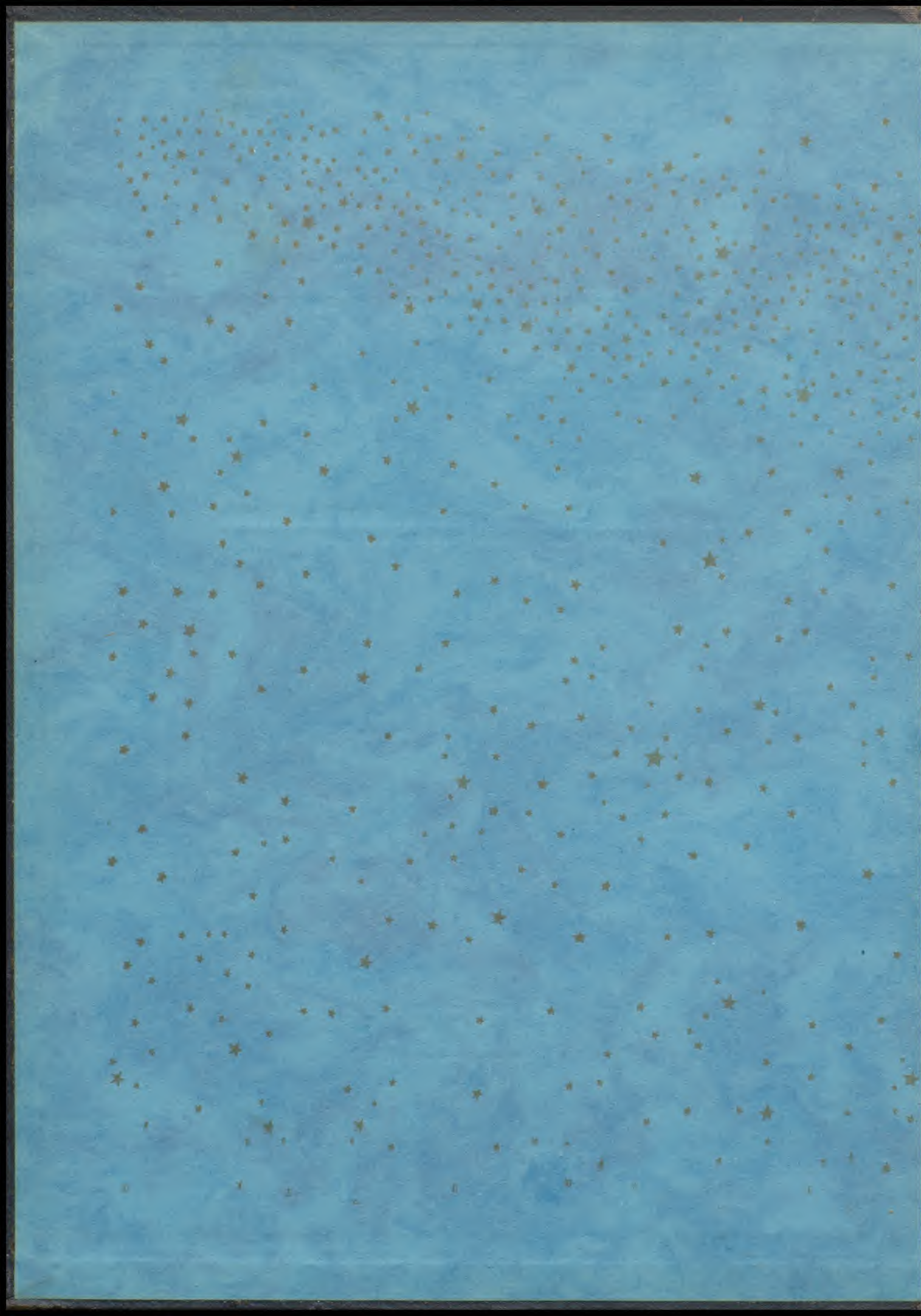
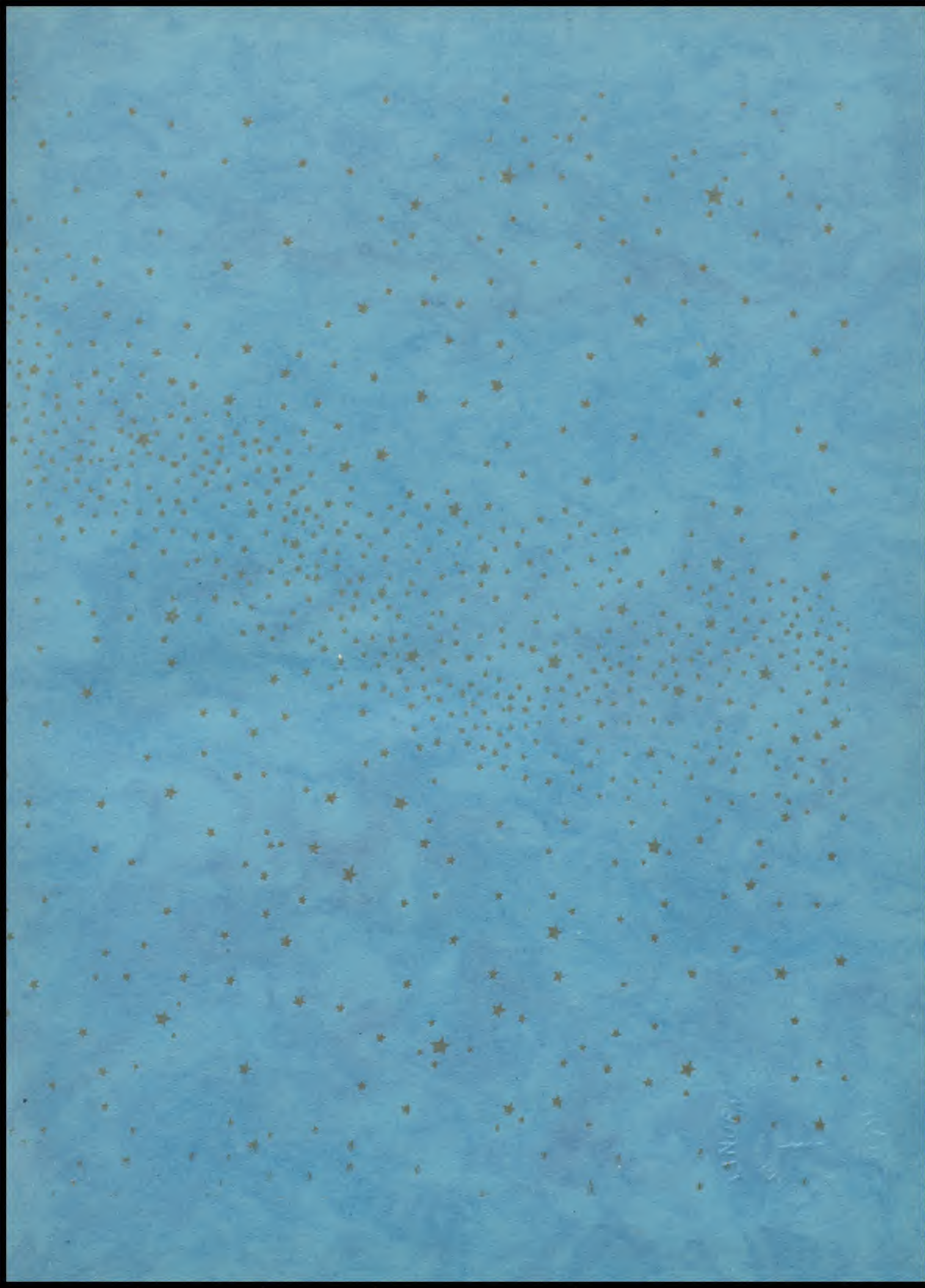


The
GYNOSURE

1928







THE CYNOSURE

Year Book
of
The Class of 1928



LINDEN HIGH SCHOOL
LINDEN :: :: NEW JERSEY

Foreword

THE Class of '28 has tried to depict in this, the fifth edition of The Cynosure, those various phases of school activity which have been the center of interest during the year, and they hope that in the future it may serve to guide memories back to all those things that make life in Linden High School happy and worth while.

The editors wish to acknowledge with gratitude the cooperation of all those who have in any way helped to make this book a success.

11904



The Linden High School

The Cynosure Staff

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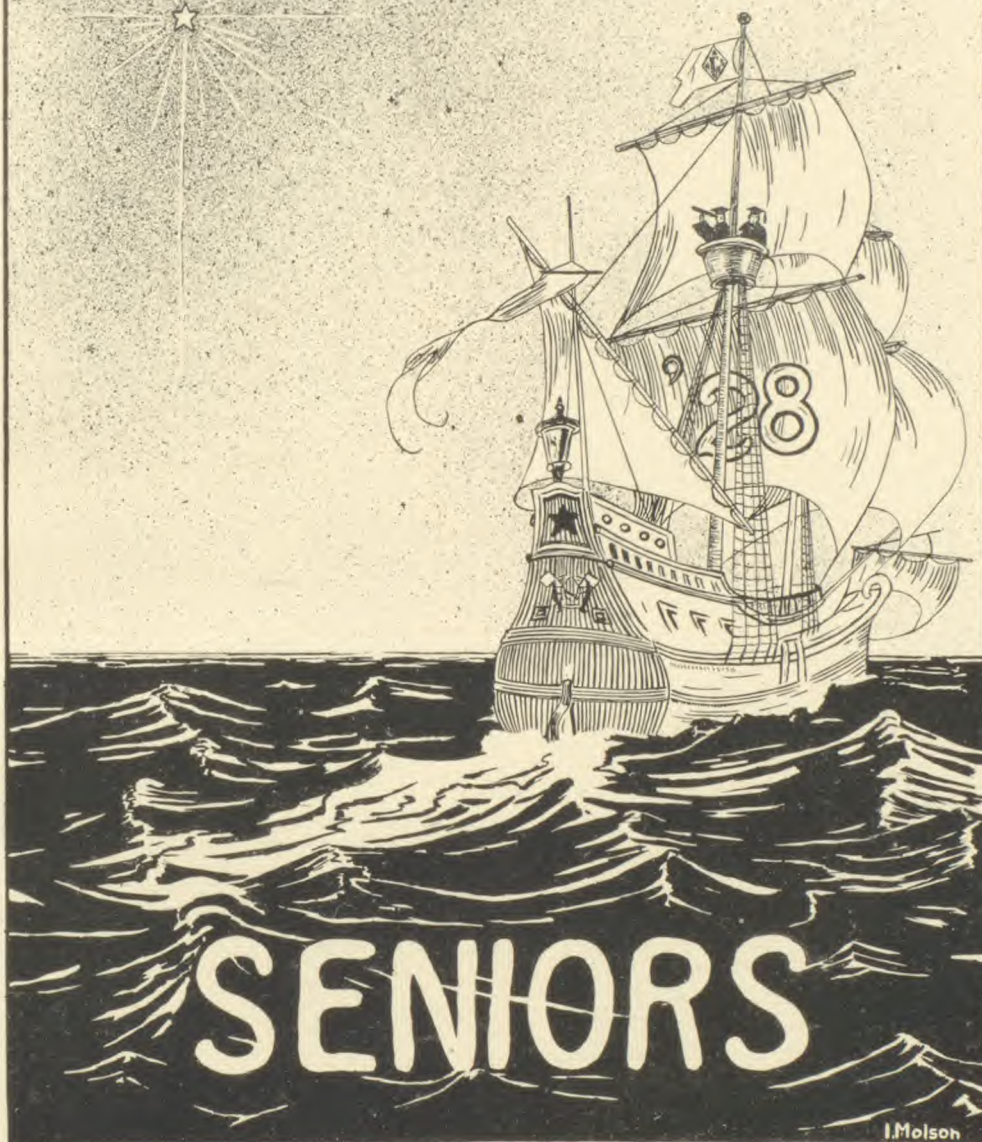


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Trenton Normal School	
FRANCIS KENDALL	Mechanical Drawing
Trenton Normal School	
HELEN SIEGMAN	Physical Training
Trenton Normal School	
DOROTHY TAMS	Music
Trenton Normal School	

"Forward, forward,
O'er the starlit sea"



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Senior Directory

GEORGE BIENFANG

"Bingy"

*"Heroes themselves have fallen behind
Whene'er he went before."*

Class President 2, 3, 4; Business Manager "Cynosure"; Senior Play; Operetta 3; "Springtime"; Debating Club 1, Vice-President 3; French Club 2, 3, 4; Secretary Radio Club 1; Vice-President Chemistry Club 3; Manager Football 4; Class Basketball 3, 4; Captain Hockey Team 3, 4; First Prize, Union County Oratorical Contest 4; Boys' Glee Club 3; Class Debating Team 3; Perfect Attendance 1, 2, 3, 4; Board of Health, Boys' Week 2; President of City Council 3; Hill-side Debate 3.

"Is diss a system?"

Lehigh University

RAY R. GORDON

"Ruthie"

*"The heart to conceive, the understanding to
direct, and the hand to execute."*

Vice-President Senior Class; Art Committee "Cynosure"; Stage Committee Senior Play; "Springtime"; Operetta 2, 3; Commercial Club 1, 2, 3, Vice-President 4; Insect Club 1; Girls' Glee Club 2; Class Basketball 2, 3, 4; Class Volley Ball 4; Varsity-Reserves 4; L. C. Smith Silver Pin 4.

"Isn't that nice?"

ALBERT H. DABB, JR.

"Al"

"Thou art a fellow of a good respect."

Class Vice-President 3; Class Treasurer 4; "Springtime"; Operetta 3; Senior Play; City Engineer, Boys' Week 3; Radio Club 1; Chemistry Club 3; French Club 2, 3, 4; Advertising Manager "Cynosure"; Boys' Glee Club 3; Hockey Team 3, 4; Class Basketball 3; Perfect Attendance 3.

"Aw dry up!"

BEATRICE BROWN

"B. B."

"Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls."

Class Secretary 3, 4; Chairman Art Committee "Cynosure"; Commercial Club 2, 3, 4; Girls' Glee Club 2; L. C. Smith Bronze Pin 3; Underwood Bronze Pin 3, Silver Pin 4; State Champion Stenography Team.

"Oooooo! Quick, a pencil."



THE CYNOSURE



HAZEL ALEXANDER

"Bill"

"What sweet delight a quiet life affords!"

Clerical Department "Cynosure"; Vice-President Plant Club 1; State Typewriting Contest Silver Medal 3; State Shorthand Contest 3; Underwood Bronze Pin 3; L. C. Smith Bronze Pin 3, Silver Pin 4; Remington Silver Pin 3; Perfect Attendance 2, 3, 4.
"Good Night!"

WILLIAM A. AMON

"Wally"

*"A flattering painter, who made it his care
To draw men as they ought to be, not as
they are."*

Art Committee "Cynosure"; Senior Play; Chemistry Club 3; Animal Club 1; Class Basketball 4; Reporter, Boys' Week 3; Perfect Attendance 2.
"Oh, what a guy!" Newark Tech.

HAZEL APPELGATE

"Apples"

*"The charms her downcast modesty
concealed."*

Publicity Committee Senior Play; President Plant Club 1; Remington Silver Pin 4; Underwood Bronze Pin 4; L. C. Smith Bronze Pin 4.
"Oh, for goodness sake!"

MARGARET BALOGH

"Margie"

"The word for me is Joy, just simple Joy."

Associate Business Manager "Cynosure"; Advertising Committee Senior Play; Operetta 2, 3; Commercial Club 2, 3; Secretary 4; Girls' Glee Club 2, 3; Animal Club 1; Class Basketball 4; Class Volley Ball 4; Radio Shorthand Certificate 4.
"Oh, yea?"

DOROTHY BAPTIST

"Dotty"

"Of manners gentle, of affections mild."

Stage Committee Senior Play; Commercial Club 2, 3, 4; Girls' Glee Club 2; Operetta 2; Tennis Club 3, 4; Class Basketball 2; Radio Shorthand Certificate 4; Underwood Bronze Pin 4. Royal Gold Pin 4.
"Aren't you merry?"

THE CYNOSURE



MARIE BEUTEL

"Baby"

"A pleasant, smiling cheek, a speaking eye."

Clerical Department "Cynosure"; Stage Committee Senior Play; Commercial Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Girls' Glee Club 2; Plant Club 1; Tennis Club 3, 4; Class Basketball 2, 4; Underwood Bronze Pin 4; Royal Gold Pin 4; Perfect Attendance 3, 4.

"Aw fiddlesticks."

HELEN BIENFANG

"Beene"

"It's guid to be merry and wise;

It's guid to be honest and true."

Clerical Department "Cynosure"; Business Committee Senior Play; Girls' Glee Club 2; Commercial Club 2, 3, 4; Class Volley Ball 4; Class Basketball 3, 4; Underwood Bronze Pin 3, Silver Pin 4; L. C. Smith Bronze Pin 4; Perfect Attendance 1, 2, 3, 4.

"Oh, you don't say!"

FRIEDA BUSHUNSKY

"Venus"

*"A harmless flaming meteor shone for hair,
And fell adown her shoulders with loose
care."*

Radio Certificate (100) 4; Underwood Bronze Pin 4; Remington Silver Pin 4.

"And how! is nobody's business."

LILLIAN CAROFF

"Lil"

"Born for success, she seemed

With grace to win, with heart to hold."

Literary Editor "Cynosure"; Senior Play; "Springtime"; Operetta 2; Commercial Club 1, 2, Vice-President 3, President 4; Girls' Glee Club 2, 3; Insect Club 1; County Speaking Contest 3; Radio Shorthand Certificate (80) 4; Underwood Bronze Pin 3, Silver Pin 4; L. C. Smith Bronze Pin 3; Remington Gold Pin 4; Royal Gold Pin 4; State Champion Stenography Team.

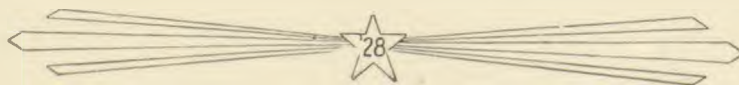
OWEN DAVIS

"Jimmie"

"Honor lies in honest toil."

Circulating Manager "Cynosure"; Senior Play; Radio Club 1; Class Basketball 3; Perfect Attendance 1.

Newark Tech.



THE CYNOSURE



ELLA DEUTSCH

"Elly"

"A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance."

Feature Editor "Cynosure"; Business Committee Senior Play; "Springtime"; Latin Club 3, 4; Tennis Club 3, 4; Girls' Glee Club 2, 3; Debating Club 1, 3, 4; Checker and Chess Club 1; Class Basketball 3; Class Volley Ball 4. "Oh! Isn't he cute?" Trenton Normal

GEORGETTE DE WINTER

"George"

"Thou art of the morning and the May."

Clerical Department "Cynosure"; Chairman Art Committee Senior Play; "Springtime"; Operetta 2; Commercial Club 2, Assistant-Treasurer 3, Treasurer 4; Girls' Glee Club 2; Class Basketball 3, 4; Class Volley Ball 4; Radio Shorthand Certificate (80) 4; L. C. Smith Bronze Pin 3; Underwood Bronze Pin 3, Silver Pin 4; Remington Silver Pin 4; Perfect Attendance 1. "You're full of red ants."

GENEVIEVE E. DOKTOR

"Gen"

*"Strong in will, to strive, to seek, to find,
and not to yield."*

Club Editor "Cynosure"; Pianist "Springtime"; Operetta 4; Latin Club, Treasurer 3, 4; Girls' Glee Club 2, 3, Secretary 4; Senior Girls' Glee Club 4; Debating Club 1, 3, 4; Class Debating Team 2, 3; Varsity Debating Team 2; Second Debating Team 2; Hillside Debate 3; Orchestra 2; Librarian 3, 4; French Club 2; Checker and Chess Club 1; Pianist Boys' Glee Club 3; High School Pianist 3; Class Volley Ball 4; Class Basketball 3; Perfect Attendance 2. "Not much!"

ANNA FRANKE

"Frankie"

"Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit."

Art Committee "Cynosure"; Art Committee Senior Play; French Club 2, 3, 4; Girls' Glee Club 2; Secretary Chemistry Club 3; Tennis Club 3; Star Club 1; Home Economics Club 4; Class Volley Ball 4; Class Basketball 4; Perfect Attendance 2, 4. "Now really?" Newark Normal

HELEN GELFOND

"Gelfie"

*"Her eyes are stars of twilight fair;
Like twilight, too, her dusky hair."*

Advertising Committee "Cynosure"; French Club 2, 3, 4; Girls' Glee Club 2; Insect Club 1; Tennis Club 4; Class Basketball, Captain 2, 3, 4; Sub-Varsity Basketball 3; Class Volley Ball 4; Radio Shorthand Certificate (80) 4; Underwood Bronze Pin 4; L. C. Smith Bronze Pin 4. "Well, well, I declare."

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LOUIS GLICK

"Louie"

*"Choice word and measured phrase, above
the reach of ordinary men."*

Class Vice-President 2, Treasurer 3; Feature Editor "Cynosure"; Operetta 3; Official Delegate Rutgers' Inter-scholastic Debating Conference 4; Debating Club 1, 3, Secretary 4; Captain Second Varsity Debating Team 2, 4; Class Debating Team 2, 3, Captain 4; Hillside Debate 3; Roselle Park Debate 3; Boys' Glee Club 3; Chemistry Club 3; Latin Club 3, 4; Checker and Chess Club 1; Board of Education, Boys' Week 2; Football 2, 3, 4; Class Basketball 3, 4; Track 1, 2, 3, 4.
"Ach Himmel!"
Rutgers University

ANNA GOLDENSTEIN

"Nan"

"A soul of power, a well of lofty thoughts."

Club Editor "Cynosure"; Business Manager Senior Play; "Springtime"; French Club 2, 3, Secretary 4; Latin Club 3, Vice-President 4; Checker and Chess Club 1; Second Debating Team 2; Debating Club 1, 3, 4; Underwood Bronze Pin 4; L. C. Smith Bronze Pin 4.
"May I ask a question?"
Newark Institute of New York University

EDITH HUDAK

"Edie"

*"Golden hair like sunlight streaming on
the marble of her shoulder."*

Advertising Committee Senior Play; "Springtime"; Chemistry Club 3; Class Basketball 3.
"I'm leffing!"

HELEN MARIE KALOCY

"Loola"

"On with the dance! Let joy be unconfined."

Class Editor "Cynosure"; Senior Play; "Springtime"; Latin Club 3, 4; Girls' Glee Club 2; Debating Club 1; Class Basketball 2, 4; Class Volley Ball 4; Tennis Club 4; Checker and Chess Club 1.
"You would; you're just that type!"

EDITH E. KING

"Potsy"

"Does well, acts nobly; angels could do no more."

Chairman Class Editors "Cynosure"; Senior Play; "Springtime"; Operetta 2, 3; Latin Club 3, 4; Girls' Glee Club 2, Vice-President 3, President 4; Senior Glee Club 4, Checker and Chess Club 1; Tennis Club 3, 4; Class Basketball 2, 3, 4; Class Volley Ball 4; Fab Contest, first prize 2; Track 4.
"Don't be a wheel!"
Trenton Normal



THE CYNOSURE



WILHELMINE M. KOPF

"Min!"

*"A soft and pensive grace,
A cast of thought upon her face."*

Clerical Department "Cynosure"; Remington Silver Pin 3; Underwood Bronze Pin 3; L. C. Smith Bronze Pin 3; Perfect Attendance 1, 3, 4. "Oh, I don't know."

ANNA KOZAK

"Anne"

"The mildest manners, and the gentlest heart!"

Stage Committee Senior Play; "Springtime"; Operetta 2, 3; Girls' Glee Club 2, 3, 4; Chemistry Club 3; Star Club 1; Home Economics Club 4; Tennis Club 3; Class Basketball 3. "Isn't that delicious?"

