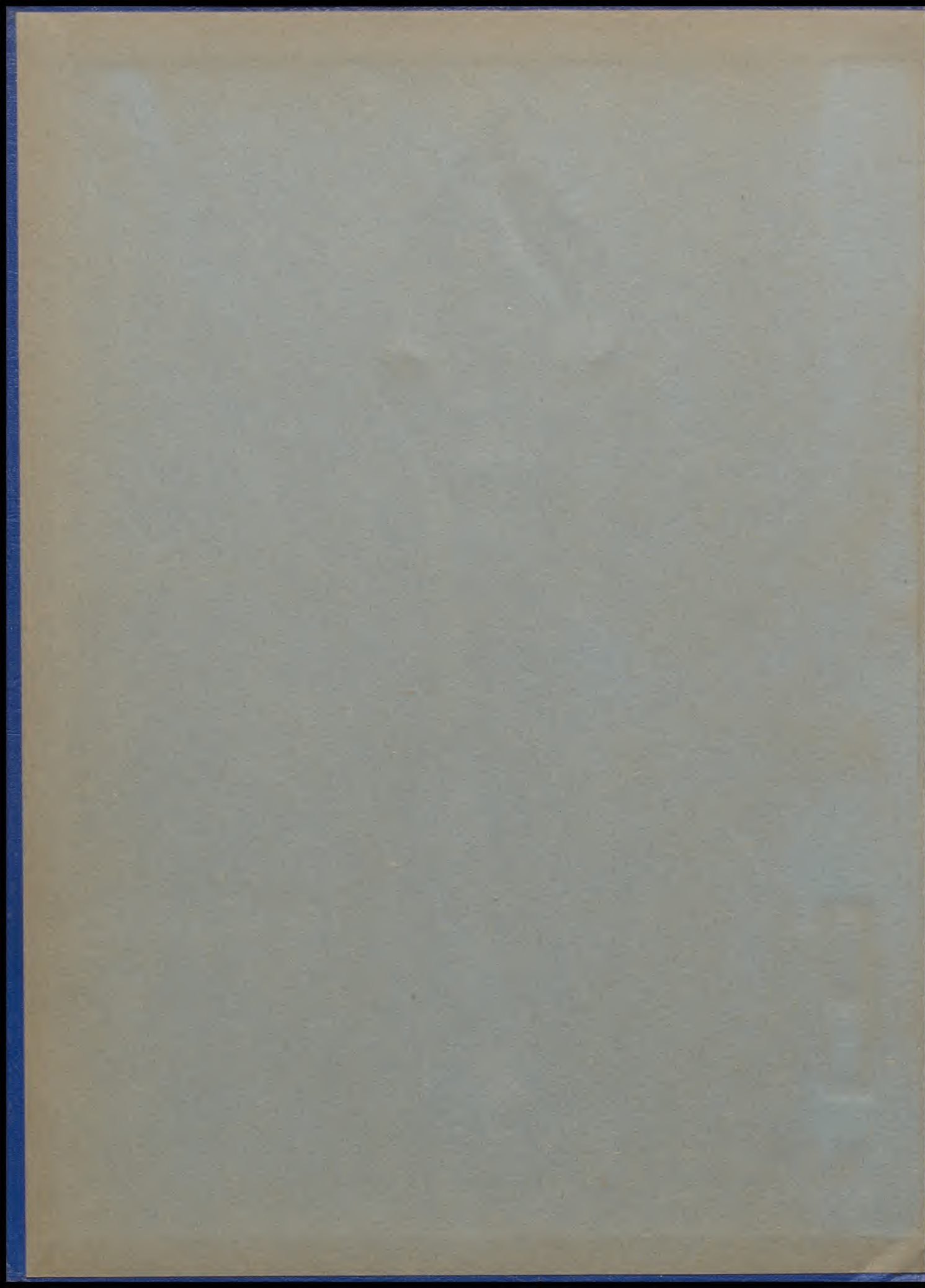
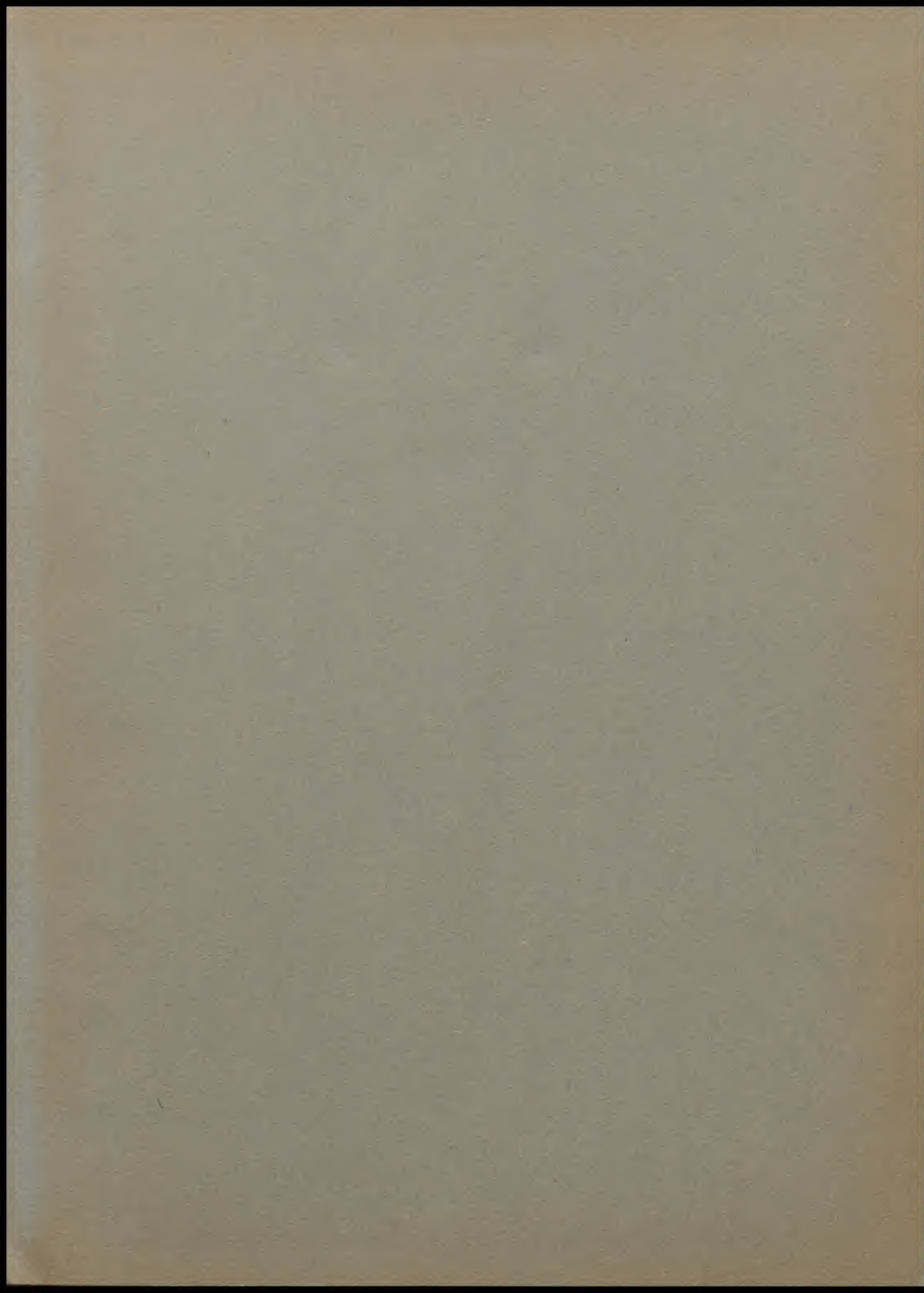


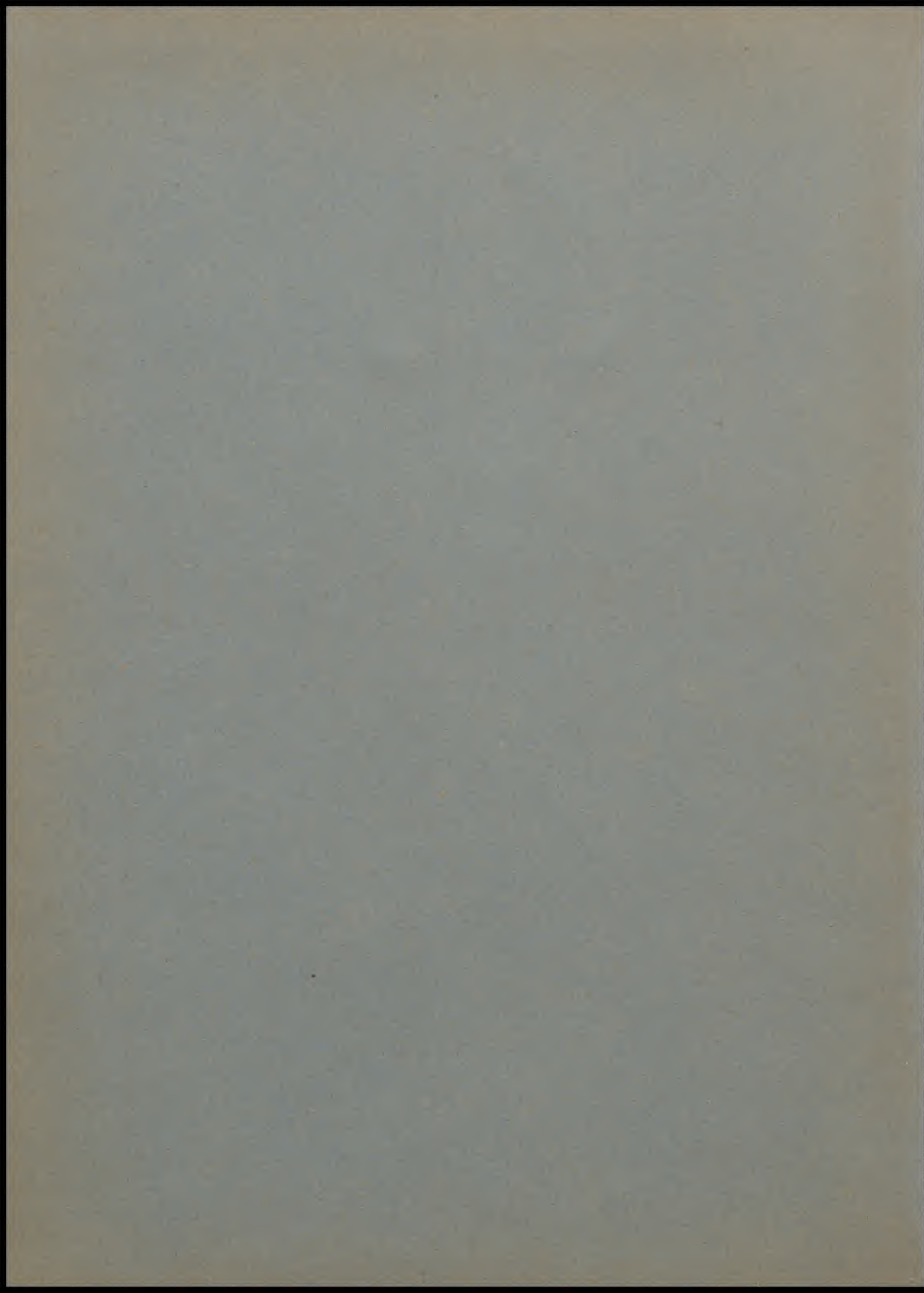


BLUE LETTER

NINETEEN FORTY FOUR









THE BLUE LETTER



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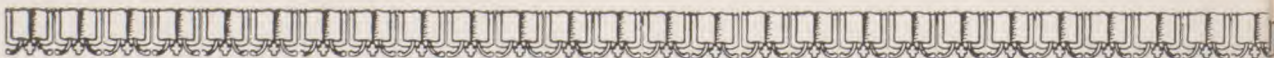
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FOREWORD

On, on into the future! Into the Blue Letter! Each page is alive with the life and work of yesterday—and tomorrow. Each page or picture is a two-headed Janus; it turns back to record the deeds of yesterday and looks ahead in its forecast of tomorrow. There lie silently in this book the passages of an unwritten, an unwritable paragraph. The gloomy chaos of the present world is our next, immediate step forward. We are about to leave the safe and quiet gardens of our high school years; it is strange and frightening to contemplate the role we are to play in this universal disorder. How strange to be without the leadership and guidance of our teachers; without the full, rich comradeship that has been ours as a class!

But let us not lose heart. The roots of our generation have been nourished and cultured in the warm, fertile soil of freedom; and no amount of war and dictatorship will ever bend or break the stalwart oak of our democracy. We in America have always basked in the sunshine of our liberties; we have never felt suppression and privation, and for that we can thank God.

Thus has been our past; but what of our future? We cannot submit Nostradamian predictions, but we know that our "Tomorrow" is a tempting delicacy which excites our senses as we read between the lines of "Today" a message only half revealed in our Blue Letter!

In picture and page throbs the life of our high school; and yet, more! These pages are the magic mirrors which focus forward and give faint and fascinating inklings of our future life.

What we are today is molding and shaping us for tomorrow; for, always, your "Tomorrow" is what you make of it; and what you make is your work today.

And so, forward!

DEDICATION

In seeking a dedication for our Blue Letter, there loomed before us only the inevitable and seemingly gloomy Tomorrow. We, as the students who must face squarely the postwar upheaval, find it impossible to live from day to day thinking only of war with its very modern and terrible interpretation. We must find a realization, a satisfaction, and a culminating and convincing truth that the hatred and bloodshed of the present world will evaporate and leave behind once more a peaceful and contended mankind.

This present war, with its murder, produces on our minds and souls a terrible effect. This must end. The time is long past for vague conceptions of a "Tomorrow", or the "postwar world", as it is militaristically identified. We must discontinue our characteristic practice of standing limp and helpless, and letting Fate bring what it wishes. We must plan a future in our dreams and then, produce it in reality. Each and every day we are in tangible contact with the text and substance of these approaching chapters of a new era. We are today struggling through the bloody preface of the huge and endless volume entitled "Tomorrow". A truly terrible beginning, but one which has been ruthlessly cast upon us. We must, unfortunately, read and understand these pages if we are to guide the story into the happy and prosperous channels of life to which we are entitled.

