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Annual of Seton Hall College



Volume II

Forsan et haec olim memimisse inuabit.

—VIRGIL.

The White and Blue, 1928



Published by the Senior Class



REV. JOHN J. SHEERIN, Moderator

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Editor-in-Chief

FREDERICK M. EDWARDS
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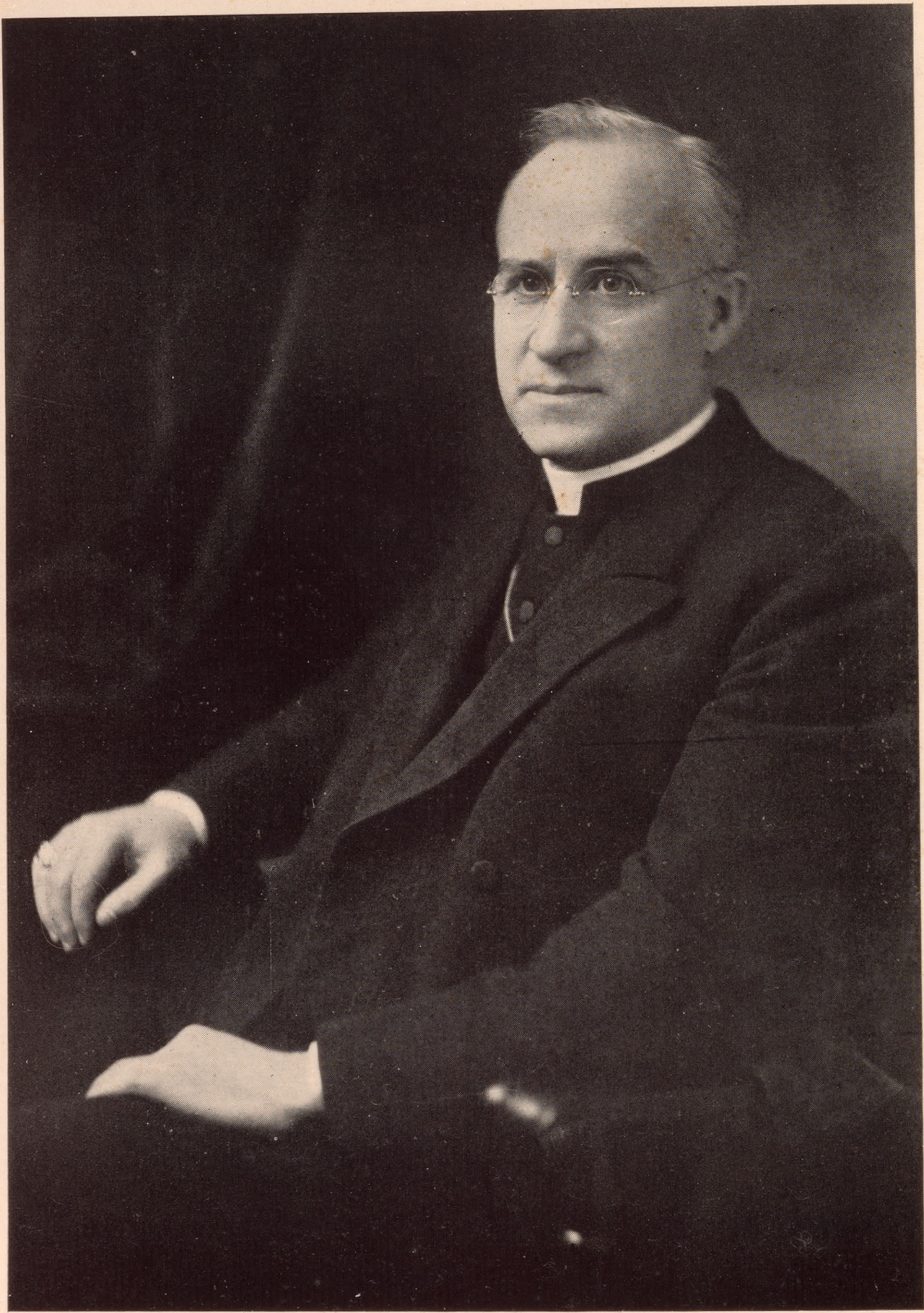
JAMES B. McCANN
Ass't Business Manager



FOREWORD



HE stage is set. Reminiscence, the incomparable actor, is about to enact what to us is the greatest play of scholastic life; our life at Old Setonia—Alma Mater. As the play progresses we renew in memory old friendships and recall happy hours spent together. We wander back in fancy to those old days—happy days which passed all too quickly. We are reminded of the fact that whatever success we may have attained we owe in a great measure to our esteemed professors. Finally this play causes us to renew in our hearts our allegiance to Seton Hall and fills us with a tinge of sadness that those best of school-days can be relived only in memory. Enter the playhouse—White and Blue.



RT. REV. THOMAS J. WALSH, D. D.
President, Board of Trustees



Dedication

We, the members of the class of nineteen hundred and twenty-eight most affectionately dedicate this fifth volume of *The White and Blue* to our well beloved and highly esteemed Bishop, the Right Reverend Thomas J. Walsh, as a fitting welcome from our College and a token of our high regard for him and his sacred office. *Ad multos annos.*



In Loving Memory of
RT. REV. JOHN J. O'CONNOR, D. D.
Died May 20, 1927



In Loving Memory of
RT. REV. JAMES F. MOONEY, D. D.
Died February 27, 1927.



RT. REV. THOMAS H. McLAUGHLIN, S. T. D.

President.



CAMPUS SCENES





*Nature's sanctum most umbrageous,
Where learning's herald stoops to page us.*

*Storied walls and hallowed soil,
Where Love engendered strength to toil.*

*Vanished, erudition's bane,
Where specious beauty has domain.*

*Scenes endeared, do linger on,
Though Time usurps and we are gone.*



"Enters here, the embryonic Setonian."



"The shadow'd Halls of Learning and Authority, whence the aurorae of Wisdom and Justice diffuse."



"Behold the Heart that has loved men so well."



"Stately, O Lord, is Thy Temple, thru which we may build Thee more beautiful Temples in our hearts."



"Philosophy Hall, Alma Mater's monument to her late Reverend Bishop, the Founder."



"Nestled in this place and solitude, Alumni Hall, fondly lingering in the heart of every Alumnus."

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"The reverberant tones echo o'er the neighboring hills in notes by distance made more sweet."



"Across the great heart of Alma Mater the learned Alumnus wends his way into the world, to strive in the conflict of life—to win."



Per Angusta Ad Augusta



CONJURE up in your mind's eye, fellow classmates, a scene enacted shortly after our collegiate career had begun, and wherein we were the actors. As lighthearted, humorous, facetious, and I might add, as unparliamentary as freshmen are wont to be, we went about the task of selecting a class motto. I verily believe it was inspiration that prompted the proposal of—*per angusta ad augusta*— for the spirit that prevailed could not naturally engender such a true and sententious phrase. Nevertheless, that there was not lacking a sense of seriousness beneath the apparent youthful effervescence, was clearly evinced by the unanimous adoption of the quotation.

Through difficulties to success. Livy, Horace, Tacitus, and Demosthenes, Biology, Chemistry, and Philosophy, all these appeared to us as so many difficulties, which must be encountered, obstacles which must be surmounted, and impediments which must be removed, before receiving our degrees. Each in its turn has been satisfactorily mastered; we have attained the coveted goal; we are successful. The clouds which looked so lowering and ominous were big with mercy and burst in blessings on our heads.

Clarior est solito post maxima nubila Phoebus.

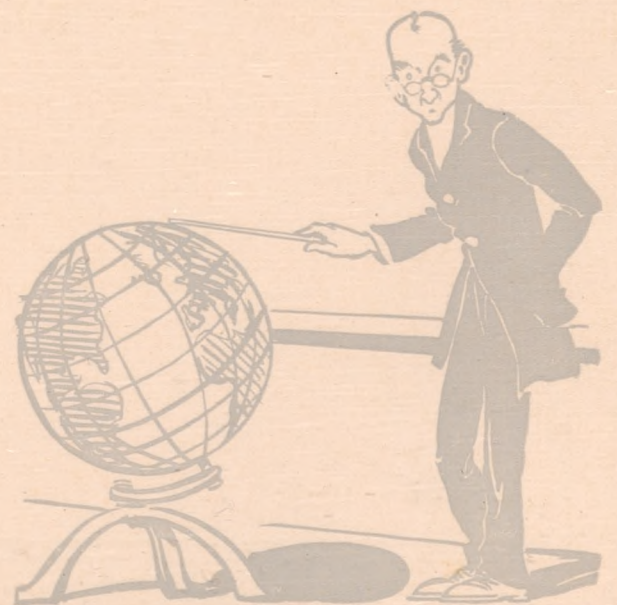
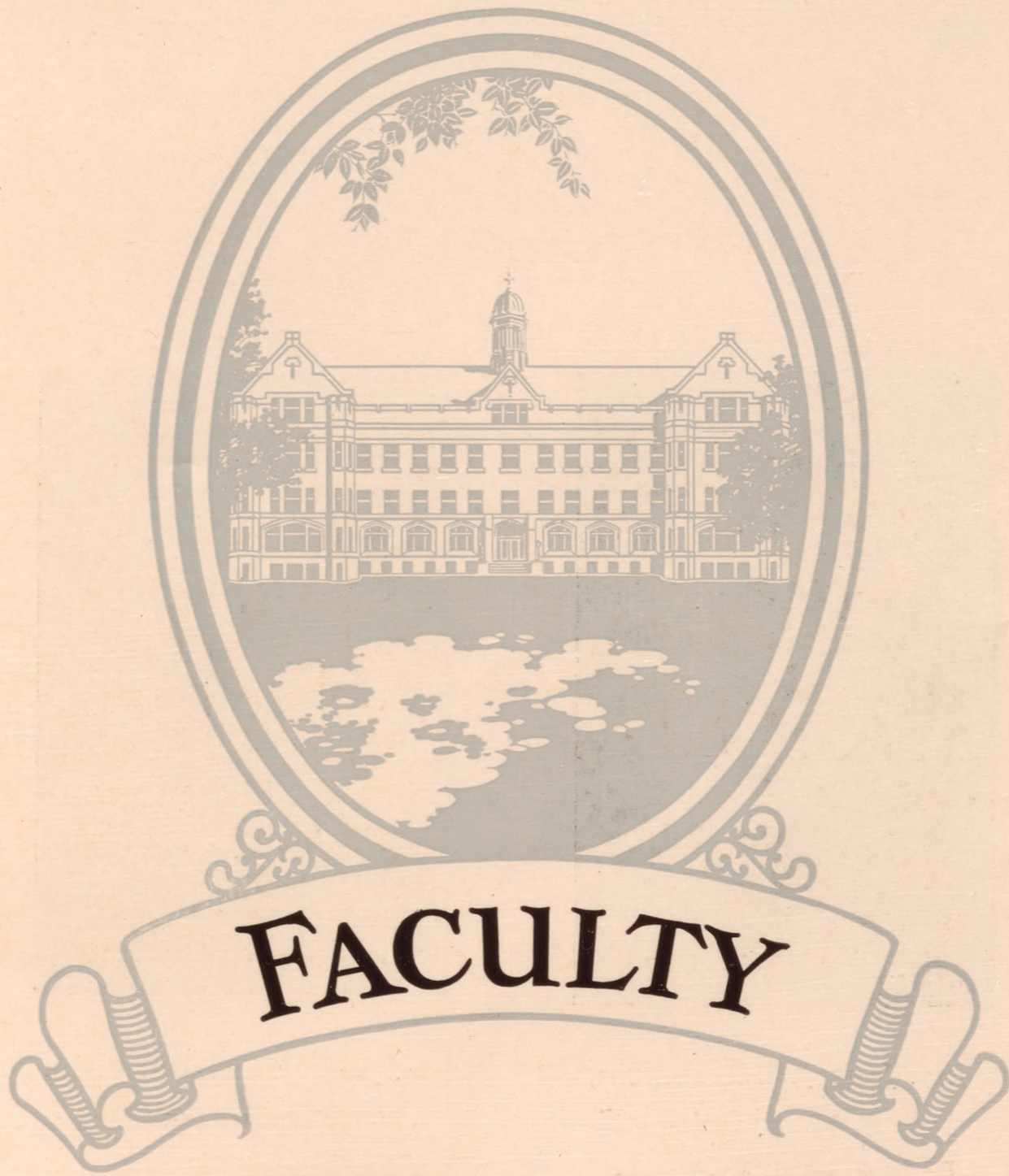
It is time for us to reconsider our adopted motto. We are about to embark upon a new career. Again we perceive in the offing difficulties, crosses, trials and tribulations, the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, and we must needs have strength and fortitude if we are to overcome them. These we have. Our intellects have been sharpened at the grindstone of logic, and stored with the truths of Ontology, Cosmology, Psychology, Natural Theology and Ethics. We are not to be inveigled by the half truths, paralogisms, and the specious arguments of sophists. We are not to be dazzled by phenomena but we can give a just estimate of things as they pass before our eyes. Yet we must ever proceed with caution and circumspection as the common enemy of mankind lurks in the most unsuspecting places and assumes the most innocent form.

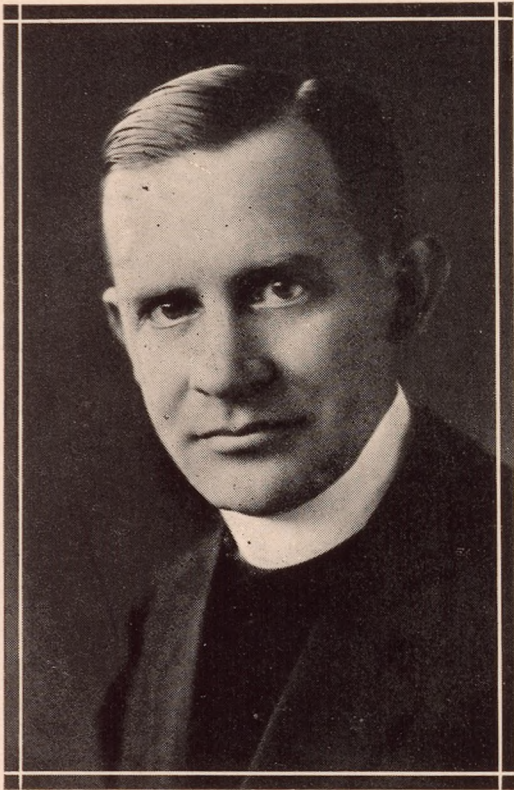
THROUGH TRIALS TO TRIUMPH



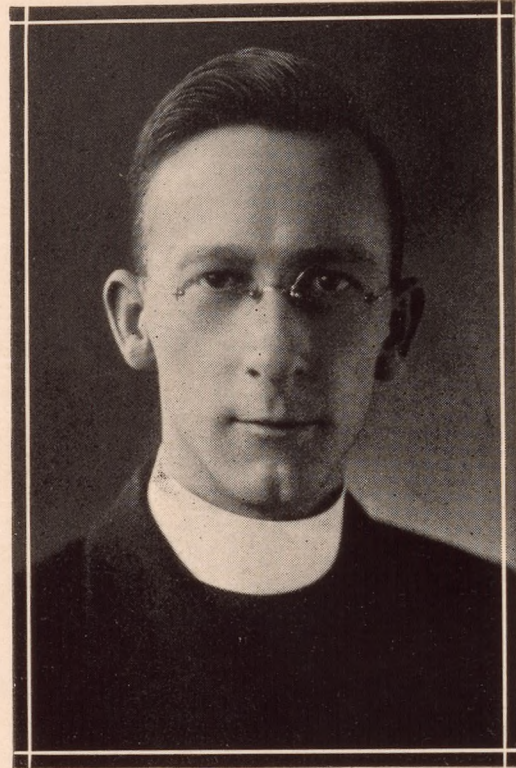
To Our Parents

As we approach the close of our college career it is most becoming that we avail ourselves of this opportunity to express sincere appreciation and thanks to our loving parents, through whose sacrifices and kindness we have completed our course. We fully realize the inadequacy of words to express the intensity of our gratitude, devotion and love toward our fathers and mothers. Never can we repay them. Their offering is inestimable. We promise, however, in this the final undertaking of our scholastic life, that in the years to come we will do our utmost to cause them no sorrow and will spare no effort that the remaining years of their life be most pleasant.





REV. JOHN J. DAUENHAUER,
A. M., S, T, D.
Professor of Economics

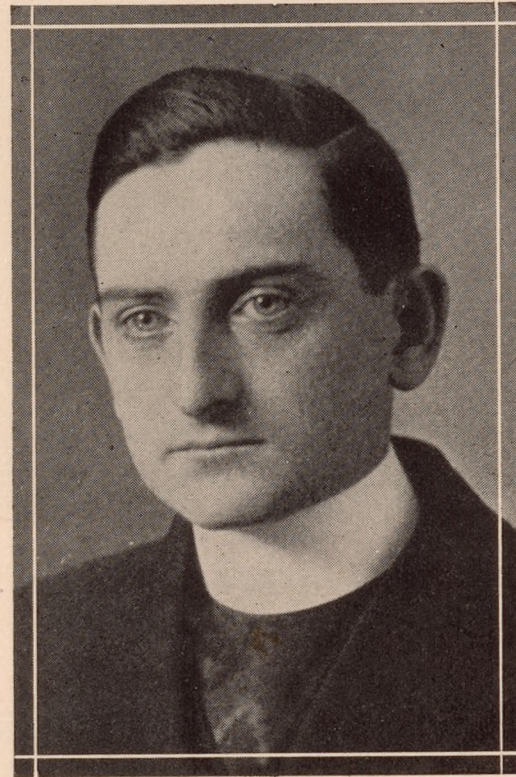


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Faculty Dean
Professor of Philosophy

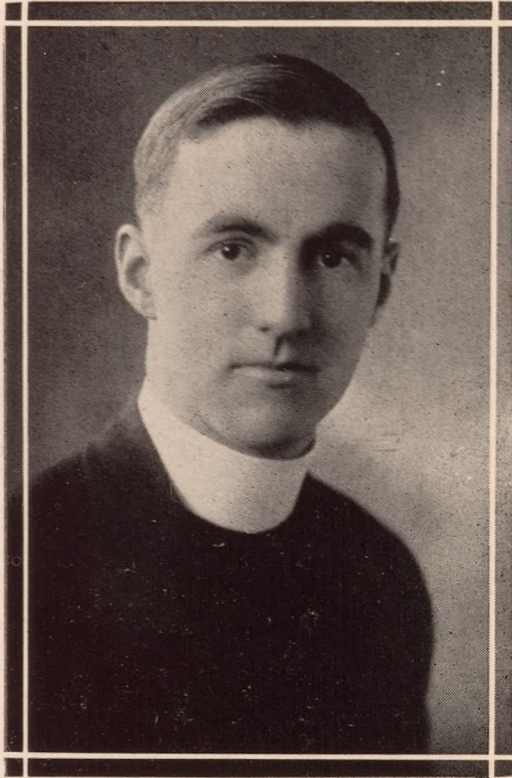
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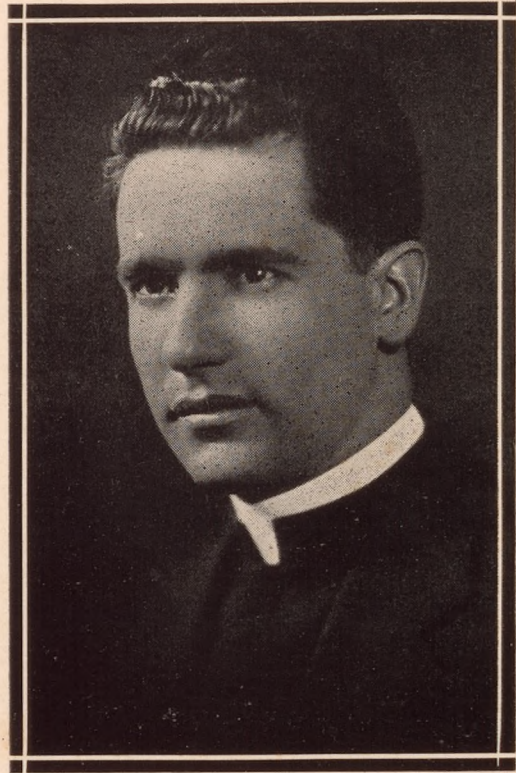
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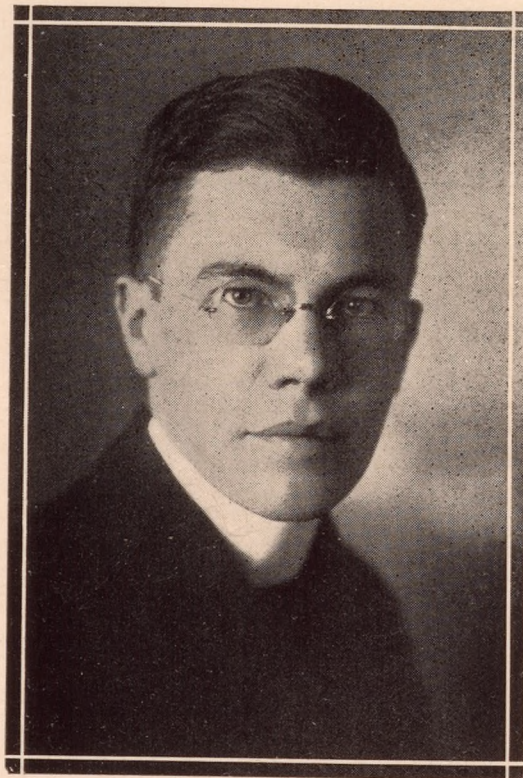
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Professor of English



