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1922

THE
ORANGE
LETTER

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Senior Class
Linden High School
1922

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THE FACULTY

LIDA M. EBBERT.....	<i>Principal</i>
Ph.B. Dickinson College; A.M. Columbia University	
MABEL A. TUTTLE.....	<i>English</i>
Trenton Normal School; B.S. N. Y. University	
AGNES M. ROSE.....	<i>Mathematics</i>
A.B. Bryn Mawr College	
JENNIE S. SEBASTIAN.....	<i>Science</i>
A.B. Lebanon Valley College	
HAROLD M. AUGUSTINE.....	<i>History</i>
A.B. Rutgers College	
M. MARGARET WATSON.....	<i>Latin, French</i>
A.B. Radcliffe College	
MILDRED I. WEST.....	<i>Commercial Subjects</i>
Bay Path Institute	
LYMAN P. DUDLEY.....	<i>Manual Training</i>
Pratt Institute	
ALICE P. CONDIT.....	<i>Drawing</i>
New York School of Fine and Applied Arts	
WILLIAM G. MOENCH.....	<i>Physical Training</i>
B.P.E. International Y. M. C. A. College	
ELIZABETH M. STOLL.....	<i>Sewing</i>
CAROLINE B. FRITTS.....	<i>Assistant Manual Training</i>
Pratt Institute	
LILLIAN BABCOCK.....	<i>Assistant Physical Training</i>
Savage School of Physical Education	

THE STAFF*EDITOR-IN-CHIEF*

LEON HERMAN

<i>Ass't Editor-in-Chief</i>	<i>Literary Editor</i>
BEATRICE FORNWALD	JEANNETTE SNYDER
<i>Athletic Editor</i>	<i>Ass't Literary Editor</i>
JOSEPH NEDELKA	NORMA MACDONALD
<i>Business Manager</i>	<i>Senior Reporters</i>
HARRY LEVINE	ANNA LIND
<i>Ass't Business Manager</i>	MICHAEL HUBERT
WILFORD TALLON	<i>Clerical Department</i>
<i>Faculty Adviser</i>	ANNA McMANUS
MISS MABEL A. TUTTLE	SOPHIE DERASKEWICH

REPORTERS

Juniors

RUTH SMITH	ALEX SHUBIN	FRANCIS CROWLEY
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Sophomores

MILDRED DECKER
ADELINE STOLL
BENJAMIN SHAPIRO
ISADORE SCHWARTZ

Freshmen

OLGA NOGE
ROSE LECHNER
LESLIE GOODWIN
EDWARD SCHOONMAKER

THE CLASS OF '22

OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	LEON HERMAN
<i>Vice-President</i>	BEATRICE FORNWALD
<i>Secretary</i>	JOSEPH NEDELKA
<i>Treasurer</i>	CLAUDE E. DEPEW
<i>Class Colors</i>	Blue and Silver
<i>Class Flower</i>	Premier Rose
<i>Class Motto</i>	Nihil Sine Labore

WOLF

WOLF eyed his master with baleful eyes. Although he felt comfortable physically, his fierce brain was in a turmoil. He wanted to jump toward that dark, sneering face and rend it to pieces between his powerful jaws, but as he moved, the chain about his neck gave him a gentle warning.

Wolf was a powerful dog, trained in the harness of Alaskan sledges, fierce, brutal, but yet loyal to those he loved. His black fur, usually smooth and fine, was now standing stiff and erect.

With a grim smile Jim Deering turned to his half-finished meal. "God," he muttered, "there's a fighter fer ya'. Here's where I clean up in the dog fights next week."

His meal finished, he picked up his lash and advanced toward the crouching beast.

"Come on, Wolf," he coaxed, stretching out his hand, in an effort to pat him.

A low growl rose in the dog's throat. Deering almost unconsciously retreated, gripping his lash more tightly. Again he advanced, and put out his hand. Too near. With a snarl, Wolf sprang at the hated figure, barely missing the forearm, ripping the sleeve to shreds.

Jim, uttering oaths and curses, lashed the whip against the sides of the dog. Wolf sprang into a position on his haunches, facing the man, and with one paw tried to ward off the stinging blows the curling lash inflicted, but in vain. Tied as he was, he could do nothing, and he lay down again, growling horribly, until Jim, from sheer physical exhaustion, dropped the whip.

With a black look at the man-killer before the fireplace, he pulled open the rude door, and stepping into the deep snow, made his way to the tavern.

The slamming of the door seemed to relieve the tortured animal, and he whimpered softly, as he licked his paw. But the powers of recuperation in a dog are more powerful than those in man, and stretching himself, he soon fell into restless slumber.

Perhaps he dreamed. Perhaps his mind wandered back a year. Perhaps he saw himself a tall, gaunt dog, who with seven others of his kind was pulling a heavily laden sled over the snow-covered Alaskan mountains. If so, the figure of a broad-shouldered man, gun in hand, must have stood out clearly. It was Sergeant Brickly, hunting a murderer said to have fled to the mining districts. The sled was caught in a snowdrift, and the dogs were tugging in vain, in an effort to dislodge it. His harness parted. Snuffing freedom, with no more hard work, harness, or lash, he darted away over the icy wastes, followed by the cries of

his master. On and on he raced, going God knew where; his only guide, Fate.

Thus he wandered for months over the white plains, almost always on the verge of collapse for lack of food. Then came the fateful day. As he was staggering onward on his pitiful way, he sniffed food. His body quivered, and with quickening step followed the scent. Ah! There it was; a dead bunny. He hurried forward, and dug his nose into the tender morsel. Click! With almost lightning speed, something snapped over his foot, holding him fast. At the same instant he heard a loud report, and then felt a stinging sensation in his head. In this famished and hurt condition, he fainted quietly away.

A slamming of the door brought Wolf out of his trance. Jim had returned. Staggering to a chair, he looked absently at the standing dog.

"Ya almost ripped me arm purty bad," he growled, pointing to the torn sleeve, "an' I should a' shot ya' fer it, but I got somethin' in my mind an' I'll let ya' live till afta' nex' week. But bo', you're goin' ta die an unnatural death." A low growl answered him.

As the pale sun rose the Monday morning of the following week, Jim started out toward Pierpont City, where the dog fights were to be held. His eight "huskies" trotted along thru the deep snow easily, for the sled was light, carrying nothing but a cage, and in it a snarling mass of fur. Deering, whip in hand, trotted along, frequently gazing in Wolf's direction. The short trip was made without any exciting incident, except that the dog almost upset the sled once, by jumping against the bars of his cage.

Pierpont City was one of the larger mining settlements on the Yukon range, and all big events were held there: dog fights, bear fights, boxing tournaments, and the like. It consisted of one main street, roughly paved, lined with taverns and large, rambling lodging houses. The post office stood at one end of the street, and today, a crowd was gathered in front of it, reading a large poster. Deering pulled up suddenly and elbowed his way through the crowd.

Someone espied the sledge. "Here's a likely-lookin' dog," cried a husky miner, pointing to Wolf.