To this better world of Tomorrow, this arisen Atlantis of peace and freedom, to which we shall devote our lives, we now dedicate our Blue Letter, with the hope that someday as we are living these next chapters of life, we can turn to the pages of our yearbook and be warmed by the memories, the fleeting pains and pleasures, and the cherished dreams that have been preserved within its cover.



ROLL CALL

Who thought in 1940 that the senior class would graduate in 1944 with about one half of its male members in the armed forces? Thirty-one of our boys have offered their lives to their country. Thirty-one lads, who had, such a short time ago, been playing soldier and shooting imaginary enemies, today are engaged in warfare in dead earnest.

The fellows from the class "44" have varied tastes, and are representatives of all branches of service. There is Jim Bent in the Army, a paratrooper; Mike Geczi in the Army Air Corps; Fred Rolfe in the Marines, just to name a few. However, by looking at the following list one can see that the Navy is the most popular branch.

"44" has always been a fighting class, and when the times comes for them to meet the enemy, you can be sure that the boys of the class will conduct themselves with as much valor and courage as found anywhere in the United States.

"WE SERVE"

JOHN ANDERSON, NAVY
JOHN ANDREWS, NAVY
EDWARD BECK, NAVY
JOSEPH BEHEN, NAVY
JAMES BENT, ARMY
WILLIAM BLINDOW, NAVY
EDWARD BORHEADY, NAVY
HAROLD BOTT, NAVY
EKKER BUTLER, ARMY
WILLIAM CAREY, NAVY
CALVIN DALY, NAVY
BENJAMIN FORD, NAVY
GEORGE GAMBERDELLA, NAVY
FRANK GRILLO, NAVY
MICHAEL GECZI, ARMY
ELWOOD GRAY, NAVY



RUSSELL GRAY, ARMY
FRANK HOOPS, NAVY
RUFUS JONES, ARMY
HOWARD KAYSEN, ARMY
HENRY MARTIN, NAVY
WILLIAM MURPHY, NAVY
HAROLD OSBORNE, NAVY
EUGENE PETERS, ARMY
WESLEY PETERS, NAVY
ERNEST ROIG, ARMY
FRED ROLFE, MARINES
ROBERT SHEPHERD, NAVY
EDWARD TREMBLAY, NAVY
VINCENT TUFARO, NAVY
JULIUS WYTKO, NAVY

"WE HAVE SERVED"

In respectful memory and with gratitude, we list below the names of all those boys from Metuchen High School who have given their lives for their country:

RAYMOND ELY, MERCHANT MARINES
ROBERT FARRINGTON, ARMY AIR CORPS

JOSEPH UHRIN, ARMY

WILLIAM THORNALL, ARMY
MICHAEL UHRIN, ARMY



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Membership on the Board of Education is an honor which carries with it many and arduous duties and a heavy responsibility.

A free and uncontrolled school system is one of the greatest blessings of our democracy. Each community, through representatives of its own choosing, decides what course its educational program shall follow. The details of that program rest with those citizens of the community who have been chosen by their fellows to constitute a board of education. Actually, the educational policy is determined by the free expression of the will of the people of the community.

The function of the Board of Education is to determine only broad, general policies; the administration executes the policies which the Board of Education has adopted.

For efficiency and convenience of operation the Board of Education of the Borough of Metuchen operates under the committee system. By that system each member of the Board serves upon one or more committees and each committee is charged with the conduct and control of the phase of school operation under its jurisdiction. Intimate knowledge of all school matters by respective school board members is made possible thereby.

SHERWOOD H. MUNDY

MR. SPOERL



In all our years in Metuchen High there has been one man to whom we have gone for help and guidance of all kinds—Mr. Spoerl.

To him we owe our thanks for all that he has done for us as a class and as individuals, for the privilege of an education, the ideals of sportsmanship, and six years of happiness, in work and play at M. H. S.

Now, as we prepare to go out into the world on our own, we hope we shall utilize the lessons Mr. Spoerl has taught us, and remember his message to us:

"I have great faith in the postwar world. Many things can be accomplished through government—federal, state, and community.

"Great advances in science, tremendous possibilities in repair work, building, machines and homes are in the future. Automobiles, radios, pleasure and recreation can be undertaken, giving occupation to many for years.

"My hope is that in the adjustment period after the war, the young people who are earning high wages will gratefully accept a leveling in wages so that all things mentioned above will not be shelved because of personal desires. Money looms as a big problem to be. To have a successful life, in the postwar world we'll all have to 'pitch in' and cooperate with the same energy that we are using today to win the war."

ELMO E. SPOERL

FACULTY

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L. ANKER: Upsala College, A.B.; New York Univ., M.A.; Montclair State—German, English;
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SECOND ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT:

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THIRD ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT:

A. DOBBINS: Trenton State, B.S.—World History; **A. ELLIOTT:** Univ. of Nebraska, B.Sc.; Columbia Univ., M.A.—Mathematics; **E. FARRELL:** Trenton State; Columbia Univ.; Rutgers Univ., B. S., Ed.M.—English; **D. FLYNN:** Notre Dame College, B.A.—Civics, English; **J. GARDNER:** Rutgers Univ.; Trenton State, B.S. in Ed.—Biology, Physics.

BOTTOM ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT:

R. GENTILE: Montclair State, A.B.; Columbia Univ.—Social Science; **B. GOODSTEIN:** Beaver College; New Jersey Law—Commercial; **M. GRAHAM:** Trinity College, B.A.; Columbia T. C., M.A.—French; **E. EGOLF:** Administration Secretary; **M. LEIS:** Secretary to Mr. Spoerl.





TOP ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT:

L. HAITSCH: Upsala College, B.A.; New York Univ.—English; **R. HERB:** Lebanon Valley College, B.A.; Penn State; Rutgers Univ., Ed.M.—Sociology; **G. KENNEDY:** Trenton State, B.S.—English; **C. KILIAN:** Univ. De Buque, B.S.; Univ. Wisconsin; Columbia, M.S.; Montclair State T. C.; Woodshale Marine Biological Institute—Biology, Chemistry; **R. KINNEY:** Newark State; Columbia Univ.; New School of Fine and Industrial Arts, B.S. in Ed.—Art.

SECOND ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT:

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THIRD ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT:

M. REID: Trenton State, B.S.—History, Geography. **O. E. SPARKES:** Mansfield State; Rutgers Univ., B.S.; Penn State; Columbia Univ.—Mathematics; **A. SULLIVAN:** Drexel Institute of Technology, B.Sc. in Home Ec.—Economics; **M. SWANK:** Temple Univ.; Univ. of Penn.; Rutgers Univ.—Commercial; **E. TALBOTT:** West Virginia Wesleyan College; Penn State, A.B.; Rutgers Univ.—Public Speaking, English.

BOTTOM ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT:

E. THOMPSON: Cornell Univ., A.B., A.M.; Sorbonne, Paris—Latin; **J. D. WITMER:** Penn State College, B.S.; Long Island College Hospital, M.D.—School Physician; **M. ROSS:** Newark Memorial Hospital—School Nurse.

FACULTY

00 ETERNITY STREET

LIFE, EARTH

Dear Tomorrow:

CLASSES

There is little in the world more valuable than a true friend, one who shares your pains and pleasures. But, of all the comradeship describable, there is none so different (and strange) as that which exists among the members of a high school class. It is a companionship which has existed for many years, and grows more firm as the sands of time trickle away. In the closing moments of our high school years, we seniors are suddenly shaken with the thought that, to all outward appearances, this friendship must end. We suffer with the thought that all our gaiety and good times are no more. We must leave behind the laughter and the tears that we shared, the happy hours of our social life.

As we awaken to the fact that we seniors must now go out into the world, the bond of friendship grows even stronger; it becomes a union of hope and courage. Once cast off into this "Tomorrow," we shall find nothing so cheering as meeting an old classmate and recalling our high school days.

It is of little consequence to what far corner of the world we may direct our steps or how long time may have worked on our features—we shall some day, somewhere find and recognize one another. This friendship while we are together will be magnified a thousand fold when we are separated.

Let all classes value a spirit of comradeship among their members. Let all seniors, about to embark upon uncertain and often hostile seas, remember they will not be alone. Somewhere in "Tomorrow" the memories and friendship of their classmates will help them in the gloomy days and add to their joy in the happy ones.

Respectfully yours,
M. H. S., 1944





Top Row, Left to Right:

RICHARD BANDICS

"Gritz" or "Richie" . . . My Boy . . . sports . . . pool . . . those half-court shots . . . "You Made Me Love You".

Varsity, Football, Basketball.

JAMES BAUMAN

"Wrangler" or "Jim" . . . "Sorry, Ern" . . . loyal . . . curly hair . . . Ernie's chauffeur . . . uncontrolled blushes.

Football, Track, Varsity, Hi-Y, Recorder, Safety Patrol.

PHYLLIS BEAGLE

"Phyl" . . . voice with the smile . . . dark locks . . . cheerful companion . . . a leatherneck.

Library, B. and W. Service Center, Blue Letter, Senior Play Comm.

EDWARD BECK

"Ed" . . . girls, girls, and **more** girls . . . Jitterbug Spar . . . dancing 'til dawn . . . molasses in January.

B. and W. Service Center, Footlighters.

VINCENT BEHEN

"Vin" . . . "Aw, come on" . . . sports . . . steady . . . supposedly timid with girls.

Varsity, Football, Track.

Bottom Row, Left to Right:

MARJORIE BIEN

"Pudge" . . . "all the time" . . . kidding . . . impish grin . . . Forum balcony . . . Sailor blue . . . My heart belongs to —.

G. A. A., Glee Club, Jr.-Sr. Prom, Sr. Play, Tri-Y, Biology.

CAROLYN ELIZABETH BONIS

"Betty" . . . skating . . . elf life . . . "Elmer" . . . friendly soul . . . whiz on wheels.

Blue Letter, Recorder, B. and W. Service Center, G. A. A., Safety Patrol, Hall Patrol.

DOROTHY MAE BREEN

"Fischer" . . . losing weight . . . her catching laugh . . . never a dull moment . . . church bells? . . . Fischer's cakes.

Blue Letter, B. and W. Service Center, Hall Patrol, Glee Club.

JEAN BREEN

"Jean" . . . dreaming of Dick . . . that cheerful disposition . . . always a happy smile . . . Alma . . . bundle of charm.

Blue Letter, Hall Patrol, B. and W. Service Center.

ALMA BRENNAN

"Dimples" . . . working industrially . . . those bewitching dimples . . . Bell bottom trousers . . . Love is a beautiful dream . . . a bond of true friendship with Jean.

Blue Letter, B. and W. Service Center, Hall Patrol.

Top Row, Left to Right:

HENRY BRUNO

"Hank" . . . tinkering with his car . . . natural . . .
 "Less" . . . good natured . . . "My Heart Tells Me"
 . . . Nice one, Hen . . . Spud.

Football, Basketball, Tennis, Footlighters, Stud.
 Gov't, Hi-Y, Sr. Play.

WILLIAM CAREY

"Bill" . . . "And Now He's Wearing the Navy Blue"
 . . . freckles galore . . . handball expert . . . M. H. S.
 inside man—when he should have been out.

NELDA LOUISE CARVER

"Nellie" . . . "I like her a lot" . . . unquenchable
 curiosity . . . individuality . . . charmingly naive
 . . . good things come in small packages . . . "Melba."

Footlighters, Glee Club, Sr. Play.

ELIZABETH R. CORTRIGHT

"Cort" . . . listening to good music . . . friendliness
 . . . the Army . . . lazy laughter . . . dream of '46
 . . . enviable disposition.

Basketball, G. A. A., Footlighters, French, Tri-Y,
 Blue Letter.

EMMA JANE COWINS

"Moo" . . . laughing eyes . . . "Hey, Lulu" . . . the
 professor and the cheerleader . . . gift of gab . . .
 quick-witted humor . . . pigtales.

Cheerleader, Tri-Y, Glee Club, G. A. A., Mid-
 dionnette, Blue Letter, Biology, Sr. Play Comm.

Bottom Row, Left to Right:

WALTER DANA

"Moe" . . . hunting . . . agreeable disposition . . .
 Army Air Corps . . . quiet syness.

Football, Tennis, Track, Hi-Y.

WILLIAM DEMCSAK

"Bill" . . . "Wazzie" . . . sports . . . "Yanks" . . .
 pinochle . . . Don and John . . . that uncombed hair
 . . . silent.

ROBERT DIETZ

"Harry" or "Bob" . . . "What are you? Wise?"
 . . . playing the trumpet . . . generous . . . "Harry
 James."

Orchestra, Safety Patrol, Sultans of Swing.

VIRGINIA DONNAN

"Ginny" . . . excessive exaggerating . . . overwhelm-
 ing ambitions . . . Mr. Anthony . . . rumor monger.

PATRICIA DORAN

"Pat" . . . talking . . . sense of humor . . . variety
 is the spice of life . . . loves her job . . . a one girl
 U. S. O.

Blue Letter, Sr. Play, Language, Hall Patrol.





Top Row, Left to Right:

MARY DORSEY

"Dorse" . . . flirting . . . cheerfulness . . . Male call . . . freckles and pigtales . . . infectious giggle.

Hall Patrol, B. and W. Service Center, Jr.-Sr. Prom.

RUTH DRAKE

"Ducky" . . . "Hiya" . . . kidding . . . sincerity . . . "Squit" . . . corny moron jokes . . . perpetual smile.

Safety Patrol, What's New, B. and W. Service Center.

JOAN ENGLERT

"LuLu" . . . untiring enthusiasm . . . pep . . . male indecision . . . "Hey, Moo" . . . "Sprechen Sie Deutsch."

Tri-Y, Cheerleading, Stud. Gov't, Glee Club, Basketball, Middionette, Blue Letter, Biology, Sr. Play Comm., Jr.-Sr. Prom, G. A. A.

ROBERT EVANS

"Bob" . . . "I don't know" . . . radio wizard . . . speechmaker . . . page an alarm clock . . . blarney stone.

