

Helen H. Anderson

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"THE BLUE

LETTER"

1922

"THE BLUE LETTER"

AN ANNUAL

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF

METUCHEN HIGH SCHOOL

—JUNE, 1922—

FOREWORD

Some read, and pleasant memories fill the vista; some, and but mark the change of time; some, and future goals are pictured.

For those who cherish the past, present, or future, I am.



TO
MR. THOMAS G. VAN KIRK;
FOR TWENTY YEARS
PRINCIPAL OF OUR HIGH SCHOOL;
THIS BOOK IS VERY RESPECTFULLY
DEDICATED.



"Blue Letter" Staff

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Ye Faculty

OUR FACULTY

MR. THOS. G. VAN KIRK—Freehold Institute; Trenton Normal School; Special courses at Columbia University and Rutgers College—Supervising Principal.

MR. E. E. SPOERL—Boys' High School, Brooklyn, N. Y.; New York University; B. A.—Mathematics and Physics.

MR. H. S. SCHELL—Bernville High School; Muhlenberg College, A. B.; Graduate courses at Columbia University—History and Civics.

MISS I. E. CLARK—Canton High School, Canton, N. Y.; St. Lawrence University, A. B.—French and Latin.

MISS ALICE MATHEWS—Portland High School, Portland, Maine; Colby College, B. S.—Science and English.

MISS RUTH BRUBAKER—Montclair High School; Barnard College, A. B.—English, Algebra and Latin.

MISS BELLE LAWSHE—Trenton Industrial Arts; Philadelphia Industrial Arts—Manual Training and Mechanical Drawing.

MISS LAUREL BUMP—Liberty High School, Liberty, N. Y.; Crane Normal Institute of Music; Cornell Summer School—Music and Physical Training.

MISS MARJORIE HUNT—Trenton High School; Trenton Normal School—Domestic Science and Arts, Home Nursing.



Senior Class

HISTORY OF CLASS OF '22

We entered M. H. S. forty strong and the freshest of the freshies. We are now closing our four years of knowledge-seeking with twenty-two in our ranks; the wisest of Seniors.

Some found the studies too hard in the Freshman class; some thought two years was enough, and left us as Sophomores, and still others found the Junior class too hard and requested to remain Sophomores.

But let us pause here and there a minute to give you a little idea of how profitable our four years have really been.

In our Freshman year our one social event was a straw ride. Oh! friends, three times we attempted this affair and three times the God of storms spoiled our evening, but perseverance at last won out and we had our straw ride.

Of all the teachers who were with us, that first year after our entry into studentdom, only one remains, our present faculty adviser and friend, Mr. Spoerl.

But as Sophs—then's when we really began to shine.

We gave a dance, Feb. 27th, to clear the debt on “School Life,” our publication at that time. Did we clear the debt—we should say we did. It was SOME dance.

Now we must get on to our last two and most important years. As previously stated we always had some members of the class in all the activities of the school. Football, basketball, baseball, tennis, track, and debating; in all of these we have always had a representative of the class of '22. And would you believe it, kind reader, we have even been represented on the honor roll. Think of it, the honor roll! Some class!

And again we gave a dance, this time for the benefit of the A. A., and equally as successful as the first.

But the crowning event of that year was the Junior-Senior banquet. There, knocks were gently given and received in the class will and prophecy to the departing Seniors. We look forward to see if any of the prophecy will come true.

Our class pins and rings also arrived during the course of the year, but many of the boys lost them soon after getting them—queer how things like that will happen, isn't it?

And so now as we come to ourselves as dignified Seniors we review, with pleasure, the accomplishments of our class this year.

We organized in September, with Mr. Spoerl as our faculty advisor. Profiting by other class's mistakes and upon the suggestion of Mr. Van Kirk, we found this the easiest way out of the many difficulties that are bound to arise in class matters. We are glad to say that the class has remained intact, not being separated into factions over petty differences in

the management of class affairs. For a great part of this co-operative-ness on the part of the class we have to thank our faculty advisor.

Our Senior subscription dance was given early in the year, with the best results of any dance given in many years in the High School. For the first time a real substantial sum was realized. The music was perfect, and, as our "Town Chronicler" would have it, "a good time was had by all," but that is only putting it mildly.

Our Senior play, "Fifty-Fifty," was presented April 21. It, too, was the best in the school in many years. The auditorium was packed and about \$200 was cleared. We aren't a bit conceited when we talk about ourselves this way but really we are a proud class of Seniors. For this fine exhibition thanks and gratitude must be given to Mr. H. B. Johnson, who gave his personal time to the play.

The Junior-Senior feed, or rather the banquet, was also a real success. It didn't seem possible that this year we were really the guests.

In conclusion, we can safely say that the reception and graduation exercises will be as successful as our other enterprises.

So here we pay our last respects to old M. H. S. as students, and we will leave our schoolmates and teachers, with surely many sighs of regret, for they have been more than patient with us in these foolish but profitable four years of High School.

Class of '22.

President—Irvin James.	Secretary—Beatrice Rumler.	
Vice Pres.—Frank Gallagher.	Treasurer—Samuel Schenck.	
Lenwood Allen	J. Arthur McKaig	Muriel Johnson
Charles Carney	Gordon Randolph	Lilla Mundy
Theodore Failmezger	Samuel Schenck	Marion Mundy
Frank Gallagher	DuBois Thompson	Adele Nielson
Francis Hay	Leonard Tremblay	Isabelle Rolfe
Irvin James	Ernest Von Hartz	Beatrice Rumler
Richard Johnson	Dorothy Batsford	Rena Whalen
	Emily Taylor	

E. A. VON HARTZ, '22.

WHO'S WHO IN 1922

Deacon—Despite his disastrous beauty and rosy complexion (behind the ears) he is quite unknown to the ladies, except through the mail. However we think they might have tagged a more appropriate name than “Deacon” to him.

Annual staff, 3, 4; Treasurer of A. A., 2, 3, 4; Basketball, 3, 4; Baseball, 4; Senior play, Dramatic Society.
—Rutgers.

Buff—Although quite reticent and retiring, he was at last brought into the limelight through his starring career at the position of varsity fullback. (Oh! My neck! My neck!) Never mind, Buff, a new neck wouldn't cost much. Yours wasn't worth much. You always did have trouble with it anyway.

Football, 3, 4; Baseball, 4; Basketball, 3, 4. (capt.); Debating 3, 4; Class president, 4; Senior executive committee; Senior play; Dramatic Society; Annual staff, 3, 4.
—Purdue.

Gallagher—Dear to the hearts of his teachers because of his studious nature and serious attitude in classes. Really, it is quite a temptation for any teacher, though, when he comes to school with his “Poly Prep” part in his hair, and the family four-button Brook's Norfolk suit and “finales.”

Football, 2, 3, 4, (Capt.); Baseball, 3, 4; Basketball, 3, 4; Track, 3; Secretary, A. A., 3; Vice Pres., A. A., 4; Vice Pres., Class, 4; Dramatic Society.
—Rutgers.

Von—Any fine day in the fall he could have been seen dashing around on the gridiron, hurling hardy tacklers right and left, snatching forwards from the air with one brawny arm and spreading terror over the whole field through his renowned “Ruthlessness.”

Football, 2, 3, 4; Baseball, 3, 4; Secretary, A. A., 4; Tennis, 2; Basketball, 4; Dramatic Society.
—Rutgers.

Dick—As a result of his studious nature Dick has little time for other activities. It is a mystery how he managed to find time for football, and of course he is entirely too busy to even look at the women, which is undoubtedly a terrible disappointment to them.

Football, 3, 4; Pres. of Class, 1; Vice Pres. of Class, 2; Annual Staff, 4; Senior Play, Dramatic Society.
—Rutgers.

“Len”—Every one takes a back seat in trig class when Lenwood is present. You're none of you in his class. (Why the sigh of relief?). Here we must stop knocking for really Len is a model boy when he

wants to be. Any of you readers ever seen him so disposed?

Football, 4, 5.

—Columbia.

Charles Carney—If Mr. Van Kirk's predictions come true we will, some day, have a lawyer among our classmates. Charles is already serving his apprenticeship in the Metuchen courtroom. Not many of us would start out so early to devote our high school days in preparing for our future profession like that. What say!

Football, 4.

Tommy:—Class of '22, you have been lucky. Through all your school days you have had a real live Rudolph held up before your eyes. Many have been the sighs of remorse that issued from the girls' cloak hall when the Arrow Collar Ad has passed by the door, on his way to his seat. Tommy, have you no regrets for all those broken hearts you leave behind you?

Football, 2, 3, 4 (Capt.); Baseball, 2, 3, 4 (Capt.); Basketball, 4; Track, 2; Tennis, 1, 2; Vice Pres. A. A. 3; Pres. A. A. 4; Annual Staff, 3; Senior executive committee; Senior play; Dramatic Society.

—Rutgers.

Sam Schenck:—Shivers really is a pitiable sight on a hot summer day. Why should providence ever have made him such a runt; and then, to heap insult upon injury, make him go through life, never tipping the scales at less than two-twenty! Never mind, we'll bet he can float better than Ivory soap.

Football, 3, 4; Class Pres. 3; Class Treasurer, 4; Baseball Manager, 4; Dramatic Society.

—Rutgers.

Leonard Tremblay:—"Behold! A giant am I!" Oh! yes, Leonard, so we have observed. But, never fear; as is oft quoted; the best sometimes comes in the smallest packages. However, he has already settled down for life, as may be noticed at any time by observing his homely duties around a certain house on William Street.

Class President, 2; Secretary and Treasurer, 1; Cheer Leader, 3, 4.

Francis, "The Sheik" of his class, has broken the heart of nearly every girl he has ever known. But he's not to blame, so much. Why wouldn't they fall for that Brook's suit and the brass eyelet shoes? And then, too, Hay himself, is no monkey, and adding his little Stutz "Bearcat" to all those things, it's no wonder he's followed through the streets by half the girls in the High School.

Basketball, 3; Track, 3; Football Manager, 4; Annual Staff, 4; Class Secretary, 2; Senior Play; Dramatic Society.

—Stevens.

Butch:—A tall, pale boy, short and ruddy faced, always industrious and bright in his lessons, tho at times very lazy. Butch is nevertheless at the foot of his class. He is also quite an athlete, being a professional boxer (with his mouth) although he generally agrees with those bigger than himself.

Football, 5; Basketball, 4, 5; Class Secretary, 1; Class Treasurer, 2; Senior Play, 3, 4; Dramatic Society. Pratt.