VIOLET KOZAK

"Vi"

"Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubin"

Art Committee "Cynosure"; Publicity Committee Senior Play; Operetta 3; Girls' Glee Club 2, 3, 4; Star Club 1; Chemistry Club 3; Home Economics Club 4; Tennis Club 3, 4; Class Basketball 3. "Oh, yes!"

BESSIE KRAVETSKY

"Bess"

"Hope elevates, and joy brightens her crest."

Clerical Department "Cynosure"; French Club 3, 4; Botany Club 1; Underwood Bronze Pin 3, Silver Pin 4; Remington Silver Pin 3; Radio Shorthand Certificate (80) 4. "Oh boy!"

MANUEL MARGULIES

"Mendel"

*"He comes, the herald of a noisy world,
News from all nations lumbering at his back."*

Advertising Manager "Cynosure"; Senior Play; Stage Manager "Springtime"; Radio Club 1; Debating Club 4; Class Debating 4; Second Varsity Debating Team 4; Class Basketball 3, 4, Captain 3. "Dun't esk!"

New York University

THE CYNOSURE



IRENE MOLSON

"Incie"

"Well she acted all and every part."

Editor-in-chief "Cynosure"; Class Secretary 2; "Springtime"; Girls' Glee Club 2, 3, 4; Vice-President 2; Senior Glee Club 4; Operetta 2, 3; Orchestra 2, 3, Secretary 2; French Club 2, Treasurer 3, President 4; Latin Club 3, 4; Debating Club 1; Captain Class Debating Team 1; Varsity Debating Team 2; Varsity Basketball 3; Class Basketball 1, 2, 4, Captain 1, 4; Captain Class Volley Ball 4; Tennis Club 3, 4; High School Pianist 2; Track 4.

"Ask me, I should know?"

New Jersey College for Women

MATILDA M. NOGI

"Pat"

"She that was ever fair and never proud"

Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud."

Athletic Editor "Cynosure"; Senior Play; "Springtime"; President Athletic Association 4; Girls' Glee Club 3, 4; Senior Glee Club 4; French Club 3, 4; Latin Club 3, 4; Debating Club 1; Chemistry Club 3; Varsity Captain and Manager of Girls' Sports 4; Varsity Basketball 3, 4; Class Volley Ball 4; Class Basketball 1, 4; Tennis Club 3, 4; Cheer Leader 4; Track 4.

"My word!"

Dickinson College

JOSEPH OESTREICHER

"Joe"

"Persuasion tips his tongue whene'er he talks."

Class Editor "Cynosure"; Senior Play; Operetta 3, Stage Manager Operetta 3; Checker and Chess Club 1; Boys' Glee Club 3; Latin Club 3, 4; Debating Club, Treasurer 3, President 4; Hillside Debate 3; Roselle Park Debate 3; Captain Class Debating Team 4, Captain 2; Varsity Debating Team 4; Reporter, Boys' Week 3; Class Basketball 3, 4.

New York University

EMILY G. PARFITT

"Em"

"With eyes that looked into the very soul."

Publicity Committee Senior Play; "Springtime"; Star Club 1; Girls' Glee Club 4; Chemistry Club 3; Class Basketball 2, 3, 4, Captain 3; Varsity Basketball 4.

"Do you really mean it?"

EVELYN C. PETERSON

"Pete"

"Gentle of speech, beneficent of mind."

Clerical Department, Cynosure. Stage Committee Senior Play; "Springtime"; Class Basketball 2, 3, 4; Underwood Bronze Pin 4, Silver Pin 4; L. C. Smith Bronze Pin 4; Silver Pin 4; Royal Gold Pin 4; Remington Silver Pin 4.

"Oh, such a man."

Brooklyn Norwegian Hospital

THE CYNOSURE



MARY RABKIN

"O, Mary"

"Wise to resolve, and patient to perform."

Clerical Department "Cynosure"; "Spring-time"; Star Club 1; Class Basketball 3; Radio Shorthand Certificate (100) 4; State Typing Contest 3, 4; State Shorthand Contest 3, 4; Underwood Bronze Pin 3, Silver Pin 4, Gold Pin 4; L. C. Smith Bronze Pin 3, Silver Pin 4, Gold Pin 4; Remington Silver Pin 3, Gold Pin 4; Royal Gold Pin, Card Case 4; State Champion Stenography Team.

"Oh, this typewriter."

BEATRICE RASHKIND

"Bee"

"Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye."

Class Editor "Cynosure"; Girls' Glee Club 2; Commercial Club 1, 2; Insect Club 1; Botany Club 1; Radio Shorthand Certificate (80) 4; Underwood Bronze Pin 4, Silver Pin 4; L. C. Smith Bronze Pin 4; Royal Gold Pin 4; Remington Silver Pin 4.

"What does that make me?"

EDWIN S. RINAU

"Red"

"A moral, sensible, and well bred man."

Circulating Manager "Cynosure"; Senior Play; Operetta 3; President Radio Club 1; Boys' Glee Club 3; Class Basketball 3; Football Reserves 3, 4; Track 3, 4.

"Well, with an airplane or motorcycle -- er --!"
Newark Tech.

FRANCES SCHIECTER

"France"

*"Give me a book that does my soul embrace
And makes simplicity a grace."*

Botany Club 1; Insect Club 1; Radio Shorthand Certificate (80) 4; Underwood Bronze Pin 3; L. C. Smith Bronze Pin 4; Silver Pin 4; Remington Silver Pin 4.

"Oh yeh!"

SADIE SCHILLER

"Syd"

"Bid me discourse; I will enchant thine ear."

Art Committee Senior Play; Commercial Club 2, 3, 4; Botany Club 1; Class Basketball 3, 4; Radio Shorthand Certificate (80) 4; L. C. Smith Bronze Pin 3, Silver Pin 4; Underwood Bronze Pin 3, Silver Pin 4; Royal Gold Pin 4; Remington Silver Pin 4.

"Hey, wait for me!"



THE CYNOSURE



ANNA E. SMILES

"Fat"

"Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we diet."

Assistant Business Manager "Cynosure"; Senior Play; French Club 2, 3, Treasurer 4; Latin Club 3, 4; Girls' Glee Club 2; Checker and Chess Club 1; Tennis Club 3; Class Basketball 2, 3, 4; Perfect Attendance 3, 4.

"What couldn't I do with that money?"

Newark Normal

LILLIAN E. SMITH

"Babe"

*"A daughter of the gods, divinely tall
and most divinely fair."*

Literary Editor "Cynosure"; Senior Play, "Springtime"; Operetta 2, 3, 4; Girls' Glee Club 2, 3, 4, President 2, 3; Senior Glee Club 4; French Club 2, 3, 4, Vice-President 3, Corresponding Secretary 4; Latin Club 3, President 4; Debating Club 1; Tennis Club 3; Class Debating Team 1; Class Basketball 2, 3, 4; Class Volley Ball 4; Orchestra 2, Vice-President 3; Treasurer Athletic Association 4; Cheer Leader 4; First Prize County Oratorical Contest 4.

"Oh Hector!"

New Jersey College for Women

ANNA M. SOJER

"Sojer"

"Of loyal nature and of noble mind."

Business Committee Senior Play; French Club 2, 3, 4; Botany Club 1; Tennis Club 3; Class Basketball 3, 4; Class Volley Ball 4; Varsity Basketball 4; Perfect Attendance 1, 4; Underwood Bronze Pin 4.

"Oh for crying out loud!"

BRUNO STEMPEL

"Stemp"

"He set the cause above renown;

He loved the game above the prize."

Sports Editor "Cynosure"; "Springtime" Boys' Glee Club 3; Football 3, Captain 4, Second All-County 3, First All-County 4, Third All-State 4; Basketball 4, Honorable Mention All-County 4; Baseball 2, 3, 4; Chemistry Club 3; Board of Education Boys' Week 3; Perfect Attendance 1, 2, 4; Animal Club 1; Class Basketball 1, Captain 2, Coach 1, 2, 3, 4.

"But I'm good!"

FRANK SUPLESKY

"Supe"

"Oh, it is excellent to have a giant's strength."

Advertising Committee "Cynosure"; Senior Play; "Springtime"; Boys' Glee Club 3; Football 3, 4; Second All-County Team 4; Hockey Team 3, 4; Class Basketball 3; Underwood Bronze Pin 4; L. C. Smith Bronze Pin 4; Remington Silver Pin 4; Royal Gold Pin 4.

"Where's your homework?"



THE CYNOSURE



FRANCES F. WALCK

"Fritz"

*"Begone, dull care; I prithee, begone from me!
Begone, dull care! Thou and I shall never agree."*

Art Committee Senior Play; "Springtime"; Girls' Glee Club 3; Insect Club 1; Tennis Club 3, 4; Class Basketball 2, 3, 4; Varsity Basketball 4; Track 1, 2, 3, 4; L. C. Smith Bronze Pin 4; Remington Silver Pin 4; Radio Shorthand Certificate (80) 4; Perfect Attendance 2, 3.

"Strike me over!"

ABE WEISBROT

"Punjo"

"A virtuous and well-govern'd youth."

Advertising Committee "Cynosure"; Senior Play; Boys' Glee Club 3; Chemistry Club 3; Class Basketball 2, 3, 4.

HAROLD WHITMAN

"Shorty"

*"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men."*

Orchestra 3, 4.

"Pipe down!"

MORRIS WINETSKY

"Mush"

*"When people agree with me, I always feel
that I must be wrong."*

Literary Editor "Cynosure"; President Checker and Chess Club 1; Debating Club 2, 3, 4; Chemistry Club 3; Class Debating Team 1, 2, 3, 4, Captain 3; Hillside Debate 3; Class Basketball 3.

FRIEDA YANOWITZ

"Fritz"

*"Seeing only what is fair,
Sipping only what is sweet"*

Art Committee Senior Play; "Springtime"; Operetta 2, 3; Insect Club 1; Girls' Glee Club 2, 3; Radio Shorthand Certificate (80) 4; L. C. Smith Bronze Pin 4; Underwood Bronze Pin 4; Royal Silver Pin 4.

"Hey, listen!"

JACK DRAGAN

"Jake"

"A man of mark."

Stage Committee Senior Play; Civics Camera Club 1; Advertising Committee; "Springtime"; Cross Country Run 1; Perfect Attendance 3, 4; Class Basketball 3, 4.

JULIUS GOLDSMITH

"V. D."

*"A quiet mind, a patient mood, and not
distaining any."*

Boys' Glee Club 3; Cross Country Run 2; Soccer 1; Football Reserves 3, 4; Class Basketball 3, 4; Track 1, 4.

THE CYNOSURE

Senior Horoscopes

OUR every nerve was atingle with anticipation as Professor Stellar, the noted astrologer, bowed us into his queer little observatory, filled by a powerful telescope and ponderous tomes that lined the walls and overran the table. He bade us be seated and, sitting down in a roomy armchair from which he had just removed a handsome, green-eyed, black cat, he slowly and reverently pulled forward and opened a huge volume, whose blackness was intensified against his flowing white beard. As he monotonously droned out his explanation of the sun's journey through the signs of the Zodiac, of his world-old science, and of the potency of the stars to influence human destiny, we, sitting on the edge of our chairs, felt a strange, vibrant, electrical quality in the air from which we longed to flee in terror. What had this old, bent, magician to say to youth; what did he know of the rosy hopes that colored our horizons, or of the noble deeds we meant to do in the new world which should be ours?

But noticing our nervousness, he called to his lap the sleek Merlin who had been rubbing his glossy fur against the dark silk window drapery and became almost brisk and businesslike as he turned to some freshly written sheets and thanked us for the full data we had sent him about our class of '28.

The sun, he explained, in his yearly journey passes through the heavens through the twelve signs of the Zodiac, in each of which he remains for thirty days and some hours. Every mortal manifests those characteristics, talents, virtues, and faults peculiar to the sign in whose house the sun happens to be at the time of his birth.

Those born between December 22 and January 19 are influenced by Capricorn and will find Saturday their lucky day and the garnet their lucky stone. Capricorners are apt to be very deep thinkers, good students, and witty and amusing, but they are sometimes sullen and deceitful, and need to guard against extreme caution and stinginess. Then, glancing at his notes, he told us that according to the reading of the stars *Bruno Stempel* will completely realize his ambitions, awaken in history class, and will become the

foremost statesman of his day, noted far and wide for his powers of oratory; and, he added, there is little danger of his being a henpecked husband. *Frieda Yanowitz*, he said, will become an excellent French teacher, eventually supplanting Mrs. Hardin at the Linden High School, and *Anna Smiles* will win world renown as the director of a clever dog show.

Aquarius next holds sway from January 20 to February 18. The true Aquarians are very stable creatures and are humanitarians, reformers, and builders, deeply intellectual and very clever thinkers. In science, literature, fine arts, and politics, they may become leaders; but they are often so fervently interested in reforming the world, that they become critical and difficult to get along with. They should beware of falls and indigestion and seek abundant open air and exercise. Saturday is their day of greatest accomplishment, and the sapphire their birthstone. Our classmates born under this sign will all attain eminence. *Hazel Appelgate* will find her life work as a reformer of politics. *Frances Schechter* will edit a magazine devoted to kindness to school children and proper restraint of the entire teaching profession. *Manuel Margulies*, as a politician, soap box orator, and oil land promoter, will have to step carefully to avoid Miss Appelgate's vigorous opposition. *Violet Kosak* within fifty years will be one of the world's foremost scientists as a result of her discovery that Ivory soap floats, and *Anna Franke*, as the popular author of that best-seller, "Hints to the Lovelorn," drawn from her own happy home experience, will grow rich enough to found an asylum for maiden aunts. *Mary Rabkin* will address these "unclaimed blessings" on how to get husbands.

Dr. Stellar's voice had again become a monotonous sing song, and we heard little that he said about the general characteristics of those born under the influence of Pisces, February 19 to March 20, and it was not until we realized that he was speaking of *Albert Dabb* with a particularly caressing tone that we really became alert once more, for Albert, it seems, is to become a magician of mystical power, who will be able to do



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much for those who believe in his occult science. And to think we never guessed it of our "erudite bishop." *Anna Goldenstein*, after extensive study, will become a teacher noted for her ability to stir the idealism of her pupils. *Sadie Schiller* will probably give up her business career for that of music in which she will attain great success. *Anna Sojer's* skill and gentleness will make her a greatly loved nurse. *Edwin Rinau* will develop along the finer mechanical lines, and be closely connected with the advancement of aeronautics and motorcycles.

From March 21 to April 19 Aries is in the ascendancy. The people of Aries will find Tuesday their most auspicious day and the diamond their jewel. These people are born fighters and leaders and may excel as artists, writers, musicians, orators, and reformers. They are constructive, show dynamic energy, great restlessness and a desire for "more worlds to conquer," but they must control their tempers and jealousy. Of our three friends under Aries, we heard great things. *Wilhelmine Kopf* will become a business manager of one of our great railroad systems. *Irene Molson's* brilliant musical and executive abilities will in time make her the successor of Walter Damrosch. And *Julius Goldsmith* will become a fiery and impetuous military general.

The old astrologer's ejaculation of these last words left no doubt of his pacific tendency, and Merlin, awakened from his slumber, walked with dignity toward the window, where he looked out upon the world of men with malicious eye, slowly waving his great tail the while.

It was some minutes before the scientist again took up the tale and told us that the people of Taurus, April 20 to May 20, are determined, self-reliant, wonderful organizers and managers, and of great depth of personality and character. They may be deeply interested in science and educational matters, are often fine doctors and interested in literature or the arts. Friday is their lucky day and the emerald their jewel. Friday 13 need hold no fears for them. *Beatrice Brown*, born under this star, will be widely loved for her beautifully illustrated books of verse, but her greatest fame will come from her poetic drama which she will direct and for which she will also design the costumes and scenery. *William Amon*, ten years hence, will win fresh laurels for

America as the world's most famous cartoonist. Perhaps his high school teachers may then weep for those early drawings which they so rashly fed to the waste basket. *Georgette De Winter* and *Anna Kozak* will both attain business success, Anna managing her own "Dress Shoppe" and Georgette as private secretary to John D. Rockefeller. (Some distinction, eh? We'll bet she will wear a bigger hat after this). The stars also foretell that Linden High will be proud of *Dr. Winetsky* in the near future. Get busy with the hygiene, first aid, and zoology, doctor. Hail to the future 1930 champion basketball forward of Jersey state, *Matilda Nogi*. (When interviewed by the press, Pat, don't forget to say you were trained at Linden High.) Boys, boys, no fair rushing! *Helen Bienfang* will be quite a cook and will run an exclusive "Kandy Kitchen" on the boardwalk in Atlantic City. We have already caught her looking up candy recipes in the library.

The influence of Gemini extends from May 21 to June 20. These people will usually find that Wednesday is the most important day for them. The agate or pearl is their birthstone. They are gay, and fun loving, and often witty. Practical joking amuses them, except when they are the victims. They are restless and have a desire for change. They are artistic and are quite clever interior decorators. Because Mercury rules them, they have an aptitude for bookkeeping and accounting. They often live as far as possible by their wits. Under the influence of Gemini *Abe Weisbrot* will become a professional card shark. (Be careful when you play cards with Abe.) The artistic temperament of *Owen Davis* will be shown in his life work as an interior decorator. He will furnish the homes of the "four hundred." *Frances Walck* need never worry where her next dollar is coming from, as she will be an expert bookkeeper, employed by Dunn & Bradstreet. Another lucky individual will be *Helen Gelfond*, who will in 1935 hold the world's championship for stenography.

Cancer holds sway from June 21 to July 22. The real Cancer type of person is little understood and is moody, changeable, and as elusive as the tides of the sea, but he is also quietly persistent. It is useless to storm, rave, persuade, or try to coerce him. Many Cancer people have dramatic talent.

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Others are successful as financiers, organizers, and executives. They have great foresight in placing investments and will hold on to the money they make. Even though they are home loving, they like to travel, and they often have navy or sea occupations. Their birthstone is the pearl, and important transactions should be made on Monday. How we envy *Margaret Balogh*! She will inherit a few millions and will satisfy her longing for travel. We can see her now taking in all of Europe, and wintering on the Riviera. *Frank Suplesky* is to become a financier, whose fame will even overshadow that of the great J. Pierpont Morgan. *Harold Whitman* will be a sailor lad with a sweetheart in every port. "Variety is the spice of life." (Won't he look handsome in his uniform?) On a night in 1935 the Plaza billboards will be blazing with the name of *Emily Parfitt* in "One Minute to Live."

Dr. Stellar turned a page and continued. Leo rules from July 23 to August 22. Persons of the Leo type have warm hearts and loving natures. If not influenced by other signs they are gay, optimistic, impulsive, and spontaneous. But once their temper is invoked, beware! While they are genial, they resent curiosity or interference in their affairs. These people make good orators and actors. They lose patience if they cannot make money quickly. They are deeply religious and love the symbolic forms, the color, dignity, and grace of church ceremonials. Leos dearly love animals.

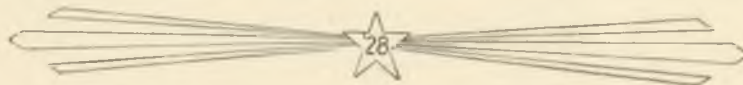
The horoscope reveals that *Marie Beutel* as a modern evangelist will stir her congregation deeply. After studying in France, Germany, and Italy, *Hazel Alexander* will become a famous portrait painter engaged exclusively by the royalty of Europe. *Ella Deutsch* won't have to worry about her future any more. She will be an expert animal trainer. Training lions for racing will be her specialty. *Helen Kalocy* will be hailed as greater than "Pavlowa."

Virgo dominates the heavens from August 23 to September 22. Its gem is the sapphire and the important day Wednesday. Virgo is a literary sign and the intellectual people ruled by this sign become writers, editors, journalists, and critics. They are efficient and shrewd and make a success of their talent in the commercial world. They are also good musicians, especially singers.

Virgos bubble over with enthusiasm and geniality. They are contented if they never marry. Many clever doctors and writers are born under this sign. We advise *Joe Ocs-treicher* to study for dentistry or journalism because the sign is equally influenced by two other planets; or make a compromise, Joe, write for daily newspapers about dentistry. *Bessie Kravetsky* will become circulation manager of a prominent Linden newspaper, "The Linden Disturber." Everybody please remember this name: *George Bienfang*—ten years hence that will be the name of our New Jersey governor. (The next step is the White House, your Excellency.) *Edith King* will become a wealthy society woman giving amateur performances for sweet charity's sake. Here the old astrologer paused abruptly. We wondered why, but the expression on his face told us that it was our own turn. We leaned forward in our chairs with expectancy, but we were to be disappointed, for he only shook his head and said, "No girls, my information is not to satisfy idle curiosity. You must depend upon your own ability to interpret what I have already revealed, to see into your own future."

Turning a deaf ear to our pleas, he continued in the same droning voice with the next sign, which was Libra, which influences those born between September 23 and October 22. Their lucky day is Friday and their jewel, the opal. The Librans are very charitable and sweet tempered, but they show a great deal of spirit when aroused and promptly subdue the offender. Persons under Libra make clever lawyers. In this field they are logical, eloquent and witty. They love excitement, novelty, and change. Their artistic souls express themselves in dramatics, designing, and interior decorating. Librans are not constant and have many flirtations and love affairs. *Ray Gordon* is the higher type of Libran. Her executive ability and logical reasoning should lead her to success in the practice of law. Mr. Barrett will verify the above statement. (Remember the arguments in law class, mates?)

The mysterious sign of Scorpio now makes its appearance and stays with us from October 22 to November 21. Tuesday is the most importance day, and the topaz, the gem. People governed by this sign are naturally secretive and silent (even the girls). They are very much absorbed in



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their own affairs and do not seem very cordial, but when they become intimate with one, their loyalty and devotion is unswerving. Scorpions possess an uncanny thirst for the mysteries of occultism, and they are deep thinkers and make wonderful physicians and surgeons. In science and philosophy they are in the lead. The sea has an irresistible call, and these people enjoy traveling via water.

Now we can understand *Evelyn Peterson* a little better. She will become a fortune teller with a great knowledge of mystic science. "Friends, Romans, and Countrymen," solve your problems at Madame Peterson's dingy quarters in Greenwich Village. Keep up your music *Dorothy Baptist*. The stars predict that as a teacher of higher learning you will succeed. We are recommending you already. Well, well, an antique collector! Why *Frieda Bushunsky*? You will travel all over Europe in pursuit of dilapidated antiques and open a shop on the banks of the beautiful Rahway River. *Genevieve Doktor* will travel throughout the West, living on ranches, learning how to ride bucking bronchos, and investigating the occult mysteries of the Indian Medicine Men.

Sagittarius appears November 22 and departs December 21. Those of this sign should perform important transactions on Thursday. The jewel of this group is the turquoise. Though blunt spoken, and lacking in diplomacy, the people ruled by Sagittarius are fun loving, kind, and genial, when their good points are brought out. Being excitable, impatient, and exacting, they are rather difficult to get along with. But these fits of temper and explosions soon blow over, and they are as lovable as can be. They are outdoor enthusiasts and love all sports, particularly hunting. They are also fond of animals and seem to understand them, Sagittarians are dramatic, writers of humorous fiction, feature articles, and make clever cartoons and caricatures. They are also inventive and skillful.

Bon voyage, *Edith Hudak*. Your dramatic ability will make you popular in many

parts of the world. Will you let us come back stage if we see you dancing in gay Paree? *Beatrice Rashkind*'s inventive mind will create some useful things, among them, all-day suckers on the back of pens and pencils, something to prevent grapefruit from squirting, and "Alibis for Henpecked Husbands." Due to a precocious analytical method of concentrating, *Mr. Louis Glick* will procure a satisfactory solution to that vexing enigma of being a perambulating dictionary to lowly personages, by publishing an ameliorated pocket edition entitled "My Vocabulary of 1,275,979,235½ Words." The first word will be "archichlamydeous."