A ring quickly formed around the beast, the miners eyeing him appraisingly. Some of the "wise ones" pointed out his good points, and a heated discussion followed as to who was to win the fights.

Deering read the sign hurriedly. It was about the fights. "Say, where's the Red Lion Inn?" he asked.

"Jus' down the lane, stranger. See that brown building? That's the place."

Muttering his thanks, Deering called to his dogs. As he stopped before the rude structure, the door swung open, and a portly gentleman, presumably the hostler, hailed him. This gentleman took the reins, and started to lead the dogs toward the stable, when on second thought, he stopped. Deering was already making his way to the door.

"S-s-ay, m-mister, ain't you forgot sumptin'?" The hostler stood looking stupidly at the retreating figure.

Jim turned, and digging his hand into his pocket, he pulled out a quarter and tossed it at the bashful servant, not omitting a scowl, however.

The man picked it up smilingly, and pocketing the coin, grinned, "There's a gentleman for ya'. I hope his dog wins today," glancing at Wolf.

Deering opened the rude door of the saloon and entered. It was a dirty room, and its low ceiling and dusty windows gave one a feeling of repulsion. Even Jim shuddered. It was filled with rough benches, and in the center, on an elevation, was a temporary cage.

Assuming an air of carelessness, he sauntered down the aisle, past the few loungers, and made his way to the bar.

"Say," he growled to the bartender, "I got a dog out in the stable. Where does he go?"

"That's awright. I'll tend to 'im."

"Much obliged. Slip us a drink, somethin' stiff."

The room began to fill presently, and by three o'clock, the time set for starting, it was crowded with eager, expectant miners.

A bell rang, and the spectators stopped their speaking. The door opened, and two men, carrying a cage, stepped through. It was Wolf. Lying there, snarling at the many faces, he looked every inch a fighter, capable of holding his own with any dog. Deering felt his spirits rise at the sight of him, and almost forgave him for everything.

The door opened again. This time two men entered leading a Great Dane.

"Boys, here's goin' to be the best dog fight ever held hereabouts, leastwise it looks it. The owner of the winnin' dog is to git Old Platt's minin' claim on Elk Creek," yelled the bartender.

A hurrah greeted his words, but it was short-lived, for when the dogs were let into the arena, a hush crept over the room.

Wolf gazed at his opponent narrowly and advanced a step. Then, without warning, he leaped for the other's massive throat. The Dane jumped lightly to one side, and as Wolf came hurtling past, he dug his fangs into the latter's side, drawing first blood.

The miners cheered. Jim bit his lip.

Both dogs turned and eyed each other again. Suddenly Wolf whined. A similar sound broke from the Dane's throat; they advanced slowly toward each other. Wolf had recognized the Dane as his former team-mate, his partner in the team from which he had broken loose.

"Say! What's this?" called a miner. "Put some *dogs* in."

"Gimme back me money," bawled another.

From all corners of the room came exclamations of disgust from the miners.

Some one shouted, "Let the owner of the black dog step to the front. I'll buy the dog from him."

Jim, deciding that half a loaf was better than none, shuffled forward, as the speaker arose. Only two living souls in that room recognized the tall broad-shouldered man who got up, and they were Wolf and the Great Dane.

"Well, sir," began the stranger, "I'll buy the dog from you. He'll pull well with—."

He stopped. Looking hard at Deering's face, he gasped, "Jim Deering, I've got you at last. Now I reckon you'll settle up for killing Bob Green, the old farmer—thanks to your dog, or rather, mine."

BENJAMIN SHAPIRO, '24.

THE RADIO BUG

Much praise to Marconi, O Muse, is due;
Tho' even to him the ethereal realm is new.
No more does weary man for pleasures roam,
But listens to his Radio at home.
As father enters from his daily toil,
He tenderly doth stroke the wire-wound coil;
With eyes of love that Cupid never knew,
He tunes it up to find how commerce grew.
But baby cries to hear the bedtime rhyme,
And brother wants to listen all the time.
In vain poor father tries to "listen in,"
Above the chatter and the family din.

ELMER GOODWIN, '23.



Claude Depew "Crazy Depew"

"I'll knock you for a row of Peruvian molecules."

Cheer Leader 3, 4; Class Basketball 2; Class Treasurer 3, 4; Stage Manager Senior Play; Track Team 4.



Gertrude Depew "Turk"

"That's a fact—no kiddin'."

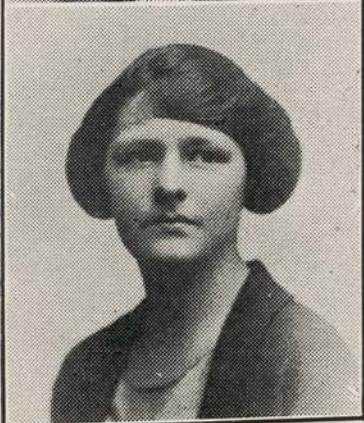
Basketball 2, 3, 4; Baseball 2, 3, 4; Senior Play; Underwood Medal; O. G. A.



Sophie Deraskewich "Soph"

"I'll tell the world."

Basketball 3, 4; Baseball 3, 4; O. G. A.; Clerical Dep't Orange Letter; Underwood Medal.



Beatrice Fornwald "Beets"

"Am I late? Am I late?" "Aw—Shut up."

Captain Basketball 3, 4; Senior Play; Captain Baseball 3, 4; Treasurer A. A. 3; Ass't Editor Orange Letter; Vice-President Class 3, 4; Third Prize County Meet, Basketball Throw 4; Track Team 4.



Minna Franke

"Can I sell you a ticket?"

First and Third Prizes Drawing Contest 1; Perfect Attendance 1, 2, 3, 4.



Louis Gellerman "Looney Foateent"

"Let's have a study period."

Class Basketball 3; O. G. A.



Leon Herman "Leonidas"

"The meeting will please come to order."

Class President 4; Debating Team 3; Captain Debating Team 4; Oratorical Contest 4; Captain Class Debating Team 4; Editor Orange Letter.



Michael Hubert "Mickey"

"Bughouse"

Baseball 4; Class Basketball 3, 4; Reporter Orange Letter.



Jacob Kaplan

"Kentucky"

"Lemme your pencil, will ya?"

Class Basketball 3, 4; Second Basketball Team 3; First Prize County Meet, Shot Put 4; Manager Class Basketball 4; Track Team 4.



Harry Levine

"Seven-fifty"

"Couldn't be bothered."

Business Manager Orange Letter; Mgr. Basketball 4; Debating Team 3; Sec'y Debating Club 3; Class Debating Team 4.



Anna Lind

"Have you got any candy?"

Class Debating Team 4; Senior Play.



Norma Macdonald

"Shux and M'lasses."

Third Prize Spelling Contest 2; First Prize Spelling Contest 4; Baseball 2, 3; Basketball 2; Ass't Literary Editor Orange Letter.



Anna McManus

"I think that's great!"

