearling Desmond captured third from John
Mongon. In the shot-put, Kennedy came through to defeat the horse-shoe champion
from Montclair, Ray Connell; while Liddy and Singleton tied matters up in the high-
jump. Frank Besson received another five points in the broad-jump, being conceded
victor over Frank Reilly by a nose.

As the indoor season rolled around, the track squad prepared only for the Seton
Hall meet. Very little need be said of the merits of our indoor carnival, for we all
were present and its high caliber was forcibly impressed upon us.

At a conservative estimate five thousand friends of Seton Hall and track fans
from the whole Metropolitan area crowded the Newark Armory to witness the events.
The capable, orderly manner in which the meet was conducted drew favorable comment
from competitors, newspapers and spectators; of course, credit for this can be given un-
stintingly to Rev. Father Lillis, Director of Athletics at Seton Hall. His co-workers,
Leo Lloyd and James A. Carey '30, relieved him of many responsibilities and did much
to insure the recognized success of the Meet.

One of the most enjoyable events of the evening was the beautiful running of our
former team-mate, Bernie McCafferty in the 500 yard invitation; Holy Cross can well
be proud of him. The sprint events were also very fine performances—all being won,
with yards to spare, by Jack Elder, the "South Bend Express." Pat Maher '31, com-
peted in an A. A. U. 600 yard contest but the pace he set for the field proved his own
undoing and so he failed to place.

In the College relay the Seniors opened up a large gap which was preserved for three
laps; on the last—and longest—leg of the race the lead was necessarily shortened and
on the final lap a totally unexpected burst of speed from Tim Hession of the Sopho-
mores drove him into first place.

As the outdoor season rolls around, we expect that the track team will have a heavy
schedule, for Manager Matt Cummings '30, has been working hard on dual meets. As
this copy goes to press the best we can do in regard to these spring meets is to present
a brief review of the squad upon whose efforts our subsequent success will depend.

A consideration of the dash men reveals Gleason, Besson and Chelius, all of whom
should be capable of holding their own in average collegiate competition over the 100
and 200 yard sprints. Among the quarter-mile candidates we find Jack Madden, Bes-
son, McLoughlin, Connell and Chelius as outstanding performers; while Tom Liddy can
be counted on in the high-jump and shot-put. Then, also, we expect to see George
Tyne come through with his point garnering heaves in the weight events. The 880 has
likely winners in Finley, Maher, Mongon and Connell; the distance assignments will be
handled by Finley, Maher, Hession, Green and Ryall.

On to victory, boys, and may your winged feet bring honor to your Alma Mater.
VARSITY SOCCER

William Fitzpatrick
Captain

G. Joseph Maher

R. H. B.
Edward Carney

R. H. B.
William Kearney

I. R.
Arthur Barber

O. R.
William Fitzpatrick

C. H. B.
Harry Singleton

C. F.
Frank Reilly

Substitutes

William Delabar

Thomas Gilhooley

Stan Rosinski

John Mongon
Manager

L. F. B.
Chester Sikinski

L. H. B.
Edward Madjeski

I. L.
Arthur Heimbold

O. L.
William McDonald

William Lynch

James Doyle
HEN the first touch of frost is felt in the air, and the tangy briskness of autumn days sets the feet of Setonian soccerites twitching in their shoes, then we are treated to the pleasant sight of our varsity soccer team at daily practice. Brownish spheres skit along the ground as the familiar thud of toe against leather reaches the ear. One cannot mistake that sound, it is ample evidence that Seton Hall has inaugurated Soccer for its second year.

Last fall a hopeful group of our college men, more than half of them from the wilds beyond the Passaic, resolved that Seton Hall would no longer lack representation on the soccer fields of America. One of their members undertook the difficult task of coaching the very raw material answering the call to boots. The equipment with which they played was, to say the least, inadequate; if memory serves true, it consisted of one ball. Overcoming these handicaps they went through a quite successful season, and brought considerable credit to Seton Hall.

Needless to say, Setonians were delighted to see another team take the field this year. It started the season under the capable leadership of Captain William Fitzpatrick, with John Mongon holding the managerial reins.

They traveled down to New Brunswick and met the first setback of the season at the hands of Rutgers. Outplaying the Scarlet eleven throughout the game, our team was the victim of the proverbial break when a Rutgers forward crashed one past the ever watchful Lefty Maher for the lone tally of the game.