Failalways, as he is called, is not an appropriate name for Theodore. When he argues in chemistry class we realize that if he ever does fail it will not be because of lack of argumentative power and ability. You're a wonderful speller, too, Theo.

Pete is a hard person to speak about. You see, she is a manhater. Really, we can't imagine what is going to happen the first time a young man calls on her. She's so bashful. But never mind; they all fall sooner or later.—“Muriel, it's ten o'clock.”

Class Treasurer, 3; Basketball Manager, 4; Annual Staff, 4; Senior Play; Dramatic Society. —N. J. C.

Lilla is the original wild woman. Even in school she is noted for being the worst girl in her classes; always doing something she shouldn't do, and always in such an undignified and boisterous manner. Unless she quickly changes her ways it is hard to see anything but a dark future for such a flapper.

Senior Play and Dramatic Society. —Trenton Normal School.

“Hans,” the daughter of the real estate business, will long be remembered in the school by the many rulers and blotters bearing the imposing words, “Hans Nielson—Real Estate and Insurance.” Thus, you see, she is quite an asset to the school. —N. J. C.

Emily blushes when “Buff” is mentioned, but that's to be expected when even the Freshman girls write affectionate verses on his desk. And she has the nicest smile. We often think of—“Laugh and grow fat.” Emily smiles and is just pleasingly plump.

Senior Play and Dramatic Society. —Barnard.

Laughing Rena. We bet she misses Agnes because really they were the jolliest pair. Every one has done his best, though, to be a good sport and laugh when she does, even though the point of her joke could not be seen.

Business College, New Brunswick.

We call her "Ambrose," for, you see, we believe that some day she'll be a great fiddler, and she must have an aristocratic name. She is also one of the star pupils in trig, but that might be expected when one considers that she keeps company with so many of the teachers.

—David Mannes Conservatory of Music.

Dot Batsford:—She says she doesn't mind living in Menlo, for she has such a pleasant neighbor. We wouldn't mind, either, if that neighbor would run a taxi line for us too; with a wireless, 'n'everything. Not many taxis are fitted out that way now, either.

Vice President of Class, 1; Debating Team, 4; Class Secretary, 4; Annual Staff, 3.

—American Academy of Dramatic Arts.

Beatrice:—She never has bothered much with the male sex. She says they're a nuisance. But just wait, Beatrice; you'll think different some time. Wait until we do catch you doing parlor duty; then who'll laugh?

Class Secretary, 3; Annual Staff, 2, 3; Senior Play and Dramatic Society.

Sis:—A Baptist bred and a Baptist born; and when she dies she's our best friend gone. Whenever any one of us wanted something done, all we did was ask Sis. She'd see that it was done. And for all o' that she wore her galoshes unbuckled.

—N. J. C.



SENIOR CELEBRITIES

Dorothy has a brand new car;
Menlo Park's peace will end
When she is burning up the road
She needs a Fireman friend.

Oh, Ernest is a model boy,
As anyone can see;
We hear he's going to Rutgers soon,
It's so near N. J. C.

Marion Mundy is a girl
Whom we all like so well;
Certain classes she enjoys,
Just why, we cannot tell.

Charles Carney is another one,
Of him I now will tell;
We hear he plays cards all the time,
And does it very well.

Rena Whalen, pleasingly plump,
Is very nice, they say;
We know just why she's getting plumper,
She giggles all the day.

Buff, he's called in M. H. S.,
But why we cannot say;
He gets fine marks "n" everything,
Yet whines for more each day.

Lilla Mundy, tall and slim,
Is very well behaved;
She's a Baptist bred and a Baptist born,
We know that she'll be saved.

Dick is always in hot water,
Lady friends or profs, they say;
Ask him sometime who 'twas that said,
"You can't talk to me that way."

Hans Nielson joined us just last year,
And Hans, we're glad you came;

For at selling tickets you beat them all,
You're on your way to fame.

And now we come to Theodore,
He argues day and night;
He argues for, and then against,
But seldom argues right.

Beatrice, we all are proud of you,
We really are, you know;
You're marks do credit to any class,
But how can you study so?

Tommy is the High School model,
In football he excels;
In fact, he's good at everything,
Especially with the belles.

Oh, Sis Rolfe had a little car,
She gave it lots of gas;
And on the road there's not a car,
That Sis Rolfe wouldn't pass.

Now Sam Schenck was a manager,
The best one ever seen;
The boys all call him "Shivers,"
He is so lank and lean.

Emily Taylor always smiles,
As pleasant as can be;
She knows her lessons every day,
On that we'll all agree.

Deacon is a blushing boy,
Guilty of no wrong;
In fact, he was quite mild they say,
'Till Doris came along.

Francis, it certainly is too bad,
You hurt your knee that way;
We're sure it fills you with remorse,
To miss Physical Training each day.

Leonard Tremblay, oh! so small
Not slim or very fat;

He still wears knickers, this little boy,
But he's a Senior for all o' that.

Frank Gallagher, whom folks call “Red,”
Is oh! so dignified;
His fame in all athletics,
Is known both far and wide.

And now we come to Gordon,
You've heard of him before;
Once he was a business manager,—
He isn't any more.

Len Allen is a Senior, too,
A darn good natured bloke;
He's getting real antique, we know,
He's old enough to smoke.

Muriel W. Johnson '22.



SENIOR CELEBRITIES

(With All Apologies to Muriel)

Pete is very popular,
She's really quite a queen;
She's gone with every boy in town,
She picks them while they're green.



Junior Class

JUNIOR CLASS NOTES

The first “accident” of our Junior year was the prompt delivery of our class pins and rings.

Our first social event, a straw ride to Plainfield, proved very successful.

On the 6th of May we journeyed to the city of Menlo Park and invaded the “wilds” with the intention of having a frankfurter and marshmallow roast. Our object was attained to a very successful and pleasing degree. When this was over we spent the remainder of the time on the estate of our illustrious president.

Now for THE EVENT. The Junior-Senior banquet, on May 13th, proved to be the “best ever.” After the “eats” and speeches, the Junior Prophecy and Senior Will were read to the evident discomfiture of many of the notables (more or less) present, although to the enjoyment of many.

The Junior dance, held on May 19th, was the last event of our illustrious year as Juniors. It was a remarkable success.

Junior Roll Call

President—Lester Platt.

Vice-President—Joseph Zahn.

Secretary and Treasurer—Evelyn Pinder.

Faculty Advisor—Miss I. E. Clark.

Ward Barwell	Marjory Drake	Joseph Zahn
Edwin Beekman	Nellie Farrell	Mary Able
William Bohke	Dorothy Humphries	Margaret Ayers
Warren Breen	Helen James	Doris Barnard
Isidore Burres	Priscilla Johnson	Evelyn Pinder
Samuel Dover	Blanche Martin	Gladys Potter
Elwood Drake	Clara Mayo	Margaret Randolph
Arthur Hecht	Marion Mook	Lois Schenck
Howard Molineux	Elsie Mundy	Alice Wilbert
Raymond Mundy	Lester Platt	Helen Willmont
Janet Comstock	Gilbert Sortore	Emma Wypler
	Browning Waterbury	

JOSEPH ZAHN, '23



Sophomore Class

SOPHOMORE HISTORY

September saw the Sophomores back at school with their usual vim and class spirit.

At the first business meeting, William Ellis was re-elected class president; Florence Jacobs, vice-president; Marguerite Lawless, secretary and treasurer; and Elizabeth Hillpot, class reporter.

Sometime later, Mr. Schell was elected Faculty Advisor.

On October 10th we gave a dance for the benefit of the Athletic Association. It was a great success, netting the A. A. a big sum.

Our class has also been well represented on each of the High School teams by several of our members.

The debating team contained two of our classmates.

Members of Our Class

Helen Anderson	Sara Platt	Howard Drake
Alice Carney	Elizabeth Reid	William Drew
Anna Dooley	Lydia Rule	William Ellis
Margaret Downs	Mabel Schalaus	Karl Hecht
Fenton Elliott	Elizabeth Fenton	Morris Loomar
Helen Guile	Irma Schoonover	Russell Madison
Elizabeth Hillpot	Irene Tighe	Kenneth Mook
Florence Jacobs	Minnie Wallace	Carl Martin
Marguerite Lawless	Albert Alexander	James Oliver
Florence Mundy	David Brody	Paul Podolski

ELIZABETH HILLPOT '24.



Freshman Class

FRESHMAN HISTORY

Our first official act was to assemble during the first week to effect a class organization. At this meeting the following were elected for the ensuing year:—President, Reynold Drews; Vice President, Anne Gallagher; Treasurer, Donald Randolph; Secretary, Jane Davis.

Shortly after this we elected Miss Stapley faculty adviser.

Our illustrious class was not found wanting in activities.—In the beginning of the year we gave a “food sale” in the main hall. It met with great success, netting us a large sum. Later, the girls of the Domestic Science class gave the teachers a dinner. The preparation and serving of this dinner was a great credit to the girls who worked for its success.

Later, we gave Miss Stapley, our faculty adviser, a gift showing our appreciation for her sincere endeavors to help and advise us in our troubles of infancy.

Our boys, also, have found a place on the school’s teams. We can say that they have given their whole-hearted support and earnest work to the athletic side of our school life. The girls, too, furnished two players to the girls’ basketball team.

Scholastically our class has been very active, and approximately a fifth of our number were invariably rewarded for their hard and honest work, by a place on the honor roll.

Our treasury stands well equipped to bring us into the next year with no financial deficit. We have worked for our financial pride in each of our undertakings during the year.

The members of our class are:—

Ernest Billman	Edwin Rule	Mary Forgione
Lundy Bloomfield	Harold Slade	Anne Gallagher
Thomas Dover	George Smith	Jane Graham
Reynold Drews	Robert Willmont	Florence Hahn
James Ellis	Fred Kieser	Viola Hoffman
Victor Failmezger	Virginia Allison	Wilhelmina Kretschmer
Joseph Forgione	Margaret Ayers	Margaret Lawrence
John Geary	Lillian Bradshaw	Virginia Letson
John Grimley	Ethel Breen	Florence Margolin
Alvin Houston	Loyola Breen	Hazel Mann
Robert Johnson	Luella Campbell	Kathryn Phillips
LeRoy Minton	Jean Crowell	Lucy Powers
Sherwood Mundy	Denasi Danford	Jennie Salter
Earl Potter	Jane Davis	Marion Scruggs
Donald Randolph	Dorothy Fitch	Muriel Wainwright
Katherine Wale		Alice Wilson

—M. Lawrence, '25.



Football Team

FOOTBALL

Athletics for the 1921-'22 season began with football practice. This began early with hopes high for an undefeated season.