O. G. A.; Clerical Dep't Orange Letter; Senior Play; Underwood Medal.



Joseph Nedelka

"Joe"

"Sure I've got my homework done."

Class Secretary 2, 3, 4; Captain Second Basketball Team 3, 4; Sec'y A. A. 3; Baseball 3, 4; Class Debating Team 4; Class Basketball 3, 4; Athletic Editor Orange Letter; Business Manager Senior Play.



Henry Peterson

"Pete"

"Git goin'."

Class Basketball 3.



Jeannette Snyder

"Snyder"

"I thought I'd pass out."

Basketball 2; Mgr. Basketball 4; Mgr. Baseball 4; Third Prize Oratorical Contest 4; Third Prize Spelling Contest 4; Second Prize Speaking Contest 3; Senior Play; Literary Editor Orange Letter.



Wilford Tallon

"Will"

"Oh! you Canadian."

Baseball 3, 4; Basketball 3, 4; Captain Class Basketball 4; Second Basketball Team 2; Class President 3; Ass't Business Manager Orange Letter; First Prize County Meet, Running Broad Jump 4; Class Basketball 1, 3, 4; Track Team 4.



Jones Weitzman

"Jonny"

"Try 'n' get it."

Basketball 4; Second Basketball Team 3; Class Basketball 3, 4; Manager Class Basketball 3; Ass't Business Manager Senior Play.



Lillian Zelenick

"Lillie"

"Hot Dogs!"

Baseball 3, 4; Senior Play.



HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF 1922

Of course there was an initiation. There usually is, you know. It really is the only proper method of introducing Freshmen to their new duties. But being the largest Freshman class ever to enter Linden High, we were treated with a deference and consideration hitherto accorded only to Upperclassmen. We continued to assert ourselves all through our Freshman year, for we were of a restless nature, not content to follow in the footsteps of our predecessors, and therefore, we branched out into new and unusual activities. For one thing, the members of the science class went on a trip to Bronx Park in order to increase their already extensive store of wisdom. Having little humorous ability, we early determined to develop our startling amount of brain power, which we claim credit for having done beyond all precedence.

Upon becoming Sophomores, we proved that we did not intend to let our "rep" lie dormant, so we conducted several afternoon dances, which were enjoyed by all. Needless to say, our "rep" did not suffer a fall.

In our Junior year our originality showed itself in a different form, one not to be ignored. Of all the jokes ever perpetrated, we take the cake for springing the worst. Our antics in French class were proof of that. Then we brought notice to ourselves by winning second prize in the County Public Speaking Contest—that is, Jeannette Snyder did. From our Junior dance we realized twelve dollars, which we spent to clear the debt contracted the following year by the Senior dance.

And in our Senior year, our activities were so numerous as to cause much speculation and surprise, even among those who knew us best. By dint of much persuasion, we induced the faculty to purchase a motion picture machine to give pictures for the benefit of the visual education of all pupils in the school. After its arrival, the machine was operated by the Seniors, who also had sole care of the printing press. By some miracle, we found time to hold hot dog sales, interclass debates, and the aforesaid Senior dance. Thanks to the unremitting labor, brilliant speeches, and masterful rebuttals of the captain, Leon Herman, the varsity debating team had a victorious season. The team defeated Roselle and Roselle Park, thereby winning the Rutgers Interscholastic Debating Pennant.

Jeannette Snyder distinguished herself, and incidentally Linden High, by winning third prize in the County Oratorical Contest, and also third prize in the County Spelling Contest. Norma Macdonald brought home the gold prize in the latter contest at

the same time. The members of the Commercial Department showed their worth by the number of typewriting certificates and medals, and the O. G. A. (Order of Gregg Artists) pins they won. Furthermore, at the Weequahic Athletic Meet, Jacob Kaplan and Wilford Tallon won gold medals, while Beatrice Fornwald won a bronze one.

The Senior play—or plays—was a great affair. There were two: "Miss Marmaduke's Reign" and "A Pair of Lunatics." The participants in the latter felt bound to act as insane as possible. They deserve praise, for they filled their parts admirably, with little or no effort. The five girls in "Miss Marmaduke's Reign" succeeded in turning out an exceedingly laughable play, which was greatly enjoyed by the audience. To quote Beatrice Fornwald:

We started in November—
We formed a little plan;
We opened with a public dance,
And then the fun began!

Some didn't use their common sense;
They wouldn't scratch for greens—
But when the band asked recompense,
They dug into their jeans.

We had to raffle Hot Dogs,
Our credit to regain,
And make our old "Deficiency,"
"Efficient" full and plain.

Since then we've gained prosperity:
We win in all we do;
We found success in giving plays—

THE CLASS OF '22.

So ends this history of the Class of '22—but wait—we 'most forgot the history seminars. Oh, never, never would that do! How could we be so thoughtless? Know ye all that during our final year we held seminars in our history class to determine the forensic ability of the Seniors. Long live U. S. history and the history seminars!!!

Thus, sorrowfully, leaves these never-to-be-forgotten halls the Class of '22, the largest, brightest, happiest, snappiest, busiest, brainiest class ever graduated from Linden High.

NORMA MACDONALD, '22.

THE CLASS WILL

We, the Class of 1922, of the Linden High School, being aware of the rapid approach of our last days at Linden High, and being of sound mind and disposing memory, do hereby make, publish, and declare this our last will and testament.

First—We bequeath to the Upperclassmen the extra-curricular activities in which we have played so distinguished a part.

Second—To all the students of the aforesaid school, we entrust the honor and safety of the Rutgers Debating Pennant.

Third—We give and bequeath to the Juniors our U. S. history seminars and our enviable, though shaky, back seats. May you bear in mind that once a good Senior Class enjoyed them both.

Fourth—Our most dignified behavior we bestow upon the mercurial Sophs, in order that they may become worthy habitants of that sacred chamber of knowledge, the Main Room.

Fifth—We leave to the benighted Freshmen, still so innocent and unlearned, the vast stores of knowledge accumulated by us during our four long years of high school.

Lastly—We direct that all expenses incident to our graduation and to the execution of this will shall be paid promptly by the beneficiaries of the same.

We continue in detail:

Claude Depew leaves his ability to interpret Einstein to Sam Hirschman. May you, Samuel, become as accomplished as Claude.

Gertrude Depew generously leaves her naturally curly hair to Dora Herman. At last your wish, Dora, is gratified.

Her fleetness of foot Sophie Deraskewich kindly bequeaths to Sarah McGillvray. Profit by this valuable gift, Sarah, and gain some acceleration.

To you, Benjamin Sojer, does Beatrice Fornwald leave her ability to sell tickets; and to you, Frances Dermody, does she give her foolish actions.

Minna Franke leaves her beautifully legible left-handed Palmer handwriting to Benjamin Shapiro.

To Anna Isler's already melodious voice, Louis Gellerman adds his meager contribution.

Leon Herman considerably bestows his famous forensic ability upon Alex Holetz. He needs it.

Michael Hubert modestly bequeaths to Friedman his dramatic ability. Charles, may you look as well in a full-dress suit.

