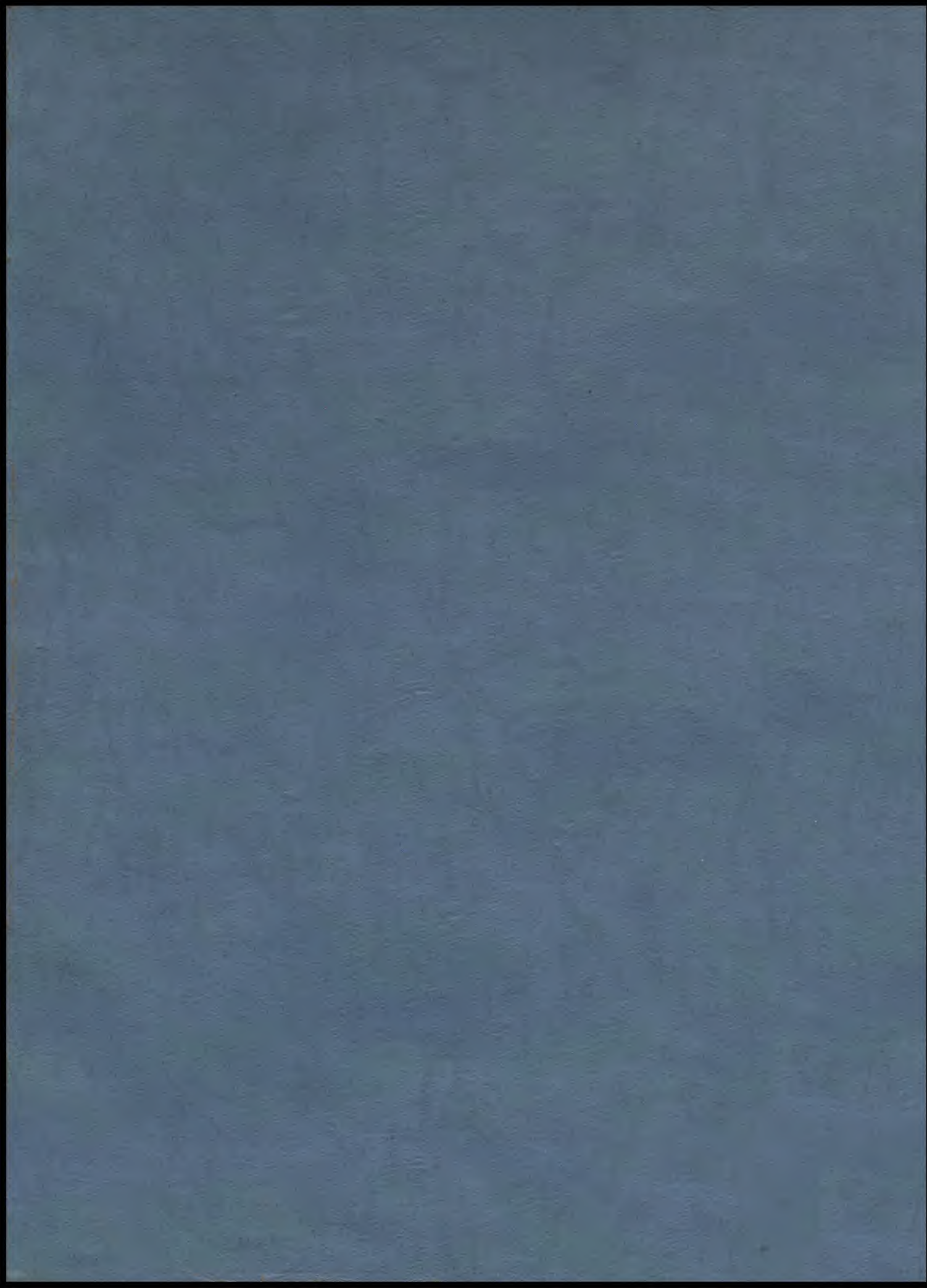
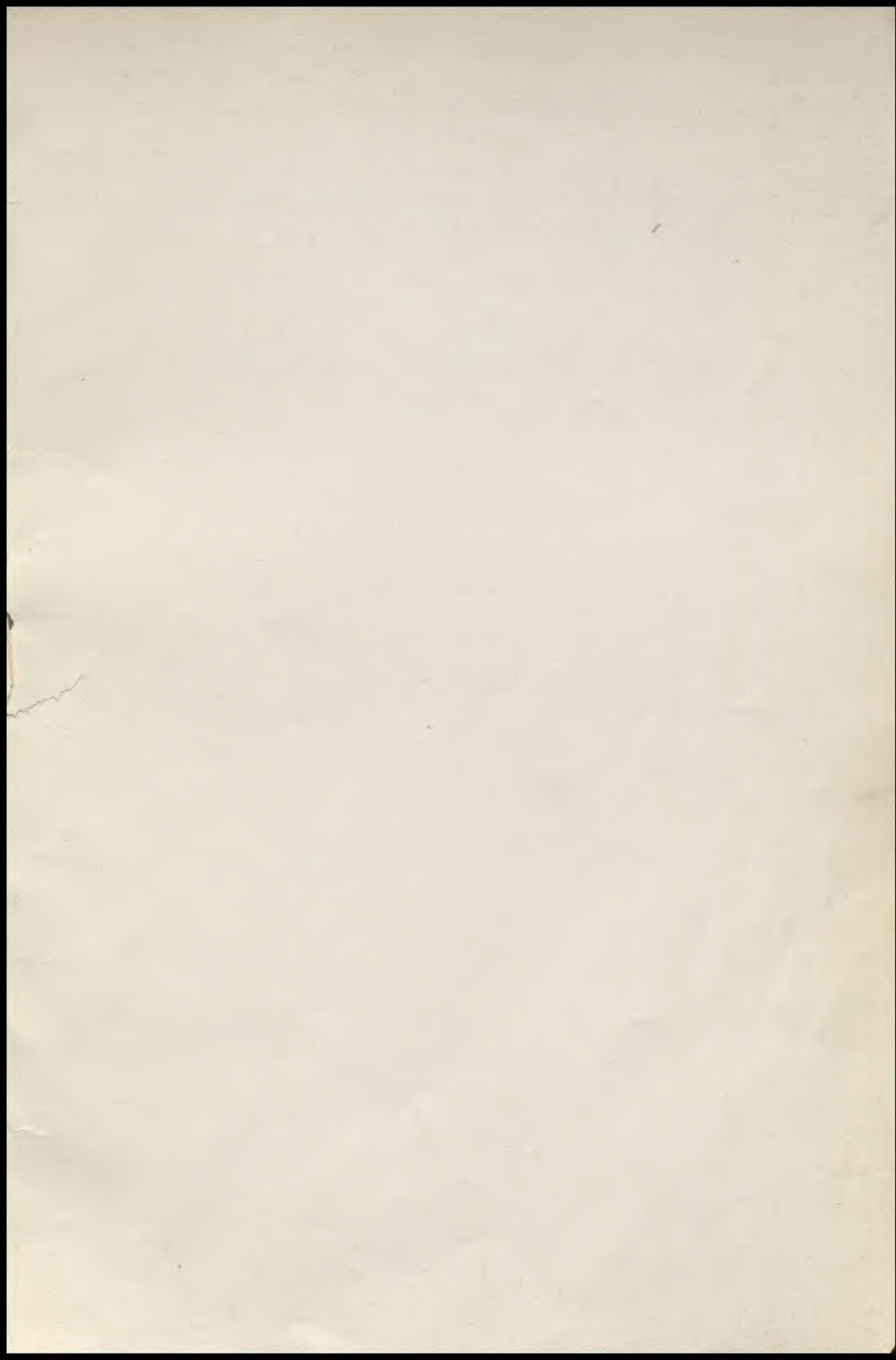


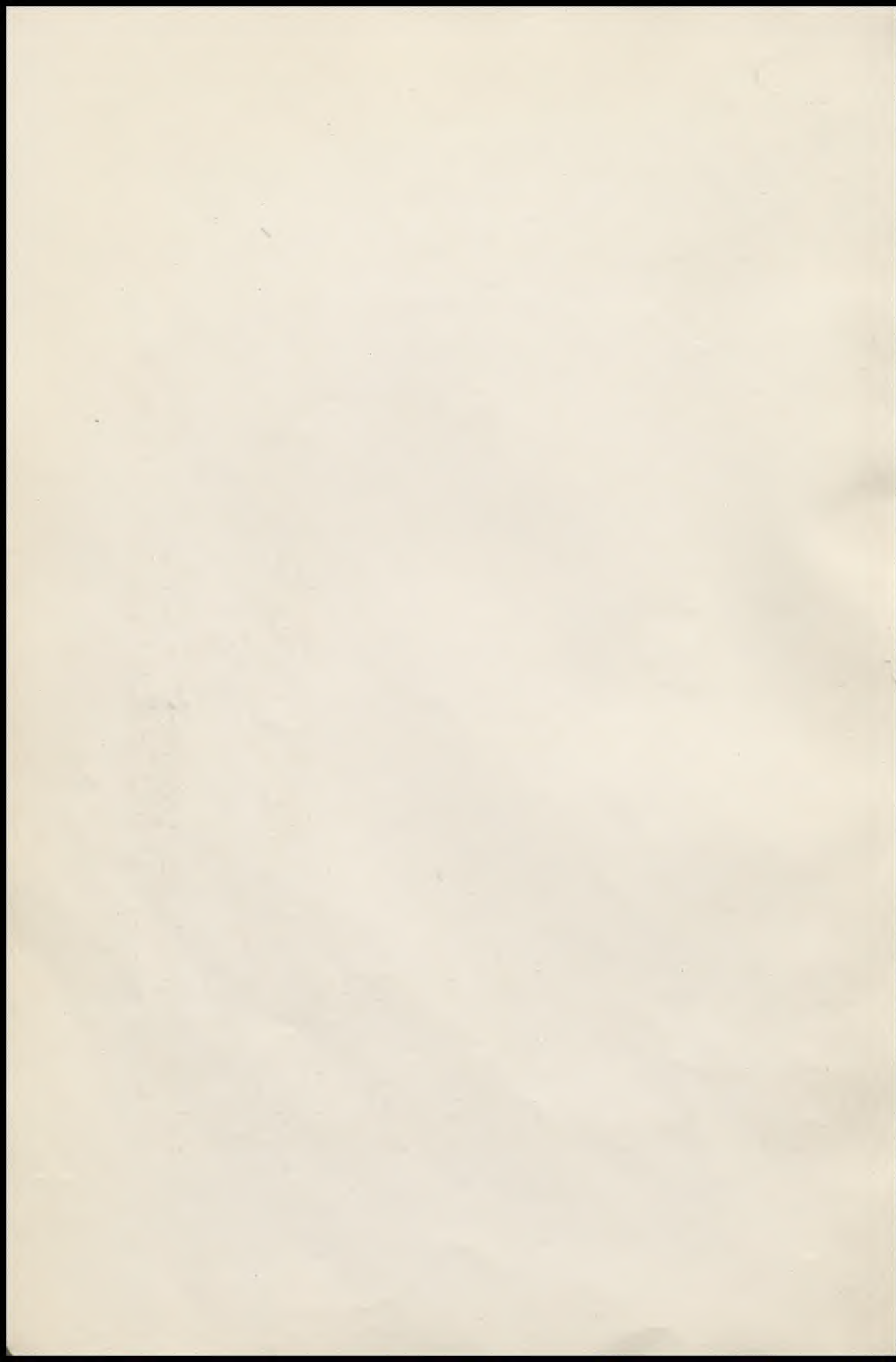
"THE BLUE  
LETTER"