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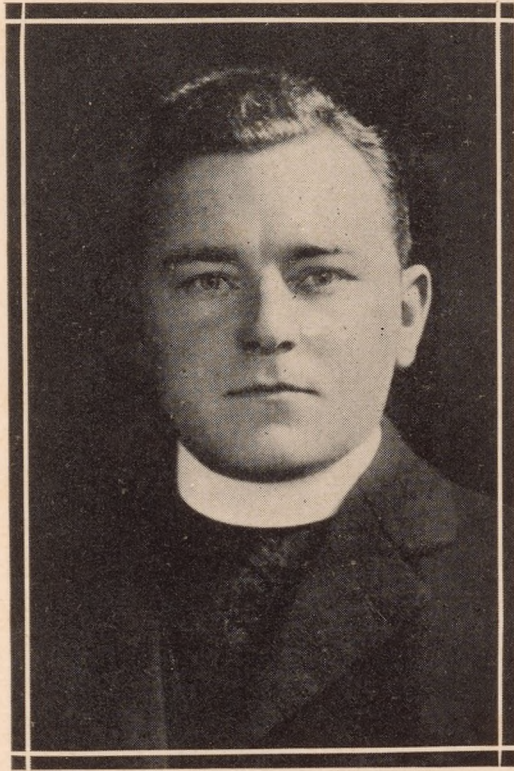


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Professor of Mathematics

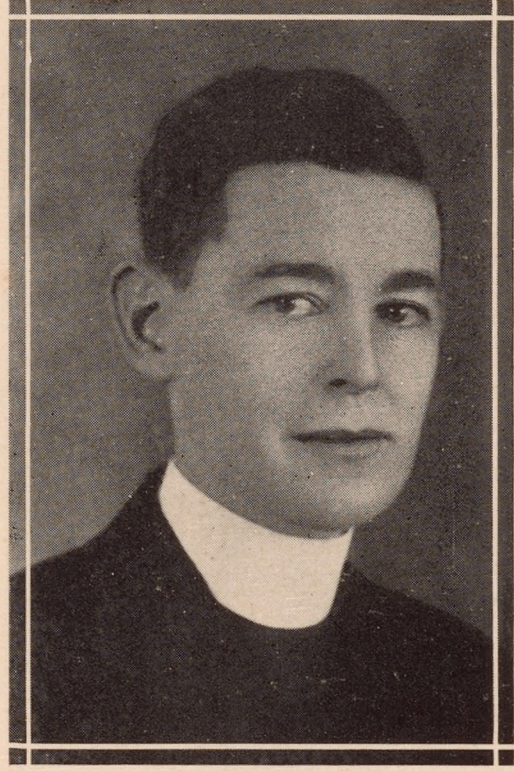


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Professor of Education

22
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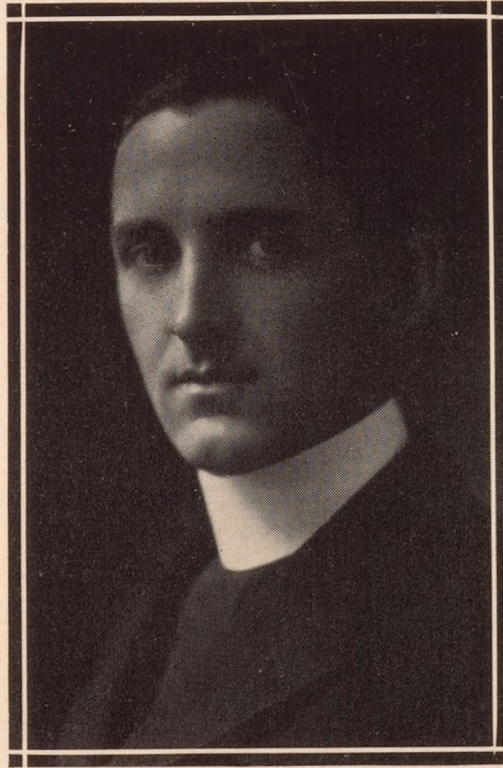
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William N. Bradley

REV. WILLIAM N. BRADLEY, A. M.
Director of High School

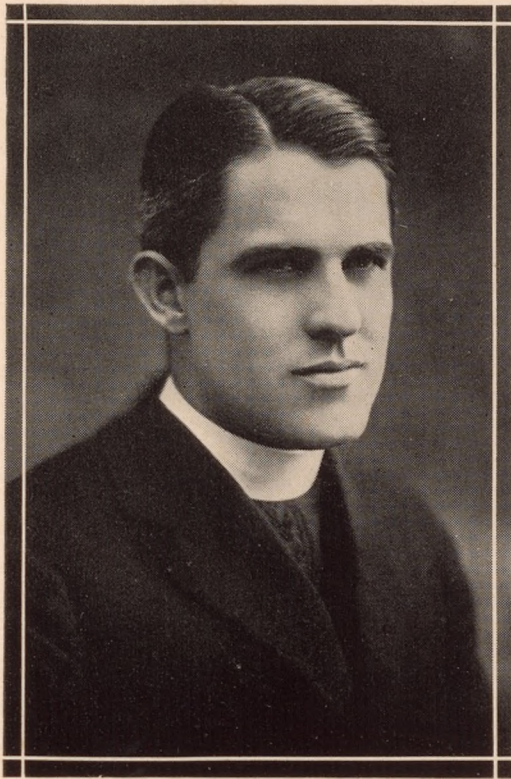
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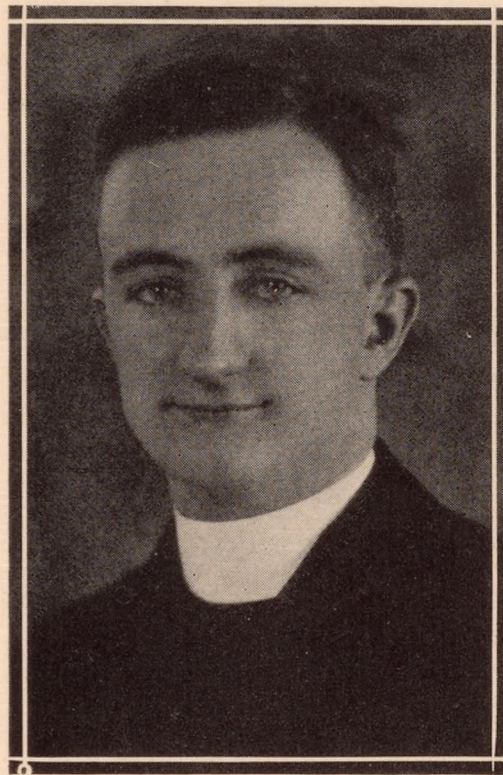
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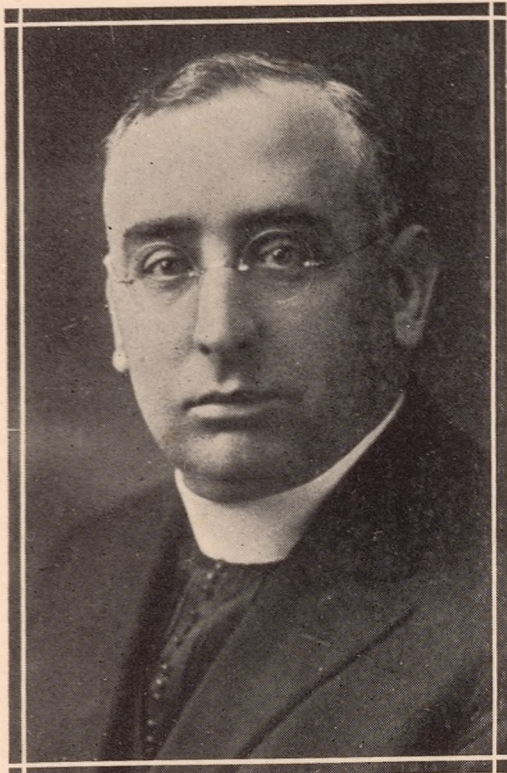
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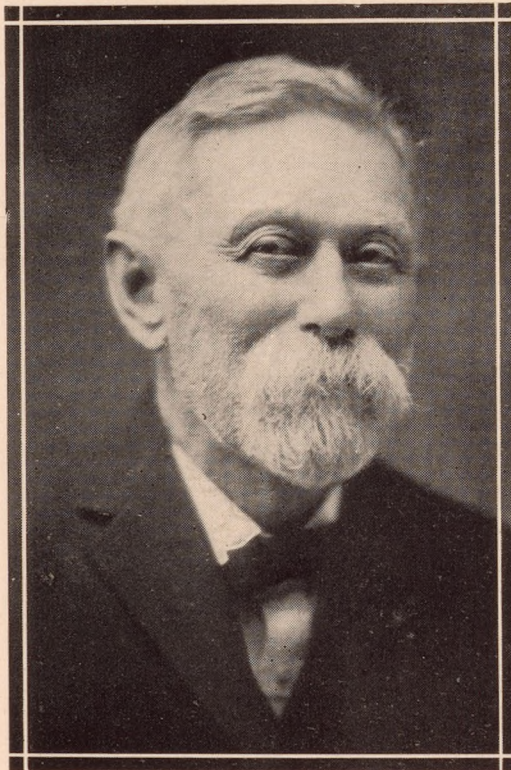
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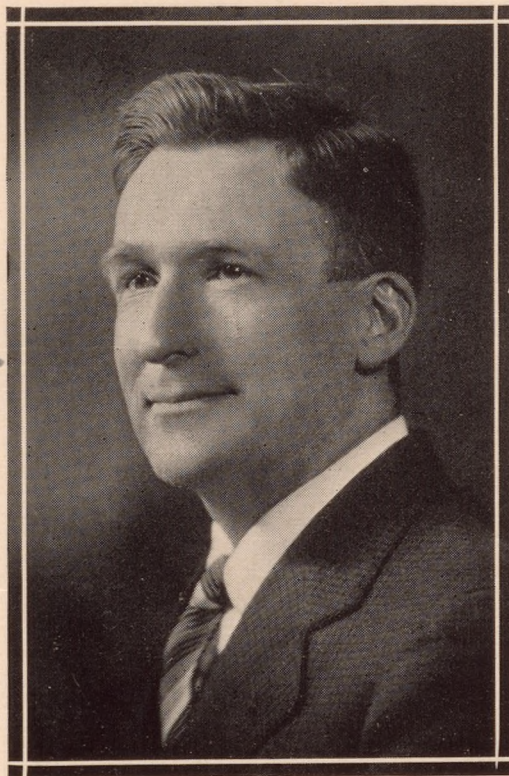


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MR. MILTON A. FELLER, A. M.
Instructor of Civics

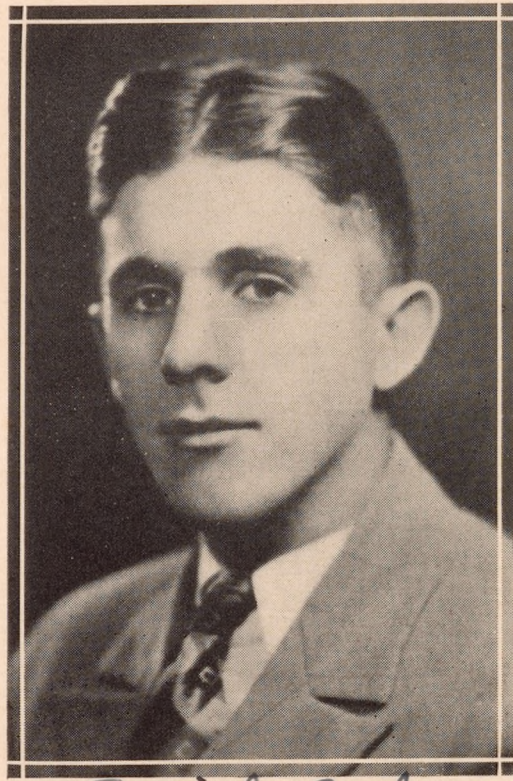
*Best regards
from
Eugene Shalvoy*



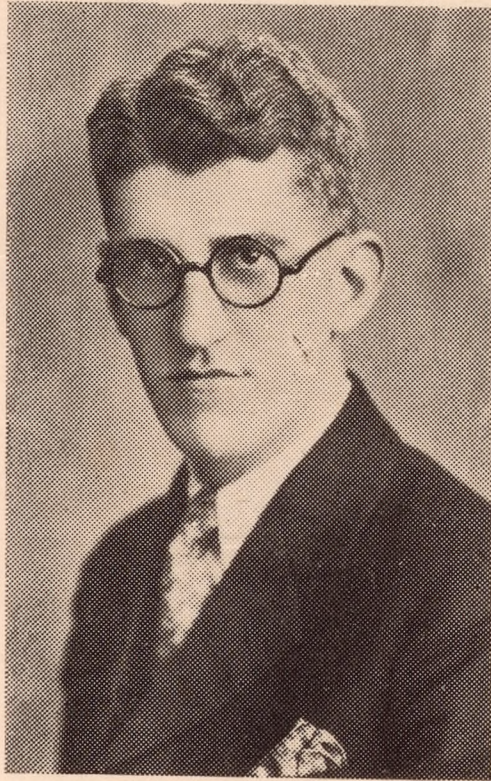
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Patrick E. Joyce
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Instructor of French



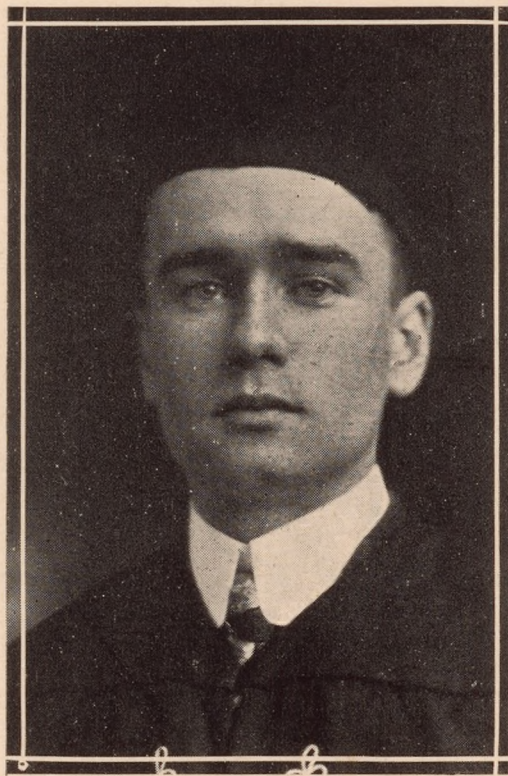
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Instructor of English

Richard P. Kelly

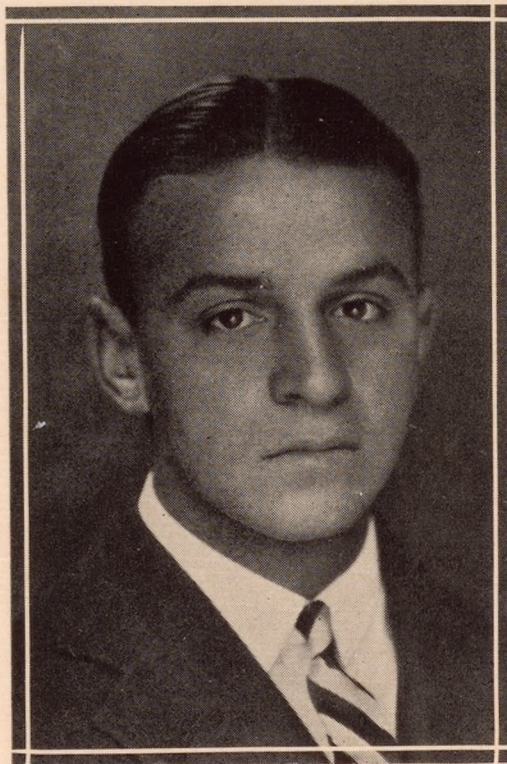
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Instructor of History



MR. LEO T. CRIBBIN,
A. B., B. S.
Instructor of Science



MR. JOHN SCAVONE
Instructor of Physical Culture



Autographs

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Henry H. Bried

William A. Schaner

Thomas H. Leuch.



SENIORS





Seton Hall Class 1928

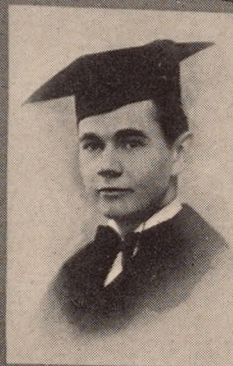
Per Anxiam Ad Augustam



Martin F. J. Honan



Frank G. Donnelly



John R. Enright
President



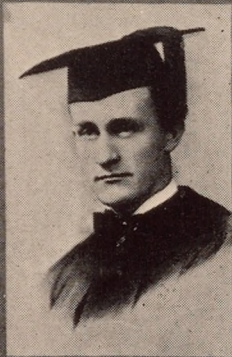
Thomas A. Meenan



John A. Patrick



James B. McCann



Martin A. Liddy
Vice President



Thomas P. Guite
Secretary



Fred M. Edwards
Treasurer



Raymond J. Melligan



William A. Fater



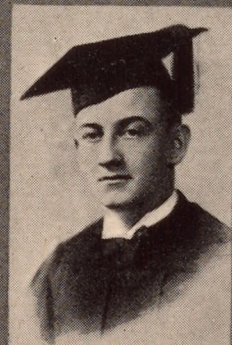
Joseph G. Gavin



Leo W. Hood



James G. Harding



Thomas J. Holleran



Cyril J. Pruzinsky



Ed. A. Martyn



John Horan



George J. Moore



Frank J. Dwyer

Photos by Sherman

Ed. Moore



Roster

| | |
|---------------------------------|-------------------|
| Francis George Donnelly | Newark |
| Francis James Dwyer | New Brunswick |
| Frederick Matthew Edwards | West Orange |
| John Richard Enright | Pittsfield, Mass. |
| William Anthony Fixter | Harrison |
| Joseph Gordon Gavin | Scranton, Pa. |
| James Gregory Harding | New Brunswick |
| Thomas Jerome Holleran | Irvington |
| Martin Francis Honan | Harrison |
| Leo William Hood | Belleville |
| John Henry Horan | New Brunswick |
| Martin Aloysius Liddy | Morristown |
| Edward Anthony Martyn | Brockton, Mass. |
| James Bartholomew McCann | Montclair |
| Thomas Aloysius Meehan | Newark |
| George James Moore | Newark |
| Raymond Joseph Nelligan | Pittsfield, Mass. |
| John Andrew Patrick | Elizabeth |
| Cyril Joseph Pruzinsky | Bridgeport, Conn. |
| Thomas Peter Tuite | Harrison |



"In the light of the silent stars that shine
on the struggling sea,

In the weary cry of the wind and the whisper
of flower and tree,

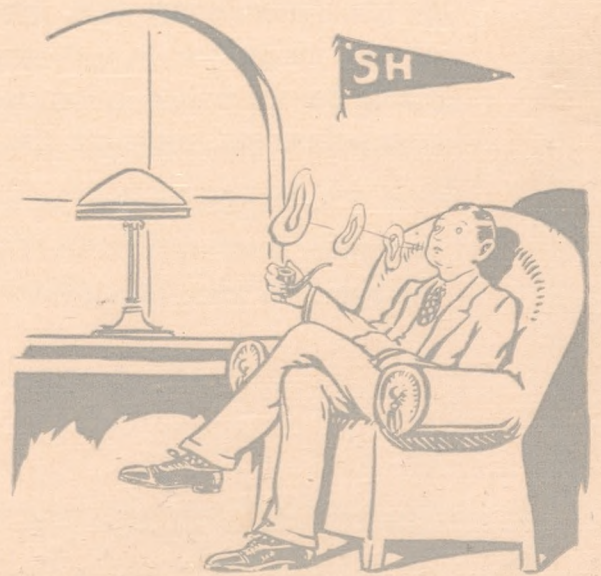
Under the breath of laughter, deep in the tide
of tears,

I hear the Loom of the Weaver that weaves
the Web of Years."

ALFRED NOYES.