Red Du Beau, Jacob Kaplan leaves you his much-talked-of athletic form. Take advantage of the gift.

His numerous calls from classes, Harry Levine reluctantly

cedes to Charlotte Banta. Show your gratitude by never failing to go promptly.

Anna Lind bequeaths to Dorothy Walters her rôle of old maid. May you always take her advice about men.

To John Condrillo, Norma Macdonald leaves her extensive vocabulary. May it always be in such evidence.

Upon your shoulders, Schwartz, Anna McManus places a heavy burden—her calm disposition. Guard well that valuable asset—it will be useful in your future Senior days of dignity!

At last someone has thought of you, Chozanowski—Joseph Nedelka kindly bestows his diligence upon you.

Henry Peterson leaves his bashfulness to Launcelot De Costa. It won't hurt you, Launcelot.

Her well known and much admired paint-brush bangs Jeanette Snyder leaves to Mabel Ross.

To Jimmy Ashwell, Wilford Tallon leaves his popularity with the fair sex. You're starting young, Jimmy. His splendid memory he leaves to Goldsmith.

Jones Weitzman donates his sense of humor, so kindly bequeathed him by Frank Amon, to Joe Kovach.

Sorrowfully, Lillian Zelenick gives up her clinging disposition to Alex Shubin; and her striking poses to Dorothea Page. Oh, Dorothea,

Be you ever so humble,
You'll always be knocked.

Signed, sealed, published, and declared by the said Senior Class as its last will and testament, in the presence of us, who, at its request, and in its presence, and in the presence of each other, have hereunto subscribed our names as attesting witnesses to said instrument.

Witnesses:

REX GEORGE III
JULIUS CAESAR
N. G. ARISTOTLE

ANNA LIND, '22.
(NOTARY PUBLIC)

The Juniors have a very good reason for rushing out of French class a few minutes early. They say the Sophomores are so anxious to take their place that they haven't the heart to keep them waiting.

Mr. Augustine has been considerably perplexed as to the identity of the Budenbender twins. After keeping one of them in two hours after school, he found out that he had the wrong one.

A NAMELESS DRAMA IN TWO ACTS

"And much of foolishness, and more of nonsense, and simple-
ness the soul of the plot."
—Shakespoe

ACT I.

PLACE—*Living room of Jeannette Snyder's beautiful country residence.*

TIME—*Ten years hence.*

[*As curtain rises, Miss Snyder (novelist to the nth degree) enters wringing her hands in agony.*]

MISS SNYDER—Oh, will they never arrive? Here, Hawkins [*Hawkins, otherwise known as the ever-ready Kaplan*], give orders to have the cars sent to the depot. I can't stand the strain any longer.

HAWKINS—Yes'm [*with a broad grin*].

[*MISS SNYDER goes out only to rush in again madly, as the bell rings. Her cheeks are flushed. She bursts into admiration at sight of the tiny baby mouse on the shoulder of BABE ZELENIK, a dancer at a well known cabaret. Behind BABE stand a pair of well dressed business men known as H. LEVINE and J. WEITZMAN, partners in the Ladies' and Gents' Bathing Suit Manufacturing Company, lately inherited from their respective parents.*]

WEITZMAN—Hello.

LEVINE—Say, how's the world treating you?

[*HAWKINS, perspiring from the fatigue of overwork, hastily admits Claude Depew (of Depew's famous Jazz Band-its.) One hand he has in his pocket; the other is burdened with a small valise apparently containing a new corn-bone, the latest jazz instrument perfected by HENRY PETERSON, a notable inventor, who is seen to enter the next moment.*]

HAWKINS—What d'ya think of the place?

DEPEW—Gee! It's the Katz!

[*Sounds of a new racer stopping outside are heard, and MINNA FRANKE, in business-like attire, enters.*]

MINNA—Isn't it just splendid? I have just been appointed press agent for Jingling Bros'. Circus.

LEVINE—That's great.

WEITZMAN—Oh, ain't we got fun?

[*Before this can be answered the bell rings again, and standing at the portal is the unobtrusive ANNE McMANUS, a nurse in plain garb, accompanied by a demure little stenographer, SOPHIE DERASKEWICH.*]

MISS SNYDER—Why, girls, this is indeed a long-expected pleasure. This way—O, Hawkins! (Oh, he's so unreliable!)

[Immediately arrives LOUIS GELLERMAN, the great tenor of the Cosmopolitan Opera Co. With him is BEATRICE FORNWALD, his celebrated accompanist. He greets the guests in flowing accents.]

GELLERMAN—I left my monoplane on the golf links.

[Here enters the world-renowned Diving Belle, GERTRUDE DEPEW.]

LILLIAN ZELENIK—Hot Dogs! It's great to see you again, Turk. Did you come alone?

GERTRUDE—No, I—er—

[Enter LEON HERMAN, a notoriously reputable shyster lawyer and ANNA LIND, who has become famous thru her treatise on Washington's Theory of Revolution.]

DEPEW—I think I saw a taxi drive up just now.

HERMAN—It never rains but it pours.

[Analytical Detective SHERLOCK NEDELKA, and his cabby, MICHAEL HUBERT, come upon the scene. They are followed by WILFORD TALLON, the leading poet of the day, and NORMA, one of the famous Macdonald Sisters, who has at last realized a life-long ambition.]

NORMA—I have just sent my latest drama to George M. Cohan. It is named "The Call of the Coo-Coo."

WEITZMAN—Some peach!

[CURTAIN.]

ACT II.

[Containing the long-sought-for plot of the play (Censored.)]

The End.

BEATRICE FORNYALD, '22.

Just try to picture:

Joe Nedelka with a harem.
Charlotte Banta instructing Physical Training.
Anna McManus as a cheer-leader.
Norma Macdonald speechless.
Mildred Anderson on a bicycle.
Sophie Deraskewich acting foolish.
Jake without that everlasting grin.
Michael Hubert driving a car.
Leon Herman coach for the Yale Basketball Team.
Tallon with his necktie out of place.
Roy Wheeler with his hair parted in the middle.



INTERCLASS BASKETBALL

Before the regular basketball season opened, managers and captains of each class were appointed, and a series of interclass basketball games was instituted, the object being to select members for the varsity and second teams. From the series the Juniors emerged as the champions, each member of the winning team receiving his numerals.

