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N.J.

The Blue Letter

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N.J.

BLUE LETTER



BY
METUCHEN HIGH SCHOOL
1921

Staff of The "Blue Letter"

CHARLOTTE HEBBERD

DUBOIS THOMPSON

DOROTHY BATSFORD

JOSEPH ZAHN

IRVIN JAMES

CLASS REPORTERS

ELEANOR BLOOMFIELD '21

MARJORIE DRAKE '23

BEATRICE RUMLER '22

MABEL SCHAULAU '24

FACULTY ADVISOR—ELMO E. SPOERL

—o—

DEDICATORY:

There are some who give
To the world—themselves,
And add to its golden treasures.

There are some who care naught for the world at all,
Except for its sordid pleasures.

But the world soon forgets
The poor useless ones
And they are hurried fast away,
While the love of those of a nobler life
Is held and remembered—alway.

M. E.

Editorial

It is impossible for any community to grow without progress. Progress is the most vital thing in the success of anything. As in a building, one must first have the foundation; then come the sill, beams, corner posts, plates and so forth. But the success, beauty, and stability of the building depends on its foundation.

Education is the foundation of progress. When we begin to think and realize what a really great thing it is for our community to progress, it is then that we realize the value of having schools. But we must not stop there. As in architecture, there are different qualities of foundations, so in education there are also different qualities. When we select our homes or make plans for a building we demand the best of everything and more than that, we demand the best foundation procurable. Why not, then, for our children, for our future citizens—why not demand for them, that which will make them the best, that which will make their lives the happiest, that which will bring the best result to our community? In our homes we make it a special point to have the child surrounded by everything conducive to health, happiness and refinement. Then we stop there, thinking that we have done our duty to our child. We forget that the greatest part of the day is not spent in the home but in the school. It is in the school that we should also exercise our knowledge of the best. We, perhaps, have heard of some people leaving a community because of the schools. "Our children must have better schools," they say. That is right. Of course their children must have better schools, but why leave the community for that? Why not make our schools the most desirable place to send our children? Then again there are others who say, "Oh, anything is alright for a beginning. We will send them to college later." But that is just the mistake. Suppose they do go to college later. Suppose they do receive the finest instruction there. Suppose they do have the best equipment, the best opportunities. Always, times will arise in their lives when they will feel the instability of their poor foundation, no matter how splendid and secure may be the building above it. Let us go into the matter from all sides. It would be expensive? No, not if every citizen takes a little share of the load. It is not practical? Of course it is. Think of the many advantages derived from better schooling. It is Utopian? No, indeed it is not. Do you not believe that your children should

have the best? We believe the best to be none too good for the future citizens of Metuchen, men and women who will carry on the work that the present citizens have started. We will take, for instance, a model school and think of the advantages derived from it. The essential parts of a school are: bright, airy classrooms, a good laboratory, a good auditorium, a quiet study-hall with ample light and comfortable desks and chairs, a gymnasium, a library, a lunchroom, a large teachers' room and sanitary courts.

Let us deal first with the classrooms, the essentials of a healthful and profitable education. The classroom should be well lighted, having windows at the sides and back. The desks and chairs should be of the kind which is most conducive to health and comfort. It takes very little fore-sight to see that these are arranged in size so as to be best adapted to the pupils who are to use them. Besides the desks, the next things used most by the pupils are the blackboards. It is very necessary to see that these are arranged so that the light strikes evenly upon them.

One of the most common obstacles of a school-boy or a school-girl is eye trouble. It seems to be becoming even more marked each year. Every effort should be concentrated upon this affliction to try to prevent and cure it, for it is one of the greatest handicaps in life.

One of the most ridiculous sights in a school is the arrangement of the blackboards in such a manner as to necessitate the pupil bending half-way over or else kneeling in order to write on the lower half of the board. What could be more tiring or more undignified to the High School pupil? The crayon and erasers used by the pupils should be as nearly dustless as it is possible for them to be. We must again consider the health of our children in this matter. We can readily understand the harm done and the discomfort caused in breathing air which is heavily saturated with chalk dust.

Next, we come to the laboratory. To anyone who has studied chemistry or any other science it will be well understood the importance that a well equipped laboratory holds in the study of these subjects. To be able to make experiments, adds the practical to the theoretical and adds interest to the study as pursued by pupils. We have only begun to know the importance of this line of work in our present day life. The pupil learns how to construct electrical apparatus; the different effects of chemicals and the working of all physical phenomena.

Why do we need a good auditorium? To bring out the qualities of public-speaking, hitherto practically dormant in the average

pupil. Of course, everyone is not going to use public-speaking in his or her line of business, but everyone will profit by knowing a little about it and by having experience in that line. It gives to the pupil a certain confidence, poise and easy manner most essential in the business world. He obtains a direct and clear address, and the ability to speak intelligently on the spur of the moment.

It is also the desire of wide-awake Americans to give plays and entertainments of various kinds. This should be encouraged. It gives a zest and interest to the school life that should not be readily ignored.

Besides, during the school year, a number of educational lectures are usually given. These aid directly in the school work. Can they be enjoyed and profited by if delivered in a warm, stuffy room or in a cold, poorly ventilated auditorium? No, first, the auditorium should have proper ventilation, proper heating conditions and an ample number of windows. Second, it should be so built as to carry the sound of the speaker's voice clearly to all parts of the room.

Next, we will consider the study hall. For High School pupils especially, it is most necessary to have a well lighted, airy and comfortable study hall, as far away from the recitation rooms as to make it practically noiseless. When pupils have reached the High School nearly everyone of them has some outside study or even studies to pursue, independent of schoolwork. It is necessary then, with the added studies of the High School as compared to those of the Grade School, that the pupils should have the opportunity to use a part of the school day in preparation of some study for the following day. This cannot be accomplished satisfactorily in a poor study hall.

Fifth, we come to the favorite spot of the school-boy and school-girl—the Gymnasium. Can you realize what it means to an active boy or girl to spend two hours in the afternoon playing some clean, active game or taking part in some exercise in a well ventilated and well equipped gymnasium and then afterward taking a plunge in a pool or perhaps a shower? Can't you see clear-eyed, bright, healthy pupils with firm flesh and muscles? Just the sort we dream of for our future generation? If education is the "foundation" of progress then health is the "mortar" by which the foundation is held together. The gymnasium will keep the young people from less desirable places of sport, such as pool-rooms or cardplaying as in our local barber-shops and fire-houses. It gives them a chance to have their fun under healthy, clean conditions

rather than in poorly ventilated, smoke-filled rooms. The old adage, "By our friends we live" is true in more ways than one. As our friends are, so, nine cases out of every ten, we will be. Give your boy or girl a chance for good sport and good friends and they will readily accept them both.

Of all things, the school library holds perhaps the greatest influence over the pupil. In it should be every reference book which will possibly help the pupils to understand his studies or further interest in them. Besides these books, there should be a number of novels able to be read by the pupils. Reading is done more than anything else and influences, perhaps unconsciously, but still influences the mind of the reader to such a degree as to make or mar the man. The pupils want the lighter things, the novels as well as the reference books. In fact, it is a necessity for them to have them. If they are unable to procure them in their school library, they will get them elsewhere and will obtain, perhaps, books which are the least good for them to read, when they could, by just a little fore-sight on the part of the residents of Metuchen have obtained from a well equipped library books which fire the imagination, inspire the ambition and cultivate the sense of humor.