1925

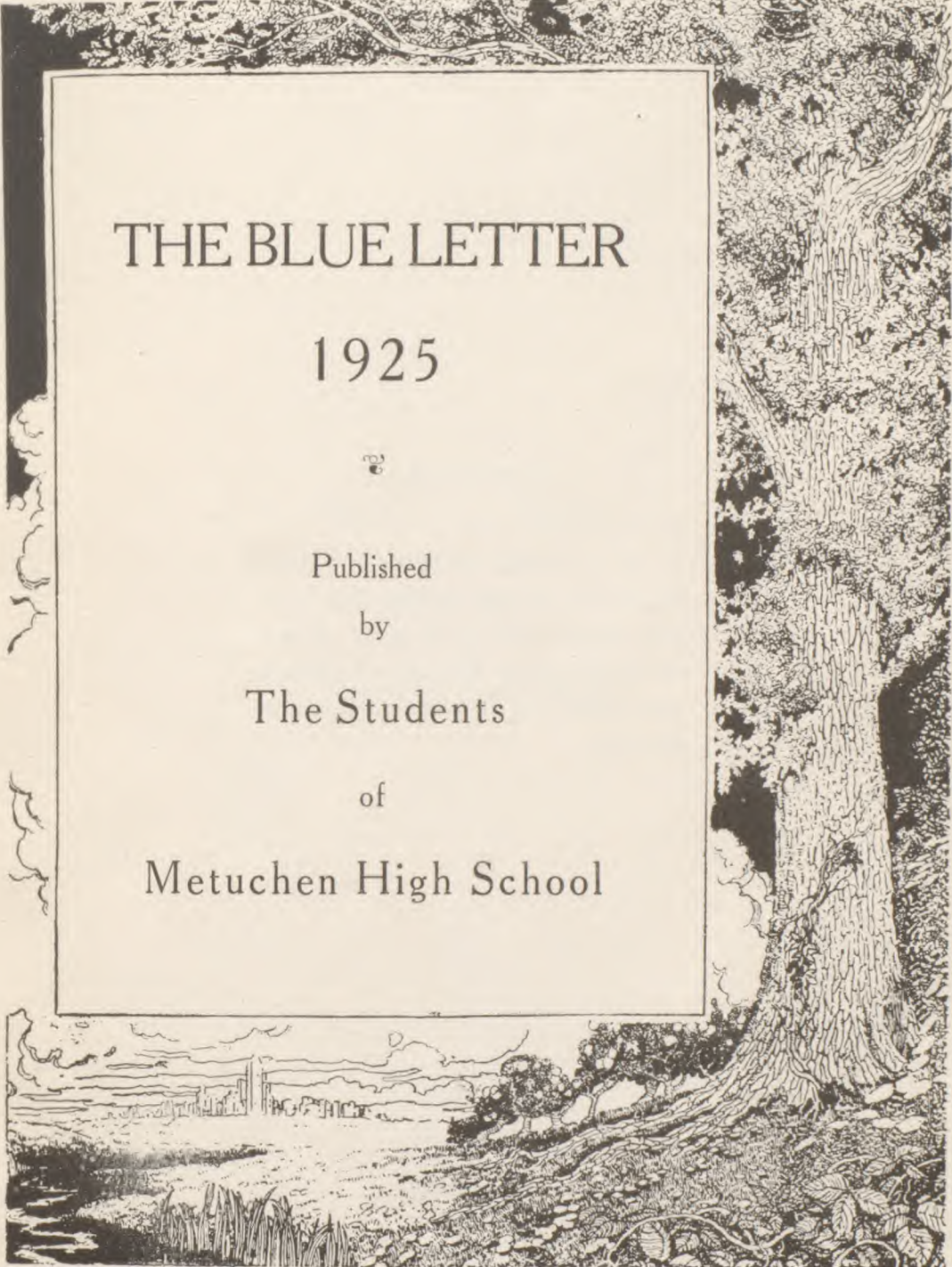












# THE BLUE LETTER

1925



Published

by

The Students

of

Metuchen High School

## FOREWORD

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If, in future years, this volume causes you to look fondly back upon your happy days at M. H. S., or if it gives you but a moment of pleasure now, then will it have achieved its purpose.

Dedicated to a Broader  
and Deeper  
School Spirit  
in  
Metuchen High School



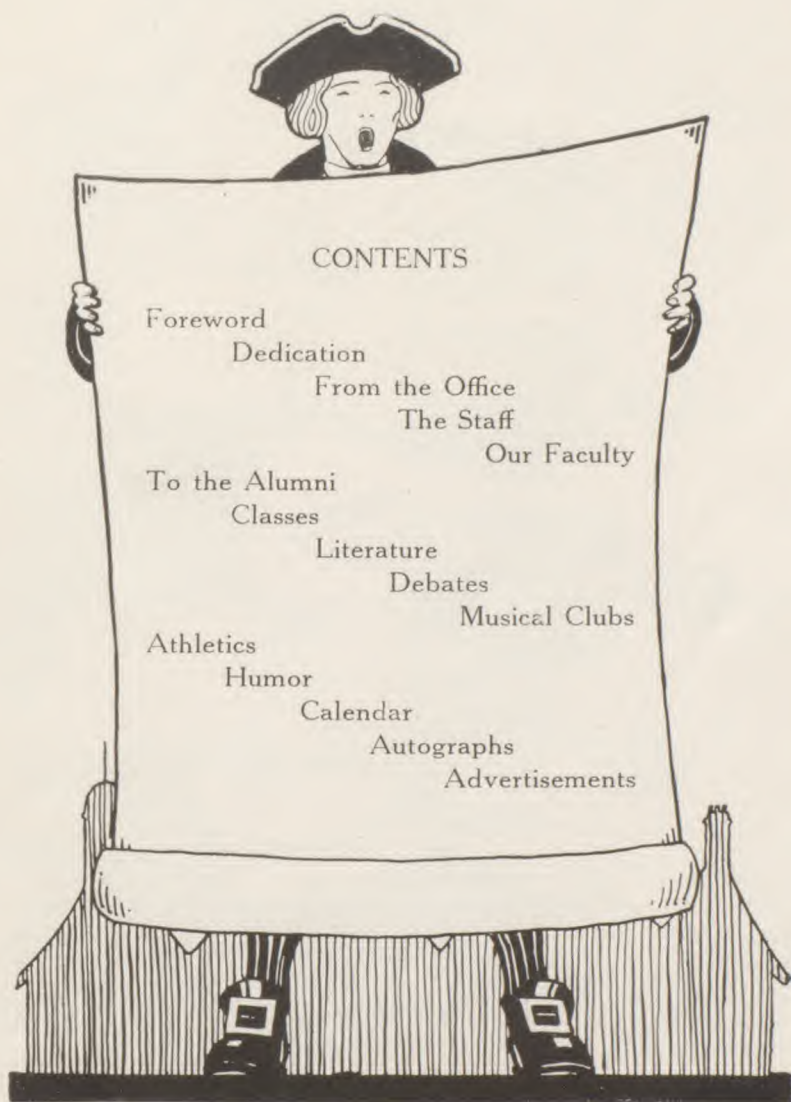


A democracy demands an intelligent and active electorate.

The primary object of the public schools is to train for real citizenship. There are two fundamental lines of work necessary for this training—viz: mathematics and the social sciences. The former gives some idea of the accuracy of the world about us, and the latter shows us how civilization has advanced and how we must live if we are real patriots and wish to be useful in promoting human welfare and happiness.

T. G. VanKirk.





THE BLUE LETTER

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- MISS JOSEPHINE FELL—Lambertville High School, Lambertville, N. J.; Trenton Normal School—Home Economics, Home Nursing.

The Student Body of the High School wishes to thank those whose names are listed below for their support which has materially helped to make this issue a better book. It is sincerely hoped that their generosity and school spirit may become contagious and spread to at least another hundred alumni and friends so that 1926 will see a book many times better than this one.

Mr. N. Howard Ayers	Miss Blanche Martin
Mr. W. Hollander Bohlke	Mrs. Sterling Mayo
Miss Edith A. Campbell	Miss Augusta Martin
Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Campbell	Mrs. Louis Meade
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Miss Virginia Letson	Mr. Lloyd Wilson



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## THE SENIORS

MARGARET G. AYERS—"Maggie."

"Real glory springs from the silent conquest of ourselves." Class Pres. 3; Sect. A. A.  
3; Interclass Debate 2; Senior Play.

—N. J. C.

She is a very gifted girl,  
With wisdom and with looks;  
We wonder what she'd ever do  
Sans any of the Mooks.

ERNEST F. BILLMAN—"Ernie."

"Whence is they learning? Hath thy toil  
O'er books consumed the midnight oil?"

—Rutgers

Of all the handsome senior boys  
Billman is the sternest;  
We know that he'll make good some day,  
Just because he's Ernest.

LILLIAN R. BRADSHAW—"Lilla."

"O sleep, it is a gentle thing  
Beloved from pole to pole!"

Oh! how she loves the faculty?  
Oh! how they all love her?  
With her hair fixed hula-hula way  
She kicked up quite a stir.

ETHEL A. BREEN—"Breenie."

"Where the cold sea maids rise to sun their streaming hair."

—Drake's Business College

Oh! Ethel Breen is very thin,  
Oh! Ethel Breen is tall,  
She spends all of her extra time  
In the Senior girl's cloakhall.

LOYOLA M. BREEN—"Dolly."

"'Tis only an empty wagon maketh much noise."

—Drake's Business College

We have a strong suspicion,  
She's a princess in disguise,  
The way she puts on fancy airs  
And rolls her soulful eyes.

DENASI M. DANFORD—"Dan."

"Tell us, pretty maiden are there any more at home like you?" Basketball 1, 2, 3  
(mgr.), 4 (Capt.); Senior Ex. Council, Annual Staff.

Oh she's the soda fountain queen!  
And she's the high school scamp!  
She gets them all, she makes them fall,  
She's such a little vamp.



THOMAS J. DOVER—"Tom."

"Work for the night is coming."

Football 2, 3, 4; Baseball 2, 3, 4; Basketball 2, 3, 4; Business Mgr. Senior Play.

—Rutgers

He's just O. K. in basketball,  
In football he is great;  
So to be a star in everything  
Must surely be his fate.

REYNOLD DREWS—"Ren."

"O keep me innocent, make others great."

Class Pres. 1, 4; Basketball Mgr. 1, (as's't.) 3; Annual Staff 4; Interclass debate 2;  
Debating Team 3, 4; Senior Ex. Council; Senior Play.

—Rutgers

Of Reynold Draws, our pride and joy,  
We cannot say enough.  
But, when he gets in English class—  
You ought to hear him bluff.

VICTOR H. FAILMEZGER—"Vic."

"When I ope my mouth let no dog bark."

Football 2, 3, 4; As's't. Business Mgr. Senior Play.

—Rutgers

The friendly cow all red and white,  
He loved with all his heart;  
But Bossy ate a nail one day,  
And then they had to part.

DOROTHY L. FITCH—"Dot."

A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market."

Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Class Sect. 4; Cheer leader 4; Annual Staff 4; Interclass Debate 2; Debating Team 4; Senior Ex. Council; Senior Play.

—Trenton Normal

A buxom merry farmerette,  
She's good at any job—  
Keeping books, or teaching kids,  
And going out with Bob.

VIOLA E. HOFFMAN—"Hoffy."

"My soul goes clad in gorgeous things."

Oh Hoffy once in Senior Lab  
Some chemicals to tame,  
She was o'er come by chorine  
She's never been the same.

ALVIN T. HOUSTON—"Al."

"To be or not to be?"

Class Sect. 3; Football Mgr. 3 (as's't.) 4; Basketball Mgr. 4; Class Treas. 4; Senior Ex. Council; Senior Play.

You may find him at the blackboard  
Whatever time you choose—  
For e'er he vainly prints these words,  
"Oh Seniors pay your dues!"

DIONISIO MOLINA—"Molly."

"Hail fellow, well met."

—Rutgers

He came to us from far-off lands  
Sweet knowledge to attain;  
And we know well in future years  
That he will win great fame.

THE BLUE LETTER

SHERWOOD H. MUNDY—"Cherries."

"A gentle dullness ever loves a joke."

Class Sect. 2; Annual Staff 3, 4; Baseball Mgr. 3, (as's't.) 4; Senior Ex. Council;  
Senior Play.

—Rutgers

"I'm getting gypped; it isn't fair!  
Oh, what an awful mark!!!"  
And yet he always does get ninety  
He's such a Latin shark.

JAMES D. OLIVER—"Jim."

"Who first invented work?"

Football 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 2, 3, 4; Baseball 3, 4; Senior Play.

O savez-voe this French student?  
He's feeling quite de trop,  
For tho he is a great athlete,  
Le francais is his foe.

VIRGINIA E. PONCIROLI—"Jinny."

"In winter I get up at night,  
And dress by yellow candle light."

She's a silent little maiden,  
Just why we cannot tell.  
The more she speaks the less we hear,  
We'd like to make her yell.

LILLIAN R. DE ROZIERES—"Lil."

"Man must play a part."

Basketball Mgr. 4; Annual Staff 4; Senior Play.

—N. J. C.

She has one awful time with Math,  
But my! she doesn't care;  
She has a car, a brand new Nash  
And also—she has Square.

JEANNE SMITH—"Jeannie."

"Tis deeds must win the prize."