BOYS' BASKETBALL

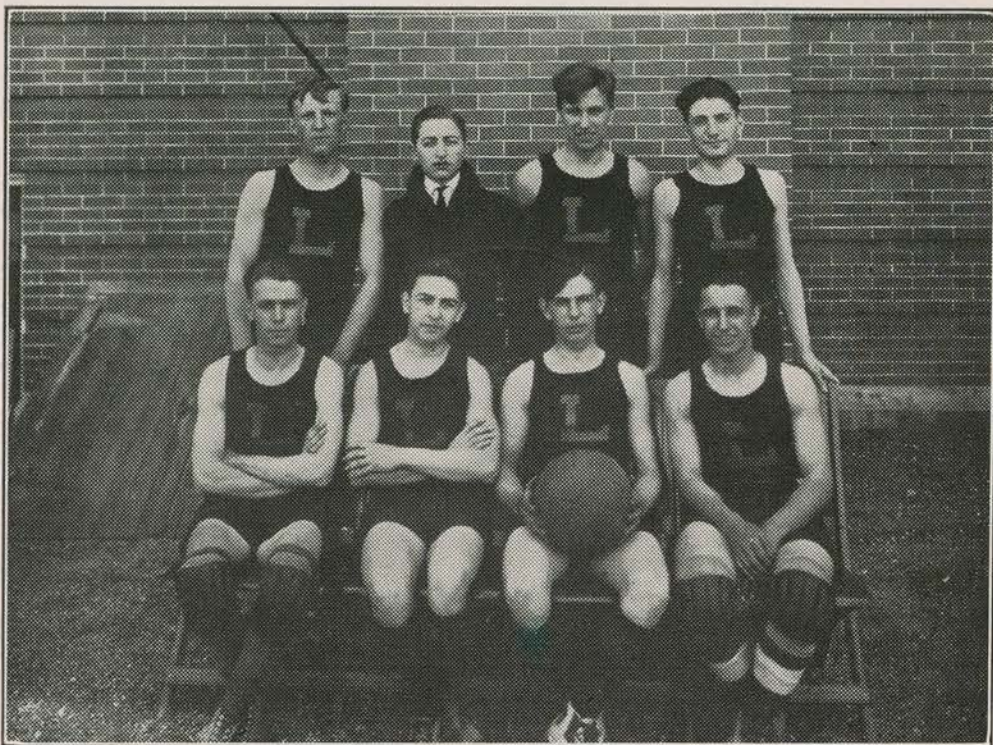
As a result of the interclass games, a light but fast team was picked as a varsity team. Despite the fact that Linden again was handicapped by lack of a suitable place in which to practise, the showing was very creditable, for the reason that all the games which were played, whether resulting in loss or victory, were games of clean sportsmanship.

Handicapped as Linden was, the games with Roselle Park, Hillside, Rahway, and Cranford were ones in which the showing made was excellent. In the three former games Linden was the victor, while in the game with Cranford, Linden was in the lead until the last few minutes of play.

At the end of the season letters were awarded to the members of the team and to Harry Levine, manager.

The members of the varsity and second teams were as follows: First team—Gilbert Schonfeld, captain, forward; Wilford Tallon, forward and guard; Joseph Kovach, center; Elmer Goodwin, guard; Benjamin Sojer, guard; Jones Weitzman, guard; and Launcelot De Costa, forward and guard.

Second team—George Marashefsky, Paul Miska, Joseph Nedelka, captain; Sam Hirschman, Jacob Kaplan, and Roy Wheeler.



BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM



GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

BASEBALL

The baseball season brought out many candidates, from whom, after several weeks of practice, twelve were chosen for the varsity. Sam Hirschman was elected captain, and August Ashwell, manager, of the team.

The first few games in which Linden participated resulted in a defeat for Linden. In the games with the Vocational School and Hillside, the score at the end of the ninth inning was a tie. In the latter case, Hillside won by scoring in the tenth inning. Two other games were lost by a close margin.

The schedule for the remaining games is as follows:

Cranford at Linden	May 5
Roselle at Linden	May 9
Rahway at Linden	May 12
Alumni	May 13
Summit at Linden	May 15
Faculty	May 22
Cranford at Linden	May 23
Linden at Roselle Park	May 26
Vocational School at Linden	May 29
Linden at Westfield	June 9

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

It may have seemed that the girls of L. H. S. did not shine during the past year in the branches of athletics in which they were engaged, but in view of the willing and sportsmanlike attitude with which they joined in these activities, they deserve high commendation.

For basketball, they were obliged to use the gym at School 2 whenever the boys could be induced to relinquish it. Here they engaged in several snappy practices. Many candidates for the class and varsity teams appeared. The varsity team, of which Jeannette Snyder was manager and Beatrice Fornwald captain, was as follows:

Center
Cordelia Banta
Side Centers
Sophie Deraskewich, Adeline Stoll, Lillian Zelenick
Guards
Charlotte Banta, Gertrude Depew
Forwards
Lois Squier, Beatrice Fornwald

During the season seven games were played with other schools.



BASEBALL TEAM

YE FRESHMAN INITIATION

O Mighty Father, kind and beneficent! Hear thou our tale of woe!

In the days of our forefathers, when men were bold and feared naught, sad was the fate of any venturesome freshman who dared to trespass the bounds set for him by Ye August Upperclassmen. To this day the village folk, speaking in awed whispers, recount the tale of several insubordinate fourth-classmen, who vanished from their ill-fated places of abode, at the time when lovely Diana hid her chaste countenance behind the silver clouds. Ne'er were they heard of or seen again. But now we have grown weak! Our hearts are cold, our brains numb, our blood pale, our hands soft; pity does not permit chastisement.

Hear, Great Master, how the freshmen were received into this degenerate high school. The victims were seated on the floor, in front of the stage. Then—O Mighty Father, scorn us not utterly—then the freshmen were entertained—*ENTER-TAINED!* Chief Meganbat Song-Hi Hirschman astounded that cultured assembly by uttering "wise words of wisdom." Schonfeld made a long, protracted "oratio (?)," which was received with gratuitous applause. Alexander the Great Shubin recited the musical scale most drearily. Depew even attempted to amuse the audience, making a great hit with the floor. To top our already overflowing misery, Marashefsky was as cute as she could be. Other would-be orators would have tortured these burning ears, but 'twas already more than enough. Thrusting pained fingers into the aforesaid organs, we bowed our head and awaited the end.

But not yet. The freshmen aided in the proceedings. O Father! Even in such degraded proceedings, Ye Upperclassmen were unable to act alone. The freshmen *WERE ASKED TO HELP!!!*

Enough! See'st thou, Mighty Master, to what depths of degradation and misery L. H. S. is fallen? Have mercy; grant our sad plea, and

Raise us up, return to us again,
And give us lumber, stickpins, courage, power,
That we may once more fear no mortal men.
(And wallop the freshies in some happy hour).

LEON HERMAN, '22.

In Linden the fathers may be the bread winners, but the upperclassmen certainly are the cake-eaters.



This is the second number of the High School Year Book. It is still far from perfect; but we have endeavored to improve it. And we hope that the Class of '23 will advance it still closer to the goal—a Year Book *par excellence*. We have changed the name from THE ACORN to THE ORANGE LETTER, such a change being advisable for several reasons; but we hope to keep the motto of THE ACORN ever in mind: "Great oaks from little acorns grow."

The Senior Class wishes to express its appreciation to all who have helped in the publication of THE ORANGE LETTER: to Miss Tuttle, who has so ably guided this book to its present state of completion; to Mr. Augustine, who suggested the new name of the book; to our contributors; to the many enthusiastic underclassmen, who have given us their hearty support; and to our advertisers, whose generous patronage has helped to make this book a financial possibility.