The first game was played September 23, with Rahway, our old enemies, on the Metuchen field. Our own team had not much of a chance to show what they were really worth in this game as Rahway outweighed Metuchen, man for man, by several pounds. The outcome was a disagreement and Gallagher, the captain, decided to forfeit the game. Hence a 1-0 score.

The next game was played on Sept. 30 with Pingry. All that day it had poured but the Pingry team arrived nevertheless and insisted on playing in three or four inches of mud and water. This proved to be our second defeat with a 28-0 score.

On October 7, a game with the Alumni showed the real game in the High School squad. They played a good game every minute of the time and although the final score stood 13-6 in the Alumni's favor, the High School considered their opponents' victory a hard-earned one, indeed.

Our first game away from home was with the New Brunswick seconds on the fourteenth. The result was a scoreless tie, but nevertheless those who saw that contest can testify that M. H. S. outplayed New Brunswick throughout the entire game despite this score.

The following Friday the team scored its first victory at Bound Brook. The 10-0 score was due to a beautiful drop kick by Von Hartz and a neatly intercepted pass by Thompson.

A game with Roselle the following Friday proved to be the hardest fought battle of the season, and although the Roselle lineup was somewhat heavier than ours, they returned home with a victory by only one point, 14-13, and much admiration for Metuchen High on the gridiron.

On November 4th a return game was played with Bound Brook on the Durham Avenue field. The game was fairly interesting, but that is all that can be said for it. Bound Brook showed little fight and hence our victory of 28-0.

The last game of the season was looked forward to with much eagerness. It was played on November 18th with Union High School. Union tried hard like the good sportsmen that they are, but the final score stood 53-0 in favor of M. H. S.

After such a season something must be said of the players themselves. Gallagher, as captain, showed, throughout the entire season, his worthiness of his position as the leader and halfback.

Thompson's playing spoke for itself and it is quite needless to say that no man will be more missed next season than he.

Von Hartz, one of the best kickers the High School has had for years,

helped immensely in this way and by playing a consistent game on the line.

Mundy, a veritable steam engine on the football field, became the terror of more than one of his opponents during the season.

Molineux, at center, played the old Molineux game always, and no doubt won a better position for next year.

Allen, game always, especially if someone would get him "slightly peeved," was a very valuable asset to the line.

Carney, although he did not play in every game, showed his worthiness of a place on the squad.

Mook showed in him the makings of a real football player for later years if he sticks to it.

Howard Drake played a brilliant and starring game at both end and halfback.

Waterbury played in the backfield with a spirit that helped him make many substantial gains for the High School.

James, though bothered with a very troublesome neck, played a star part on the backfield.

Elwood Drake, Captain-elect, played his same old hard-hitting game and was a dependable man at the position of fullback.

Platt was one of the very few, but much needed "big ones" who held the line in times of need.

Schenck played but little but "was there" with the fight when he was called upon.

Burres was always a very dependable man for the line. He has good prospects for next year.

Randolph, as a substitute, played a good game, and held his end of the line like a stone wall.

Dover, coming to Metuchen late in the season, had not much of a chance to show what he could do, but next year will surely see him a first string man.

Last but not least, the manager, Francis Hay, who worked hard for the success of the team;—and Mr. Spoerl, as coach, to whom all our thanks are due for the success of the season.

Lineup

Coach—Mr. E. E. Spoerl.

Gallagher, Qb., Capt.	Carney, tackle.	E. Drake, fullback.
Thompson, end.	Mook, guard.	James, fullback.
Mundy, tackle.	Schenck, tackle.	Johnson, halfback.
Molineux, center.	Von Hartz, end.	Waterbury, halfback.
Allen, guard.	Platt, tackle.	Dover, guard.
Burres, guard.	H. Drake, end.	Randolph, end.

Editor's Note—A word of recognition is here due to the athletic editor, "Dick," who played a scrappy and consistent game at halfback.

BOYS' BASKETBALL

Immediately after the close of the football season all candidates for the basketball team got busy on the court. After a few weeks practice a team was chosen.

On the tenth of January this team journeyed to the Vocational School in New Brunswick. There they showed that they still needed quite a little practice, although they played a snappy game from beginning to end. The score was 56-11, which, although big, was not discouraging as the Vocational School had already become the county champions.

On the thirteenth the team went to Woodbridge and received their second defeat from the Woodbridge varsity by a score of 43-13. It was a hard fought game despite the score and the High School showed notable improvement.

On January 24th, Vocational School came here with the idea that they were to have the easiest time of their life. The score was, indeed, 39-10 in their favor, but it wasn't exactly the easy job that they had expected.

Three days later the High School went to Bound Brook and received another defeat in the slowest game of the season. Score: 40-21.

On February 3rd, Woodbridge High came here and the High School decided to atone for the so called "rooking" they had received at Woodbridge. They lost, 23-18, but our boys played the game of their lives and we were proud of the close score.

Four days later the team traveled alone to Matawan and received another defeat to the sad tune of 56-22. Thompson, however, cannot be too highly praised on his foul-shooting, getting nine out of ten in this game.

At last, on the 17th we defeated the arrogant Alumni in the best game of the season. The team knew that they simply had to win and so the final score stood 33-17 in favor of US.

The next Friday the team again met the Alumni in the Auditorium. They played a fast, wonderful game, but although they fought to the last ditch, the score was 33-21, in favor of the Alumni, thus necessitating a "rubber."

This "rubber" was played on the following Friday and all who saw the game can surely join in the praise for the game the team played that day. However, let's not cry over spilt milk. We lost—24-19 thus ending the season.

The Players Themselves.

James, as captain, lived up to his reputation and played the game from start to finish.

Drake, a very good offensive guard and reliable center.

Randolph didn't play in many games, but he too lived up to his reputation, at all times.



Boys' Basketball Team

McKaig was the best defensive guard the High School has ever known or probably ever will know for quite a time to come.

Zahn; to him we owe many of the spectacular plays that helped cheer the team on toward victory.

Thompson was the best forward and individual scorer on the team. He reminds one of Wally Reid when dressed in his basketball togs, too.

Gallagher took the old football spirit into the basketball season and played a brilliant game at forward.

Von Hartz tapped the ball every time for Metuchen and a more worthy center could not be found.

William Bohlke and Gilbert Sortore were very competent managers and worked hard for the team.

And again we must thank Mr. Spoerl, the coach, for his invaluable services as our coach.

Lineup

Coach Mr. E. E. Spoerl

James, Captain, guard.

McKaig, guard.

Zahn, forward.

Thompson, forward.

Randolph, forward.

H. Drake, guard.

Von Hartz, center.

Gallagher, forward.



Girls' Basketball Team

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

The girls' basketball team after the usual practice season played its first game with Bound Brook, on the 19th of December at Bound Brook. They played a hard game, but were in no way a match for the Bound Brook girls and lost by a score of 70-17.

The second game, with the Rahway Y. W. C. A. on January 10th, was more successful and although Rahway did their best, the High School came home victors, 29-7. The team showed much improvement since the Bound Brook game.

On January 20th, the team went to New Brunswick and although this time it was Metuchen that did its best to avert defeat, the score was 44-8 in favor of New Brunswick.

On February 2nd, the team journeyed to Roselle Park. They played a fine game, but lost to a score of 42-6.

The next game was played with the Jamesburg High School girls on the home court, March 3rd. The home team scored an easy victory; Jamesburg gave no opposition at all. The final score was 28-7 in favor of us—of course.

A word about the players:

Marjorie Drake proved to be a competent captain and dependable scorer.

Doris Barnard showed us that she was no novice at the game and tossed the fouls through the season with the desired effect.

Elizabeth Hillpot played a good game, always, and proved her right to her position on the varsity.

Elsie Mundy played the real game and very few baskets were scored by her opponents.

Evelyn Pinder played center as you know; but never did we see her jump. She didn't have to. She stood still and tapped the ball in the desired direction.

Margaret Ayers—Now you see her—now you don't. She certainly was too fast for her opponents, although “Murph” can keep track of her well enough. So it seems.

Nellie Farrell also took the ball on the jump and was a very successful center, so long as she stayed awake.

Sara Platt played well and gives promise of a good player for future teams.

Denasi Danford played a good game and is surely following in the footsteps of her brother, as a good athlete.

Dorothy Fitch proved that size has nothing to do with speed when it comes to basketball, and she was quite a surprise to her opponents.

Alice Wilbert did not play much, but on those few occasions she did remarkably well.

Dorothy Humphries, a very aggressive player; gave her opponents endless trouble whenever she entered the game.

Muriel Johnson was an untiring worker at the position of manager and much credit is due her, for of all things, a girls' basketball team is the hardest thing on earth to manage.

Last but not least, to Miss Mathews goes the credit for the success of the team.

Lineup

Coach—Miss Alice Mathews

Evelyn Pinder, center

Margaret Ayers, side center

Marjorie Drake, forward

Elizabeth Hillpot, guard

Doris Barnard, forward

Elsie Mundy, guard

Substitutes

Nellie Farrel

Dorothy Fitch

Sara Platt

Alice Wilbert

Denasi Danford

Dorothy Humphries

BASEBALL

Baseball practice started about the second week in March. Many candidates turned out with a pleasing show of interest. By the process of elimination these finally dwindled down to the regular lineup.

The first game was played on the Durham avenue field, on April 12th with Wardlaw School from Plainfield. The team played well but the score was 9-3 in their favor.

The next game was with Wardlaw again, on the Wardlaw diamond, April 25th. The High School played a fine game and kept a decided lead until just before the end. The final score stood 7-5, in their favor again.

The next day we played the Alumni, on the Durham Avenue field. It was a very slow and discouraging game and we were beaten to the tune of 11-5.

At last, on the 28th the team went to Woodbridge and returned victors, 17-12. It was a wonderful game and the High School showed then what they could really do.

On May 2nd, they played Bound Brook, at Bound Brook. Several of the best players were out of that game for one reason or another, and although the rest played a hard game, Bound Brook won, 15-5.

On May 10th the team went over to New Brunswick and played the Rutgers Prep second team. It was a good game and until the very last M. H. S. had quite a lead over their opponents, but again they lost, 21-14.

On May 10th the team went to New Brunswick and played the Rutgers Prep Reserves, and although they played a fine game and were in the lead much of the time, they were beaten, 21-14.

The next Friday the Woodbridge team came to Metuchen and received a good trimming to the tune of 26-7.

On Tuesday, the 16th, Harrison came here and gave the High School the hardest “rub” of the season, but our team came through and won, 20-17.