—Coleman's Business College

Just follow her example,  
Oh, you, who would be bright  
Take home every single book  
And study all the night.

MURIEL E. WAINWRIGHT—"Mooie."

"There is modest grandeur in tranquility."

—Coleman's Business College

Our class has found in Muriel  
A friend both tried and true;  
She ought to make a hit with Vic  
Because they call her, "Moo."

KATHERINE E. WALE—"Kay."

"Cheer up, sad heart, and cease repining."

Vice-Pres. Class 3, 4; Annual Staff 3, 4; Debating Team 3, 4; Senior Ex. Council;  
Senior Play.

—Pratt

Compositions are her real art,  
Painting—her infinity,  
But if you'd find her at her best—  
Follow her trail to Trinity.



1935-1936 Junior Class

Back Row (standing):  
 1. Boy in suit and tie  
 2. Girl in light dress  
 3. Girl in light dress  
 4. Girl in light dress  
 5. Girl in light dress  
 6. Girl in light dress  
 7. Girl in light dress  
 8. Girl in light dress  
 9. Girl in light dress  
 10. Girl in light dress  
 11. Girl in light dress  
 12. Girl in light dress

Middle Row (seated on chairs):  
 1. Boy in suit and tie  
 2. Girl in light dress  
 3. Girl in light dress  
 4. Girl in light dress  
 5. Girl in light dress  
 6. Girl in light dress  
 7. Girl in light dress  
 8. Girl in light dress  
 9. Girl in light dress  
 10. Girl in light dress  
 11. Girl in light dress  
 12. Girl in light dress

Front Row (seated on bench):  
 1. Boy in suit and tie  
 2. Girl in light dress  
 3. Girl in light dress  
 4. Girl in light dress  
 5. Girl in light dress  
 6. Girl in light dress  
 7. Girl in light dress  
 8. Girl in light dress  
 9. Girl in light dress  
 10. Girl in light dress  
 11. Girl in light dress  
 12. Girl in light dress



## CLASS OF 1926

The first official act of the class of 1926 was to elect the officers. After that much discussion was undergone over their class pins and rings. When they really did at last arrive the class felt they needed a rest so they celebrated by having a straw ride to the shore. All had a "swimming" good time. Miss Cole was elected Faculty Advisor.

They are now busy consulting on the Junior-Senior feed which will be their big event of the year.

Virginia Allison	Lundy Bloomfield, Sect.
Marion Ehr	James Egolf
Ann Gallagher	Howard Failmezger
Jane Graham	Alfred Wypler
Lucile Manning	John Grimley
Alice Mundy	Charles Modecki
Lillian Olmezer	Harry Moore
Emily Platt	Earle Potter
Florence Platt	Donald Randolph, Treas.
Anna Roth	John Reno
Joan Schenck, Pres.	Henry Sorenson
Eulalie Tremblay	Robert Willmont, Vice-Pres.
Alys Wilson	
Ruth Wood	

THE BLUE LETTER





## CLASS OF 1927

The Sophomores began their fiscal year by electing the following officers at a class meeting held early in September: President, Fay williams; Vice-President, Graeme browning; Secretary, Adelaide smith and Treasurer, William frohlich. Mr. Herb was elected as Faculty Advisor.

Their one event was a strawride en route through Middlesex County in which all had a good time.

The Class has been active both scholastically and in Athletics, worthy of its name.

William adams  
Graeme browning  
Eugene carney  
May critchley  
Louise daly  
Marion daly  
Mary dennis  
Paul dinka  
Loula ford  
Hester fox  
William frohlich  
Gardina hatfield  
James hegan  
Donald hommell  
Otto jensen  
Mary johnson  
Beatrice kuntz  
Ruth la forge  
Elizabeth markano  
Mildred markano

Dorothy mook  
Robert mcguinness  
George osborne  
Genevieve preston  
Cecelia raphael  
Edwin rule  
Joseph salamone  
Margaret schwalje  
William silence  
Jeannette simmen  
Adelaide smith  
Helene spear  
Millicent telfer  
Muriel telfer  
Mildred tighe  
Henrietta veghte  
Daniel whalen  
Henry whitney  
Fay williams  
Blake winters





freshmen

miles adams  
niel adam  
joseph alessi  
fred bates  
harold bloomfield  
jack bochow  
herman cohen  
william dinka  
arthur fitch  
george graham  
henry gunst  
kenneth haas  
bertram humphries  
herman johnson  
edward leiss  
harry meyer  
edwin mook  
austin phaire  
robert pierce  
warren reh fuss  
david reno  
egbert rule  
robert schenck  
george schmelzer  
isidore schwartz  
douglas smith  
cameron spear  
arthur wainwright  
james walker  
william zahn  
betty allison  
virginia markano  
marion mundy

alice anderson  
marie carney  
connie casad  
alma cook  
opal cook  
lillian di lorenzo  
ellen dover  
isabel fennon  
mary forse  
frieda frank  
bernice fugle  
betty gallagher  
esther gerlufsen  
marjorie hamaker  
eleanor howland  
thelma hutchinson  
elizabeth mac-clurg  
norma machlachlan  
vivian nielsen  
eleanor platt  
georgiana reh fuss  
jean reid  
margaret ritthaler  
julia salomone  
agnes salter  
francis sinclair  
jane spear  
francis stahl  
evelyn stevenson  
betty wallace  
roxanna weeks  
marion atwood  
virginia mook

class of 1928

the class of 1928 began its high school career by holding a class meeting in september. the following officers were elected: president, connie casad; vice-president, francis stahl; secretary-treasurer, niel adam. miss mc kaig was elected faculty advisor.

the event of the year was a straw ride which was enjoyed via new brunswick and vicinity, and which promises further success during their high school course.



THE BLUE LETTER

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## THE EIGHTH GRADE

The Eighth Grade organized in September and has held regular meetings twice a month throughout the year.

It was planned that the class would entertain the Civil War Veterans of Metuchen during the early part of the year, but circumstances made it necessary to postpone this entertainment until May fourteenth..

The class, following the custom of former years, will give a delightful little play entitled "A School Boy's Dream," as part of the graduation exercises, and will also follow the custom of presenting the school with a useful gift.

Class colors—Blue and white.

Class flower—Red rose.

### Class Officers

President	Howard Nielsen
Vice President	Helen Ross
Treasurer	Betty Browning
Secretary	Paisley Carman
Faculty Advisor	Carl A. Roos

### EIGHTH GRADE CLASS ROLL

James Adam	Ruth Madison
Edward Ardolino	Angelina Marzella
Marion Billman	Joseph McCue
Betty Browning	Florence McClure
Marie Bruno	Virginia McGuire
William Byrne	Sanford Morris
Paisley Carman	Julia Muir
Yetta Cohen	Frederick Nelson
Evelyn Cook	Howard Nielsen
Sherman Crowell	Jane O'Brien
Harry Dalsgard	Burleigh Osborne
Harry Dewender	Nettie Peters
Angelina Di Lorenzo	Alfred Powers
John Ehr	Seymour Raphael
Charles Fauroat	Clare Ronnan
Louise Fennon	Helen Ross
Chandler Gatewood	Alphonse Salamone
William Hoffman	Robert Simmen
Katherine Hogan	Ruth Strong
Dorothea Hopkins	Clarence Wheal
Mary Knox	Violet Whitaker
Walter Knudson	Harley Wood
Howard Krogh	Harriette Woodward
Earle Lawrence	Arthur Wypler
Powell Lawrence	John Zahanek

## SCHOOL SPIRIT

We have heard school spirit talked of in the classroom, spoken of from the chapel platform and agitated among the students.

But in all of our talking, all of our agitation, and all of our boosting we have considered school spirit in only one of its phases—school spirit as applied to athletics alone.

As well as our obligation to our teams, we have an equally important duty to our school-mates, teachers and classes.

These duties may be summarized in what might be called the "Ten Commandments" for a successful student:

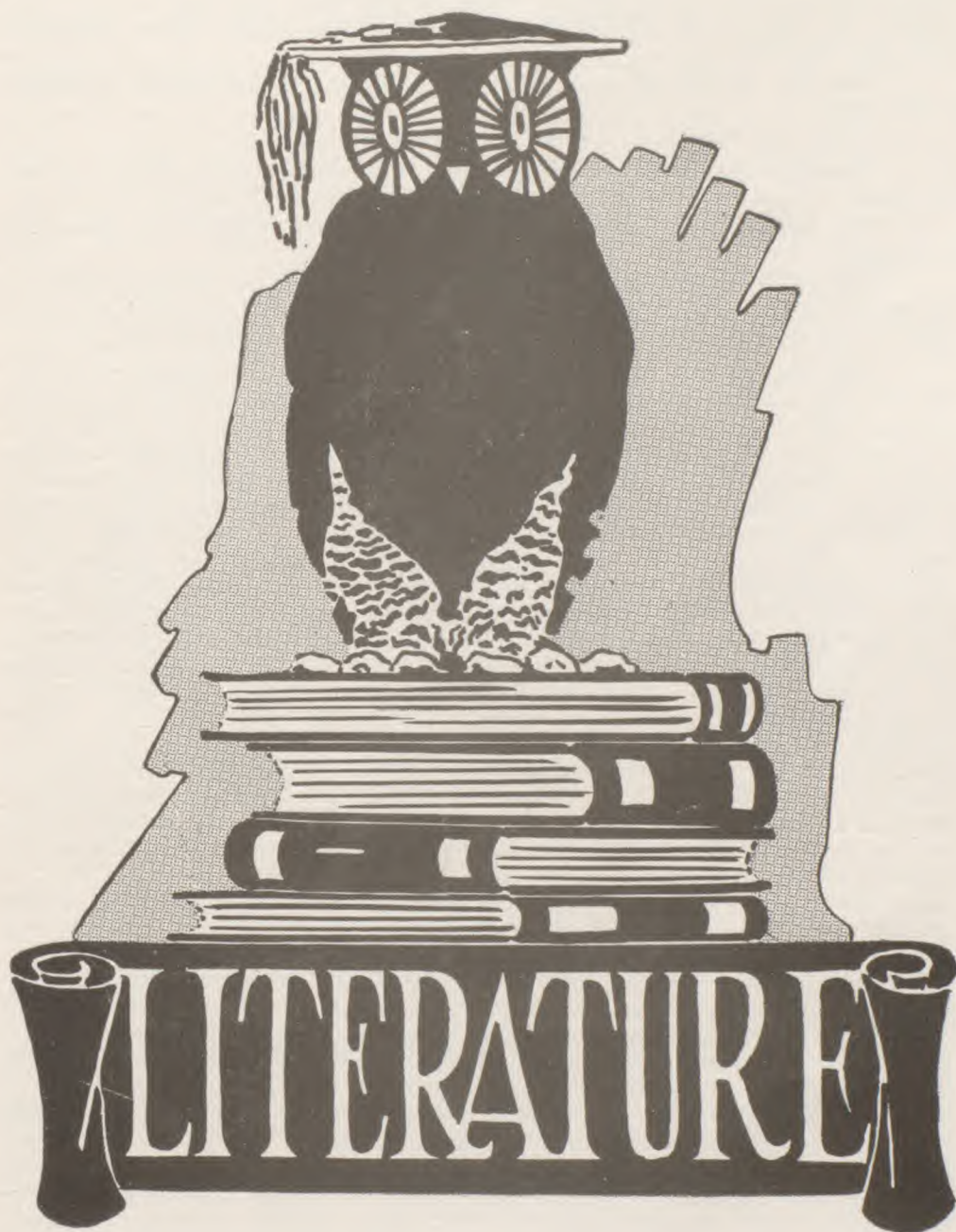
1. Be early every session and class.
2. Be present every day.
3. Be prepared for every class.
4. Plan your future and work for it today.
5. Be respectful to your schoolmates and teachers.
6. Be ever ready to help.
7. Support every activity by your presence.
8. Support every activity financially.
9. Join all activities as far as possible.
10. Carry this spirit with you as an alumnus.

The three of these which pertain to supporting school athletics no doubt seem paramount to us and it is fitting that they should mean much to us at all times. However, we are rather inconsistent in our allegiance. When we win a football game, basketball game, or a debate we cheer the members of the team until it seems that our enthusiasm has no bounds. Why can't we cheer a losing team to victory?

"If you can meet with triumph and disaster,

And treat these two impostors just the same"—then we've lost nothing, gained much, and we're better sports for the experience.