Have you ever looked into a classroom which has been assigned as the lunchroom? Have you ever stepped into one which has just been vacated by a class of forty pupils and is becoming rapidly filled by others who eat lunch there? Take, for instance, a cold, raw day with the temperature of the room about fifty-eight degrees. No windows have been open. None can be opened on account of the weather. The pupil eats his lunch in there under those conditions, neither enjoying nor gaining any nourishment from it. To get full value from food, one must thoroughly enjoy eating it. Growing pupils of the school age need, more than anything else a clean, cheerful, sanitary lunchroom.

We have spoken of the things to give the pupils. Now let us not forget our teachers, for perhaps the real success of school life remains with them.

They, also, are not able to give their best efforts under poor conditions. What we need is a large comfortable room for them so that at noon-time they need not be crowded around one small table. There should be two or three couches and comfortable chairs, for after a teacher has been standing or walking about teaching a class for three hours in the morning, a few moments rest and relaxation prepares her to feel fit enough to undertake the work of the afternoon classes. What effect will a tired, over-

worked, cross teacher have on a class? And what opposite effect will be produced by a bright, cheerful and enthusiastic teacher. Her attitude is soon reflected by her pupils.

We should also have a large athletic field, as near the school as possible, with ready access to showers and dressings room. The inconvenience is strongly felt in every school which does not have this.

The last, but by no means the least important are the courts. We must have sanitary drinking apparatus and clean lavatories. The floor should be clean and free from papers. It should not be a breeder of germs, as is the case in a number of places. Disease among the younger generation must be prevented and this is one way of doing it.

We have just related the few essentials of a model school, the kind which can be easily afforded and easily supported by our community and again, Our Friends, we ask, "Why not?"

Miss Ward Miss Clark Miss Brumf



78. Van Kirk

Miss Kinnane

Miss Hart
Miss

FACULTY
Miss Hartman

Mr. T. G. Van Kirk

Freehold Institute, Graduate of Trenton Normal
Special Courses at Columbia University and
Rutgers College. Supervising Principal.

H. M. S. FACULTY

MR. SPOERL:

Graduate of Boys' High School, Brooklyn, N. Y. and New York
University, N. Y., Degree B. A.
Instructor of Mathematics and Physics.

MISS CLARK:

Graduate of Canton High School, and St. Lawrence University,
Canton, N. Y., Degree A. B.
Instructor of Latin and French.

MISS MATHEWS:

Graduate of Portland High School, Portland, Maine and Colby
College, Waterville, Maine.
Instructor of English, Chemistry, General Science and First Aid.

MISS KINNEAR:

Graduate of Canaudaigua Academy, Canaudaigua, N. Y., and
Syracuse University, Degree A. B. 1918, M. A. 1919.
Instructor of History and English.

MISS BUMP:

Graduate of Liberty High School, Crane Normal Institute of
Music, Cornell Summer School.
Instructor of Music and Physical Training.

MISS HUNT:

Graduate of Trenton High School and Trenton Normal School.
Instructor of Domestic Science and Arts, Home Nursing.

MR. CROFT:

Graduate of Cranford High School and Rutgers Summer School.
Instructor of Manual Training and Mechanical Drawing.

Charlotte Hebbard Cleaver Blomfield E. Morris Dot Drew

Mr. Johnson

Dominic Steans
Stella Kue



Josephine
Poa

Helen
Hart
Renee

Winifred
Carmel
A. Andelin
Riley Neely

SENIOR CLASS—1921

SENIOR HISTORY

In September, 1917, the Class of 1921 started its High School career with twenty-four members, under the able instruction of Misses Dewey, Siemans, Chaloner, and Mr. Spoerl. After several skirmishes with Sophs. we finally managed to organize our class with Helen Rumler as president, Thomas Wallace as Vice-President and Gordon Randolph as Secretary and Treasurer.

Our first social event was a Masquerade given in the League House. What a cold, stormy December night we chose for our purely Freshman affair. Needless to say we were glad that Mr. and Mrs. Spoerl courageously braved the storm to chaperon it.

In May we gave our first straw ride.

We entered our Sophomore year with twenty members, resolved to study diligently and thus be a credit to the school. We began well by electing Mildred Ennis, president; Charlotte Hebbard, secretary and Josephine Rea, treasurer.

In November, we gave a frankfurter roast in Benner's woods, chaperoned by the Faculty, Misses Siemans, Tuttle, Gilchrist, and Bump. Later in the evening we left the cold woods for the movies. Quite a theatre party—but how we Sophs. trembled when a Metuchen citizen arose and declared that we were disturbing the peace.

In May, we held a dance for the "Trenton State Memorial Fund." We may boast that this was one of our most successful dances as we cleared forty dollars besides having a jolly time.

As Juniors under Miss Tuttle and Mr. Spoerl and two new teachers, Miss Bailey and Miss Clark, we commenced a year full of good times and hard study. We elected William Hillpot president, Edwin Voorhees as vice-president, Raymond Mook as treasurer and Eleanor Bloomfield as secretary.

In April we gave a dance to aid in payment of the "BLUE LETTER." The last of May we gave the Seniors a "feed" in Arcanum Hall.

Our Senior year started with seventeen members. Edwin Voorhees and James Lockwood did not come back to school. We, however, welcomed Dorothy Drew from Cliffside High School to our circle and also Arthur Ardolino. Our officers for the year were, Eleanor Bloomfield, president; Josephine Rea, vice-president; Ruth Powell, treasurer; and Mildred Ennis, secretary.

Under Miss Clark, Miss Kinnear, Miss Mathews and Mr. Spoerl we began a year of hard work. Early in the year, the debate try-outs were held and three of our Seniors were chosen for the team—

Helen Rumler as captain, Ruth Powell, and Margaret Schalau as alternate.

One day in November we decided to give a Minstrel Show. Mr. Willmont very kindly consented to coach us. Miss Kinnear, Miss Mathews and Miss Bump came to our many rehearsals and helped us with many suggestions. We feel that the Watermelon Minstrel was a genuine success owing to the cooperation of those who aided the Seniors in the production.

In the Thanksgiving vacation we gave a dance.

During the year, Raymond Mook and Rebecca Scruggs dropped out, perhaps feeling the strain of those long, weary hours of study.

On May sixth we gave our Senior Play—"The Hoodoo." Mr. Johnson coached us in the dramatic production. We were obliged to borrow a few Junior boys for the play, so again we thank those who aided us.

The last of May the Juniors gave us a "banquet"—a genuine success.

On June twenty-third, we will close our four happy years at Metuchen High School. It is only with a feeling of sadness that we can look ahead to the day when we leave our Alma Mater to go in some other work of life. Wherever we go and whatever we do, we will always look back to our High School days. We hope that the crowning event of the year, the Senior Reception, will be as successful as our other class events.

—HISTORIAN

—X—

THE SENIORS

"Of course you could never be like us,
But be as like us as you are able to be."