On the 19th, we went to New Brunswick and beat New Brunswick Junior High in a game that was little more than interesting. The score was 25-4.

On Tuesday the 23rd, Bound Brook came here with hopes for an easy victory. They won, 9-2, but it was far from the “cinch” that they had expected.

The next Friday we played a return game with the Rutgers Prep Reserves. Our revenge was sweet and we left the field victors, 15-7.

The remaining games of the season will be played after the “Blue Letter” goes to press.



Baseball Team

And now, once more, a word or two of recognition for the players themselves:

Tommie, as captain and shortstop, played a snappy game always.

Mundy was a fast and sure fielder.

Sam Dover—The best catcher we've had for many years.

J. Ellis—A wonderful little pitcher, and dependable, too.

Waterbury—The veteran, still on the job.

Burres—Showed the making of a good pitcher, too.

E. Drake—A sensational first baseman.

McKaig—A consistent player at second base.

Podolski—Another very efficient shortstop and utility man.

H. Drake—One of the best High School ball players to be found.

Von Hartz—The Babe Ruth of the High School.

Gallagher—A substantial asset to the team in the field.

Hecht—Proved his worthiness of a berth with the team.

James—A good substitute for the field.

Geary—A sure scorer for the High School.

Tom Dover—A veritable emulation of his brother.

Schenck and William Ellis as manager and assistant manager, worked hard as all managers do. Much credit is due to them.

Again, to Mr. Spoerl, the coach, our thanks are due for the success of the team.



Debating Team

DEBATING

The debating preliminaries were held in November, when two teams were chosen. On January 12, the regular team was chosen to represent the High School for the season.

The first debate was at Metuchen on March 24th. The affirmative:—“Resolved that the United States government should immediately grant independence to the Philippines; was upheld by our team, the negative by Woodbridge. We won—of course. We always do. Much credit is due here to our captain in his remarkable rebuttal.

The next debate was with Matawan at Metuchen on the 28th of April. Metuchen upheld the affirmative again. It was a close argument but the judges’ decision was for Matawan and so we accepted defeat as good sports.

Here, too, something must be said of the debaters themselves.

Irvin James as captain argued like a Webster.

Mabel Shalau and Dorothy Batsford proved that they were real debaters and deserved their place on the team.

Florence Jacobs was a competent alternate and promises to qualify for the regular team in the future.

—o—

OPERETTA

An operetta entitled “The Feast of the Little Lanterns” was given in the auditorium of the Franklin School, February 10th, by the girls’ chorus, assisted by the boys. It was given for the benefit of the boys’ and girls’ A. A.’s, and about sixty-five dollars was cleared. The scenery was very attractive and the principal cast was as follows:

Princess Chan	Luella Campbell
Mai Ku	Priscilla Johnson
Wee Ling	Elizabeth Hillpot
Oo Long	Dorothy Humphries

FIELD DAY

On the afternoon of May 24th, the High School held its annual track and field day. It was a wonderful day and the whole High School turned out to witness the events. The winners of these events were chosen to represent the High School at the county meet in New Brunswick, June 10.

The field events were as follows—Running high jump, won by Gallagher, first; Waterbury, second, and H. Drake, third. Height 4 ft. 8 in. Shot put—Won by H. Drake, E. Drake, and I. Burres, distance 35 ft. 4 in.

The track events were—100 yard dash, won by Mundy, Waterbury and Von Hartz; 220 yard dash, won by Mundy, VonHartz and Waterbury; 440 yard dash, won by Gallagher, James and Schenck.

880 yard run, won by Gallagher, Waterbury and Von Hartz.

One Mile—WON by Gallagher, Failmezger, and Waterbury; thus giving victory to the Seniors.

SENIOR PLAY

The Senior Class presented their annual school play in the auditorium of the Franklin School on April 21, 1922.

A comedy, “FIFTY-FIFTY,” was presented, the able coach being Mr. H. B. Johnson. The auditorium was jammed to its doors, more than it has ever been at any other Senior Play.

The main characters were: Muriel Johnson, who took the part of a dancer with charming and attractive grace; Isabelle Rolfe, who very ably took a dual role; Irvin James, as an artist, is a true genius on the stage; and Arthur McKaig, a struggling young writer. All distinguished themselves as very clever actors.

Altho’ the main thread of the play surrounded these four, there were others who were vitally necessary: Beatrice Rumler was a very capable land-lady, her particular friend being O’Malley, the tailor, played by Francis Hay. Emily Taylor, as a collector of pictures, showed her keen dramatic sense. Richard Johnson, as black as night, made a typical darkie, and played the part of “Smudge” to perfection. DuBois Thompson, as a sea captain, filled his part well, as did Lilla Mundy, who took the part of his wife.

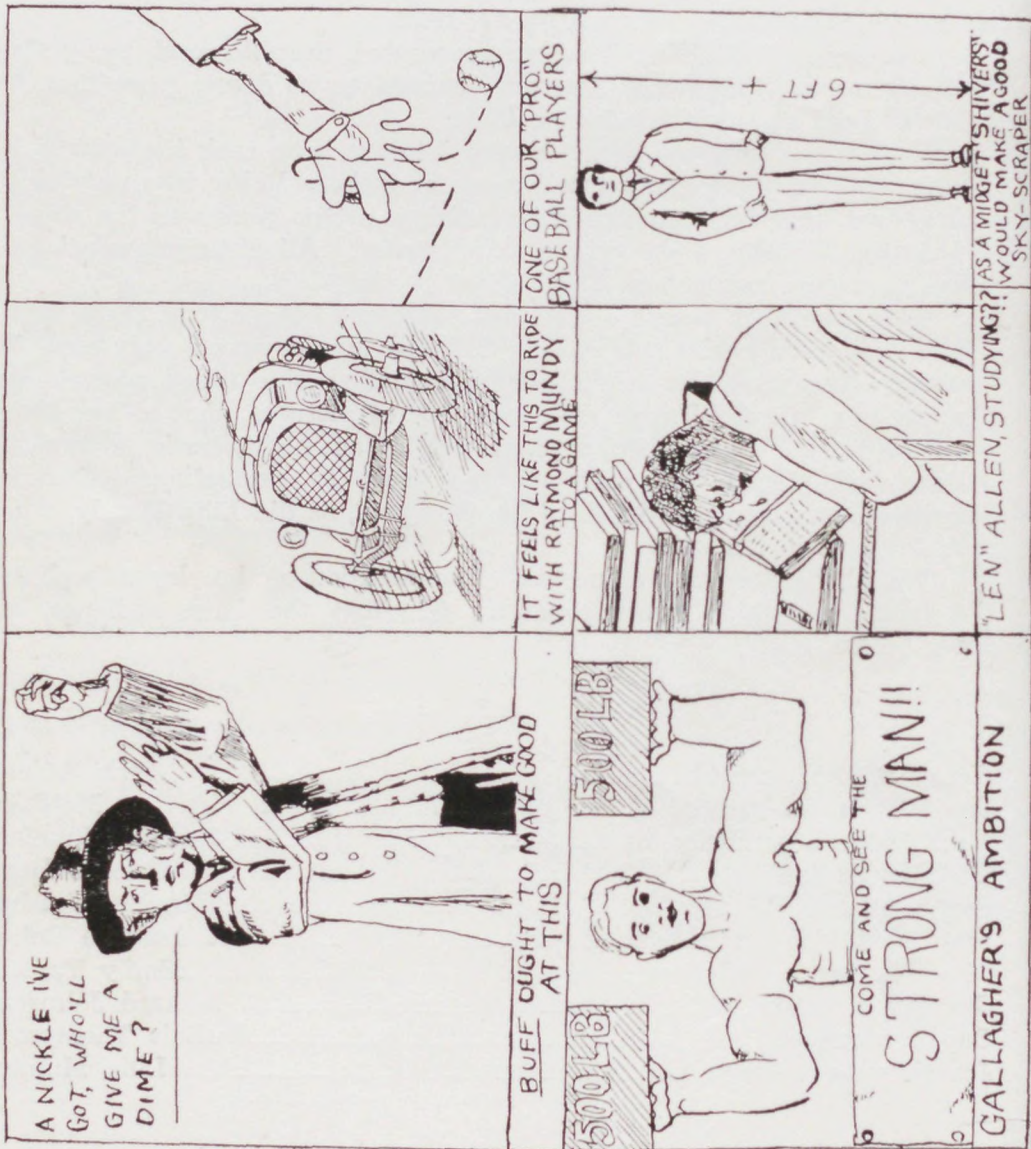
The play indeed was a success. The selection of the play as well as the manner in which it was rendered, delighted the large audience, as never before.

— : C A S T : —

Henry Brown, an artist	Irvin James
Paul Green, an author	Arthur McKaig
Mrs. Podge, a landlady	Beatrice Rumler
O’Malley, a janitor	Francis Hay
Sophie Bland, a dancer	Muriel Johnson
May Dexter, an enthusiast	Isabelle Rolfe
Mrs. Hawley, a collector	Emily Taylor
Smudge, a valet	Richard Johnson
Cap, a wanderer	DuBois Thompson
Josephine, a seeker	Lilla Mundy

AN ERROR AND CORRECTION

"The Blue Letter" Metuchen High School's annual has been printed and distributed with an inadvertent error on page 38 in the review of the Field Day. This is to be regretted. The one mile run was not won by those mentioned in the last paragraph on page 38, but as announced by the judge by Waterbury, Failmezger and Molineux, thus giving victory to the Juniors and NOT to the Seniors. This notice should be clipped and pasted on page 38 as a proper record.



ALUMNI NOTES

In 1921 our Principal, Mr. Thomas G. Van Kirk, completed his twentieth year of service in the Metuchen High School. It seemed to some of the Alumni who had known Mr. Van Kirk as teacher principal, and friend through these years, that his long career of effective, unostentatious service should not pass unrecognized. A committee was therefore formed, and in a quiet way, preparation was made for a banquet in his honor. In about the middle of September, nearly one hundred alumni and teachers gathered at Hotel Klein, New Brunswick, and Mr. Van Kirk, who came upon invitation and with no knowledge of the significance of the occasion, found one of the most representative meetings our Alumni ever held.

After the usual excellent repast, furnished by the friendly caterer, an interesting programme of speeches followed. Mr. F. M. Potter, of the class of 1905, acted as toastmaster. Nearly ten of the classes were heard from and then Mr. Charles Prickitt, President of the Board of Education, gave a most interesting discourse in which he traced the development of the High School during the past twenty years. As a fitting climax to the evening, Miss Anna Beekman made a graceful presentation to Mr. Van Kirk, in the name of the Alumni Association, of a handsome traveling bag, without any suggestion that a sudden departure was urged, but rather as a testimonial to the affection and regard which was felt by all those who had enjoyed close association with Mr. Van Kirk in the old school. Our Principal made appropriate reply, expressing his deep appreciation of the spirit evinced by this gift, and briefly alluded to interesting reminiscences of his long years of service.