REVERIES



Reveries



ALL the experiences, expectations, aspirations, trials, successes and failures that were ours while sojourning at Seton Hall are now of the past. That long chain of events is linked to the present by memory, the store-house of cherished experiences. At the time of their occurrence we do not fully apprehend the meaning of most of our experiences. Realization and appreciation of events in our daily existence, the poetry of life, are more perfect in reverie. How the memory of a past evil haunts a man, witness the criminal hounded by a guilty conscience! How the memory of a joyous happening, or the retrospection of a life well lived, brings the smile of happy contentment to the old folks recalling bygone days! Man, poor mortal, clings to the glories of the past, revolving in his mind the triumphs and conquests of other days. The old veteran glows with pride in the recitation of his former deeds of valor. (What if he exaggerate a bit, may he not appeal to the dimness of the recollection as the reason for sundry errors in detail?) On the field of battle, stomping about and brandishing his cane as with a piping voice he thrills the hearts of those ranged round. At the first sight of snow the "old-timers" immediately iterate the story of the mountainous mounds of snow that fell in the blizzard of '88 and incarcerated the natives in their homes for days. The father with his boy upon his knee will relate how as a boy he was the most accurate marble shooter in the neighborhood, the crack pitcher of Wampus County, and how he gave the local bully (twice his own size) "a dose of his own medicine." "Things ain't what they usta be," is the cry of the passing generation, and they mourn the change in customs and methods. It is because we realize how strong is this inclination of nature to glory in the past, and because we wish these stories to be accurate in detail, that we are jotting down a few recollections which we shall probably narrate to the coming generation about our years at Seton Hall, as we sit before the fire, smoking our pipes (if tobacco is not prohibited at that future date), ruminating on the past, "sans eyes, sans teeth, sans hair, sans everything."

FRESHMAN YEAR

A seemingly short while ago we came to Seton Hall for the first time, designated by the ignominious title, freshman, contemned by all and embarrassingly conscious of our insignificance, yet, glorying in the new role of "college man." Wandering about in a strange microcosm, shy, unacquainted, deferential in our obeisance to upper-classmen, we were the victims of many pranks. But we enjoyed it all.

The biggest event in our freshman year, and the one we are most likely to remember and recount vividly is the night of our initiation. Herded together beneath the gym, we were blindfolded and shoved hither and thither amidst the raucous sounds



of wild, rough voices shouting commands and threats of violence for those who dared disobey. One or the other of us would let slip a loud guffaw, as one of our unfortunate mates who was unable to carry a tune emitted cacophonies not fit to be designated music when he was called upon to render a popular air. And the sound thrashing he would receive for this breach of discipline, a violation of the solemnity of the occasion. We were then pushed into line and hurried up a dark, narrow stairway and dragged one at a time into the glare of a spotlight upon the stage in the gym. The rest of the gym, filled with spectators was in utter darkness. At the behest of our guardians we were then rushed across the floor, falling over boxes and chairs placed in our path, and brought before the chief magistrate. After attempting to answer a few irrational questions we were half-pushed, half-carried to the outer darkness, and made to run at top speed to the furthestmost boundaries, and left to find our way back to our coats and hats. The serving of refreshments at this point allayed our anger and chagrin at such brutal persecution, and we were happy in the thought that we were now full-fledged members of the Setonia Club.

By winter we had lost most of our greenness and assumed some self-confidence, enough in fact to enable our class teams in both basketball and baseball to win the inter-class championship. As summer drew near we were struck with longing concomitant with the approach of the long vacation. We had grown tired of Horace, Livy, Plato *et al.*, and of mixing the multi-colored and often malodorous ingredients in the chem laboratory, so we welcomed joyfully the opportunity of a rest and change of environment.

SOPHOMORE YEAR

We returned in the fall now filled with a desire for study as keen as that with which we had left in June to enter upon the enjoyment of our vacation. Old acquaintances were renewed. We were very blatant in our greetings of upper-classmen so as not to be mistaken for freshmen by the newcomers.

It was during our sophomore year that freshman rules were inaugurated. What fun we had harassing the lowly frosh. Remember the original tasks imposed upon the poor creatures by our class president! A performance by several freshmen became our daily after-dinner diversion. Every Friday noon we rounded up the yearlings and supervised their choral rendition of the college songs and cheers. Woe to the freshman found without his cap or typewritten copy of the rules.

Biology proved very interesting during our sophomore year. The board was always covered with what might have been blue prints of the Holland Tunnels, or the tracing of a river and its tributaries, but were really the drawings of the blood and nervous systems of animals and insects. Some of the healthiest and burliest fellows in the class tried to get excused from dissection classes in the laboratory, feign-

ing sickness at the nauseating spectacle of poor helpless worms, frogs, lobsters, etc., being cut up by merciless students (in the manner of vegetarians decrying the slaying of helpless animals for food). For the information of those contemplating the same procedure when there is a specially fine show booked for Shubert's,—the ruse is inefficacious.

The old Setonia Club, now but a memory, was then functioning whole and hearty. Here we would gather during free time in an atmosphere of social equality and good fellowship to enjoy a game of billiards or checkers, or to take part in a round-table discussion on some item of interest in the current news, or some interesting phase of our class work. Many and lengthy were the friendly debates. A new arrival coming up would listen for a moment to learn the topic of the discussion and then proceed to give his opinion with applause or expressions of disapprobation according to which side he favored. Regardless of the strong arguments adduced by either side, when the group dispersed, each went away with his original opinion fixed firmly in his mind.

JUNIOR YEAR

In junior year a new step forward is taken by the student on the path of learning. It is at this point that he enters on the study of philosophy, the science of sciences. The two preceding years are but a period of preparation. From the time of his entrance into the third year of college until the time when his Alma Mater sends him forth with his sheepskin tucked under his arm, his "little black book" will be his constant companion. Well thumbed and worn it is put aside with reluctance for therein is contained the key to the knowledge of the universe.

Our first year of philosophy will always remain indelibly impressed upon our memories. Father Walsh, who heroically labored to pound the grammatical variations and rhetorical subtleties of classical Latin into our heads during our freshman and sophomore years, continued his good work by guiding us safely through the labyrinthian maze of logic, epistemology, ontology and cosmology. While studying syllogisms we would often stroll along muttering to ourselves, "Barbara Celarent Darii Ferioque," etc., on and on like Tennyson's Brook. Skepticism, Realism, Nominalism, Idealism and a thousand other "—isms" opened up new vistas of knowledge and exposed the erroneous views of many who had gone astray in their philosophic meanderings without the proper mental discipline. Many times in studying ontology until our heads ached, with no apparent progress in comprehending the full meaning of the thoughts set down in our books, we would retire thoroughly convinced that this treatise on metaphysics was merely a clever manipulation of words without any foundation in reality, only to have the whole matter cleared up by the professor's lecture on the morrow. At the time of the mid-years we experienced the mental



agonies of the condemned prisoner awaiting his last stroll in the death house. The nightmare of junior philosophers, Phil Orals, haunted us at night, spoiled our appetites if it flashed before the mind during a meal, and cast a pale of gloom over a gathering if someone but mentioned it. After we had survived the test, however, with the same air of nonchalance as the man who has just alighted from an aeroplane after his first ride and who had kept his eyes closed in constant prayers for his safety all the time he was in the air, we told everyone, "Oh, it's not so bad," wiping the beads of perspiration from our cold foreheads.

Political Economy, the dry science, held our attention during our waking hours on Wednesday afternoons. Theories of value and the difference between wealth and capital filled our minds. After we had completed the year we felt that we might clean up Wall Street, but lack of capital frustrated our designs and kept all the money of the richest money mart in the world from falling into the hands of a single individual.

The biggest event of junior year is Junior Night. On that evening our class appeared before the gaze of admiring friends and relatives attired in immaculate tuxedo and boiled shirt with the persecuting winged collar. The speakers, despite the discomfort of alien apparel, put their all into their speeches (what if they did hesitate here and there, can not a man stop to catch his breath?) They shook the rafters with their emotional outbursts, and softly lulled the audience to sleep, or at least to a *quasi somnolence*, by their droning expression of tender thoughts. Remember the vocal solos—the recitation—the quartette singing "Sylvia"—and the banjo solo by the most confident and determined banjoist in all creation? Do not these bring fond memories?

SENIOR YEAR

Affairs assumed a new aspect now upon our entrance into our last year. This was to be the last chapter of our life at Seton Hall. We resolved to make the most of it.

Immediately before classes were resumed, those of our number who had signified their intention of entering the seminary received word to report at the new home of the Immaculate Conception Seminary at Darlington instead of at Seton Hall. About a score of our classmates had to leave us and with regret we saw them taken from our midst not to be with us during our last year at Seton Hall. We were sorry to see them go but happy in the thought that so many of our members had chosen to labor for the spiritual welfare of their fellow men. We wish them success and may God grant the grace to finish their theological studies, and be worthy workers in His vineyard.



Philosophy was our major subject in senior as well as in junior. Father Sheerin helped us in our infirmities in senior phil. Dualism, Creationism, Immortality, etc., gave us our share of trouble in psychology. We came to the conclusion that if you can prove the thesis on "aseity," you can then prove any thesis in Theodicy by basing all your arguments on the "perfection of a being having being from itself." Ethics brought home the startling fact that we had more duties than we thought. How we longed for Nirvana, the utter extinction of personal consciousness, if called for a recitation when not prepared.

Much of our time in our last year was taken up with the manifold activities devolving upon the graduating class, such as, preparing for graduation, editing the college publications, and managing the different athletic teams. Many were the meetings at which we decided upon important details as to uniform attire for photographs, details in the arrangements for the graduation ceremonies, or listened to the fiery addresses of Tom Holleran and Marty Honan trying to extirpate the ennui of the class, and by threats and promises endeavoring to rouse them to get advertisers and patrons for the college annual.

Then there were the photographs of the individual members of the class to be taken at the studio. Spick and span, in the height of sartorial splendor, the boys would slip down for their sitting. When the proofs came back there followed the customary public denunciation of the lack of similarity between the photograph and the subject "in carne," with the private admiration of the magical art of the photographer who made Cyrano de Bergeracs look like cinema stars.

After the Easter vacation our minds were filled with thoughts of graduation, and plans for the future. Everybody entered into the review for final exams with zest. Soon the time came for leaving the halls that had grown so dear to us. It was with mingled feelings of regret and joy that we looked upon our departure: regret that we were about to leave Seton Hall never more to linger there as students, and joy because with the exuberant self-confidence of youth we were about to go out into the world to conquer and triumph, to bring glory and honor to our Alma Mater.

"All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players," wrote the Bard. We have just completed one of our acts. The curtain rings down only to rise again after a brief interim on another scene in the great Drama of Life. Our Alma Mater sends us out fit for the fray; success or failure depends entirely upon our proper utilization of the means at hand. During our brief stay within her halls she has given us to drink from her deep springs of learning, and inculcated true moral principles, a cherished heritage of the past.



Those Phil Orals



ON the black ties, boys! Assume a haggard expression! Get weak in the knees! Come on, get weak! Now hold that pose. Here come the Phil Orals!!!

The ties are donned, the expressions are assumed, and the knees weaken gallantly. And why not? The greatest of Seton Hall traditions is being carried on with melancholy enthusiasm.

In the uneven passage of the average student through college this tradition must be tremblingly upheld on four occasions. They are occasions eternally associated with a high, dark hall, an insatiable door, and alternate hope and despair.

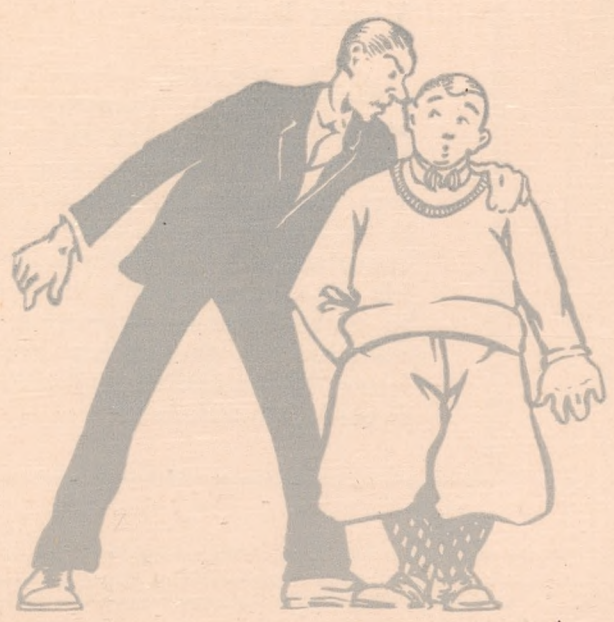
Here's a sample—

- 1:00 A. M.—5:30 A. M. Grotesque dreams of Kant and Descartes, clad in becoming lavender overalls, busily engaged in tearing an A. B. degree into tiny bits.
- 6:30 A. M. Awoke from troubled sleep feeling like nothing at all.
- 6:31 A. M. Wished you were in the Far East.
- 6:32 A. M. Wished you were on some cozy desert island.
- 6:33 A. M. Wished you were back in the sixth grade.
- 6:37 A. M. Last button of vest refused to function. Ripped it gently off and hurled it at clock.
- 6:42 A. M. Shaved savagely. After four cuts, less savagely. Soap in eye. No towels. It all helped.
- 7:00 A. M. Greeted family with dutiful scowls.
- 7:05 A. M. Ate hearty breakfast of one half orange.
- 7:15 A. M. Departed, slamming door.
- 7:20 A. M. Sneered at traffic cop.
- 7:30 A. M. Boarded train, pondering humor of an open switch and possible derailment.
- 7:35 A. M. Made conductor wait for commutation ticket.
- 7:40 A. M. Tried desperately to think of what Kant did, and why in the world he did it.
- 7:45 A. M. Left train regretfully.
- 7:48 A. M. Bought paper. No savor to comic strip. Tossed it away.
- 8:00 A. M. Boarded bus, taking pains to give driver five pennies.
- 8:01 A. M. Looked out of window.
- 8:05 A. M. Favored two prep hopefuls with haughty glance.
- 8:10 A. M. Speculated moodily on possibility of philosophy board having eaten something which disagreed with them.
- 8:15 A. M. Looked out of window.
- 8:16 A. M. Opened Phil book.
- 8:17 A. M. Closed it. Situation hopeless.
- 8:25 A. M. Arrived city line.
- 8:28 A. M. Hailed classmate in car and rode up in gloomy silence.
- 8:35 A. M. Received latest bulletins from boarders.
- 8:40—9:30 A. M. "Crammed," emerging from that process with a splitting headache and little else.

- 9:35 A. M. Looked at watch.
9:36 A. M. Asked friend the time.
9:37 A. M. Wondered what time it was.
9:38 A. M. Smoked.
9:50 A. M. Entered Administration Building and stood for a moment before THE door.
9:51 A. M. Listened morbidly for sounds indicative of storm and strife within.
9:52 A. M. Pitied victim.
9:53 A. M. Pitied self. Stronger pity.
9:54 A. M. Heard subdued voices. Grew suddenly faint.
9:55 A. M. Raced madly for exit.
9:56 A. M. Inhaled deeply of cold, revivifying air.
9:57 A. M. ? ? ? ? ?
9:58 A. M. Wondered if Babe Ruth would break his record next year.
10:00 A. M. Scrawled futuristic designs on cover of Phil.
10:03 A. M. Resolved to do a lot of studying next term.
10:05 A. M. Five minutes to go. Took up position outside door.
10:06 A. M. Studied pattern of rug.
10:07 A. M. Had serious talk with self and decided there was nothing to fear. Began trembling.
10:08 A. M. Walked up and down. Walked back and forth. Adjusted tie. Received last minute advice from seconds.
10:09 A. M. Stricken figure of classmate, looking like somebody else, emerged.
10:10 A. M. Arrived in room without knowing just how you got there, and faced blur of faces. Fought down impulse to run. Managed sickly smile. Coughed.
10:11 A. M. Began remark that trailed off into silence. Coughed.
10:12 A. M. Had great difficulty with tongue. Said something that was instantly regretted. Coughed.
10:13 A. M. Board began to discuss relative merits of something that sounded very formidable. Felt lost. Tried to be as inconspicuous as possible.
10:14 A. M. Became conscious of an unnatural stillness in the room. Shuffled feet and coughed. Muttered vaguely about scepticism.
10:15 A. M. Searched memory for something to say. Inspected finger nails. Coughed.
10:16 A. M. Looked out of window.
10:17 A. M. Remembered "cogito ergo sum," and offered it for what it was worth.
10:18 A. M. Time up. Got out somehow and dashed hysterically for bus.
10:20 A. M. Thought of brilliant answer to that question on universals.
10:22 A. M. Thought of even more brilliant answer to the same.
10:40 A. M. Bought paper and scanned Help Wanted column. Realized you would never be the same again.
11:20 A. M. Arrived home.
11:21 A. M. Coughed.



PERSONALS





WHITE and BLUE

1928

FRANCIS G. DONNELLY, A. B.

"The mildest manner with the bravest mind"

Varsity Basketball

College Orchestra

A PIANIST of enviable ability, an artist in the true sense of the word, that is Frank Donnelly. The ivory-keyed instrument responds perfectly to his every touch as he interprets the works of the Old Masters, or runs through the latest popular numbers with equal facility. Frank's mastery of the piano was instrumental in the success of the college orchestra. Quiet and reserved he loved to be present as an observer in the background at a gathering of friends engaged in conversation. His enjoyment of proceedings was evident from the glint of pleasure in his eyes. Occasionally he removed his pipe, the vade mecum of his daily existence, to make humorous comment that delighted all present. The atmosphere of varsity athletics was alien to his love of quietude and sense of retirement, so after earning his letter in basketball in his Junior year, he retired to his studies and solitude. *Procede ad altiora!*



WHITE and BLUE



1928

FRANCIS J. DWYER, A. B.

"A brow austere, a circumspective eye."

Varsity Basketball

Class Football

WHO is this broad-shouldered lad pictured above but our "Hank" Dwyer. And how he used those shoulders to advantage when he broke through the line in many of our interclass football games. How can we forget him in this role of football hero? He possesses a big body but in that body is a keen intellect endowed with a remarkable memory. To him we went for our information on not only past events but also current news. When he gave us an account of the previous night's results in athletic events we marveled how he came by it. As for the man himself, little is known of him for he took to heart Polonius's advice to his son Laertes, especially the precept, "Reserve thy judgment." Hank knew news but it will not be news to us when in some future day we hear of "New's" success.



WHITE and BLUE

1928

FREDERICK M. EDWARDS, A. B.

*"Blessed with each talent and each art to please,
And born to write, converse and live with ease."*

Editor-in-Chief of "The Setonian"

Class Treasurer

PICTURED above is Fred Edwards, a very active member of the Class of '28. In his Freshman year he was appointed to the staff of the "Setonian." As a "Soph" he was manager of the varsity track team. Junior year found him a member of the varsity shop committee and a speaker on Junior Night. As a Senior, he was editor-in-chief of "The Setonian" and associate editor of the "White and Blue."

This is not all. He played on the class teams, ranked high in his studies and held the office of class treasurer in his Junior and Senior years. The diversity of his interests did not diminish his success in any of his particular endeavors. His success as editor-in-chief of "The Setonian" would gratify the ambition of any student. We feel sure that Fred's wonderful success will follow him in his every future effort.



WHITE and BLUE

1928

JOHN R. ENRIGHT, A. B.

"Fashioned so slenderly, tall, young and so fair."

Manager of Basketball

Class President

JOHN is the youngest member of our class. His youth, however, proved no obstacle to his receiving positions of responsibility. True merit and confidence in his ability prompted his selection as manager of varsity basketball, as speaker on Junior Night, and his election to the presidency of the Senior class. His sonorous voice with its trace of New England twang amused us for hours as he cleverly caricatured familiar personages. He was one of the most pleasing entertainers at the informal smokers held in the "gym" with his tricks of legerdemain, and escape from rope bonds that equaled Houdini in cleverness and mystification. John also possessed a pleasing voice; he was a member of that famous quartette that rendered "Sylvia" on Junior Night. Your charming personality and mental acumen as well as your sense of humor, John, should enable you to make your way in life.



WHITE and BLUE

1928

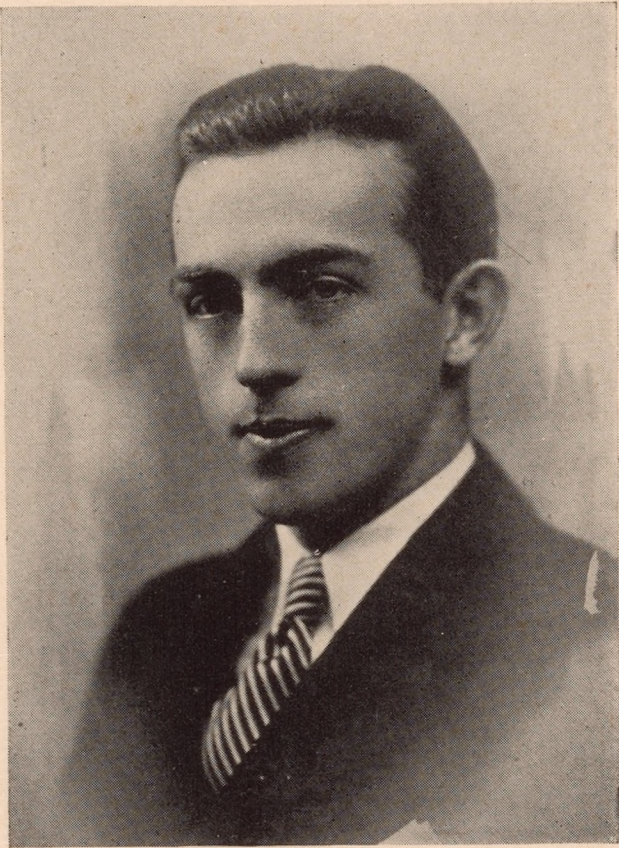
WILLIAM A. FIXTER, A. B.