## YELLOW?

It was after a 6-3 game, in favor of Corward, that the head coach and chairman of the alumni athletic committee, seated, in the quiet of the College Club reading room, were "talking over" the victory. Jim knew the coach outside the relation of official positions and hence rather direct criticisms were not resented.

"But for the life of me I can't see why you put that fellow, Jenkins, in the game."

"Why not, Jim?"

"Because he is yellow. He has had three chances now, and what has he done? Look at the way he sidestepped Haruell's half back today."

"He hasn't lost a game for us yet. Give him a chance, Jim, give him a chance."

"I know he hasn't lost a game but it isn't his fault—it is because of you on the side line pulling him out at the right moment. Give him a chance—great scott, but he is yellow. Why give him a chance? Why do you do it?"

"Let me tell you a story, Jim. I believe that lots of fellows whom we readily call "yellow" are true blue at heart and need but something to draw courage out of them. That is why I give this lad a chance. I really think that some day before I'm through with him he'll prove my words. I speak from an experience that affected you in your athletic career back in the days when the sporting country thought you so good that you were picked without a dissenting vote for the All-American right halfback. Listen—when I first began coaching—it was in a high school, we'll call Smithtown. A lad came out as a candidate for the team. When my eye first saw him, I shook hands with myself and congratulated myself on such a splendid prospect. But, Jim, my hopes were almost dashed when I saw him play. I thought him yellow. I wasn't alone in this for although the boys were not quite rude enough to call him "yellow," they did nickname him "Sallow." Theoretically, however, he knew football from A to Z—and I didn't give up hopes. When the final cut came, I kept "Sallow" among the subs. Seven games were scheduled, the last for the championship of the State. In the first three I played "Sallow," but pulled him each time as hopeless. When the championship event dawned I found myself with a badly crippled team, four subs already in the line-up and only four left on the bench—among them Sallow because he hadn't had the opportunity to get hurt. The first quarter gave our opponents a field goal—from then until the fourth quarter the game hung in the middle of the field. It was a terrible fight with but one change. Sallow was the only sub I had left on the bench. The whistle blew for the last quarter. We kicked off—a miserable kick—our opponents got the ball on their 35 yard line and ran it to our 40 before being stopped. Then the fight began again—but slowly, oh but, surely Smithtown was being forced back. I had given up—there came a lull and our best, our left half, was carried off with a dislocated ankle. Heavens above—a tired, crippled team and Sallow to stand between that grim determined bunch and our goal. 3-0 was bad enough but then saw visions of 33-0. Sallow went in. On the first play our rivals fumbled. Someone knocked Sallow over—he fell—flat on the ball. He cut a funny figure in falling, so strange that in spite of the gloom over the Smithtown stands our crowd howled with glee. Sallow stood up and anyone could see by the look on his face that he was more surprised than anyone over what happened. He told me later that it was accidental, but also that he thought the stand was cheering for him. The second play—by error the center shot Sallow the ball. It came high and Sallow juggled it in the air



but held it. Our rival's tackle pulled him down—and, Jim, heavens above, how he went down. I expected to see him carried off. But no—just a second and up he got and would you believe it—he was crying like a baby. It took just a blink of an eye for our rivals to see that, then what a jeer went up. Sallow also said after that it wasn't the thump he received but something the other fellow said that made him cry—he never said what it was. Our boys lined up and lo! out of a clear sky I heard Sallow bellow over the signal of the quarter—"Give me, that ball, but "blast you" shoot it low." They did give it too him. The center remarked later that he could no more have disobeyed that command than he could have the horn of Gabriel. Sallow caught it squarely in the pit of his stomach—he straightened up to the full of his six feet two inches and gazed over the line until I thought he had died in his tracks when with one howl no words can describe he made a start. What a start! Can you imagine a two thousand pound cannon ball plowing through a twelve inch steel plate. That is how his start seemed to me. It began on our 18 yard line and ended in our 33. Our stands went wild. Then something happened, I've never seen before or since. Sallow just took over the quarters job and six times in succession he called for the ball to himself and six times he carried it for a gain in spite of the fact that our opponents knew he was going to get it. But I'm getting ahead of my story at the completion of the fifth time—time was called and our rivals put in four fresh men. You know why—they had instructions to stop Sallow—and the game stood as follows—score 3-0 on their 8 yard line—one minute and twenty-seven seconds to play. The whistle blew—Sallow howled—"Give me that ball." He got it—he started—seven men jumped on him—but he made that 8 yards with six inches to spare. He wasn't in any fit condition to kick the goal. He missed, but Smithtown didn't care—the score was 6-3 in Smithtown's favor and Sallow all by himself had won the championship of the State. Smithtown didn't go wild, it went mad and in a flicker the yells changed. They weren't for Sallow but for Tad Roswell."

"Tad Roswell?"

"Yes, Tad Roswell—the man that 4 years later made the All-American left half when you made the All-American right. The one man in your college course whose scalp you wanted—and although he never got yours—you didn't get his.

"Was he yellow?"

### LIZZIE'S TRIUMPH

There goes another daub of that black paint. Well I guess it's the last. It's about time he finished making a freak of me. I come from a respectable family of Fords and I'm as good at heart as any of them, though with this crossword puzzle painted on the outside no one would believe it. These high school boys are the limit, always trying to fuss things up and make them better instead of letting well enough alone. I suppose if I were to object they'd use the big game tomorrow as an excuse by saying that they had to do something special on such an occasion. They always have an excuse.

Fred's been keeping my transformation secret and he's been working like a beaver all week trying to get it done in time. But I've had to spend that week in this stuffy garage without one run out in the lovely spring weather. It's enough to make any one mad.

Fred finished painting and stepped back surveying his handiwork with pride and speculating to himself, "All dry now but Dick's name and that'll be dry by tomorrow. Guess I can take it to school in the morning."



But I didn't pay any more attention to his speculations because my sixth sense told me some one else was in the garage with us and I looked behind me just in time to see Harry Piker glide in the door and slip into the corner behind the gasoline tank. I hadn't heard him come in and neither had Fred, so I guessed he wasn't there for any good. I knew Fred and his gang were mad at him for going too far with one of his practical jokes and getting them into trouble, but I couldn't think what he wanted in our garage unless he was trying to get back at Fred by learning his secret and broadcasting it to the whole school. Then I thought he wouldn't hide behind the gas tank if that were all so he must have something else up his sleeve. I don't know why I couldn't think of it then, it seemed so simple afterwards. But I couldn't and that's all.

Fred looked my engine over and fussed around me a little longer before he put away his tools and went up to the house, and I racked my brain futilely to solve the mystery of Harry's presence. But not for long. A second after Fred left the boy remained in his hiding place listening to his receding footsteps, then he began stealthily to worm his way under my engine. A moment later I felt his fingers in my interior and knew what he was going to do. But I was glad. He was my accomplice without knowing it. Some one would have to pay for that dull boresome week I had spent in the garage and all the other indignities I had suffered, and it certainly would be some price, half the team were depending on me to take them to Amboy for the game.

I wouldn't have minded that week in the garage so much if I'd had some one to talk to, but old Mack's so tired hauling sand and gravel all day that he dozes off the minute his engine's stopped. Mrs. Packard comes rolling in like a grand duchess and if I speak to her she sniffs as if to say, "You low class little piffle," so of course I stick my nose up in the air and ignore her. I'm as good as any car ever made if I am a lizzie.

But this painting business is the worst. Every few months I get painted over and made to look like some other kind of freak. I had just got used to being a waiting room with "ladies" and "gents" and "exit" and "entrance" painted on all my doors, when Fred came in one morning with two pots of paint, one black and one white, and began to make a crossword puzzle of me. Right then and there I began to plan revenge. I've been gathering venom all week and it's got to come out on somebody.

I followed every movement of Harry's fingers expectantly and my spirits soared. At last I was going to have compensation for all my previous ill-treatment. Wouldn't I laugh when Fred took me out and drove me down to the school as proud as could be, and all the boys praised him and piled on laughing and joking, and Fred stepped on the gas and we went spinning away and then, pop! my engine went dead right by the corner where the cop stands! I can just see them all tumbling out, Fred opening the hood and peering anxiously into my engine then shaking his head despairingly, and the whole bunch getting worried and excited.

Harry stole out again at dusk, but it wasn't five minutes before I had more visitors. Hoarse whispers outside the door reached my ear, then two men appeared slinking along close to the wall. Once in the garage they walked with less care. But one of them seemed undecided. "Hadn't we better be sure the kid's out of the way first?" I heard him ask nervously.

"No, he's alright. I saw him go out and join a bunch of fellows down by the school. There's not a soul around," the other reassured him.

The nervous man turned to inspect me then and I boiled inside when he snorted and said something about my looks. As if I could help them.



"It's not much," his companion agreed, "We'll only use it till we get to Newark and find something better. But it's quicker. We don't have to bother getting it ready. I saw the kid fussing around it and going in and out here all day so I guessed it was prepared for a journey."

With that he cranked me up and they both hopped in. And my radiator hadn't been filled for a week! At first I was mad as a hornet. Then I chuckled. So they were to be the victims of my revenge and Harry's plot. They'd get what was coming to them alright! I felt as if I could act much worse with strangers. Somehow, I rather liked those boys even though they did treat me pretty badly. I was ashamed of my plot. After all they had never willfully done anything to hurt me. But things were out of my hands now.

We turned out the drive and rolled along as smoothly as though on buttered wheels except for a little kick I had to indulge in now and then for sheer joy. The man who was driving didn't seem very sure of himself, his hands gripped my wheel as if he were afraid. This tickled me and I went as fast as he would let me. All the time I kept saying over and over, "That's the way, step on it again! Come on, faster! We're almost there now!" I chuckled again when I saw them look at the cop and nudge each other nervously. There was no side street to turn up and there wouldn't have been time if there was one, my engine was about ready to stop then, though they didn't know that of course. They just had to go ahead and trust to luck to get by. Some luck, too!

We were almost abreast of the cop's stand. I felt my strength going and couldn't resist giving a series of awful snorts and one good loud honk, to let the world know what was happening, before I stopped dead in the middle of the street beside the cop. I'm glad I did, too. The noise attracted a crowd and Harry was among it. He would never have noticed me if I hadn't made that racket. Now he saw me and pushed his way through the crowd, yelling at the top of his voice, "Hey! officer, grab them! That's Fred Tines' car."

The two men turned white and hunched down in their seats. The officer scowled at them, saying gruffly "What do you mean by this?" They made no answer. I guess they too were new at that business.

The cop hustled them off to jail and Harry and I were left in the middle of the street, the center of an interested crowd. Fred and his gang came. All curious and breathless from running and Fred nearly speechless with surprise.

"Why that's my car! How'd it get out here?"

"Yours," an incredible echo.

"Yeh. What happened? How the dickens did it get out here?"

Fred was too excited to notice their tone but went on firing questions at everybody in general.

Harry cut in abruptly, "There they are. They tried to steal your car!" and he pointed after the retreating figures of the officer and his two charges.

Fred stared after them, then turned back to Harry puzzled. "I don't see how it was they didn't get away with it since they got this far."

There was a long silence. Then Harry said slowly, "Gosh, I hate to tell you fellows, but that was a plot of mine that didn't work. I couldn't bear to see you go off to the game without me so I sneaked in and fixed the engine so it wouldn't go any farther than the school. This corner's about the same distance from your house as the school is so it stopped here. I guess——" but further speech was impossible. With a great yell the boys swept upon him and hoisted him to their shoulders. Triumphant they bore



him around me shouting, "Harry saved our car! Harry saved our car! Hurrah for Harry!" Then they dumped him in on the seat and piled in after him.

Fred tried to crank me but found I wouldn't go and a shadow came over his face when he remembered the game tomorrow. Harry emerged laughing from the tangle of arms and legs. He saw Fred standing disconsolate in front of me and was beside him in two winks. "Don't look so grief-stricken old man. I can fix it in a second." He opened the hood, stuck his head in and busied his nimble fingers with my mechanism for a minute, then straightened up. "All right," he said "only I think I'd better get some water for the radiator, she feels hot."

Night had fallen and my lights were turned on piercing the darkness ahead, when at last they had all managed to get on and we were spinning toward the nearest candy store to celebrate my narrow escape.

"Oh I say Fred, I forgot to congratulate you on that crossword puzzle idea of yours. Darn good one," spoke up one of the boys.

"I'll say it is. Ought to get us a crowd for tomorrow," said another enthusiastically.

Even that didn't rankle now. It was a ridiculous idea, but if they liked it I could stand it. It certainly had done me good to let off some of my steam on those two crooks.

MURIEL TELFER.