Stud. Gov't, Footlighters.

KENNETH FARRINGTON

"Ken" . . . "The Green Gremlin" . . . blue eyes . . . Frank Sinatra hair . . . what eyelashes! . . . desk rattler in English class.

Football, Track, Hi-Y.

Bottom Row, Left to Right:

NATALIE FENCHYNSKY

"Nat" . . . week-ends in New York . . . little girlishness . . . a Katherine Cornell in the making . . . southern belle.

Glee Club, Blue Letter, Latin, Language, Footlighters, Sr. Play.

ELEANOR FENDT

"El" . . . "My Silent Love" . . . Navy Blue . . . blusher . . . happy and contented . . . gets the news in Sewing Class.

Photography, 4-A, Blue Letter, Library.

JOSEPH FISHER

"Joe" . . . Fifth period study hall . . . scientific wiz under that roly-poly exterior . . . brain in aeronautics . . . Mr. Gardner's nightmare!

HERBERT FISHER

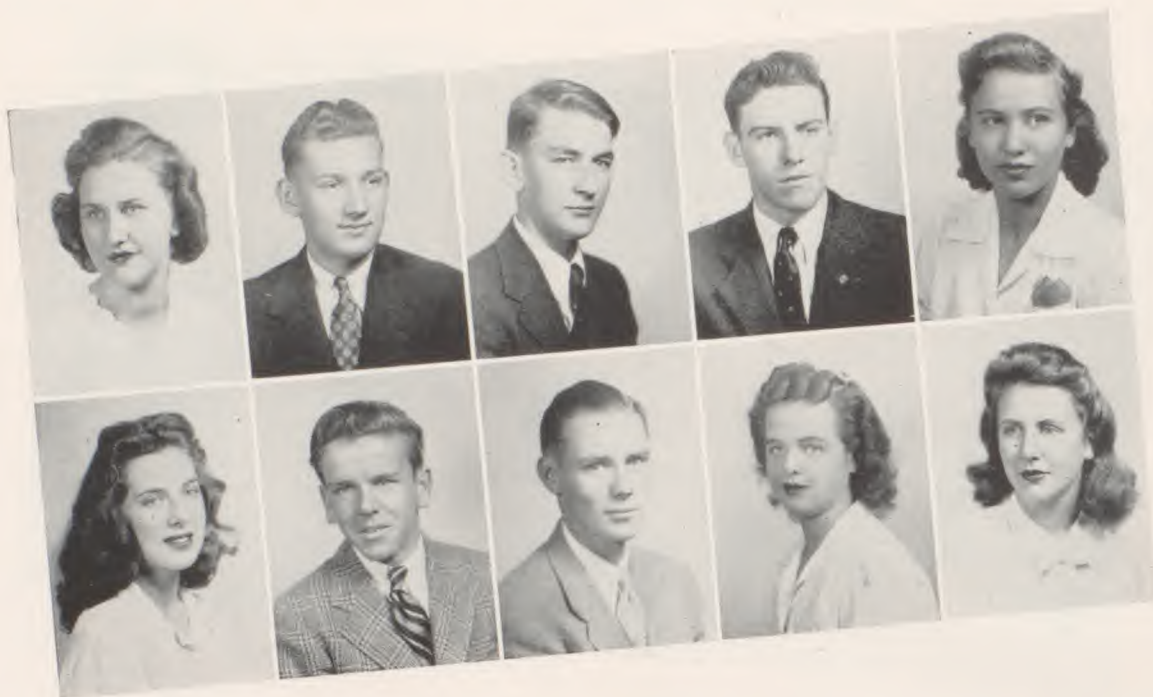
"Herby" . . . Zoot . . . peg-top pants . . . Lois . . . those good looks.

Library, Football.

ADELE FULLERTON

"Kip" . . . indefatigable worker . . . sweetness . . . quiet efficiency . . . a friend to all.

Glee Club, Blue Letter, Latin, Language, German, Library, B. and W. Service Center. Sec'y and Treas. Soph. Class.



Top Row, Left to Right:

ESTHER GILBERT

"Gill" . . . being friendly . . . good natured . . . sweet sincerity . . . always dreaming . . . office at noon.

B. and W. Service Center, Blue Letter, 4-A.

ANDREW GONICK

Call him "Andy" or "Gon" . . . trapping . . . skinning those rats . . . "Swamp Fox."

Football.

OLYN GRAPES

Quiet . . . likes to keep to himself . . . library haunter . . . oh, that accent . . . happy smiles.

Library.

ELWOOD GRAY

"Your Papa's Off to the Seven Seas" . . . ex-milkman . . . hobo philosophy . . . Give me a rifle . . . Jeannette.

ROSLYN GREEN

"Roz" . . . working on hall patrol . . . personality . . . "Hurry Up" . . . latent talent . . . dreams of Syracuse.

Footlighters, Safety Patrol, Hall Patrol, Stud. Gov't, Basketball, G. A. A.

Bottom Row, Left to Right:

JOAN GUNST

"Don't you think?" . . . artistic ability . . . parties at Scotch Plains . . . reservoir of suggestions . . . broken code (?).

Glee Club, Blue Letter, G. A. A., Cheerleading, Footlighters.

STUART GUYER

"Stu" . . . "Awwwww" . . . continuous kidding around . . . boyishness . . . unexpected laughter . . . Oh! in a dark corner.

Football, Basketball, Stud. Gov't.

EUGENE HALEY

"Gene" . . . his boys . . . P. A. D. arguments . . . unexcelled humor . . . Dodger fan . . . jitterbug.

Hi-Y, Basketball Mgr., Football Mgr., Orchestra, Sultans of Swing.

VIVIAN HALL

"Viv" . . . "Well" . . . blissful day-dreaming . . . throwing parties . . . a sailor named George.

Middionette, Recorder, Blue Letter, B. and W. Service Center.

BARBARA HAWKE

"Hawke" . . . "But you just don't understand" . . . "It Must Be Jelly" . . . long blonde tresses . . . heart of gold . . . unselfish generosity.

Footlighters, Sr. Play Comm.

Top Row, Left to Right:

CHAUNCEY HAWLEY

"Sam" or "Chaunce" . . . building ability . . . neat appearance . . . innocent air . . . oh, so nice.

Hi-Y, Language, Football, Sr. Play Comm., Biology.

THOMAS HOLLIS

"Tom" . . . sleeping: his favorite occupation . . . lucky . . . dare-devil driver.

Photo, Hall Patrol, Safety Patrol.

DOROTHY HUNTER

"Dot" . . . bike riding . . . rosy cheeks . . . farmette . . . **bright** red lips.

Glee Club, Blue Letter, Hall Patrol, Sr. Dance Comm.

MARTIN JESSEN

"Q-Ball" . . . loves to disagree . . . H. F. T. . . . English class . . . Boy Scouts . . . misleading naïveté.

Orchestra, Photo, Blue Letter, Sr. Play Comm., Stud. Gov't.

DARLE IRENE JOHNSON

"Johns" . . . "Got a letter today" . . . telling it to the Marines . . . that wavy hair . . . dancing . . . memorable 13 . . . "At Last."

Footlighters, Sr. Play, Tri-Y, Latin, Glee Club, G. A. A.

Bottom Row, Left to Right:

EDNA JOHNSON

"Edna" . . . day dreaming . . . shyness . . . baby face . . . industrious worker.

MARY JOHNSON

"Mary" . . . "Poinciana" . . . a certain Lieutenant . . . "Aren't you kids hungry?" . . . bookkeeping. Glee Club.

MAE WINIFRED JONES

"Mabel" . . . deceiving look . . . high pompadours . . . jitterbug . . . that skirt in Study Hall.

4-A, Stud. Gov't.

JEAN KAZMAREK

"Star Eyes" . . . bicycle rides . . . complexion . . . chocolate milk shakes.

Blue Letter.

PATRICIA KENNEDY

"Pat" . . . "No kidding" . . . jitterbugging with Thatch . . . snow white teeth . . . "My Devotion."

Footlighters, Tumbling, Cheerleading, B. and W. Service Center, Sr. Play Comm.



Top Row, Left to Right:

JUNE MARY KERR

"June" . . . chemistry worries . . . quiet cooperation . . . Lady Macbeth . . . from the rainless state.
B. and W. Service Center.

CHARLES KNIGGE

"Charlie" . . . "But you see—" . . . our Commander-in-Chief . . . positiveness . . . Oh! so stern . . . Jane.

Pres. Stud. Gov't, Track, Blue Letter, Footlighters, Biology, German, Senior Play.

MARY LOU KRAMER

"Krame" . . . "Schmidt" . . . that all-American boy . . . sweetness . . . calmness at basketball games . . . first of three.

Stud. Gov't, Blue Letter, G. A. A., Footlighters, Tri-Y, Latin, Biology, Hall Patrol, Sr. Play Comm.

RICHARD LAKE

"Lakey" . . . boredom with P. A. D. at 2:45 P. M. . . . tearing around in that mail truck . . . future Postmaster General.

Footlighters, Recorder, Track, Safety Patrol, Sr. Play Comm., Hall Patrol.

ALVIN LARSEN

"Lars" . . . living in a world of his own . . . silent thought . . . guitar vs. trumpet . . . unsteady laugh.

Language, Orchestra, Sr. Play Comm., "Sultans of Swing."

Bottom Row, Left to Right:

ERNEST LEIS

"Whale" or "Ernie" . . . Do you really mean that?" . . . always the best looking girls . . . winning smile and laughing eyes . . . smooth talker.

Footlighters, Varsity, Hi-Y, Football, Track, Sr. Play.

JOHN LESEYE

"Si" . . . brains under that quiet . . . little-known . . . thoughtfulness . . . likes to roller skate.

PERRY LETSINGER

"Perk" . . . "Hiya" . . . trying for an 85 in English . . . a dazzling smile . . . an undying curiosity . . . that know-it-all chuckle.

Track.

HOWARD LEVINE

"Howard" . . . bluffing . . . ambitious bowler . . . those girls in Chicago . . . script writer.

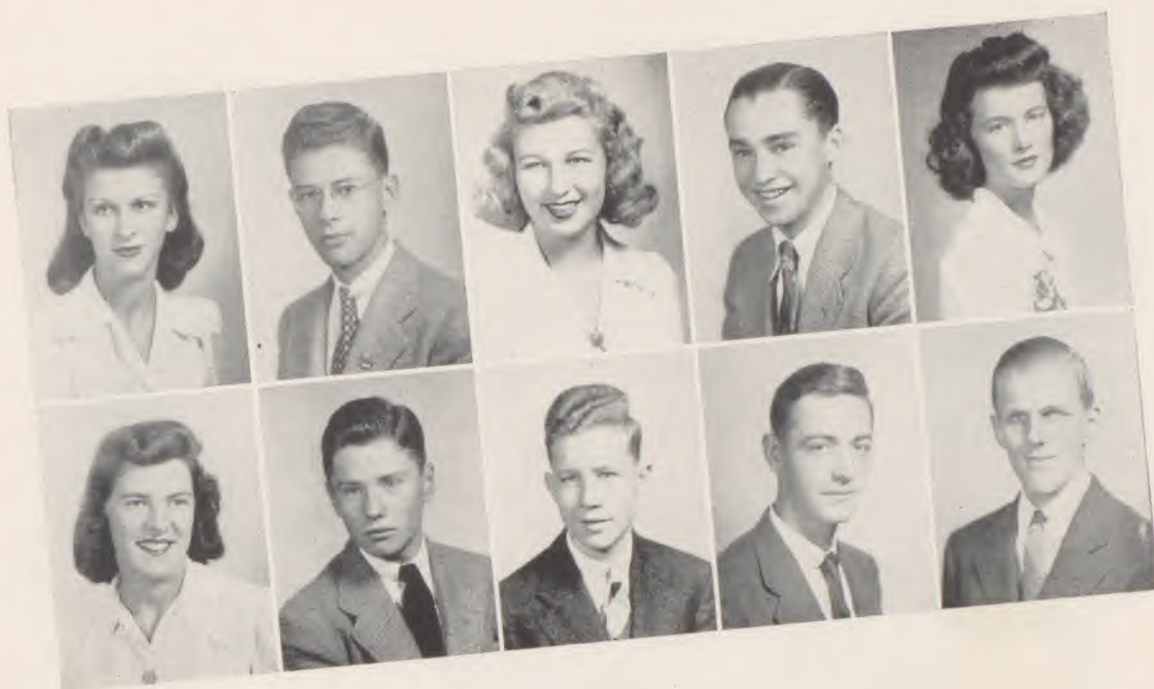
Sr. Play Comm.

BENJAMIN LILLY

"Ben" . . . hunting and fishing . . . a quiet look . . . carrot top . . . Is there a girl?

Library.





Top Row, Left to Right:

GLORIA MARSIGLIA

"Tootie" . . . "All men are dogs" . . . "He's My Guy" . . . take me down to the sea . . . good luck in August.

Blue Letter, B. and W. Service Center, 4-A, Sec'y Sr. Class.

MARTIN MAURER

"Marty" . . . basketball . . . that poker face . . . a true friend . . . a pipe . . . continuous fooling . . . Mr. Clover . . . always blushing.

Football, Basketball, Stud. Gov't.

JANE MAYO

"Janie" . . . It's asinine" . . . waiting for those week-ends . . . champion gum chewer . . . crowning blonde halo . . . the second of three.

Footlighters, G. A. A., Tri-Y, Biology, Language, Blue Letter, Hall Patrol.

JAMES McCARTHY

"Jim" . . . "Aw, I don't know" . . . loafer of the first water . . . pipe smoker . . . radio station romance.

GLORIA McLAUGHLIN

"Tish" . . . boosting school spirit . . . titian hair . . . full of p(r)ep . . . that silly little giggle . . . freckles . . . the third of three.

Glee Club, Tri-Y, Stud. Gov't, Footlighters, Language, Hall Patrol.

Bottom Row, Left to Right:

MARJORIE MELILLO

"Margie" . . . "Oh, brother" . . . Rich(ard) in memories . . . "Little Did I Know" . . . collecting baby pictures . . . personality . . . June.

Glee Club, Middionettes, Tri-Y.