MILDRED ENNIS—"Mil"—

Class President	Sophomore Year
Class Secretary	Senior Year
Literary Editor of Annual.....	Junior Year
Treasurer of Science Club	Senior Year
President of Girls A. A.	Senior Year
Senior Play.	

"Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low."

—Columbia

CHARLOTTE HEBBERD—"Venus"—

Class Secretary	Sophomore Year
Secretary of Science Club	Senior Year

Captain of Basketball Club.....	Senior Year
Annual Staff	Senior Year
Watermelon Minstrels	
Senior Play	

—Syracuse University

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

HELEN RUMLER—

Class President	Freshman Year
Debating Team	Junior and Senior Years
Annual Staff	Junior Year
President of Science Club	Senior Year
School Pianist	Senior Year
Watermelon Minstrels	
Senior Play	

"Hail to Thee, blithe spirit."

ELEANOR BLOOMFIELD—

Class President	Senior Year
Class Secretary	Junior Year
Annual Staff	Senior Year
Science Club	Senior Year
Watermelon Minstrels	
Senior Play	

—Trenton Normal School

"There is nothing more variable than a woman's head-dress."

HELENA HAY—

Science Club	Senior Year
Watermelon Minstrels	
Senior Play	

—N. J. College for Women

"The best of me is diligence."

STELLA RULE—"Stell"—

Science Club	Senior Year
Basket Ball Club	Senior Year
Watermelon Minstrels	
Senior Play	

—Trenton Normal School

"Faith, I can cut a caper."

DOROTHY DREW—"Dotty"—

Basket Ball Team	Senior Year
Science Club	Senior Year
Watermelon Minstrels	
Senior Play	

—Hood College, Fredericks, Md.

"She came into our midst a stranger."

ARTHUR ARDOLINO—"Ardy"—

Science Club	Senior Year
Capt. Base Ball Team	Senior Year
"Talkest thou nothing but of ladies?"	

WILLIAM HILLPOT—"Bill"—

President	Junior Year
Base Ball Team	Four Years
Foot Ball Team	Three Years
Capt. Basket Ball Team	Senior Year
Science Club	Senior Year
Watermelon Minstrels	
Senior Play	

—Rutgers

"Wiser is he, in his own conceit, than seven men who can render the reason."

RUTH POWELL—"Powelly"—

Class Treasurer	Senior Year
Basket Ball Team.....	Senior Year
Debating Team	Senior Year
Science Club	Senior Year
Watermelon Minstrels	
Senior Play	

—N. J. College for Women.

"I hate nobody; I am in charity with the world."

WINIFRED CARNEY—

High School Orchestra	Four Years
Basket Ball Team.....	Senior Year
Science Club	Senior Year
Watermelon Minstrels	
Senior Play	

—Trenton Normal School

"Very small, but still voluminous."

ELIZABETH MORRIS—

Basket Ball Team.....	Senior Year
Science Club	Senior Year
Watermelon Minstrels	
Senior Play	

"Let us have peace."

—Trenton Normal School

JOSEPHINE REA—"Jo"

Treasurer	Sophomore Year
Vice President	Senior Year

Vice President of A. A.	Senior Year
Vice President of Science Club	Senior Year
Watermelon Minstrels	
Senior Play	

—Trenton Normal School

“And a very nice girl you'll find her.”

MARGARET SCHALAU—

Debating Team	Senior Year
Science Club	Senior Year
Senior Play	
Watermelon Minstrels	

“Principle is ever my motto.”

DOMINIC SHEARO—“Pat”—

Foot Ball Team	Junior and Seniors Years
Base Ball Team	Junior and Senior Years
Basket Ball Team	Senior Year
Science Club	Senior Year
Watermelon Minstrels	
Senior Play	

—University of Pennsylvania

“You may have known I am no wordy man.”

“Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as ithers see us.”

—O—

AU REVOIR TO THE SENIORS

Here's to the fame of the Senior class,
The girls—you'll find by a looking-glass,
The boys are not very far away,
Just thru the wire, there they stay.

For Mildred, the prettiest girl of all,
They say many a fellow's had a fall,
What more do I ever dare to say,
For surely there'll be “J. M.” to pay.

The sweet yound maiden, Josephine,
She's not so fat or not so lean,
They say her motto is “take 'em old,”
Who else is willing to join the fold?

Eleanor, the girl of means,
Altho she's scarcely in her teens,
To hear her talk one would think
Her cheeks were naturally pink.

Charlotte, the pretty, stately Miss,
With "Pop" she's just in heavenly bliss,
I've heard it told that she's some flirt,
But who wouldn't be with such a short skirt?

The spectacled Miss Maggie Schalau,
To society she's yet to make her bow,
We can guess, of course, who'll be invited,
Not one of the faculty will be slighted.

Winifred, the girl of witty remarks,
She's always having the greatest of larks,
For boys she'll never pine,
At least so runs her line.

Stella, with her prima donna voice,
Truly makes us all rejoice,
Tho' she's fat, she's getting leana'
Eating lots of fresh wheatena.

Helena Hay, the studious child,
She's brainy yet, but very wild,
In she blows at an awful gate,
Some day Helena, you'll be late.

Ruth has charge of the Senior's money,
There isn't much but that isn't funny.
She's a horseback rider with never a fear,
Some of the boys just think she's a dear.

Helen, with her wicked hair,
It's usually mostly made of air,
Jimmy she's got within her clutch,
When he gets a Stutz, it'll beat the Dutch.

Of basketball fame is Dorothy Drew,
Every Sunday she sits in her pew,
Altho' she joined up with us rather late,
Let's hope she gets thru with marks that are great.

Of the girls, Elizabeth, last but not least,
We prudently warn you "don't eat yeast,"
Every day to the movies she'll go,
To see the brave Hero get the foe.

—o—

Now the boys you must hear about,
First Arthur, who is not very stout,
He has, in truth, a peculiar droll,
We hope, in time, he'll reach his goal.

Dominic, of the cave man style,

Slim Selsert
 Cleon Blomfield
 Horace Vreher
 G. Rundt
 M. Ennis
 R. Powell
 W. Rommer



Joe John
 Eddie Clegg
 Josephine Rea
 Horace Vreher
 G. Johnson
 M. Kander
 Ned Johnson.

Who has to walk to school a mile,
He never will cease to work his brain,
For he intends to relieve others of pain.

What would our "exercises" be
Without Lenwood to deftly touch the key?
My! how in thunder he can recite,
And always gets just everything right.

The biggest man of all the school
Is Bill, the little Comedienne's fool,
He went to see Her the other night,
And leave it to him to turn out the light.

We must not forget good Gordon, the worker,
Who, we admit, is never a shirker.
We'll say, indeed, that white sweater has style,
And glory, he's never without a smile.

And now, Au Revoir to each fellow student,
In life may you always be careful and prudent,
Remember the wish of old M. H. S.,
Forever, for all is—Great Happiness.

—Gladys M. Potter.

SENIOR CLASS WILL

We, the Class of 1921, being of sound mind and body, do hereby declare this to be our last will and testament, and invoking the blessing of the faculty and the curse of the Juniors upon us, do hereby bequeath our property in the following way:

First, we hereby bequeath to the Class of '22 the right and privilege of entering the Front Door, as soon as they have obtained the dignity of being Seniors.