"As a wit if not first in the very first line."

Class Athletics

Committees

"BIG BILL" is the personification of vivacity. Just whistle or hum a snatch of song or beat a rhythm and Bill gyrates and pirouettes in one of his eccentric dances. Bill showed the same vigor and vim on the class teams. He will always be remembered as a coiner of pithy epigrams and slogans for all occasions. Bill was the constant companion of Tom Tuite on his health walks during free periods. Oftentimes the two would hie themselves off to some quiet retreat far from the madding crowd for some coöperative study. In his senior year Bill was aide-de-camp of Tom, lending valuable assistance in instructing the Prep soccer team in the rudiments of the game. We will always remember you Bill for your sunny disposition. You leave us as a genial companion, an earnest and capable student and a true friend.



WHITE and BLUE

1928

JOSEPH G. GAVIN, A. B.

"A flash of wit or silence."

Manager of Baseball

Glee Club

JOE GAVIN came to us in Freshman unknown. We have been learning new things about him ever since. At our first smoker Joe proved that he could sing, dance and strum a ukelele with no small degree of proficiency. Time has brought us to a more intimate knowledge of the "Little Giant." We have enjoyed his story telling and musical accomplishments on many occasions but our greatest pleasure has been in knowing the inner man. Quiet and reserved, gifted with a rare understanding of his fellow men, Joe has ever been quick to enjoy our pleasures, suffer our sorrows. He is a "regular" fellow but we spell it gentleman. We shall always remember his untiring labors as baseball manager. Joe, you leave behind you a host of friends won by your personality, sincerity and kindness, who wish you all success. You go as you come—unknown—"O, Lovable Enigma."



WHITE and BLUE

1928

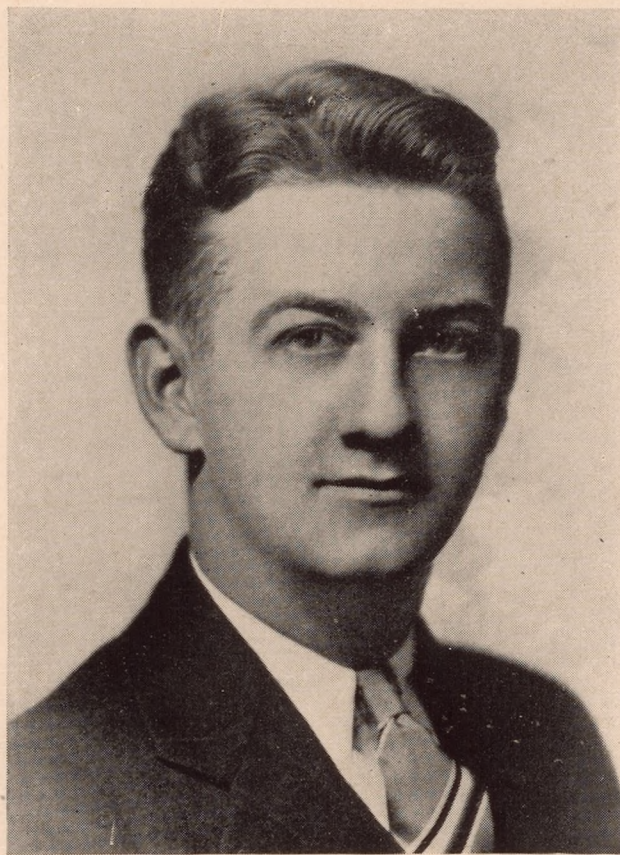
JAMES G. HARDING, A. B.

"A man he is of cheerful yesterdays and confident tomorrows."

Class Athletics

Committees

JIM came to us from New Brunswick, down in New Jersey's "Red Mud District." Since he first established his residence among us, study, reading, bridge and gab-fests have occupied most of his time outside class. An earnest student, Jim was always prepared to display his mental aptitude when called upon in any subject of the curriculum; his brilliant recitations, made possible by faithful preparation, kept him up with the leaders of the class in studies. Bridge is his favorite diversion; he is a master of the game. He is a consistent winner, which is "all very disgustful" to the other players ranged round the board. Apt in the art of conversation, and possessed of a ready wit he was an asset to any social gathering, and a pleasant and entertaining companion on a jaunt through the village and environs. With regret we part from you, Jim, and may success accompany you.



WHITE and BLUE

1928

THOMAS J. HOLLERAN, A. B.

*"Why I will fight with him upon this theme
Until my eyelids will no longer wag."*

Varsity Basketball

Business Manager "White and Blue."

ANY occasion for a mental struggle with a worthy adversary is a source of ecstasy to this blond Irvingtonian. Nowhere can be found a more intrepid and persistent defender of the inviolable rights of the individual. Think not, however, that parliamentary debate preoccupied his mind to the exclusion of all other manner of diversion. His athletic ability won him a place on the varsity five. When not in discussion, harmonizing with a classmate or conning his textbooks, during his Senior year, Tom, as business manager of the "White and Blue" was busy devising new ways and means of increasing finances. Well, Tom, there is no apparent reason why that same indomitable courage, spirit of self reliance and affability of manner should not enable you to overcome successfully all the obstacles that may beset your path on your journey through life.



WHITE and BLUE

1928

MARTIN F. HONAN, A. B.

*"His talk is like a stream which runs
With rapid change from rocks to roses."*

Editor-in-Chief "White and Blue"

Class Athletics

THE photograph above depicts the benign countenance of one "Marty" Honan, a human encyclopedia. Since the day he started to school he excelled in scholarship. His impromptu lectures before class often cleared up some apparently unsolvable problems or fine philosophical distinction, for his less gifted classmates. His confidence and facility of expression in recitation were the envy of his colleagues. Wherever a group of students gathered to engage in friendly discourse, Marty dominated the conversation. Irrefutable logical arguments, witty retorts, humorous and lachrymose anecdotes are all included in his repertoire. During his senior year Marty led an almost ubiquitous existence discharging the manifold duties incumbent upon him as editor-in-chief of the "White and Blue." The book itself is a concrete proof of the success of his efforts. We congratulate you on your achievements, Marty, and wish you success in your future endeavors.



WHITE and BLUE



1928

LEO W. HOOD, A. B.

"Come and trip it as you go on the light fantastic toe."

Varsity Track Team

Glee Club

TRACK in our vocabulary was synonymous with Hood. "Doc" was an enthusiastic track man. Of untiring effort and possessed with that dogged determination to succeed, his aim in college was to earn his letter by becoming a member of the varsity track team. His crowning success came in his Senior year when he obtained that which he sought. We all rejoice to think that his efforts were not in vain. But Leo, as he is called in polite society, did not limit his activity to track. He was quite proficient in the art of Terpsichore. Nimble of foot and graceful of poise he evoked our admiration at many a smoker by his dancing exhibitions. Our recollection of him will not sink Lethe-wards, but a pleasant memory of him will always linger with us.



WHITE and BLUE

1928

JOHN H. HORAN, A. B.

*"Thy brows are arched open, kind
And come like a clear sunrise to my mind."*

Cheer Leader

Glee Club

ON the banks of the Old Raritan our John was imbued with that true college spirit which was to accompany him on his journey through Setonia. John has always been an ardent supporter of, and an enthusiastic rooter for his Alma Mater. He was chosen College Cheer Leader for the season 1927-28, and right well did he direct the organized cheering. He was always in demand at smokers and dramatic affairs because of his pleasing tenor voice. How often he amused us with his rendition of the "Irish Jubilee" and other humorous ballads. How many were the joyous evenings of entertainment that we of '28 spent with him. For his kindness and goodness to us we owe him the greatest debt of gratitude. We will always remember him as the embodiment of "They are truly great who are truly good."



WHITE and BLUE

1928

MARTIN A. LIDDY, A. B.

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

Varsity Athletics

Class Vice-President

"**M**ARTY" came to Seton Hall after having achieved phenomenal success at Bernardsville High School. He proceeded to bring renown to Setonia by performing creditably both on court and diamond. In baseball his team-mates manifested their appreciation of his efforts by electing him captain of the 1928 team. His success as a pilot required their confidence. Unlike many athletes "Marty" has coupled his skill on the athletic field with proficiency in studies. We can say with all sincerity that this student athlete is especially gifted with a keenness of intellect for unravelling the most subtle arguments which seem impervious to the average mind. If solicitude for the comfort of others, a genial disposition, and a discerning mind are the characteristic qualities for success, then we foresee our friend making an enviable reputation for himself in his chosen field.



WHITE and BLUE



1928

EDWARD A. MARTYN, A. B.

"Get wisdom for it is better than gold."

Business Manager of "The Setonian"

Varsity Shop

INTELLIGENTIA is the class to which "Ed" belongs, but he belongs to the class of '28 also, and we are proud of such an honor, for every good student is an asset. Edward came to our notice by his brilliant recitations in every subject in the curriculum. Intensity of application and consistency in preparation placed him on a pedestal all his own. A deep thinker, systematic and exact, he has merited for himself the name of philosopher. As business manager of "The Setonian," our monthly periodical, he had occasion to put into practice his exact and systematic propensities. His walks to the village after class hours were accurately timed and at 2:30 P. M. you would always see him strolling down the front path, eager to reach his destination. We also are eager to wish him the best of luck.



WHITE and BLUE



1928

JAMES B. McCANN, A. B.

"For they conquer who believe they can."

Assistant Business Manager "White and Blue"

Class Athletics

JIM is the personification of sincerity, urbanity, and self-confidence. His Chesterfieldian courtesy and persuasive manner were of inestimable value to him when he solicited advertisements for the "White and Blue." Who could resist that suave flow of language and complacent smile? Like the traditionally successful Northwest Mounted he always got his man. Practical affairs and sordid business transactions did not exclusively preoccupy his mind; he took great delight in frequent flights of the mind into the realms of philosophic speculation. He always mystified the participants of an informal round-table discussion of philosophical problems with the exposition of one of his original theories for the settlement of some controverted question. As a side issue Jim often flashed some real athletic ability on the class teams, but never bothered trying for a varsity berth. An earnest student, an amiable companion, he is well equipped for life among men.



WHITE and BLUE

1928

THOMAS A. MEEHAN, A. B.

"A great soul will be strong to live as well as to think."

Varsity Athletics

Committees

CONSCIENTIOUS, sincere, jovial, and modest are only a few of the adjectives that can characterize this husky youth with the irresistible smile. Tom possesses a power of persuasion desired by all and possessed by few. Who will ever forget the day he orated about "two sides to fly paper?" In addition to being a scholar Tom is also an athlete to a marked degree. He has performed very creditably on both the diamond and basketball court. We could discourse on Tom as an orator, philosopher or athlete; he of the rosy cheeks, blond hair and manly stature, but it would be more fitting to speak of him as a true friend. It is our parting wish that he meet all the difficulties that may beset his path in life, with the same measure of success which he attained in his every effort while amongst us, his friends.



WHITE and BLUE



1928

GEORGE J. MOORE, A. B.

"A generous heart maketh a happy countenance."

Committees

Class Activities

FIRST impressions are lasting, and so true is this of our George that the impression he made upon us when we first saw him strolling along the path to school has stayed with us ever since. It was a lasting impression of a generous heart and cheerful countenance. In our classroom activities he is always ready to lend a helping hand. In lauding his generosity, however, let us not forget his cheerfulness. His pleasant countenance certainly bespeaks a generous heart. How many times have we been plunged into melancholy only to be snatched from its depths by the beams radiating from the countenance of "Cheerful George." It was a real soothing balm for our woes indeed. For this, we will always be grateful to him. And to express our gratitude now, let us all join in the one cry—Good luck, George.



WHITE and BLUE

1928

RAYMOND J. NELLIGAN, A. B.

"He is a great observer, and he looks quite through the deeds of men."

Varsity Athletics

Committees

HERE we introduce Ray Nelligan, one of Seton's peerless athletes. Ray has succeeded by his indomitable spirit and tireless energy. A plucky fighter and possessed of an eagle eye, he has worried many an opponent on the basketball court. His teammates recognizing his ability, elected him captain in his Senior year. The success of the team under his leadership is evidence enough of his capability. Baseball as well as basketball claimed his attention. As a pitcher he snatched victory from the jaws of defeat on many occasions. Ray could read human nature like a book, and he possessed a keen sense of sounding one's depths e'en to one's own amazement. With such qualities as these does it not auger well for his future? We are sure that he will meet life's problems as he met those that confronted him at college.



WHITE and BLUE



1928

JOHN A. PATRICK, A. B.

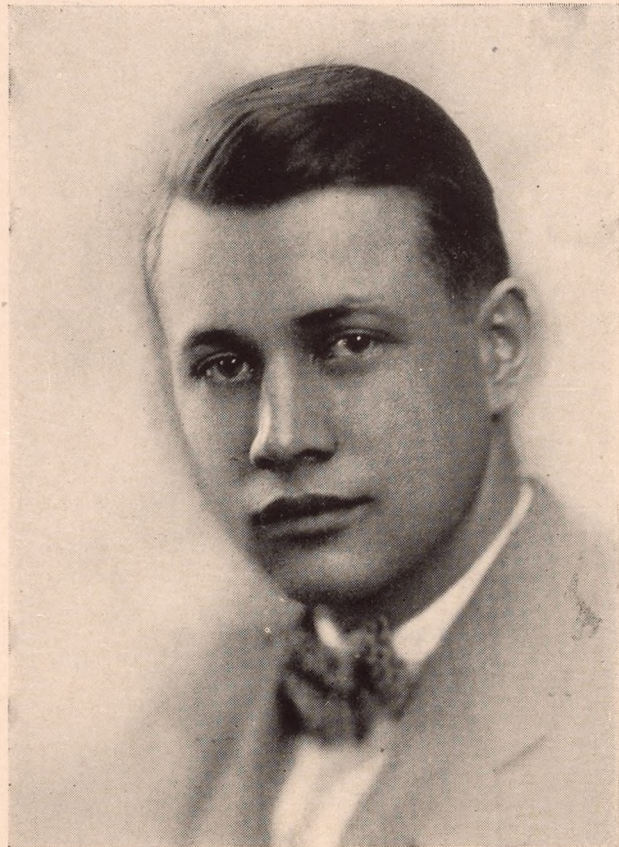
*"Of Atlantean shoulder fit to bear
The weight of mightiest monarchies."*

Class Athletics

Committees

THE city of Elizabeth gave us this modest, taciturn flaxen haired blue-eyed youth. Nature has bounteously bestowed upon him those most desirable perfections rarely inhering in one man—mens sana in corpore sano. Consequently John is a philosopher and gymnast of no mean ability. Many a time and oft have we, our countenances expressive of admiration, gazed as "Pat" nonchalantly elucidated the obtruse problems and intricate questions of philosophy. His feats of strength invariably win the commendation and the applause of his fellow students. When breezes are soft and weather is fair John's true nature, the nature of a poet emerges from its hibernating state. Then he is seen strolling over Setonia's fields of green, wending his way toward woodland scenes.

"How sweet, how passing sweet is solitude." Who is more sensible of its sweetness than you, John?



WHITE and BLUE

1928

CYRIL J. PRUZINSKY, A. B.

"None but himself can be his parallel."

Varsity Athletics

Committees

HERE we have an exceptional athlete. On the varsity five during his Senior year "Cy" brought to an excellent close his spectacular career as a guard in college circles. Spring sees him holding down a position in the infield on the college nine. Often have his sensational stops and swift and accurate throws saved the game for "Old Setonia." But Cy has another side, every bit as praiseworthy. His achievements in scholastic endeavors rank with the best. His utterances on philosophical questions clearly indicate the diversity and extent of his reading, the profundity of his knowledge and the accuracy of his reasoning. His ardent study of the classics is well worth emulation. Our classmate from Bridgeport is a thinker and a true sportsman. His disposition is of the best, happy, carefree and kind, and should win for him many friends. Au revoir Cy and unqualified success.



WHITE and BLUE



1928

THOMAS P. TUIITE, A. B.

*"A deep occult philosopher
As learned as the wild Irish are."*

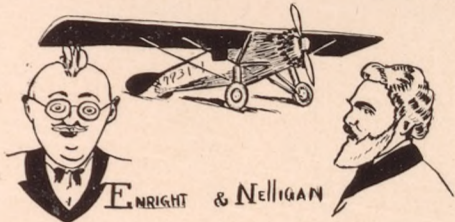
Varsity Basketball

Class Secretary

THIS tall fellow with the raven locks daily wended his way to this seat of learning from the trans-Passaic hamlet of Harrison. Learning is his chief pursuit. An earnest student, he was always prepared in class and sought to drink deeply from the Pierian spring. Reading is Tom's hobby and Dickens and Chesterton are his favorite authors. Tom is that rarest of mortals a good listener. He is always a willing victim to one affected with a temporary fit of loquacity. Athletics consumed part of his time. His height made him unanimous selection for center on the class basketball team. During his Senior year he helped to direct the destinies of the Prep soccer team as coach. A man armed as you are with sincerity, courage, sagacity and a sense of humor need have no fear of the vicissitudes of life.



SENIORS IN 1949



ENRIGHT & NELLIGAN

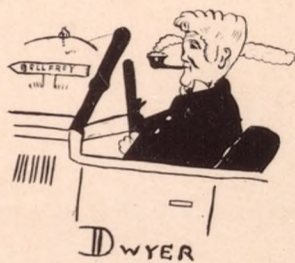


GAVIN

HONAN



TUILE



DWYER



HOOD



DONNELLY



LIDDY



MCCANN



HORAN



PRUZINSKY



HOLLORAN



MARLYN



MOORE



PATRICK



EDWARDS



MEEHAN



HARDING

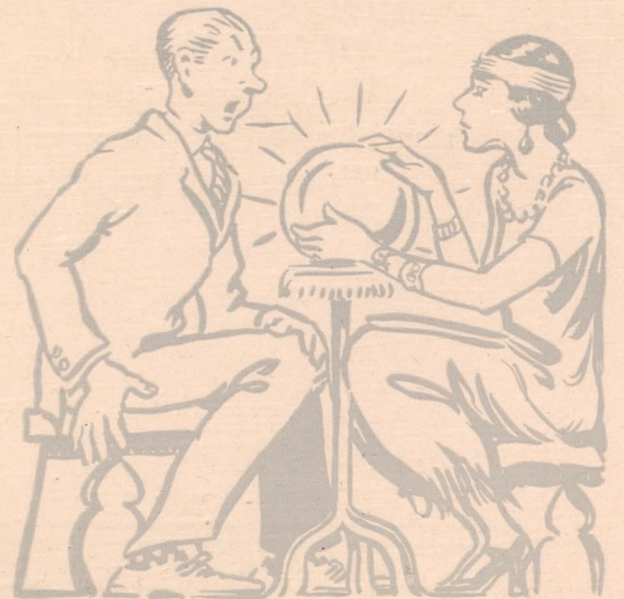


FIXTER

BY John Enright and
281.



PROPHECY



In the Future



TANDING near my private hangar on a beautiful morning in September, 1949, I was approached by a tall learned-appearing gentleman. This visitor asked me if I would take him on a tour of the United States in my plane. In reply to my question as to the object of the trip, he answered, "I am collecting data on the students who graduated from Seton Hall in past years."

"How is your work progressing, professor?" I asked. "Very well," he replied. "My searches have been excellently rewarded, for I have found nothing but success to have been the lot of those who like myself are alumni of Setonia. I look for great results in the class I am now to visit. Their paths have separated quite widely but they are all in constant connection with one another, and their deeds are daily heralded in the press. I speak of the class of 1928. All are, of course, nearing the half century mark; it's really their prime and they remain indefatigable workers in their various fields."

"Why," I remarked, "I believe my plane, a product of the Enright Aeroplane Corporation, was designed by one of those scholars."

"Yes, indeed, it was," he answered, glancing with unmixed admiration at my splendidly equipped electric driven two seater. "The highest paid aeronautic engineer in the country, Ray Nelligan, produced that machine. He is fortunate, too, in being allied with that company, the most advanced and richest corporation of its kind in the world."

"I should like very much to meet these men," I ventured as he paused in his talking.

"You will, for I am going to stop in Chicago to see them, and one other well-known man, who is also from this same class." We stepped into my plane and in a remarkably short time landed on the roof of the largest hotel in Chicago.