JOHN MILLER

"Red" . . . "It isn't that I don't like you" . . . likes to insult girls . . . that grin . . . deceiving innocence . . . flashing red hair.

Hi-Y, Basketball, Track, Stud. Gov't.

ERHARD OKSEN

"Okie" or "Spook" . . . model airplanes . . . bike riding, likes to dress well . . . heckler supreme.

Sr. Play Comm., Footlighters, Biology.

LELAND PAFFENDORF

"Lee" . . . sincere . . . candid . . . not as timid as he appears . . . Mutt and Jeff.

Biology, German, Glee Club, Sr. Play Comm.

ALVIN PETERSEN

"Pete" . . . some call him "Sac" . . . baseball . . . hockey . . . Chaunce and Bill . . . tendency to blush . . . bashful shyness.

Sr. Play Comm.



Top Row, Left to Right:

CHESTER PETERSEN

"Thumper" . . . better known as "Chet" . . . music lover . . . well liked by all . . . Trumpet Blues . . . personality boy . . . the A. & P.

Orchestra, Stud. Gov't, "Sultans of Swing."

MARGARET PETERSEN

"Pete" . . . possibilities of an athlete . . . beautiful blue eyes . . . flawless hair-do . . . nice in every way.

Safety Patrol, Out of Town, Glee Club, Library.

BARBARA PEYSER

"Peys" . . . "I've seen that now" . . . sense of humor . . . "Pig Eye" . . . that laugh . . . a cowboy from Wyoming . . . crazy Betsy.

Orchestra, Glee Club, Recorder, Stud. Gov't, Footlighters, Latin, Language, Blue Letter, Tri-Y, French, Sr. Play, G. A. A.

ELSIE POANDL

"Elsie" . . . always basketball . . . those times at Reeder's . . . driving in George's car . . . dancing.

Basketball, B. and W. Service Center, G. A. A., Glee Club, Tumbling, Sr. Play Comm.

THOMAS POWELL

"Tom" . . . loves to drive . . . Hawke's cellar . . . "In the Mood" . . . dancing . . . that infectious grin . . . Pres. Hughes.

Football, Basketball, Golf, Varsity, Glee Club, Sr. Play.

Bottom Row, Left to Right:

ERMA RASMUSSEN

"Rass" . . . "Merchant Marines" . . . "Glen" . . . an interest in other people . . . always laughing . . . "Wise" as an owl.

Tumbling, G. A. A., Hall Patrol.

ANN REEDER

"Irish" . . . sports ability . . . 4-H Champ . . . quietness (in school) . . . Perth Amboy . . . "Oh, Harry."

G. A. A., Tumbling, Basketball, Glee Club, Blue Letter, Biology, Language.

DONALD REGAN

"Don" . . . weekends in the country . . . sophomore girls . . . little boy look . . . "Fickle-minded real live boy" . . . "Cappy."

Football, Hi-Y, Stud. Gov't, Varsity, Sr. Play.

JOAN ROGERS

"Joanie" . . . quiet disposition . . . natural loveliness . . . outdoor girl . . . sportsmanship . . . wavy hair.

G. A. A., Basketball, Tumbling, Glee Club.

ADELE ROSENVINGE

"Del" . . . "Will" power and "Ken" she has it . . . sweet and friendly . . . personality plus . . . a good friend.

Footlighters, Tri-Y, Language, G. A. A., Biology, Blue Letter, Sec'y and Treas. of Jr. Class, Recorder, Basketball.

Top Row, Left to Right:

GLORIA SALOMONE

"Sal" . . . long black hair . . . sense of humor . . .
Chick's veal cutlet . . . the forgotten one.
Hall Patrol.

HAZEL SALLITT

"Haz" . . . hitch hiking . . . black hair . . . "Wham-
my" . . . the Army.

B. and W. Service Center, Blue Letter, Language,
Library.

JOSEPHINE SCRUGGS

"Jo" . . . singing . . . beautiful voice . . . "Get on
some time" . . . Tyrell Rd. . . Plainfield-Y.

Glee Club, Blue Letter.

DAVID SIEBERT

"Dave" . . . "Nice one" . . . playing the piano . . .
whirling dances . . . Dec. 11th . . . Johnny and
Susan.

Stud. Gov't, Footlighters, Pres. Sr. Class, Blue
Letter, Tennis, Sr. Play, Biology, Latin, Glee Club,
Time Out.

KENNETH SIMMONS

"Ken" . . . "Umbriago" . . . 4th Period pool . . . dis-
likes all kinds of work . . . roller skating.

Library.

Bottom Row, Left to Right:

EILEEN H. SKYBERG

"Skeebug" . . . Co-ed Nights . . . "Have you done
your homework?" . . . that dazzling senior picture
. . . "You'll Never Know".

Glee Club, Footlighters, French, Middionettes,
Blue Letter, G.A.A., Hall Patrol, Tri-Y.

JOHN SMITH

"Smitty" . . . sports . . . Mary Lou . . . basketball
boss . . . strong curiosity . . . The Cat Man.

Football, Basketball, Track, Hi-Y, Varsity.

JOSEPHINE SMITH

"Jo" . . . A-1 grades . . . quick temper . . . "Sleepy
Lagoon" . . . that good looking senior boy . . . ability.

Stud. Gov't., Glee Club, Footlighters, Tri-Y, Blue
Letter, Latin, G.A.A.

MILDRED TATE

"Tutty" . . . New Year's Eve-dish . . . "Do Nothing
Til You Hear From Me".

Basketball, Glee Club, G.A.A., Blue Letter, 4-A.

GEORGE THARAS

"Guinny" . . . "Oh, no you don't" . . . mimicking the
French language . . . "olive drab" complexion . . .
wavy hair . . . sarcastically humorous.

Football, Varsity, Hi-Y.



Top Row, Left to Right:

ROBERTA THATCHER

"Thatch" . . . flirt . . . a certain lieutenant . . . winning smile . . . future model.

Blue Letter, Glee Club, G.A.A., Footlighters, Tri-Y, Sr. Play, Tumbling, Latin, French, Language.

GRACE TORIO

"George" . . . "Steve" . . . cokes . . . Hal's . . . quiet way.

Glee Club, B. and W. Service Center.

JOHN TOTIN

"Tote" . . . "Howdy" . . . writes beautifully . . . stories for the boys . . . witty remarks.

Football.

RALPH TRACY

"Dick" . . . that school-girl complexion . . . me and my shadow . . . self entertainment . . . Second Einstein . . . those smiles.

EDWARD TREMBLAY

"Ed" . . . "Navy Blue" . . . He and Weismuller . . . "I want to go down to the sea again" . . . a "She" in the Mutual.

B. and W. Service Center, Football.

Bottom Row, Left to Right:

PAUL UCHIN

"Uch" . . . "The Greatest" . . . pleasing personality . . . constant smile . . . wood work.

Orchestra, Tennis.

DONALD WALLACE

"Donnie" . . . "O.K." . . . driving a car . . . love for Lou Gehrig . . . The go-between . . . diversified interests.

Stud. Gov't., Sr. Play Comm.

DORA ESTELLE WARING

"Ace" . . . a certain model "A" . . . attractive personality . . . "What's tonight's homework?" . . . "Old Acquaintance" . . . Florida.

Tri-Y, Footlighters, Glee Club, Latin, French, Blue Letter, G.A.A., Tumbling, Stud. Gov't., Sr. Play.

WILLIAM WEINBERGER

"Wein" or "Bill" . . . dreaming of his "Bet" . . . that entertaining laugh . . . witty comebacks . . . a certain sophomore . . . top-notch for friendliness.

Football, Varsity, Hi-Y, German, Biology.

CORA PEARL WHITE

"White" . . . happy occasion in June . . . Sailor Bob . . . cameo complexion . . . roller skating.

Glee Club, Blue Letter, B. and W. Service Center.





BEATRICE WHITMAN

"Bea" . . . deserves the best . . . good luck in the future . . . loves people . . . a mania to talk . . . "Hank".

Middionettes, G.A.A., Glee Club, Footlighters, Blue Letter, Hall Patrol, Sr. Play Comm., Sr. Dance Comm.

CLYDE WILLIAMS

"Shadow" . . . kidding . . . faithfulness to Mrs. Cooke . . . truck driving . . . Menlo Park Fire House . . . late to English class.

Library.

OLGA WOJCIECHOWSKI

"Olga" . . . "Ken" . . . those parties . . . disposition of sunshine.

Blue Letter, Sr. Play Comm., Hall Patrol, Language, Tri-Y.

JOHN ANDERSON

"John" . . . "Ahhhhh no!" . . . that school-girl blush . . . give him some wood . . . blonde gob . . . "John Anderson, My Jo".



JUNIOR CLASS

Officers:

PresidentRobert McCoy
 Vice PresidentLeon Trumbull
 SecretaryJean Pascall
 TreasurerDorothy Wilson

Activities:

Junior Dance, February 25
 Junior-Senior Prom, May
 Achievements: Donated \$20 to Blue Letter
 In Service: Robert Barnum, Robert Pasternak

SOPHOMORE CLASS

Officers:

PresidentLarry Carlbon
 Vice PresidentClayton Hollender
 Secretary-Treasurer..Mary Ann DeAndrea

Activities: Sports Dance, April 21

In Service: Vincent Perrino



FRESHMAN CLASS

Officers:

President Charles Griffin
 Vice President Inge Bernhold
 Secretary Jean Schuster
 Treasurer Florence Diering

Achievements: Collected class dues to establish a fund for senior year activities.

JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL

Officers:

President Betty Hansen
 Vice President Kenneth Lane
 Secretary Winifred Peakes
 Treasurer Jane Waring

Activities: Noon Dances, October and November; Junior High Sunset Dance in the spring; Graduation Dance, May; Junior Cabinet Trip, May.

Achievements: Completed organization of Junior High School government; Organized Junior Hall Patrol; Established Junior Supreme Court.

SPORTS

00 ETERNITY STREET

LIFE, EARTH

Dear Tomorrow:

Strong in mind and strong in body—this is the ideal for which we strive. Athletic skill and coordination produce a body of grace and a free, pliable, and plastic mind. Health is wealth which cannot be bought!

Besides weaving a sound and sturdy body, athletics create a feeling of cooperation, unity, and responsibility. In no game, even the strenuous game called Life, can success be won by discord and selfishness. In unity there is strength, and in cooperation there is success. Each man is a link in the chain which holds the team together. A strong chain means victory, a broken one, defeat.

Little can be accomplished by a mind whose body is not fit and sturdy. What fruits can the tree of knowledge bear if its roots are decayed? How can we visualize a tomorrow if the strength of today will never dawn?

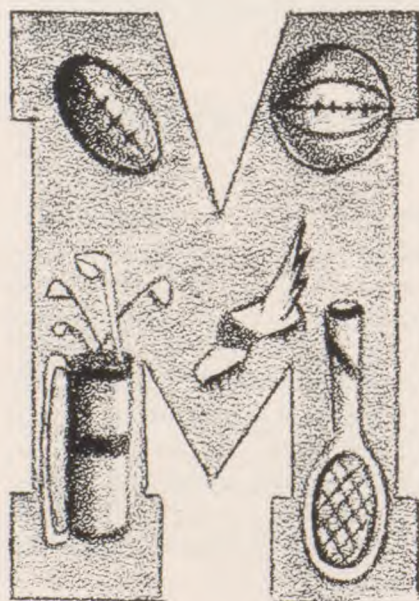
Sports today, on the court or field, inculcate in us a sense of sportsmanship and fair play which shall go far in heightening the spirit of the struggle yet to come. Man's life is a tremendous and subtle contest, a game at which only those who dare, in unison with their fellow contestants, can win. This daring must be backed up by physical and mental courage, by physical and moral cooperation.

Success in life, success in Tomorrow, is a strange game of chess. Across the board is playing a strange, unseen hand and all the forces of the world are playing to checkmate him who strives. Patient, strong, alert and watchful are we playing this game—yes, we—for there is only one such game and we are all playing together. The world, with its ignorance, is our formidable opponent.

This we believe: that: sports in school today help to forecast strength and wisdom tomorrow.

And this we say: that we must play well today, to work and win better tomorrow.

Respectfully yours,
M. H. S., 1944







1943 LETTERMEN

V. Behen, Captain, E. Leis, H. Bruno, K. Farrington, M. Maurer, T. Powell, D. Regan, J. Smith, J. Totin, G. Tharas, R. Bandics, J. Bauman, W. Dana, A. Gonick, S. Guyer, G. Haley, Mgr., E. Yelencsics, J. Lamparter, D. Smith, A. Disario, F. Burkley, B. Hicks, Mgr., K. Moryan, M. Oliver.



FOOTBALL

Last September the Bulldogs faced a stiff 1943 football season.

First of all, on a very warm day the team met with **Scotch Plains** on the opponent's home field and Metuchen ended up on the wrong end of the 7-0 score.

The second game was played on the home field against the **Rumson** 11 and touchdowns by George Tharas and Jack Smith led Metuchen to a well-earned victory of 12-0.

In a second meeting with **Scotch Plains**, the Bulldogs turned the tables when Ernie Yelencsics scored a touchdown and Dick Bandics made the extra point, thus bringing the winning score of 7-6 to Metuchen.

A colorful game was played in November when Metuchen met with **Sayreville**. The touchdowns scored by Dick Bandics and Vinnie Behen brought glad tidings to the Bulldogs with a victory of 12-6.

It was on a cold November afternoon that Metuchen was brought face to face with its old enemy, **Highland Park**. This game was indeed a thriller, for in the very last half-minute of the

game, the opponents made a field goal and marched away with a 3-0 winning score.