At the close of the evening a regular session of the Association was held at which the following officers were elected to serve for the ensuing year:—President, F. M. Potter; Vice President, Miss Anna Beekman.

—F. M. Potter, '05.



The Bread Line



Tommy stops a hard one

The long and short
of it.

The chief



Tickets



Our Huskies

May 12th, 1922.

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

To Whom It May Concern:—

We, the Senior Class of 1922, being of a sane mind, do hereby will and bequeath collectively and in part to the Class of 1923 our books, in order that they may be able to study as hard as we have; the right to use the front door, which they have already tried, but in vain; and the everlasting duty of the Seniors—setting good examples for the underclassmen. But, Juniors, remember; these privileges are not to become effective until you have become full-fledged Seniors.

We also leave various things to the Juniors, individually.

To Lester Platt, the class president, we leave a steamer to Europe; the care of Ruth Powell (to be shared with Von Hartz) and the stern injunction that he is not to break his neck studying;—also the Mayorship of Menlo Park.

To Margaret Ayers and Howard Molineux we leave a Bond of Matrimony.

To Margaret, alone, we leave an expensive makeup.

To Howard we bequeath a book, entitled, “How to Become Studious”—with our permission to lend it to Gladys Potter.

To the other duo—Evelyn Pinder and Arthur Hecht, we leave the necessary dollar to get the marriage license from Mr. Hillpot; with—but oh, no! Hechty, we’ll let you have it at the proper time—not now.

To Evelyn we will a little “pep” to use in basketball games and also the company of our esteemed townsmen—“Nemo” Ayers and “Goofer” Mundy.

To Hecht we leave a pile of bats to break while making his home runs, and a patent for the grin that won’t come off.

To Helen Willmont we leave the biological department of the school and a standing order for two dozen frogs per week.

To Helen James, known as “Jessie” we bequeath an instrument to keep her curls perfect and also a new Xmas hat.

To Gladys Potter and Doris Barnard we leave Rutgers College “en masse.”

To Gladys—some of Margaret Ayers’ makeup and also a good pile of her own—and someone to take Tommy’s place—if such a thing is possible.

To Doris we bequeath an insurance policy to use when she goes riding with either of the Hofers.

To “Izzy” Burres we leave a few of his national holidays during the baseball season so that he can stay away from school and develop that aeroplane ball.

To Nellie Farrell we leave a “pull” with Mr. Schell.

To Priscilla Johnson we leave some of Clara Mayo's Ha-Ha! and to Clara some of Priscilla's quiet smile to even matters up.

To Blanche Martin we bequeath a bag of cakes and crackers for every football and baseball game.

To Browning Waterbury we bequeath the care of the whole class of incoming Sophomores, and some money with which to send himself bouquets.

To Janet Comstock we leave some language books and the right to Bill Ellis' smiles.

To Sam Dover we leave a name plate to wear in order that we may distinguish him from his brother; also a catcher's mit to practice with and a good arm to throw to second with.

To Margaret Randolph, known as "Lily," we leave a pair of dark glasses to hide those vampy eyes before some fellow falls victim and runs off with her.

To Pat Sortore we leave a pair of knickers so that we may see him as his former self.

To Edwin Beekman and Lois Schenck we bequeath a chair which holds just two.

To Lois we leave some of her brother's nerve.

To Beekman we leave a permit from Frank Smith to get Sloan's Liniment at Costa's and cigarettes at Perry's.

To Ward Barwell we leave the pick of any girl in town. Remember folks—"Still water runs deep."

To Dot Humphries we leave Walter Madison and some more time to study her lessons.

To Emma Wypler we bequeath a whole library full of Bernard Shaw's works and three quires of paper to write out her Socialistic ideas.

To Joseph Zahn we leave another "jockey shirt" and a shield to defend himself with from the ladies.

To William Bohlke we bequeath a guide on "Safety First" so that he won't run his car too fast.

To Elsie Mundy we leave a good-looking fellow from New Brunswick—but we really don't know whether it's he or his brother.

To "Goofer" Mundy we bequeath an aeroplane so that he may be able to make more speed—also a private telephone with which to call up his many lady friends.

To Warren Breen we leave a course in public speaking to develop his natural talent, and a new bicycle so that he may practice up to beat Brocco.

To Marion Mook we leave a voice that may be heard and a Perth Amboy-New Brunswick bus (including the driver) to ride in.

To Alice Wilbert we leave some powerful reducing agent to be shared with Blanche Martin.

To Mary Able we leave the right to pray for Len Allen's success when he finally leaves High School.

To Marjorie Drake we bequeath "Midge" Ardelino and the privilege of teaching some of the other girls basketball.

Last, but not least, to Ellwood Drake we leave the right to run Bower's Garage and the town affairs.

So now we wish and hope that the Seniors of next year will enjoy their last year at M. H. S. as much as we have.

CLASS OF 1922.

—o—

JUNIOR PROPHECY

Last night while out, as usual, my wife took the liberty to rummage among my personal effects. Her ingenious eye located a wallet, hitherto undiscovered because of the surrounding atmosphere of cigar coupons. The wallet, unassuming in itself, contained many entertaining missiles from innocent girls and otherwise. During the course of reading, she came upon a faded old manuscript which, looking to be of little value, she read for fear of missing anything. When I arrived home she greeted me like a long-lost mother-in-law. She kept the letters but gave me the document which I will soon present to you.

In the famous divorce case of Johnson vs. Johnson, counsel Tremblay for the plaintiff, in securing evidence, ran across the notorious members of the class of 1922. He made careful notes during the trial and gave his complete record to me, as a personal friend. Much interested to learn how these old friends of mine were faring I read it and will give it to you, too, exactly as it was.

1940, A. D., in the year Volstead, 20.—My maddening pursuit of facts led me through nearly all of the states. I made my first stop at Straight Bend, Del., where I located a so called hotel. The proprietor who offered his name as Monsieur Von Hartz, a big fat Frenchman, was very proud of his French restaurant. The only things I noticed French about the place was the way he fried the potatoes and the theory that the whole is greater than any of its parts, governing his making of doughnuts.

After recovering from indigestion I vamoosed from this city and in two days' time I fell into "Little Falls," Georgia, when the train jumped the track. The engineer, who reported himself as Samuel Schenck, a fine robust man, was severely reprimanded for bad steering.

I grabbed up my bag and left town. The road became dark and lonely. Suddenly the sound of a truck, approaching from behind, became audible. As it drew near, the engine gave a weak gasp—turned over and died. Muttered oaths issued from the car and presently I heard the names of Butch and Hay exchanged. On the strength of this I ventured back to the

car and found these old pals deeply engrossed in boot-legging. They took me to "Hilly Plains," the next town.

Here I first partook of a good meal. The oysters cost me dearly as I bit into a pearl which robbed me of half a tooth. I rushed from the restaurant in search of a dentist. The sign of "T. Failmezger, Dentist, 'Nerveless and Senseless Work Done'"—arrested my sight. Thither I directed my footsteps. He always liked mechanical engineering when he was in High School and so his specialty was bridge-work. His wife, formerly Miss Beatrice Rumler, held the tool and took the money.

While walking across the street I was nearly deprived of my life by a Dodge furiously driven by Mrs. J. Arthur McKaig, formerly Miss Isabel Rolfe. Her husband had worked in a Post Office for eight years until he was at last promoted to the position of first assistant stamp lickster. He is now retired. The judge retired him for relieving the place of its extra change. A sympathetic citizen directed me to the headquarters of the Chief of Police. His presence was signified by the sign "D. B. S. Thompson, Chief of Police—'Murders Handled with Care—Burglaries a Specialty.'" I found him in his sanctuary on the other end of a big Havana special.

After leaving there we went in search of the other woman in the case but found that she had left town. I followed her to Pumptown, N. J., where I hired a Nash and trailed her to Menlo Park. Here I saw her seeking information from the worthy Mr. Lenwood Allen, the stationary station agent, who in turn was trying to short-change her. I handed her a summons for February 31st.

I spent the night home and strange to say, found an interesting article in the Metuchen Recorder. It was by Emily Taylor, now a professor in the Tutte-Frutte Institute. It was a treatise developing her recent theory that the square of the hippopotamus is equal to quite a number of the other sides.

As the trial was that morning I arose early and went to the barber shop. It was under the successful management of Frank Gallagher, successor to Mr. Charles Hartman. Frank was very late, especially in paying his bills. After ruining his razor on me I was introduced to his wife, stout and portly, being the former Miss Batsford. She then went to the radiotinkagraphophone to find out what a customer was thinking of a recent haircut. As it registered unfavorably I left as soon as possible.

I immediately proceeded to the court room where I held council with my client, Mrs. R. M. Johnson. I found her being consoled by the former Marion Mundy. Miss Mundy had married a foreigner who was very much taken up by our land, in fact, he takes it up a shovelful at a time. Mr. Johnson's lawyer called on the first witness who was no less than Hans Nielson, now the leading figure in a travelling circus. She testified that she had seen Mrs. Johnson and Mr. James together at inopportune mo-

ments. Mr. James, a dignified banker at the Woodbridge clay banks, promptly refuted this charge and stated that he had never strayed.

The next witness, Miss Lilla Mundy, now head of the Zoostromy department of the Metuchen Library, gave a long and emphatic statement on the many times she had seen Mr. Johnson in the company of the other woman, Miss Rena Whalen. Blushes were seen on the faces of the accused pair. Mr. Johnson, in his excitement, lit two butts at once and attempted to deny his guilt, but in vain. At this moment Miss Whalen dropped her courage which woke Judge Carney with a start. His honor stated that it was all very confusing, but still he gave his decision in favor of Mrs. Johnson and Mr. James, who left immediately for Niagara Falls.

Finis.

THE MYSTIC THREE

There are three words, the sweetest words,
 In all the human speech—
 More sweet than are all songs of birds,
 Or pages poets preach.
 This life may be a vale of tears,
 A sad and dreary thing—
 Three words and trouble disappears
 And birds begin to sing.
 Three words, and all the roses bloom,
 The sun begins to shine;
 Three words will dissipate the gloom
 And water turn to wine.
 Three words will cheer the saddest days—
 “I love you!” Wrong, by heck!
 It is another, sweeter phrase,
 “Enclosed—find—check.”