Much to my pleasure we met the two men we were speaking of shortly after we descended to the lobby of the hotel. With them, engrossed in earnest but merry conversation was one, whom I knew from seeing his photograph so often reproduced in the papers. This was none other than James Harding, internationally famous as a leader in the field of advertising. He became famous for his ability to construct with ease catchy phrases. There is a rumor that he will personally care for the whole scope of advertising done by John Enright's Company, which amounts to more than \$10,000,000 annually.

We left these three and turned to the dining hall. After partaking of a substantial repast my passenger desired to continue the journey.

"Where shall you stop next?" I inquired as I saw to refilling the tanks of my plane.

"Let us make it Denver," he replied. "There we will visit the great camp hospital of Dr. Gavin who has made such remarkable progress in treating the dread white plague."

On arriving at the camp, we were told the doctor was busy in the laboratory. As we passed through the main rooms our attention was called to the various apparatus brought to almost unbelievable perfection. Our guide informed us that the most delicate and valuable articles used were constructed by Dr. Gavin's co-worker, Edward Martyn, who has complete charge of the experiments. We then came upon Mr. Martyn engaged in checking report sheets. To our query as to the progress of his work, he answered, "In twenty years you will very likely see this enemy of our race entirely routed."

When we had arrived at Dr. Gavin's private study, we were bade enter by a cheery voice. After preliminary remarks, on learning our mission, the doctor spoke in glowing terms of the good accomplished at his hospital. Since our travel was to continue westward, he gave us a package to be delivered to the Editor of the leading San Francisco daily—"The Times."

Resuming our journey my companion expressed a desire to go over that great wonderland of America, Yellowstone National Park. Accordingly, early the next day we took off for the northwest corner of Wyoming. Seeing a landing in the eastern entrance of the park, we taxied down and went by car to a large building, the exterior of which was a marvelous work of art, trees, shrubs and various wild flowers arranged in a way to delight the soul of a poet.

On approaching the threshold, George Moore came forward to welcome us. To our question he replied kindly but it was impossible to get him to talk of what he had done. Only from one of his assistants could we discover all we wished to know. From this man we learned that George had discovered an entirely new method of color photography and printing which enabled anyone with his improved camera to take pictures that reproduced the subject taken in the original colors.

We left George with much regret and turned the nose of our plane southward and headed for San Francisco.

On arriving there, we went immediately to "The Times" office, and who should we find as director of that great organ but Fred Edwards, a very popular member of the class of '28. We delivered our package to him and he smiled, his usual cheery greeting and said "I imagine you wonder what the content of this is. I'll tell you. Dr. Gavin sends me the final and authentic report of all his great experiments and they will be first made known to mankind by my paper."

We noted that none of his characteristic energy was missing. He was indeed but a little older in years, but younger in body and spirit.

Fred, when he learned the purpose of our visit smiled and informed us that a classmate was waiting for him in an outer room. He brought us through his spacious, richly furnished offices to a private retreat where sitting in an easy chair was



Martin Honan. It seemed that Marty had recently been appointed to the position of Judge of the District Court in recognition of his great work in the legal profession. Marty has clients from all over the country seeking his aid, but nevertheless he occasionally managed to drag Fred away from his work to talk about the happy days they had spent at Seton Hall. After a short talk we left the offices with Fred and Marty, who were off together to engage in a friendly game of golf.

Before leaving, Marty said, "You should next go to Texas to meet Leo Hood. He has a big merger under way that is interesting every man in the country. We then parted lingering over our leavetaking.

Our journey having been again resumed we passed over beautiful lands—the gorgeous State of California, a bit of Nevada, across the desert wastes of Arizona, down through New Mexico and Texas. In that state we stopped at the Capital and went to interview Leo Hood. Upon our finding him, busy as he was on his large project, he found time to talk and joke as of yore. As he had much important work to attend to our stay was regretfully short.

Going onward, we paused for a few days in Florida. There we were introduced to William Fixter. His name was a household word for his tremendous deals in Real Estate had been the marvel of the whole country. Though very successful he is ever ready to lend a hand to an unfortunate.

"We must stop in Washington," my companion stated when we had finished our tour of what was really Bill's city.

Thither we sped our plane and arrived late in the evening of the following day.

In that city the next morning we went to view the public buildings. On approaching one of the structures we saw the words "Bureau of Education" in gold on the marble arch over the entrance. Here all matters relative to Government Educational Bulletins were taken care of. On a door at the end of the room we saw the name James B. McCann, Ph. D., Advisory Superintendent. We went in and met the tall and well set man at the desk. His task is to revise and connect all the documents and pamphlets published by the government in this department.

"These papers," he said, holding up a bundle of typewritten sheets, "contain much of value to any college professor. They are methods peculiarly adapted to college classes and worked out in various phases by Dr. Patrick who holds the Chair of Philosophy at Catholic University. His success has been remarkable but justly his due, for he has done more work than any other college professor of this country. I am going to call on him today for another set of sheets which he has compiled. Come with me and you will be well rewarded."

We accepted the invitation and shortly found ourselves in a magnificent building. Meeting Dr. John was indeed an experience. We felt that we were in the presence of a man who has done much in actual labor but far more by wonderful example. We came away resolved to do our bit which seemed but nothing compared to his great achievements.



Our next stop was in Philadelphia. There we went to see the leading dental surgeon of the state, Dr. Martin Liddy. Upon our entrance to his office, I noticed a copy of "Who's Who" on the table and picked it up. The doctor's face assumed a ruddier hue but he did not attempt to dissuade me. I found his name there, and I discovered the many important positions he holds. It was in the capacity of one of these that he had spoken the previous evening as President of the Dental Surgeons Association of Philadelphia.

He said very little of himself but his success could be accurately measured by the office he had. None more completely outfitted could be found in the state.

"Let us not go to New York yet," my companion said at the termination of our visit to Dr. Liddy. "I would like to go to Maine and see the new television apparatus that has been installed there by the American Photophone Corporation."

We set out early for the North, and when we were in sight of our destination we heard peculiar crackling sounds. Descending we approached the place from which the noises evidently came and found Mr. Francis Dwyer working intently at a small tube which alternately glowed and darkened. Shutting off the apparatus he turned to us and being informed of our purpose explained the device on which he was then working.

"It is an electro-ionic discharge tube," he said. "Its function is to clarify the sounds of the voice while it also helps to a great extent in modifying and stabilizing the standardization wave or the photonic pulsation."

Naturally we marvelled at this small but mighty discovery and were soon in the midst of a very interesting account of Dwyer's achievements. His energy and resources, are inestimable and the results are those of pure, hard work.

Starting southward we stopped at Boston, and interviewed the head of the best known criminal lawyer's association, Mr. Meehan. Modesty is still his forte and he does not exercise a false type of it but a true and sincere self-effacement.

On parting his final words were "I wish I were going with you. I'd like nothing more than to be present at the grand concert of the Symphony Orchestra to be held in a few days."

"Let us get to Newark to-night," my companion said as we neared the field from which we were to hop off. "I want to see the final game of the World Series."

On the next day we went to the famous Newark Stadium and came to earth. My friend had a bit of influence and so we were able to get a box near the Governor's. "I must meet the manager of the Newark team," my friend stated just after we had become seated. "There he is now talking with someone in the Governor's box. Back in Setonia Cy Pruzinsky played a superlative brand of ball and he had a hard fight to get Newark into the American League. For their last three years they had such an exceptional record that the public demanded their acceptance in the higher league. Now they are at the top of the column and bid fair to cop the World Series pennant. It is a tie now 3-3 and the Giants are out for blood."



We left our box and slowly approached that of the State executive. I was astonished to see that it was Thomas J. Holleran, our own Governor. On expressing amazement my mentor replied, "Why of course, don't you know they were classmates back in Seton Hall. They went through both Prep and College together."

My friend caught the Chief Executive's eye and he motioned to us to approach. On learning our general mission, he talked freely and cheerfully. He is the only one to break precedent and secure a second term as leader in New Jersey.

After a few brief words "Cy" left us and we accepted Tom Holleran's invitation to his box. We sat back to watch the best contest I ever witnessed. In the last half of the ninth, it was 1-1 and Newark at bat. Two were out when "Cy" sent in a pinch hitter. With the count 3 and 2 the interest was at white heat. The ball was pitched a mighty swing and the oval traveled over the fence for a home run. The game was won. Newark for the first time in the history of the league was winner of the coveted pennant.

That night we dined together at the Robert Treat and many pleasant memories were recalled. We planned to visit New York the following night and arranged a place of meeting before we departed from the hotel.

The next night found us ensconced in a box in the newest and largest theatre in the city. There we listened enraptured to the great Symphony Orchestra. Their leader was none other than Francis Donnelly from the class we were interviewing.

The plaudits of the audience composed principally of music lovers was gratifying. Frank knew we would be present to hear the concert so after it was over we remained and soon had the pleasure of meeting him. He introduced us to John Horan who had but a month before carried practically the whole stock market on his shoulders to win a deal which was unprecedented in the history of the Street. John was as full of wit and jollity as ever. He joked and laughed until we were unaware that anyone but ourselves existed in the world. As we left for our homes he said, "Come over to Long Island to-morrow. You must meet Tom Tuite. We will stay at his house for the week-end. I have thought of a proposition and I want you to help me talk him into accepting."

Our mystified questions received no replies but we were nevertheless resolved to second any suggestion he might advance.

Accordingly we all went to the beautiful home of that renowned author, Thomas Tuite.

Shortly after meeting Tom, John broached his project. It was received with much surprise and delight. It was that Tom write the results of our trip with records of all our interviews in book form. A special edition limited to one hundred copies was to be run off and distributed to the class of 1928 and their friends. We were extremely elated when the proposal was accepted unconditionally.

After a pleasant stay we bade our lately found friends Adieu and returned to South Orange once more.



JUNIORS



John Coakley



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Junior Class History



E, the members of the Junior Class, now approach our year of ascendancy in the sphere of academic life. As we are about to enter this period of traditional dignity it is befitting to review briefly for our own delight and the information of those who so kindly evince an interest in our welfare, the memorable events of our year at Seton Hall during which we lightly bore the appellation of Juniors.

Returning from a restful or perhaps otherwise vacation, we entered the ranks of upper classmen with a dignity simulated to impress Sophomores and Freshmen with the honor of our position. The following few days were devoted to the hilarious renewal of interrupted friendships, speculations upon the probability of the tardy return of former classmates, and as the week approached a close, laugh-provoking reminiscences anent a few of our former members, who, to our deep regret, would no longer swell the ranks of our happy body.

The period of readjustment passed and with it our introduction to the subjects which were scheduled to occupy much of our time for the next few months, and which demanded of us either a considerable amount of work or, embracing the only other alternative, a convincing substitute for that *bête noire* of youthful existence. We quickly discovered with sighs of relief that under the sagacious direction of Father Walsh and with a moderate amount of application that the difficulties, alleged by successful predecessors, no doubt reflecting complacently upon their own astuteness in connection with the mastery of the "black books," dissolved before our determined attack. In pursuit of our other studies we were equally successful, and gratefully take this opportunity to thank the ever interesting Doctor Dauenhauer; the deeply solicitous Father Hamilton; the ideal teacher, Father Zolzer; the indefatigable Father Maine, and the persevering Mr. Brooks for their considerable contributions to any advancement in learning we may have made.

The foregoing discloses merely one of our many activities. Space does not here suffice for a description of the part we played in general extra-curricular activities but we may state that in all branches of athletics, on the staff of "The Setonian," and in the annual play we were distinguished by the presence of talented representatives. In all our activities we were capably represented and tactfully guided by our class officers. To them we extend our sincere thanks.

Relinquishing our place as Juniors, and musing upon the more personal events that these few general remarks may recall, we assure our immediate successors that they are about to enter a period which will afford them ample opportunity for development. Looking forward to our possession of the rank of Seniors we wish our predecessors Godspeed in whatever field they choose to apply their efforts and as they are about to sever those connections of daily association with us, which we found invariably pleasant, we bid them a cordial farewell.



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Junior Night Entertainment



ON March 19th, the Feast of St. Joseph, the Patron of the College, the class of '29 presented an entertainment, a custom inseparable from the joyous occasion of the celebration of that most honored Saint's Feast Day. Optimistically determined to surpass the entertainments offered by predecessors, not, to be sure, by excelling them in abilities or efforts, for such a hope would be presumption, but rather by adopting the easier course of introducing into the program the spice that is variety, the class offered in lieu of the usual orations two one-act plays.

The entertainment opened with a vocal rendition of "The White and Blue" by the entire class. Then followed an address by our President, Charles B. Murphy welcoming our friends assembled to be entertained by our efforts, and eulogizing the Humble Carpenter whose Feast furnished the occasion for the expression of those efforts.

After selections by a double quartette a one-act play, "The Rising of the Moon," was presented. The cast composed of Thomas Burke, Charles Murphy, Paul Mahoney and James Tackney gave interpretations of their roles appreciated especially by those who associate with the theme of the play memories of ardent patriots of the Emerald Isle. The college orchestra interspersed the program with a number of classic pieces.

Two vocal solos by Thomas Duffy were followed by a recitation, "The Passion of Our Lord," delivered with all the finished skill of elocution of which John Wilson is the master.

A one-act play "A Night of the Trojan War" by John Drinkwater occupied the next position on the program. The presentation of such a play concerning the evil of war was singularly appropriate at a time when nations are especially, and let us hope not futilely, engaged in planning legislation to outlaw this abomination that has hitherto marked the epochs of human history. The characters in the play, two Greeks played by Thomas Duffy and John Feeney, and two Trojans played by Addison Clohossey and Edward Ennis, were depicted as deploring a condition which has always demanded that youth engage youth in murderous strife when in the words of one of the characters "nothing should be but scrutiny of life, mating, and building towards a durable fame," and when rather than engaged in destructive combat "how well might he whose life I stole and I have thriven together conspiring this or that of good for all men." The play was accorded an enthusiastic reception. The entertainment was brought to a conclusion by the singing of the "Alma Mater" by the entire class.

Considering the co-operation of those who in innumerable ways helped us to present the entertainment and the interest of those who, prejudiced in our favor, we surmise, by long association, applauded any effort of ours, we gratefully thank all who by direct assistance or by attendance contributed to the success of the Junior Night of the Class of '29.

Frustula



DRILLS with 69 . . . initiation night for the Setonia Club . . . "Shakespeare"
 . . . the smokers . . . Baldy, holder of the Freshman endurance record . . .
 fights over the first to play billiards at the college club at noon . . . the big
 ball games out in the woods . . . Joe Biology's avoidance of electric wires . . .
 Freshman Rules . . . Inter-class soccer with bruised shins and torn jerseys . . .
 the often threatened return of "Big Dick" . . . Coach Fish's reminiscence of bygone
 days . . . the demon treasurer from Sterling . . . Moon's recital about the crack shot
 of the century . . . some student asking for an all-night switch during the total eclipse
 . . . Pat threatening dire punishment to the fellow blowing out the gas in chem . . .
 Josh seeking advice on what to do during study time . . . a certain analytic geometry
 exam . . . the big bonfire . . . the nocturnal visit of the singing specters around Christ-
 mas . . . Historical fact "Too horrible to relate" . . . the Privy Council . . . "Slow
 Rises Worth by Poverty Depressed" . . . the daily noon discussion out under the big
 elms . . . the little black books . . . the champion fungo batter . . . Bill's cartoons . . .
 Marx's theory of value . . . Seminary moved . . . the vivid illustrations in educational
 psychology . . . the Buzzer brothers . . . the powerful Pole . . . the thirty-five page
 examination paper in Evidences . . . the food-devouring capacity of Big Munn . . .
 the speeches on Junior Night . . . the quartette singing "Sylvia" . . . the banjo solo
 "All the World Is Waiting for the Sunrise" . . . a trip to Arlington . . . teaching class
 in the prep . . . the hospitable host of Belleville . . . the calendar with interesting an-
 notations . . . the Moore Social Club . . . the confabs in the caf . . . pre-lectures at
 8:30 A. M. . . . the man with the suppressed smile . . . observation and reports . . . the
 initial appearance in caps and gowns . . . elements of mechanics . . . the demon track
 star . . . the class rally meetings for more subscribers, advertisers and patrons for
 the "White and Blue" . . . Cicero's definition of history . . . the Bismark cut . . . volley
 ball matches . . . basketball in gym class . . . trips to the boat house . . . Frank Merri-
 well's backflip . . . friendly advice on patent medicine . . . trips to Mickey Canores . . .
 Rags . . . the tin ear . . . criticisms of Newman . . . New Years with Bill . . . just
 the important theses . . . the hencooper . . . the iron hats . . . Jackie . . . the disap-
 pearance of the Italian creams . . . blond-beard . . . the little giant . . . trips to South
 America for lumber . . . the final exam . . . Commencement.



UNDERCLASSMEN





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1928

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Sophomore Class History

YEARS hence, when we, in philosophic retrospect, shall peer into the misty past, we will experience no difficulty in the vivid recollection of this very eventful present. For there, among the luminous satellites of non-stop aeronautical expeditions, Pan American Conference and a very important Democratic Convention will shine the fond memories of a not uneventful Sophomore year. The pending semesters, which, in September's contemplation, seemed to loom lengthily into the future, elapsed rapidly in the occurrences of important mundane and collegiate events. Our own educational and athletic activities augmented greatly the interesting reminiscences of this period.

The profound doctrines of our Holy Faith were propounded to us with much zeal by Father Dilger, and they were apprehended by us with similar concern. Greek drama under the tutelage of Father Sheerin proved a refreshing form of mental recreation after the stereotyped cinema and drab presentation of the legitimate stage. Our acquaintance with Greek also afforded a knowledge of ancient legal ethics from Demosthenes. Though Latin is generally reputed to be a dead language, it proved a very vigorous subject for us, and we were greatly aided in our struggle with it by Father Walsh's well appreciated explanations. In Chemistry, our mental equilibrium was often disturbed by plotting equations, but the peculiar pleasure gleaned from the mixture of the multi-colored ingredients contained in the laboratory, compensated our exertions.

The usual means of diversion from study was athletics. The more proficient members of the class brought glory to Alma Mater by their sterling performances on varsity teams. The others contented themselves in striving to advance their class in athletic prestige. Athletic and social activities had many executive representatives from Sophomore whose work was always worthy of much commendation. The development of the physique was also attained in our strenuous gymnasium classes, where our marching maneuvers would have incited admiration on the part of the most exacting general. Another form of recreation, both novel and entertaining, was to hear the oratorical and argumentative discourses held by certain members of the class on momentous dogmatic and political questions.

Such numerous incidents are certain to relieve the stress of lingering time and this was only too true of the past term. In fact, the time passed so quickly as to cause a little regret that those activities and associations were to terminate so abruptly. The one soothing note in this pathetic ending was the proximity of our goal, which is experienced on becoming a Junior. We have completed half of our college course and are about to enter the upper realm of collegiate knowledge, that of the philosopher. With this thought in mind we are willing to forego Sophomore interests with the hope that as philosophers, our studies will prove even more pleasant than those we have now completed.



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Frank Pelly '31

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Freshman Class History



THE Freshman Class assembled with representatives from every high and prep school in the vicinity. But as the winding path of nineteen twenty-eight nears its completion, we find ourselves assimilated under one standard, possessed of one purpose, and united in the firmest bonds of fellowship. We are all acquainted now; we have learned to love one another.

What peculiar thoughts must have coursed through our bewildered minds as we assembled in the chapel to begin the year with the Light of Grace? After Mass, everyone looked at everybody else, and no one seemed to know what to say. But this was not for long. Within a week we felt as if we had grown up together.

By this time, with all the routine of efficient school life we were assigned to our classes and the work was well under way. The next procedure was the election of class officers. After the smoke of battle cleared away the victors were President, Bernard McCafferty; Vice President, James O'Connel; Treasurer, Dennis Whalen; Secretary, Joseph Lyons, and Francis Jordan, Athletic Director.

The new administration found itself engrossed in the serious consideration of many problems. We had been deprived of one inalienable right. Our aspirations for a golf-playing presidential tenure were curtailed. We were forbidden to wear knickers. Black socks were the order of the day; those ridiculous red skull caps that were meant to fit almost anything save any mortal's head were quite compulsory, and to add insult to deep seated and grievous injury, mustaches, sideboards, goatees, Van Dykes and "English sluggers" were taboo. "What" said one of our number, "a Pre-medical department without mustaches; who ever heard of such a thing?" Another gave a two-hour speech on the "Rights of Man." Some Henry Clay made a great compromise. We would be allowed to wear bow ties and knickers if we conquered the Sophomores in the class rush, which we did. Of course after that, liberty meant license to most of us; because we were exempt from some of the rules we obeyed none of them.

Let no one lose sight of the fact that our class is an illustrious one, if we do say so ourselves. Our Freshman football team while not always victorious showed remarkable ability. Many of our members won places on the varsity basketball, baseball and track teams, while two of our members daily wended their way up the spiral staircase that leads to that eerie abode, the Sanctum of the "Setonian."