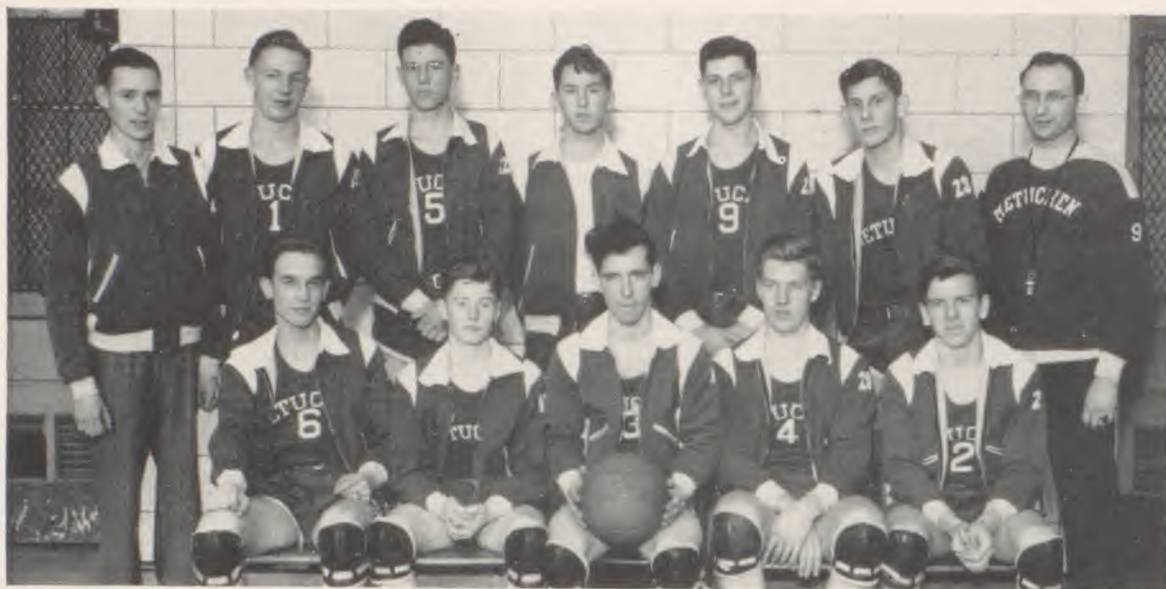
Metuchen then finished up a successful season in a final thrust against the **Rutgers Prep** team and the touchdowns made by Vinnie Behen, Al Disario and Ernie Yelencsics gave Metuchen the winning score of 18-6.

The new coach this year was C. J. Bacha who said the fellows showed a lot of good sportsmanship and spirit. Assistant Coach was F. T. Buckelew and team managers were Gene Haley and Bob Hicks.

John Lamparter led the group of outstanding players, for his playing ability placed him second in the All-County Championship Poll.

Other gridiron favorites include Ernie Yelencsics from the back-field, Mike Oliver, head linesman, and Fred Burkley, who played all but two minutes' time during the entire season.

As a climax to a successful season, Metuchen was awarded, for the first time, the Sectional State Championship Award in Group I of the Central Jersey high school teams.



The Jr. Varsity lettermen are as follows: Alfred Smith, Bill Cronk, Frank Scarpelli, Randolph Bramwell, Richard Brassett, Raymond Suart, Stuart Guyer, Don Smith, James Cordery, and Arthur Ganss.

The managers were Gene Haley and Bob McCoy, assistant, for the Varsity team, and Fred Goldsmith and Arthur Cantamessa for the J. V. team.

BASKETBALL

The Metuchen cagers opened their 1944 basketball season early in January when the team played against and lost to the **Highland Park** boys.

Endless initiative and good spirit were with the boys throughout every game but a bit of bad luck faced the team when a series of three successive defeats were suffered from **Dunellen**, **Scotch Plains** and **Sayreville**.

A close and exciting game with the **St. Mary's** team gave Metuchen its first victory and this good luck continued on as the home team succeeded in defeating the South Amboy team in the following game.

However, the good luck failed to hold out when the Bulldogs met with **Plainfield**, **St. Mary's**, **Highland Park** and **Dunellen**, all of which games proved to be losses suffered by our team.

BASKETBALL

A victory was next scored by Metuchen against **Rutgers' Prep** and in the very next game, also the most thrilling and eventful of the season, Metuchen defeated **Sayreville** and thus won its sole victory of the Little-Five Conference Tournament.

The Metuchen quintet scored its final victory of the season against the **Woodbridge Barons**.

The two final games of the current season were played against **Carteret** and **Scotch Plains** and both proved to be defeats for the home team.

The 1944 basketball squad was exceedingly small in number, yet mighty, and an unusually fine fighting spirit and steady improvement were in evidence throughout the season.

The court stars this season were Jack Smith, with his usual fine playing, and Dick Bandics, who was the most outstanding player for Metuchen's Varsity team.

The team was composed of seniors with the exception of John Lamparter, a junior.

On the Junior Varsity team, Don Smith, Scarpelli, Bramwell, Al Smith and Ganss gave every indication that they are potential varsity material for the 1945 season.

A rather unsuccessful season was experienced by the J. V. team and the only victories of the season were those which were scored against Scotch Plains and Rutgers Prep. The J. V. squad, however, possessed high stamina and good spirit and the boys did learn a lot about the game itself.

An intra-mural (post-season) tournament consisting of eighteen teams made up of students from the senior and junior high school classes took place in March.

The following Varsity boys received their letters: Jack Smith, Dick Bandics, Tom Powell, Martin Maurer, Hank Bruno, Jack Miller and John Lamparter.



TRACK, TENNIS



TRACK, 1943

The '43 track team rushed into its season with a smarting 61-38 setback dealt by Perth Amboy.

The team then entered the Newark Board of Education Meet, and tied for 9th place among twenty opposing rivals.

The third meet of the season was an important one indeed for Metuchen, as the team won the Little Four Conference Trophy at this time against Highland Park and Scotch Plains.

In the contests for county championships, Metuchen placed 4th among the five teams.

Metuchen next won the triangular meet with Scotch Plains and Rahway.

In the final meet of the season, the team tied for 7th place in the State Championship Tournament against nineteen teams.

The '43 track team stars included our fleet-foot captain, Bill Kilgannon, who came in second in the 100 yd. dash and also in the 220 yd. dash at the county meet; John Krog, who pole vaulted to first place honors in the Newark Board of Education Meet; Jim Bent, who returned from the State Meet with first and sec-

ond place medals for shot-put and discus-throw respectively; and Walt Shurig, who won 6th place among sixteen milers in Madison Square Garden. He also credited himself with the Tri-County mile medal in the Scotch Plains-Highland Park Meet.

Other Lettermen were Bruce Drysdale, Donald Wernik and Jack Smith.

TENNIS, 1943

Robert Runyon made a repeat performance as captain and ace player of the 1943 tennis team. Louise Risler served as manager and Mr. Graham as Faculty Adviser.

A spell of rain and bad weather made it impossible to practice on the courts until June 4 and a problem of transportation for the interscholastic schedule was also present. However, the team played its hardest and won ten singles and dropped five; it won one double, and lost eight.

Three players, Bob Runyon, Donald Wernik and Henry Bruno, were the team's lettermen; squad members included Walter Dana, David Siebert, Paul Uchin and Bert McKeown.

AND GOLF



GOLF, 1943

Piloted by Joseph Marcisyn and managed by Elizabeth Timper, the 1943 golf team engaged in a series of eight matches with Westfield, Scotch Plains, Rahway, and Roselle Park.

Although each of the members of the team was able to display a variety of abilities on the course, in every meet of the season the opponents played the eighteen holes a trifle better "7 outpoint us.

Joseph Marcisyn, Tom Powell, and Roland Weist, each of whom is able to describe a "mean" circle with a golf club, were the leading lights of this year's team. Tom Powell was elected as captain of the golfers for the 1944 season. Darl Johnson was chosen manager.

The boys at all times played good golf and did not let the school down, so far as effort was concerned.



GIRLS'



TRI-Y

Membership to the Tri-Y club is limited to female members of the local "Y" and girls in grades 10, 11, and 12.

The social activities of this organization were again rather limited this year due to wartime conditions.

The girls furnished baskets of food at Christmas and Thanksgiving for needy families in town. They also made Valentine's Day favors for the soldiers at Camp Kilmer.

This year's executive staff included Mary Lou Kramer, president; Anita De Andrea, vice-president; Ruth Hoops, secretary; and Josephine Smith, treasurer.

There was dancing after meetings which were held every other Thursday.

The Tri-Y dance in December was given for members of the Tri-Y and Hi-Y.

The faculty adviser was Miss Crowell.

CHEERLEADERS

The cheerleaders for the current sports season were a group of lively and enthusiastic girls who did their best to keep up the morale of the team and spectators.

There were only two pep rallies this season, but these were definite evidence of the endless vitality and spirit of the cheerleaders.

They showed up at every game with good spirit and peppy cheers, and were good sports for victories as well as defeats.

The new Junior Varsity Squad consisting of Joan Brendel, Adelaide Roos, Jean Pascall, and Dorothea Zyfers, was given an enthusiastic introduction to the group.

The Senior Varsity Squad boasted the following as members: Joan Englert, Joan Gunst, Pat Kennedy and Jane Cowins.

SPORTS



G. A. A.

The Girls' Athletic Association met this year for the sixth season under the guidance of Miss Crowell.

The aim of the club is to promote keener interest and better sportsmanship among the girls, to prepare the girls to carry on independently in case of the teacher's absence, and to organize sports and games so that they are adapted to the needs and abilities of the girls.

Membership is open to all girls who have attained the required 100 points in Physical Education and 100 per cent active participation in the sports opened to girls.

Girls' sports, however, are not limited only to the present members of the G.A.A., for any girl who is able and willing may participate in basketball (which leads as the most popular sport offered), ping pong, field hockey, and the recent addition of badminton. Another great favorite with the girls is tumbling which has now developed into a separate unit known as the Victory Corps.

The Victory Corps is a physical fitness program carried on in many high schools throughout the country. The instructions are received from Washington, D. C. The girls work on junior Commando obstacle courses both indoors and outdoors. Calisthenics, tumbling and actual military drills as engaged in by the United States Army are included in the program.

The purpose of this course, for which the girls meet every week, is to build better coordination of the body and thus more physically fit citizens.

The G.A.A. buys the letters and awards which are presented to the students making 150 or more points during a school year in physical education activities.

The G.A.A. also sponsors an annual ping-pong tournament where one winner is chosen from grades 10-12, and another winner from grades 7-9.

The officers of the current year were President—Marjorie Bien; Vice President—Joy Nilson; and Secretary-Treasurer—Elsie Poandl.

Meetings were held on the first Friday of each month.

00 ETERNITY STREET

LIFE, EARTH

Dear Tomorrow:

CLUBS

The greatest pleasure in life is the satisfaction of something well done. How dull life would be if we were not given opportunities to exhibit our talents and indulge our interests! Though the world may never be aware of our individual aptitudes, these receive nourishment and prosper through the outlet of an organization commonly known as a club. In the past of many a successful scientist is the high school science club to which he belonged and from which he received inspiration. And many a dramatic star's talent was first fostered by a Footlighter's Club, somewhere.

High school club life is a privilege! Think of the deep satisfaction and world of culture and knowledge we acquire for ourselves when we meet and discuss topics with those who speak "our own language"—be it scientific, musical, or even tinged with the scholarly.

And can we overlook the ties that exist between the activities of our clubs and our work for tomorrow? Think of clubs as a quiet microcosm in which we can lock ourselves momentarily from the madly macrocosm outside. They are worlds by themselves, in which we live, not as students, but as technicians and artists. The clubs we tend toward and the interest we devote to them are reliable forecasts of important aspects of our life and society tomorrow. The leadership, cooperation, and personality we develop by association with others in school organizations are invaluable in our work and life tomorrow.

Therefore, we salute you, Varsity Club, Blue and White Service Center, Junior Science Club, and your brothers, and we thank you for the preparation you have given us for constructive social living tomorrow.

Respectfully yours,

M. H. S., 1944



CLUBS



THE BLUE AND WHITE SERVICE CENTER

The Blue and White Service Center continued to live up to its avowed purpose by sending about 150 packages to Metuchen men and women in service between September 1943 and March 1944. The officers were President, Dorothy Traver; Vice President, Cora White; Secretary, Dorothy Breen; Treasurers, Phyllis Beagle and Esther Gilbert; and the faculty adviser, Mrs. Goodstein.

Funds were obtained through a noon dance, a faculty play which included the entire teaching staff of the junior and senior high schools, and contributions from school clubs.

THE MIDDIONETTE CLUB

This year, the Middionettes, a welfare club for girls, engaged in such activities as follows: a costume jewelry and silk stocking drive for the war effort; the making of holiday favors for Camp Kilmer servicemen, Roose-

velt Hospital patients, and the soldiers at the Veteran's Home in Menlo Park; and presentation of a chrysanthemum, on Armistice Day, to every family of former M. H. S. boys killed or missing in action.

Officers were President, Mary Ann DeAndrea; Vice President, Jean Thompson; Secretary, Mary Gillam; and Treasurer, Patsy LaGattuta. Miss Farrell was the club's faculty adviser.

TEEN TOWN

This year the work of Teen Town was carried on by Junior girls of the Commercial department who sold war bonds and stamps in the three local schools.

During the Third War Loan Drive in September and the Fourth War Loan Drive in February, the members and the faculty sponsor, Mrs. Mook, were especially busy selling bonds. More than \$21,708 worth of bonds and stamps was sold from September, 1943, up to March 1, 1944.

CLUBS

GERMAN CLUB



The German Club was reorganized this year. The following officers were elected: Adele Fullerton, president; Peggy Hughes, vice president; Ruth Jorgensen, secretary, and Louise Simms, treasurer. Programs, under the chairmanship of Florence Leis, included German folk dances and waltzes, and talks on German Art and Music by Miss Kinney and Mrs. Brownlee. Other activities included a play in March and a trip to New York in May.

Five dollars was given to the Blue and White Service Center. The club's faculty adviser was Miss Anker.

LIBRARY CLUB



With a full membership quota of twenty-five this year, the Library Club continued to fulfill its aim of service to the school library. Members gave their free time to repair books and perform clerical work connected with the library.

Officers this year were Jean Kazmarck, president; Harriet Martin, vice president, and Rena Cantamessa, secretary-treasurer.

Activities included a Hallowe'en Party, a Teachers' Luncheon, a noon dance and a trip to New York.

Mrs. Cooke was faculty adviser to the club.