Last year, for the first time, Linden entered the Rutgers Interscholastic Debating League. Our opponent was Short Hills; a school with much experience and a long list of victories behind it. We lost; but the defeat was a victory. For we learned that all we needed was experience; and we set out to get it.

We got it. Numerous intra-school debates prepared us to meet the enemy. And we won. Won a championship. Won the satisfaction of being told that we couldn't do it again. BUT WE WILL!

The Board of Education has decided to give us a new High School building, which should be ready for occupancy in another

year. A new school will be advantageous, in that it will separate the High School from the grades, and relieve the severe congestion existing in the system. For two years the High School has been quartered in partitioned-off corners of the auditorium. There has been no chance for adequate basketball practice. Proper coaching of platform work has been obstructed by the presence of the classes held in the auditorium, while the classes have been hampered reciprocally. Moreover, the light has been bad. All things considered, the Board has made a wise move in authorizing the building of a new Linden High School, which will, we hope, contain all the appointments accessory to an up-to-date school. With such an equipment, Linden need fear no contest of any kind with any school of its size in the state—or outside of it.

THE EDITOR.

MINSTREL REMINISCENCES

Instead of a Circus or a Vaudeville, the Minstrels were forcibly imposed upon the long-suffering Linden public this year.

Several promiscuous freshmen endeavored to gyrate in a vocal High C atmosphere. After many attempts to tune up their vocal chords, some notes which had a vaguely musical effect were produced.

When the "cullud gem'men" started singing "I Wanna Be in Tennessee," some members of the audience were so affected as to offer to pay their carfare.

The audience applauded the mandolin strummers heartily. Such is the force of habit.

The graceful exit of the harmonica triplet was also greatly appreciated.

Each burst of applause was rewarded by bright rows of shining white teeth, which set off a grinning black background.

No bouquets were thrown at the saxophonists; the people were afraid of hitting the interlocutor.

The individual songs were certainly well received; only 37 critical remarks were overheard by the writers.

Ivory Bones had been prevailed upon to give us sinners a sermon. His soul-stirring eulogy caused the return of many a wayward black sheep to the straight and narrow way (Curtis Street).

When the chorus sang "Tuck Me To Sleep," several members of the audience hastened to comply with the request; but the curtains were drawn before any casualties resulted.

JOSEPH NEDELKA, '22.

LEON HERMAN, '22.



THE JUNIOR CLASS

JUNIOR COLUMN

The Junior Class is not yet world-renowned, but it has a record of which it is extremely proud. In all kinds of activities—athletic, intellectual, social—the Junior Class figures prominently.

Take basketball, for instance. We have the honor of being the proud and undisputed possessors of the interclass championship in that branch of athletics. In a series of fast, snappy games, we defeated the teams which the other classes put on the floor. The Sophomores seem to have been off their game this year, for we won most easily in those contests in which we were pitted against Hirschman's team.

The Junior team was composed of Joseph Kovach, captain; Roy Wheeler, Benjamin Sojer, Gilbert Schonfeld, Elmer Goodwin, August Ashwell, and Alex Shubin. Each member of the team received his numerals.

The recent Minstrel Show owed much of its success to the invaluable aid given it by our class. Our genius was also responsible for the Freshman Initiation. In debating, also, we took a leading part. And now that the Seniors are leaving their Alma Mater, we hope and expect to fill their places with honor, dignity, and success.

Ruth Smith confessed to Miss Sebastian in physics class that she did not understand the operation of the electric motor. Miss Sebastian, therefore, spent about twenty minutes of class time to explain how the motor worked, illustrating with profuse diagrams on the board. Ruth, who has been listening attentively, then called out:

"Miss Sebastian."

"Yes?"

"Is that a dynamo?"

A plausible theory has at last been advanced as to why Kovach does not get 4 A's every month. Instead of spending his study periods in study (which is what all the rules of Nature and the Board of Education intended them for), he devotes one-half of each period to arranging his books—and the other half to adjusting the broken front of his desk.

The fifth period Latin class has chipped in to buy Shubin a silencer.

Miss Watson complains that Wheeler translates French so fast she can't keep up with him. Yes, he sits next to Sojer.

Alumni Association congratulates the Class of 1922.
 Likewise it welcomes them into the organization.
 Under life's influences school friends are soon parted.
 Money, achievement, power become the driving motives.
 Numberless problems beset each individual.
 In their solution minds are engrossed and classmates forgotten.

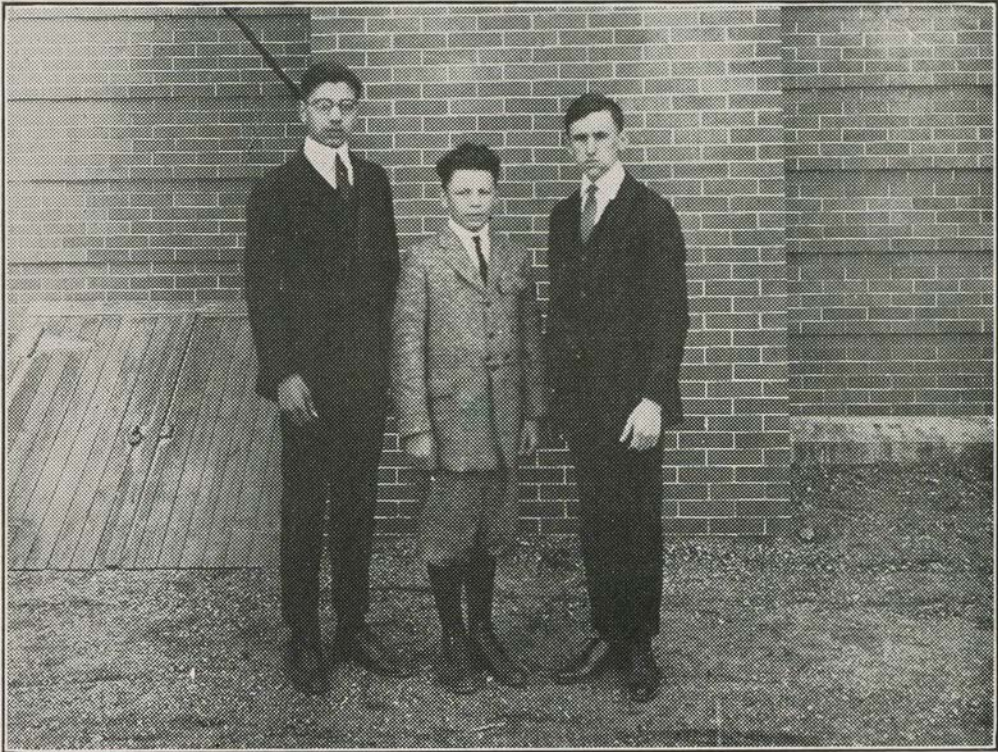
As time wears on, school-day memories are dimmed.
 Such is the natural course of events.
 Still there should be some means of reviving old friendships.
 Once or twice each year re-unions are possible.
 Considerable value can result from such gatherings.
 Informal discussions of each other's doings are thus permitted.
 Activities of other high school students can be viewed.
 That is why the Alumni Association was formed.
 Indifference, if permitted, will mar its success.
 One way of preventing interest to lag is evident.
 New members must come in each year to bolster up the old.