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## DAPHANE

Philip Clark leaned over to Jack Downing and whispered, "Be at Miller's corner at 3:05."

Jack assented with a knowing smile. That afternoon the two boys met another chum at the appointed corner, and then glancing around to see that they were not followed, they slipped hastily down a side street.

The reason for all this secrecy was that the boys were the guardian of Daphane. Perhaps it will be well to explain about Daphane. She was a marble statue presented to the Senior class by some alumnus of Roxford College. The Senior regarded it with no particular reverence until one night it was taken from its pedestal in front of Lane Hall, by the Juniors. Ever since that time there had been a constant struggle for possession of the statue until it finally became one of the traditions of the college. Each year the class who had the statue was obliged to show it before a large assembly sometime during the first week in October. It was only during this week that the class not in possession could attempt to recapture it.

For three years the Juniors had been victorious and they were now preparing for the annual presentation of Daphane. It was a clear crisp October day and Roxford was to play football with Center, their greatest adversary.

The three boys decided that this would be the ideal time to bring Daphane in to view again, both because there would be many witnesses and because there would be so much excitement over the coming game that no one would notice their activities nor suspect their plans. They stopped before a large storehouse in the shipping district of the city.

"Ted, you be the driver and make yourself look as disreputable as possible," said Phil, "Jack and I will be the carters."

Each of the boys had worn old clothes, and now smearing dirt over their faces they presented a very different appearance from the three snappy Juniors of Roxford.

Then, they brought Daphane, crated so that she would be unrecognized down to the freight station. Here they obtained possession of a flat car on a freight which was about to cross the river. They placed their burden in it and hopped on themselves.

Later, in the beautiful stadium which overlooked the Connecticut river, the football teams were battling up and down the gridiron when a wild shout arose. At first, it was thought to have been caused by a brilliant play by Roxford's left end, but soon all discovered the true reason. There, in a freight train slowly crossing the high trestle over the river, stood Daphane the sun shining on the white marble making her easily recognizable. Once again the Juniors were victorious.

VIRGINIA ALLISON.

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School life is hard, but I like it. I have not encountered a shadow of racial distinction in this school. I received the squarest and fairest treatment possible from my classmates, school mates and teachers. I shall always remember Metuchen High School as my dear Alma Mater.

DIONISIO MOLINA,  
Casiguran, Tayabas,  
Philippine Islands.

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As the close of school draws near  
From each student you shall hear  
Direful little tales of woe  
Just why they're still a class below.

J. EGOLF.



THE BLUE LETTER



## THE DEBATES

At the Rutgers Debating Conference the question selected for debating was: Resolved that the proposed Child Labor Amendment should be ratified by the legislature of New Jersey. The high schools competing with Metuchen in the Inter-Scholastic League were: South Amboy, South River and Tottenville. We lost the toss of the coin to Tottenville, who chose the place for the debate—Tottenville. This favored Metuchen for the choice of the side of the question fell to her team, who with Miss Cole, chose the Negative Side.

At tryout before the faculty Reynold Drews, Captain, Katherine Wale, Dorothy Fitch and Rut Wood were selected to represent Metuchen.

March 27th was the date set for the debate between Metuchen and Tottenville. On that night it literally poured "rivers" over this vicinity but it could not stop an undaunted crowd from following the team to Perth Amboy. Then with "one more river to cross" they arrived at Tottenville quite ready to do almost anything for the team.

Arriving at the school they found a seemingly amount of chairs everywhere—but none for Metuchen. This had little effect on them, however, for balcony seats by way of window ledges just suited those in an adventure loving mood. So they took refuge on these window rails and nearly came to calamity in their efforts to lend to the cheers. However they did cheer—so much in fact that the team was stirred to a nobler sense of duty to such great faith from its loyal rooters and so convinced the judges that they voted unanimously for Metuchen.

On the same night, over in New Jersey South Amboy handed its own to South River, who argued the affirmative of the same question. Then South River full of revenge upon Metuchen, who defeated her the previous year, came to Metuchen on May 1, hailing M. H. S. and confident of victory.

The fact that both teams kept their same side of the question, and both were victorious previously stirred their supporters so that the real rivalry seemed to be placed in the cheering squads.

Completely surprising her visitors, Metuchen again won by a unanimous decision of the judges.

Thus, according to her custom, M. H. S. will have another banner with which to grace her walls, to add to those already achieved, one which would be the pride of a Knight emblem bearer of the Middle Ages.



WHERE VIOLETS GROW

Down in the dewy meadows,  
Where the beautiful green grass grows,  
And the tall willows cast their shadows  
Beside the bank, a little brook flows.

Off in a shady little nook  
Under the shadow of a big elm tree,  
The sound of the twinkling brook  
Makes music like a humming bee.

The birds sing sweet in the big elm boughs  
They must be happy, I know,  
For under that elm bloom the prettiest flowers  
That ever Mother Nature could grow.

Their faces are purple and velvet,  
And washed with the fresh morning dew  
And they are always fresh and fragrant  
Like flowers for fairies to strew.

The children all like these sweet flowers,  
For joy and sunshine each brings,  
And among them they dance for hours,  
To the song that the little brook sings.

The birds will always sing sweet there,  
In the elm by the brook which I know,  
And the willows will always stand and stare  
At the place where these sweet violets grow.

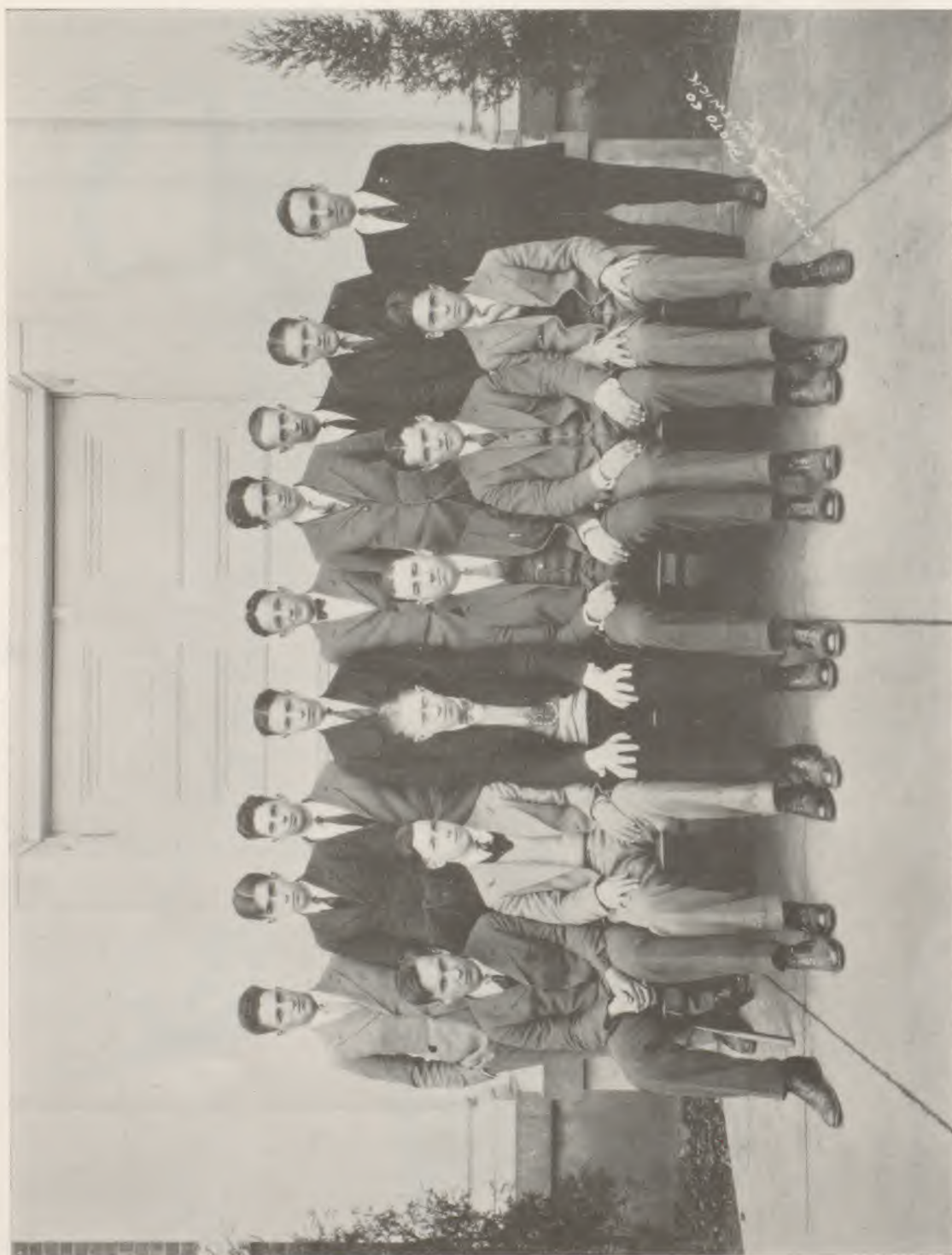
LOUISE S. DALY.



# ATHLETICS



THE BLUE LETTER





## FOOTBALL

All give entire credit for the good season to Coach Herb, who toiled relentlessly in putting out a fast scrappy team.

Getting away to a poor start against Bound Brook because of lack of early practice, the team made a sensational comeback against Millburn and avenged the defeat of a year ago by that eleven. Every man on the team was out to win the Perth Amboy game and the Metuchen griders emerged from the fray on the long end of the score. At Kearney the team took advantage of the breaks to overthrow the larger aggregation.

Captain Oliver at guard was the mainstay of the team. Besides holding down his line position he did the kicking for the team.

Potter held down the one end position and displayed splendid ability at pulling forward passes out of the air.

The other end position was held by Williams and Willmont. Both exhibited a hard defensive playing that spilled plays in their direction.

Victor Failmezger at left played a hard game and broke through the line unremittingly, throwing opposing backs for many losses.

The other tackle and guard positions were held by Mook, Salomone and Wallace who played steady games in their positions.

Randolph in the quarterback berth displayed fine field generalship, sending the other backs hammering the weak spots in the opponents line and had a brainy selection of plays.

Rule was in the right half position and was the flashiest of the backs.

Wypler had the other halfback position and was a steady line buckler. But on the defensive he showed up to the best advantage, smearing the opposing backs with apparent ease. He bolstered the line and ends at all times, staving off a larger score in the Bound Brook combat and held the big Kearney team with his superb defense.

Dover was a consistent ground gainer through the line. As a defensive player he was good also.

H. Failmezger at center exhibited unerring pass work. On the defensive he threw the opposing backs for losses.

The scoring for the season: Dover, 3 touchdowns, 18 points; Oliver, 1 touchdown, 2 field goals, 4 points after touchdown, 16 points; Rule, 2 touchdowns, 12 points; Wypler, 1 touchdown, 6 points; Potter, 1 touchdown, 6 points.

### SUMMARY OF SEASON

M. H. S.		Opp.
0	Bound Brook H. S.	18
25	Millburn H. S.	0
1	Jamesburg Reform School	0
24	Perth Amboy H. S.	0
9	Kearney H. S.	0
59		18



THE BLUE LETTER



# GIRLS' BASKETBALL

The girls' basketball team with lack of experience and aggressiveness and without a coach who could devote sufficient time, did not have the success enjoyed by previous girls' teams of M. H. S.

There were only four victories in fifteen games, two of these being forfeits. However, three of the losses were by very small margins and the result was not decided until the last minute of play.

The outstanding game of the season was the defeat of South Amboy High on our own court.

Captain Denasi Danford—A model girl athlete. A capable captain. Most aggressive member of the team.

Emily Platt—A clever guard with a masculine pass.

Dorothy Mook—A really "jumping center."

Dorothy Fitch—Unerring shot, beauty and skill, leading scorer of the team.

Jeannette Simmen—Our third "Dot," an offensive and defensive forward of great merit.

Lucille Manning—"Imperturbable." Speed and agility.

Alma Cook—Impassible, versatile.

Opal Cook—Impassible, versatile.

Olmezer, Carney and Wood—Able substitutes and future stars.

Manager—Lillian de Rozieres—Efficiency.

M. H. S.		Opp.
28	Woodbridge	36
10	Cranford	23
11	Perth Amboy	30
23	Linden	10
6	Alumni	11
11	South River	12
20	Perth Amboy	30
18	Woodbridge	36
35	South Amboy	15
14	North Plainfield	22
24	Cranford	31
3	North Plainfield	0
19	South Amboy	20
16	South River	37
2	Linden	0
240		313



THE BLUE LETTER



## BOYS' BASKETBALL

Practice was started early to prepare for the hard schedule arranged for the team.