4A CLUB



The officers of the 4A Club this year were President, Mae Jones; Vice President, Jeanne Ohlerich; Recording Secretary, Dorothy Traver; Corresponding Secretary, Dorothy Bell; and Treasurer, Virginia Peney. With Mrs. Swank as faculty sponsor, the members collected and prepared exhibits to supplement those in the library and did any outside emergency typing. The club sponsored a noon dance, provided for a special assembly program, entered the New Jersey Typing Contest, and planned a trip for the late spring.

CLUBS



WRITERS' CLUB

The Writers' Club was formed in order to give to junior high students, with literary ability, an opportunity to write and discuss their original compositions, both prose and poetry.

Officers this year included President, Jeanne Gilman; Vice President, Eleanor Nelson; Secretary, Evelyn Hubble; and Treasurer, Peggy Press. The members conducted two poetry contests, sponsored a noon dance, and compiled the year's writings into an anthology. Miss Gentile was faculty adviser to the club.

RED CROSS SEWING CLUB

The Red Cross Sewing Club again offered an opportunity to high school girls to do their bit towards the war effort.

Funds donated after the Junior Red Cross drive were used to purchase material with which the girls made all manner of articles used in hospitals. Members sewed, busily every other Wednesday and thus more than fulfilled the quota set for them.

The club was solely a service organization without officers. Mrs. Sullivan was the faculty adviser.

JUNIOR SCIENCE CLUB

The Junior Science Club, continuing to function under the guidance of Mr. Nielsen, introduced a subdivision this year, the aviation section, which concentrated on a study of various planes and planned a skit for an assembly program on March 17. The officers of the Junior Science Club were Joan Campilongo, president; Boyd Johnson, vice president; Anna Schveninger, secretary; and James Bonis, treasurer. In the aviation section Ralph Lutes was First Officer, Donald Williams, Second Officer, Bert Rule, David Peck and Ronald Perersen were Squadron Leaders, and Alois Hejl was Treasurer and Scribe.



BOYS' COOKING CLUB

A group of eighth grade boys met seventh period every Friday this year and stayed after school to prepare their favorite dishes. Under the guidance of Mrs. Sullivan, the Home Economics teacher, the fellows learned the fun of cooking, and prepared meals really worth eating.

The boys sent cookies to a serviceman, and in the spring they prepared and served a dinner for invited guests.



BLUE LETTER

A new senior class means a new Blue Letter! A new Blue Letter means a new theme, enthusiastic staff members and original ideas. This year's staff consisted of seventy members, each of whom contributed something to the making of this book, from the editor-in-chief, who, among other things, arranged for sittings for pictures and contacted the printer and photographer innumerable times, to the junior high pupils who helped solicit ads for Miss Reid's department.

The Advertising Committee did an excellent job in boosting the advertisement sales. Twice as many ads were sold this year as were sold last year and more space was needed because of the increase in the size of individual ads.

The art work, displayed throughout the book, is the contribution of the Art Committee with the help of all art classes.

The Business Committee was responsible for the selling of the publication, and typing of all material.

Members of the Narrative Committee han-

dled all the research work and then wrote all the articles except those in the creative writing section which were contributed by English classes. The Photography Committee was in charge of the different group pictures. Ralph Crawford did an especially useful piece of work in taking all informal pictures.

The Blue Letter, as a whole, cost more this year than ever before, primarily because of the cover; but, a greater number of pupils subscribed this year than in previous years.

Because the senior class pledged one patron's name per senior, twice as many patrons' names appear than appeared last year.

From the birth of the 1944 Blue Letter in September up to the very day on which it was distributed to pupils the staff and advisers were exceedingly busy bringing this book to maturity. We hope you like it.

The theme, Tomorrow, was agreed upon by the whole staff and has been enriched by the art work, the introductory pages, and the section dividers of the Blue Letter.

WHAT'S NEW

For seven years the seventh and eighth grade pupils have been publishing a newspaper now entitled "What's New". The work on this paper is done solely by the junior high students under the guidance of Miss Kennedy. This work includes writing, typing, sketching and mimeographing. School activities, stories, poems, editorials, and other articles constitute assignments for publication.

The leading members of the staff this year were as follows: Donald Kahn, editor-in-chief; Craig Mook, assistant editor; Eleanor Nelson, literary editor; Jane Waring, art editor; Winifred Peakes, humor editor; Virginia Smith, sports editor; Ruth Mellillo and Anna Uhrin, news editors; Bonnie Fitzgerald, special features; Ruth Rink, business manager; Dorothy Schneider, typing editor; Jean Breen, mimeographer.



RECORDER CLUB

The Metuchen public has long been kept informed about school activities by the Recorder Club which sends information to The Metuchen Recorder for publication. Pupil reporters submit news about social and sport affairs, clubs, faculty and school events, assembly programs and other features. Members of this club write and type the material to be published in the boro newspaper. The group meets once a week with Vivian Hall, editor-in-chief, and Miss Denny, faculty adviser.

Pupils in charge of the work this year were Vivian Hall, editor-in-chief; Janet Clausen, assistant editor; Viola Frenson, secretary-treasurer; Caroline Bonis, chief reporter; and Ethel Larsen, Marion Wolf, Janet Clausen, Vivian Hall, and Viola Frenson, reporters.

DRAMATICS



SENIOR PLAY

Where were you on the night of December 9 or 10, 1943? Remember? Van Kirk auditorium? "Ever Since Eve"? Sure, the Senior play! You remember Dave Siebert, of course, as Johnny, the budding high school newspaper editor. He and his pal, Spud Erwin (Hank Bruno) were going to use the "iron hand in the velvet glove" on Susan Blake (Jo Smith) and Spud's sister, Betsy (Barbara Peyser). Girls had been getting men into trouble ever since Eve anyway, and these two were no exceptions. Remember Lucybelle (Natalie Fenchynsky) and her poem? Johnny and Spud determined to remain "one for all and all for one" in spite of their mutual love for her. In fact, they hoped that they could get her to "tie the tin can" on Preston Hughes (Tom Powell), another competitor for her affections. Remember the three-

color cover for the Christmas issue? And the barter system? Susan fixed everything finally, but nearly got herself arrested by Cappy, the cop (Don Regan). However, Johnny's mother (Roberta Thatcher) intervened just in time. Remember the confusion when Mr. Quinn, the principal (Charles Knigge), found the announcement of his marriage to a teacher (Darl Johnson) published in the "Penguin" and they weren't even engaged? Oh, yes, you'll remember all of these things, and much more, if you were there. But did you know that Marty Maurer stepped into the part of Johnny's father at the last minute, when Ed Beck joined the Navy? The Senior class thanks you, Marty, our hard-working coach, Miss Talbott, and all the other "backstage workers" for helping to make the play the success it was.

DRAMATICS



THE CHRISTMAS PROGRAM

Because of absenteeism among possible cast members, the 1943 Christmas assembly program lacked the usual Christmas play. Instead, the program consisted of selections by the Glee Club, the first Christmas story told by Dora Estelle Waring and Patricia Kennedy, a reading by Josephine Smith, informal speeches on Christmas by David Siebert and Charles Knigge, and a greeting from Mr. Spoerl.

Highlights included the band playing several selections, Gloria McLaughlin as songster, and Josephine Scruggs and June Potter accompanying the Glee Club as soloists. The program closed with everyone singing carols led by the Glee Club.

FOOTLIGHTERS

The Footlighters is a club for those sophomores, juniors, and seniors interested in dramatics, stage make-up, and the painting of scenery.

Under the direction of Miss Talbott, some forty members held meetings this year on call. The officers were as follows: Henry Bruno, president; Anita DeAndrea, vice president; Eileen Skyberg, secretary; and Dora Estelle Waring, social chairman.

In February, several members participated in a play entitled "In the Principal's Office," which was given for the P.T.A., and later in assembly.

A trip to New York on April 21 to see the Broadway production of "Tomorrow the World" was a major event.

As this goes to press, "Footlighters", with the aid of members of the public speaking classes, are contemplating the presentation of a one act play at the Veteran's Home and then later in assembly.

P.T.A. PLAY

On Wednesday evening, February 16, 1944, the Footlighters, under the direction of Miss Talbott, put on a play entitled "In the Principal's Office." This was a light, entertaining, one act skit, given for the benefit of the Parent-Teachers' Association.

Charles Knigge was the over-burdened principal, whose varied and perplexing problems served as the plot of the play; others in the cast included Irene Povanski, Dora Estelle Waring, Rudy Peins, Paul Nielsen, Mary Gillam, Dorothea Zypfers, Adelaide Roos, Shirley Price, Goodwin Peck, Charles Attaya, Leon Trumbull, Jean Bramwell, and Doris Stewart.

This same play was given in assembly on February 18, and was enjoyed by everyone.



GLEE CLUB

Forty-five girls were selected on the basis of their vocal ability to become members of the Girls' Glee Club this year. Under the direction of Mrs. Brownlee they participated in the annual Christmas program, and in assembly, and as this article goes to press, are rehearsing for a spring concert to take place late in May. Plans are also under way for a program for the Borough Improvement League on May 4, and for the annual Baccalaureate service in June.

This year the Glee Club developed its programs with the following classifications in mind:

1. Semi-classical numbers, such as "Gianania Mia", Friml; "Rosary", Nevin; "Allah's Holiday", Friml.
2. Music of the Allied Nations, such as "British Children's Prayer", Wolfe; "Peter", "Dark Eyes" (Russian folk songs); "My Johann", Grieg (Norwegian).

3. Sacred songs, such as "Fairest Lord Jesus" (Crusader's hymn); "Oh Lord Most High", Franck; "The Lord's Prayer", Malotte.

Josephine Scruggs did solo work for the Senior Play and for assembly programs. June Potter also took part as a soloist for the Christmas program.

ORCHESTRA

This year, the orchestra provided music once again for assemblies under the direction of Mrs. Brownlee.

At the beginning of the year, an "offshoot" of the orchestra suddenly appeared and made great strides in popularity; we refer to the swing band known as the "Sultans of Swing", with Gene Haley as the leader. The members of the band were Eddie Jacobson, Paul Uchin, John Lamparter, "Chet" Peterson, Robert Dietz, Alvin Larsen and Norman Walsh, with Gloria McLaughlin vocalizing. This group entertained in assembly and for noon dances.

SOCIAL EVENTS

ALL WORK?

Some poor, misguided parents seem to be under the impression that students nowadays, like those of yore, go to school strictly to learn something worth while: a little mathematics, perhaps, or typing, or a smattering of a language—any of which might lead on to bigger and better courses in bigger and better schools. These parents watch their beloved offspring leave each morning to start another day at school, and with a sigh, say, "Well, there he goes learning to be an engineer," but what happens? Does this mother's son actually grind away at his studies all day long? Surely, as evidenced by the pictures on this and other pages, you can plainly see that the answer is "No." See Jo Smith and Dave Seibert at one of the weekly noon dances? The Metuchen Sultans of Swing provided the music. At the two Blue Letter noon dances photographed here, the same band played, while Tish McLaughlin sang. (These noon dances break up the day nicely and provide a bit of welcome relaxation. We work so hard!) And look at this picture of a gang of us at the Metuchen Sweet Shoppe. This particular time was after the Senior Play, but many were the hours spent there.

With more space, we might show you other proofs of the happy comradeship and sociability so much a part of an M.H.S. day, even at the risk of disillusioning that fond parent who worries because Algernon may be studying too hard in his efforts to become an engineer.





STUDENT GOVERNMENT

Democracy is the keynote of our student government, which follows the pattern set by our national government. Our Constitution has been followed since its ratification in May, 1938.

A Congress is provided for, consisting of a Senate and House of Representatives. Two Senators are elected by each class and officers are chosen within the Senate with the exception of the President of the Senate who is the Vice President of the student body.

Representatives are chosen by homerooms each year. The Speaker of the House and other officers are elected by the Representatives.

The President of the school and also the Vice President of the school are elected by the vote of the entire student body. The President appoints the members of his Cabinet.

The Supreme Court is appointed by the Presi-

dent, and judges hold their office until graduation. Disorderly conduct and traffic violation cases are tried by the Court.

The Secretary of Safety has charge of the Hall and Safety Patrols. This year there were six permanent members on the Hall Patrol.

Our student government participated again this year in the New Jersey Association of High School Councils.

The junior high school also is organized after a plan incorporated in its own constitution, which is modeled upon that of the senior high school. Hence, the seventh and eighth graders have their own Cabinet and Hall Patrol, under the guidance of Miss Gentile.

This year, the Presidents of the junior and senior high school student governments were, respectively, Betty Hansen and Charles Knigge.



HI-Y

Hi-Y, composed of 10th, 11th, and 12th grade boys, again met at the Y. M. C. A. every other Thursday to foster good sportsmanship. Outstanding programs were provided by speakers from the Army and Navy enlistment offices. The club was represented by Donald Regan and Robert Ritter at the State Youth Government Conference in Trenton.

Officers were President, Jack Smith; Vice President, George Tharas; Secretary, Bill Weinberger; and Treasurer, Kenneth Farrington. Mr. Bacha was faculty sponsor.

As this goes to press, a Hi-Y, Tri-Y dance is being planned for late spring.



VARSITY CLUB

The Varsity Club is the boys' athletic association of Metuchen High School and is made up of the lettermen from each sport.

This year the club held its meetings once each week.

The main social function of the season was the Varsity Club Dance held in December.

A two-year subscription to the magazine, "Athletic Journal," was presented to the school library.

The officers this year were Jack Smith, president; Vinnie Behen, vice president; and Tom Powell, secretary-treasurer. The faculty adviser was Mr. Buchelew.

Sweaters were presented to the following lettermen: Vinnie Behen, Jack Smith, Hank Bruno, Dick Bandics and Tom Powell.

00 ETERNITY STREET

LIFE, EARTH

Dear Tomorrow:

CREATIVE

Depart, Melancholy; begone, Deep Thinking and Worry!