SAMUEL WINETSKY, '20.

Of youth's desire to manipulate
 The iron-bound menace of both town and state,
 And of the granting of the wish, I sing.

When March's roar and howl of windy din
 Have gone, and milder April's ushered in,
 Youth feels the call of spring leap in his heart,
 For in the spring youth's fancies lightly dart
 To dreams of gas-driven chariots, fast and bright,
 Such as the fairer sex prefer at night.
 At first, ere he may send his bounding car
 From town to town, to places near and far,
 Youth must needs gain the mutual consent
 Of parents, else this later he'll repent.
 When hot and tiresome arguments are past,
 And youth, triumphant, has in truth at last
 Convinced the doubting parents that his skill
 Cannot be equalled over dale and hill,
 O list! Does not this youthful tyrant shun
 The fact it's just the *first* fight he has won?

RUTH SMITH, '23.



DEBATING TEAM

In February of this year, Leon Herman was sent to represent the High School at the Rutgers Interscholastic Debating Conference. There Linden was put into a group with Roselle, Roselle Park, and Cranford. The question decided upon for debate was Resolved, That labor through representation of its own choice should share in the management of corporate industry. On March 24, Linden, upholding the affirmative of the question, defeated Roselle at Roselle, by a unanimous decision. On the same day, Roselle Park, supporting the negative, won the Roselle Park-Cranford debate. Linden then defeated Roselle Park on April 28 by a 2 to 1 decision. The debate, in which each team kept its original side of the question, was held at Roselle Park. Linden, as champion of the group, received a red and black banner from Rutgers College.

Great credit is due both the members of the team and the coaches for the convincing arguments, the forceful arrangement of material, and the finished delivery which characterized both debates. The team consisted of Leon Herman, captain; Lewis Winetsky, Benjamin Shapiro, and Abe Weinstein, alternate. The coaches were Miss Tuttle and Mr. Augustine, of the faculty.



THE SOPHOMORE CLASS

THE SOPHOMORE CLASS

The Sophomores started this year to show the foresight for which they will be famous hereafter: they organized. The class having begun to make money, it should, in its Senior year, be in a position to make the ever-planned trip to Washington.

The class officers are Benjamin Shapiro, president; Fred Schoonmaker, vice-president; Mildred Decker, secretary; and George Marashefsky, treasurer.

SOPHOMORE STATISTICS

The Sophomores distinguished themselves this year by winning the interclass debating championship. The victorious team was composed of Benjamin Shapiro, captain; Abe Weinstein, and George Marashefsky. Each member of the team received his numerals.

The Seltzer Motion Picture Corporation has offered Sam Hirschman Rudolph Valentino's contract. Plenty of time has been allowed him to accept the offer.

Now that Geraldine Farrar has resigned her position in the Metropolitan Opera House, Mademoiselle Annette Isler is thinking somewhat seriously of applying for her place.

Benjamin Shapiro insists upon advertising to the world in general, and to the high school in particular, that his sole and only ambition is to become a genius at the popular pastime of soap-box oratory.

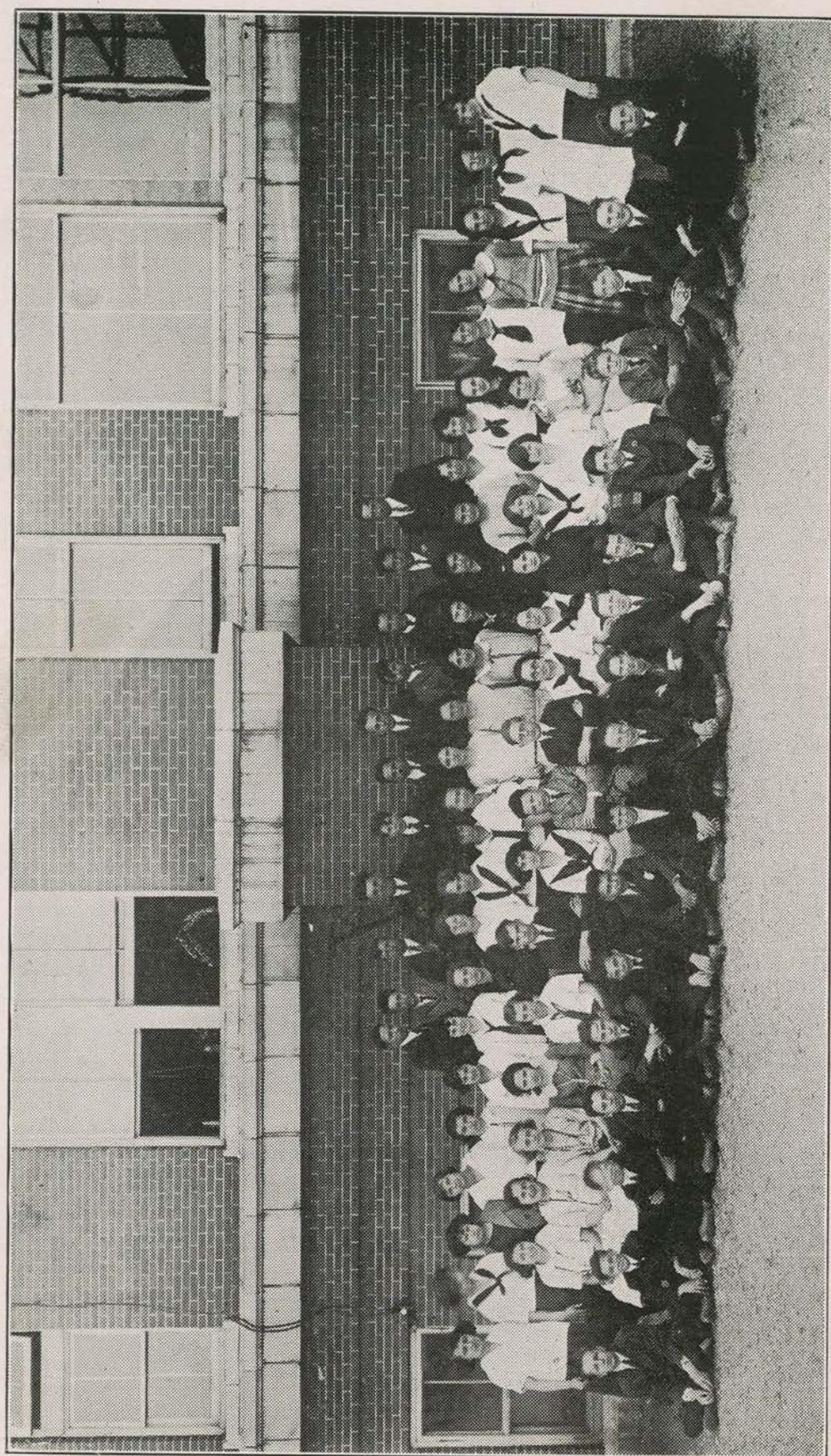
Through careful and diligent comparison with a piano, it has been discovered that Holetz laughs in the key of E flat.