When Dr. Stellar had finished the horoscopes, dusk had filled the room with shadows which deepened as he continued, "Thus the stars indicate the fortunes of your friends. You will live in a great age, the future—machinery, science—how they will revolutionize this old world! Mechanical wings will sweep you through the heavens. See to it, my dears, that the human spirit too flies on swift, unwearied pinions toward the goal of great desires."

He ceased and lit a taper standing on the book shelf, at once quieting the tumultuous beating of our hearts and extinguishing the wild flame in the eyes of the cat, who had come to rub against his leg.

With many thanks but rather dazed spirits, we said farewell and walked out into the early darkness, feeling that even if his "science" was of the dead past rather than the future, we had had a real and vital experience through contact with such a personality.

"The fault, dear Brutus is not in our stars;

But in ourselves, that we are underlings,"

one quoted; and the other answered,

"(O Time, thou must untangle this, not I;

It is too hard a knot for me t'untie."

LILLIAN SMITH, '28

LILLIAN CAROFF, '28.



THE CYNOSURE

History of the Class of '28

March 10, 1978.

Dearest Mary,

I've spent this entire rainy day in grandmother's attic, having a most gorgeous time and wishing for you every minute. Of course, I pranced and preened in her comical old-fashioned clothes, looked through kodak books, and reread some of her "Cynosures" as we have so often done together. But to-day I made a real find which seems to bring dear old grannie's school friends, of whom we have so often heard, ever so much closer. Why they were as human and as young as you and I! Their school life was really much like ours, although I do envy them the opportunity to go to a small, intimate school.

But I'm forgetting to tell you that the marvelous find was a group of letters, carefully tied with blue and white ribbon, written to a dear friend of grannie's who died soon after their school days were over. Because you are a favorite of hers and she knows your interest in all old-fashioned things, she has allowed me to copy the faded yellow pages for you. I am inclosing my copy of the letters.

How I'm looking forward to spring vacation and you.

Dot.

The letters:

June 2, 1925.

Dear Nance,

Thank goodness, June is here and with it promotion; that is, if I really do pass those dreadful "exams." Just think, my dear, I'll be a Sophomore and no longer a hated little Freshman. Poor things! Some day when I'm a high and mighty Senior, I'll treat all the "Freshies" as my favorite brothers and sisters, and start a new order of things.

Really, our school year as Freshmen has been most awfully successful. Our debating team beat the "Sophs." Think of that! We were well represented on all school teams, and even the Upperclassmen praised our Assembly programs. Besides, we have had wonderfully good times.

Oh, I almost forgot, we are leaving School I forever and going to a most beautiful new building.

Now for vacation!

"No more pencils, no more books,
No more teacher's cranky looks."
Your devoted friend,
"HONOR."

June 10, 1926.

Dear Nance,

Another June and another review of the school year before vacation begins. Of course, the big thing for us this year has been our splendidly equipped school. It's really most wonderful, and we "Sophs" have had a very successful term, though I must confess that we haven't rated as I thought we would. Why, we are not considered Upperclassmen at all, and this year's Freshmen crop is the most impudent ever! But that doesn't bother me much; we won over that sassy bunch in the interclass debate. And now, get this. Two of our classmates held positions on the varsity debating team, the first Sophomores to gain such honor, and two of our boys held regular places on the varsity athletic team. Can you beat that? Our participation in school dramatics was also a great success.

Hurrah for us! We are a successful class, and next year we'll be care-free Juniors!

Also, hurrah for the good "ole" summer time! I'm off soon to a lovely camp with some of the bunch.

Yours till Niagara Falls,
"HONOR."



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June 3, 1927.

Dear Nance,

"Joyously we are journeying forward."

That's us! They call us proud. Well, why shouldn't we be? Didn't our class debating team win the school championship this year; and haven't we had a large show in all extra-curricular activities?

To begin with, we helped give a wonderfully weird Halloween party at which was assembled a more motley crowd than even Ellis Island can boast. Our net success was in Linden's first musical comedy, "Springtime," in which nearly all of the class participated. And of course we had a hand, or perhaps I should say a foot, in a number of afternoon dances, sponsored by various organizations.

But the best of all socials was the Junior Prom, in honor of the departing Seniors. There our class shone in all its brilliance. Oh, of course, we have done much more than play, though I've written chiefly about that. Just look up our school marks if you are in doubt.

Now with three successful years behind us and one more to go, we are filled with delightful anticipation of our Senior Term.

Your loving friend,

"HONOR."

P. S.—Aren't you just thrilled beyond words at "Lindy's" marvelous flight, and oh so proud that he's a young American?

H.

June 21, 1928.

Dear Nance,

Well, here I am, ready to embark upon my life's career! The ship of the class of '28 has steered into port—tomorrow night is GRADUATION! But, strange to say, I am not so eager as I expected to join the motley crowd on shore, and I'm very much inclined tonight to review the pleasures and perils through which we have journeyed.

The year has been a crowded, busy one, full of class work of a more difficult nature, and of many activities, in all of which we have had more than average success.

We are leaving school with many glories after our name. Our class again won the school championship in debating, and the captain of the varsity team was a Senior. Our class play, "Honor Bright," was among the most successful ever given in the high school, and our year book eclipsed those of all former classes. We have also been able leaders in various clubs. Our boys did their bit in school athletics, and our girls won the inter-class athletic title.

Now it is the eve of our graduation. Our efforts here have been rewarded; we have grown and developed during the voyage, and we have much valuable cargo to take ashore. Best of all, we have fixed on certain guiding stars which we may continue to follow.

With the memory of our high school days behind us, we shall always strive to live up to the ideals Linden High School has instilled in us; and always,

"Though we roam the wide world over,
To the school we love and honor we'll
turn our memories back."

Your everlasting friend,

"HONOR."

P. S.—Please pardon me my serious and solemn tone. Next year when you come to your graduation you will understand.

Now write me, wishing that a tenth of my fondest dreams of service and attainment may come true.

H.

ELLA G. DEUTSCH, '28.
ANNA GOLDENSTEIN, '28.





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The Senior Service Company

WE invite your attention to a concern that has not paid a cent for advertising in four years, and yet is known all over the city and even outside its limits. This particular corporation, known as the Senior Service Company, the only one of its kind in the world, has its offices in the Linden High School building, rooms 202 and 203. Although it has not increased in size since it started its career in 1924, it has expanded enormously in its production, and has never been known to fail to fulfill its promises. No matter in what field of endeavor, it has always striven to please its friends, and has thus gained glory and rewards for itself. Willing and eager to work for the renown and benefit of their company, the individual members have sacrificed personal ambition to heap more glories upon their dearly loved and honored class concern, and as a result, although the Senior Company as a body is well known, few of the individuals are familiar to the public. If you become acquainted with the variety of products offered by this concern, many of your problems will be solved. Make a list of what you need, and the Senior Company will supply your requirements.

Our department of mechanics and mathematics is strong. Mr. George Bienfang will give you aid in solving a difficult problem. Mr. Albert Dabb will most willingly give you needed information about your radio. Mr. Edwin Rinau, skilled in the knowledge of motorcycles and airplanes, will answer all questions intelligently. Mr. Abe Weisbrot, a very capable chauffeur, will give you instructions in driving your own car. With him as an instructor you need have no fear of receiving "tickets," because he is the friend of Mr. Owen Davis, our patrolman. He is always ready to answer any inquiries concerning traffic regulations and city ordinances, and other intricate laws. It might be to your benefit to count him among your acquaintances.

Our department of literature and arts is fully equipped to meet a variety of needs. The gifted poets, Misses Beatrice Brown and Marie Beutel, will thrill and inspire you with their verse. They write poetry with rhythm, rhyme, and thought. If you are musically inclined, Misses Ella Deutsch and Genevieve Doktor will joyfully entertain you. Miss Doktor played in the orchestra for three years. You will be pleased with the versatility of our artists, Misses Georgette DeWinter, Anna Franke, Anna Kozak, and Violet Kozak. Let them draw you a poster or paint you a pleasing woodland scene. Miss Ray Gordon, a talented writer, will willingly furnish your literary needs. If the arts of the kitchen attract your attention, and food (especially sweet food) is a favorite of yours, become acquainted with Miss Edith King. She has served on almost all the refreshment committees in the organization, and is a connoisseur in her field.

In these days when social life is such an important factor in a person's life, advice and instruction in social arts need not be shunned. The department of social graces is one of the most popular in the whole organization. The dancing instructors, Misses Lillian Smith, Helen Kalocy, and Edith Hudak, are well trained in their chosen art. But to be popular at a dance, you must be dressed for the occasion. Our "Beau Brummel," Mr. Frank Suplesky, will give you many "pointers" and advice in the matter of proper dressing. His co-worker, Miss Dorothy Baptist, will give the girls advice on fashions. Don't pass this up, girls! Now that long hair is coming back into style, many girls are at their "wit's end" to arrange their hair becomingly. Miss Emily Parfitt's experience in dressing the hair will be of great value to them. She is an authority on exquisite coiffures.

We are particularly proud of our versatile speech department. Mr. Louis Glick in person will explain any word whose meaning puzzles you. He has been



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preparing four years for this great service. Please give him a chance. Mr. Manuel Margulies can surely "pep" you up with his "snappy slang," and he does not argue about it either. Perhaps you are not of that circle and shudder at such language; then by all means make the acquaintance of Miss Irene Molson, who will joyfully correct your incorrectly pronounced words, and if, by chance, you need some aid in a difficult Latin construction or French translation, she will unhesitatingly offer her services. They are worth while. But if you are of a more serious caliber, and are interested in debates, especially those of very ponderous and deep nature, Messrs. Morris Winetsky and Joseph Oestreicher are qualified to engage your interest, for they have been arguing ever since the company organized. If you are unfortunate and stutter, stammer, are tongue-tied, or bashful, cheer up! Here is just what you need! Misses Margaret Balogh, Bessie Kravetsky, and Frances Schechter, whose outstanding talent is speech—rapid and fluent speech—will gladly coach you in the art of talking. Their art of speaking, like a bottomless spring, is everflowing, consequently you may have no fear of tiring them.

Some of you who have read so far may have decided that this concern has nothing to offer you. But we have it; it's sports. There, we knew it! The Senior Service Company is very proud of its many sportsmen, especially of its varsity players. Its representatives are Misses Matilda Nogi, Helen Gelfond, and Mr. Bruno Stempel.

One of the most important divisions in our corporation is the personnel service department. Perhaps this will interest you. Miss Anna Smiles will give invaluable information on "How to Reduce." Don't crowd! There's plenty of room for all. Discovered at last! A method for growing tall. Step forward you short men! Mr. William Amon has discovered the secret of great growth. He now has for an assistant, Harold Whitman, upon whom he is experimenting. If you are often puzzled about how to spend a quiet evening enjoyably, direct all your questions to Misses Hazel Alexander and Hazel Applegate. From long experience they will be able to answer your inquiries satisfactorily. Miss Anna Goldenstein is now prepared to offer much needed advice on "How to Study." Don't rush! Please! Line forms on the right!

Our business department is one of the most efficient departments in the whole organization. If you are one of those business men who find it difficult to obtain a competent secretary, inquire for Misses Lillian Caroff and Mary Rabkin, who will take your dictation at a fast rate of speed and transcribe it accurately. Oh, yes, we have more efficient secretaries. They positively do not chew gum, and use their heads for more than hat racks. Miss Wilhelmine Kopf and Miss Frieda Bushunsky are trained in their chosen work. Perhaps you need instruction or information in the art of salesmanship. Inquire at the desks of Misses Beatrice Rashkind and Frieda Yanowitz. If any of your traveling representatives are deficient in punctuality, Miss Sadie Schiller will lecture on "How to Catch a Train." She can speak from actual experience, for she has an unusual knack for being on time to catch any train scheduled. That's quite an asset for one of her sex to possess. Perhaps in your office there is inefficiency in the all-round office work. If so, Misses Helen Beinfang, Anna Sojer, and Frances Walck, our efficiency experts, will gladly use their training to correct such faults in the working system of your office.

Now, if you faint from reading this, Miss Evelyn Peterson, our nurse, will revive you. We sincerely hope you will recover.

Dear readers, I am cramped for space and exhausted from description. But as the old maxim goes, "Seeing is believing." Come and see our concern for yourself and to your own satisfaction and approval. The Building is always open for inspection, and through various affairs the company extends to you all the invitation, "Come!"

ANNA GOLDENSTEIN, '28.



THE CYNOSURE

Just As We Are

<i>Characteristic</i>	<i>Girls</i>	<i>Boys</i>
Most Executive Ability	Irene Molson	George Bienfang
Best Speaker	Lillian Caroff	Joe Oestreicher
Best Arguer	Genevieve Doktor	Morris Winetsky
Stubbornest	Bessie Kravetsky	Morris Winetsky
Most Dramatic	Beatrice Brown	Albert Dabb
Best Athlete	Matilda Nogi	Bruno Stempel
Best Dresser	Lillian Smith	Frank Suplesky
Cutest	Beatrice Brown	Harold Whitman
Silliest	Sadie Schiller	Manuel Margulies
Most Dignified	Edith King	Albert Dabb
Best Natured	Anna Smiles	William Amon
Quietest	Hazel Alexander	Julius Goldsmith
Noisiest	Anna Smiles	Manuel Margulies
Most Bashful	Hazel Applegate	Abe Weisbrot
Biggest Bluffer	Frances Schechter	Louis Glick
Most Ladylike	Dorothy Baptist	
Most Gentlemanly		Albert Dabb
Shortest	Beatrice Brown	Harold Whitman
Tallest	Anna Sojer	William Amon
Hardest Worker	Anna Goldenstein	
Merriest	Helen Bienfang	Edwin Rinau

Can You Imagine?—

Lillian Smith arriving early
Miss Walston saying "gee"
Nan's hair a slight bit curly
No missing locker key

Mendel ever talking low
Joseph full of pep
"Fat" Smiles with any extra "dough"
Dabby out of step

Syd Schiller acting dignified
Gen Doktor chewing gum
Kopf with Goldsmith by her side
George Bienfang looking glum

Whitman wearing Amon's clothes
Ella with no pain
Caroff without any woes
Hudak acting vain

Edith King not making punch
Kalocy in a hurry
Louis going without lunch
Stempel with a worry

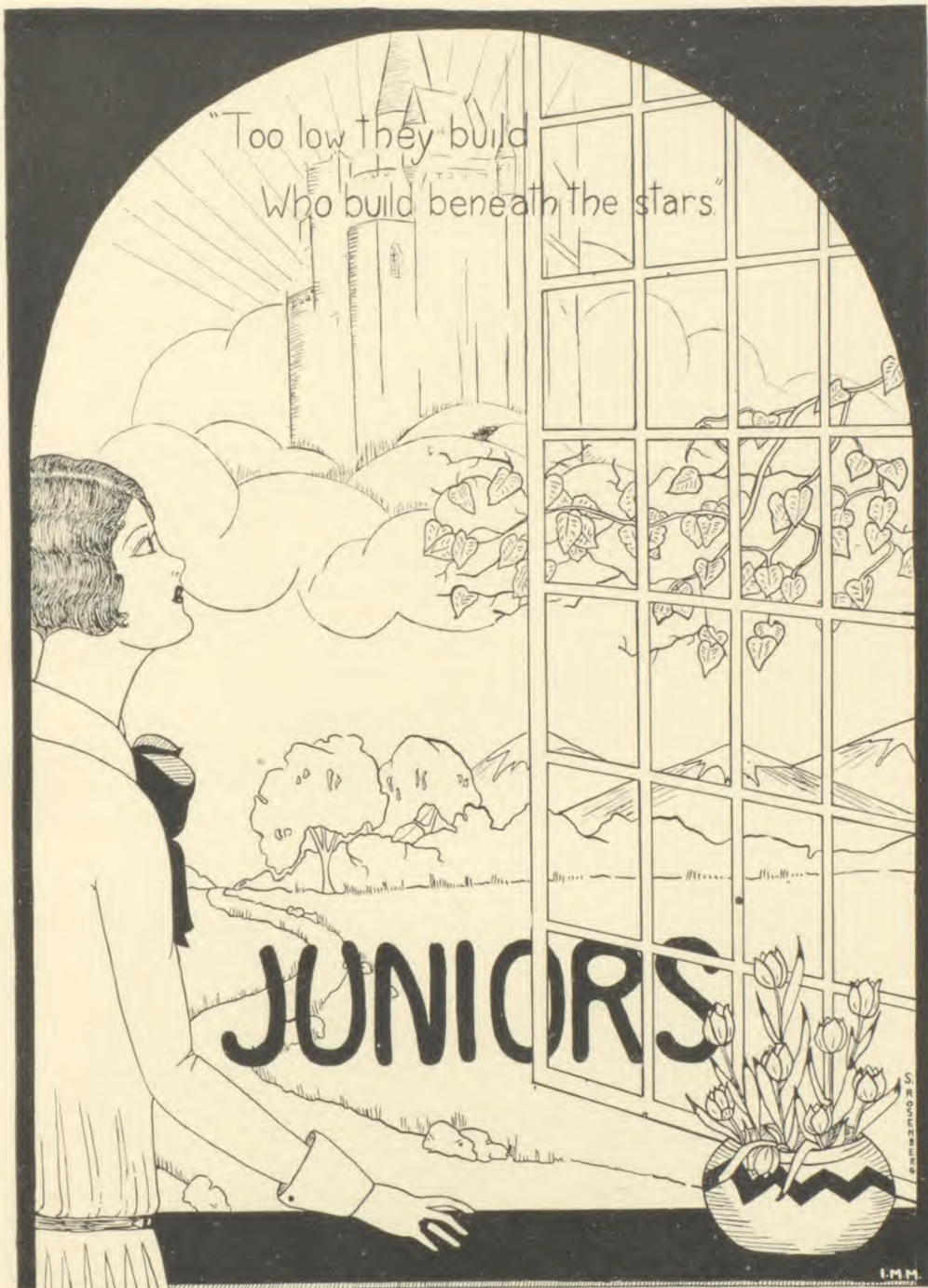
Beatrice Brown not writing poems
"Frankie" growing old
Balogh not in search of combs
Baptist acting bold

Suplesky talking to a girl
Parfitt with bobbed locks
Marie Beutel without her pearl
Sojer wearing socks.

There is not room to tell the rest,
But this one thing I'll add,
We Seniors are by far the best
This school has ever had.

E. K.







Junior Class

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From a Junior's Point of View

ALL high school is divided into four parts. The first consists of a timid, stupid race, the Freshmen, bounded on the north by Grammar School and on the south by ignorance.

The second, the Sophomores, is separated from the Freshmen by Summer Vacation and a State of Mind. Sophomoreland is surrounded by a lengthy, but shallow Wise-Crack River and by the mountains of Fresh Conceit. Its inhabitants are of the opinion that they have been blessed by Minerva; we do not agree with them, however.

The third and fourth parts are separated from the first and second by the wall of Upperclassmen. The residents of the third part are known as Juniors. The fourth group, the Seniors, live near the Isle of Haughtiness not far from Wisdom Lake. They glance upon the other states with disdain; as a result, we love them not.

Of all four, we, the Juniors, are the greatest by far. We are bounded on the north by Energy, on the south by Determination, on the east by Ability, and on the west by Strength. Unburdened by the timidity and ignorance of the Freshmen, the marked conceit of the Sophomores, and the almost over-bearing pride, dignity, and responsibility of the Seniors, we can think forcefully and clearly, and be at all times gay, witty, strong, faithful, chivalrous, victorious in athletics, and successful in scholarship.

Under the capable direction of our general, Edward Kugler; lieutenant general, Alex Sax; scribe, Beatrice Grygotis; and treasurer, Camilla Taranto, we expect to add many new honors to our numerous achievements and, ever striving under the Orange and Black banner, gain praise and glory for dear old Linden High.

EDNA KLEIN, '29.

Junior Acrostic

Juniors—they are always loyal,
Yes, worthy and so true;

Untiring in their efforts,
In all they think or do;

Noble in heart and spirit,
Ne'er stooping to the low;

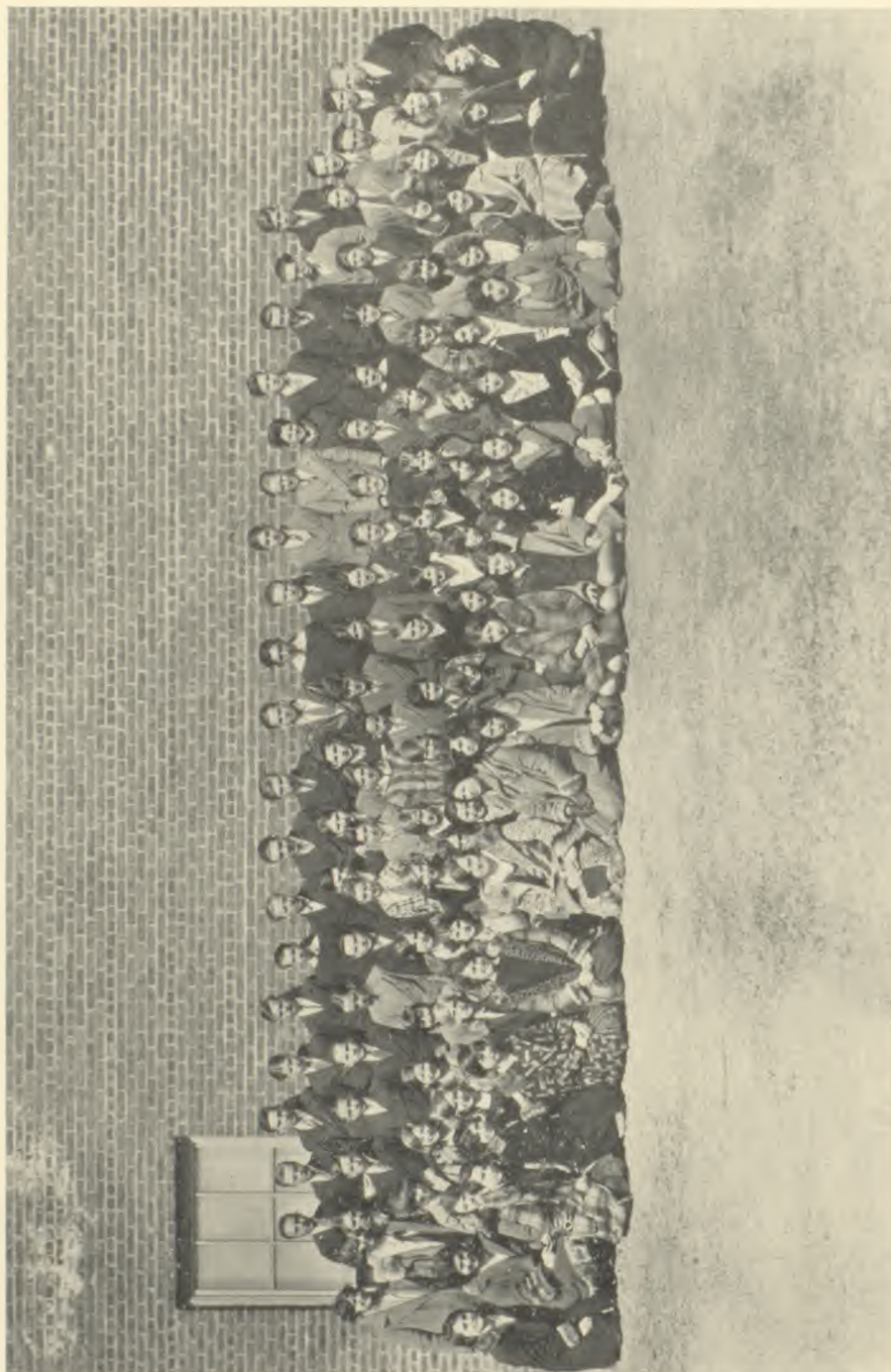
Ideal in all their conduct,
Wherever they may go;

Obedient in every class room,
And striving for the best;

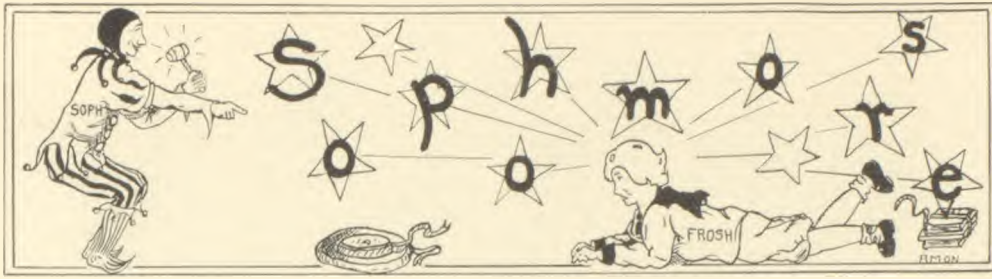
Rejoicing in school victories;
Oh, meeting every test.