—Brown Jug.

When woman was made out of a man's rib someone pulled a bone.—
 Pitt Panther.

SUFFICIENT EXCUSE—Cop: “You're pinched for speeding.”

Copped—“What's the big idea? Doesn't that sign say ‘Fine for Speeding’?”—Sun Dial.

HUMOR

'08—A lot of prominent citizens of Ithaca want me to come back and live there.

'09—You really don't mean it.

'08—Yes, I get a communication from some of the leading merchants every so often saying that they would like to have me come back and settle.—Cornell Widow.

"I was just knocked flat by a Twin Six."

"My, how unfortunate!"

"Yes, it was unnatural. Shot a twelve in a crap game."—Johns Hopkins Black and Blue Jay.

"I'll explain deduction," said the young law student, airing his knowledge in the home circle. "In our back yard, for example, is a pile of ashes. By deduction that is evidence that we've had fires going this winter."

"By the way, John," broke in his father, "you might go out and sift the evidence."—Boston Transcript.

"I became the father of a little boy yesterday," remarked the barber, gently hinting for a tip.

"Well, well," said the customer, "Here's a dime for the little shaver."—New York Sun.

NO WONDER HE CAN'T

"What time saving device has Snodgrass invented?"

"One he can't sell. It's an attachment that plays both sides of a phonograph record at once.

KEEPING THEM IN—Doorkeeper (to late-comer at village concert)
"No, madam, I dare not open the door during the singing. Half the audience would rush out."—London Opinion.

Mistress—Oh, Jane, I told you to notice when the jam boiled over?

New Maid—So I did, mum. It was a quarter past eleven!—Passing Show (London).

THE INTELLIGENT SENIOR

Prof.—What is ordinarily used as a conductor of electricity?

Senior—Why, er-r—

Correct. Now tell me, what is the unit of electric power?

The what, sir?

That will do, very good.—Stevens Tech. Stone Mill,

SOPHOMORE FOOLISHMENT

There was a young fellow named Mook, fond of roaming,
Who liked to walk out in the gloaming;
If a friend, as he passed
Quite politely should ask,
What he'd have, he'd reply, "Something foaming."

The clergyman told from his text,
How Samson was barbered and vexed;
And it all so did take,
That young Duckie Drake
Got rattled and shouted out, "Next."

There was a young fellow named Drew,
Who bit all his oysters in two,
For he felt a misgiving—
Should any be living,
They'd kick up a hullabaloo.

The Sophomores call Hecht "petite,"
He's a figure uncommonly neat;
But of course, you can see,
Just as plain as can be,
That it doesn't apply to his feet.

Young Mr. Podolski
Said somewhat explosively, "Gee,"
If the back of my head
Were my forehead instead,
Just think how unique I would be.

Jim Oliver who made a fiasco,
In despair drank a pint of tabasco;
Soon the hair on his head,
Turned from yellow to red,
And he then got a job with Belasco.

There was a young lady named Anna,
Who stepped on a peel of banana
And the words that she said,
As she stood on her head,
Wouldn't do for a Sunday School banner.

ALBERT ALEXANDER, '24.

Goof—My father was killed in a feud.

Hechty—I never would ride in one of those cheap cars. (We ride in a Saxon).

THIS AIN'T SO GOOD

“Wait a minute, lady,” said the garage attendant. “You owe us a dollar and a half—your battery was fixed. Pay me please.”

“Indeed,” snorted the fair driver, “my husband told me to have it charged!”

LEAD ME TO IT

Advertisement on cover of movie magazine: Picture of Billie Burke Inside. Who said beauty is only skin deep?

SOMETHING WRONG

“You may give me a pound of raisins, a cake of yeast, a peck of apples—”

“Yes, yes.”

“And four cakes of soap.”

“Huh! I'll never try that receipt,” said the grocer as he turned away.
—Judge.

“What is the most popular Woman's Club in the world?”

“Rolling Pin.”—Spectator.

The shades of night were falling fast,
The fool “stepped on it” and rushed past.
A crash—he died without a sound;
They opened up his head and found
Excelsior!

—BOSTON TRANSCRIPT.

ECONOMICAL

John—“Just burned up a \$100 bill.”

Demijohn—“You must be a millionaire.”

John—“Well, it's easier to burn them than pay them.”—The Stanford Chaparral.

The robber who tore off a woman's skirt to get \$700 worth of Government bonds took Liberties.

TAKING A CHANCE—Magistrate of Irish Court (after a turbulent scene amongst general public)—“The next person that shouts ‘Down with England,’ I'll have thrown out into the street.”

Prisoner (excitedly)—“Down wid England.”—London Opinion.

JUST SO

“He speaks of my alabaster brow. I don’t understand that term.”

“He means your ivory dome, girlie.”—Judge.

STRANGE

An absent-minded professor returned home from a lecture one night very, very late. His mind was filled with a very knotty problem. Reaching his room he thought he heard someone under his bed.

“Who is under there?” he asked.

“No one,” replied the man concealed under the bed. The fellow was familiar with the professor’s peculiarities.

“That’s strange,” muttered the professor. “I could have sworn I heard some one under there.”—Judge.

DENBY THE TYRANT—Flags on all naval vessels and buildings were at half-mast yesterday in memory of Charles J. Bonaparte, Secretary of the Navy in 1905 and 1906, WHO DIED TUESDAY, IN ACCORDANCE WITH ORDERS FROM SECRETARY OF THE NAVY DENBY.”—San Francisco Journal (R. W. Gray).

A MEMORY

Mary wore a little skirt
Indeed it swept the walks,
She did not camouflage her face
Nor did she roll her sox.

And yet the men in Mary’s town
Classed her among the chicques,
For Mary wore that little skirt
In eighteen-ninety-six.

—PENN STATE FROTH.

HE KNEW

“Father, when I graduate I’m going to follow my literary bent and write for money.”

“Well, son, you ought to be successful. That’s all you’ve been doing since you started to college.”—Washington and Jefferson Wag Jag.

AT OUR VILLAGE CONCERT

Giles—I reckon it be gettin’ late, Garge, ’cos they be singin’ two at a time now.—Passing Show (London).

Bovinely Speaking—Has Mike Howe registered here?

Clerk—What do you think this is, a livery stable!—Oral Hygiene.

PA'S GRACE

Little Doris, aged five, was permitted to go with her mother to a tea given by the ladies of the Methodist Guild, and the minister was to be present. She promised to be extraordinarily quiet. The ladies were all seated at the table and the minister at the head. The minister had just finished grace, when little Doris piped up: “My father says grace, too, but he don't say all that. All he says, usually, is “Good God! What a meal!”

—O—

IDENTIFIED

Who was this wild and winsome coot
Who made poor Adam pull the boot
And taste of that forbidden fruit?

A Flapper.

This Cleopatra maiden fair
For whom great Caesar tore his hair,
Who was this vamp so debonair?

A Flapper.

Who was this biddy called Salome
That robbed John Baptist of his dome,
The one that made mere man leave home?

A Flapper.

Who is it now that flashes by
With scanty clothes and drooping eye,
For whom some sap would gladly die?

A Flapper.

Who strokes the profs upon their nobs,
And on their shoulder gently sobs
While some swell mark from them she robs?

A Flapper.

Who is it spends your hard-earned kale
Who makes this plaint a woeful tale
Who is more deadly than the male?

A Flapper.

—Stanford Chapparral.

CAREFUL LISTENERS—“When the eyes are shut, the hearing becomes more acute,” says a medical authority. We have noticed people trying this experiment in church.—London Opinion.

VERY MUCH AFRAYED—“Going in that house over there?” said the first tramp.

“I tried that house last week. I ain’t goin’ there any more,” replied Tramp No. 2.

“’Fraid on account of the dog?”

“Me trousers are.”

“Trousers are what?”

“Frayed on account of the dog.”—Los Angeles Times.

BAAH!

Teacher—“Jane, can you tell me who succeeded Edward VI.?”

Jane—“Mary.”

Teacher—“Now, Lucy, can you tell me who followed Mary?”

Lucy (absent-mindedly)—“Her little lamb.”

Teacher—Why was Goliath surprised when David hit him in the head with a stone?

Joph—Because such a thing never entered his head before.

A SENSITIVE SOLE

Colored Rookie—I’d lahk to have a new pair o’ shoes, suh!

Sergeant—Are your shoes worn out?

“Worn out! Man, the bottums of mah shoes is so thin that ah can step on a dime and tell whether it’s heads or tails!”—Pittsburg Panther.

MIXED FEET

A tree toad loved a she toad

That lived in a tree;

She was a 3-toed tree toad,

But a 2-toed tree toad was he,

The 2-toed tree toad tried to win

The she toad’s friendly nod;

For the 2-toed tree toad loved the ground

That the 3-toed tree toad trod;

But vainly the 2-toed tree toad tried—

He couldn’t please her whim;

In her tree toad bower, with her V-toed power,

The she toad vetoed him.

—The Van Raalte Vanguard.

HAVE YOU READ "FLANNELS"

Mr. S.—Have you read my book on the "Assumption of Pragmatism?"

Gallagher—Nope.

Mr. S.—Have you read my "Why of the However?"

Gallagher—Sorry, but I haven't.

Mr. S.—Well, what have you read?

Gallagher (triumphantly)—I've red hair.—Gargoyle.

"We had the real chaperone at our house for the Hop.

"Whowazzit?

"Helen Keller."—Gargoyle.

She—Don't take this personally, Frank, but who is the dumbest person in the world?

He—Well, excepting present company, the goof that thinks that a mailman when he gets a holiday puts up a lunch and takes a long walk.—Gargoyle.

"Yes, I can give you a job. You may gather the eggs for me if you are sure you won't steal any.

"Youse could trust me with anything, lady. I was manager of a bathhouse for fifteen years and never took a bath."—Judge.

Dix—Do you play on the piano?

Nix—Had to give it up. Fell off too many times.—Goblin.

Chaperone (to toddling couple)—Leave the floor.

Couple—Certainly, we have no use for it at home.—Tar Baby.

Who is that?

Oh, that's our pole vaulter.

Does he speak English?—Jack-O'-Lantern.

Lady—Is this a camel's hair brush?

Clerk—Aw, git on. Camels don't brush their hair.—Purple Cow.

My woman she
Has done me dirt;
She rubbed her cheeks
Upon my shirt.

—Gargoyle.

BUT WATCH THE POLE VAULT

"The Greeks don't rate much in the Olympic games."

"No, but they shine in America."—Purple Cow.

THE MARCH OF THE LATINEERS

It looked extremely rocky

For the Latineers that day;

The star of the class had recited

And I thought I'd have my say.