M. H. S. opened the season with a defeat at the hands of St. Mary on the latter's court, despite the fact that we had our entire first team left from last year. Then followed another loss to St. Peters. The third game was a victory over Bound Brook. This game put new life in the team and better success followed.

Perhaps the best game of the season was the defeat handed Hillside in our second encounter with them. Rule was brilliancy personified in this game, scoring as many points as the entire team of our opponents.

M. H. S. then won two of the remaining three games, closing the season with 10 victories and twelve defeats.

The season was most successful, considering the hard teams played. Many of our opponents had three or four times as many students as we had to draw from. Great credit is due to Coach Herb for his hard work in coaching the team and to Earle Potter for his fine leadership.

Captain Potter—An aggressive—hard playing forward. A true leader, stirring his men to greater efforts. Best defensive forward Metuchen ever had,

Rule—Main cog in our scoring machine. Dead-shot within twenty feet of the basket. A live hustling player.

Sorenson—A wonderful passer. A great asset to the team.

Grimley—Few ever got the jump on him. Our "Romeo of the Court."

Dover—Good old dependable Tom. Few could get by this determined guard.

Oliver—Always ruined his opponents passes. His presence in the game made itself account.

Randolph—Earned his right to play guard. A pugnacious player, despite his slight build.

Hommell—A capable understudy of Rule. Good eye for the basket.

Willmont—took each game seriously and played well.

W. Adams—Though he only played in the first few games he proved a basketball player.

Failmezger—Fitted in well, wherever placed.

M. H. S.	Opp.
14 .....St. Mary's .....	32
23 .....St. Peter's .....	37
24 .....Bound Brook .....	13
21 .....Newark Prep. ....	24
42 .....Bound Brook .....	14
30 .....Alumni .....	20
24 .....Hillside .....	30
38 .....Wardlaw .....	12
18 .....St. Peter's .....	40
11 .....Woodbridge .....	36
4 .....Perth Amboy .....	21
18 .....Wardlaw .....	16
20 .....Woodbridge .....	27
23 .....Cranford .....	13
13 .....Linden .....	38
28 .....St. Mary's .....	33
19 .....Perth Amboy Vocational .....	39
31 .....Perth Amboy .....	23
27 .....Hillside .....	19
35 .....Linden .....	20
20 .....Perth Amboy Vocational .....	27
30 .....Cranford .....	12



THE BLUE LETTER



## BASEBALL

Metuchen formed with five other county high schools, The Middlesex County Public School League, this year for the first time.

Cranford was defeated in a free hitting game at Cranford 19-12. Rule led the hitting and Failmezger struck out eleven.

South Amboy was defeated in the first league game 21-3, at Metuchen. Grimley hit a home run with the bases filled and struck out sixteen batters.

The first setback was by Perth Amboy when Metuchen played a poor game in the field and lost 8-7. Grimley hit another home run.

South River defeated the team 8-5 at South River.

We were the victims of a no-hit, no-run game by New Brunswick High at Metuchen. The visitors only made four infield hits off Grimley's delivery to win 4-0.

Woodbridge defeated us in a poorly played game at Woodbridge 10-9 in ten innings. Potter and Whitney were the M. H. S. luminaries.

The losing streak is broken when South Amboy is defeated at South Amboy 4-1. Failmezger as the winning pitcher. Randolph played a good game in the field.

Captain Potter, 2b, c—A peppy, aggressive player with natural baseball ability.

Tom Dover, c, 3b—A reliable man behind bat, a sure hitter, the team's leading batter.

"Square" Sorenson, 1b—Quiet, unassuming, always there, that's "Square."

"Don" Randolph —A fast snappy shortfielder and a mean man at bat.

"Fats" Rule, 3b, 2b, p—Knocks down everything in the hot corner. Fast on bases.

"Jim" Oliver, cf—No flys drop in his territory, a good throw to the infield.

Henry Whitney, cf—A brilliant outfielder, who swings a hitting bat.

"Bob" Willmont, cf—Speed in getting under flies, gets them every where.

"Percy" Grimley, p, 1b, cf—He pitches a steady, confident game, with a variety of curves and hops. A long distance hitter.

"Murph" Failmezger, p, 1b—A young lad with a world of stuff.

"Cherries" Mundy, manager—Takes care of everything, including "Murph."

Five more games as the Annual goes to press.



WEARERS  
of  
the  
MASTER LETTER  
THE GOLD M

May 15, 1925

Thomas Dover  
James Oliver  
Earle Potter  
Donald Randolph  
Edwin Rule

DIRECTORY

TO FIND THE SENIORS AFTER JUNE 18

NAME	DESCRIPTION	MOTTO	AMBITION	WHERE FOUND
Margaret Ayers	One of the best	Michigan, my Michigan!	To live in Michigan	At Christian Endeavor
Lillian Bradshaw	A demure little lady	Speak when spoken to	To be a dressmaker	Staying in
Ethel Breen	Miss Venus Vesuvius	Sisterly love	To speed up Loyola	In the cloak hall
Loyola Breen	Rather thin	We're here because we're here	To learn French	With Ethel
Denasi Danford	Flap, flap, flapper	The more the merrier	To make baskets	Wherever the bunch is
Lillian de Rozieres	Frenchy	Step on it!	To be a photographer	In, at, or by a car
Dorothy Fitch	Katerina	The Army forever!	To keep a straight face	Down on the farm
Viola Hoffman	Merry Sunshine	Color lends beauty to the world	To be a rainbow	A la Maison
Virginia Ponciroli	Diana	Silence is golden	To be quiet	In reverie
Jeanne Smith	Little Rufus	Taxi!	To study	With Virginia
Muriel Wainwright	Serene and Smiling	Take your time	To follow Jeanné's footsteps	Where Jeanne is
Katherine Wale	Tall and fair	Absence makes the heart grow fonder	To become shorter	At the Postoffice
Ernest Billman	Mr. Shiek	Business before pleasure	To memorize his lessons	At work
Reynold Drews	Beau Brummell	An oration a class keeps the lesson away	To be a 2nd Webster (either Daniel or Noah)	Any place but school
Victor Failmezzger	Grimming	Never drop a nail	To be a milkmaid	At Bossy's grave
Alvin Houston	Theo. Morgan, M. D.	It pays to advertise	To be U. S. Treasurer	At the black board
Dionisio Molina	A dapper little fellow	Colgates after every meal	To be an orator	Out walking
Sherwood Mundy	Bustle, hustle, out o' my way	Get it over the radio	To make a radical change	Listening in
James Oliver	My hero	Never hit 'em further than over the fence	To have a speedy recovery	At the home plate
Thomas Dover	Babe Ruth	Do a good turn minutely	To please everybody	Wherever there's work to do





## UKE CLUB

Nine months, two weeks ago, Miss Franklin originated a club, created in Metuchen High and dedicated to the proposition that members of this club should meet together for social times, every fortnight, the entertainment of which was for their soul benefit. It was altogether fitting and proper that they should do this, however at one meeting they were overheard and immediately chartered to play before the Elite of the M. E. Church. So much popularity was aroused that they have been in incessant demand ever since so that it has been impossible to hide their talent under the proverbial bushel basket. They have been called upon to play for the Metuchen Club, Borough Improvement League, Methodist Church, Y. M. C. A., Parent Teachers Association, Presbyterian Brotherhood and Senior Class Play. Their last appearance will be May 22nd when they play over the radio to the radio audiences.

MAY CRITCHLEY

LILLIAN DI LORENZO

MARIE CARNEY

HENRIETTA VEGHTE

ALMA COOK

LUCILLE MANNING

DOROTHY MOOK

MARION MUNDY

RUTH LA FORGE

LOULA FORD

VIVIRGINIA McGUIRE

VIOLET WHITAKER

LENA DI LORENZO

MISS IRENE FRANKLIN, Leader

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## ORCHESTRA

Considering the fact that this year found the orchestra with but few of the old members—it was necessary to combine the junior and senior orchestras, the members of which are representatives from the fifth to the tenth years inclusive. It has meant faithfulness combined with earnest endeavor on the part of the orchestra to have attained their recent success.

The orchestra began the events of the year by a successful sunset dance, followed by playing for the Borough League, Y. M. C. A., M. E. Church, debates and dancing exhibition.

Members of the orchestra are:

### Violinists

ROBERT McGUINNESS

DANIEL WHALEN

JOSEPH COSTA

WILLIAM HOFFMAN

HERMAN COHEN

BEATRICE KUNTZ

NETTIE PETERS

### Mandolin

SALVADOR COSTA

### Cornet

DOUGLAS MOOK

### Saxaphones

LOUIS HOFFMAN

WILLIAM ZAHN

### Drums

ROBERT SCHENCK

BERTRAM HUMPHRIES

### Director

MISS IRENE FRANKLIN.



THE BLUE LETTER



A JOY RIDE

Alice and her beau, one day,  
Went riding in his CHEVROLET.  
Her beau was fat; his name was Frank;  
And he was somewhat of a crank.  
It was too bad he wasn't smarter,  
Because he couldn't work the starter.  
She showed him how, the little dear,  
And also how to shift the gear.  
Away they went but something broke.  
'Twas just a measely little spoke.  
He fixed it with a piece of wire.  
Then something popped; it was a tire;  
'Twas mended soon, but next, kerflop,  
They struck a branch and smashed the top.  
"Dear me," cried Alice, "that's too much."  
Then something happened to the clutch.  
And next poor Frank, the unlucky dub,  
Just grazed a rock and smashed a hub.  
They crossed a brook but missed the ford,  
And sank down to the running board.  
"Oh Frank," cried Alice, with a squeal,  
"I think we're going to lose a wheel."  
They climbed the hill and when 'twas seen  
The tank contained no gasoline,  
They coasted down to the lake.  
But Frankie couldn't work the brake,  
And struck a tree, a moment later,  
That almost smashed the radiator.  
So both climbed out and poor old Frank  
Bought gasoline and filled the tank.  
And gathered up from road and field  
The fragments of the broken shield.  
He fixed the engine tight and snug,  
But had to use a new spark plug.  
Just then he slapped at a mosquito,  
And dropped a wrench on the magneto.  
'Twas useless then to sweat and toil.  
Nothing would run except the oil.  
They journeyed home with Frankie pushin',  
While Alice sobbed upon a cushion.  
She'd not forgive, she vowed with scorn,  
'Till Angel Gabriel blew his horn.  
So poor Frank's hopes were doomed to blight,  
And Alice married a WILLYS KNIGHT.

ELLEN DOVER, '28



TRANSGRESSIONAL FEVER

(with all due apologies to John Masfield)

I must down to the office again,  
To that little room that I dread;  
And all that I ask is a handkerchief  
For any tears that are shed;  
And my tongue's thick and the tears trick'  
And my weak knees shaking,  
And the grey mist' on my pale face,  
For thoughts of rules I've been breaking.

I must down to the office again,  
For the call of Mr. Van Kirk,  
Is a stern call and a clear call,  
That bids me never lurk;  
And all that I ask is a good chance,  
That if any thing has been done,  
He has made some very small mistake,  
And I am not the one.

I must down to the office, again,  
To the usual transgressor's life,  
Where the girls' wail and the boys' wail,  
Cut the air like a blunted knife,  
And all that I ask is a good excuse,  
From a laughing fellow rover,  
Or a long sleep and a sweet dream,  
When the punishment is over.