Journeying to Castle Point, the Blue and White booters dropped a close decision to Stevens Tech. In this game Captain Fitzpatrick sustained an injury which kept him out of the sport for the rest of the season; this unfortunate occurrence undoubtedly shook the morale of the team.

The following week our boys entertained Rutgers at South Orange and at the close of the game found themselves on the short end of a 3-1 score. The seemingly ubiquitous Archie Barber scored Setonia’s lone tally on a pass from the hard-booting Ed Madjeski. In this game, the fastest man on the squad, Bill Kearney, suffered a leg injury which lost him to the team.

Undiscouraged by their handicaps, our hardy soccerites retained the same old fighting spirit, and in the final game of the season took on one of the most powerful teams in the East, Temple University. In this contest they rose to the peak of their season, attaining the success, impossible to most of the collegiate soccer teams, of holding Temple scoreless through three-quarters of the game. In the final session, a desperate Temple team blasted thru the Setonian defense and scored the winning goals.

As long as future teams preserve the indomitable, fight to the last spirit of this year’s aggregation, we are united in agreeing that Seton Hall can and will scale the heights of soccer supremacy. The game is a stirring one for both players and spectators, so its continued growth as part of our varsity athletics should be actively fostered by every friend of Setonia.
FINIS

Swiftly the shadows lengthen
Our little day is done,
Strangely sad we stand apart
And watch the setting sun.

Out in the hills of evening
A late lark faintly calls,
Lights in the distance beckon far,—
Darkness softly falls.

Yet out of this world of twilight,
Only the lark we hear,—
How sweetly plaintive is his song,
With parting now so near.

Faintly it seems to whisper
That soon our dreams must end,
Soon the hour will sternly tell,
The parting—friend from friend.

Oh life's but a round of partings
And many's the lark will sing
To mourn the shattered dreams of men
And the little griefs they bring.

But after the lark is silent
And stills his plaintive part,
Many's the dawn will come again
To fire the hopeful heart.

Thus while awaiting the morrow
With its myriad dreams to tell,
Softly,—to all we must leave behind,—
A final fond farewell.
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ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

Looking back over the year which has produced this seventh volume of "The White and Blue," we realize how inadequate our hesitating, inexperienced efforts would have been without the assistance of those many friends who so capably aided us.

We therefore, in concluding our work, express our most sincere thanks

To Rev. Father Sheerin, our kindly moderator, for the time he devoted to us, for his sage counsel and stimulating encouragement.

To Mr. Ralph Abbey, our printer, for the successful efforts he made to satisfy our requirements.

To Mr. Bullis, of the Canton Engraving Co., for his willingness to clarify our doubts and perplexities; and to Mr. Hitchcock who produced the artistic major dividers found herein.

To Mr. White, Miss Ellinson, and the capable photographers who represented them, for the excellent photography and advice we received.

To Don Lynch, Prep '31, for the finished minor dividers he so willingly and promptly drew for us.

And, of course, to our friendly Patrons, Patronesses, Advertisers and Subscribers whose hearty support furnishes the foundation upon which our "White and Blue" securely rests.
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Sal Basile was up for chapel on November 22, 1925?
Muzzi Battista received graduation congratulations from The Duke?
Jim Carey proclaiming that “Money makes the wheels go 'round”?
Ray Connell calmly discussing the interference he received in the inter-senior football game? Vote no.
Mat Cummings was elected captain of lacrosse and curator of the boat house?
Ray Cunneen patronizes any and every early-bird matinee?
Edward Czeladko urging a varsity football team? Full credit given whether you answer yes or no.
Herk Dwyer propounding the basic principles of Dwyerism? E.g. free the gold-fish by breaking the fish globe.
Jim Finley wanted a blond doll for Christmas?
Harry Finn orate on the rights of man?
Willie Fitzpatrick describe the Soccer season? We hope not.
Jack Gallagher loquacious?
Jerry Green lecturing on how to read character from color of eyelashes?
Paul Hession singing soprano?
Gene Higgins explain the middle course between the extremes of Thomism and Molinism?
Tom Hyland’s ties? Ask him to demonstrate their value as cigarette lighters.
Johnny Imhoff as master of ceremonies at the “Cameo”?
Bill Kehoe singing anything? or eulogizing the meals?
Harry McCluskey was dated up for a month after one day’s observation at a local school? (Not S. H. H. S.)
Frank McHugh talk back to Jim Carey? Vote no; nobody could!
Jack Madden has a twin brother who appears daily in the refectory?
Johnny Naughton made the rifle team?
Joe Primiano wanted to take his observation at Smith College?
Dan Reilly begging for one, just one, Bugs lab. sheet?
Mike Reilly argue? Anyone answering no is excused because of deafness.
Gene Sharkey talking of his Lackawanna nights?
Bud Sweeney hid the basketball to get the squad out of practice?
J. Harold Symons had an I.Q. of only 1.9 at the age of three?
Georgie Tyne reveal the true cause of his nervousness? No, its not socks.
Joe Vicari berating his partner, Czeladko, in Biology lab.?