We had a two-chapter assignment,

And out of the whole darn text,

The only part in the bunch I knew

Was the part directly next.

So I waited in dreadful silence

To hear whom that voice would proclaim.

And all a-flutter—I hoped and prayed

That it would be my name,

And when at last, with a doomful sound,

The teacher's voice did call,

My hopes then sank as they had risen,

For it wasn't my name at all.

Bill Ellis was the guy in luck,

Though it mightn't have seemed so to him,

For the things that are very clear to some,

To others are very dim.

Bill got up and said things like this:

(Though the teacher to him wasn't kind),

“Caesar then sent ahead the men

Who were to remain behind.”

And then when he had finished

Miss Clark started in on syntax;

She asked us several questions

For she thought us very lax;

“Line sixty-three, ‘discerteret,’

Explain in full,” she said;

But the only answer I could give—

I gave—I shook my head.

When all the questions were answered,

The teacher again had the floor;

And all that suspense we'd suffered,

We were to go through once more.

Then to our glad unbounded joy,

The period bell did ring;

And to me it sounded far sweeter

Than birds that sing in the spring.

Then:

With Latin to right of them;

Latin to left of them;

Latin behind them;
 With happy cheers;
 Out of the room galloped
 The gay Latineers.

—A. A., '24.

NO BARGAIN—"Dear John," the wife wrote from a fashionable resort, "I enclose the hotel bill."

"Dear Mary," he responded, "I enclose check to cover the bill, but please do not buy any more hotels at this figure—they are cheating you."—Life.

MATHEMATICAL RECOGNITION — "She recognized the TWO men, the police say, as the TRIO who attacked her."—New York World. (A. B. Cook).

NOT PARTICULAR—(Housewife)—"I'll not give you anything. Do you know who I am?"

(Tramp)—"No, mum."

(Housewife)—"Well, I'm a policeman's wife, and if my husband were here he would take you, and quickly, too."

(Tramp)—"I believe yer, mum. Your husband 'ud take anybody."—The Bulletin.

REPARTEE.—Professor (attempting to be witty in geometry class)—"And can any of you gentlemen tell me where has my polygon?"

Wiseacre (in the rear)—"Up the geometree, sir."—Tiger.

STOP! LOOK! LISTEN!—"Is this a fast train?" the salesman asked the conductor.

"Of course it is," was the reply.

"I thought it was. Would you mind my getting out to see what it is fast to?"—Evansville Crescent.

THE PROFESSOR'S SURPRISE

"I propose to show you," said the professor of biology, "a very fine specimen of a dissected frog which I have in this parcel."

Undoing the parcel, he disclosed some sandwiches, a hard boiled egg, and some fruit.

"But—surely I ate my lunch!" he exclaimed.—Judge

SAFETY FIRST.—"How is it that you are never affected this way, Captain?" asked the seasick old lady.

"Because I always bolt down my meals, madam," replied the weary captain, turning on his heel.—Brown Jug.

THE STENOG'S VACATION.

(sung by her boss)

My tYpust is oi hor vacution,
 My trpist's awau fpr a week,
 My trpuadt us in hwr vacarion,
 Wgile thse damu kews palsy hudge and fo seek.

Cjoras:

Oy, brong boxk, bting bsek,
 Brung becj mu bOnnie ti my, tp mr;
 B)&ng b\$xj, b6ng, biex,
 Ph,pjing bozk m% boinino-c mx; CH Holk?
 —F. & H. News.

—o—

A duel was lately fought in Texas by Alexander Schott and James S. Nott. Nott was shot and Schott was not. In this case it was better to be Schott than Nott. There was a rumor that Nott was not shot and Schott avows that he shot Nott, which proves that either the shot Schott shot at Nott was not shot or that Nott was shot, notwithstanding. Circumstantial evidence is not always good. It may be made to appear on trial that the shot Schott shot, shot Nott, or, as accidents will happen with firearms, that the shot Schott shot shot Schott himself, when the whole affair would resolve itself into its original elements and Schott would be shott and Nott would be not. We think, however, that the shot Schott shot shot not Schott but Nott, and anyway it's hard to tell who was shot.
 —Morton Beckles, N. Y.

—o—

The game opened with Molasses at the stick and Smallpox catching. Cigar was in the box with lots of smoke. Horn on first base and Fiddle on second, backed by Corn in the field made it hot for Umpire Apple, who was rotten. Axe came to the bat and chopped. Cigar let Brick walk and Sawdust fill the bases. Son made a hit and Twenty made a score. Bread loafed on third and pumped Organ, who played fast and put Light out. Hammer began to knock and Wind began to blow off what he could do, and Tree began to leave. The way they roasted Peanuts was a fright. Lightning finished pitching and struck out six men. Trombone made a slide and Meat was put out on the plate. There was lots of betting, but Soap cleaned up. The score was one to three. Door said if he had pitched it would have been a shut-out.

—o—

“Where do you bathe?”
 “In the spring.”
 “I didn't ask you when!”

MATHEMATICAL TERMS

Marguerite Lawless—

(Diminishing Quantity)

William Drew—

(Simplification)

"Goof" Mundy's head

(Perfect Square)

Butch Randolph—

His course—his college—his profession—

(Variable)

Von Hartz and Karl Hecht have a fist fight—

(Mean ratio)

M. W. J.—R. M. J., H. L. P., R. H. L., +3 or 4 more—

(Variable)

H. M. + M. A.—

(Constant)

Soph. girls in front of mirror—Several boxes with contents—

(Common multiple)

Lenwood Allen—

(Approaching negative limit)

—o—

Sing a song of chemists—

Goggles, aprons, masks—

Four and twenty dumbbells

Heating tight corked flasks.

When the flasks exploded

The chems began to yell;

The corks described parabolas;

The flasks were blown to—"atoms."

—Rensselaer Polytechnic.

The chems will no doubt pay for the flasks—like "atoms" they will.

Latin translation of: "Caesar iam forte omnibus—Caesar jammed forty in one bus.

"If the dean doesn't take back what he said this morning, I'm going to leave college."

"What did he say?"

"He told me to leave college."—Yale Record.

There was a young prof from St. John,
Who declared my suspenders St. Ohn,
He started to blush,
And a dame had to gush
Don't worry, your trousers St. Gohn.

"I hear some of those profs lead a fast life."
"I doubt if any of them passed me this year."—Gargoyle.

Villain (Laughing) Ha-ha! You are helpless. The old homestead belongs to me.

Hero—And where are the papers?
At the blacksmith's.
You are having them forged.
Nay-Nay, I am having them filed.—Princeton Tiger.

Were you ever pinched for speeding?
No, but I've been slapped.—Sun Dodger.

First Row—What? Can't I even get a seat in the bald headed row?
Ticket Clerk—Sorry sir, but we're all sold out; you see this show is claimed to be a hair raiser.—Judge.

Well what do you think of the savages you met on your trip to Africa?

They were very kind-hearted people. They wanted to keep me there for dinner.—Judge.

THE MEETING

They met once on a moonlight night,
But never after that,
For he was just a worn-out shoe,
And she, a yodeling cat.

—Judge.

"Have an accident, old man?"
"No, thanks. Just had one."—Judge.

First Stude—"What's the matter with the dean's eyes?"
Second Stude—"They're all right as far as I know? Why?"

First Stude—"Well I had to go to see him in his office this morning and he asked me twice where my hat was, and it was right on my head all the time."—Jester.

Waiter—Milk or water?
Customer—Don't tell me, please. Let me guess.—Gargoyle.

BROADWAY HITS AND THEIR EQUIVALENTS IN METUCHEN HIGH SCHOOL

- "The Champion"—Red Gallagher.
- "The Survival of the Fittest"—Senior Class.
- "The Passing Show"—The Corridor.
- "Cornered"—When the excuse has failed.
- "Dream Street"—Study Hall.
- "Wake Up Jonathan"—Goof Mundy.
- "Money Mad"—Buff James.
- "The City of Silent Men"—Warren Breen & Co.
- "The Perfect Fool"—Failmezger.
- "The Music Box Revue"—Ernie Von Hartz.
- "Make It Snappy"—Sam Dover on the bases in a ball game.
- "What the Public Wants"—Doris Barnard.
- "Shuffle Along"—Izzy Burrell.
- "Six Cylinder Love"—Murph and Margaret.
- "He Who Gets Slapped"—Dick Johnson.
- "To the Ladies"—Francis Hay.
- "Dover Road"—Gazella Hatos.
- "The Chocolate Soldier"—Len Allen.
- "Chuckles of 1922"—Rena Whalen.
- "The Bat"—Bob Johnson.

Fruit vendor (yelling in front of his stand)—20c a doz!

Bystander (full of homebrew)—20c he don't!—Lehigh Burr.

Visitor—Where are the students' quarters?

Stude—Right here, sir. I just cleaned up in a crap game.—Punch Bowl.

Could you call the dance a success?

Oh, roughly speaking.—Wag Jag.

Jack—You certainly did disgrace me at the banquet last night when you got drunk.

Jill—What did I do?

Jack—When the Charlotte Russe was served, you tried to blow the foam off the top.—Virginia Reel.

Pharoh—I need money. Someone must cough up.

Amoreth—Alas, sir! The coffers are all empty.—Tiger.

Brooks—A girl's skirt blew up on Broadway the other day.

Lucile—Yes, yes. Go on.

Brooks—And the shock could be felt for blocks.—Tiger.

WHY THEY CAME TO M. H. S.

Randolph—To study French.
 Allen—To pass the time.
 M. Mundy—To chaperon the teachers.
 L. Mundy—To chaperon the class.
 Tremblay—To become a man.
 Rumler—To keep up the standard set by her sister.
 Taylor—To teach Mr. Spoerl math.
 James—To argue out of corners.
 †Hay—To become a philanderer.
 Gallagher—To become serious-minded.
 Nielson—To forget Archie.
 Whalen—To be near Agnes Wolfe.
 McKaig—To cater to the ladies.
 Thompson—To monopolize captaincies.
 Rolfe—To be the class chauffeur at noon.
 Batsford—To keep in good health by means of the daily walk.
 Johnson—To vamp all High School boys.
 Schenck—To become rounded out.
 Failmezger—To acquire “pep.”
 Carney—To study law.

†Note—Here we put one over on the Editor-in-Chief. He wanted to censor this.

C A L E N D A R

October

Monday, 24—First meeting of Annual Staff, wherein they decide upon a calendar. Snappy football practice. “Ernie” snapped his nose and “Tommy” had his knee snapped back into place.