To the President of '22, the Honorable "Shivers" Schenck, we leave the care of Marion Mundy and a flivver to bring him to school on time.

To Beatrice Rumler, we bequeath Dorothy Drew's hair comb.

To the Johnsons, Pete and Dick, we leave the bond of matrimony, namely, a wedding ring.

To Hans Nielsen, we leave a photographer's coupon to preserve indefinitely "the smile that won't come off."

We leave to Arthur McKaig, the entire Pennsylvania Railroad and some energy to use in the Post Office.

We bequeath to Theodore Failmezger four ounces of "Pep."

To Lilla Mundy we leave one good Baptist Minister for a husband.

To Francis Hay we leave one pair of smoked glasses to cover his vampish eyes, and a warning not to break too many hearts.

To Marion Mundy we leave Margaret Schalau's place as Faculty chaperone.

We leave to "Buff" James and to DuBois Thompson, jointly, the right to censor the girls' powdering.

To "Tommy," singly, we bequeath a vanity case. To "Buff," we leave the care of one Brooklyn heart to sweeten his disposition.

We bequeath to "Dot" Batsford a correspondence course in Journalism, and some costumes to the Artists Balls.

Note: Some Menlo Park artists are "Firemen" too.

To Leonard Tremblay we leave the place as school orator.

We leave to Charles Carney, a pair of pliers to pull out his in-growing disposition.

To Warren Breen we bequeath some "Nerve."

To Rena Whalen and Agnes Wolff, together, we leave a cure for the giggles.

We leave to Emily Taylor, the position as assistant Math. Teacher next year.

We bequeath to "Red" Gallagher, a violet ray vibrator to build up his manly physique.

To "Sis" Rolfe, we leave a nunbreakable car in which to "Dodge" Benny, and a large-sized speedometer.

We leave the right to Ernest, to earnestly earn the earnest affection of one sweet young thing alone, and the warning that he who fishes for one and catches her, is happier than he who fishes for many and catches none.

And lastly, to the entire Class of 1922, we leave our own Classmate, Gordon Randolph, and his little account book—"nuff said.

Signed and sealed this twenty-fifth day of May, in the year of Grace, one thousand nine hundred and twenty-one.

THE CLASS OF TWENTY-ONE

JUNIOR CLASS

Muriel Johnson	Ernest Von Hartz
Isabelle Rolfe	Frank Gallagher
Beatrice Rumler	Samuel Schenck
Dorothy Batsford	J. Arthur McKaig
Agnes Wolff	Theodore Failmezger
Rena Whalen	Irvin James
Charles Carney	Francis Hay
Ward Barwell	Richard Johnson
Leonard Tremblay	Marion Mundy
Lilla Mundy	Emily Taylor
DuBois Thompson	Edele Nielsen

We take our pen in hand once more,
 To tell you of the fun galore,
 That we have had our Junior Year,
 Always to hold in mem'ries dear.

EVENTS OF CLASS OF '22

Here goes for the account of our wild and stormy life as Juniors. We have not changed much in dignity and behavior but have lost eight of our classmates, two being replaced by new and equally worthy ones.

As business is always before pleasure:—First, our class officers were elected, those most worshipful being:—

President	Samuel Schenck
Treasurer	Muriel Johnson
Secretary	Beatrice Rumler

Second, the class pins and rings were ordered and our patience was rewarded upon their arrival. Now, so much for business.

Our first social event, a dance for the benefit of the A. A., was held in the auditorium the evening of February fourth. Music by the Jazz Four was enjoyed until one o'clock.

Another social function, the Junior and Senior Banquet, was given by "us" the twenty-fifth day of May. During the dinner, the Senior Will and the Junior Prophecy were presented, to the enjoyment and discomfiture of each in turn. Some hard knocks were dealt but all apparently were survived and we are prepared for more next year.

REPORT OF CLASS OF '23

As Freshmen we had forty-two on roll.

As Sophs. we number forty-two minus ten.

The ten missing are:

Emma Wypler	Rosalie Conrad
Marguerite Bennett	Jacqueline Dolph
Anna Borgfeldt	Marion Stevenson
Lucile Borgfeldt	Gertrude Thompson

Our first social function was a straw-ride to Rahway. Most every pupil came. It is needless to say that we had a fine time.

The honorable officers presided; President, Helen Willmont; Vice-President, Arthur Hecht; Secretary and Treasurer, Ellwood Drake.

As Sophomores we gave a class dance on May 22. The music was furnished by the "Jazz Four."

We also held a banquet in the Arcanum Hall.

The officers in the Sophomore year are: President, Joseph Zahn; Vice-President, Ellwood Drake; Treasurer, Priscilla Johnson

Again this year we gave a straw-ride which met with even better success than last year.

One day the class greatly enjoyed a trip to New York.

CLASS GRINDS

M. A. "What is a bobwhite? Is it a rabbit or a bird?"

Miss M. "What is respiration?"

I. B. (misunderstanding) "It is water given off by the skin."

Miss M. (to the class) "Give me your attention. It is impossible for you to get a good description of this hideous animal unless you look straight at me."

H. J. "Miss Clark, I can't stand up, my arm hurts me."

SOPHOMORES

Mary Able	Alice Wilbert
Margaret Ayers	Helen Willmont
Janet Comstock	Blanche Martin
Majorie Drake	Warren' Breen
Nellie Farrell	William Bohlke
Dorothy Humphries	Arthur Hecht
Helen James	Ellwood Drake
Priscilla Johnson	Howard Molineux
Ruth Mack	Raymond Mundy
Clara Mayo	Gilbert Sortore
Marion Mook	John Thompson
Elsie Mundy	Joseph Zahn
Evelyn Pinder	Isador Burres
Gladys Potter	Browning Waterbury
Margaret Randolph	Lester Platt
Lois Schenck	Edwin Beekman

ANNUAL REPORT—CLASS OF '24

CLASS OFFICERS

President	William Ellis
Vice-president	Morris Loomar
Treasurer	Howard Drake
Secretary	Marguerite Lawless

CLASS ROLL

Helen Anderson	Charles Hull
David Brody	Florence Jacobs
Sophie Brodtman	Marguerite Lawless
Florence Byrne	Morris Loomar
Irving Campbell	Russell Madison
Alice Carney	Carl Martin
Dorothy Clements	Kenneth Mook
Anna Dooley	Florence Mundy
Howard Drake	James Oliver
Fenton Elliott	Sara Platt
William Ellis	Paul Podolski
Elizabeth Fenton	Elizabeth Reed
Helen Guile	Lydia Rule
Karl Hecht	Mabel Schalau
Elizabeth Hillpot	Josephine Salomone
Irene Tighe	Minnie Wallace
Julia Whaten	Emma Wypler (unclassified)

CLASS HISTORY

Number graduated from eighth grade.....	44
New members in class.....	2
Number returning in September, 1920.....	34
Total on roll.....	36

To Our Advertisers

We thank all those who have
contributed to make the Blue
Letter a success.

Committee

SENIOR PROPHECY

(A letter received by Mr. James from his old friend Mr. Allen)

...z3

May 20, 1941

Dear Buff,

It has been many years since last we met and during that interval I have thought many times of the different members of the classes that I stood between in old Metuchen High School.