J. SCHENCK, '26





OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT

'Tis night time now—the day is past,  
 Happily I creep into bed at last.  
 Sleep, sweet sleep, until the morn  
 Awakens me to tasks new born.  
 Sinking slowly—thoughts grow dim  
 Unattached life seems——  
 A horrid shrieking rends the night—  
 I jump, and cold with sweat of fright,  
 I look about—there's the Dinka lad  
 Singing—singing, as if he were mad  
 And belaboring him with might and main,  
 Giving no thought to hurt or pain,  
 Winters—wielding a baseball bat.  
 I make a grab——  
 But find in my hands instead  
 A handsome—but sheepishly grinning head  
 Cut from the body which form I see  
 Dancing beyond the window in glee.  
 I cast it from me in wild dismay  
 And then——  
 A din begins in the hall outside,  
 I make the door with a giant slide.  
 Doug Smith comes thumping down on his neck.  
 Waving his feet in the air, by heck!  
 I stand him up, but down he goes  
 Breaking the ceiling lights with his toes.  
 There's something wrong in this place today,  
 I haven't been able, one word to say.  
 The wall crashes down and in wild emotion,  
 Seven girls swirl by in mad commotion.  
 They stamp and laugh and chew and talk,  
 They tear up paper and heave the chalk.  
 Marie throws straight at Betty's head  
 But hits May in the eye instead.  
 She grabs her cronies and starts to run  
 But "Fats" Rule, the son-of-a-gun,  
 Trips them up—they fall in a mass—  
 My stars—'tis a sorry sight come to pass.  
 Then Lundy B comes romping in,  
 Riding behind a camel, into the din.  
 The thing's on fire at one end,  
 And he yells to tell us it is the friend  
 Of the varied color paper box  
 Adam tries to hide in the top of his sox.  
 I try to escape but both feet stick,  
 And there in a row, all trying to lick  
 Up the chewing gum oozing out of the floor,  
 All the way down to the office door,  
 Are Potter and Joe and Veghte and Jim,  
 While, there in the background tall and slim  
 Is Ethel Breen—kissing the stars  
 And making wild love to the rajah of Mars.

A bell clangs—'tis the change of class,  
 And down the hall I try to pass.  
 I call for the janitor and a mowing machine,  
 For in spite of my size, I can't get between  
 Jane and Ann and Joan and Platt,  
 They'll bulge the walls if they ever get fat,  
 Arm in arm, and four abreast,  
 They don't give a rap for all the rest.  
 Then, oh! what a shock! I swear by my eye,  
 Hanging stark dead by each other's tie  
 Are Frohlich and Carney, gone to their rest,  
 Never more in this school will I give them a test.  
 I cease from my weeping, for now if you please,  
 Genevieve Preston comes along on her knees.  
 She looks in each corner, and swoops like a rat,  
 Sounds every knothole, and gives it a pat,  
 For she's lost all her teeth, her boots, and her tag,  
 And every last thing she had in her bag.  
 Then a whistle sounds here—and a clicking sounds there  
 And all round the room—madly I tear.  
 'Tis Bates, I'm sure—no! it's Walker——  
 I haven't time to hunt any more.  
 There's just a mess of things in store.  
 The Sophomore girls have all dropped dead,  
 Humphries is standing on his head.  
 Zahni's playing on six saxaphones,  
 While Square is rolling two square bones.  
 Olmezer's caught her nose in a book.  
 Silence squirms like a baited fish hook,  
 Wypler cuts out to take the air.  
 The chemistry lab goes up in a flare.  
 Willmont is squealing a tenor part now,  
 Dennis and Hegan are having a row.  
 Leiss is posing for girls who adore him?  
 Graham comes in for the teachers to jaw him.  
 Mundy is scrapping—Mookie is napping.  
 Alys goes round constantly flapping.  
 Dot Fitch grows thinner—Drews more fat.  
 Hommell slips round like a sleek pussy cat.  
 Molina is now talking English so plain,  
 The sun he shine sure if it not rain.  
 And thicker and faster the riot grows,  
 Where it will end no one knows.  
 A jumble, a riot—I wake with a start,  
 Turn on my right side and——

And now, all my friends, bear with me I pray  
 If in class I am crabbed and cross any day;  
 'Tis for want of sweet rest I sincerely declare  
 Because of the school teachers' daily nightmare.



## SOME OF US FRESHMEN

The first is the 9th year president.  
Her name being Connie Casad,  
And every message she ever sent  
Has been to make us glad.

Next comes the class treasurer.  
Niel Adam is his name,  
And he is known throughout the class  
For his "collecting fame."

Then comes our willing secretary.  
Her name is Ellen Dover,  
And she is more than gay and happy  
When the class meetings are over.

The first of the "privates"  
We'll have to call "Jap."  
To tell the truth to everyone,  
He is an awful sap.

The next in line is Henry Gunst.  
We usually call him "Bismark,"  
And when it comes to radio  
You can't fool that wise shark.

The next is Marion Atwood.  
She weighs one eighty-one,  
But just to take a look at her  
You'd think she weighed a ton.

The next in line is Jane Spear;  
She is the classroom Sheba.  
If Izzy Schwartz had his way  
He'd surely call her Reba.

The next on the list is "Tessie" Smith.  
He is so very tall,  
If Willie Dinka should stand by him  
Oh boy! he would look small.

The next is Thelma Hutchinson.  
Her father is a cop,  
And if the boys do tease her  
All she does is call on "pop."

Our dear old Jack has left us  
He's been with us two years  
Oh! what will we do without him?  
Our eyes are full of tears.

I think I'll close my little poem,  
And shut the mental gate;  
Do you want to know who wrote these lines?  
I did, Fred Bates, 2-8.





### ALL THAT THE NAME IMPLIES

The Country Gentleman .....	Lundy Bloomfield
Liberty .....	Alys Wilson
The Woman's Home Companion .....	John Grimley
Everybody's .....	Denasi Danford
Saint Nicholas .....	Eddie Mook
Cosmopolitan .....	Betty Gallagher
Literary Digest .....	Reynold Drews
Current Events .....	Dot Simmens
The Co-Eds .....	Lillian & Square
Hot Stuff .....	Genevieve Preston

---

### WOULD BE HUMOR

Teacher—"What is steel wool?"

Pupil—"Shavings from the hydraulic ram."

---

Question—"Where do the jelly-fish get their jelly?"

Answer—"From the ocean currents."

---

### Things Yet to be Seen in M. H. S.

1. Sonny Wypler on time two mornings in succession.  
Ren Drews present two days in succession.
2. Emily Platt with any make up on.
3. Anne Gallagher without any on.
4. Earl Potter, John Grimley or Fay Williams not chewing gum.
5. Anything to compare with Bill Adam's poiple shoit.
6. Reynold Drews defeated in an argument.
7. Ethel Breen without Loyala.

---

### Terrible

Tom—"Harry ate something that poisoned him."

Dick—"Croquette?"

Tom—"Not yet; but he's very ill."

---

### Exceeding the Limit

"Maud tells everything she knows."

"Yes, but it wouldn't be so bad if she would stop there."

---

### Second Round

"Waiter, I came in yesterday for a steak."

"Yes, sir, will you have the same today?"

"Why, I might just as well if no one else is using it."

---

Miss Cole—"What makes your feet so wet?"

Anne—"I've left my pumps at home."

---

Mr. Herb—"Have you been reading Longfellow?"

Blake—"Naw, only about fifteen minutes."

---

Heads we go to the Rivoli

Tails we go to the State

If it stands on edge we'll go to school.

Modern magic—Seeing Mr. Spoerl enter the room, Bloomfield hid a camel in his pocket.

Where do you go this period, English?  
No, Rivoli.

---

**You Shock Us**

When I read some of those wonderful inventions in electricity it makes me think a little.

Yes, isn't it wonderful what electricity can do?

---

There are some jiggers called Static,  
Joan loves them—oh! most emphatic  
They whiz here and there,  
Take the curl from her hair,  
'Tis the lightning—most erratic.

---

Teacher—Alys, why do you suck that piece of chalk?

Alys—(Jokingly) They don't feed me enough at home.

Teacher—They don't have to—your appetite must be satisfied with the rag you chew.

---

The game stood 3-0, favoring Amboy—our home run hitter was at the bat—a state trooper, number 22, rolled up on his motorcycle—there was a flash, two flashes—the crowd turned to gaze—Alice had sold him a ticket—but Alys was only two steps late.

---

**All Serene**

"Did you mail those two letters I gave you, Norah?"

"Yes'm, at the post office. But I noticed that you'd put the two cent stamp on the foreign letter and the five cent stamp on the city one."

"Oh, dear, what a blunder!"

"But I fixt it all right ma'am. I just changed the addresses on the envelopes."

---

**ARE YOU OBSERVING? HOW MANY QUESTIONS  
CAN YOU ANSWER?**

Why is Austin fair?  
Where did Marian err?  
What makes Katherine wail?  
Why is Eleanor howlin'?  
What is it that Margaret aires?  
Why is Frieda frank?  
What was it that Reynold drew?  
Why did Elmo spoil?  
What did Helene spear and what did Millicent tell for?  
Can Lester weave a yarn?  
How did Lula ford the stream?  
Who calls on Louise daly?  
Where does Frances stahl?  
What does Mary force?  
What did Mildred tie?  
What does Milton dodge?  
Where does Harry moor?



Paddy had paid his money and was listening, openmouthed to the proceeding of a seance. He was startled to hear a voice saying:

"Are you there Paddy? It's your brother Mick speaking."

"Is it, indeed?" said Paddy, "And how are you up there Mick?"

"Fine," came the reply. "You can get anything you want. Money is lying about everywhere—thousands of pounds, just for the picking up. And time is different, too Paddy. Every minute up here is a hundred of your years. What do you think of that?"

"Fine!" exclaimed Paddy, "But be a pal now, Mick, and let me have a thousand pounds."

"Shure," replied the departed spirit, "Just wait a minute."

COLLEGE HUMOR (A. W.)

---

John ran to the window  
To see what could be seen.  
Alas he did not know  
There was a glass between.

---

We of the Junior Class regret, more than we can say, to make the admission that Harry Moore found one problem in the whole algebra book that he was unable to solve. F.P. '26

---

She—Say something soft and sweet to me, dear.  
He—Custard Pie.

---

Geissler—Waiter, have you any shelled corn?  
Waiter (surprised)—I think so, sir.  
Geissler—Then take this egg out and feed it.

---

Young lady—I'm having trouble with my car. Have you a spare plug?  
Farmer—Sorry, Miss. I don't chaw, but I have an old cigar ye kin have.

---

Fond Parent—"I tell you, my boy, the man who marries my daughter gets a prize."  
Young Hopeful—"My, my, what an inducement."

---

Miss C. to Drews when he continues to recite—"Drews I asked for Moore."  
Drews—"That's what I'm giving you."

---

#### Famous Sayings

"I don't know where I'm going, but I'm on my way."—Columbus.  
"Keep the home fires burning."—Nero.  
"The first hundred years are the hardest."—Methuselah.

---

Father—What were the conditions that forced you to leave school?  
Son—They weren't conditions, father, they were failures.

---

We'll admit some people are hard all right—above the neck.

---

Central (at 2:00 A. M.)—Oh, we were just testing out your line.  
Sleepy—Sorry, old girl, I can't recall a bit of it this time of night.

### Logical Anyway

Teacher—"Define trickle."

Boy—"To run slowly."

Teacher—"Define anecdote."

Boy—"A short, funny tale."

Teacher—"Use both words in a sentence."

Boy—"The dog trickled down the street with a can tied to his anecdote."

---

### Agents Can't Be Trusted

Agent—"When are you going to pay for that sewing machine I sold you?"

Mrs. Deerie—"Pay for it? Why, you said that in a short time it would pay for itself!"

---

### Cause for Doubt

There was an all-round good for nothing man who died, and at his funeral the Minister delivered a most beautiful address, eulogizing the departed in the most glowing manner, praising his splendid qualities as a fine type of man, a good husband and a kind parent.

About this time the widow, who was seated well up in front, spoke to her little daughter by her side, and said "My dear, go look in the coffin and see if it is your father."

---

### More Floors Needed

A traveler called at a Paris hotel and inquired what their rates were.

"Thirty francs for a room on the first floor, twenty francs for the second, and ten francs for the third," said the proprietor.

The traveler thanked him and turned to go.

"Doesn't that please you?" asked the hotel proprietor.

"Yes, your prices are all right," said the traveler, "but your hotel isn't high enough."

---

### Discovered

Mrs. Hannigan rushed into her husband's office.

"Oh Peter," she cried, as she panted for breath, "I dropped my diamond ring off my finger and I can't find it anywhere!"

"It's all right, Florence," said Mr. Hannigan, "I came across it in my trousers pocket."

---

### The Kind of Life

"They say that driver fairly put new life into that old racing car."

"Yes, he did; inside of five minutes it turned turtle."

---

### No Natives

Two natives of the Emerald Isle were discussing with evident irritation the immigration problem.

"Thim furriners is gettin' an awful hold in this country," said Tim.

"Thru for yez," answered the other, as he transferred his corn-cob pipe to the other side of his mouth. "I wuz readin' over last evenin' the list av min naturilized be Judge Conoran, an 'ivery wan av thim' wuz furrin!"



### A Question

At a teacher's conference in Berlin one of the school principals arose to give the toast, "Long live the teachers!"

"On what?" inquired a meagre pallid young assistant instructor in a hollow voice.