Tuesday, 25—“Ernie’s” Roman (roamin’) nose is returned by a Doctor.

Thursday, 27—“Goof” gets permission to play football from Dr. Dix.

Friday, 28—Roselle noses out our team, 14-13. Mr. VanKirk attends a meeting of teachers and principals in New Brunswick.

Monday, 31—Hallowe’en—“Gink” Carney and Ward Barwell begin a life of crime and get pulled in.

November

Tuesday, 1—Ball game ends in controversy. Players Zahn, and Failmezger comes to blows, through inability to decide on a lineup.

Friday, 4—M. H. S. 23, Bound Brook, 0. The team showed big improvement over last week’s form.

Monday, 7—“Buff” James wins a nickel from Dick Johnson by walk-

ing from school to Miller's with his pants rolled above his knees. He met his mother downtown, too.

Tuesday, 8—Election Day—No school.

Wednesday, 9—"Buff" announces that he has lost the nickel on an election bet.

Thursday, 10—Junior straw ride is a smashing success. Most of the smashing is with eggs.

Monday, 14—"Failalways" has started work on a new book entitled, "Mathematical Argumentation for Beginners."

Friday, 18—M. H. S., 51; Union High, 0. A brilliant climax to the season. Senior dance. Dick creates sensation by knickers at the dance—First appearance on an M. H. S. student.

Monday, 21—Senior English class learns that Lowell was very witty in his satires, but the guy who wrote "Snowbound" was W(h)ittier.

Wednesday, 23—We learn that Sir Launfau went forth in his golden mail. "Butch" says he was a mail carrier.

Friday, 25—To be continued next week.

Monday, 28—Our ambition is realized—Mr. Spoerl is stumped by a question on a math. exam.

Tuesday, 29—First call for basketball candidates.

Wednesday, 30—Miss M.—"Now we come to the Knickerbocker period." Ernie—"Gee, I graduated from them long ago."

December

Thursday, 1—The impossible is accomplished. The broken window in the front of the building is replaced.

Monday, 5—Usual Monday exodus to the Rivoli because of toothache.

Tuesday, 6—Beekman goes into Costa's to get a bottle of "strap oil."

Thursday, 8—Beekman enters Perry's to buy cigarettes for a friend. The price (?) was too high.

Monday, 12—Lecture on India by Mr. Dalwani.

Tuesday, 13—Cut in basketball squad.

Wednesday, 14—Another cut in the squad. Mr. Spoerl should be punished for excessive cutting.

Monday, 19—Girls lose to Bound Brook, 70-17. "Goof" Mundy is stopped by state trooper and some of the girls have an accident. Fine work. Keep it up and provide material for the calendar.

Wednesday, 21—Mr. A. Hecht, the noted engineer, is endeavoring to interest several prominent citizens in his money saving invention by which cars may be run on water and naphthalene (moth balls).

Friday, 23—Christmas exercises in the auditorium. Mr. Van Kirk is presented with a handsome fountain pen to commemorate his twenty years as principal of our High School.

January

Tuesday, 3—School reopened. All conscientious students rejoice in the fact that still another theatre has been opened in New Brunswick. We may now see vaudeville every schoolday afternoon of the week.

Wednesday, 4—Annual election of A. A. officers.

Friday, 6—Group pictures are taken for Annual. The camera stood up well under the strain. Sophomore dance.

Monday, 9—Dick Johnson becomes collegiate and appears in knickers—the first time a student has worn them to school.

Tuesday, 10—Vocational School, 56; Metuchen, 11. Our team showed lack of experience against the county champions, but it is to be commended for doing as well as it did.

Thursday, 12—Debating tryouts in the auditorium.

Friday, 13—M. H. S., 13; Woodbridge, 43; but what can you expect on Friday the 13th?

Tuesday, 17—New Brunswick Y. M. C. A. cancels game at last minute.

Wednesday, 18—Chautauqua.

Thursday, 19—Ditto, but more enthusiasm is shown by the High School boys.

Friday, 20—Girls lose to New Brunswick; 44-8.

Monday, 23—Exams will begin on Friday. Do not be discouraged. The first four years of High School are always the hardest.

Tuesday, 24—Vocational again defeats our team; 39-10. Only the first 150 at the door were admitted to the game.

Friday, 29—Exams start today. Lecture at night by Dr. Maroney. M. H. S. loses to Bound Brook, 40-21.

Tuesday, 31—Last of exams. No more work until June.

February

Wednesday, 1—We learn that Macaulay's mind was more stable than Johnson's. That is to say, he had more horse sense.

Thursday, 2—M. H. S. loses game to Woodbridge, 23-18. Girls lose to Roselle Park, 40-6.

Friday, 3—Beekman invents novelty—wearing permanent pillow on the back of his head.

Tuesday, 7—Bob Johnson loses tooth in civics class.

Wednesday, 8—“Failalways” is excused from knowing lessons because of eye trouble. The “eyedeas” is good but Mr. Spoerl says that it isn't going to be used too often.

Friday, 10—Operetta. Buff tries to grab distinction by singing an impromptu solo.

Monday, 13—Holiday, because Lincoln was born. No school.

Tuesday, 14—Professor Wm. Hillpot, formerly of Rutgers, joins us in M. H. S.

Friday, 17—High School breaks losing streak by downing Alumni, 33-17. (Mr. Spoerl was referee).

Monday, 20—It is learned that Butch Randolph has resigned from the team.

Tuesday, 21—Inauguration of "Shifters" by Dick and Tommie. BIG profits on SMALL investment.

Wednesday, 22—Holiday—Washington's birthday.

Thursday, 23—Our winning streak is broken by Bound Brook, 33-24.

Friday, 24—Demoralized by the loss of Randolph, we receive another setback at the hands of the Alumni, 33-21. Girls swamp Jamesburg, 24-4.

Monday 27—Mr. Spoerl is the new boss while Mr. Van Kirk attends convention in Chicago.

Tuesday, 28—Front door rush between Juniors and Seniors is interrupted by Mr. Spoerl.

March

Thursday, 2—"Hercules" Mundy fails to break out front door in rush, won by Seniors.

Friday, 3—Alumni wins "rubber"—26-19.

Monday, 6—Mr. Van Kirk returns. Senior history class is glad to end written lessons.

Wednesday, 3—Mr. Schell tells the girls in Freshman history class that he will not ask them for any dates.

Monday, 13—"Queen of Sheba" at the Rivoli. Most of the Seniors went to the Dentist.

Wednesday, 15—"I. Q's." Hereafter there can be no argument when Mr. Spoerl begins calling people names in class.

Thursday, 16—Tickets out for Senior Play.

Monday, 20—Baseball practice starts today in the cage.

Wednesday, 22—Rena Whalen is going to lecture on the "laugh and grow fat" theory.

Friday, 24—M. H. S. Debaters conquer Woodbridge, two to one.

Tuesday, 28—Seniors almost convince Miss Mathews that McKaig shouldn't be in chemistry class.

Len Allen is getting much free advertising from the Gold Dust Co.

Thursday, 30—M. H. S. will again defend affirmative in debate with Matawan April 28, at Metuchen.

April

Monday, 3—After being in Freshman civics, we would suggest that Sherwood Mundy give up his studies and become a detective.

Wednesday, 5—Inauguration of "First (K)nighters."

Thursday, 6—Can a feeble minded person get a marriage license? Geary says he never tried.

Friday, 7—Reserved seats for Senior Play.

Monday, 10—Tommie is elected baseball captain for this year.

Tuesday, 11—We lose to Wardlaw School, 9-3, in opening game.

Thursday, 13—Alexander: They used to play tennis in medieval universities. Hecht—Did they have tennis racket then? Alexander—Sure. Hecht—How could they? There were no cats then.

Tuesday, 18—Game with Westfield postponed because of interference of faculty.

Wednesday, 19—Game is again postponed because of rain.

Friday, 21—Senior Play is grand success. Mr. Van Kirk consults with boys on eligibility of players.

Monday, 24—Butch accidentally puts ink in the goldfish, but finds there are no ill effects.

Tuesday, 25—Our team again defeated by Wardlaw, 7-5, despite much improvement.

Wednesday, 26—We lose to fast Alumni team, 7-5. Izzy takes half hour to pitch two innings, and Mr. Spoerl takes time exposure.

Thursday, 28—Baseball team wins first victory by defeating Woodbridge, 17-12, but debaters lose to Matawan, despite fine presentation.

May

Tuesday, 2—M. H. S. loses to Bound Brook in slow game, 15-5.

Wednesday, 3—Invitations out for Junior-Senior feed.

Friday, 5—Game with New Brunswick Junior High postponed because of weather.

Monday, 8—Circus—Good for nothing, but we got our money's worth.

Tuesday, 9—McKaig returns from a wild visit to Chambersburg.

Wednesday, 10—M. H. S. loses to Rutgers Prep Reserves, 21-14.

Thursday, 11—The Editor-in-Chief changes chemistry class period in order to engage in important “Annual” work (?) with M. W. J., one of his assistant editors.

Friday, 12—M. H. S. 26; Woodbridge, 7.

Saturday, 13—Junior-Senior banquet makes a big hit.

Tuesday, 16—M. H. S. scores again, beating Harrison, 20-17.

Thursday, 18—First installment of “Blue Letter” goes to the printer.

Friday, 19—M. H. S. defeats New Brunswick Junior High, 25-4.

Monday, 22—“Red” falls asleep in English class. There is no greater virtue than the ability to take advantage of spare moments.

Wednesday, 24—Field Day.

Thursday, 26—Junior High cancels game.

Friday, 26—We defeat Rutgers Prep Reserves, 15-4. “Revenge is sweet.”

AUTOGRAPHS

"SHOULD AULD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT"

 Elmer E. Spoerl

Sara Platt

Mabel W. Schalan

Florence Jacobs

Florence Mundy

Marguerite Lawless '21

Wilhelmina Kretschmer

Inez E. Clark

Alice L. Matthews.

Herbert S. Schell

Margaret Ayer

Emma Wypler '23

Evelyn K. Pinder '23

Clara Mayo '23

Helen Q. Wilcox

AND NOW—ADIEU

For all the sympathy that you have given,
For all the efforts you, perhaps, have made,
For all the ways in which you may have striven
To show your interest, or to give us aid—
Our thanks we render, while we hope these pages
Have given much food for happy thought,
And left a record to endure for ages,
Of all the achievements which the year has brought.
Our songs are sung, our stories ended—
Our jokes are cracked—perhaps a few on you—
(But we protest no malice was intended)
Our work is over—so now—Adieu.

—The Chestnut Burr.

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