The other day in the paper I saw your name as one of the greatest engineers in the country and then and there I made up my mind to write you. News of old friends is always acceptable and I have a lot to give you. I suppose you are well acquainted with the doings of your own classmates but I thought perhaps you would be interested to hear of the class of 1921.

You see, I happen to be in a good position to tell you the inside of their history for this reason: After I was finally kicked out of High School, I bummed around considerably, then got a job as night-watchman. That didn't last very long as one night, when I couldn't see through a cloud of cigarette smoke, a guy stepped up, banged me on the head and cleaned out the place. I lost the job.

Then I started as chef in the Hotel de la Williams. That was my stepping stone to success—plenty to eat and not much to do—I soon graduated; then step by step climbed to the position of head in the famous New Brunswick Hotel. Last night a party of fifteen arrived. In looking over the dining hall I noticed that their faces looked familiar. I walked up closer and much to my surprise recognized the class of '21.

Lordy, Lordy, how they have changed and yet how much the same. Right then and there I said, "Here is news for Buff." I'll give it to you straight.

Arthur Ardolino—spick and span, wearing a little mustache something like Professor Spoerl used to wear, only tipped at the ends. He had tried minor league baseball for a time, rose to be a manager but wouldn't listen to his owner and kept putting bum pitchers in until he was pitched out of the league. He succeeded in failure for he then opened a barber shop, bought a pool table and a Police Gazette and right then and there began to make a fortune. He is now the owner of fourteen well-paying emporiums.

William Hillpot—looking the same as ever—but my how sorry I am for him. He cultivated that stiff arm business and stiff walk so much that he couldn't possibly limber up. He had to give up the Jazz business and for several years did nothing. His father opened up a casket factory about this time and took Bill in as a

model. Bill says it's a good job—all he has to do is lie around all day.

Dominic Shearo—tall and straight, hair streaked with gray—full beard and mustache and is a prosperous doctor in some town out west about the size Stelton was in 1910. He says he has a remarkable record and states that he only loses about three cases out of five.

Eleanor Bloomfield I knew because of that peculiar smile. Outside of that I would not have known her. She has grown rather stout and has lost that sly manner—in fact is rather masculine. She talked women's rights for the whole evening—she wants women sailors in the navy. About ten o'clock a wisp of a man sneaked in out of an umbrella and a pair of rubbers—siddled up to her and whispered something. She said (and her nose and chin went up above her hair), "Wait in the lobby for me, Reginald." Reggie is her husband.

Winifred Carney—no larger than ever—heavy dark rings under her eyes—late nights she sings in a cabaret—sniffy and fascinating as ever.

Mildred Ennis since graduating has advanced to be leading lady in a traveling Minstrel Show. She says her love for the Show in her Senior year in High School has never left her and she will follow this line of occupation for the rest of her days.

Dorothy Drew—as willowy as ever. Twice a grass widow—now looking for a third soul-mate. In the intermission she is a model for the "Supple Garment Company." She says, "It is the clothes that makes the woman."

Josephine Rea—happily married. Her four little ones are at home or I might tell you of them. She said that her husband was waiting outside for her—quietly, I suppose, as usual.

Charlotte Hebberd—tall and radiant in spite of being near forty. Her complexion is like that of a healthy girl of sixteen. I noticed that she wouldn't kiss any of her girl friends of '21. Her personal card reads "Viscountess di Sardino." I looked up "di Sardino"—he is a wealthy noble of Northern Italy but he is in the sanitarium—family trouble and the hint of a family physician attentive to the Viscountess. They say she used him well, the Viscount, I mean.

Elizabeth Morris—fair and fat. She is now one of the most competent teachers New Durham has.

Ruth Powell has inherited the remarkable faculty of horsemanship from her father. One may see her at parades dashing down the line, waving frantically and exhibiting her horsemanship

to such a degree as to make von Hartz open his mouth, which 's big enough to swallow horse and rider.

Helen Rumler—gray-haired but kind-looking as ever—and happy as a lark—she married early—she certainly holds the record of her class—she is a grandmother to little Helen the third. Her only worry is her son-in-law and he, terrible vagrant, once every month, goes out between eight and ten to have a game of checkers in the church parlor.

Stella Rule after graduating from High School was the chief attraction on Main street for a number of years, but finally realizing that she must attain some high position to keep up with her classmates, she tried hard and at last landed the job of manicurist in one of the famous emporiums of Ardolino. She said she simply adored hands like those of the husky docter, Shearo. I sure am glad she has realized her ambitions and finally settled down to good hard work. Professor Spoerl never could make her do this.

Helena Hay had a terrible relapse. She succumbed to the lures of the gambling life and is now the proud owner of one of the most notorious gambling dens on the Stelton Road.

Margaret Schalau—the same willing Margaret—she offered to go out into the kitchen and help the cooks get our dinner ready. Her face is lined with hard work. She is married and has all her household duties. (I forgot to say she still lives in Metuchen). She is Miss Bogert's able assistant, President of the B. I. L., First Lady in the Eastern Star, President of the Ladies Aid in the church, Leader of the Boy Scouts in Troop No. 3, Mr. Van Kirk's first substitute, took Mrs. Prickett's place as Chairman of the Metuchen Club Entertainment Committee. Outside of these has nothing to do.

Well, I have told you about all the Class of '21 and I must close now. Don't forget that I am yours till the Eskimos wear B. V. D's.

LEN ALLEN.

Slater School

D. Beans

R. Salenger

B. Hiepler

R. Johnson
L. Place

28

W. Hohmann
H. Wofee
C. Von Hartig
D. von James
C. von Allen
G. Burres
G. Curney
J. Henry



FOOTBALL SQUAD, 1920

ATHLETICS

The athletic season commenced in Metuchen High School in 1920 with the formation of a football team, with Thompson as Captain and Molineux as Manager.

Practice started, and on October eighth the first game of the season was played with South River, at Metuchen. Unfortunately, the High School cannot boast of a victory in the first game of the season. The South River team, being heavier, scored a victory, 20—0.

In the next game, on October fourteenth, Metuchen High School more than redeemed itself. In a game with the New Brunswick Junior High School, at Metuchen, the home team was able to score 66, while the visitors did not gain one goal.

In the game, Hillpot made six touchdowns from forwards from Gallagher. Thompson, 2 touchdowns; Mook, 1 touchdown; Geary, 1 touchdown. Thompson, James and Gallagher kicked two goals each.

In a return game with South River on October twentieth, Metuchen High School again met defeat, this time by a score of 21—0.

On October twenty-fifth, Metuchen met New Brunswick Second Team on the home field and gained another victory, 26—0. Hillpot, 2 touchdowns; Mook, 1 touchdown; Thompson, 1 touchdown. James and Thompson each made goals from touchdowns.

On November third, the High School team met the Hight School alumni team on the home field. The Alumni were the first to score, Mook making a touchdown in the first quarter but failing to kick the goal. In the second quarter, Thompson made a touchdown and kicked a goal. The score stood 7—6 in the High School's favor. During the last two quarters neither side scored.