HELEN HICKEY, '29.





Sophomore Class



'Tis true that the Freshmen have hardships—
 Oh, I've toiled in those days of yore—
 But I've learned since I've gone a step higher,
 There're trials for the bold Sophomore.

The first year seemed really the hardest;
 The third year and last need no line;
 But the year we were labeled "The Sophomores,"
 That term I must clearly define.

Submissive Freshmen were we no longer;
 We put on that swaggering gait,
 Held up our heads inches higher,
 And changed at an increasing rate.

We walked with an air of defiance.
 Conflicts we won with high score,
 And even found old bird Trouble,
 Since we considered lessons a bore.

But we surmised very quickly,
 The Junior year wasn't so far.
 So we settled to make a standing
 And be sure we were hitched to a star.

Soon Juniors, later Seniors, we'll be,
 And we'll fight all the way for our quest;
 Then 1930 will see
 Sophs who tried for the best.

FLORENCE BROWN, '30.

BEATRICE LEVINE, '30.

A Sophomore's Advice to the Freshmen

AS a Sophomore inspired by duty to my school, I humble myself to elucidate the hardships and toil which you, as Freshmen, have yet to emerge from to become Sophomores.

To be a permanent and acceptable member of our imposing organization, you must be intelligent, civilized, and athletic.

Now, if you are worrying because your intelligence is a bit below normal, cease; for ere long our most efficient instructors will wipe out the old gray matter and insert new cerebrums, at the same time civilizing you.

My limited vocabulary clogs my epiglottis when I lament the fate of my departed comrades who have fallen beside the rocky wayside of wisdom and learning. I pray you, dear Freshmen, whenever you shirk

your duties, to think of the fate of those who have stumbled before your time.

Please do not take offense at these words, for there is not an insinuation among them. But if in spite of my pleadings you still feel discouraged, then look to the Class of '30, and follow in its refulgent footsteps up the heights of learning and enduring success. Or, to your better understanding, watch our stride.

Consider our activities and accomplishments of this year and last year. In basketball we won the Interclass Basketball Championship, three of our men are on the Varsity Debating Team, and a score of our worthy members are in training for the various sports.

Again I say unto you, Freshmen, "Watch our stride."
 RICHARD SARA, '30.





The Freshman Ride

Up from the grades without delay,
 Bringing the faculty fresh dismay,
 We Freshmen enter one by one,
 Envyng those whose game is won,
 For our high school life has just begun,
 With Commencement Day
 Four years away.

And wider still the channels get,
 As we forget and still forget.
 Chance of promotion's very light,
 But still we must resume the fight,
 To reach the goal within our sight,
 Which is Commencement Day
 Four years away.

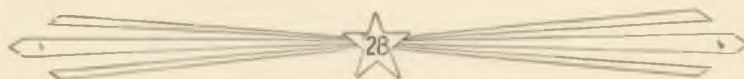
To our goal there is a way,
 Which we must follow day by day,
 And if our studies we perform,
 And use our brains till they are worn,
 The faculty for us won't mourn,
 For then we'll have Commencement Day
 Only three short years away.

And then we'll reach our Junior year;
 We'll enter this with little fear.
 Oh, pupils, let me ask you, "Who
 Can get good grades the whole year through,
 If his studies he doesn't do?"
 And then Commencement Day
 Will be just two more years away.

When our glory's almost won,
 And Senior year we have begun,
 We'll look at life in a different way,
 For that's the time to have our say
 About the year book, dance, and play.
 And then Commencement Day
 Will be one short year away.

That time will come with banners gay,
 The hour we've dreamed of night and day.
 But with the joy will sadness come,
 The parting with one's dearest chum,
 And friends that helped us day by day,
 From the Freshman Class
 To Commencement Day.

CATHRYN HOVER, '31.

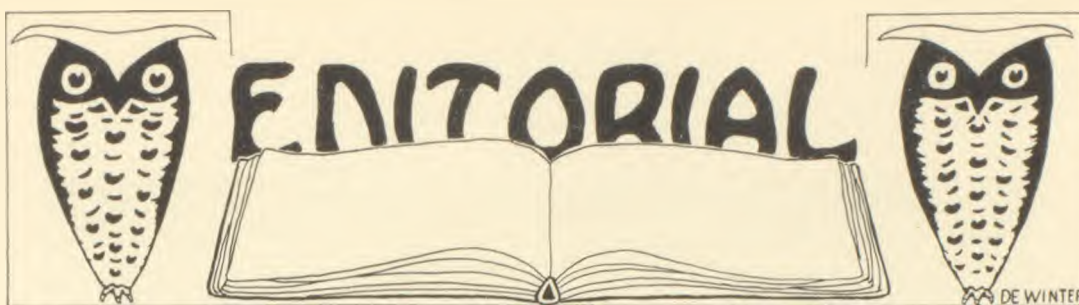




Freshman Boys



Freshman Girls



An Educational Equation

SOMETIMES high school students possessing more than average intelligence are known to fail in their year's work, while those whose mental processes are slower and whose ability seems much less receive excellent school rating.

Parents and friends are often at a loss to explain this, but the reason is obvious.

Though one is superior in intellectual capacity, he lacks assiduity, industry, and ambition, and he puts little effort into his own work. On the contrary, the other person is an energetic, hard worker who makes full use of the excellent opportunity of attending high school.

Most boys and girls of today are very fortunate in having the advantage of fine buildings, adequate equipment, and competent, well trained instructors.

But all the modern school buildings in the world are powerless to guarantee us success if we do not at some time realize that in a very real sense all learning is self-instruction. We have the facilities to work with; whether or not we use them to good advantage and accomplish that which we attempt depends entirely upon ourselves.

Though self-direction is essential, it does not at all minimize the importance of our teachers, who open the doors of knowledge to us, direct our endeavors, and inspire us toward the achievement of worthy goals.

A combination of many factors is essential for the attainment of our ends, not natural ability alone, not instruction and training, not self-direction, but all three combined.

One of the speakers at the last national educational convention expressed this thought vividly and well in the following algebraic equation: $(x + 1) y \cdot c = b$. In this equation x represents teaching or instruction; y represents effort; c , ability or intelligence, and b , educational benefits. For those who are not acquainted with the rudiments of algebra, perhaps a brief explanation is necessary.

The sense of the equation is that the instruction we receive multiplied by the effort we put into our learning and our ability and intelligence produces educational benefits.

Thus two young people of equal ability with the same opportunities often differ greatly in their achievements because of the difference in their ambition and application.

It is not until we learn this secret of self-direction, that our education really begins. Having learned it, our possibilities are almost unlimited.

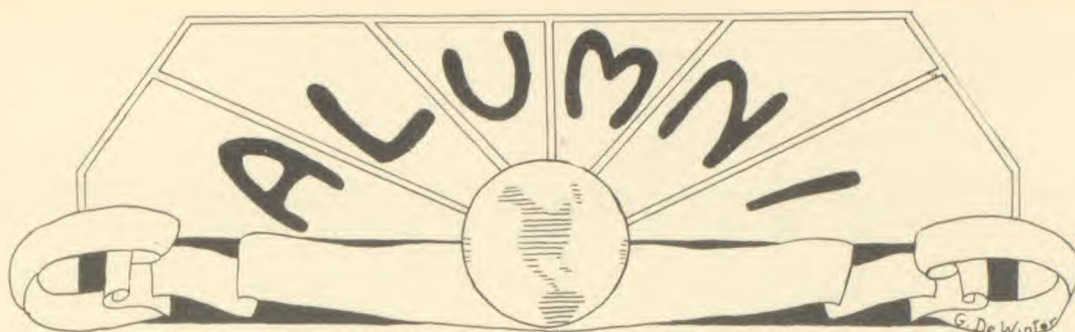
Perhaps the term "educational benefits" needs some explanation. In the first place, education has a great economic value, giving one a basic training for earning a living. But it is more than this. It develops an appreciation for the finer things of life, such as literature, music, and art, thus enriching one's mind and widening one's range of interests. It develops personality and character and enables one to give the most in his association with his fellows.

It has been said that education should produce men and women who will be a credit to society, not merely because they are useful from the so-called practical standpoint, but because they daily exhibit true culture, which includes character as well as knowledge.

The Editor.







Alumni Notes

It is with a great deal of interest and pride that Linden High School follows the doings of the Alumni and watches the individual graduate as he climbs to success. His accomplishments not only afford satisfaction to the school and everyone who is connected with it, but also serve as an inspiration to those students who are ready to emerge from the nest of schooling which has sheltered them for four years and are about to test their newly fledged wings of knowledge this year. Linden High School, as an Alma Mater, takes a maternal interest in her offspring, and notes that:

Linden High School has a good representation of its last year's graduating class at Newark Normal School in Rose Gutkin, '27, Anna Kalugin, '27, and Anna Schuler, '27. Essie Projansky, '26, who last year completed a post-graduate course in the High School, is also a member of the group.

The Misses Helen Stead, '27, and Ruth Schonfeld, '27, are employed as secretaries in the Linden High School and Junior High School respectively.

Joseph Monico, '27, has made the honor roll of the Freshman Class at the New Jersey Law School.

Peter Ezayuk, '27, is a student at Columbia University, Manus Shapiro, '27, is enrolled in New York University, J. Wesley Ainge, '27, is studying at Rutgers University, and Philip Dobson, '27, is at Seton Hall.

Muriel Squier, '27, is attending the Nurses' Training School of the Presbyterian Hospital at Newark.

Margaret Molson, '27, is on the honor list of the Freshman Class at the New Jersey College for Women.

Katherine Mauer, '27, is attending Geneva College. Celia Siegel, '27, is a student at New York University.

Tibor Farkas, '26, is an honor student at Rhode Island State College, where he is in his second year.

Samuel Fishkin, '26, has been made managerial sergeant of the band of the University of Maryland.

Isadore Tamaroff, '26, has resumed his studies and is now attending Syracuse University.

James Ashwell, '26, has been elected president of the Sophomore Class, at the Carnegie Institute of Technology.

Blanche Levine, '26, has recently been made secretary to Mr. Howell.

Marian Jacobi, '26, and Alice Pollack, '26, are to be graduated from the Newark Normal School in June.

Samuel Hoffman, '25, Louis Weitzman, '25, and Lewis Winetsky, '25, are members of the graduating class of the New Jersey Law School. Lewis Winetsky is a member of the debating team of that institution and also a member of the senior entertainment committee, which has superseded the student council there.

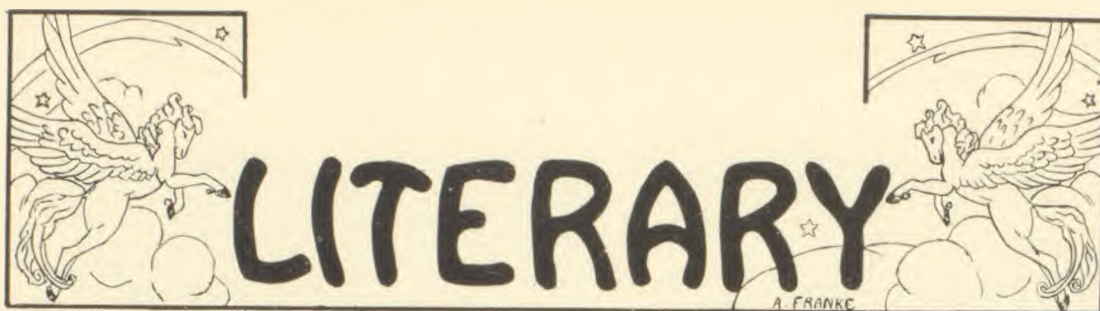
Anne Reuter, '25, is now teaching in Linden in School No. 3.

Leslie Goodwin, '25, is physical training instructor at the Junior High School.

Ann Olaszy, '25, has successfully completed the nurses' training course at the New York Post Graduate Medical School and Hospital.

(Continued on page 72)





Cupid in Disguise

ALL Westbury College was wild with excitement! The Big Day, the final day of the football season, the day that would decide the champion team, had come at last! Such bustling, scurrying, predicting, and yelling! Such shouting and cheering! The sounds merged together until the roar became one continuous, steady, thunder-like grumble, reaching to the furthestmost ends of the campus. For the football game was already in full swing, and the bursting grand stand shook with deafening applause, now for one team, now for the other, each side wildly cheering in an endeavor to send its team to overwhelming victory.

The rooms occupied by Fred Latimer, Westbury's all-star halfback, and his poetic, but nevertheless athletic chum, Richard Dean, lay in the west wing of the dormitory which overlooked the extensive campus. The room was typically collegiate; banners decorated the walls, a bevy of bathing beauties shocked the half-hidden face of Woodrow Wilson, who took his retreat behind the bookcase, while above the fireplace were three attractive photos of feminine acquaintances.

The distant cheering penetrated the room, and the rebounding echoes shook the window panes. During a moment's lull in the tumult, the door of the room was suddenly flung open, and its tall, good-looking part-owner, Bud Dean, rushed in. Being absorbed in matters of more importance, he did not perceive the tennis racquets (one of the many odds and ends which lay in confusion about the floor) and stumbled and tripped, bruising his knee in the fall.

"Hang it," he cried out, giving the racquet a vicious kick and rubbing his aching leg, "everything has to happen today of all days. First on the field—if it wasn't for her, I'd give that hardboiled, old egg of a coach some bawling out for doing a thing

like that. Me of all people! Aw, well; what's the use; might as well enjoy myself now."

Limping painfully over the articles about the floor, he finally managed to reach the couch, and drew from beneath it a box of chocolates, a package of cigarettes, and a thrilling novel (all of which were prohibited by college authorities), and after leisurely lighting the cigarette and helping himself to several chocolates, he became deeply absorbed in his book.

In the meantime, the cheering became louder and louder until the college yell could be distinctly heard.

"Step on the gas and put her in high;

Westbury College is coming by.

Who's the college with football fame?

Who's the winner of every game?

WESTBURY! WESTBURY! WESTBURY!"

At the sound, Bud looked up for a minute and clenched his fist, but, as it grew fainter and finally died away, he again resumed his reading.

His reverie was but short-lived, however, and a well-known voice, immediately outside the door, galvanized him into prompt action. The chocolates were hastily shoved under a pillow on the couch, the book was pushed under the bureau, and another one quickly grabbed, and just as he thrust his still lighted cigarette behind him, the door opened, and in marched Fred Latimer and Coach Williams.

"It's all right, Coach," Fred was saying; "he won't mind—he must be a little sulky; that's all. Sure! C'mon in. Er, why, hello, old man," he continued, turning to Bud; "coach wants a word with you about this afternoon's game."

"Yes?" replied Bud coolly.

"See, Coach," said Fred enthusiastically, ignoring the ice in Bud's voice, "just as I told you; not a hard feeling in the world;

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that's the kind of a chap he is. C'mon kiss and make up. Here, have a seat." He indicated the couch, and the coach walked over, while Bud, remembering the chocolates made agonized gestures to Fred.

"Now, Bud," said the coach, unconsciously sitting on the chocolates, "I am extremely sorry for what happened this afternoon. I certainly hated to put you off the field, but when a man makes the passes that you were making, it is impossible to keep him on—especially with the name of Westbury at stake."

"Why, of course, Coach," said Bud, who hardly knew what he was saying in his anxiety to get rid of him and likewise the cigarette which was burning his hand, "why-yy-y of course, so—er—happy, so very happy you—er—did—what you did. Glad to oblige you any old time."

"Well," smiled the Coach, "that's a sporting way to look at it, Bud. Come, shake hands to show there's no hard feeling between us."

Bud, in a quandary—with a book in one hand and his cigarette behind his back in the other, chose the lesser of the evils, and letting the book fall, shook the coach's hand with his free one, saying ruefully, "Er—er—my Latin's always slipping."

"Well, for the love of Christmas!" said Fred, coming to his roommate's aid and picking up the book, "since when have you been studying Latin from Webster's Dictionary?"

"I—er—", said Bud, with daggers in his eyes for Fred, and a nervous laugh at the unsuspecting coach, "I—er—had special instructions in that art under Houdini."

Then as the pain of the burning cigarette became more intense, he hit upon a plan, and rapidly talking any old nonsense that came to his head, gently steered the coach toward the door with invitations to come again and stay longer, only at some later date. As the door closed on him, Bud made a dash for the fireplace, threw away the cigarette and hopped about, blowing furiously at his scorched fingers.

Turning to Fred, he burst out, "Say, don't stand there grinning at me. Clean up what the coach sat on. Look under the pillow."

"What?" said Fred, as it began to dawn upon him that something was amiss.

"Clean up what the coach sat on. Look under the pillow."

"Whew," said Fred, taking the pillow and holding it up for inspection, "what kind of gooey is this?"

"Gooley, my dear Brutus! Gooley?" asked Bud tragically. "Why, that used to be chocolate; delicious, creamy chocolate, and now look at it; just look at it. Oh Death, where is thy sting?"

"Aw, snap out of that pose," said Fred angrily; "you're not doing Hamlet now. Anyway, that's what you get for breaking rules. Say, if you knew it was there, why didn't you warn me?"

"Of all the nerve! What'd'ya mean, warn you? Did you think I was giving my face the daily dozen with all the facial expression I underwent?"

"Oh, was that it? I'm sorry, old chap; I thought you were trying to imitate that monkey we saw in the zoo yesterday; you did it perfectly. By the way, get out those problems; d'ja know we have an exam tomorrow?"

"You joy-killer," said Bud, hunting about and finally locating the necessary books; "say, you know I think I'd be laid up for a month if I heard you say, 'Bud, d'ja know we're NOT going to have an exam tomorrow?' Honestly, I would."

"Say," grinned Fred, "if I knew it would shut you up for a week, I wouldn't hesitate a second. C'mon get busy."

After a few minutes of apparently deep study, a frown crossed Bud's face, and after chewing his pencil a few minutes longer he tapped Fred on the shoulder.

"Say, old top, what rhymes with 'adorable'?"

"What?" ejaculated Fred, lifting his head from a mathematics book.

"Er—what rhymes with 'adorable'?"

"Are you starting in with your infernal poetry again? Which one of the three is it this time?" asked Fred, indicating the pictures above the fireplace.

"Honestly, Fred, it's none of them. I don't even know her name, but she was the darlinest, sweetest, loveliest, dimpliest, smilingest, little peacherino on the field today you ever laid eyes on. She was the cutest—"

"Aw, quit your raving; quit your raving;

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I know all about it. Her eyes are like artesian wells——"

"No, no," said Bud interrupting, "dark pools of limpid water——"

"And her hair is yellow as the cornstalk, or is it black as the chicken's feather?"

"You mean, no doubt," said Bud with superiority, "that her hair is as golden as the sun or dusky as the raven's wing. Well, this one is neither. Her eyes are gray as a troubled sky, and her hair is a bewitching shade of chestnut brown——"

"And she looks like Venus, I suppose, and has the stateliness of Juno——"

"Aw, now, Fred, quit your joshing; honest, she's wonderful. Why I picked her out from all the rest today. I took one look into her eyes, and she sent me soaring, soaring like a bird from the field."

"Oh, dear, was it really her eyes? Why I could have sworn it was the coach's foot, and I didn't hear any chirping or wing flapping, either."

"Gee, can't a fellow——"

"No, he can't on a football field. Well, Tennyson, dish out the poetry."

"Just tell me what rhymes with 'adorable'."

"Adorable—hmmmm——," said Fred thoughtfully; "wait a minute; adorable, aborable, acorable—let me see, 'd' comes next—say, how about devourable? That's a perfectly sane English word."

"Good gravy! What do you want me to do; give her the impression that I'm an ogre? As a poet, my dear classmate, you rate absolutely zero. Well, here goes," said Bud, putting his hand on his heart and beginning in melodramatic tones,

"To My Ideal"

"Why ideal?" asked Fred.

"Why ideal? Because she's marvelous. She just blew me off my feet, blinded my eyes, drove me thither and yon, blasted my heart, and wrecked me entirely."

"Whew," breathed Fred, "you had better entitle that, 'To a Cyclone'."

Bud, unheeding, continued,

"I gazed into your eyes of blue,

And knew that I was meant for you."

"Say," interrupted Fred, "I thought you said her eyes were gray."

"Goes to show how little you know of women," replied Bud. "Now, when I say her eyes are blue, when in reality they're

gray, she'll think she's got me so bedazzled that I can't even tell colors straight and, quite naturally, being a woman, she'll be more than flattered at having made me so dizzy. That's all you need with a girl. A little raving does the trick."

"Oh, I see."

"At last, a light; does it really penetrate the fog? Well to continue——"

At your slender form I gaze from afar,
I'm ruining the tires on my car,
Speeding after you."

"I don't think that's so good; why don't you make the last line rhyme?"

"Well, what would you suggest?" questioned Bud. "I've got to mention somehow that she's light, and that I'm falling for her."

"Why don't you put it this way?" advised Fred,

"I bet you weigh no more than a feather;
By running after you I'm wearing out
shoe leather."

"Say," laughed Bud, "you're a second Doris Blake with your advice. Just start a column in the newspaper, and I'll guarantee that within a year the world will be overrun with bachelors and old maids."

"Aw, let up on a fellow, can't you?"

"Well, remember, keep your corrections to yourself, please, and listen,

Your lips are shaped like Cupid's bow,

Your dog I'd crave to be,

For every time you'd kiss my head,

"I would just be Heaven to me."

"Say, before I'd lower myself to be any girl's dog——"

"I know DOG doesn't sound so artistic but I want something with a snap to it."

"Make it something with a sting—like this,

"I wish I were a bumble bee,

And you a wayside daisy;

I'd flutter round your yellow head;

I bet I'd drive you crazy."

"Good gravy," said Bud disgustedly, throwing the papers on the couch, "a bumble bee fluttering—I can't write with you loose around here. I'm going out and see if I can find HER."

"Say, don't forget your field glasses," teased Fred. "You'll need them, trying to pick HER out among a crowd of five hundred girls."

Bud, now thoroughly angry, slipped on his



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sweater and went out, banging the door, while Fred, laughing contentedly to himself, resumed his studying. A few seconds later a sharp rat-tat-tat sounded on the door of his room.

"Walk in," said Fred, springing to his feet.

The door opened slowly, and a bewitching little flapper of eighteen danced in. She was dressed in a dark blue traveling suit, and a hat, gloves, shoes, and stockings. Under her tiny hat, a cluster of dark brown curls escaped, and a pair of remarkable gray eyes peered about. She carried a tiny white poodle, which jumped from her arms and ran under the couch.

"Why, sis, why, Helen," was Fred's surprised question, "what in the world are you doing here? Where're mother and dad?"