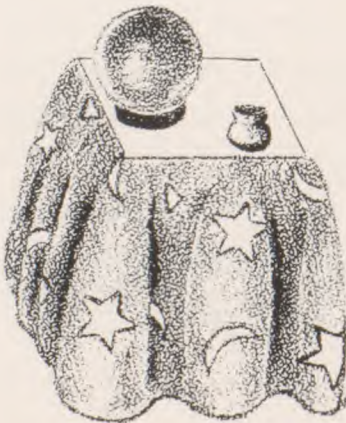
Fortunately, we are not all long-haired philosophers. Even we, who must think so much of our future, find it relaxing to enjoy the lighter side of life and play the role of the happy hobgoblin now and then. No matter how much care tugs at our sleeve, someone's smile and a laugh and promise of a "good time" help beyond words to lighten a dreary heart.

Class dances, senior plays, outings, parties, open house, Co-ed affairs at the "Y", sodas at the class hangout also play a part in our education and life. They play a double role today; besides balancing the grind of school-work, they help us set aside many of the worries of today for which we seek a solution, but are too inexperienced as yet to find one.

Although we are willing to forego a continuation of these happy playtime activities in our immediate Tomorrow, we demand for ourselves, eventually, after this chaos, the right of our fathers: the pursuit of happiness. This may not be the gay, carefree, hilarious happiness depicted here, but in it will be found a trace of our high school days, when laughter was unconfined.

Respectfully yours,

M. H. S., 1944





Top Row, Left to Right: Best Looking—C. White, E. Leis; Most Likely to Succeed—J. Smith, C. Knigge; Biggest Bluffers—V. Donnan, H. Levine.
 Second Row, Left to Right: Teachers' Pets—J. Smith, T. Powell; Most Creative—J. Totin, J. Englert; Most Studious—D. Siebert, J. Smith.
 Third Row, Left to Right: Did Most for School—G. McLaughlin, C. Knigge; Best Natured—H. Bruno, A. Rosenvinge; Blushers—E. Leis, M. Melillo.
 Fourth Row, Left to Right: Most Athletic—A. Reeder, J. Smith; Best Personalities—G. McLaughlin, H. Bruno; Biggest Flirts—E. Leis, M. Jones.
 Bottom Row, Left to Right: Best Dressed—B. Hawke, E. Leis; All 'Round Couple—J. Smith, M. L. Kramer.

SENIOR CLASS HISTORY

Remember, Seniors, when we were just scared freshmen? That was in September, 1940; and how time has flown! Why, it seems no longer than last month that we elected Ernie Leis as our Lieutenant-Governor and Don Wallace, our Secretary-Treasurer. And remember how we gave Mr. Spoerl a gift to celebrate his 25th anniversary as a member of this school? Then there was our Freshman Social—just for freshmen; it included decorations just like those of a real dance; of course, it was in the afternoon, but we had fun, didn't we?

And then we were sophomores! We elected Ernie again as our President with Dora Estelle Waring, Vice-President, and Adele Fullerton as Secretary-Treasurer. Remember how proud we were that year? Our class held the first Sophomore Dance ever given in Metuchen High. Oh! how hard we worked on that dance! But it was worth it, for it was a big success. So ended our second year, and really our last year of complete, irresponsible happiness, for this was the year in which World War II began.

Although the war began in December of our sophomore year, it didn't really affect us as a class until the year we were juniors. Remember calling our first class meeting and seeing one or two familiar faces missing? That was the meeting we elected Jack Smith president, Ken Altor-

fer, vice president and Adele Rosenvinge, secretary-treasurer.

Because of Mr. Hitler we didn't have a very busy season but we did have an outstanding one. Remember our Junior Dance? We had to have it at the "Y" because of the fuel situation in the school. And how we struggled over decorating that place! We never regretted it though, for it helped us earn money for the really important event of the year—The Junior-Senior Prom!

Then there was that day in November, 1943, when the seniors were told to appear all dressed up for Blue Letter pictures and we realized that we were those very seniors! The shock almost knocked us out but we recovered enough to present our Senior Play "Ever Since Eve". That was our biggest success as seniors.

David Siebert as our president led us through the year with the aid of Vice President Paul Uchin, Treasurer Hank Bruno and Secretary Gloria Marsiglia. We gave a Senior Dance but remember how we almost didn't because we couldn't raise the money for the orchestra?

And now we're leaving Metuchen High; we'll never be as one again. But there will always be a place in our hearts for our class and especially for the boys who left our ranks to don uniforms and fight in our behalf, God bless them!

SENIOR WILL

We, the seniors, being of sound mind (it says here) and body, do hereby declare this to be our Last Will and Testament. We leave to Gloria Babcock—furlough for a Marine; Ellen Beck—a goodnight without a kiss; Dorothy Bell—Chimes; Jean Bramwell—Powers' model job; Naomi Breen—a set of paints; Joan Brendel—a steady; Ruth Brunstetter—another weekend in Connecticut; Sandra Buchanan—piano keys and parties; Rena Cantamessa—cheerful smiles; Janet Clausen—Editorship of the Metuchen Recorder; Edith Cowins—boy friend in town; Geraldine Crompton—roller skates; Anita De Andrea—"wings for her heart"; Irene Diakun—"Wings"; Ruth DuBois—letters from the boys; Marjorie Earl—lessons from Ann Sheridan; Ona Fisher—a chance to make good; Gloria Forgione—self-confidence; Viola Frenson—that seat in homeroom; Elsie Gianvito—a post box full of mail; Helen Gotz—fun forever; Ann Gubik—the "Miss Tailored Woman" award; Lucy Hamaier—a make-up kit; Ruth Hoops—a sailor in every port; Margaret Hughes—"Danny boy"; Roberta Jennings—hair bows and horses; Mary Johnson—the right to be a "Wave"; Ruth Jorgensen—trips to Trenton; Nora Kistrup—more good times at the fire house; Lois Koch—"95" in Algebra; Rose Kohn—someone to laugh at her jokes; Mildred Laul—high heels; Florence Leis—a speechless day; Joan Leis—"Teen Town"; Esther Letsinger—business school scholarship; Harriet Martin—a library; Ruth Mathiasen—"Mac"; Arthur for President; Ann Monahan—more Co-ed Nights; Dorothy Morris—unrationed love; Joy Nilson—cadets; Jean Ohlerich—a noise maker; Margaret Osborne—"Anchors Aweigh"; Doris Packard—four points for "Lard"; Jean Pascall—a trolley track to Plainfield; Virginia Peney—a loud speaker; Janet Pfeifer—success as a senior; Shirley Price—a Service Center; Dorothy Quackenbush—more good times; Katherine Rhodes—"Gro-pup"; Adelaide Roos—a big "Yellow" tulip; Jeanette Ruddy—a dancing partner; Amelia Shickling—Book-of-the-Month Club; Ann Shiffmayer—lessons from Lily Pons; Marion Schnebbe—toothpaste ad contract; Louise Simms—another

New Year's Eve; Mary Slattery—less work; Frances Sneidar—cook book; Audrey Sorenson—Navy boy; Margaret Stallings—Yankee accent; Flora Stein—weekend in Brooklyn; Jennie Thierry—her dearest wish; Dorothy Traver—a reward for her efforts; Florence Walton—a hot record; Charlotte Wernik—a Marine; Dorothy Wilson—a fellow from Rutgers' Prep; Stella Wojciechowski—never a dull moment; Wanda Wolan—needles; Mary Zamperella—friends always; Dorothea Zyfers—someone to cheer for; Marguerite Tate—Lena Horne's autograph; Annie Butler—souvenirs; Robert Ambos—rabbits; Charles Attaya—a crew cut; Paul Berg—a bicycle built for two; William Berger—muscles; Thomas Boyle—an outcry; Robert Breen—a hearty laugh; Fred Burkeley—rank in the Marines; Fred Carey—blush controller; Frank Coffey—a long vacation; Dominick Coppola—a day with a blonde; William Crane—a passing mark; Ralph Crawford—flash bulbs; Donald Day—Jimmy Dorsey's shoes; Leroy DeLisle—priority on peroxide; Albert Disario—an evening with Hilda; Donald Dudics—curling iron; Victor Fields—a night in Harlem; Arthur Ganss—a girl; Andrew Hillier—"smiling Irish eyes"; Craig Johnson—a new approach; Johannes Kanis—no rival; John Lamparter—a Packard car; Robert McCoy—gas for a convertible; Victor MacPhie—the British Navy; Andrew Markano—Esquire subscription; Kalman Moryan—a smile; Goodwin Peck—President of "45"; Walter Petersen—a dog and a mop; Robert Richmond—vitamins; Fred Robertson—a good word; Ralph Salamone—his license; Joseph Schmidt—a sweet line; Walter Schurig—more speed; Donald Smith—a gas station; Stephen Szabo—"Ann"; David Sutton—Six-foot blonde; Richard Swords—"Jergens" lotion; Leon Trumbull—chickens; Carl Tyler—longer hunting seasons; Norman Walsh—his own swing band; Walter Warfield—a paper doll; Ernest Yelencsics—bigger and better blondes.

And to all those who have gone into the Service, we leave a place in the hearts of their classmates.

CREATIVE

FAREWELL TO M. H. S.

When the time comes to leave Metuchen High School, I shall leave only partially, for if I shall not be present in body, I shall be present in spirit; in the unseen future I shall recall the three gay years spent in my high school. Three years of work and joy will not be easily forgotten; the former will be my stepping stone to life; the latter will be my fond memories.

In years to come whether I be rich or poor, my thoughts of this school will mark no regret; whether I am near or thousands of miles away, I will never leave M.H.S.

Of my earlier years I remember little, but of my high school years I have forgotten nothing. I was not the first student in M.H.S.; I shall not be the last. I am not the best student, but none can exceed me in the appreciation of what the school has given me.

I would gladly live those three years over again, but I am not sorry that I must leave; I do not seek a realm of contentment for I have established a goal and when I leave, my preparation will be done and I must work toward that goal. If I reach great heights in life, I shall attribute that to myself; the inspiration to work, I shall attribute to my schooling.

All my memories will not be joyous; some will be sad; as the joyous ones will cheer me, so will the sad ones help me. All my thoughts will not be with M.H.S., but the fondest thoughts will be—always.

John Totin, '44

THE ACE OF SPADES

In the language of a fortune teller the Ace of Spades is a sure sign of **death!**

It is a dark foggy night along the wharf. You can hear the water as it splashes against

the moss covered ties and at every sound you know your heart may stop beating, for in this part of the city you can expect anything including **murder**. You don't remember coming here but you look at your shirt to find it smeared with blood. Somehow you put your hand in your pocket only to pull out a card, which even in the fog you can see is an Ace of Spades, the card of death!

You become panicky; you don't know where to go or what to do. In the night you hear footsteps of a policeman patrolling the river wharf; you become more frightened so you run, you don't know where, you don't know why, but you run faster, faster; you trip and fall but you get up only to run all the faster. Your heart stops. You can no longer hear the footsteps, but you still run all the faster until you fall exhausted; only this time you don't get up. You lie there panting like a dog out of nowhere.

You get up and come to your senses. In the fog you can see a man; a dark tall man, walking toward you. You stand there pertified. The man comes closer; you can see a gun in his hand and it is pointed at your head; you can't run, you can't speak.

The man comes closer, closer, his wide rimmed hat pulls a shadow over his face so you can not see his face. The man walks closer, and as his feet make sounds on the old wooden wharf your heart beats all the faster. Closer he comes, closer; he is only a few feet away now, then he stops and you can see his fingers tighten on the trigger. A pain streaks through your head. Your body falls into the river as the waves hit the moss covered ties; and now the fog is lifting, the night is leaving, for the sun is coming and no longer will you be bothered by such things as the Ace of Spades, The Card of Death, for now you are dead.

Walter Thackuk, '47

WORK

ILLUSION

Only once in the life of a person will he ever employ this strange sense which has no name. I have been fortunate—or perhaps unfortunate, as you may soon see—to have had the unforgettable experience of using this sinister sense.

I opened the door; many people open doors, but not the kind whose hinges had just given a plaintive creak for me, a creak which boded no good. I stepped into the room—again no ordinary room, for it was dark—not ordinary darkness but a heavy, dull, frightening gloom. It was all so strange; I knew not why I had come, what I was doing, or what lay before me. I only felt some strange force telling me, calling me from a Beyond, leading me, I knew not where.

I stepped into the room and closed the door. I know now I should not have closed it, but I was already drowned in the deep darkness of a long corridor; ahead of me loomed an even blacker hole, which, with a sigh of relief, I made out to be the entrance to another room. I stood on the threshold and looked about: strange, eerie, shimmering, death-like silence, an unearthly gloom which could be seen and felt but which clouded everything as though it were ashamed of what had happened here; an irritating mist of dust attested to the fact that I stood in a room buried and forgotten by Time and cobwebbed by the centuries.

I took a step, and another; the next was a shorter one in this fantastic darkness. I could see nothing. I stood like a frightened dwarf in a huge, endless world of darkness. The room

seemed like a bottomless pit whose infernal, clutching murkiness and chilling silence were slowly sucking me down, down, into the quicksands of darkness. All these were playing and tossing in my imagination, creating grotesque impossibilities. There was nothing to be seen, heard, touched, felt; nothing came to the nostrils but tremulous dust.

Suddenly I stopped, paralyzed, frozen, electrified, powerless, not daring to take my eyes off that which I did not see. Slowly there appeared before me the hazed outline of two horrible, cavernous eyes. Like a high mountain in a terrible fog, there seemed to come toward me two deep, dreary, dreadful holes under a monstrous brow. The rest of the face, or skull, was obscured in dim meltings of darkness.

Before me was this dead, hungry apparition, immovable, fierce, hypnotic. It was so close I wondered that it had not clutched and choked me to death; I was standing in the domain, Darkness, belonging to this ghostly Satan. Why did he not snatch and end my life?

Slowly, straining and screaming every tissue of my body, I forced power into myself again. I would make a final thrust and grapple with him; my brain uncontrollable, my body limp with sweat and fear, I collected every last ounce of courage and strength and lunged forward.

I touched a cold, damp surface. The ghostly monster with the horrible eyes had rushed toward me.

In the darkness I had stopped inches away from an old, dusty mirror!

Charles Knigge, '44

A PRIVATE'S TRAGEDY

It was a cold dreary night as Private Lundingle walked back and forth. You see, Private Angelo Lundingle was on guard duty. From 8:30 P. M. all he could do was walk back and forth. The only company he had was the wind. It would blow and blow. The gate he was guarding would creak every now and then.