The last game of the season was played on November twelfth at Metuchen, between the High School and Roselle Park. Thompson scored 2 touchdowns, winning the game.

The lineup of the 'Varsity is as follows:

Raymond Mook	Right End	Gallagher	Right Halfback
D. Shearo	Right Tackle	Johnson	Left Halfback
L. Allen	Right Guard	James	Fullback
Molineux	Center		
R. Mundy	Left Guard	J. Geary	Substitute
E. von Hartz	Left Tackle	S. Schenck	Substitute
Hillpot	Left End	I. Burres	Substitute
Thompson	Quarterback	Platt	Substitute

30

D. S. Bear
C. Andino
B. Walker
John Henry
G. W. Murphy
F. Henry



D. S. Bear
C. Andino
B. Walker
John Henry
G. W. Murphy
F. Henry

BASEBALL SQUAD, 1921

BASEBALL

With Arthur Ardolino as Captain the Baseball team began their schedule this year on April 20. We defeated Woodbridge at Metuchen by a score of 14—8. This was a decisive win.

On April 22, Metuchen was defeated by a much better coached team, namely, Rahway. Our team played a wonderful game against great odds, losing 5—2.

On April 27, at Metuchen, our school team out-slugged Bound Brook High School, 14—13.

May 2 Metuchen High School defeated the Middlesex County Vocational School No. 1 by a score of 10—9. Many of our regulars were out of this game.

On May 11, Metuchen tied this game with Matawan in the last half of the ninth inning, and the visitors were forced to go home, as the time was late. It ended in a 9—9 tie.

On May 13, we were defeated in a listless game by Bound Brook at their town. Score 2—11.

May 16, South River defeated us in a game which was presented to them in a few bad innings, at South River.

May 24. We forfeited this game to the Vocational School, as Mr. Van Kirk claimed the main part of the team ineligible. Because of this bad feeling the rest of the schedule was cancelled.

Ardolino proved an all-round player.

Mundy caught the majority of games extremely well.

Hillpot played his usual good game at first base.

Howard Drake proved a flashy shortstop and second baseman.

Drake hardly ever failed to get his man attempting to steal third base.

Von Hartz played a good field.

Few went past Gallagher.

Waterbury played a good field and helped out pitching.

Shearo was a good man in the field.

Danford, a grade boy, stepped in when needed to help us out.

LINEUP

Ardolino (captain)	left field	Gallagher	fielder
E. Drake	3rd base and ss.	Waterbury	fielder and pitcher
H. Drake	2nd base and ss.	Mundy	Catcher
J. Danford	2nd base.	Hillpot	first base
Von Hartz	fielder	Thompson	2nd base

Manager: Joseph Zahn

BASKETBALL

Basketball made its initial appearance in Metuchen High School on the twenty-fourth of January, when the first game was played with the Mysterious Athletic Club. This game and the one following were played by the same team. Both times the High School was defeated.

Following these games were two more, all with the same result, defeat.

On the second of March the first victory was registered, when the High School handed defeat to the Alumni by a 15—13 score.

On the sixth of March the team journeyed to New Brunswick, where they were defeated by a score of 42—6.

GAMES

16	Mysterious A. C.	24
22	Mysterious A. C.	26
29	Alumni	35
23	Mysterious A. C.	26
15	Alumni	13
27	Alumni	11
6	New Brunswick Y. M. C. A., Jrs.	42
	Right Guard	Drake
	Left Guard	Shearo
	Center	Hillpet (captain)
	Right Forward	Gallagher
	Left Forward	Randolph (manager)

Substitutes—Hay, forward; Zahn, forward; McKaig, guard; James, center.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

The formation of the Girls' Athletic Association in M. H. S. marks the beginning of an active part in athletics by the girls. Before this, the young ladies had been content to occupy the cheering section at the boys' games. Now, however, they decided to have a separate A. A. in which to carry on their athletics as they pleased. They felt that in an Association controlled by boys they could not have the opportunities to show their capabilities as they wished. So they declared themselves "free and independent" and formed a Girls' A. A. with the following officers:

Mildred Ennis	President
Josephine Rea	Vice-President
Evelyn Pinder	Treasurer

As soon as the basketball court was completed, the girls began to practice enthusiastically with the hope of forming a High

School team. Later on this idea was given up, as it was too late in the season to make up a schedule. Several games were played, however.

The first game of the season was between the Seniors and the Faculty. The time of playing had to be prolonged on account of a tie score, and the final result was a victory for the Faculty by a score of 43—42. As this was the first game for the Seniors, and as several of the Faculty had played basketball before, the Seniors thought that they had indeed made a good start to be able to hold an experienced team to an almost equal score.

On March 1, a team formed by some of the girls who wanted to test their playing by meeting an out-of-town team, went to Rahway, where they played the Y. M. C. A. High School Girls' team of that city.

The line-up was as follows:

Left Forward	Drake
Right Forward	Powell and Carney
Center	Hebberd (captain)
Left Guard	Drew
Right Guard	Batsford
Substitutes	Morris and Ayers

From the first sound of the referee's whistle it was evident that the game was to be closely contested. The Rahway girls were on their mettle, and at the end of the first half the score stood 10—5 in their favor. In the second half, due to the excellent playing of Rule and Drake, the score was tied, and at the end stood 18—17 in Metuchen's favor.

The second game between the Faculty and the Seniors took place early in April. The Faculty again scored a victory, 34—32.

Although the girls did not have much opportunity to practise on account of the lateness in completing the court, some of the players showed great promise. There is ample material in the High School for a fine team next year.

WEARERS OF THE MASTER M

William Hillpot	Frank Gallagher
Dominic Shearo	Ernest Von Hartz
DuBois Thompson	Raymond Mundy

WEARERS OF THE BLOCK M

Arthur Ardolino	Howard Molineux
Lenwood Allen	Lester Platt
Richard Johnson	Browning Waterbury
Samuel Schenk	Joseph Zahn
Ellwood Drake	Howard Drake
Isidore Burres	

FIELD DAY

Heat! Dust! Perspiration!

Laughing and happy, the entire student body of the High School assembled in the Field on Thursday, May 19, to witness the events of Field Day. The weather man had favored us, and the day promised to be the best ever.

Frank Gallagher took the first honors of the day by winning the half mile race. Raymond Mundy plodded in second and Drake finished third.

In spite of the half-mile and the slowness displayed there, Raymond surprised everyone by coming in first in the 220-yard dash, with Ellwood Drake so close in second that he made Mundy RUN! The Freshman Hull finished third.

Fate smiled upon Raymond Mundy, and again he won first honors in the 100-yard dash, with Ernest von Hartz second and Ellwood Drake a very close third.

In the high jump, one of the most interesting events of the day, Dominic Shearo surprised the whole school by taking first place without difficulty, clearing five feet one inch like a bird. As much of a surprise, little Hay took second with five feet, while von Hartz, inspite of his length, had to be content with third.

The broad jump did not go quite as expectation foretold, as last year's champion, "Bill" Hillpot, was unable to place, and left it to Howard Drake, with Francis Hay second and Frank Gallagher third.

At this point the Juniors went wild. The Sophs were ahead with 17 points altogether, the Juniors with 16, the Freshmen with 7 and the Seniors last with 5.