A pair of arms held him tightly, two red lips were saying breathlessly, "Oh, Freddie, darling! Isn't my coming here just the loveliest surprise. You see, I begged mother and dad so hard to let me come and see this game. I finally persuaded them to motor down here. Honestly, Freddie, you were wonderful. I got permission to come up here and see you, but you're to come right down with me to see Mother and Dad. They're out talking with the coach. Hurry, dear! Don't talk; just slip on your sweater."

As Fred hurriedly obeyed, Helen surveyed the room. The pictures on the wall reminded her of something that she had almost forgotten.

"Oh, Fred," she called, "I brought this photo of me all the way, just specially to hang up in your room. Look, dear, I'm putting it here on the bureau. Are you all ready? C'mon, quick."

A few minutes after they had left the room, the door opened and in walked a discouraged-looking Bud. He sat down on the couch and looked at the poetry he had written, sighed a little, and prepared to tear it up. But he was interrupted by the little poodle who came scratching at his leg.

"Say, who do you belong to?" said Bud, jumping up and talking to the dog. The dog merely looked at him dumbly and barked sharply at the picture on the bureau.

Bud looked up expectantly, noticed the photo of Helen, then held his head.

"Gosh," he murmured to himself, "am I

going nutty or what? C'mon, doggie; yes, you are real all right, and this is HER picture. Now, how in the world did it get there?"

At that moment Fred, having seen his parents and bidden them good-by, returned to his room.

"Fred," said Bud grasping his friend by the shoulder and pointing to the picture, "who is that girl?"

"Why that's my sister Helen," answered Fred; "she just left for home in the car."

"Your sister Helen! She just left for home in the car! And to think, she should have been your sister. Glory! The chance that comes once in a lifetime, and I've missed it! Oh, wotta life. Wotta life!"

"What'sa matter, Bud?" questioned Fred anxiously.

"What'sa matter! Why Helen's HER, my IDEAL."

During this scene the sound of running feet was heard along the corridor, and as the door burst open, Helen Latimer entered the room.

"Oh, Freddie, can you imagine it? I almost forgot little Sherlock Holmes. Heavens, my darling little doggums almost got left, didn't he, dear?" she cooed as she rescued her precious poodle from its hiding place and clasped it in her arm.

"Just a minute, Helen," said Fred, noticing Bud's enraptured glances, "I want you to meet my roommate, Bud Dean."

"Delighted to," said Helen; "how do you do, Bud."

"Er—Helen," murmured Bud, up in the clouds, "are you by any chance related to Helen of Troy?"

"Now it's my turn," laughed Helen, blushing furiously. "You're not Apollo's half-brother, are you?"

"No," interrupted Fred, "he's Shakespeare's second cousin."

"Oh," said Helen gleefully, "are you the one who wrote that adorable poetry I noticed on the couch a little while ago?"

"Oh, did you read it?" asked Bud; "did you like it?"

"It was beautiful," said Helen archly, winking at Fred.

"A word of praise at last to reward my efforts," said Bud. "Helen, you are the first one who ever told me that, but then

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you are one in a million, who can appreciate poetry of this type."

"She ought to," added Fred, maliciously; "she's been reading that stuff since she was seven."

"Probably you'd like to have me send some to you," said Bud hopefully; "you'd be a wonderful inspiration."

"Oh, I'd just love to have you do that. I just adore poetry."

"Oh, you do?" said Fred sarcastically. "S'funny thing I caught you handing that book of Browning's poems I gave you last Christmas to the cook. Well, I suppose a girl is privileged to change her mind."

A loud honking of an automobile horn startled the three for a moment.

"Well," said Helen, "I must go. Good-bye, Freddy; goodbye, Buddy; don't forget I shall expect that poetry from you."

"I shall work on it day and night," replied Bud enthusiastically.

"You do, and you'll ruin the Post Office service; they'll need a new postman every week to carry the load you'll send," said Fred.

"There goes the horn again," said Helen; "I must go. Goodbye—"

As Helen went out, Bud rushed to the window, and waved until the car and Helen disappeared from view.

"Say, Fred," said Bud, turning to his chum, "remember you asked me to spend the Christmas vacation with you?"

"Yes, and you said it would be too dull there for you."

"Well, if the offer's still open, I've decided to accept it."

"Of course it is, old chap, and believe me, I'm glad you changed your mind. We'll have lots of fun together, won't we?"

"Yeh, she's wonderful," said Bud dreamily, walking over to the desk and beginning to write.

"Say," laughed Fred, "starting the poetry so soon?"

"No," smiled Bud, "I'm writing a letter to little Sherlock Holmes, Helen's poodle; I just wanna thank him for playing Cupid in disguise."

BEATRICE BROWN, '28.

It's Springtime!

When your heart's a bobbin' an' a throbbin'
with joy,

An' a glad new happiness fills each girl and
boy,

When your step is light an' your smile is
cheery,

An' the sparkle of sunshine makes you a
wee bit leery,

It's Springtime!

When the birds are a singin' an' wingin'
their way,

And the buds and the grasses grow up with
the day,

When the sprightly flowers dot meadow
and mountain,

And humanity's heart wells up like the
fountain,

It's Springtime!

When the schoolboy forgets the entrance-
ment of study,

An' longs to play hooky with a jolly old
buddy,

When a lad's heart thrills to the lilt of a
sonnet,

And a maid is lost with desire for a bonnet,
It's Springtime!

LILLIAN CAROFF, '28.



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Flight

Slowly, slowly, the king of birds wings his sure way, the perfect rhythm of his powerful pinions sweeping him steadily upward. Never faltering, he sails through his blue domain toward his distant eyrie—his goal. As he draws nigh the home cliff, he gains strength, flies more swiftly, more confidently. At length he soars above the eyrie, slowly now, as if he fears himself too certain. Then he alights skillfully on his nest. Oh! he is proud. Now he arises and contentedly flies around his airy abode, uttering strange triumphant cries—he has reached his goal.

Thus is the course of human aspiration. Years ago, only madmen or people supposed to be in delirium dreamed of human flight. Nevertheless, some, like the eagle, slowly but surely aspired toward that distant, doubtful goal, and today no subject is as popular and as talked of as aviation. Flight—would we ever have arrived at this wonderful stage, if human ambition had not first aspired? Flight—it is the result of human courage, human imagination, and human confidence.

All of great and noble in the world today has been achieved by those of the eagle eye and wing. What heights may not the possessor of these attain! As the eagle, so did Lindbergh, the brave American aviator, and so do all who, inspired by hope and faith, reach their lofty aspirations.

We also, if we would arrive at our goals, must fly on the strong, trustworthy pinions of courage and faith toward the far eyrie of our desires.

SARAH ROSENBERG, '29.

The Modern Viking

Into the living blue
There whirled a silver plane;
A youth with courage true
Dared to attain.

Far toward the rising sun,
On swept the gallant flight;
Alone fared the modest one
Into the night.

The waves that shoreward rolled
Wrote on the strand his name;
And stars from heavenly fold
Sang his acclaim.

Danger he faced with scorn,
With clear and cool blue eyes,
Till winds of faith had borne
Him to the prize.

Fame spreads her shining glory
With pride and love o'er him.
Youth and he are a story
Time cannot dim.

MARIE BEUTEL, '28.



THE CYNOSURE

Height

THE full moon had already climbed far into the light sky when the much looked-forward-to Junior Prom danced itself out to the tune of "Sundown." Silent couples strolled languidly down the wide avenue of whispering elms, which led from the school, and one by one, the lights were extinguished in the huge building, leaving it a gigantic shadow over which streamed the yellow light of the moon.

As the janitor was locking the doors with one of the keys of his jingling bunch, the last couple passed beneath the corner light, and, as he recognized the short, stocky figure of William Heath, and the slight, graceful one of Adele Foster, he smiled a little to himself. For William Heath had been "keeping company" with Adele Foster for two years—since he was a freshman and she a seventh-grader. But although he had revered her with the utmost feeling of "puppy love," which she had always returned, he felt something had now come between them.

He glanced at her shyly, with the self-consciousness of a junior in high school. How pretty she was, with the light of the moon flooding her face and exposing the smoothness and rhythm of her features and the natural scarlet of her perfect lips! How the light played and sparkled in her soft eyes!

Suddenly she turned and faced him.

"Who was that tall, handsome boy you spoke to after the first dance? I think he's very nice."

The question startled him. He had seen the veiled glances of admiration which had passed between the two all evening.

"Don't you know him?" he asked incredulously. Then, remembering she was but a freshman and not yet acquainted with even the important personages of the school, he hastened to explain, "Why that's Jack Hall! He's a three-letter man, all-state half-back, and president of the Senior Class."

"He must be so strong!" Her voice could not, or made no attempt to, hide her admiration. She looked at William and saw she had hurt him. He was rather handsome she noticed—not as handsome as Jack, but rather handsome in distinction. His face was plain, yet his chin was firm and strong, his eyes were steady and clear, and his skin smooth and glowing. His matter-of-fact clothes depreciated the strength and breadth of his shoulders, but accentuated his lack of height—lack of height, that was it! That was why Jack Hall had displaced William in her regard. Yet she liked William very much, and suddenly she pitied him. Musing, her thoughts escaped her.

"You're so small, William."

He stopped. Suddenly he understood. All his life his small stature had been a terrible handicap to him. Because of it, coaches passed him by, unnoticed. It made girls hesitate when he asked them to dance. It kept him always inferior to his classmates. How it embittered him now that the girl he liked best—yes, loved—should throw it up to him! It was indeed like a girl to conclude that only he who is tall and well-built is strong. Little did she know that his own compact body possessed such strength that even Jack Hall would marvel at. For in spite of size, William was really strong.

"If I go to the Halloween party with you, will you introduce us?" continued Adele.

"Yeh." He was sullen. Normally, he would have been very much pleased with the prospect of taking her to the Halloween party, but Jack Hall remained uneasily fixed in his mind. Jack was a friend of his, but a rather condescending

THE CYNOSURE

one—and Jack, there was no denying, had a way with the girls. But Adele had always been loyal to him, and he decided to leave the matter entirely to her choice.

The next day Jack sought out William. He found him seated on a window ledge behind the school building. At the sight of Jack's fine, manly figure, his strong, handsome face, and his dignity and bearing, William's first reaction was a wholesome feeling of admiration, but as he recalled what had passed the night before, he felt it slowly change to an unreasoning hatred.

"Say, Bill," Jack drawled nonchalantly, "that was a pretty nice girl you had at the dance last night."

"Yeh." William was noncommittal. In spite of the nonchalance which the other affected, he could see he was deeply interested, and it thrilled him slightly—the thrill of one whose possession is admired by a connoisseur.

"I'll have to pick her up," resumed Jack.

Suddenly William flared up.

"You keep away from her, darn you!"

Jack was quite taken back. He could not endure such unaccustomed insolence from any one; so quite correctly, he whipped forward a hard, white hand and slapped William a resounding blow on the cheek.

For a moment William crouched low. The muscles in his shoulders and arm quivered as they alternately flexed and unflexed, while rage and restraint struggled for mastery within him. Without warning he struck. Turning on the balls of his feet, and throwing his whole body into the blow, he caught Jack a glancing blow on the mouth, spun him around, and flattened him against the wall.

Jack arose unsteadily. He was game. They met again. William with his feet spread wide apart, braced himself for the attack. With clumsy deliberateness he set himself for a mighty blow. Twice he struck, but each time his fists met the unresisting air, and each time the force of the swing carried him around and made him struggle desperately for his footing. Jack fought cautiously, waiting for each opening, and blocking the other's blows with exasperating ease.

Suddenly he caught William with a blow to the jaw just as the other was preparing another of his mighty swings. The impact seemed to lift William from his feet. He fell heavily to the ground. There was a sharp pain in his head and a distressing feeling of dizziness which angered him. He lay where he had fallen, waiting for the dizziness to leave him. When his head cleared, he saw he was alone. He had been beaten—"knocked out!"

On the night of the Halloween party, William could not bring himself to perform the introduction which he had promised Adele to make. But when one of his friends presented Jack to her his conscience on that matter was relieved, and he retired to the edge of the happy throng of fun-makers, and felt himself a complete outcast. There was no place for him in that merry swirl. Devils, witches, elves, goblins, all swept by him, chattering and laughing, each intent on his own pleasure. But in the maze of dancing color, William saw only Adele in the arms of Jack.

A very pleasing and conspicuous pair they made as they glided over the smooth, glassy floor. Jack was a very handsome and fiery devil, and perfect dancer that he was, the grace and ease of his fairy partner completely lost him all his restraint. As they whirled about, they typified happy and sparkling youth.

As William watched Adele, their eyes met, and she smiled to him. Instantly everything changed. A feeling of warmth and congeniality dispersed his clouds of sullenness. The music stopped. He strode over to them and held out his hand.

"Jack," he said, "I was a fool, and I beg your pardon." He grinned sheepishly.

Jack looked at the outstretched hand. An angry flush mounted his slightly bruised face and he turned and struck the hand away. Instantly Adele's eyes flashed.

THE CYNOSURE

"Take me home, William," she said, and with all the hauteur that a very petite and pretty girl could assume, she swept from the room.

William followed her outside and helped her into her wraps. The clear, cool air came refreshingly to their nostrils as they walked silently down the street. Mingled with the rustling of the elms came the blatant blares of the high school orchestra. It seemed very far away. At last Adele spoke. What she said was apparently irrelevant, yet it was also satisfying, for drawing her into the shadows of the mighty elms, he kissed her.

"William," she said, "you're much bigger than he is."

M. W.

Nature's Symphony

Hark! Who gave this wondrous music birth:
Who, the players mortal eyes may never hope to see?
Harmonies passed over by unheeding earth,
Notes that last through all eternity.
Listen! 'Tis the strains of Nature's Symphony.

The trickle, plash and tinkle of the bubbling brooklet's prancing
Is a merry, light, fantastic air to set the flowers dancing.
The pulsing Spanish love song played by the midnight breeze
Is a sighing, moonlit melody for the still and listening trees.
And the gentle drip, drip, dribble of the softly falling rain,
Is just a crooning lullaby for the slumbering leaves in the lane.
In the quick pit, pit-a-pat, pitter of the crystal sleet's sharp darting,
We hear the notes of Winter's song—ah, Robins, 'tis time for parting.
And the booming bass of the thunder as it shakes the cavern's floor,
Echoes the chaos of battle, the martial sound of war.

And so the world is filled with wondrous notes
That we may hear, if we but pause to listen;
In every merry brook or sighing glade there floats
A song to cheer the heart or cause the eye to glisten.
Ah, pity those who never heed this glowing melody,
For they have lost the golden notes of Nature's Symphony.

BEATRICE BROWN, '28.

Meum Requiem

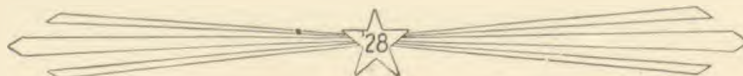
What will you think of me
Over in Linden High?
What will I seem to be
As years pass by?

Simple my wishes are;
Lowly my aim.
Let them not say afar,
"He sought but fame."

Let them just say of me,
"He was a friend;
Him could we plainly see
True to the end.

Well could he make a joke;
Better, could take one."
Happy who's thus bespoke;
Happier is none.

M. W.



THE CYNOSURE

Rosie

I looka da clocka, da time he is eight,
I moosta gat radly for keepa my date.
I gotta nice galla, her nama Rosie,
By golly, she's joosta da galla for me.
She's hotta lak papper, but sweeta lak a
child,
I tella you dis mixture she driva me wild.
I lika be boss—I stronga da man
But she geeva wan look an' I shuta lak a
clam.
Somtina she'll maka me joosta so mad
I'll feela lak spanka an' spanka her bad.
But joosta the sama I luva Rosie,
And I killa the mana who tak her from me.

Well—I feexa myselfa so spika an' span,
Wid da spats on my feet an' a cane in my
han'.

I wear my new shirta, he's yellow an' bright,
He rise from my suita lak a full moon at
night.

I feela so happy, I no cana speaka,—
So my shoosa, for me, maka planty da
squeaka.

I taka my hat an' I closa da door
Soon I'll seea Rosie—joosta wan hour more.
I waita by da corner for Rosie to pass,
I waita two hours an' she coma at last.
I taka two looks at my futura bride
Before I can seea Guiseppe by her side.

Guiseppe is whata girls calla “da sheik,”
But my Rosie—ha!—he'll joosta maka her
seeck!

Slika Guiseppe—I laffa in glee,
He'll getta da air whena Rosie see ME.
They coma, she smila, I winka my eye,
By golly—no!—yessa!—she passa ME by!
I guessa dat minute I joosta see rad,
And I grabba Guiseppe an' poncha hees
head.

Rosie she kika, say “You stoppa dat.”
I shaka her joost lak a littlea cat.
I holla, I scolda, I yella, I call,
She no gotta chanca for spika atall.
I suddenly theenka—then laffa quite free.
Eets the first tima Rosie keep stilla for
me!

But joosta quite soon, somwan poncha my
arm,
I yawn, an' I stratcha, then jomp in alarm.
I heara HER voice an' I shuta lak a clam
When I heara dat voice, I forget I be man.
The voice she repeata, “Joe, whya you
scream?”

“Ah, Rosie, my wifa, I hav' wan fonny
dream!”

BEATRICE BROWN, '28.

Lost Beauty

At break of dawn, when skies first glow
In morning splendor,
Forth from his home with car and goods
He goes, the vendor.

His horse, a cavalier's old pride,
A magic lot, his wares,
But all his soul is lost in gloom,
His face deep lined with cares.

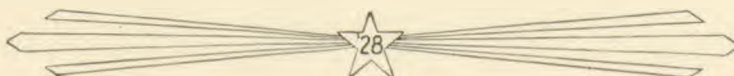
Along the roadside beauty smiles,
But blind, the vendor;
Through country, bursting forth in bloom,
He seeks the spender.

With brain on fire for sterling pence,
And heart all unaware,
For nature's free expended gold
He gives no thought or care.

And naught to him the singing bird,
Or colors tender,
As on his dreary way he goes,
This poor old vendor.

That wealth which poets praise,
His heart and brain both miss;
A soul whom beauty cannot charm,
What tragedy is this?

ANNA GOLDENSTEIN, '28.



THE CYNOSURE

Tardiness, the Demon

Tardiness, the demon, has come to school today,
To aggravate the faculty, and cause sighs of great dismay,
And break our honored record, that we're so glad to show,
And irritate the students and cause their tears to flow;
For all the tardy students, when dismissal bell does ring,
Will sit in the outer office, while their friends are on the wing,
A-lis'nin' to the lecture, that the principal tells about,
And Tardiness'll get you,

If you
Don't
Watch
Out!

Once there was a little boy who didn't care a dime;
No matter what his parents said, he always cried, "There's time;"
The story goes that one day, this youth awoke quite late;
He hadn't washed or combed his hair, and it was almost eight,
His shoe strings got entangled; he started in to whine,
And as he grabbed his books and slate, the clock above struck nine.
He ran with speed through every lane, but Tardiness was about,
And Tardiness got him,

Cause he
Didn't
Watch
Out!

And now the tardy children awake when the sky is blue,
And the grass in all its glory is sprinkled well with dew,
To get ahead of Tardiness and shock him with surprise
And show the wicked demon that they're getting very wise.
So heed this little lesson, and learn its moral right,
And bear in mind the incident that caused the youth his flight.
And tell the other students what this story is about,
Or Tardiness will get them

If they
Don't
Watch
Out!

CELIA ZIRLIN, '31.

The Sea Nymphs

The sea is all your ballroom fair;
Dance on, you sea nymphs, dance.
Sometimes you seem to flit in air
As if you live in trance.

Sometimes you trip with joy of life;
You frolic and swirl and sing
As tho' you never knew of strife
That Fates to mortals bring.

The gods in heav'n look down at you,
Enjoying your delight;

And Jupiter is watching, too,
This joyous, graceful sight.

And now your swaying bodies rest
On the warm and yellow sands,
As day is setting in the west
'Midst gold and azure strands.

A flicker of the dying sun
Your beauty does enhance.
Your frolic has again begun;
Dance on, you sea nymphs, dance.

HELEN KALOCY, '28.



THE CYNOSURE

The Plaza Theatre Presents Latest "Scream" Hits

The City Gone Wild.....	L. H. S. at lunch time.
The Gay Defender.....	Louie Glick (but not very gay).
When a Man Loves.....	Bingy—ask Honor Bright.
Now We're In The Air.....	When a Senior gets a passing grade.
Dress Parade.....	Commencement Night.
The High School Hero.....	"Wally" Amon—according to "Fat."
Les Miserables.....	Seniors before exams.
The Circus.....	The Senior Class.
Hula (No, Loola).....	Helen Kalocy—remember those cannibals?
Upstage.....	Miss Roach's favorite command to the cast.
The Scarlet Letter.....	The Usual Red "F."
Three Bad Men.....	Beinfang, Dabb & Stempel, Inc.
What Price Glory?.....	You will know when you're a Senior.
Back Stage.....	Back stage with the "Honor Bright" cast.
Barbed Wire.....	The A. A. field without your A. A. ticket.
The Drop Kick.....	When Stempel scored.
Good As Gold.....	Anna Franke.
The Prince (ess) of Headwaiters.....	Edith King.
Tillie the Toiler.....	Beatrice Brown.
Wings.....	What most Seniors haven't got.

EDITH KING, '28.

"More Stately Mansions"

Oh, for the pen of the poet!
Oh, for the tongue to express!
Though I see and may know it,
Though I feel and have dreamed,
All of my thoughts and my feelings
Are bottled and stoppered and sealed.

In me is more than the plodder,
Of me is more than the flesh.
But might my dreams be the fodder
With which my body be fed,
Then might I win for me laurels,
Then there'd be place for my head.

Slumbering, silent, and voiceless,
Dreaming and hoping, yet dumb;
Is this my fate? Am I choiceless?
Can I dissever this cord?
Help me unloosen my bondage,
Extend me thy hand, O Lord!

M. W.

Descending Night

The sun in a rose-gold glory
Had sunk behind purpled hills,
And the twittering, blithesome songsters
Had ceased their querulous trills.
The flowerlets drowsily nodded,
Lulled by the whispering pines,
And the breeze wafted fragrant aromas,
From the dew-drenched, clustering vines,
Garbed in star-gemmed velvet,
Silent, without sorrow or mirth,
Like a dusky, foreign princess,
Night came to the sleeping earth.

BEATRICE BROWN, '28.

Going Blind

Never to see the glowing dawn,
Nor the shimmering beams of the silvery moon?
In a month, a year, must all be gone,
Must those shadows come so soon?

Never to watch the swallow's flight,
A winter's snow, or an April's pour?
Never to see the flowers, the light?
Oh, God, just darkness, nothing more?

BEATRICE BROWN, '28.



THE CYNOSURE

On the Straight and Narrow Path

My duty it is
To contribute to this,
(Oh, wrong are the rules of the staff!)
Though I cannot write,
Yet I see not a light,
To prevent me from standing the gaff.

For write must I now,
Never care what or how,
(Oh, misguided teachers and friends!)
Take a subject for fair,
Which will soon bring me there,
To the point when I must make amends.

Nor is it good form
For a poet forlorn
(Oh, doomed are the hopes of the high!)

To bemoan his sad plight
To the ears of the night,
Which plain statement evokes quite a sigh.

You see for yourselves
That poetical shelves,
(Proof conclusive, ye wishers for rhyme!)
Will ne'er be so bold
As to keep 'mongst their fold,
My name in their annals of time.

So, then, beg I leave
Though much may you grieve,
(See ye now, oh ye learned and wise?)
That I may depart;
Take you this in good heart,
And so do I sunder all ties!

SARA ANNE SCHLOSSBERG, '30.
SARAH GINZBURG, '30.