Damsels under 35 take notice: Max Warshaw wants to marry a six-footer.

Durand Rogers complains that he wants to grow up.

Red Du Beau says that he has only partly succeeded in his attempt to get a harem. The girls don't like his freckles.

The Sophomore Class is 436 years old, 168 feet tall, and weighs 3,665 pounds! Some baby, say we.



THE FRESHMAN CLASS

FRESHMAN NOTES

September, 1921, saw the advent of our class in Linden High School. Even in the age of infancy its members displayed a great deal of class spirit and took part in the varied activities of the school. It will go down in history as the first Freshman class ever to organize. Its officers are: President, Lewis Winetsky; Vice-President, Leslie Goodwin; Secretary, Lillie Mahler; Treasurer, Frank Sawicki.

FRESHMAN RADIO PROGRAM

LHS, LINDEN (5,334 Meters)

- 4:20 P. M.—Instruction in the making of crystal radio sets without detectors, by John Werner, S. B. (Silly Boy).
 4:33 P. M.—Comical comedy, by Emil Foerch, prima donna.
 4:39 P. M.—“The Shreik,” sung by Mme. Dorothea Page, soprano, noted in musical circles for being high-pitched.
 4:54 P. M.—Fred Mauer, accompanied by his most honorable mule, Maud, will render a few jazz so-lows.
 5:20 P. M.—Fred McGillvray, the most noted graduate of the Linden State Agricultural College, will explain the development of the scientific growth of hogs, which he proclaims began in 41.5 B. C.
 5:43 P. M.—Lewis Winetsky will start a debate by giving a rebuttal for the affirmative side of the following question Resolved, That cucumbers and tomatoes be included in the rotation of crops in Spain and China.
 5:44 P. M.—Bedtime Story: Travels of the Ancient Mariner, by Miss Anna Olaszy, the Freshman who sailed the ocean blue—as Columbus did in 1492.
 6:15 P. M.—Studious life of Abraham Lincoln, by Miss Mary Filipich, the only Freshman who never forgot to do her history homework.

SAM RABKIN, '25.

INITIATION OF DOROTHEA PAGE

The Sophs bade Dotty Page to sing,
 And she did flat refuse;
 She was conveyed into the lab,
 Between two things to choose.

They blacked her face, pulled down her hair,
 And brought her up to show
 Her playmates all how sweet she looked!
 Though she insisted, “No!”

DORIS CARKHUFF, '25.

ELDORADO

Every smiling member of the U. S. history class was in his seat on time. Mr. Augustine began the period with the announcement that no homework would be given for a week. In addition, he would require no more seminars for the remainder of the term. He also stated that a new method would not be instituted for another week.

Claude Depew was called upon to deliver a report on "The Twenty Years of Republican Supremacy following the Civil War." The splendid report, a complete resumé of the period, displayed to advantage Depew's great histrionic and forensic ability. Following this, the class voted this period of our history the most interesting one in the entire course.

A stimulating discussion on "The Theory of Evolution" followed immediately, in which Henry Peterson took a lively part.

At the close of the period Mr. Augustine stated: "The ostensible purpose of this class is not to get an ambiguous idea concerning the 'new system' method, but to establish in each Senior an inherent ability to make a schism in history notes with impunity, to acclaim vociferously in after-life the perpetuity of history in the suspended animation of a long-defunct brain. To anyone whose condition and reflex actions do not gather the sense of this statement, perspicuous as it is, I will further enlarge upon it so as to make it transparent to the most unlettered and illiterate personage."

Everyone understood this perfectly.

JEANNETTE SNYDER, '22.

L. H. S. BIBLIOGRAPHY

Suggested by Margaret Katona, '24.

"Seats of the Mighty".....	The Senior Room
"The Promised Land".....	Rutgers College
"The Sheik".....	Claude Depew
"Tarzan".....	Sam Hirschman
"Bought and Paid For".....	The Pathescope
"The Merchant of Venice".....	Harry Levine
"The Country Cousin".....	Benjamin Shapiro
"Good Morning Dearie".....	Beatrice Fornwald
"Methods of Teaching in High Schools".....	Mr. Augustine
"The Cry of the Children".....	The Freshman Class
"The Mentor".....	Miss Ebbert
"A Tailor-Made Man".....	Wilford Tallon
"Being a Boy".....	Joseph Kovach

THE HALLOWE'EN PARTY

A large hall, fancifully decorated in black and orange; shaded lights, casting their dim radiance over a vari-colored gathering; strange figures, ranging from clowns to spooks, from hoboes to harem queens, flitting about: such is the impression a stranger would have got had he looked in on that Hallowe'en party.

After a suitable time had been allowed for admiration, and, if possible, recognition, preparations were made for the Grand March. The masqueraders fell into line, and were put through their paces, led by a clown, an houri, a rube, and another domino. Music was furnished by Miss West.

In a soul-terrifying speech, Miss Tuttle announced that all must now pass through the Chamber of Horrors. The Chamber (commonly known as the stage) was darkened, just enough light being left to make objects discernible. The hardy adventurers marched to the tune of groans, cries, and rattling chains, amid unearthly, clammy-handed ghosts and fearful skeletons. All who passed through safely were permitted to have their fortunes told by the mysterious gypsies, Anna McManus and Gertrude Depew.

Everyone in costume then joined a line which passed before Miss Ebbert, Miss West, and Mr. Moench, the judges who were to award the prizes. Adeline Stoll, attired as Little Bo-Peep, received the prize for the prettiest costume. Louis Rakin, as a pseudo Charlie Chaplin, received for the funniest get-up, a monkey dangling on a string (Louis, it seems, does not admire the taste of the committee in choosing such a prize for him). The prize for the most unique costume went to Olga Noge, who wore old, poorly-fitting, parti-colored clothes. Her hair was done up in corkscrews (a fashion out of date for the last few years). She used a tea strainer for a lorgnette, a sink brush for a fan, and a funnel for an ear trumpet. As a necklace she had a shoe horn on a string. On her back was a placard bearing the legend "From Broadway."

Mr. Moench, acting as barker, announced the "outbreak and eruption" of the "Scarlet Fever Octet," composed of Crowley, Goodwin, Depew, Sudzinski, Kovach, Tallon, Shubin, and Hubert. Then followed a few more "wise words of wisdom" donated to the audience by Hirschman and Marashefsky. Next came a short farce entitled "How to Get Fat," with a cast composed of Dora Herman, Marion Robson, and Michael Hubert (As it turned out, they got fat too fast). As a grand climax to the show, a pie-eating contest was staged between little Ashwell and "Slim" Friedman, the fat Freshman prodigy. Friedman, being naturally endowed with better eating facilities than Ashwell, won.

LEON HERMAN, '22.

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