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When we were all honor men!
When the roll was called on the only day we cut!
When we lost to the a,a,a,ah, uh, a,a,ah, Frosh!
When our bragged of mail refuses to arrive!
When we were called the unconditioned class!
When the answer slips our mind!
When we found we couldn’t use the front door!
When the class bell rings too soon!
When it leaked out that we went to bed at 9:30 and rose at 6:15!
When we were accused of being over loquacious!
When the rear seat in chapel was full before our arrival!
When asked when the Yearbook was coming out!
When we were accused of playing (also borrowing) for keeps!
When called in Phil after studying Sociology for five hours!
When someone points to the door and says: "Quietly"!
When we formed the habit of skipping the fine print!
When we are told: "Certainly, you covered that in Freshman."
When we were accused of cutting classes!
When we think of getting a job!
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Jim Carey working on W & B, Phil, A.A., Biology, St. Joe’s Meet and English simultaneously.
Ray Connell with a Chevrolet-load of editors.
Mat Cummings on his somnambulistic travels, sine slippers.
Ray Cunneen lecturing on Perfection, with or without a soap-box.
Edward Czeladko hurling imprecations on the Setonian editors.
Herk Dwyer cubbing for the Setonian.
Jim Finley trying to bag a few Senior privileges for us.
Harry Finn restraining and censoring the Control Board.
Willie Fitzpatrick eating lemons for ice cream; its a habit.
Jack Gallagher encumbered with cigarettes.
Jerry Green hard on the trail of the elusive late slip.
Paul Hession explaining why the Graf Zeppelin, when two miles distant, looks like a cigar.
Gene Higgins outside the Science Lab.
Tom Hyland discussing the latest operation his latest car has undergone.
Johnny Imhoff wheeling dinner permission from Father Hamilton on Thursday.
Bill Kehoe hunting for Father Sheerin’s vaunted beefsteak.
Harry McCluskey demonstrating impulse to jump from high places.
Frank McHugh limiting himself to eight cups of tea.
Jack Madden trembling at the sound of a whistle.
Johnny Naughton ruffled, i.e. excited.
Joe Primiano using a thesaurus.
Dan Reilly’s expression and expressions when head table leaves nothing over.
Mike Reilly reciting "Sparticus," or defending politicians.
Sleep Sharkey extricated from the arms of Morpheus.
Bud Sweeney receiving the monthly bill for the Setonian.
Jim Syonders attributing his cynicism to the fact that he used to come to school on a bicycle.
Georgie Tyne minus mustache and not seeking a Murad.
Joe Vicari holding a tete a tete with Mr. Scavone.

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(Apolgies to E. A. Poe)
Hear the prefect with the bells—
Provoking bells!
What a plague of studying their dissonance foretells!
How they jingle, jingle, jingle,
From morning until night!
Till our nerves begin to tingle
As the everlasting jingle
Always drives us on to fight,
Keeping anything but time
In a Setonian rhyme
To the cacorhythmic discord that so stridulously swells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
   bells, bells, bells—
From the caterwauling babel of the bells!

Hear the early morning bells—
Malicious bells!
What a yawning stumbling follows on their swells!
Thru dusky rooms and halls,
They make their hated calls,
Too malevolent to muffle
Every wave just seems to scuffle
For the chance to grate more harshly on the ear!
Oh! from out the disturbed cells
What a cloud of blue air swells,
To float up with the clanking
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
   bells, bells, bells,
With the deafening clanking clangor of the bells!

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