Key to Baby Pictures

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1. The only girl in "The King's English" | 15. Senior basketball center |
| 2. Our future nurse | 16. "A PARFITT gentil knight" |
| 3. "Beene" | 17. The Art Editor |
| 4. The Editor-in-Chief | 18. Hgolab Teragram |
| 5. "Gentlemen prefer Blondes" | 19. The Advertising Manager |
| 6. President of the Senior Class | 20. Another word for German |
| 7. De Time of ice and snow | 21. Helen, Stempel thought this was his picture. |
| 8. "Ray" | 22. "Mush" |
| 9. The newest addition to the Senior Class | 23. The High School butler |
| 10. The President of the A. A. | 24. "I'd—a mile for a Camel" |
| 11. Our Webster | 25. A synonym for candid |
| 12. A religious denomination | 26. "Honor Bright" |
| 13. Senior Class Treasurer | 27. Le roi |
| 14. "Keep—ing" | |







La Société Française

THE CYNOSURE

LA SOCIÉTÉ FRANÇAISE

Présidente	Irene M. Molson
Vice Présidente	Beatrice Grygotis
Secrétaire	Anna Goldenstein
Trésorière	Anna Smiles (First term)
.....	Mary Marron (Second term)
Secrétaire Correspondence	Lillian E. Smith
Faculty Adviser	Mrs. Hardin

The French Club is very proud of the fact that it is Linden High's oldest organization. It has not only been the oldest organization, but it has also been the most active. And it would be well to mention here how solicitous the French Club has always been of the welfare of the High School.

Everyone knows how La Société Française has always come to the rescue of famished football and baseball fans with the candy that it has sold. Of course the club profited by this, but so did the fans. In order to prevent a serious epidemic of brain fever, the French Club has relieved the nervous strain of our overworked student body by giving afternoon dances each year. Here again "La Société Française" showed its magnanimous consideration of the student body by serving refreshments at its dances; hence "Thé Dansant."

This is not the only entertainment that the French Club has offered to its fellow students. Each year members of the club have put on programs in assembly which have elicited comments on their exceptional qualities.

One of the main objectives of the French Club is to promote a greater interest in

French. To develop this interest it has held an annual French essay contest. A prize of five dollars is awarded for the best essay written by any student taking French. This essay has always excited keen competition among the students. The lucky person this year was Morris Winetsky.

To finish its good work the French Club presents a beautiful gift of some kind to the high school each year.

Please don't form the idea that the only purpose of the French Club is to work for the student body. Nay, not so! The members, too, are benefited by their alliance with this organization. At the regular monthly meetings French games are played and various contests are held. The very nice thing about these games is the fact that the winner always gets a prize.

Then there is another pleasure that perhaps you would like to hear about, and that's the annual theatre party. It is held during spring vacation and is usually a trip to the best musical comedy.

And finally, so that the members will not forget the French Club during a happy vacation, a pleasure trip is taken at the end of the year which is paid for by the profits that have accumulated during the year.

Selected:

Tout paraît renversé chez moi.
Le laquais précède le maître;
Le manant vient avant le roi;
Le simple clerc avant le prêtre;
Le printemps vient après l'été;
Noël avant la Trinité;
C'en est assez pour me connaître!

LE DICTIONNAIRE.



THE CYNOSURE



Latin Club

Consul	Lillian E. Smith
Proconsul	Anna Goldenstein
Scriptor	Morris Levine
Quaestor	Yetta Gutkin
Faculty Adviser	Miss Sommer

Although Latin is a dead language, the Latin Club is one of the most active and lively organizations in the school.

How surprised we were when the Latin Club put on that fine program in assembly! How we enjoyed the dance that was conducted by this organization during the winter! The manner in which its members put over these entertainments is certainly worthy of our praise.

The Latin Club has started a new way of getting money and incidentally has introduced a pleasing novelty to the student body. Since last autumn it has been selling black pen-nants bearing the letters L. H. S. in orange.

Even though the Latin Club

is still in its infancy, it has proved that big things are not beyond its scope. As young as it was it gave a gift to the high school in its first year of existence! How's that for going some?

However, the Latin Club members are not only proud of the things that they have done that the school knows about, but they are also proud of the interesting and lively meetings that they have each month. The entertainments, which are conducted by the aediles, are a source of pleasure to the members, and also a means of learning new things about Latin and the Romans.

Here's hoping that the Latin Club will continue its good work.



THE CYNOSURE



Orchestra

President	John Davidson
Vice-President	James Budrecki
Secretary	Patricia Merle
Treasurer	Henry Eisen
Librarian	Edna Klein
Music Supervisor	Miss Tams

What could Linden High do without its orchestra? We certainly should be at a loss if we didn't hear the strains of music as we enter the auditorium. Even those who are reluctant to give up a much needed study hour for assembly are drawn on against their will to the auditorium by the marches of the orchestra, just as the sailors of old were drawn to a certain death by the song of the sirens. By this, it may be plainly seen that the orchestra certainly has a greater force of persuasion than the whole faculty.

What play would have been a complete success without its valuable assistance? Its talent has always been in such demand, that it has even played at such public functions outside of school activities as the dedication of the Junior High School, the dedication of Number

Three School, the Parent-Teacher Association's, "Fathers' Night," and the convention of the Parent-Teacher Association of Union County, which was held in our school.

You are all aware, no doubt, of the wonderful progress it has made in three years. From a small orchestra containing a few violins, a clarinet, and drums, it has grown with unusual rapidity until now it consists of almost the same instruments that a regular orchestra does. Why it even has a double bass and a French horn!



Space is too limited to tell all the affairs at which the orchestra has played, and everyone knows them anyhow; so we wish you would join us in giving three long rousing cheers for our orchestra.



The Commercial Club

THE CYNOSURE

Commercial Club

President	Lillian Caroff
Vice-President	Ida Tamaroff
Secretary	Margaret Balogh
Treasurer	Georgette De Winter
Assistant Treasurer	Helen Hickey
Club Reporter	Beatrice Farkas
Faculty Adviser	Miss Duncan

The Commercial Club certainly is an angel in disguise to its members. No one can possibly realize just how hard these commercial girls of ours are working. They come to school early in the morning to practice typewriting and taking dictation, and if you happen to collide with anyone at 2.20, you may rest assured that it's a commercial girl hurrying to the typewriting room. Their motto happens to be "The early bird gets the worm." In case you don't understand our terminology, the "worm" is the typewriter.

So you see they are truly in dire need of a little recreation to keep them bright and shining. And as you have already undoubtedly guessed, it is the Commercial Club that comes to their rescue.

On Columbus Day the good times were started with a hike. We'll bet a cookie to a doughnut that everyone of you will wish you might join the Commercial Club when you hear about the good time that they had, and the refreshments which were served. Just think! They had "weenies," roasted potatoes, soda, sweet apple cider, and the most delicious, appetizing sandwiches.

This was followed by a Christmas party at which Miss Duncan was the proud recipient of a gift from the members. What a good time everyone had! And speaking of good times, how many remember the St. Valentine's Dance the Commercial Club gave? It was one of the best dances of the year. All who went congratulated themselves on their good fortune, and those who didn't are still regretting it. In between, the club has had many social afternoons which will be long remembered by the members.

Occasionally they have combined business with pleasure. For example, at one meeting they heard a talk by Miss Burroughs of Bamberger's Department Store, who gave a very interesting talk on a variety of commercial enterprises of the business world. They enjoyed the talk and incidently learned things of great value.

Several of the members of the club entered the District Contest and won much honor and at the same time qualified for the State Contest which takes place April 21.

And now a word of warning. Don't be absent from any assembly during May or June, for sometime in those two months the Commercial Club is going to give an entertainment which none of us will want to miss.

On second thought we may possibly be wrong in thinking that the commercial girls are so terribly hard working, for we found the following in "The Gregg Writer" over which they pore.

Nothing Doing

Junior Partner (to pretty typist)—Are you doing anything on Sunday evening, Miss Dale?

Typist (hopefully)—No, not a thing!

Junior Partner—Then try to be at the office earlier on Monday morning, will you?

Getting Warmer

Father—Daughter, what does this 60 on your report card mean?

Com. Student—I don't know, unless it's the temperature of the room.



THE CYNOSURE



The Girls' Glee Club

President	Edith King
Secretary	Genevieve Doktor
Treasurer	Arlene Blancke
Librarian	Madeline Page
Music Supervisor	Miss Tams

"To set the world with music ringing" ever seems to be the motto of the Girls' Glee Club. It certainly does one's heart good to hear these lassies caroling joyously in the auditorium every Monday afternoon. Of course when it's getting towards four o'clock, and it seems necessary to turn around to see the time, caroling can hardly be expected, and without doubt anxiety takes place of joy, but, on the whole, the Girls' Glee Club is a merry group. Perhaps if you were let in on a secret, you would appreciate the efforts of the Girls' Glee Club even more than you do now. Do you know that the reason the Club keeps such atrociously late hours is just so

you can occasionally hear good music in chorus or assembly? Don't you think that that's just lovely of the girls?

Then just a word about the operetta. The Glee Club, with the cooperation of the boys, gave an operetta called "The Nautical Knot." It was considered a success financially and otherwise. The operetta was given for a special purpose this year, just as it has been in former years. From the proceeds of "The Nautical Knot" the Glee Club intends to present the high school with a gift.

Remember, if you wish to hear notes "of linked sweetness long drawn out," linger in the corridors on Monday afternoon.



THE CYNOSURE



Senior Girls' Glee Club

The Senior Girls' Glee Club is made up of those girls in the Glee Club who have the best voices and can read music fairly well. This organization was formed so that those girls who know quite a bit about music can go ahead and do more difficult work.

We would like to correct a misunderstanding on the part of the student body with regard to the name of this branch of the Glee Club. It is called the Senior Glee Club, not because its membership is restricted to Seniors, but to distinguish it from the more elementary organization.

Although the Senior Girls' Glee Club was

just organized last autumn, it has done an unusual amount of work. During the entire year the girls have concentrated their efforts upon learning songs of different localities. By doing this they have found a wealth of beauty hidden in music which people ordinarily have paid little or no attention to.

The Senior Girls' Glee Club has had very little time to show how much ability it has, but as it grows in numbers and talent, we feel sure that it will win an enviable name for itself in Linden High.

Those who belong to this division of the Glee Club are:

Adeline Verner
Arlene Blanke
Yetta Gutkin
Beatrice Levine
Irene Molson
Lillian Smith
Matilda Nogi
Edith King



Patricia Merle
Elizabeth Komoraski
Sadie Rabkin
Dora Goldstein
Genevieve Doktor
Anna Hasbrook
Dorothy Maggs
Francelia Miller

THE CYNOSURE



Debating Club

President	Joseph Oestreicher
Vice-President	Clara Weitzman
Secretary	Louis Glick
Treasurer	Morris Levine
Faculty Adviser	Mr. Barrett

If the high school were without a debating club, there certainly would be quite a few people who would be practically lost. It has become a veritable haven to these few, for the simple reason that here they can argue on and on without anyone's telling them to keep quiet or to fight it out elsewhere. They can express their own opinion upon any subject which may be under discussion; they can experience the glory of victory over a fellow student. Only those who indulge in arguing truly know the delightful sensation that fills a body when he wins in an argument. But, joking aside, the Debating Club, really does teach one self-control and the power to keep his head, no matter how angry or

how excited he may become. It teaches the average person self-expression, the ability to think coherently and to speak his thoughts in a logical manner. These are the things that are going to help him later in life. These are the things that are essential in character.

The Debating Club's real function, however, is sponsoring debates, both interscholastic and interclass. This year the Senior

Class won the interclass debating championship. It's the second time this class has won it, too! But cheer up, underclassmen; they won't win it again.

We think that Linden High couldn't be without the Debating Club. What do you think?



THE CYNOSURE



Debating Team

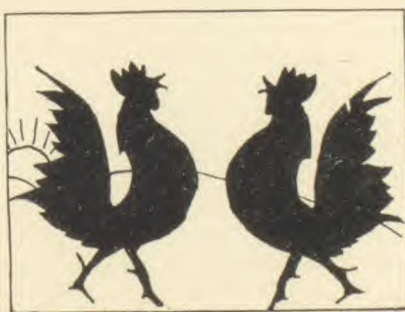
Joseph Oestr�icher.....	Captain
Morris Levine	
William Sparks	
Irving Weinberg	Alternate
Mr. Barrett	Coach

Linden High School has a great many things to be proud of, and she is especially proud of her debating team. From about twelve students who were eligible for the varsity team, four boys were chosen to represent Linden, so you can see that without a doubt this team is the best Linden High has to offer.

You will notice, if you look at the names of the team, that three of these boys are Sophomores. That is something that Linden High should be proud of and something that will be to her advantage.

Last December Linden obtained (through our official delegate, Joseph Oestreicher) a favorable grouping with Union, Roselle Park, and Hillside at the Rutgers Interscholastic Debating Convention. On March 16, Linden debated with Roselle Park, the question, "Resolved, That Capital Punishment Should Be Abolished in the United States" and carried off the honors.

As Union beat Hillside, Linden will debate Union April 20. The winner of this debate will receive the plaque.



THE CYNOSURE



Home Economics Club

President	Beatrice Grygotis
Vice President	Dorothy Maggs
Treasurer	Ida Tamaroff
Secretary	Elizabeth Komoraski
Club Reporter	Clara Weitzman
Faculty Adviser	Miss Croasdale

Even though the Home Economics Club is the youngest organization in our school, great and mighty things are expected of it next year. There are a number of things it might do. It might edit a style magazine, get up fudge parties, have quilting bees, or even start an art gallery! The Home Economics Club may easily be able to do any of these things as it boasts among its members representatives from almost all the special departments of the school.

On the whole, they have done an unusual amount of work, for

the short time that they have been in existence.

Very little was known about the Home Economics Club, that is, everyone knew that there was such a club, but they didn't know what they could do until the play "Hannah Gives Notice" was given. Then the Club was truly in the limelight and nothing has seemed to bring it down from its place as yet.

Remember, boys, that the girls of this organization learn how to dress well, save money, and make biscuits that aren't golf balls.



THE CYNOSURE



Live Wire Club

President	Thomas Linnenbrink
Vice President	Louis Horowitz
Secretary	Dorothy Whitley
Treasurer	Sidney Zall
Faculty Adviser	Mr. Barrett

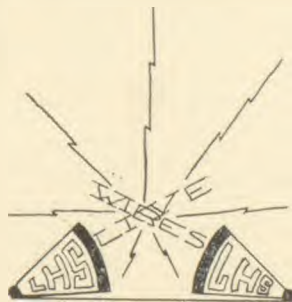
The Live Wire Club is all that its name implies. Indeed, its members are so very much alive that you'll almost get a shock when you read just how active these infant prodigies are. They were organized last October, and since then they have worked unceasingly with the best interests of Linden High School always in mind.

They have shown their school spirit by their own daily cheer practice, and they have fostered it among other classes by challenging them to cheering contests.

You all know how especially good their cheering is if you have ever heard them at the games.

But their cheering isn't their only lively characteristic. Every activity they go into, and you may count on having some "Live Wires" participating in everything, is entered with a great deal of pep and zest.

The Live Wires will be a club well worth following up, for without a doubt they're going to accomplish startling things.



THE CYNOSURE

The Value of Clubs

THE majority of folk think that text-books plus study plus a little brains plus a teacher equals a fairly good education. However, modern educators have found out that this is not true. They have learned through observation and much study of this problem that there is another factor which is very necessary, even vital, in the education of the boy and girl of today. This is found in the extra-curricular activities of the average high school.

Athletics, dramatics, oratorical and speaking contests, debates, and clubs all come under this heading.

Many high school clubs grow out of the work of the classroom which they extend and enrich. Owing to the limited time of the lesson period, numerous phases of the subject which are interesting and important must often be skimmed over or brushed aside. The club, on the other hand, is able to dwell upon these things. Thus, the French Club discusses interesting events or customs of France and offers an opportunity for an informal use of French during the meetings, the members of the Latin Club learn much of Roman customs and culture, the Home Economics Club has time to consider many important phases of dress and home management, and the Commercial Club members learn much from hearing talks and lectures by prominent men of the business world.

Other clubs do not have such close rela-

tionship to the classes, but are of unusual benefits, nevertheless. The Debating Club, for example, has no real connection with any one class, yet it teaches the student how to express himself and how to think clearly, logically, and quickly. The musical organizations, too, are of inestimable value to our high school. Opportunities are extended in the Glee Club for a large group to sing together, in the orchestra for a large group to play together. In this way a greater knowledge and appreciation of music is obtained by a larger number of students, and a spirit of comradeship and good fellowship is maintained.

Through the activities of the club the pupil may learn self-reliance, self-control, and the principles of co-operation. It is in this way that a great many young people find themselves; they discover that they have the ability to lead, or they find that they have the ability to follow wisely. In this way character and personality are developed to the fullest extent.

Then, too, social life is fostered through the dances and the parties that the different clubs hold, and incidentally many friendships of a lasting kind are made.

Since clubs do offer such a variety of opportunities for boys and girls to develop abilities and show what they are capable of doing, it would be splendid if a greater number would become club members.

The Parent-Teacher Association

ALTHOUGH the Parent-Teacher Association is not an organization of the student body, we take this opportunity to show our appreciation of the active interest it has taken in our High School.

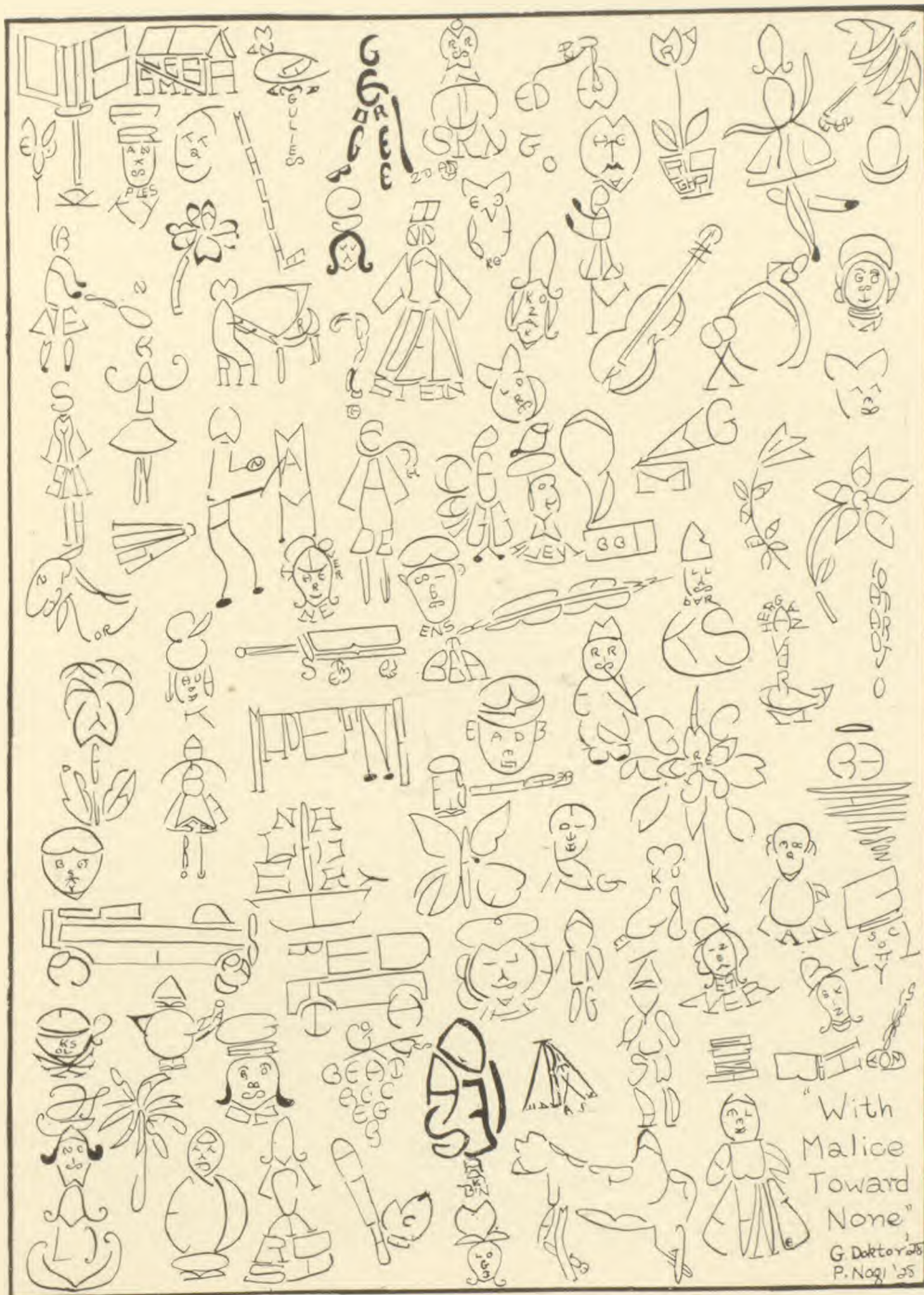
The Association was organized last fall with the following officers: President, Mrs. George Fleischmann; First Vice-President, Miss Rose; Second Vice-President, Mrs. John Peterson; Secretary, Mrs. Charles Engleman; Treasurer, Mrs. A. H. Barr.

The interest of the Association has grown at each meeting, and the membership is steadily increasing. In addition to the regular afternoon sessions, two "Fathers' Nights" have been held, at which lively entertainment was provided.

The Parent-Teacher Association stands for closer relationship between the school and the home. We know that its members are working for our interest and wish to help us at any time. At their last "Fathers' Night" they decided to establish a loan fund for the benefit of the high school students and of Linden Alumni in higher institutions.

To those parents who have not yet joined this organization we merely wish to say that you are missing an excellent opportunity to benefit your children and your community. We sincerely hope that you will affiliate yourself with the Association during the next year.







Senior Play Cast



“Honor Bright”—A Classmate’s View

THE Senior Play is the center of interest from one year to the next and is a matter of general class concern, though only a few win places in the cast. While yet Juniors, we were planning how successful our production would be; and when school began in September, it was one of our first thoughts.

The whole class assisted in the selection of the play and in the work involved in producing it. On the evening of the performance every member shared the anxiety of the players. If you were in the audience that night, you probably noticed our pale, agitated faces, as we wondered whether we would have a big crowd, and whether our profit would amount to as much as that of last year's Seniors.

With breathless excitement we perched on the edge of our seats as the curtain rose. “Will they speak loudly enough?” we agitated. “Have the flowers come?” “Will the audience enjoy the play?”

The opening scene went with a rush. The trunk was safely carried up the stairs, “Bishop Carton's” wig was a scream, and he looked the part. “Dick” was perfectly self-possessed and “Honor” was clever and lovely. Gradually we relaxed with sighs of relief; we could safely trust the able cast to swing the play without our aid; there was nothing for us to do but to give ourselves to the pleasure of the performance and to enjoy the appreciation of the audience.

All the players are to be commended for the excellency of their performance. Lillian Smith interpreted her part of “Honor Bright,” the heroine, with intelligence, grace, and charm. George Bienfang made an appealing and lovable Richard. Lillian

Caroff's performance as “Tot”, the willful chorus girl, was colorful and brilliant, and Manuel Margulies, as Bill Drum, left nothing to be desired. The “Bishop”, Albert Dabb, was a dear, quotations and all, although we sympathized with his haughty wife, ably played by Mathilda Nogi. Edith King, as Mrs. Barrington, acted the affectionate, devoted mother very successfully. Edwin Rinau, as the dignified, loyal butler, Watts, satisfactorily managed a corps of difficult family servants; Maggie, the irate cook, amusingly played by Anna Smiles; Annie, the maid, pleasingly presented by Helen Kalocy; the chauffeur, Abe Weisbrot, and the Scotch gardener, William Amon, both of whom added much to the amusement of the production. Joseph Oestreicher as Dr. Schooley, Frank Suplesky and Owen Davis, as detectives, also provided humorous touches, which carried the plot forward.