The impending examinations are staring us in the face. We must needs part for a little while, but we hope to be together again. To the Seniors we give our heartfelt congratulations. Our sincerest felicitations to you as you stand upon the all-important threshold of graduation. Your presence is limited and fast drawing to a close but you shall live on forever in our memories. The class of '31 bids farewell to the class of '28.

Adieu

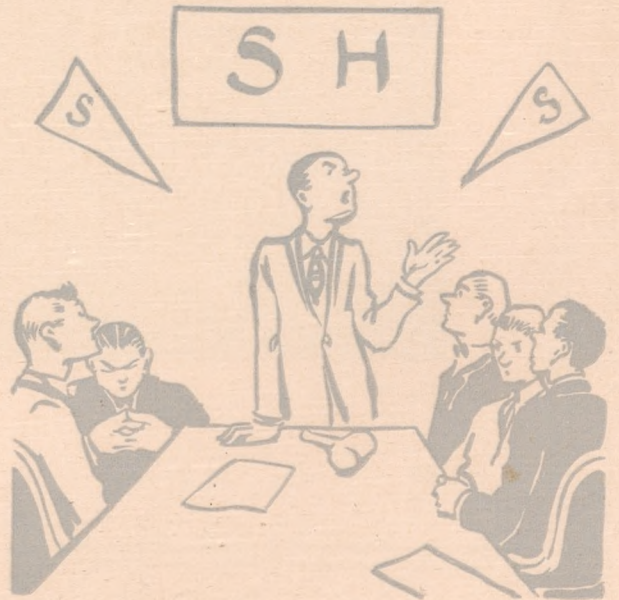
— Adieu

— Adieu



Familiar Phrases

- "When's the Year Book coming out?"
"Now up in the big town—."
"You said it Oliver, you're right."
"Study up, it's coming near the end."
"No kidding 'now, I'm serious."
"Well you're due to-day."
"Who are the others on the relay."
"I did not look through—."
"Make the 'grade this time?"
"Where's Joe Biology?"
"What do you want, violets?"
"Off the ear."
"Get out 'of this room."
"Going up to Doc's?"
"Hello Goldy, how's the boy—?"
"My brother's Jay's manager."
"No May exhibition for this class."
"If he ordered a juicy beefsteak—."
"Just a moment."
"Ain't it the truth."
"Who's the new one, Doc?"
"If four or five men push me—."
"Quietly."
"I once knew a teacher."
"I can't read this stuff."
"Question number thirty-eight."
"I never read the fine print."
"Don't see yourself short."
"You had a beautiful paper."
"Think nothing of it."
"Boy that's good harmony."
"She calls me brother."
"Oh! I did not."
"See Jim about that."
"A beautiful piece of utensil."
"Let a man think."
"This isn't philosophy."
"Now children to cover a book."
"Come up the room."
"Over the Moore social club."
"Going to class this afternoon?"
"Covered all over with snow."
"I'm going to fix the furnace."
"Say something to Gus."
"Expect a dozen answers to-day."
"Going up the mountain to-night."
"That's Italian, not French."
"How did you make out?"
"Sure you had that in Freshman."
"Too horrible to relate."
"The three of you come over."
"If I catch said cuckoo."
"You and I both."
"Easy with the whip."
"Nimis probat nihil probat."
"I get a magazine every month."
"Develops your maxillary muscles."
"Read, Horan."
"Could you suggest anything?"
"Some of you lads."
"That's a fact."
"Have another."
"Let's give him the bird."
"Get out and work."





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College Cafeteria



ONE of the most important parts of man's anatomical structure is his digestive tract. This is the fuel tank of the human motor. Unlike the instalment due on the piano, radio or automobile, its entreaties cannot be forestalled for long. At regular intervals it telegraphs its need for replenishment by a gnawing at the vitals. If the individual sensing the internal craving persistently refuses to supply the necessary food, there will come a time when that person will no longer be interested in things of this life except as a spectator in supramundane realms. Now the health of the body greatly depends on the quality of food consumed: good food giving health and strength; bad food effecting the contrary result. To supply good food to the day students at Seton Hall when their appetites crave satisfaction, and to cater to each individual according to his taste, the Varsity Shop was founded. Here a varied selection of delicacies awaits the hungry student.

Last year the business of the original shop in the prep building increased so rapidly that it was deemed advisable to open a sub-station in Bayley Hall. This addition has grown apace with the increase of potential consumers among the ever growing student body, and now functions independently and successfully. Call it what you may, Varsity Shop, College Caf, or Cheap Store, to mention a few of the names by which the students refer to this most useful institution, all concede that day by day, in every way, it is getting better and better. We do not mean to insinuate that at any time it did not measure up to standard, but merely wish to indicate that it slowly approaches perfection. The patronage and volume of business grows every day, and genial Tom Smith and his diligent co-workers make things hum during every minute of free time.

There is a sufficient variety of food and beverages on hand to satisfy the most exquisite taste. Sandwiches of every known (?) kind are dispensed together with cake, pies, ice cream and other tempting edibles. The coffee with its irresistible aroma is fit to slake the delicate palate of the most exacting connoisseur (especially on the days that they put sugar in it). If you wish to see for yourself how desirable are the victuals offered, stand in the offing at noon and watch how the men fight to reach the counter and observe their contented countenances as they down the delicious food.

The college cafeteria, in addition to supplying the students with food, accomplishes another purpose and that a very laudable one. The profit derived from the sales is devoted entirely to the promotion of athletics at Seton Hall. The revenue gained from this source aids materially in equipping the different teams and makes possible the arrangement of such excellent schedules.

A debt of gratitude is owed to the willing workers who make the "caf" such a pleasant place in which to eat by their magnanimous sacrifices of their free time that the project might be a success. Witness to the efficacy of their efforts is had in the wonderful advance from such humble aspirations as marked its inception.



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The Orchestra



HAT harmony is this? My good friends, hark!" So speaks one upon whose ears the melodious strains of Seton Hall's orchestra have fallen. This group of competent musicians give expression to the dreams of the old composers with a perfection that is certain to arouse the admiration of any audience. From the summoning poise of the conductor's baton, until the last measure has become a distant echo, their concentrated attention is given to the proper execution of the composition being played. Their efforts culminate in a harmonious blend of mechanically emitted sounds, a music that pervades the very soul.

"Music is harmony, harmony is perfection, perfection is our dream and our dream is heaven." The euphony of Setonia's artists must have wafted back through the years to the ears of Amiel causing him to give voice to such sentiments. The silver-toned treble, the deep-toned bass, all meld into a pot-pourri of musical sounds that soothes and satiates the spirit of the higher desires. The combinations of these tuneful measures float through the corridors and over the campus enhancing solitude and stimulating spirited gatherings.

Commencing with triumphal martial airs, rising to new heights in the orchestration of the classics and on the syncopation of popular music, concluding with an affectionate departing melody, the orchestra makes its every appearance a delectable and rapturous occasion. The playing of the orchestra in our Christmas entertainment will long be remembered by all who attended. The lofty emotions enkindled by the various scenes were intensified by the very appropriate melodies. The program arranged by the Juniors to celebrate the Feast of St. Joseph received wonderful support from our musicians. The dulcet strains afforded very suitable relaxation from the more serious drama. Again in the Annual Play the orchestra contributed in no small degree to the success of the affair. On these and every other occasion on which the orchestra was called upon to perform their playing reflected credit on the players, their director, and Seton Hall.

In former years the product of this organization was mostly confined within the precincts of Alma Mater. But modern inventive genius has afforded means for the melodies of the orchestra to be broadcast for the appreciation of the thousands composing the radio audience. Music ordinarily rendered floats through the air with a gentle force, but since the advent of radio it is impelled through the ether with greater force and volume. The music of our orchestra, impressive on every occasion, is rendered more so by this modern accomplishment.

To the players on the orchestra we, the members of the Senior class in behalf of the entire College wish to express our appreciation of the efforts expended by them throughout the entire year. Their constant practice which enabled them to play so harmoniously was well rewarded by their accomplishments. Nothing we may say can add anything to their glory. We wish again to congratulate Mr. Merity on his success in the College musical department.



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Glee Club



THE Seton Hall Glee Club began last year under the able tutelage of Rev. Adrian A. Maine, has in these two short years achieved a surprising degree of success. Despite many obstacles Father Maine by his untiring efforts, and with the co-operation of the members of the Glee Club, has produced results which are at the same time gratifying and harmonious.

The Glee Club was organized at Seton Hall College last year as part of a nation-wide collegiate movement to establish glee clubs. The purpose of this movement was the furthering of what is aesthetic and lofty in the realm of music. Our Glee Club has most surely accomplished its praiseworthy aim. Then too, apart from its avowed purpose the Glee Club affords pleasant recreation and enables the students to spend many enjoyable hours. These "get-togethers" will always live in the memories of our college days.

Anyone who may have had the good fortune to have been outside the door the night of that first rehearsal last September and heard the cacophonous sounds which issued therefrom would have despaired of ever producing anything approaching a harmonious blend. And truly the undertaking was enough to cause the strongest of hearts to grow weak and to faint. But Father Maine, with an enthusiasm and hopefulness which was contagious went on fearlessly and the results obtained surely have recompensed his efforts.

Although the performances by the Glee Club were few, nevertheless they were highly successful. The first appearance was at the annual Christmas entertainment. A harmonized version of the Christmas Carols was rendered by the ensemble on this occasion. This performance was both creditable to the singers and enthusiastically received by the students, their parents and friends. On Junior night a double Quartet of Juniors chosen from among the ranks of the Glee Club added new charm to our already delightful entertainment. The "Bells of Saint Mary," "Sympathy" and "Song of Songs" were sung by the Quartet who performed like the true artists they were. Then too, as a proof of the versatility of the members of the Glee Club a number of sea songs were presented in the annual play "Captain Apple-Jack" by members of the Glee Club in the guise of pirates. Like true pirates they captured the applause of all. The crowning achievement of the Glee Club this year was the performance on Commencement Day. Not only were the numbers well rendered but the rare taste in the selection of the musical program was but another proof of the true musical acumen and artistry of the Glee Club and its director.

It is the wish of the class of '28 that these two years of remarkable progress in the fostering of what is elevated in music be but a presage of greater heights to be attained in the near future.

Chancel Choir



THE history of music is the history of man. Strange as this may seem, nevertheless it is true. To trace the history of music, is to follow the story of the human soul down through the centuries of human existence. We have certain knowledge that music was used in the services of the Jewish Temple by the express command of God Himself. Music has always exercised a very great effect in all the vicissitudes of human life. From the cradle to the grave it has been the inspiration of man. In music he found the expression of love, love of high aims and lofty purposes—love of God. It is little wonder then that the Church has always fostered music and has utilized it so admirably in her Liturgy.

The function of Music is a lofty one. It is the means by which man's noblest emotion, the love of God, is aroused. The purpose of music in the Liturgy is not to gratify or please the worshippers, but rather to enhance the Divine service and draw man nearer and nearer to his God. If music is to fulfill its God-ordained purpose, it should serve to direct man's attention to the altar—not to the Organ loft. What is the Christian ideal of music as expressed by the Church? We have but to consult the "Motu Proprio" of Pius X, of blessed memory.

In his famous document, Pius X says in part, "Its (music's) principal office is to clothe with suitable melody the liturgical text, in order that the faithful may, through it, be more easily moved to devotion," etc. In these works Pius X makes clear that the most urgent condition to be satisfied with regard to the music used in religious functions is that it conform with the place, the time and purpose of Divine worship. The music which most perfectly fulfills all these requirements is Her own Gregorian Chant. We certainly say then that the "voice of the Chant is the voice of the Church." Many of the compositions of secular writers have the note of artificiality, in direct contrast with the quality of freedom and spontaneity which the Chant possesses so pre-eminently. The Chant, then, is the Music of the Church and only those who have heard it can realize its charm and beauty.

The Chancel Choir at Seton Hall under the direction of the Reverend Harold J. Dilger has for its purpose and ideal the rendering in a befitting manner of the various chants of the Liturgy. Although this may seem to be rather difficult of attainment, nevertheless, during the short space of the past year, the Chancel Choir has made remarkable progress in their work of making the Chant a source of edification and sanctification to the student body. May this good work done for the greater honor and glory of God, and in the interest of Church music continue.

"Bonum est confiteri Domino et psallere Nomini Tuo Altissime."



PUBLICATIONS





THE WHITE AND BLUE

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

MARTIN F. HONAN, Editor-in-Chief THOMAS J. HOLLERAN, Business Mgr.
 FREDERICK M. EDWARDS, Asso. Editor JAMES B. McCANN, Ass't Bus. Mgr.

REPRESENTATIVES:

Junior: EDWARD ENNIS, PAUL GUTERL

Sophomore: J. ALBERT McHALE

Freshman: ALFRED A. R. MORAN

Preparatory: JAMES J. THOMPSON



The White and Blue



HE never ceasing flow of time has brought us to the close of our happy years at Seton Hall. How short a time it seems since we first as Freshmen gazed with mingled awe and admiration through the pages of the year book of the class of '25. Little did we realize that the swift flight of days would so soon call upon us to duplicate their effort by publishing as our literary opus "The White and Blue." The time has come, the privilege is ours. We have endeavored to make the best of it. Truly we realize we have produced no masterpiece but we are sure that the book will be in future years a source of pleasant memories. The pictures, the accounts will recall dear college days. Many things seem trivial now because of their proximity but to quote the oft repeated phrase "Distance lends enchantment to the view." So we feel that as each year rolls on, our publication will grow dearer and dearer to the hearts of all.

In the production of our year book we encountered many difficulties; usual no doubt in such an undertaking, but to us very novel. The solution of the various problems was very instructive and the experience gained priceless. It is as a course of study not contained in the catalogue. We can never forget our first real business experience gained in soliciting advertisements, seeking patronage, selling the book. Many and varied may be our undertakings, professional, political, social, or religious but we are certain that none of them will hold for us the same appeal as did our senior publication.

We are rather proud, justifiably we hope, of our contribution to the ever increasing volume of annuals. The results of a year's planning and striving are contained in the book. In its pages we have endeavored to give an account of our years at Seton Hall. We have reviewed the past and look with optimism into the future. It is not for us to offer criticism favorable or otherwise, but we hope for its favorable reception.

Our college days are over. These words, too true, bring to the hearts of us all deep pangs of regret. We can no longer remain at Seton Hall as worshippers at her shrine of knowledge. It is necessary that we now depart and devote our time to our callings. We must go forth. Our Alma Mater has done her utmost to prepare us for our journey. She can do no more but give to us some wise advice and encouraging farewell. We must go but our departure does not necessarily mean the severance of all connection with Setonia. We remain united to her in the memorable pages of our last adieu "The White and Blue."



THE SETONIAN

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

| | |
|---------------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| FREDERICK M. EDWARDS, Editor-in-Chief | EDWARD A. MARTYN, Business Manager |
| CHARLES B. MURPHY, Asso. Editor | NEIL SHAY, Ass't Business Manager |
| JOSEPH JAREMCZUK, Asso. Editor | JOHN J. DOHERTY, Asso. Editor |
| JOHN SCOWCROFT, Literary Editor | PAUL RAFTERY, Asso, Editor |
| RICHARD MEANEY, Notes Editor | JOHN LAWLOR, Sports Editor |
| WILLIAM CONDON, Ass't Notes Editor | JAMES O'KEEFE, Ass't Sports Editor |



The Setonian



HAT is going on at Seton Hall? Every one having any bond of interest with Seton Hall—parents, alumni or friends—is always eager for news of the scholastic, athletic and social activities of the institution. All seek to maintain some medium of communication by which they can keep in touch with affairs at Old Setonia. Parents like to know just what their sons are doing while entrusted to the care of the school or college apart from that of which they are apprised by the reception of reports and bills, especially in view of the disquieting stories of college life appearing in the daily press. The old grads are desirous of finding out what became of this or that old classmate, and what changes are taking place at the old college. For the purpose of supplying this need "The Setonian," a monthly publication was founded by the students of the college with Rev. John J. Sheerin as Moderator. Within its pages are chronicled changes in personnel, the successes or failures of the different athletic teams, news of the alumni, cartoons depicting current events in and about Setonia, editorials on subjects of vital interest to Setonians, and short stories and poems written by students endowed with ability adapted to such literary art.

In March of this year "The Setonian" celebrated its fifth birthday. For many years the establishment of such a periodical was discussed and planned among the students, but not until its inception in March, nineteen hundred and twenty-four were the hopes of years brought to realization. John O'Brien, '24, and Albert Warsley, '24, were the first Editor-in-Chief and Business Manager respectively. Starting as a four page edition under the capable guidance of diligent directors it has increased from year to year in size and variety of offerings until now it has become a regular sixteen-page paper with cartoons and pictures to embellish its news articles. The names and accomplishments of such talented editors and business managers as Mott and Kiernan, Porter and Sesselman, and Martin and Powers are an incentive to their successors to perpetuate an ideal. The indomitable spirit of the pioneer fired these men to accomplish such wonderful results in so short a time and despite the innumerable and apparently insuperable obstacles that obstruct the path of those who blaze the trail for future success. Well may their successors strive to reach their attainments.

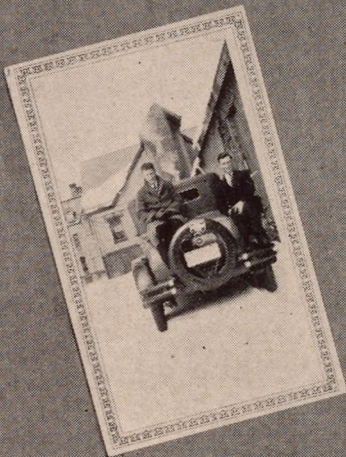
Due thanks and credit are here extended to Frederick M. Edwards, Editor-in-Chief, and Edward A. Martyn, Business Manager, who, with the able support of the united effort of the class of Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-eight, have endeavored to do their bit for the success of "The Setonian," and have given much time and labor that Seton Hall might have a bigger and better college publication.



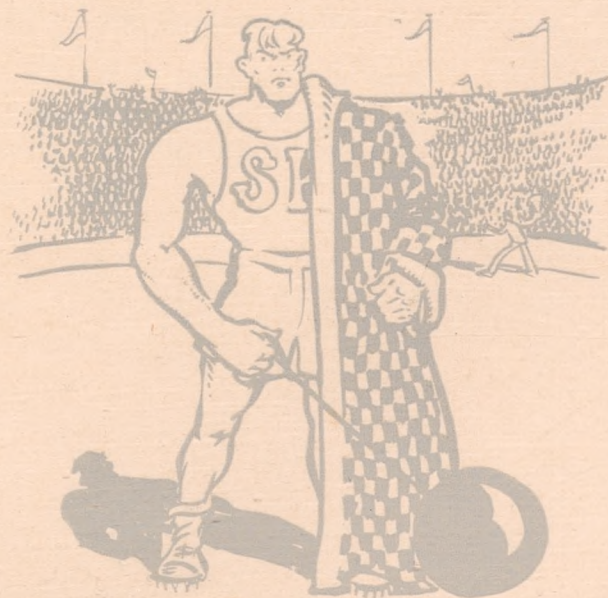
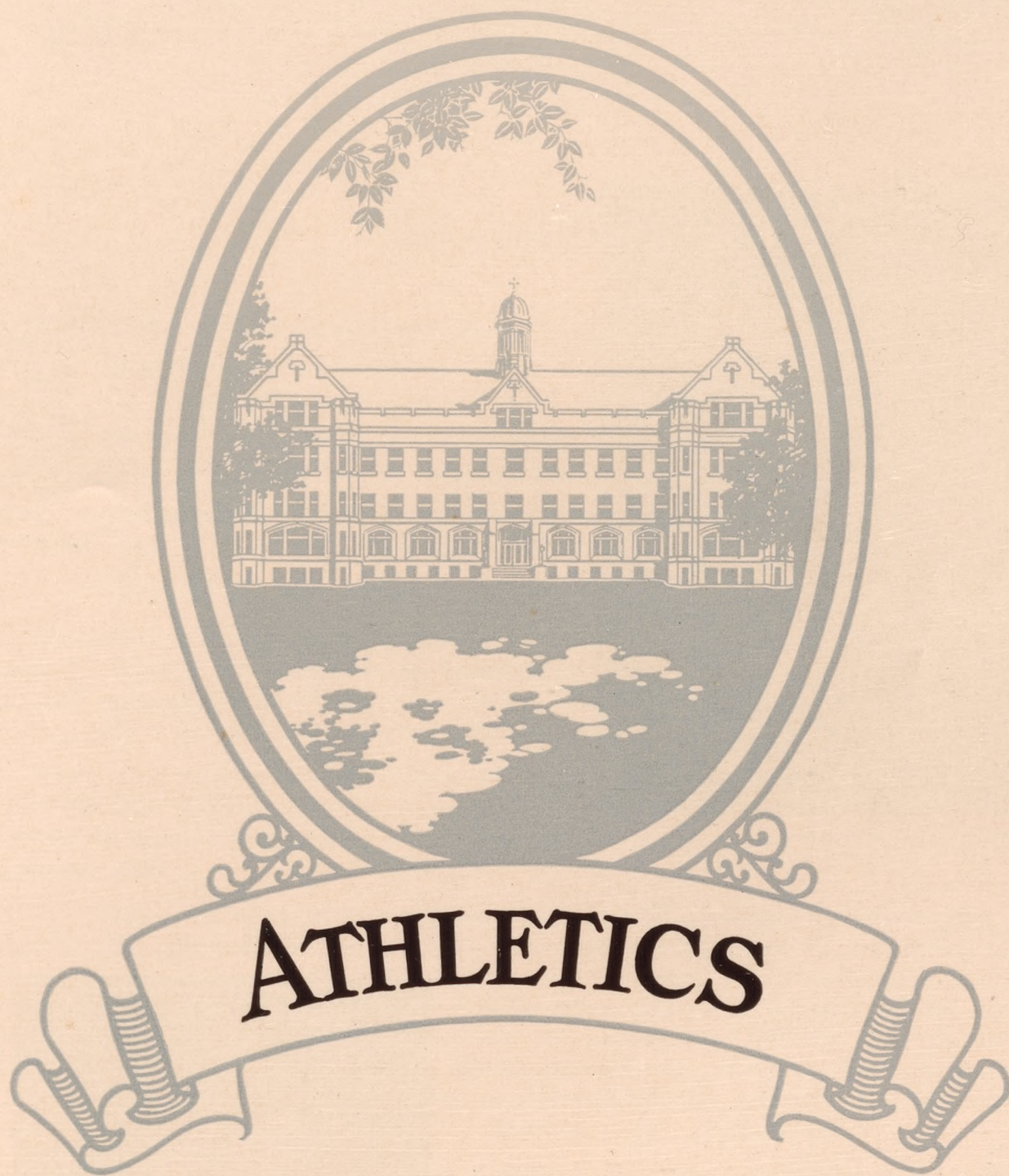
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Senior Class

28



JOHN CURRIE AT





FRANK HILL
Coach of Basketball

MILTON A. FELLER
Coach of Baseball



Our Coaches



SETON HALL is fortunate in having two very able coaches to direct the destinies of her two foremost sports, baseball and basketball. One of them, Mr. Frank Hill, is well known as a coach of crack court teams. Year in and year out he organizes winning combinations. The other, Mr. Milton Feller, while new to the coaching game, is by no means untried. He has already successfully piloted several semi-professional ball clubs in the state. His baseball ability has caused several big league clubs to seek his services.