Everyone was betting on a Sophomore for the mile race. Enthusiasm ran riot, and, fate being in the balance, Frank Gallagher surprised the entire school by coming in first in the mile, Howard Drake second, and Howard Molineux, the favorite, last. This made the points stand: Freshmen, 10; Sophomores, 18; Juniors, 21; Seniors, 5.

Then came the girls' events. There was only one race, the 50-yard dash. At the last moment three girls showed up. But—

A race takes action and a stop reaction. Inasmuch as the action equalled the reaction the race was called off.

The Basketball and Baseball throws for distance were the only events left. The results were as follows:

Basketball throw—First, Dorothy Drew; second, Marjorie Drake; third, Dorothy Humphries.

Baseball—First, Marjorie Drake; second, Dorothy Humphries; third, Elizabeth Hillpot.

The final scores read as follows: Freshmen, 11; Sophomores, 30; Juniors, 21; Seniors, 10.

Thus ended—well, the Sophomores called it a “Perfect Day.”

W. Scholten Ervin James Ruth Powell



1921 DEBATING TEAM

DEBATING NOTES

The Metuchen High School debating team this year showed the same splendid qualities which have distinguished it since Metuchen entered the debating contests.

Early in October the try-outs were held, resulting in the choice of Helen Rumler, Ruth Powell, and Irwin James as members of the team, with Margaret Schalau as alternate.

On January eighth, the general Interscholastic Debating Conference was held in New Brunswick. There it was decided that Metuchen should debate Rahway in the first contest, and should compete with the winner of the Short Hills-Linden debate for the second contest. The subject chosen was:

Resolved, that the United States should exclude all immigration for the next two years.

In the first contest Metuchen was to debate on the negative.

With Miss Mathews as coach, the team entered into the long season of work before them with the proverbial good winning spirit of Metuchen.

The first debate with Rahway was held at Metuchen on March eighteenth. It ended with a victory for Metuchen. That same night Short Hills defeated Linden on the negative.

In the following toss-up between the two winning teams on the same question, Metuchen lost and had to construct an entirely new argument on the affirmative. The final contest was held in Metuchen on April twenty-second. Both teams presented their arguments with unusual skill. This contest appeared so evenly matched that the decision would turn upon a mere point of opinion. At the casting of the votes the point turned against us with the result that Metuchen lost the first debate in several years.

In spite of the defeat, Metuchen will remember the splendid work of Helen Rumler, Ruth Powell and Irvin James, and the efficient help of Margaret Schalau as alternate.

THE SCIENCE CLUB

The Science Club, the first society of its kind in M. H. S. was organized in October, 1921, under the able guidance of Mr. Spoerl.

Officers were elected as follows:—

President—Helen Rumler

Vice-President—Raymond Mook

Secretary—Charlotte Heberd

Treasurer—Mildred Ennis

During the year, however, our Vice-President left the High School. Elizabeth Morris was elected to fill this position.

At the meetings, several interesting papers have been read—"The Need of Mathematics," by Josephine Rea; "Mathematics Among the Ancients," by Charlotte Heberd; Pythagoras and his Theorum," by Elizabeth Morris; "The Surface of the Globe," by Helen Rumler; and "Natural Hear," by Mr. Spoerl.

In April, the Club paid a visit to the Public Service plant, where an interesting as well as profitable afternoon was spent. Due to the kindness of Mr. Terry, and the Head Engineer, the Club was conducted through the plant and the entire system was explained. A concrete example of many hither-to difficult-to-understand machines was thus presented to the students.

Although the meetings of the Club have not been regular and the attendance has sometimes been small, due to other school functions interfering, all agree that a beginning has been made for a society which may some day hold a prominent place in school affairs. Those who have attended the meetings have always received some entertaining and beneficial information. In a club of this sort, scope is offered for a great deal of interesting and important research along the lines of mathematics and sciences of every kind. It is sincerely hoped that the Senior class next year will become interested and will take up this work with a will. A good High School should have organizations of this kind, and the students will be helping their Alma Mater by furthering the intellectual side of School life as well as the athletic and social.

Too much credit cannot be given to the Science Club's faculty advisor, Mr. Spoerl. Through his efforts, the Club was organized. He has been one of the most interested and enthusiastic workers in it, and the Science Club wishes to extend to him its hearty thanks.

METUCHEN HIGH

Our Freshman days are almost done,
We have the Sophs. upon the run;
No more they'll poke at us their fun,
In old Metuchen High.

The Math. and Latin dead are here,
To plague us through the coming year;
We wait for them to disappear
From old Metuchen High.

Our teacher's place we shall not find

Until the Fall renews the grind
 But we can stand it, never mind,
 We're old Metuchen High.

Then give a cheer for things we miss
 And seal it with a parting kiss;
 We mean to graduate, hit or miss,
 At old Metuchen High.

—Elizabeth Fenlon.

WARNING !

The world lay hushed 'neath the still pale light
 Of the silvery moon; not a thing in sight
 E'er moved or spoke; 'twas the world asleep,
 While the bats their ghostly vigils keep,
 And the owl hooted loud from a nearby tree,
 And the clock on the stair boomed "One, two, three!"

In the still retreat of a dim-lit room,
 While the shadows longer and longer loom,
 Sat one weary soul who was far from rest—
 'Twas a Senior, the eve of the final test.
 But as he studied, the page grew dim
 And Sleep her mantle had cast on him.

The Senior was climbing a long white stair
 On upward, and upward, and upward—and there
 Stood the great gold gate—Graduation—but stay—
 The toll was heavy and he must pay.
 He paused, and turned, and looked behind
 Where downward, below him, the stairways wind—
 The Junior, Sophomore, Freshman, too—
 All the lesser gates he had passed through.

Then the Senior turned and raised his hand
 To open the gate to the further land,
 When a voice cried, "Stop, e'er you pass thru,
 We would like to have just a word with you!"
 The Senior turned, and to his surprise
 A row of ghosts stood before his eyes.

Then the foremost again addressed the lad,
 "We are the ghosts, neglected and sad,
 Of Latin, Geometry, English too,—
 Of all the things not studied by you.
 Instead of conning your tasks each day,
 You wasted and wasted the hours away!

And now the exams are here—ah me!
 Altho 'tis sad as sad can be
 You cannot pass thro that gate so bright
 For you have not answered the questions right,
 So back you go down this steep, steep, stair,
 And climb again for another year!"

The Senior turned, and with hanging head
 Was about to do what the ghost had said,
 When all of a sudden, the clock, once more,
 Chimed out—but now, "One, two, three, four!"
 The stairways vanished, the ghosts were gone,
 And there sat the Senior, all forlorn,
 In his dim-lit room, with a shake of his head,
 "I'm glad that was only a dream," he said.

o

THE OAK

The rays of the setting sun shone through the branches of the old oak tree and the evening breeze stirred its leaves pleasantly. Its magnificent girth alone revealed its age, for it was as trim and beautiful as in the days of its youth, hundreds of years before. As it felt the compelling call of Spring in its sturdy heart, old memories were awakened, and he thought of the many Springs he had seen, and the changes that had come with them.