Much of the success of the play is due to the efforts of Miss Roach, the coach, Mrs. Hardin, business adviser, and the enthusiastic cooperation of various class committees.

They were: Business Committee, Anna Goldenstein, chairman, Ella Deutsch, Bruno Stempel, Helen Bienfang, Anna Sojer, and Hazel Alexander; Stage Committee, Ray Gordon, chairman, Anna Kozak, Marie Beutel, Dorothy Baptist, and Evelyn Peterson; Art Committee, Georgette DeWinter, chairman, Anna Franke, Frances Walck, Sadie Schiller, and Frieda Yanowitz; Publicity Committee, Amelia Madey, chairman, Margaret Balogh, Emily Parfitt, Edith Hudak, Violet Kozak, and Hazel Applegate.

A. GOLDENSTEIN, '28.



THE CYNOSURE

Back-Stage View of the Senior Play

"AFTER tonight!" "Ten more minutes and then—" "Gee, I hope we won't forget our lines." "Is my make-up all right?" "Ha, ha, your wig looks so funny, Dabby, ha, ha."

With tumultuous beating of hearts we stood, just before the curtain signal was due. Uneasy thoughts flashed through our heads, and queer feelings pricked our spines. Would it be a success? Would we get that thrill of hearing a delighted audience enthusiastically applauding? Would our hearts ever cease beating, our hands become less icy?

In the dim distance, somewhere the orchestra began to play. Lights turned low. The curtain parted silently. Colored footlights blinked nervously. Whispers and murmurs gave place to tense expectancy, and the sea of faces appeared vague and blurred, like blots of white against an inky background.

Our nerves at last grew steady, and, pretending that we were rehearsing, our group of seniors was magically transformed into a hero, a heroine, a devoted mother, a wealthy society woman, a bishop and his friend, a press agent, a chorus girl, sagacious detectives, and a group of very determined and independent servants. Miraculously, the first act ended, and excitement ran high.

"Help me with my dress, please." "Have I got on enough lipstick?" "I have to make a quick change after this, will you help me?" "I think they liked it." "Don't step on the bell, Wally." "Will you quit that noise?" "When I tap, you blow the horn." "Don't rub your eye through your glasses; they are supposed to have lenses in 'em." "Sh—ready."

How gayly the footlights twinkled now! Though we were still working inside like a turbulent sea, we were outwardly calm. Soon we completely forgot Eyes—enjoying Eyes, prying Eyes, delighted Eyes, critical Eyes—and everything else in front of the lights, until the curtain closed at the end of the second act.

"You were just fine!" "So were you." "Last act, thank—" "Hair all right?" "Where's my hat?" "Gee, what'll we do if the dog starts barking?" "Wouldn't that jar you, my collar's half a size too small?" "Shall I take the pink or white fan?" "Look out, you're shaking the scenery." "Don't forget to break that glass on time." "Sh—sh—"

In the third act, we began to enjoy ourselves. What if we did have an audience? Who cared anyway? Narrow escapes, creaking shoes and stairs, misplaced rugs, forgotten lines—all these things no longer disturbed us. At last the curtain closed on a delightfully romantic scene. (Oh, blissful moment!). We don't mean the much practised romantic embrace. Uproar everywhere. Thunderous applause, and echoes sounding and resounding. Bouquets of flowers poured in. Friends came back stage to extend congratulations. All pent up feeling, noise, excitement was let loose. Bright eyes, smiling lips, and rosy cheeks greeted one another.

But just as that roaring blizzard outdoors finally ended its wild course, so did the excitement of the Senior Play. At last it was all over, except for congratulations and pleasant, happy memories.

LILLIAN CAROFF, '28.

The Union County Oratorical Contest

MOST people would consider it enough to be the successful leading characters in the Senior Play, however, Lillian Smith and George Bienfang, two of Linden High School's pluckiest Seniors, not being entirely satisfied with these laurels, captured the first prize for both girls and boys in the Union County Oratorical Contest held

in the Roselle High School on April 3.

Lillian Smith's topic was, "Lindbergh, a Representative of True American Youth." George Bienfang spoke on "School Citizenship." Both contestants were outstanding in their originality of composition and their excellent delivery, triumphing over fifteen other participants.



THE CYNOSURE



Cast of "The Nautical Knot"

A Nautical Knot

"The sea is calm, and tranquil lay
The gallant ships that sail today."

"Behold, the belle of Barnstapoole
Behold the winsome maid."

FOR weeks the air was permeated with these and many other catchy tunes. As the days passed, the length and volume of the songs increased, until one could almost imagine that he smelled the briny sea itself.

What was the meaning of all this excitement? Of course, it was the annual operetta in the making. As the time grew shorter, the rehearsals grew longer, the cast more restless, and the coaches more frantic.

At last, however, March 30 came. Anyone who has ever taken part in a play knows just how it feels when the big night arrives. No matter how brave and nonchalant you may pretend to be, there is always an empty feeling within and a slight trembling of the nerves. But if the cast of the operetta suffered from these disorders, they did not show it, for the operetta was a decided success.

Lillian Smith as Julia, belle of Barnstapoole, together with John Davidson and Adeline Verner, our regular songsters, were the chief attractions, and Peter Jacobi and Alex Sax, two of our latest stars, contributed much through their wit and musical ability.

"The Nautical Knot" as the name implies, was a tale of heartless sailors and broken-hearted girls. Chief among the sailors were Stephen Mersitz, Irving Weinberg, and Joseph Klein, while Patricia Merle, Arlene Blancke, and Genevieve Doktor, the three leading Barnstapoole girls, gave several delightful musical numbers. This cast was well supported by a large chorus, whose white togs and summery dresses made a colorful sight. In the end the heartless sailors came back to the broken-hearted girls and the curtain closed on a lively medley of "Wedding Bells."



THE CYNOSURE

Assemblies

THURSDAYS are real "red letter" days in Linden High, for at that time the whole school assembles, eagerly anticipating something new and delightful by way of plays, speeches, prominent visitors, interesting school news, debates, music, movies, and other forms of entertainment that impart knowledge and afford recreation.

Every class has a "red letter" day and in this way can show its individual talent before the teachers and students.

The plays, especially, have revealed surprising ability in dramatics. Our pupils have shown their versatility by writing original playlets, arranging settings and costumes, and effectively interpreting a variety of dramatic situations. Programs by those gifted musically have also been extremely enjoyed.

Among these plays, "The King's English," given by the Senior Boys, was truly humorous and taught us a lesson as well. The colorful, South Sea Island atmosphere was very delightful. The Senior Girls, too, gave a presentation during Book Week. Important characters from well known books appeared in appropriate costumes, and indeed, the authors themselves would have been delighted to see their creations in life. Later, the Junior Boys turned collegiate, and decided to display their musical abilities in a pleasing setting. As a result they were engaged to play for an important function of the year. An amusing play entitled "The Evils of Modern Slang" was given by the Commercial Juniors, showing how the smart, choice bits of slang used constantly are really vulgar.

Clubs, also, have their program days. The French Club presented a part of "Monsieur Perrichon." Their rapid French puzzled the poor Freshmen (and not a few Seniors). The quaint and colorful costumes of that period were also very amusing.

The Home Economics Club, recently organized, showed its prowess by an amusing play depicting the misery of a household when a good cook leaves abruptly. Another type of playlet, given by the Commercial Sophomores, presented the strict and businesslike atmosphere of a large firm's office, and also the propensity of important executives to fall in love with their faithful secretaries. Another Sophomore group gave a Thanksgiving play which showed that Thanksgiving was well worth observing. A good lesson for people not fond of Latin was taught by the Latin Club play. The hero, a small boy, who did not wish to study Latin, promised to sever connection for twenty-four hours with all things whose names were derived from Latin, and as a result he was bored to death and nearly starved. A Freshman section entertained with a Christmas play in which all toys came to life and the Greek gods participated. The Commercial Club, too, gave a delightful performance which was appreciated by the audience and which also proved their musical ability.

These and similar assembly programs entertained and instructed the student body and gave those who participated valuable training and experience.

LILLIAN CAROFF, '28.

Alumni Notes

(Continued from page 39)

Sara McGillvray, '25, has entered the training school for nurses of St. Elizabeth's Hospital, Elizabeth.

Ethel Augustine, '24, will receive her degree in June from the New Jersey College for Women.

Mildred Decker, '24, a graduate of the State Normal School at Trenton, is teaching in School No. 2, Linden.

Ruth Smith, '23, is teaching English in the Junior High School.

Lieutenant Harry Gordon Spillinger, '20, who has been recommended by the Army Board for a year of advanced work in engineering at Cornell University, will begin his study there this summer.

Samuel Winetshy, '20, has been elected Vice President of the Press Club at Atlantic City, where he is employed as editor of the Atlantic City Press Union.

M. W.





THE CYNOSURE



A. A. Officers and Advisers

President	Matilda Nogi
Vice-President	John Davidson
Secretary	Helen Hickey
Treasurer	Lillian Smith
Girls' Athletic Director	Miss Seigman
Boys' Athletic Director	Mr. Cooper
A. A. Adviser	Mr. Beck

Athletics For All

THIS year the Athletic Association took for its slogan "Athletics for the mass and not the few." As a result, a momentous change entered into the athletics of boys and girls, especially girls.

As a means of determining the adequacy of the new program, a record was kept of the four hundred members of the A. A. who engaged in athletics.

It was found that one hundred students participated during the fall, boys at football, and girls at volley-ball, and during the winter about three hundred students played basketball. There were session teams, class teams, second teams, and varsities. Competition and fair sportsmanship were evident on all squads. In the spring at least one

hundred students will participate in baseball, track, or tennis.

Owing to the decided state and school sentiment against inter-scholastic basketball games for girls, this year school tournaments were replaced by class tournaments in which keen interest and rivalry were shown.

A system of merits, however, whereby a girl might earn her "L" by participation in sports, was drawn up by Miss Seigman, Physical Instructor, and Matilda Nogi, varsity Captain-Manager of all sports, and approved by the faculty advisers. The activities in which credits are given are volley-ball, basketball, tennis, track, and cheer-leading.

THE CYNOSURE



Varsity Football Team

Babitsky	Left End	Suplesky	Right Tackle
Mersitz	Left Tackle	Glick	Right End
Jacobi	Left Guard	Rosenwald	Quarterback
Topel	Left Guard	Givens, Captain	Left Halfback
Stempel, Captain	Center	Davidson	Fullback
Budrecki	Right Guard	Sax	Right Halfback
Wadel	Halfback		

The Football Season

THE High School football team with only four letter-men left from a team that made football history for Linden, auspiciously opened the 1927 season by soundly trouncing the representatives of Metuchen High School with a score of 44-0.

In the next game Carteret Academy was forced to bow to Linden with a 19-0 score to brood over. This was the largest score a Linden team had ever scored against the Academy boys.

The following game with Millburn proved a disappointment. Injuries and several "breaks" of the game proved too much to overcome. A scoreless tie was the result.

At Bernardsville, sans the service of "Rosy" Givens, the first setback of the season was suffered. The customary Linden fight was lacking throughout the game. Bernardsville had the honor of being the first team this season to cross Linden's goal line, which had been kept uncrossed for twelve games. The score was 0-7.

The Roselle Parkers, who had snapped Linden's winning streak the year before, again proved too strong for us. Conrad and Captain Johnson of the "Park" were the biggest factors in the defeat, the former by his end runs, and the latter by his line bucks.

THE CYNOSURE

Linden came back strong in the next game, routing St. Mary's High School of Perth Amboy by a score of 13-0. The field, which was a veritable swamp, prevented either team from displaying its full power.

The most exciting game of the season was played with Roselle High School. Roselle scored first, but failed to make the extra point. The game see-sawed back and forth until the last quarter, Roselle having the better of it. Babitsky intercepted a pass and sprinted away from the Roselle players for a touchdown. The extra point was made in the same way. With three more minutes of playing time left, Linden fumbled. Roselle recovered, tried several line bucks, and then sent Kimble, who had kicked one of the two field goals made against Linden the previous season, to attempt a field goal. The kick was successful, putting Roselle ahead once more. With only thirty seconds left, Linden attempted a criss-cross on the kick off with "Rube" Wadel carrying the ball. After circling practically the entire Roselle team, he was downed. Score 7-9.

The next game with Rahway High was won by Linden, 6-0. "Red" Davidson ran a kick, back thirty yards for the only tally of the game.

The final game of the season was played with the Alumni, who numbered among their players six former All-County men. The Alumni started off with a bang; and aided by five penalties, brought the ball within striking distance. The Varsity held, and the goal line was not endangered throughout the rest of the game. "Rosy" Givens proved the star of the game, intercepting six passes, four of which he turned into touchdowns, while the other two went for considerable gains.

Although the season was not as successful as we wished, a great deal of credit should be given to Coach Cooper for his ability to develop players. When the Official All-County teams were picked by the Union County Coaches, six of the Linden Varsity received a place. Captain Stempel was the unanimous choice for center. Givens

and "Jim" Budrecki, veterans from the previous season, received places as half-back and guard on the first team. Frank Suplesky and Morris Babitsky were placed on the second team as tackle and end. Davidson received honorable mention, and played as a substitute on the first team.

On December 3 the two All-County teams met in the first game of this kind ever tried. Johnson of Roselle Park, Gaskill, and Givens were the individual stars of the game. The score was 12-0 in favor of the first team. Gold and silver footballs were given the players by the coaches.

Losing only Stempel, Suplesky, and Glick, it is not boasting to say that Linden should be the foremost contender for the County Title next year.

THE SCORES

	Opponents Linden	
Metuchen	0	44
Cartaret Academy	0	19
Millburn	0	0
Bernardsville	7	0
Roselle Park	20	0
St. Mary's High School	0	13
Roselle	9	7
Rahway	0	6
Alumni	0	26

High School Athletic Field

BECAUSE of the unsatisfactory results obtained from the new athletic field, the Board of Education has decided to enlarge the field, and raise it several feet, to do away with the present muddy condition.

The new field, which will not be ready for a year or more, will contain two grid-irons, one for games, the other for practice, a baseball diamond, with the nearest fence over three hundred feet away, and a quarter-mile long track. These improvements will give Linden one of the best fields in the State.

THE CYNOSURE



Boys' Basketball—Varsity

WITH only the captain left from the team that was the runner-up for the County title, the prospects for a successful basketball season were rather poor, especially after the Varsity lost the first three games. However, under Coach Cooper's guidance, the team rapidly improved, ending the season with twelve victories and nine losses, and retaining second place in the Union County League. In the State tournament the team went last year's Varsity one better, winning from Cartaret High School with a score of 34 to 32, but losing to Rahway, 16 to 26.

The game with Cartaret was one of the closest and hardest fought games played during the season. Cartaret started the scoring and kept out in front throughout the first half. Medwick, Cartaret forward, was responsible for fifteen of their twenty-four points, and Linden was able to score only seventeen points. Linden returned for the second half with a slightly changed lineup, and began one of the most brilliant come-backs ever staged. Baskets were made from all angles by Linden, while Cartaret, with Medwick held in check by Stempel, was held scoreless. At the end of the third quarter

the score stood 24 to 24. The battle saw-sawed back and forth in the last quarter, neither team retaining the lead for long. With the score tied, two baskets in rapid succession by Linden gave them a four point lead. Cartaret made another basket, but was left stranded when the gun went off.

"Al" Latawiec was the team's high scorer; Captain Givens and Farber were next in order.

"Rosy" Givens was honored with a position as center on the Coaches' Second All-County Team. Stempel received honorable mention, and played as a substitute guard with the First All-County.

"Rosy" Givens was unanimously re-elected Captain for the 1928 season.

THE TEAM

Latawiec	Left Forward
Farber	Right Forward
Givens, Captain	Center
Stempel	Left Guard
Babitsky	Right Guard
Rosenwald	Guard
Wadel	Guard
Mersitz	Guard
Eisen	Forward



THE CYNOSURE



Freshman Varsity Basketball Team

Basketball—Seconds

THE Linden High School Second team, composed chiefly of Freshmen, proved themselves one of the best in Union County. Opponents, much larger and more experienced, were met and downed after hard, well fought games.

As a member of the Union County League the Linden Seconds, after suffering several relapses, came to life and began to make things miserable for the League leaders. First, the Roselle Park Seconds, who were then the League leaders, were soundly trounced in a one sided contest. The Roselle Seconds defeated the "Parkers" and were in turn forced to succumb to Linden's superior playing. This game caused a tie between Linden and Roselle Park for second place. In the game played to decide the tie, Linden again conquered the Park Seconds.

Captain "Al" Nogi was the Second's best man in scoring, playing consistently throughout the season. "Red" Duchin's dribbling and shooting greatly aided the team in their games. "Lew" Schneider, "Nooney" Giv-

ens, and "Cloudy" Luth won many games by their splendid team work. "Tommy" Gray, the smallest basketball player in the County, drew considerable applause from the spectators for his ability to dodge opponents and make baskets when they were needed.

Considering the fact that these boys are only Freshmen, we can see that Coach Cooper is getting in good work early and from them will have seasoned timber for future varsity teams.

"Al" Nogi was again elected by the Seconds to Captain them through the coming season.

Nogi, Captain,	Left Forward
Gray	Right Forward
Givens	Center
Duchin	Left Guard
Schneider	Right Guard
Luth	Center
Obersteadt	Forward
Kruta	Center
Mazonas	Guard
Hauswald	Guard



THE CYNOSURE



Class Champion Basketball Team

Interclass Basketball

AFTER two weeks of early morning practice, the inter-class basketball players stepped into the limelight. The Seniors, heavy favorites to win, lost the opening game to the Juniors by one point. The Freshmen defeated the Sophomores in another close game. In the second round the Seniors were again defeated, this time by the Sophomores, while the Juniors defeated the Freshmen. The third round was featured by many upsets. The Sophomores trounced the Juniors, "Weenie" Powers sinking "hawkers" from all over the court. The Seniors came to life at last and swamped the Freshmen 55-19. Margulies, the big Buick man from Room 203, scoring twenty-two points, the highest number of points scored during the games.

The Juniors and Sophomores, having won two games and lost one apiece, were tied for first place. The game to decide the championship was played as a preliminary to the girls' Varsity-Alumnae game.

With "Johnny" Poth in great form, the

Juniors defeated the Sophs 27-21, thereby winning the championship, the numerals, and the right to pose for the Year Book.

JUNIOR TEAM

Kugler, Captain	Forward
Poth	Forward
Burr	Center
White	Guard
Topel	Guard
Henriksen	Guard
Atkin	Guard

Baseball

BASEBALL, which at the present time has only begun, shows every promise of a successful season. With between forty and fifty candidates for the nine positions, Coach Cooper has a great deal of good material to pick from. Besides Captain Givens there are four other letter men left. They are Stempel, Latawiec, Wadel, and Babitsky. Bienfang, Dabb, Masnick, Poth, N. Givens, Burr, Quinlin, and Sparks are other promising candidates.



THE CYNOSURE



Varsity Basketball Team

Girls' Varsity Basketball

ALTHOUGH the inter-school games were replaced this year with inter-class tournaments, those who showed greatest skill and ability on their teams were picked for the Varsity squad for the game with the Alumnae. This game was looked forward to with interest, for it was a known fact that our opponents had the advantage over us in height, strength, experience, and established reputation. Nevertheless, the Varsity, although with only two experienced players, had teamwork, ability, and enthusiasm and won this game 30-25.

The great number of fouls made by the Alumnae counted as points for the Varsity. "Pat" Nogi put in fifteen of the seventeen foul shots besides making twelve points by field goals. "Trixie" Farkas, a newcomer, also showed up to advantage by her speed and dash in getting the ball. The guards, Irene Molson and Emily Parfitt, must also be given a great deal of credit for their fine

playing, as must the center, Anna Sojer, and side center, Lillian Smith. Two of the substitutes, Albina Skladel and Rose Gardos, the newest finds, showed up well and proved that lack of experience is no handicap.

On the Alumnae team, Margaret Molson starred and made practically all their points.

The Varsity-Alumnae game ended the basketball season for the girls.

The girls that played on the varsity team were:

Matilda Nogi, Captain	Forward
Beatrice Farkas	Forward
Irene Molson	Guard
Emily Parfitt	Guard
Lillian Smith	Side Center
Anna Sojer	Center

SUBSTITUTES

Rose Gardos	Side Center, Guard
Albina Skladel	Guard
Ray Gordon	Side Center



THE CYNOSURE



Class Champion Volley-Ball and Basketball Teams

Girls' Volley-Ball

VOLLEY-BALL was the first sport engaged in in the fall. At this time, captains for the year's sports for their classes were selected. After the elections, volleyball then started in earnest.

Teams were picked by the coach, the varsity captain, and the class captains.

Keen interest was shown in these tournaments, and sportsmanship was manifest. Each team played three games, and the thousand per centage score was used.

The Senior girls, captained by Irene Molson, lived up to their name, and won the championship by their superior teamwork, strength, and scoring. The Sophomores, headed by Rose Gardos, ranked second, while the Juniors, with Elizabeth Harris as captain, came third, and the Freshmen, led by Irene Casterline, came last.

The girls on the winning team were:

Helen Gelfond	Genevieve Doktor
Ray Gordon	Helen Bienfang
Matilda Nogi	Frances Walck
Georgette De Winter	Anna Sojer
Irene Molson	Anna Franke
Lillian Smith	Helen Kalocy
Ella Deutsch	Margaret Balogh

Girls' Interclass Basketball

AFTER the volley-ball tournament had ended, the girls began practising basketball almost immediately. Many girls came out for their various teams, and a desire to learn and enjoy the game was shown.

The Freshman teams, with the aid of Miss Seigman, became organized and started the tournament. By a series of games, those teams were soon eliminated. Those of the Freshmen who showed signs of promise were Irene Casterline, Lillian Deras-kewich, Elizabeth Weidl, and Grace Robson.

Much more skill, however, was shown in the games of the Sophomores and Upper Classmen. Various teams were soon eliminated by a series of games, until the finals, when the only remaining contestants for the championship were the Commercial Sophomores and the Latin-Scientific Seniors.

The Seniors, thus far, had suffered no defeats, and had shown teamwork and accurate shooting. On the other hand, the Sophomores had not been beaten either, and had shown strength and ability. Therefore the rivalry was keen. The Seniors, however, won the championship, defeating the



THE CYNOSURE

Sophomores 40-18. They displayed excellent form, and teamwork was obvious. The clever footwork of the guards, the fine passing of the center and side center, and the accurate goal shooting and outwitting of their guards by the forwards, proved to be enough to defeat their opponents.

Those who showed clever work on the Sophomore team were Rose Gardos, Trixie Farkas, and Albina Skladel.

The members of the champion basketball team were:

Irene Molson, Captain	Guard
Emily Parfitt	Guard
Matilda Nogi	Forward
Lillian Smith	Forward
Edith King	Center
Helen Kalocy	Side Center

SUBSTITUTES

Anna Franke	Side Center
Anna Smiles	Guard

Ice Hockey

OF the new sports organized in the school this year, ice hockey was the most successful. Because of weather conditions the team was able to play only three games, all of which we won.

All the games proved interesting, especially the one with the Rahway Hockey Club. This team was reputed to be the best in the county, but we defeated them by the score of 3-1.

The two other games were played with Rahway High School and the Alumni, and we piled up seven points to our opponents' two.

Although this was only our first year of competition, we established an enviable rec-

ord, and we can expect a team for 1929 equally as good.