"Frank Hill turned out a crack five at Seton Hall this year."

The above introduction has become a stock phrase at the Hall for Coach Hill's basketball teams. They seem to be incapable of anything but success. Year after year our venerable coach comes up to Seton Hall late in October, and begins the arduous task of moulding a winning combination.

The squad cutting process is over with quickly for Mr. Hill has but to see a man handle a ball to ascertain whether he is varsity timber or not. Long weeks of strenuous practice and timing drill follow, for perfection in the execution of plays is insisted upon.

Visiting Coaches always admire the unity and co-ordination manifested in Setonia's play, and wonder at the tricks and cleverness displayed by the individual players. There is no need to mention the accomplishments which have made him a basketball authority in the East nor to sight those plays and formations now considered fundamentals of good basketball, his own inventions. We can only say that while some meagre tribute is payed to our Coach each year in words, they are inadequate, at their best, to express our sincere appreciation and gratitude for the many honors he has won for Seton Hall by his labors as Coach of Basketball.

Milt Feller needs no introduction to Setonians. Only a few years ago he was one of our diamond stars. Most of us vividly recall the great team of nineteen twenty-five, which Milt captained and virtually coached. We are fortunate in having him for our Coach of Baseball this year. We have in Mr. Feller an able man well versed in all departments of the great spring pastime. Since his college days he has been connected with Setonia, first as a Physical Instructor and now as a teacher in the High School. He knows the qualifications and abilities of all candidates. In his turn, he has the respect and the good will of the student body.

This will not be an easy year for Coach Feller. The first season of a new regime never is for it takes time to install a new baseball system, but we are sure of this, that if the team catches but a bit of Milt's enthusiasm, determination and love of Alma Mater, the season of 1928 must needs be a huge success.



VARSIITY BASKETBALL

JOHN R. ENRIGHT, Manager

JAMES E. NAUGHTON, Ass't. Manager

RAYMOND NELLIGAN, Captain

James E. Naughton

CYRIL PRUZINSKY

JOHN GRIFFIN

THOMAS HOLLERAN

WALTER REILLY

FRANCIS HENABY

JOHN GALLAGHER

STEPHEN MICHEVICH

MICHAEL TORPEY

HARRY SINGLETON

SALVATORE BASILE

JOSEPH MAHER

John F. Griffin '29
Steve Michevich



Varsity Basketball



WHEN the football season was in its final stages, and the Thanksgiving holidays but a week past, Setonia issued its call for basketball candidates. The posting of the notice for the initial practice in the gymnasium served as a fitting herald to all that Seton Hall would once more strive to add to the glory already attained by her athletes on the court. To some possessed of ability the call for Varsity aspirants meant the opportunity to win a place on the team representing their Alma Mater. To others who had played in previous years the call meant the return to the old routine of getting in trim for an arduous campaign. To the athletes in their last year its import was that here before them lay their last opportunity of reaping new glory for Seton Hall. To those who possessed no ability in this line or whose time was occupied by other activities the first practice was an occasion for speculation on the success or failure of the team for the coming season.

Responding to the call for candidates some fifty or more men made their appearance in the gym, fully prepared to undergo the gruelling test necessary in the selection of those of superior ability. After the preliminary exercises were over, Coach Hill eliminated those whose accomplishments on the court did not measure up to the standard required for college basketball. It was to those few who survived the cutting of the squad that our coach directed his attention. Real practice was begun. Our Coach, Mr. Hill, with a national reputation for turning out first class teams, went about his work, earnestly and systematically, of inculcating the fine points and intricacies of the game, of which he himself is a master, and imbuing his charges with the same aggressiveness and sportsmanship which characterizes all teams coached under the Hill system. Nor did he omit a single strategem in basketball, the ignorance of which might be a detriment to his players in any of the contests. The progress made by the team in its first few drills made it evident to all that Setonia was to be represented by one of the finest teams to don the White and Blue uniform in years.

Ray Nelligan was the unanimous choice for captain and he resumed his position at forward which he had played in former years. "Stix" Henaby at center with his extraordinary height and jumping ability was indispensable. "Cy" Pruzinsky was allotted the position of right guard where his speed and agility helped considerably in every game in which Setonia participated. "Steve" Michevich playing the position of left guard showed a great improvement over his last year's play in the same position. Meanwhile Coach Hill was seeking a forward to fill the vacancy left through the graduation of "Jack" Outwater '27, one of the greatest athletes ever produced at Seton Hall. After carefully testing each of the candidates, his choice fell upon a former "Gray Bee" player, Harry Singleton whose clever floor work and accurate



eye had not gone unnoticed by the coach. His playing during the season more than fulfilled the expectations of all. With this combination of stars as the first team, and with such sterling performers as "Stretch" Griffin, "Jack" Gallagher, "Sal" Basile, "Mike" Torpey, "Joe" Maher, "Red" Reilly and "Tom" Holleran on whom to rely as substitutes, Coach Hill continued to instruct them, and coördinate their playing until it was time for them to show the results of his coaching in the first game of the season.

The first contest scheduled for the Seton Hall cohort was with Cooper Union and the game terminated in a complete victory for Seton Hall. In this game Captain Ray Nelligan and our elongated center "Stix" Henaby were high scorers. Next on the schedule came Cathedral College, and again Setonia ended on the long end of the score. Providence College was then met and defeated in a decisive manner by our fast stepping aggregation. The pass work on that night was a wonderful exhibition of what can be accomplished by men who coördinate their playing and leave individual consideration in the background. With these three victories, the team dispersed for two weeks to enjoy the paternal hearth during the Yuletide holidays, and after such an auspicious start it is not to be wondered that many conjectures were made as to the outcome for the remainder of the season's contests.

The reopening of college after the much needed rest, found the team in rather poor shape. On this account, the game scheduled to be played with Montclair A. C. had to be cancelled. As a more definite and conclusive proof of the team's poor condition, one need only look at the results of the next game played by Setonia on her home court. St. Francis College of Brooklyn came within one point of defeating Seton Hall. Singleton with a timely shot in the last minute of play sent in the basket that saved his team from what almost proved its first defeat. Enthusiasm ran high at the College that night. The spectacular victory was greeted with deafening applause.

Then followed the fifth home game of the season against the quintette representing St. Joseph's College of Philadelphia, a contest which proved that the Seton Hall squad was again running true to form. In a well played and interesting game the visitors were outscored by the Setonians. In this game, Singleton and Henaby turned in high scores and both displayed wonderful floor work.

After returning from its Southern trip, Seton Hall lost its annual battle with its arch rival, Newark A. C., in a close hard fought contest. This proved one of the most exciting and interesting games played on the Newark Club's floor during the season. The White and Blue were never headed until the final moment of play. A basket made by Purcell of the Newark team who threw the ball almost simultaneously with the sounding of the whistle marking the end of the game spelt defeat for the Setonians who had shown superiority throughout the fray.

Down through the schedule the team played its way until our men were face to face with the Columbia University team, now met for the first time on the basketball



court. The game was played away from home. In addition to this handicap the team was adversely affected by injuries sustained by their star players in previous contests. In this game the team was unable to do itself justice by playing the brand of ball of which it was capable. The game should have been for Seton Hall just another victory but unfortunately our men were outscored by a well balanced Columbia team, despite the remarkable shots by Henaby toward the close of the contest. We sincerely hope for a continuance of the basketball relationship with Columbia which had its beginning this season.

Looking back on the season after its close, we can surely say that it was very successful and to all of us at Seton Hall a source of great pleasure. For we can now point with pride to our basketball team of the 1927-28 season and say that if there was no one star to outshine the rest, we can always remember the team for its clever passing, excellent floor work, and accurate shooting, as evidences of a finely balanced team that fought hard for victory and went down to defeat as true sportsmen should.

For the remarkable season of basketball, the students of Seton Hall owe their gratitude to Coach Frank Hill, whose unselfish efforts shaped this aggregation; to the players themselves for their hearty co-operation with the coach's discipline and to Captain Ray Nelligan whose leadership spurred on the team both by his playing ability and what is more his moral support which served as an inspiration to other players. The students owe to John Enright, the team's hard working and very capable manager, their congratulations for arranging a schedule of such a high quality. May the hearty wishes of the Class of '28 follow Seton Hall in all its future basketball seasons.

RECORD

| | | | |
|--------------------------|----|----------------------------|----|
| Seton Hall College | 48 | Cooper Union | 18 |
| Seton Hall College | 42 | Cathedral College | 17 |
| Seton Hall College | 38 | Providence College | 19 |
| Seton Hall College | 22 | St. Francis College | 21 |
| Seton Hall College | 40 | St. Joseph's College | 21 |
| Seton Hall College | 22 | Mt. St. Mary College | 29 |
| Seton Hall College | 25 | Drexel Institute | 23 |
| Seton Hall College | 30 | Newark A. C. | 31 |
| Seton Hall College | 30 | St. Francis College | 26 |
| Seton Hall College | 32 | St. Thomas's College | 41 |
| Seton Hall College | 25 | Columbia University | 29 |
| Seton Hall College | 41 | Drexel Institute | 29 |
| Seton Hall College | 48 | Loyola University | 30 |

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VARSIITY BASEBALL

JOSEPH G. GAVIN, Manager

WILLIAM J. CAHALAN, Ass't Manager

MARTIN A. LIDDY, Captain

FRANCIS HENABY

Styx Henaby

NEIL SHAY

JOHN GALLAGHER

HARRY KENNEDY

Hans Kennedy

RAYMOND NELLIGAN

SALVATORE BASILE

Sal Basile

CYRIL PRUZINSKY

BERNARD SWEENEY

FREDERICK CONSTANTINO

JOHN MCGINNIS

MICHAEL TORPEY

Michael J. Torpey

JOHN MADDEN

PAUL GLANVILLE

EDWARD MADJESKI



Varsity Baseball



WITH the disappearance of a lingering snow, and the ceasing of the chill, northern blasts, come earlier, brighter and warmer mornings, long-delayed sunsets, sprinkles of pale green on lawn and meadow that promise brighter and denser foliage in the near future (as the first patches of downy fuzz on the chin of the adolescent forewarns of the stubborn stubble of more mature manhood), infallible portents of the advent of spring. Simultaneous with the season of vegetative rejuvenation there steals over the mind and body the first symptoms of innocuous, soothing, paralyzing spring fever. Everybody is filled with the urge to discontinue the regular routine, to go into the open for a more intimate communion with nature's visible forms. Baseball, the American game of games, is the most effective antitoxin for counteracting this seasonal malady, and its application is almost universal. At the first sign of spring, despite traces of chill in the air, a vestige of old Winter reluctant to surrender ascendancy to Dame Spring, gloves, bats, balls and uniforms are taken from their camphory hibernation and made ready for the prospective season. Everywhere interest in the sport is manifest in the preparations made by big league clubs, sandlot combinations, and college and scholastic teams. Forecasts are rife on the probable outcome of the crucial games of the new season. The rabid fans who pulled up goal posts, shouted for touchdowns, and murdered referees in effigy in the fall, will now turn to breaking the straw hats of innocent fellow spectators in a frenzy over a home-run or a snappy double play, and transfer their murderous antipathy for sports' officials to umpires.

Seton Hall, because of its great interest in baseball, will likewise present a picture of hustle and bustle. In college circles to-day, even to a greater degree than in former years, baseball ranks as a major sport. It has always been the favorite at Seton Hall. Her teams have been heralded throughout the country for their prowess. The reason for her marked success in this field is the interest and enthusiasm that her students have for the ball-tossing pastime. As soon as weather permits, every available spot on the campus is utilized by the various class teams, the Minims, the Prep and College teams practicing and getting in trim. It is this great interest in the game which enables Seton Hall to make such a wonderful showing on the diamond against teams representing colleges and universities with much larger rosters. Where interest is highest, there will be the greatest amount of response to the coach's efforts. And where there is the greatest response, there is the better chance for success.

The team of this year does not intend to rest on the laurels of past achievement, but is eager to get out and, if possible, to surpass the accomplishments of their predecessors. They will have able guidance in their endeavor in the person of Mr. Milt

Feller, the new coach, himself a product of Setonia. A few years back he played in the outfield, gaining an enviable reputation for himself, and serving as captain in his senior year. He now returns to take up the reins left by Mr. M. John Fish, who resigned his position at the close of last season to devote his time to other interests. If Mr. Fellers is as capable of coaching as he is of playing the game, and there is every indication that he is, Seton Hall is destined for a successful season on the diamond.

The team of this year is well fortified with veterans. In the hot corner we have Captain Marty Liddy, ever alert to stop the fast ones and retire the runner by his swift and accurate throws to first. Ready to receive the pegs is reliable Cy Pruzinsky, cavorting around first base. On the keystone sack we have Freddy Constantino, the sensation of last year. The other position of the infield, shortstop, is being hotly contested for by Sweeney and Flynn. Gracing the mound we have in addition to our tried and true Ray Nelligan, Frank Henaby, Jim Powers and Jack Gallagher, many other promising lads. Behind the bat Eddie Madjeski and Harry Kennedy stand ready to receive the slants of the pitchers. Patrolling the outer gardens are Paul Glanville, Jack McGinnis, Lefty McCue, and Neil Shay, ready to spear any ball that penetrates the primary defense. With such a promising squad of ball tossers it looks like a banner year for the Setonians. A wealth of new material has also proved its fitness. Every position has been won only by hard work in the face of strong competition. The efforts to win favor in the eyes of the coach and thereby secure a permanent place on the team has helped the players to develop into a first class aggregation.

The team has completed its long and strenuous practice and is now ready to face its opponents. The play of the individuals has become smooth and unisonant; the nine men perform as one. In the sixteen contests arranged for Seton Hall many formidable opponents grace the list. According to the past records of the teams Setonia seems to be in for some titanic struggles. There are games scheduled with such well known teams as Catholic University, Bucknell University, Columbia, and St. Bonaventure's. Manager Joseph Gavin has certainly arranged a fine schedule, one which would cause any team to make extensive preparations. Despite the renown of its opponents, however, the varsity expects to harvest a fine crop of victories this season. Nor do we believe that they are over-confident in this fond expectation. It is true that with the graduation of that famous battery Jack Outwater and Al Carney, and the two crack infielders Bill Hornak and Joe Kaiser, Seton Hall lost men hard to replace. They were men who proved their mettle on many occasions and brought fame and glory to Seton Hall. But it appears that their understudies are playing a brand of ball that will enable them to carry on the good work of the old heroes now no longer available as warriors in defense of Setonia's honor on the playing field.



The familiar cry of "Play Ball" is eagerly awaited by all. Soon the atmosphere in the vicinity of Alumni Hall will resound with the mad cheering of delighted spectators. In the opening contest the baseball connoisseur will have an opportunity to look over the well-groomed team. If his baseball sense does not fail him he will immediately see that that once only promising material has been moulded into a fast-fielding and hard-hitting aggregation that will carry the reputation of Setonia to even greater heights than it has enjoyed in the past.

Glance through this schedule and see if you can find a contest that does not promise action aplenty. Let us hope for victory, but in victory or defeat, let us hail Setonia as loyal sons.

SCHEDULE

April

- 14 Cooper UnionSouth Orange
- 20 St. Bonaventure's CollegeSouth Orange
- 21 Cathedral CollegeSouth Orange
- 25 Rutgers UniversityNew Brunswick
- 28 Catholic UniversityNewark
- 30 St. John's CollegeSouth Orange

May

- 2 Columbia UniversityNew York
- 5 Philadelphia College of Osteop.South Orange
- 12 St. Francis' CollegeSouth Orange
- 15 St. Joseph's College (Phila.)South Orange
- 18 St. John's CollegeNew York
- 21 Bucknell UniversitySouth Orange
- 26 Montclair A. C.Montclair

June

- 11 AlumniSouth Orange
- 14 Cornell UniversityIthaca, N. Y.



Buck Donnelly

COLLEGE TRACK TEAM

MELVIN DALTON, Captain

JAMES CAREY, Manager

JAMES DONNELLY

LEO HOOD

FREDERICK ESSER

JEROME GREEN

NEIL SHAY

JOSEPH MCBARRON

BERNARD McCAFFERTY

RICHARD KEEGAN

ADDISON CLOHOSSEY

RICHARD MEANEY

HARRY KENNEDY

Bernard McCafferty

Richard Keegan
"Henie" Esser

Track Team



Along with basketball and baseball track holds an important place among the sports at Seton Hall. In its third year, the track team has made rapid strides and its members have become known throughout the sports world for their remarkable performances. While the track squad has not as yet entered into competition in intercollegiate events, it seems certain that the time is not far off when Setonia will be able to engage all the larger colleges successfully.

Seton Hall was represented in cross country by a team which performed very creditably. Led by Captain Mel Dalton, New Jersey Cross-Country Champion, the team made a fine showing in all the races in which it competed. The success of the team is very gratifying as it shows the progress made in track since its revival as a sport at Seton Hall. Each year the White and Blue team shows improvement.

Seton Hall was not represented indoors by a large field of runners. Two of its members, Mel Dalton and Berny McCafferty, however, made an enviable record in collegiate and A. A. U. competition. Mel running in the two mile events was victorious on numerous occasions. His only defeat in a scratch race was administered by Leo Lermond who broke a world's record in the accomplishment. His wonderful record in track brought much renown to Seton Hall. Berny McCafferty, a Freshman, competing against much more experienced runners, also performed in a manner worthy of a veteran runner. He entered competition against such nationally recognized runners as Hahn, Edwards, Lally, Sober, Helfrich and more than held his own. His sensational running will long be remembered at Seton. Both Mel and Berny are regarded by close followers of track as likely representatives of Uncle Sam in the next Olympic games.

The outdoor season finds Setonia represented by a well balanced team. A very interesting program has been arranged for them. They will engage in dual meets with Cooper Union, St. John's College, Newark College of Engineering and in many A. A. U. events. The progress made by the team promises a very successful season. Seton Hall will send several relay teams and some of its individual stars to the Penn Relays.