"Halt! Who goes there?" Lundingle heard himself saying. Would you believe it, they were the first words he had spoken since 8:30 P. M., and it was now 10:15 P. M.

"Halt! Who goes there?" he repeated, and still no answer. "Oh, it must have been my imagination. No one was there." So back and forth, back and forth, marched Lundingle. It was now 10:30. Only one more hour and he would be relieved.

Private Lundingle marched in perfect form for two hours and he was tired.

"You know," he said, "I don't think it will hurt if I sit down for just two minutes."

Private Lundingle sat down on a rock not too far from the gate. Of course, it could have been a little closer. But a rock was a rock and you could sit on it when you were tired and wanted to rest your feet. I bet you could never guess what Private Lundingle was thinking about while he sat on the rock. He was thinking about his girl, Mary, the one he was supposed to take to the U. S. O. dance that night.

"Oh, well," he sighed, "she'll understand when I tell her they chose me quite unexpectedly for guard duty."

Just as Lundingle was thinking this he heard voices. He quickly stood up and continued to march back and forth again. The voices were getting louder and louder.

"They sound awfully familiar. Maybe they're spies. Gee, that voice is familiar", thought Lundingle. "Hey, I know who that is. That's Mary. I wonder who she's with. I know she's not a spy. (I hope). Maybe if I crawl on my knees and peek around these bushes I'll see who it is."

Laying his gun down, Lundingle got down on his knees and crawled over to the bushes where he could see who was with his girl. Just as he was ready to push the bushes aside so he could peek through, a rough roaring voice hollered,

"Attention, Lundingle."

Private Lundingle, not knowing who was in back of him, whispered, "Pipe down a minute, will ya?"

"So", came the warning voice again, and this time Lundingle recognized the speaker. He turned around and stood face to face with his sergeant. His face was getting redder as the sergeant's face became angrier.

"The captain saw you marching so well today that he sent me down to congratulate you. You're the last person he expected to see obeying his orders. Now, since you have no explanation of leaving your post and talking back, I'll have to report this."

The next moment up walked Private Richards to relieve Private Lundingle.

Private Lundingle grabbed his gun and walked away. He never did find out whom Mary was with, for how could he when he had to spend the next two weeks in the guard house?

Marion Wolf, '47

THE SENSE OF SMELL

Have you ever walked down the street and smelled snow, or the new, fresh smell of spring, or the dry, crisp smell of falling leaves in the autumn? To me this scent of nature is the most gratifying thing of being alive.

In the spring when I feel depressed, I like to take a walk and smell the earth, new plants and buds, to feel the works of God so near to me. My heart begins to swell and there is a lump in my throat from sheer happiness and the gift of life.

In the summer when I am hot and it is so hard to catch my breath, a summer thunderstorm comes and again the world smells like a fairyland.

Most of us are so unappreciative of the beauties and fragrance of nature that we find it hard to sympathize with lovers of the outdoor life. However, I'm sure if all of us would just spend one day, one beautiful sunny day, in the woods or garden with nothing but the outdoors for company, we would immediately feel refreshed. Then there would be no question that the most beautiful of the world's scents is the one God so willingly gives us—the scent of Nature in bloom!

Darle Johnson, '44

THAT WAS YESTERDAY

They were one of our carefree lot
Cutting class and skipping school,
Reveling and cringing at marks they got,
Making light of law and rule;
That was yesterday.

They were the ones that pulled your hair
While laughing and joking at their might.
They are the ones whose pins you wear,
Who put the stars in your eyes that night—
That was yesterday.

Then suddenly came into their lives
A crash of thunder and a bolt of light.
War on the crest of a gigantic wave,
Greed upholding the foam of white,
The time was drawing nigh.

Softly it came with a deadly hush
Pregnating our lives with its terror,
Then bursting upon us in a mighty rush,
That Sunday news report—no error—
The time was NOW.

The boys we knew have gone to war
But they'll come back as men.
They'll not forget the things they saw
Though they be home again.
Those things will stay.

When the noise of cannon and bomb will cease
And the nations lay down their arms,
Then countries will cry out for peace.
And of the wartime we can say
Oh, that was yesterday.

Joan Brendel, '45

LUNCH A LA AUTOMAT

I'm hungry! I know it's rush hour but let's go to the automat anyway. Come on!

See . . . we're in and we only had to push half the population of New York City to get here. You'll get your nickels later. Try to get a table first!

Pardon me, madame, is this table taken? Oh, it is. Say mister, does anyone belong to these chairs? Some one does? Nuts! Quick, I found a table on this side; come here!

Now I'm going to get change. I'll see you later. Gee, if this line were any longer I'd think Farnk Sinatra was dishing out nickels. Here, Miss, change for one dollar, please.

I've got my tray, knife, fork, spoon, napkin; now let's see . . . Where are the hot dishes? I see them . . . two nickels . . . one, two, turn—OUCH. Oh well, at least I know the baked beans are hot.

One nickel in the slot, turn, and thanks for the milk, Miss. Oops, sorry, ma'am. Did I hurt your feet? Excuse me, sir, but coffee on your macaroni is said to be delicious. Ouch, that was my feet you used as a carpet just then!

Here are the pies; two nickels! They're not worth it, but oh well, one two, turn; gee, the meringue slipped! Now for the sandwiches. Hey look! They add the word special to the ham sandwich tag and then jack up the price a nickel. Is this part of inflation?

Now for the table. Thank goodness I've watched football practice. That should be a help.

Oh, happy day, the table at last! Why did we get one all the way over here? Off come the beans, sandwich, what's left of the milk, the pie and the silverware. I'll leave the napkins on the tray; it's soaked anyway. Guess I'll put the tray on the empty chair. I hope no one sits down there!

Gee, that mess looks gruesome . . . from now on I'm eating at Bickford's.

Flora Stein, '45

CLOUDS

I've often wondered as I gazed up at the clouds,
If other people see there what I see.
So many wondrous shapes and forms,
You can't begin to name them.
The only thing they're limited by
Is your imagination.
A dish of ice cream floating West,
Bumps into a puffy elephant
And becomes a fairy castle.
A sailboat sails across the sky,
Into the setting sun.
An enormous teddy bear melts slowly
Into a mountain of snow.
I suppose if an adult were to look,
He'd see a limousine,
Or a new fur coat or a radio,
Or a brand new refrigerator.
But I've noticed it's always children
Who manage to spot these marvels
In the sky.
Older people are always far too busy.

Dorothea Zyfers, '45

SERVING OUR COUNTRY

Flags in each window are flying,
Flags for some one in the service;
For those who are fighting and dying,
Striving to keep and preserve us.

In a window a service flag hangs;
A life wrapped in the folds of its star;
Eyes watch daily from windows,
Waiting for one now afar.

See that lone star in the window?
It tells of a great victory won,
For it means that another brave mother
Has given her country, her son.

Rose Kohn, '45

SONG OF A CAMPER

I lie and dream of precious things
That will not ever die;
My mind and body take to wings
Beneath a summer sky.

The stillness of a peaceful night,
A glowing moon on high—
A radiant stream of silver light.
A camper's lullaby!

Irene Diakun, '45

FREEDOM

She stands there as a symbol of freedom and democracy; the torch, held high in her hand, lights the way for every American. But is that all freedom stands for, the right for only Americans to have liberty? No, we know that freedom means security and liberty for every human being in the world, the right to live independently and righteously under his own rule and domination. We realize that until there is peace and good will throughout every nation, there can never be complete freedom from tyranny and oppression.

The Statue of Liberty is symbolic, not only because she is our Goddess of Freedom, but because she stands waiting with head high to receive our foreign neighbors to a land free from want and fear, to a land where every man has the right to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

That is what freedom means to me—a statue, just a statue of a brave, strong woman who stands proudly in the midst of war as though she had the never dying hope that someday the fighting shall cease forever; the skies above her will be eternally blue and the sun shall shine forth on a peace loving world.

Dora Estelle Waring, '44

A FOREST

Have you ever walked through a forest, with all of the sounds of the birds and animals ringing in your ears, and noticed that on your approach they became hushed and silent? It seems as if one bird has told another until, thus, the whole forest is still. Maybe, in the distance, you will hear a bird softly treading on dried leaves or a squirrel hurriedly running in search of nuts and green leaves as a protection against the wind and snow of winter. Perhaps, a century ago, if you had been here, you might have heard a bear's soft padding, and if you had been careful, you could have seen the huge

brown beast slowly making his way to a honey tree. Further on you might have been privileged to hear a moose calling to his mate in a thicket. Even now, years later, there is something primal about your experience and there seems to be no time. Here is one place that War has not invaded, and you know that unless the birds and animals are killed, the trees chopped down and the moss and soil overturned, this place will always be a forest, far removed from the downfall of dictators.

Joyce Buchanan, '47

HISTORY TEACHER'S LAMENT

Up here I stand the whole day through,

Trying to teach both you and Sue;

But how can you guess what I'm supposed to be teaching,

When all you think I'm good for is preaching?

Can't you see why I'm tired and rather cross?

Classes like this are a total loss;

I work and slave and plead and try,

To make you understand just why—

There was such a thing as the bourgeoisie,

(The word you have to learn today);

Why Clergy and Nobles paid no taxes,

And why the peasants had to wield their axes.

Now I'm convinced that you do know,

Just where you're going tonight with Joe;

I know you're sure of what you're going to wear

And how you are going to fix your hair.

But woe is me, 'cause here I stand,

Trying to make you understand,

'Tis History that I have to teach,

But all you think I do is preach.

Alice Ready, '46

VIEWS OF CAKE EATERS

I, being a great lover of cake, can talk on this subject with unusual understanding.

The first type of cake eater that comes to my mind is the shy old fellow who appears to be glumly looking at his piece of cake, but is really looking out of the corners of his eyes for the supreme moment. When no one is looking he takes a quick jab at his cake with the fork and one equally fast motion to his mouth where he slowly masticates the dainty bit of dough, while looking again through the corners of his eyes to find the chance to repeat the delicious process.

The next type is the young woman who seems to have no manners at all. She just grabs up the layer in her charming little hand and starts to munch on it as a mouse would on cheese. She claims the cake tastes better when eaten this way, for she is ignorant of all facts of science that say that a fork has no effect on the flavor of the delectable morsel of food.

Another style, which if I may say so, seems to be a really mournful method of spoiling cake, is the method used by the older folks whose jaw muscles as well as their teeth seem to be quite worn out. They take a spoonful of cake and slowly submerge it in a cup of some hot brew. This method takes much practice as there is danger of soiling the table cloth.

The last method is the one which I myself use. It appears to be the neatest manner in which to eat the cake, as well as the most polite, but I am not bragging of good manners. It is merely to use a fork and break off pieces of the desired size and eat them.

Arthur Ganss, '45

WHISTLE OF WINGS

It was the first Saturday after duck season opened when I finally was able to get a day off from the garage to go hunting. It had been raining Friday when I came home from work, and when I awoke Saturday morning, at the unearthly hour of four o'clock, it had let up to a fine drizzle. It was the kind of drizzle that just seemed to hang in mid-air, the type only New Jersey is noted for. I hurried downstairs and ate a quick breakfast, made up a big lunch, and filled the thermos full of hot coffee. I had just finished when I heard the toot of Fred's car in the drive. I gathered up my belongings (lunch, shells, gun, and decoys) and piled them into the back of the car. By the time we got the car started again it was a quarter to five; although fifteen minutes late, we were now on our way. We got to the swamp just before day-break. The rain had almost completely stopped and a thick fog had taken over.

We had just set out our decoys and got back to the blind when I heard the whistle of wings of a single coming into our decoys. I got a shot at him just before he hit the water but missed. The fog that hung over the swamp was so thick you couldn't see the ducks until they were right on top of you, but as the sun rose, the fog lifted. Then Fred spotted a pair coming in just under the fog; he took the one on the left and I took the other. We both got our respective ducks for the first ones of the season. It was a long wait before the next ones came in but the fog had lifted a good deal. There were six coming in fast; Fred got two but I missed with my second shot. It was eleven o'clock already; since we had eaten our lunch for breakfast, we were both getting hungry, so we gathered up our five ducks, decoys, and guns, and started for the car. After tinkering around with the car for a few minutes, we got it started and soon left the swamp for home.

Jack Boeddinghaus, '46

THE LOVE SONG

The moon is bright
as it shines o'erhead
And stars wink from above;
But where two lovers now should stand
There's only one, my love.

The wind is cool;
it blows my hair,
And makes the trees to dance,
And flowers nod their sleepy heads
And murmur of romance.

Then through the night
a bird's song comes,
And a story to me tells;
The music of its high, sweet tune
Is a million tinkling bells.

And each small bell,
as it chimes to me
In notes so soft and clear,
Speaks of love and happiness,
And brings me you, my dear.

Then with this song—
those bells so sweet—
Trees sigh in harmony;
The flowers join the low refrain
And increase the melody.

Our song still grows;
the stars join in,
Beat the tempo to the skies;
The rustling grass, like violins,
Adds plaintive, lovely sighs.

A tiny brook,
a waterfall
To our orchestra add a harp;
Some unseen angel plucks its strings
And croons low through the dark.

Then as it swells
and faintly rings,
The wind takes up the tune.
It echoes and re-echoes it,
Then hurls it to the moon.

The moon beams down,
looks stern—then smiles,
For it's caught our throbbing song,
And as the wind has whirled it up,
Sends it back ten times as strong.

For what had been,
a bird's sweet call,
In a lonely night so still,
Has become a mighty concert now,
As it swells o'er vale and hill.

The night's not black;
I'm not alone,
For your soft voice I hear.
You seem beside me in the night;
I sense your presence near.

The song will last,
It can not die,
It will grow and echo and play;
Within my heart 'twill always be
Locked safe until **that** day.

That day, my love,
when you return,
We'll **both** stand here in the night;
We'll **both** be here to hear the song
As it plays with all its might.

Yes! the moon is bright,
as it shines o'erhead,
And the stars do wink from above,
But there won't be just the song and I;
There'll be **you** and I and love.

Gloria Babcock, '45

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