THE TEAM

J. Poth	F. Suplesky
G. Simpson	C. Quinlin
G. Bienfang	A. Burr
A. Dabb	P. Jacobi
D. Lock	

RECORD

Opponents	Linden
Rahway High School—0	—3
Alumni —2	—4
Rahway Hockey Club—1	—3

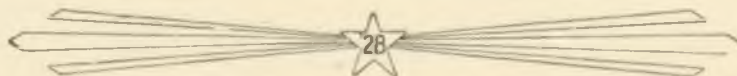
The District Commercial Contest

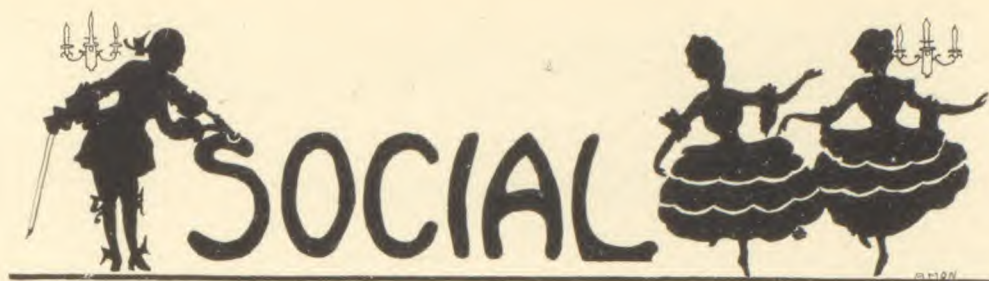
MARCH 31 was victory day for Linden! The commercial students of Linden High made a splendid showing and took many honors at the District Commercial Contest that was held at New Brunswick High School, in New Brunswick, despite the fact that competition was unusually keen. Our success was due, in no small measure, to the valuable aid and untiring efforts of Miss Duncan and Miss Reid.

The individuals whose names appear in the following record are preparing to enter the State Contest to be held in Trenton, April 21. Here's the evidence that our commercials have a record that we may all well be proud of:

<i>Typewriting I</i>	
1st place	Anna Kosowski } Team
2nd place	Anna Goldenstein } first
	Lottie Rosenband } place
<i>Stenography I</i>	
1st place	Ethel Midgley } Team
	Lena Gelfond } second
	Sophia Weisbrot } place
<i>Typewriting II</i>	
3rd place	Mary Rabkin
<i>Stenography II</i>	
3rd place	Beatrice Brown } Team
	Lillian Caroff } second
	Mary Rabkin } place.

Others who took part in the District Contest were: Georgette De Winter and Hazel Alexander for typewriting II, and Frieda Yanowitz, Hazel Alexander, and Frances Walck for eighty words a minute dictation.





Afternoon Dances

THERE are no dull Jacks or Jills either, in Linden High School, for, although work is certainly not lacking here, neither is play. Among the outstanding social events are the afternoon dances and parties sponsored by the classes and clubs.

The first dance of the year was that given by the Senior Class on October 19. The orthophonic victrola supplied the music, and everyone had a fine time. This was the first school dance which some of the students had ever attended, and it initiated them into the fun of that sort of activity.

The second afternoon dance, a Thé Dancant, was sponsored by La Société Française on November 16. A very good attendance at this dance repaid the club for its work. Again the orthophonic victrola took the place of an orchestra. After the dancing and games, tea and cake were served in the cafeteria. All together it was a very delightful and successful affair.

Then the Junior Class gave a dance on November 7. Because of the very peppy orchestra composed of members of the class, this dance was perhaps the most en-

joyable of all. A great many tickets were sold, and everyone had a wonderful time.

On December 21, the Commercial Club gave a party for its members only. They enjoyed games and, later, refreshments in the cafeteria.

The Latin Club was the next to hold an afternoon dance. The music was furnished by a student orchestra. Besides the dancing, games were played. Later ice cream and cake were served in the cafeteria. This dance took place on January 18.

A St. Valentine's Dance was given by the Commercial Club on February 15. The tickets for this dance were in the shape of red hearts. Everything was appropriate for the day, and another delightful afternoon was enjoyed by everyone who attended.

Last of all, the Debating Club gave a St. Patrick's Day Dance on March 14. Little shamrocks were given to each person as he presented his ticket at the door. The music for this dance was also supplied by a student orchestra.

L. E. SMITH, '28.

The Halloween Party

THE stars looked down upon a throng of young people tramping joyfully, yes joyfully, to school! No, not a miracle, just the evening of October twenty-ninth and the Junior and Senior Halloween Party at the Linden High School. Then as everyone gathered in the gymnasium, the stars, peeping in the windows and watching the gay and colorful throng, saw girls and boys dance to the tunes of the high school orchestra; saw them enter the chamber of horrors with fear, and emerge again white and trembling; and listened with them in the dimmed lights to an eery ghost story.

Later the heavenly bodies watched while a colonial Beau Brummel and coy maiden courted each other; and then they beheld the entire crowd gather in the cafeteria for the delicious refreshments of homemade doughnuts and punch. They also twinkled at the terrible catastrophe when every light went on strike for fully five minutes, during which time there were many collisions, but no casualties. Then the stars joined the party and lighted the way home for the merry throng.

L. E. SMITH, '28.



THE CYNOSURE

Junior-Senior Halloween Party

In September did we rush
To our school in great delight;
With our plans we were so flush
For to honor All-Saints' Night.

Gowns we planned in whispers low,
Secrets, that but few might know;
And we utter'd not a sound
Of the ghosts that would abound.

When arrived that long-sought time
(Now the burden of my rhyme)
Pirate danc'd with fair colleen,
And sprites and fays kept Halloween.

Gorgeous costumes, lightsome feet,
Sparkling eyes, and glances sweet
Charmed the wits of judges wise,
Who should give the longed-for prize.

Lillian Smith played Peter Pan;
Edna Klein, the accordian man;

Louis Glick, a burly tramp,
Gayly tried the girls to vamp.

These for clever dress and way,
Won the laurels and the bay,
'Ere we from dancing were enticed
To partake of goodies spiced.

But the cider lost its tang
When the merry football gang
Waved adieu and all slipped out,
Leaving girls to sigh and pout.

For becked by Cooper's fateful hand
Sought they Morpheus in his land.
Then music called again to dance,
And swayed we on in joyous trance.

Till the happy evening waned;
And sprites and ghosts with spirits light,
Who through the live-long day had reigned,
Tripped from earth till next Saints' Night.
CLARA R. WEITZMAN, '29.

Radio Shorthand Contest

TO stimulate interest in shorthand dictation, the Commercial students decided to enter the contest sponsored by Station WNYC over the radio, November 4.

It was a new and thrilling experience, and we anxiously awaited results. The girls felt amply repaid when they were rewarded by certificates of merit. Those who were qualified for the eighty words a minute dictation and received certificates were: Georgette De Winter, Dorothy Baptist, Helen Gelfond, Frieda Yanowitz, Margaret Balogh, Beatrice Rashkind, Bessie Kravetsky, Frances Schechter, Sadie Schiller, and Lillian Caroff.

Frieda Bushunsky and Mary Rabkin qualified for the hundred word per minute dictation.

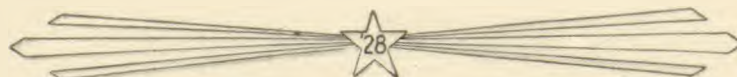
All the students are eagerly awaiting another radio shorthand contest to be held in May, when the girls will try to win merit for higher speeds.

EXTRA—Victory Week-end for Linden High School

Just as the year book went to press, April 20, Linden High School celebrated with three victories. Friday afternoon we started off on our rampage by defeating Bernardsville High in baseball by a score of 13-7. This is the second game which Linden has played this season, both of which we have won.

A far greater victory was achieved that night, when our debating team won the Rutgers Interscholastic Debating Championship of our group, by defeating Union High School.

On the following morning our Stenography II team took first place in the State Commercial Contest held at Trenton Normal School. Our girls deserve special credit for excelling those who have had an extra year of training.



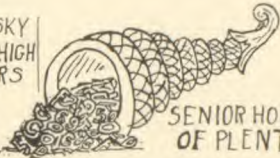


Kartoon Komics



THIS IS NOT A TWIN
SUNSET. THE FIGURE
BELOW IS "RED"
HOLLISTER'S HEAD

FRANK SUPLESKY
PUTTING ON THE HIGH
HAT 10 YEARS
FROM NOW



SENIOR HORN
OF PLENTY

"PONJO" WIESBROT
IN THE KING'S ENGLISH

HAIR DRESS FOR
ELLA DEUTSCH



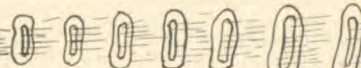
CHORUS-DAVIS SINGS
A SOLO ACCOMPANIED BY
WHITMAN AND WINETSKY
ON THE MUSICAL SAW



COACH
IS
PUTTING
SIGNSON
THE BASKETS
FOR AMON



HALF OF THE SENIORS WALK AROUND IN A CLOUD



AN ATTEMPT TO SHOW RINAU
GOING BY ON HIS ONE
CYLINDER MOTORCYCLE



"MENDEL" HAS A WONDERFUL
UNDERSTANDING



"LIL" CAROFF'S
HEAD OF HAIR
WAS THE INSPIRATION
FOR THE MOP.



ANNA FRANKE
WORKS FOR THE
BUTCHER



LOUIE GLICK
RUNNING WILD



LOUIE TAKES A
LIGHT LUNCH

AL VAL PL.
IT'S LOUIE



STEMPEL

PHYSICS LAB.
"AL" DABB - "YOU SEE
IT WAS LIKE THIS"



A TYPICAL
NARROW MINDED
SENIOR

EX-RAY OF
A JUNIOR



JOE
LETS
LOOSE

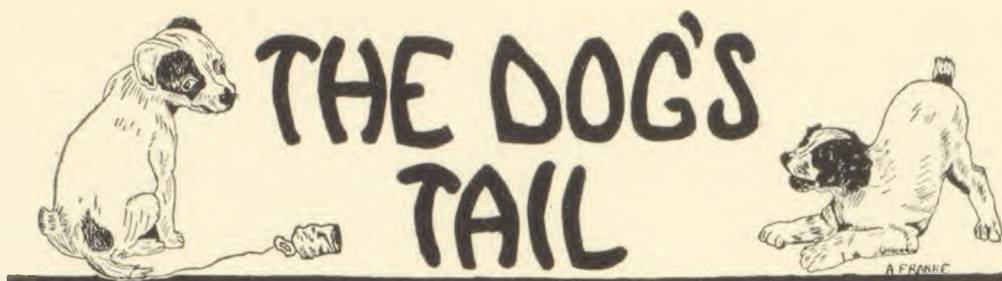
"BINGY" SAYS, "PRIDE GOETH
BEFORE A FALL AND BLACK
AND BLUE MARKS
AFTER."



COMMERCIAL GIRLS
TYPE WRITING
MARATHON.



W. AMON



Foreword

THOSE of more literary minds and temperaments may tell you that Cynosure means the center of attraction or the guiding star, but we wits are not content until we have delved to the roots of things. Down among the Greek roots we find that "Cynosure" means "the dog's tail." We have therefore chosen this as the name of our section. We hope you may enjoy its waggishness.

Senior Directory

U. R. NUTS

"Nuts"

"Little minds and large bodies go ill together."

El Torso Spanish Club 1, 2, 3, 4; No Membership A. A. 4; Varsity Mah Jongg 3, 4; Varsity Ping-pong 3, 4; State Marble Shooting Champion 4; Varsity Mumbly-peg 2, 3, Capt. 4; Official blotter of Linden Police Court, Boys' Week 4.

ULYSSES ARIOBARZARNES

"Slim"

"What's in a name, after all?"

First prize State Pie-Eating Contest 1, 2, 3, 4; Winner of Cafeteria Marathon 1, 2, 3, 4; Anvil Chorus 3, 4.

ETHYL SING

"Eck"

"Too good to be true."

Agony Quintet 4; Senior Girls' Yodelers.

RICHARD TARRYTON

"Dickie"

"He spoke but to no avail."

Hammer and Tongs Debating Society 3, 4; Varsity Mah Jongg 2, 3, Captain 4; Inter-Class Ping-pong 3, 4.

GUINEVERE MEDICUS

"Hey"

"You can buck the tide but not her will."

Trouble-Makers' Club, Treasurer 1, Secretary 2, Vice-President 3, President 4; Senior Girls' Yodelers 4; Hinky-Dinky-Frenchy Société 2, 3, 4; Official Piano Banger 2, 3; Last Place Public Squeaking Contest 4.

I. M. DIPPY

"Right"

"Dumb but happy"

Tonsils and Adenoids Club 4; Cap and Numbskull Brotherhood 2, 3, 4; Official Phonograph Player at Afternoon Dances 4; Expelled for Two Weeks 1, 2.

JOSEPH OESTREICHER, '28.

LOUIS GLICK, '28.

Class History

In our very first year, we showed ourselves a most unusual and different class. At the end of the year, we had no accomplishments to our credit. Not one member of the class was on any team. Not one in any club. Not one of us even participated in an assembly program. We believe that there is no other class that can boast of such a nullified record.

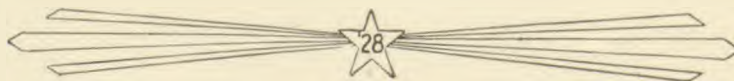
Our second year was as eventful as our first. Some of us joined clubs, but that means nothing to us.

Our Junior year was a bit dulled by class-meetings, but we soon adjusted ourselves to this difficulty.

As Seniors, we were the worst class in the school. Even our Senior Play was a flop. We're not looking forward to graduation. Otherwise we're loafing.

But at least we are truthful. This, is, perhaps, the only true class history ever written.

J. OESTREICHER, '28.



THE CYNOSURE

Juniors

Listen, my children, and you shall hear of the Class of '29
Tra-la-la-la-la-la, now isn't that fine,

Jaundiced, juvenile, jocular,
Ubiquitous, uproarious, unwilling,
Nugatory, nonsensical, nebular,
Incredulous, ineffectual, insufficient,
Obstinate, obdurate, obnoxious,
Rebellious, raucous, rowdyish.

Sophomores

We just started thinking about them when the book went to press.

Freshmen

?

ELLA G. DEUTSCH, '28.

JOSEPH OESTREICHER, '28.

Aluminum Notes

Cyril Hardboil is making quite a success at the N. J. R. He has been given solitary confinement four times. This is quite a record, they say.

Tillie Toiler has reached her fifth position and according to all indications seems likely to attain her sixth soon. Two more, and she'll be able to advertise as a good violinist.

You hoid? Ike Blitzenkoogole has recently attained his life-long ambition. He was expelled from Sleepmore College.

Lucius Van Applesauce is taking a course in ditch digging at the Rutgers Agricultural School.

LOUIS GLICK, '28

JOSEPH OESTREICHER, '28

Editorial—A Tale of a Tail

ONCE in the dim, dim past of antiquity, a poor Greek was journeying through a strange land. He had been walking all day beneath the intense heat of the southern sun without having come upon a single habitation. No, not even a shepherd's hovel. Night was coming on and with it a storm. He could hear its low mumblings, and on the darkened horizon he could see occasional flashes of lightning. He staggered on for a few more miles until the darkness had almost completely enveloped him. Loud and cold gusts of wind swept by, chilling him to the bone, until, despairing, the poor wretch sank to the earth. Then the rain came down, in veritable torrents, cascades, (or what have you?); in short, with a sort of Niagara

Falls effect. Needless to say, our poor Greek was drenched to the skin and felt thoroughly miserable.

The rain continued to come down without any signs of abating, and our wretched Greek (who was all wet) bethought himself of his much neglected gods and decided to test the efficacy of prayer. (He had nothing to lose and all to gain, anyway. Besides, misery makes men do strange things). And so he prayed, "Oh, Father Neptune, thou who maintainest full sway over the oceans and the seas, look down upon me, a sinner, and save this most insignificant piece of proletariat from drowning." (He evidently could not swim, you see). "I make a solemn promise, on the condition that you grant my plea, of course." (Oh, sinful mortals, can-



THE CYNOSURE

not even the fear of death keep you from bargaining? No doubt, were you able to do so, you would bargain with your own undertaker). "I promise to dedicate a most marvelous book to you, and to see that it shall be published annually by my descendants." (Thus do mortals rashly promise when they plead for their lives).

The prayer ended, and lo, the rain ceased and a bright light shone over the earth! The Greek looked up, and again in the heavens he beheld a shining dog which under (or rather over) his very eyes wagged his tail. (He even fancied he heard a tiny yelp, but this may have been the squeaking of his sandals). At any rate, he was perfectly sure that his eyes had not deceived him. "Eupek," quoth he, "That is a sure sign that my prayer has been heard. I shall keep my promise."

And so he did, (except for the last part of course), and every year after that "The

Sure Sign" appeared as a perpetual reminder of the Greek's constancy (or semi-constancy). After his death his children continued to fulfill his promise. Due to some mispronunciation, however, (it is said that a descendant who was a bit balmy in the attic was the cause of this) the name "Sure Sign" was converted to "Cynosure," by which name it has come down to the present day, as you can readily see.

EPILOGUE

This tale may sound a bit improbable and exaggerated, but as the saying goes, "Truth is stranger than fiction." The veracity of this tale has been authenticated only after the most scrupulous research and study. If you still do not believe me, you are welcome to investigate.

LOUIS GLICK, '28

Dramatics—A Heppening of 1948

(With Apologies to Milt Gross)

Foist Floor

O HOO! Nize baby Freshman, gif a calculation all de algebra, so de principal is goink to tell you a nize story from a cless from 1928. Vunce upon mit a time so dare vas essembled in dis high school a cless mit seniors, a cless from fifty-six piples, and fifty-six hard woikink piples it hed.

Vun colt efenink ven de snow vas fallink fest, behind de stage a group mit seniors vere preparink to gif dare play to de large crowd of igre piples dot vas comink from miles en miles to see dis vonderful performance. De turmoil vot vas goink on behind de coitain vas enough to drawn out de noise from an ocean.

So finally de clock gafe it a moof to a quarter pest eight, de coitain gafe it a rice, und de play recommenced. De pots vere played vell und de sins vere most humorous. Efter de discoloration of de butler's eye by Meggie (hm! vot a blinker) de climax vas gereached und metters begen to gif it a settle.

De foist pot of de settling vas ven Dick begen to realice dot he lofed Honor bedder den Tot. Tot's old time lofer, Bill, vas brut to de sin, und to gif it a finish to mine story und mine story's poipose, Tot vent beck to Bill, vile Dick kissed Honor.

Nize baby Freshman finisht up all de algebra.

MARY RABKIN, '28.

Athletics—The Typing Marathon

A HUSHED silence pervades the room. A feeling of tenseness fills the very atmosphere. The clock on the wall can be heard ticking off the minutes. Suddenly a bell rings, and the typing rush is on. Take it easy; the teacher is looking; then, zip, they have passed the corner and are off, or should I say they are there. They are turning the other corner, the last lap; zip, it is finished, and they are pouring into the room. Then off again, rat-tat-tat-tat-tat; look at those fingers fly; some speed. Then a halt, but only for a second. They are off again faster than before. Listen to them. What a hubbub, worse than a flock of chickens. At last Mrs. Beck and silence. And another race has passed into history.

LOUIS GLICK, '28.



THE CYNOSURE

CLUBS

Hinky-Dinky Frenchy Société

This club is one of the oldest of the school. Its meetings are conducted in what should be French and deal chiefly with Russian literature. It has at least one party every month and but one meeting every year. The club also makes one annual trip every year. Its purpose is to teach you to go through Paris without being hit by a taxi or bicycle.

El Torso Spanish Club

As this year-book goes to press, we are still arguing about who is to do this write-up.

To revenge ourselves on the musical organizations and the 'Trouble-Makers' Club, we are not even going to mention them.

J. OESTREICHER, '28.

The Seniors in Song

Among My Souvenirs.....	The one "A."
Diane (Dyin')	Before exams.
Rosy Cheeks	Anna Smiles (They're natural, too).
Just a Memory	When we were Freshmen.
Side by Side	Helen Kalocy and Edith King.
Muddy Waters	Ainsworth Street after a storm.
Are You Lonesome Tonight?	Little Latin Book?
The World is Waiting for the Sunrise	When the SENIOR CLASS comes out.
Baby Your Mother	Before you show the report card.
June Brought the Roses	And graduation too!
A Perfect Day	Rehearsal! No classes.
Ting-a-ling	That dear little bell that ends one class of torture and starts another.
Baby Face	Georgette De Winter.
Let a Smile Be Your Umbrella	Frank Suplesky.
Baby Feet, Go Pitter Patter	Freshmen.
Worrying Over You	Report Cards.
When Day is Done	2:20 P. M.
Always	Homework.
It All Depends On You	Exams!

Nonsensical Rhymes

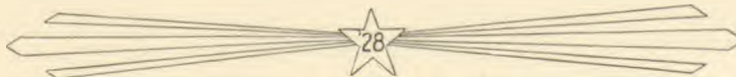
There was a young lady who was so very thin,
Her figure, it looked very much like a pin,
But it was the fashion; regardless how lean,
Even though sideways, she could not be seen.

The officer ran up the road;
On his face he wore a sneer.
"Can't you see that sign?" he growled.
"Yes"; it says, "Fine for parking here."

The road was dark and lonely,
The motorist weary and faint.
At last! a sign to guide him,
He climbed the pole—"Wet Paint."

LILLIAN CAROFF, '28.

(Continued on page 120)



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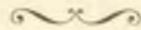
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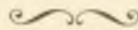
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THE CYNOSURE

If of '28

After Kipling—a Long Way

If Harold Whitman was a little taller,
And Anna Smiles was just a wee bit thin,
If "Wally" Amon was a little smaller,
And "Smitty" wasn't built so like a pin,
If Irene Molson was a little dumber,
Some other pupils just a trifle smart,
If all of us just didn't loaf in summer,
And finished something that we once did start,
If "Mush" Winetsky was a bit less wayward,
And "Patty" Nogi's smile was not so sweet,
If Louis Glick would e'er forget a big word,
And Frank Suplesky's dress was not so neat,
If—Oh but I could write without an ending
Of all these things which sadly are not true,
But just suppose these things were not past mending,
What could not the lofty Seniors do?

LOUIS GLICK, '28.

After the teacher had repeated the French orthographical rules many times, she called on a certain pupil (who as usual was at his favorite pastime, gazing out the window) for the rule for verbs ending in "ger".

Pupil (rising very confidently): "Verbs ending in 'ger' change the 'y' to 'i' and add 'e' to soften the 'g'."

MASCULINE JOY THOUGHT FOR MARCH

Cheer up, man! That new \$7.50 spring hat would cost you \$27.50 if it were called "Millinery".

ADDITIONS TO OUR DICTIONARY

"Affinity"—A woman who will cook your goose but not your dinner.

"Monologue"—Conversation with your wife.

"Contract"—Collection of clauses signed by two honorable persons who take each other for scoundrels.

"Partner"—A person who insists on meddling in your affairs.

"Flunker"—A pupil who is extremely fond of his alma mater.

"Pedestrian"—An uncertain body entirely surrounded by automobiles.

ALGEBRA

A=Girl

B=Boy

C=Chaperone

$A+B=$ Joy

$A-B=$ Sadness

$A+B+C=$ Gloom

Senior: I am indebted to you for all I have learned in your course.

Teacher: Not at all. It was a mere trifle.

Pupil: Goodness, my dress is ripping.

Sewing Teacher: Yes. Sew its seams.

Poor John. He spent six weeks writing his alleged drama and then it was turned down.

All work and no play, eh?

Pupil (in geometry class): The square of the base plus the square of the altitude equals the square of the hippopotamus.

She: What'll we do tonight?

He: I'll spin a coin. If it's heads, we go to the movies; if it's tails we go to the dance; if it stands on edge, we'll study.

Remember this at the Senior dance. It is dance music that always reaches the sole.