Mel Dalton



FRESHMAN FOOTBALL

JOSEPH LYONS, Captain

MICHAEL TORPEY, Manager

FRANCIS JORDAN

THOMAS LIDDY

CHARLES CASSERLY

JOHN DEVLIN

FRANCIS JARVIS

MARTIN KAISER

EDWARD MOONEY

EUGENE FINNIGAN

MICHAEL ATRASH

WILLIAM AHR

GEORGE TYNE

LAWRENCE CONSUELMAN

JOHN MONGON

ROBERT DAUGHERTY

RAYMOND O'NEIL

JAMES DOYLE



Freshman Football



THE Freshmen, not to be outdone by their immediate predecessors, organized a football team and thus Setonia was not entirely without representation on the gridiron. The College is not yet in a position to put forth a varsity team in this great outdoor game. Steps are being taken in that direction and perhaps in a short time we shall see the long absent sport fully revived. The football spirit so prevalent at the College has its outlet in the support of our Freshmen representatives. No other team can satiate our football appetite but a team representing Seton Hall and so the Freshmen in the undertaking received encouragement and assistance from every upper classman.

The Freshmen, due to a late start, were unable to put forth a powerful team. To get things going the Freshies had to obtain a coach and arrange a suitable schedule. The Sophomore class came to their rescue by supplying a capable coach, Tom "Inky" Kearny, who last year played guard in addition to coaching the squad. Manager Torpey was successful in arranging a short but interesting schedule. Coach Kearny soon had the candidates going through the paces and after a few weeks under his guidance the team was ready to face the opposition.

In the opening game of the season, the Frosh, led by Joe Lyons, the captain, defeated the much talked of team representing City College of New York. The Freshmen were greatly encouraged by the enthusiasm manifested by the large crowd that witnessed the game. In their next two games, the Setonians were called upon to meet teams a trifle too strong for them. The Fordham Freshmen and Villanova Freshmen, both outfits presenting unusually strong teams forced the Freshmen to lower their colors. Even though defeated our squad of pigskin chasers made things interesting for their opponents and kept fighting to the final whistle.

The Freshmen closed the season by playing its local rival, Upsala College. Both teams were anxious to win but they were doomed to disappointment for the score at the end of the game was 0-0. Seton Hall missed a fine chance to win the game in the last few minutes of play. They worked the ball down the field but when they reached the one yard line, the whistle denoting the end of the game sounded.

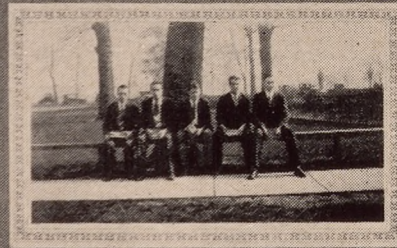
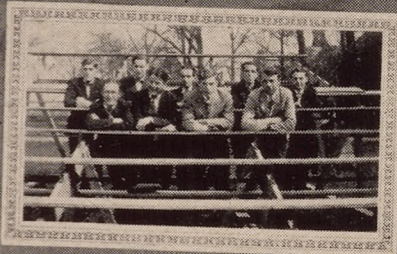
The Freshmen while their record as regards games won and lost is not very impressive, satisfied to some degree the desire for a college team. They gave their best efforts in every game and the team that is always trying surely furnishes interesting contests. The players themselves and all others who assisted them in any way are to be congratulated on their attainments.



19

Senior Class

28





PREPARATORY



Ernest P. Bugg



WHITE and BLUE

1928





The Preparatory



As a result of the recent departmental alterations in which the primary grades were eliminated and the Seminary transferred, the Preparatory division assumed an advanced status of fellowship with the College department, a place she has always held but which has been enhanced by these changes. To the Prep, there comes the task of moulding in the rough, the young scholar. It is she who first starts the youthful student on the way to acquire ideals of Christian culture and learning. From the days of porta and alpha to the final lines of the Aeneid and the Illiad, she inculcates into the student's mind not only a very practical fund of knowledge but also an ardent desire for learning. Whether the graduate pursues a continued course of study or enters into the ways of the world, he has, on leaving her portals, a firm foundation on which to build the conceptions of his ambitions. With a realization of these possessions, it is only natural then, that the graduates of the preparatory department should leave with high hopes and higher aspirations.

To these mutual departees from the halls of Alma Mater, the Seniors extend the hand of Setonian friendliness, and bid them a fond farewell. All the enjoyable activities of their happy Prep days have so suddenly been concluded, but the memories of them will linger long, making pleasant retrospective modes in years to come. The hard fought struggles to see Virgil's or Homer's viewpoint are now but a memory, much the way they would have them. The complicated problems of geometric propositions, though often quite distracting, will soon serve their purpose in enabling the departing alumnus to solve an ever increasing debt to his country—the income tax. His knowledge of the possibilities of diverse chemical combinations should assist him greatly in the fitting celebration of the country's day of Independence. With the retention of such a store of practical information he should acquire a certain satisfaction from life. To the graduating class of the Prep, the Seniors through the medium of "The White and Blue" extend their congratulations on the attainment of one more of life's objectives—a high school education.

To quote Bacon, "Knowledge is power." The members of third high, knowing the real truth of that statement are filled with incentive to follow in the ways of their predecessors. Their attempts to arouse Ciceronic antagonism in themselves against the famed orator's chief opponent proved most arduous. Those aspiring to political heights, gleaned information concerning their possibilities by a close attention to the subject of city government. The facilities for wisdom acquired and those offered by advancement to the high class spurred them on to further efforts to reach that class.

The boys of second high rejoice in the fact of having successfully attacked and overcome their first siege of Greek. Through Caesar's egotistical elaboration of the



Frank Newman '29

Ray Hoy

Frank Noel

WHITE and BLUE



1928





enemy's strength gave them no little trouble, they have succeeded in mastering it without a picturization of its magnitude. The interesting study of biology arouses much admiration for the omnipotence of God, Whose handiwork comprised the subject to be studied.

Now, there are they, who seeing the advantages of a higher education, have elected to seek its benefits. They are now the proud possessors of "small Latin and less Greek," and elated with its possession, are anxious to accumulate further erudition in future semesters. The musical cadence of the class' enunciation of Latin endings and the novel strangeness of the first Prep associations will often afford amusement in their future recollections.

"Mens sana in corpore sano." Alma Mater has always realized the essentiality of physical perfection to stimulate mental ability and has thus fostered the development of sound physique among the student body. Athletics, being a major factor in effecting this object, is given no small interest. In return for the concern shown, the athletes of Setonia have endeavored to do their best with the result that the Prep has been represented by many renowned teams in athletic competition. To do justice to their accomplishments, it is necessary to enumerate them specifically.

After school re-opened, the football team was organized. Every day on the crisp and sunny afternoons of the early autumn, the team labored on the gridiron. George "Mickey" Walker was chosen Manager and Joseph Ratti, Captain. After weeks of practice, they met on October 8th St. Peter's Prep of Jersey City. The game was played hard and fast and although the Prep lost by a score of 8-0 the team showed real fighting spirit, and put up a determined resistance which reflected as much honor on them as if they had won.

Their next contest was scheduled with St. Mary's of Perth Amboy. In this game they were victorious, and by the very creditable score of 24-0. In the first quarter of the game no points were scored by either team, although the spectators were held breathless by the number of spectacular plays. In the second quarter our boys got going, and they brought the ball down to the 10-yard line from where "Al" Davala made the first score of the season. The half ended 6-0, our favor. The Prepsters scored in both quarters of the second half. Davala made another touchdown and in the last quarter Dahoney carried the ball over after a twenty-yard run.

Next they faced the firing line of the Hun School of Princeton, October 22nd. It was a hard fought battle. In the first half of this game, little was accomplished by either team. A forward pass and an end run by Addonizio brought the ball to the Hun ten-yard line. Our spirits began to rise high, but we were doomed to disappointment when another attempt at a pass was intercepted by a Hun player. When the opponents had brought the ball out of dangerous territory, the half was ended. In



WHITE and BLUE



1928

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the second half the Hun school crashed down the field for a touchdown. Soon after they made another one. Then, with a half minute to play, they got the ball to Setonia's one-yard line when the final whistle blew. The prep lost with a score of 13-0. The way they played made up for any deficit in points.

The following Saturday, October 29th, they played the State Normal School of Trenton at South Orange. In this game also, they were doomed to defeat, losing the game by the score of 7-0. But they won the next one, against Cathedral Prep at Trenton by the score of 31-0. Then they met the Curtis High School of Staten Island on November 19th. The game was played at New York. Our team was victorious again with a score of 12-0.

Then came the final game of the season, the long awaited battle with St. Benedicts, on Thanksgiving Day. The Prepsters' defense was strong and stubborn, and almost upset the Gray Bees in the second quarter when the Prep's determined attack gained them a touchdown. This was the only score they made, but their tenacity and dogged courage were astounding. In the second half the Maroon got going and played at full speed. The best performers in this game were Waldron and Daly. It was Schnell who secured the touchdown for Setonia, after a pass from Addonizio. The Gray Bees avenged the defeat of last season.

With the close of the football season, our attention turned to track. On Friday, November 4th, the cross country season was inaugurated. The team met Barringer High of Newark at Weequahic Park. Our Prep outran Barringer by the score of 17-44. Jack Kelly won, his time being 10:48. The order of the runners at the end was—Kelly, Burns, Smith, then the first Barringer man, then Troy, Arnold and Gleason. They took second place in the State meet on November 12th. This also was held at Weequahic Park. As this was the Prep's initial entry to the meet, they did very well, especially since they defeated Lawrenceville and Peddie, who were Benedict's greatest and most formidable rivals.

The Prep tracksters were victorious at the Meadowbrook Track Meet held in Philadelphia, on February 21st. They ran the mile relay in 3:34 2-5. It was a close contest but our boys came through with a win. The runners were Smith, Orschetsky, Troy and Burns in the order named. The Prep relay team showed their mettle at Setonia's indoor games held in the Armory, February 15th, by capturing the American Medley Championship. Ernie Orschetsky gained the lead by four yards and Al Davala increased it to almost 30 yards. Then Vic Smith added five yards, and Joe Burns came home an easy winner.

The Scholastic year of 1927-28 marked the introduction of soccer to the realm of sport activities at Seton Hall. Under the able guidance of Rev. Father Gallagher, A. B. A. M., athletic director, a soccer team was organized. Thomas Tuite, well



WHITE and BLUE



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known soccer player and coach, took up the reins as mentor of the Setonia squad. John W. Sullivan was appointed manager and Joseph G. Carney captain. Unheralded and unknown Seton Hall stepped out on the soccer field to strike fear and respect into the hearts of scholastic teams throughout the state. Our two bitterly contested games with Harrison High School, champions of New Jersey for six consecutive seasons and twice runners up for the National Interscholastic Championship, will be fondly remembered by all who witnessed these contests. Both games were attended by the largest gathering of fans at an interscholastic soccer game in the state. Although beaten twice by Harrison High School, the games were moral victories for the representatives of Setonia. Prominent among the contests engaged in by the Setonians were the two games with Rutherford High School, one ending in a victory for our representatives and the other game ending in a draw, 2-2. Well known critics of soccer stated that but for Setonians late start in the season they would have been the most formidable candidate to succeed Harrison High as state champions.

The opening game of the Prep basketball season was played on December 14th against Cathedral Prep at South Orange. In this first game they were victorious by a score of 20-16. Among their other conquests are numbered the game with Blair on January 16th, by a score of 28-27, with Concordia Prep played at South Orange on February 4th, with a score of 45-16. St. Joseph's game, six days later was taken by the score of 27-7. On the 14th they won over St. Mary's 32-22. Then on February 28th, they defeated St. Peter's Prep by 25 to 24. They lost the game with the New York Stock Exchange on December 17th at South Orange by 30-48. On the 13th of January, they were defeated by Union Hill by 23-28. After running up a four game winning streak, they ended their season by bowing to Trenton Normal in a contest featured by the close guarding of each team. The score was 18-28.

The basketball team had no sooner disbanded than the call came for baseball candidates. Besides the many veterans of last year's campaign, promising newcomers have made their appearance. The team, after two weeks of practice under the capable direction of Coach Milt Fellers, is, according to all indications, about to begin one of the most successful seasons in the history of the Prep. Manager Eugene Gormley has arranged a very interesting schedule for the coming season. Among the worthy opponents to be encountered on the diamond are Bayley High, St. Peter's Prep of New Brunswick, Blair, St. Peter's Prep. of Jersey City, Union Hill, Rutgers Prep., New York Stock Exchange, Lawrenceville and St. Benedict's Prep. Many close followers of the game concede the Prep an excellent chance of going through the season with a clean slate and winning the State title.

We are proud of the Prep. For each year, like a magnificent army marching in splendid array, disciplined in courage, promptness and obedience, the hosts of students go forth from this institution and proceed in virtue and wisdom. May they ever continue to progress along the rugged ways of life in justice; may they ever be a credit to themselves, their parents, their school and their religion.

Cornelius Blessing

Andy Ambrose

WHITE and BLUE



1928



Tommy Lupton

Sally Rosny

PREP FOOTBALL

MICHAEL WALKER, Manager

GEORGE KELLY, Ass't Manager

GEORGE PASTOR, 2nd Assistant *(Child)*

JOSEPH RATTI, Captain

Ends: LUCIAN KEMPF, EDWARD SAN FILIPPO, EDWARD RHATTIGAN, JAMES DONOHUE, EDWARD SCHNELL, VINCENT LIDDY.

Tackles: CORNELIUS BLESSING, VINCENT MESSINA, RAYMOND CONSTANTINE, WILLIAM ALDERISSIO, EDWARD LASKOWSKI.

Guards: JOHN RUTH, EDWARD MCGOVERN, EDWARD ALTIERI, ROBERT NESTOR, THEODORE MAURO, PASQUALE PACE.

Center: JOHN DALY, EDWARD CONFROY.

Backs: THOMAS LUPTON, JOHN REILLY, THOMAS WALDRON, SABITINO ADDONIDZIO, ALBERT DAVALA.



PREP SOCCER TEAM

JOSEPH G. CARNEY, Captain

THOMAS DOLAN
 HARRY NOE
 PAUL NOE
 WILLIAM BERGEN
 GEORGE KELLY
 LAWRENCE KELLY
 WILLIAM KEARNEY
 EDWARD DLUZNIĘWSKI

J. W. SULLIVAN, Manager

CHESTER SIKINSKI
 JOSEPH HEIMBOLD
 VINCENT SULLIVAN
 THOMAS GILHOOLEY
 JAMES MCKENNA
 DOMINIC CUNDARI
 LAWRENCE LUCY
 THOMAS CAREY



PREP BASKETBALL

VINCENT LIDDY, Captain

(Hank) HENRY BRIED, Manager

LOUIS CANNIZARO

JOHN BUDNICK

WILLIAM OUTWATER

LAWRENCE LUCY

ROBERT PETTIT

JOHN REILLY

SABITINO ADDONIDZIO

JOSEPH CANNIZARO

Sobby Addonizio

Joe Ratti



Francis (Pat) Troy Joseph Burns
PREP TRACK

VICTOR SMITH, Captain

Bernie J. Kelly

BERNARD KELLY

FRANCIS TROY

JOSEPH BURNS

ALBERT DAVALA

JOHN YOUNG

GEORGE PASTOR

JAMES TUCKER

STEPHEN MALONE

FRANCIS DALY

ERNEST ORCHETSKI

Ernie Orchetzky

Joe J. Taughner

JOHN O'NEIL

ALBERT REYNOLDS

LUCIAN KEMP

EDWARD BARRY

HENRY BRIED

THOMAS LUPTON

RAYMOND CONSTANTINE

JAMES DONNELLY

JOHN DESMOND

JAMES GLEASON

Stephen Malone

Cornelius Blessing

Andy Ambrose

WHITE and BLUE



1928

Eugene B Gormley



PREP BASEBALL

EUGENE GORMLEY, Manager

JOSEPH FLEMING, Ass't Manager

LOUIS CANNIZARO, Captain

DANIEL YOUNG, 2nd Assistant

VINCENT LIDDY

JOHN CAPPETTI

JOHN MURPHY

ROBERT PETTIT

CORNELIUS BLESSING

WALTER MCGOVERN

JOHN CARNEY

JOHN PENDER

ANDREW AMBROSE

WILLIAM OUTWATER

JOHN CONLON

THOMAS LUPTON

TIMOTHY CLANCY



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Edward M. Zeller - "31"
Winthrop L. Dunes - '31" Greenfield Mass.
William E. Hayes '31" Brooklyn, N.Y.

Seated midst her

Emerald lawns and stately trees

Tapering majestically heavenward

Old Setonia—beloved of

Nature.

Honor may we always bring her

And age increase our reverence.

Loyalty to her we pledge as we sadly

Leave.



Afterword



WE can conceive no more fitting close to our Senior Publication than a few words of thanks to those, who, in various ways, aided us in the publication of our book. So we take this occasion to express our sincere appreciation to:

Father Sheerin for his active interest as moderator of our Annual;

The faculty of Seton Hall for their kindly coöperation;

Mr. Lassans and Mr. McKinney of Colyer Printing Company for the efforts they expended in carrying out our designs;

Mr. John Sherman of the Sherman Studio for his artistic photography so important in a work of this nature;

Mr. White of the Essex Engraving Company for the great care he displayed in making up our cuts.

Our Patrons, Patronesses, advertisers and subscribers who really made possible this book.



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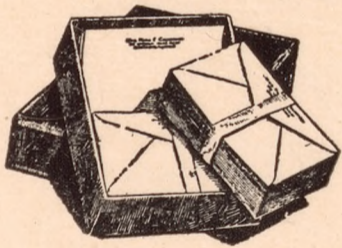
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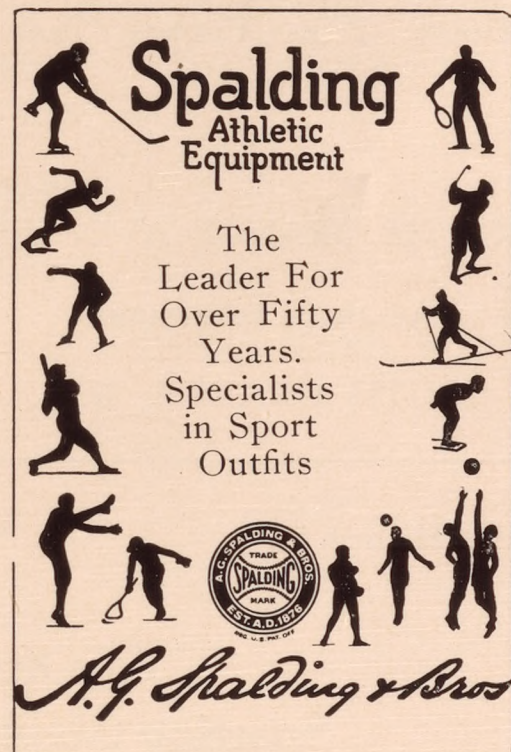
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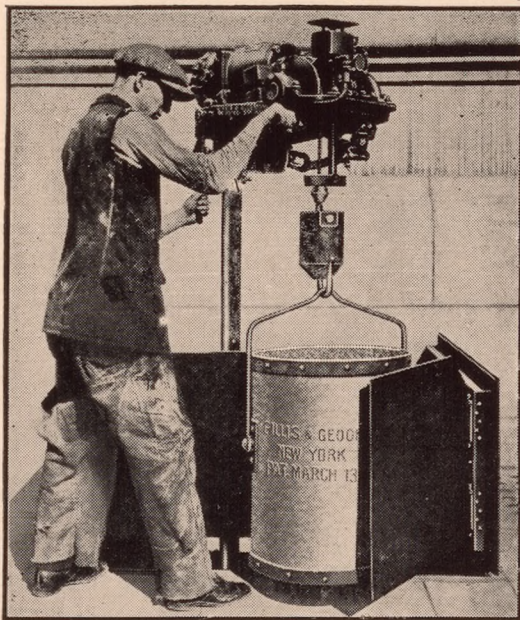
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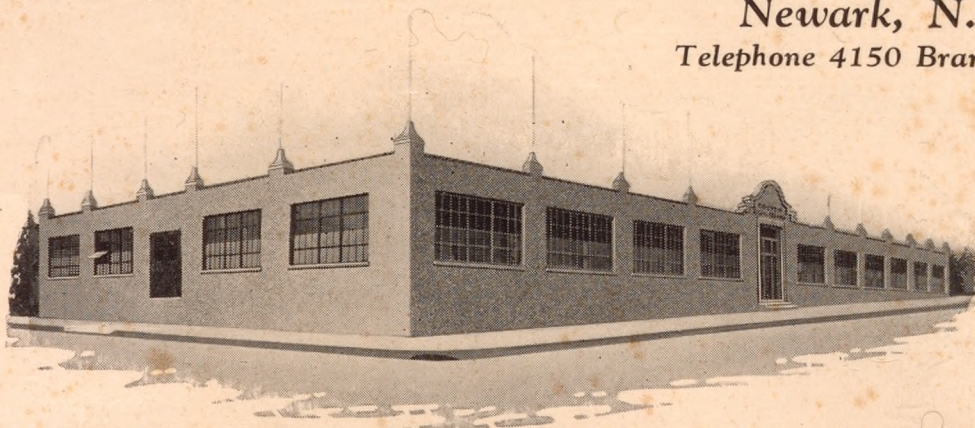
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