---

Miss Cole—"In this sentence, 'John is dead,' in what case is John?"

Willmont—"Hopeless case."

Egolf—"No, wooden case."

---

Mr. Spoerl—"What do you know about nitrates?"

Modecki—"Well, they are cheaper than day rates."

### Carrots and Beats

A mother sought out the principal of the school attended by her daughter and demanded:

"What did the music teacher mean by stopping the whole class the other day, and pointing to my Lucy before them all, ask her, 'How many carrots are there in a peck?'" Of course the child could not answer such a question and she came home to me in tears."

The principal couldn't understand it and thought she must be mistaken.

"No, I'm not," said the mother. "Lucy told me as soon as she got home. It was dreadful to make her so conspicuous."

The puzzled but patient principal took the mother to the music teacher for an explanation but she could not remember any such question.

At last it dawned upon her that she had asked the child, "How many beats are there in a measure?"

---

THE ONES THAT THINK OUR JOKES ARE POOR  
WOULD STRAIGHTWAY CHANGE THEIR VIEWS  
COULD THEY COMPARE THE JOKES WE PRINT  
WITH THOSE THAT WE REFUSE.—EXCHANGE







CALENDAR OF 1924-1925

- Sept. 8 School begins. Mr. Van Kirk gives lecture on horse racing.
- Sept. 9 Are you a Senior really, Reynold. Mr. Molineux gives talk on Defense Day.
- Sept. 15 Seniors elect officers.
- Sept. 17 In Senior English—"Before we go on we will continue."
- Sept. 18 King Powell in chapel asks help in Kiddie Keep Well drive.
- Sept. 22 In Senior English.  
Miss Cole—"Potter and Miss Danford, I understand exactly how it is but you might be a little more careful."
- Sept. 24 Mr. Herb tells Hommell not to run in one place.
- Sept. 26 First football game. Bound Brook, 18; Metuchen, 0.
- Oct. 3 Metuchen defeats Millburn, 25-0.
- Oct. 6 First High School Chorus this year.
- Oct. 8 Houston in English class: "In three years Jefferson won 1185 cases." Grimley—"Cases of what?"
- Oct. 10 Columbus Day exercises. Junior straw ride.
- Oct. 17 No game. Jamesburg failed to show up.
- Oct. 20 Vic, in Math. class, informs Mr. Spoerl that he is crazy.
- Oct. 23 Mr. Herb to Lundy: "After this Lundy don't write all in one place."
- Oct. 24 Metuchen defeats Perth Amboy, 24-0.
- Oct. 27 Vic in History class, says LaFollette is going to win.
- Oct. 31 Every day in every way Vic argues more and more for LaFollette. It seems to us that T. Failmezger has been coaching Vic in the essentials of argumentation.  
Metuchen, 9; Kearney, 0.
- Nov. 3 M. I. F. tells us that we have a wonderful coach.
- Nov. 4 Election day. No school.
- Nov. 5 LaFollette loses. Vic does not come to history class. Sick so he said. Mr. Spoerl claims that if it were not for routine we would be going around a la Adam and Eve style.
- Nov. 7 In Latin class Vic says that Catiline sent his horns ahead. The Romans always did say that Catiline was the Old Boy himself.
- Nov. 8 Harry Moore: in Latin—"We are born without sense." Some people never seem to get any either.
- Nov. 10 Armistice Day program.
- Nov. 11 Armistice Day. No school.
- Nov. 12 Tom gives talk on married life in English class.
- Nov. 13 Miss Cole: "Of course you have the fact that Milton did not write for several years after he was born."
- Nov. 14 Mrs. Dinwiddie gives an interesting talk on books.
- Nov. 17 Miss Cole: "After Charles I was beheaded what was the effect immediately?" Reynold Drews: "He died."
- Nov. 18 In the hall after school.  
A voice: "Don't you dare hit me with that rope Mr. Herb.  
Dot Simmens rushes out followed by Mr. Herb with a piece of rope about 2 ft. long.
- Nov. 20 Mr. Zimmerman gives a talk on Education in Chapel.
- Nov. 21 Woodbridge defeats the girls in basketball, 36-28.  
Senior dance.
- Nov. 24 Mr. VanKirk asks how many would be glad if there were no work. Blake raises both hands.



# THE BLUE LETTER

- Nov. 26 Thanksgiving exercises.
- Dec. 1 Cat in distress succored by Mr. Roos.
- Dec. 2 Mr. Herb says that W. J. Bryan was the first to run for President across the Mississippi River.
- Dec. 3 Somebody took Lundy's shoe at noon time and hid it. All windows are opened.
- Dec. 4 After several wise remarks about wood being used in political platforms were made in Freshmen Civics, Mr. Herb admits that there is plenty of wood in that class.  
Junior boys asked to look up definition of gentleman.
- Dec. 5 St. Mary's defeats us in basketball.
- Dec. 8 Fat almost got his pants rolled up but is saved by the intervention of Mr. Roos. St. Peter's defeat us.
- Dec. 9 A little boy is pushed down in a mud puddle. Reynold Drews is summoned to the office. Looks bad.
- Dec. 10 Mr. Spoerl says he buys his ties in the five and ten.
- Dec. 11 Alice Wilson: Looking for the dictionary and not seeing it sees Mr. Herb in the back of the auditorium and says, "Mr. Herb have you the dictionary?"  
Mr. Herb: "Not so you could notice it."
- Dec. 12 Miss Cole—Why is Comus a masque?  
Tom Dover—Because you can't see through it.
- Dec. 15 Mr. Spoerl gets a radio.
- Dec. 23 Christmas exercises.
- Jan. 5 First day of school after the holidays. Miss Cole is sick and Mrs. Mayo is substituting.
- Jan. 8 Mr. Spoerl takes the Seniors' pictures.
- Jan. 13 Mr. VanKirk demonstrates mode of fistic encounter in Chapel.
- Jan. 15 First Senior Play rehearsal.
- Jan. 20 Bob Willmont and Mr. Spoerl have their first semi-annual mixup this year.
- Jan. 26 Exam. week. Everybody suddenly decides that he hasn't done enough work in the first half.
- Jan. 29 First day of exams. over. Everybody breathes easier.  
No more work for five months.
- Jan. 30 Senior Play rehearsals are progressing.
- Feb. 2 Dot Fitch wants to help Tom blow up the basketballs.  
You know what they say about women.
- Feb. 3 In history class. "All right you can go to sleep again Anne. I'm sorry to have disturbed you."
- Feb. 5 Dorothy Fitch can't raise her left hand.
- Feb. 9 Mr. Herb says not to get Santa Anna confused with Santa Claus.  
Jim Oliver says he hates to be sentimental.
- Feb. 11 Mr. VanKirk tells us not to read mushy books.
- Feb. 13 Miss Cole says that Goldsmith was one of those—poets.
- Feb. 18 Mr. Spoerl reading excuse. "Please excuse Reynold for being absent this morning. He had to get a new pair of woolen socks."
- Feb. 19 Mr. Herb wants to know who the other great explorers were with Champagne. Maybe Scotch.
- Feb. 20 Senior Play. Much excitement.
- Feb. 24 Al. Houston informs us that there are 6 2c stamps in a dozen.
- Feb. 25 Mr. VanKirk attends a convention in Cincinnati.
- Feb. 26 Attempted rush out the front door is nipped in the bud by the Seniors.



- March 3 Mr. Herb in history class asks Virginia Ponciroli to whisper a little louder.  
Bill Frolich is elected cheer leader when Egolf resigns.
- March 4 We are late to school this noon. We have a perfect alibi for once. The President was late.
- March 5 Mr. Spoerl spends the afternoon in dodging an insurance agent.
- March 7 Seniors start drive for Woman's Home Companion.
- March 9 Ach! Katharina. The insurance agent finally catches Mr. Spoerl.
- March 10 When his permission to throw a book at Izzy is asked, Mr. Herb offers to throw it himself.
- March 11 Izzy is mysteriously hit with a song book. Looks bad for Mr. Herb.
- March 12 Mr. Spoerl imposes a fine of 5c or 1 hour in jail for talking during silence period.
- March 13 Vic says the reason he was late was because the cow wouldn't get up. Mr. Spoerl says it is a good excuse but he can't work it too often.
- March 17 Vic's cow dies. Vic loses a perfectly good alibi for lateness.
- March 19 Donald Randolph gives Vic a haircut in history class.
- March 20 Vic says he is going to make sausage from his cow.
- March 23 Vic asks Mr. Spoerl what kind of seasoning to put in his sausage.
- March 24 Miss Cole says she'll kill a frog tomorrow but she won't kill it dead.
- March 25 Miss Cole murders a frog in cold blood.
- March 26 Miss Cole curls her hair. Potter says it makes her look 50 years younger.
- March 27 Mr. Herb, toying with a rock—"Oh, no, I wouldn't throw it at YOU." (to D. D.). First debate.  
Potter takes up heavy drama.
- March 30 Miss Cole crushes a doll. Murder No. 2.
- March 31 Mr. Spoerl makes up a class yell and dedicates it to Vic's cow.  
Moo, Moo, Moo. Nail, Nail, Nail.  
Polly is dead  
She will not wag her tail.
- April 1 April Fools Day. Mr. Spoerl is fooled in Math. Class.
- April 2 Miss Cole says she can't forget the past.
- April 3 Miss Cole asks Grimley how a man feels when he is drunk.
- April 6 Vic is discovered with a book entitled "How to Study." Oliver back to school.
- April 7 Oliver says some queer things about nature in English class. Mr. Herb has a new suit.
- April 8 Baseball team is measured for suits. No school until Tuesday.
- April 14 Mr. Herb: "Oh lots of people have weak chins but that doesn't stop them from talking much.  
The Senior Class arise en masse to see two girls in bathing suits passing in an auto.
- April 15 Dorothy Fitch says she's "The Youth's Companion."  
Grimley sticks his head through the window pane in the Lab.  
No game—rain.
- April 16 Tessie Smith measures his length on the floor in the hall.
- April 17 Mundy versus Justice.
- April 20 Tom tells Mr. VanKirk that he would like to work in a bank because there would be money in it.



- April 21 Mr. Spoerl is seen in Room 9 with the girls holding hands. It's all right. They were his own.  
Miss Cole dispenses some logic.
- April 22 Vic informs us to our great surprise that there is more than one member in LaFollette's party at present, himself being the other 50%. We defeated South Amboy, 21-3.  
Square sprains his ankle in baseball.
- April 25 Square is home with his sprained ankle and—well, Lil is absent today.
- April 26 Vic is found deeply engrossed in "A Child's Garden of Verse."
- April 27 James Hegan is hit in the eye with a baseball—some eye. Miss Cole calls Vic St. Failmezger.
- April 28 Austin Phaire was complaining to Mr. Herb about the lack of a chair at the table where he was to sit.  
Mr. Herb—"Keep quiet and sit down." He did.
- April 30 Mr. VanKirk falls asleep in history class.
- May 1 South River defeats us in baseball but we even it up by winning the debate.
- May 4 Mr. Herb (In study hall—standing on the platform) 'You people think there's nothing but a big joke up here.'
- May 5 A State Trooper gets a ticket from Alice Anderson—at the ball game.
- May 6 Miss Cole (kicking Potter out of class) "Potter you're going down, down, down."  
Potter, "Oh yes, I'll see you down there."
- May 7 Anne Gallagher tells Mr. Herb she will give him a quarter for a seat at a table.
- May 8 We are defeated by Woodbridge in an eleven inning game.
- May 11 Reyn says the cotton gin was something to drink.
- May 12 We defeat South Amboy 4-1. Dot Fitch teaches the 1st grade.
- May 13 Someone pins a tail on Miss Cole.
- May 14 Murph comes to school with a shave.
- May 15 Game with Perth Amboy.
- May 18 Vic says that if we are naughty we won't go to heaven.
- May 20 Molasses was used to make rum in Massachusetts.  
Reyn says it was Massachusetts Bay Rum.
- May 21 Miracles will happen. Miss Cole doesn't get mad in Biology Class.
- May 22 A fast game with Woodbridge.
- May 25 Murph Failmezger tells Miss Cole not to get excited.
- May 27 Mr. Herb has his hair marcelled.
- May 28 Jane Graham doesn't try to act high-hat for once.
- May 29 Anne Gallagher comes to school with less than a dozen colors.
- June 1 Printer is yelling for us.
- June 2 Printer is getting mad.
- June 3 Printer has wrapped himself about our necks.
- June 4 Can't stand it much longer.
- June 5 Printer has us.

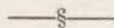




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
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