A sudden trembling of the ground, and the rush of an express train sent a corresponding shiver through his mighty frame.

"These modern inventions," thought the oak, "How strange they still are to me," and his memory harked back to the time when fine ladies and gentlemen rode to church in their own carriages, or, earlier still, rode on horseback with their wives on pillion behind them, and when all travel was undertaken in stage coaches. He had indeed seen many changes and many people.

But the most interesting time in his life had been when the great Revolution had swept the land. These were the stirring days when the call of the fife and drum sent the youth of the country to the colors. Many times he had looked down on passing regiments, some of them well equipped and trim, but more often ragged and dirty, but all with an indomitable courage which could withstand anything, and he would wave his branches to them as if to wish them God-speed. Often, too, the leaders would call a halt and some of the men would bivouac in its shade.

One special evening he remembered, a scouting party approached, bringing with them a man in a red coat. He was young and proud and bore himself well, but the tree soon saw he was not one of the party, for he was heavily manacled, and the officers,

with evident reluctance (for they were young themselves), held a hurried consultation, and then—horror of horrors—strung a rope over his lowest branch and hanged the unhappy man, for he was a spy.

But the most thrilling of all moments occurred one dewy morning when two young officers he had often seen passing by arm in arm, appeared, and with grim and haggard looks, crossed swords on the green grass near-by. An oppressive silence was in the air, broken only by the ominous clash of steel upon steel. The pair were evenly matched and it seemed as if the fight would be a long one when suddenly the sound of horses' hoofs was heard, and an excited girl, followed by a man-servant, galloped up to them.

"Gilbert," she cried, "Thank Heaven I am in time—and you, De Lacy, do you think I would ever have married you if you had killed my brother? Foolish boys, will gambling be the death of one of you?"

The young men hung their heads in shame, and having shaken hands at her command, they all took their departure together.

Later that same summer, De Lacy and his bride returned and carved their initials on the tree beneath which a tragedy had so nearly been enacted.

* * * * *

The sun sank, and the breeze again sighed through the branches of the old oak tree. Many springs and many changes he had seen, and he would see many more.

—DOROTHY DREW

THE HAUNTED HOUSE

The haunted house at the foot of the hill,
Seemed to the townsfolk to bode only ill;
As hidden from view by tall spectral trees,
It creaked and moaned and groaned with faintest breeze.

Two men were passing by, one moonlight night,
From the windows suddenly came a light;
Tall, ghost-like figures flitted round and round,
While the tow friends quickly measured the ground.

The following day the news flew around,
The house was raided and this fact they found;
They kept a secret, guarded still,
In "haunted house" at the foot of the hill.

They were the ghosts of Johnny Barleycorn,
Whose spirit since A. P. the people mourn,
But many will not, as we wisely know,

While hops, raisins and malt still grow.

(Note—A. P. means Anno Prohibition or in the year of prohibition).

—Beatrice Rumler, '22.

WHEN I WAS YOUNG

When I was young and went to school,
Though rightly I was taught,
Not always was the golden rule
Our first and foremost thought.

Too often my Arithmetic
Was put aside for play,
With the old promise ever new,
To do it the next day.

But oh! then mid-years came around,
Out came those good old books.
My mind was then not wandering
Nor avoiding teacher's looks.

Geometry and Cicero
And Ancient History
Were my companions every night
Out on my desk they'd be.

And then those hours of dread suspense,
When waiting the return,
And how excited we would be
And how our cheeks would burn!

Resolving we would study hard
From thence for evermore
And to the Mount of Learning vast
Our willing souls would soar.

And oh! what a relief 'twould be
And what a time for fun
To hear that voice from the office say:
"You've passed with seventy-one!"

—Evelyn Pinder.

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F R E S H M E N

F is for football, a sport we enjoy,
R is for running, our legs to employ,
E is for Elmo, a math. shark by fate,
S is for Soph'mores, whom of course we all hate.
H is for hazing, which all freshmen get,
M is for Monday, when all frown and fret,

E is for English, a subject we take,
 N is for ninth year, the tenth year to make.

—CHARLES HULL '24

A SOPHOMORE'S UTOPIA

Five study periods a day.
 Halls with carpet blue,
 Prompt elevator service
 Would that it were true!
 Porters carrying our books.
 Scores of handsome boys
 Roses on the desk each morn
 To add unto our joys
 Cabarets for those who jazz
 A perfect skating rink
 Teachers always smiling,
 No matter what they think.
 A swimming-pool in every floor,
 We'd quite appreciate.
 Tennis courts upon the roof,
 A medal when we're late.

If in our school we had these things,
 It surely then would seem
 That here at last was realized
 Our pet Utopian dream.

N. A. F. '23.

THAT TEST

(With Apologies to Henry W. Longfellow)
 Listen my children and you shall hear,
 Of the torture inflicted in the Sophomore year.
 Toward the end of the day, when all is well,
 All of a sudden is heard the bell.
 And in the midst of the hopeful sound
 We started on our holy mound.
 Our seats we took with woeful dread
 And from the board the question read
 The rest you may yourself now guess
 We never could get through that mess.

N. A. F. '23.

What the Poets had in mind when they wrote:

"The Children's Hour"	Chemistry Class
"The Village Choir"	Chorus Period
"Misspent Time"	Study Periods
"Daily Trials"	All Classes
"Late, Late, so Late"	Gordon Randolph
"The Pet Lamb"	Margaret Schalau
"Music in the Air"	Miss Bump

"Night After Night"	Josephine and "Dutch"
"Exile of Erin"	Winifred Carney
"The Cuckoo"	Irvin James
"A Quiet Life"	Elizabeth Morris
"Song of Myself"	Bill Hillpot
"Disdain Returned"	Dorothy Drew
"Ask Me No More"	Stella Rule
"Men of Marble Head"	Dominic Shearo
"The Bridge of Sighs"	Senior Entrance
"A Gleam of Sunshine"	Helen Rumler
"The Ascent to Fame"	Helena Hay
"A Dream of Fair Women"	Most any of the Faculty
"Why Should the Spirit of Mortal Be Proud?"	Charlotte Hebbard
"Farewell Renown"	Ruth Powell
"I Will Not Love"	Eleanor Bloomfield

THE SECOND-HAND STORE

I

Tiny little letters,
On a tiny card,
Help the jolly student,
Answer questions hard,

II

So the little ponies,
Glanced at on the sly,
Make the naughty Freshmen
Sophies "by and by."

III

My pony, 'tis of thee,
Emblem of liberty,
 Of thee I sing.
Book of my High School Days,
Worthy of fondest praise,
Worthy of poets' lays
 I'd tribute bring.

—Microcosne.

UNLESS——

"I can never forgive you," she answered.
He had wickedly stolen a kiss,
And now he was begging forgiveness,
But surely she couldn't mean this—
"I can never forgive," she repeated,
"That base and unmanly attack,
Unless—" and she paused for a moment—
"Unless you at once give it back."

—Microcosne.

—o—

"YOU CAN ALWAYS"
you can always tell a Senior,

He's so sedately dressed.
 You can always tell a Junior
 By the way he swells his chest.
 You can always tell a Sophomore
 By his timid ways and such.
 You can always tell a Freshman
 But you cannot tell him much.

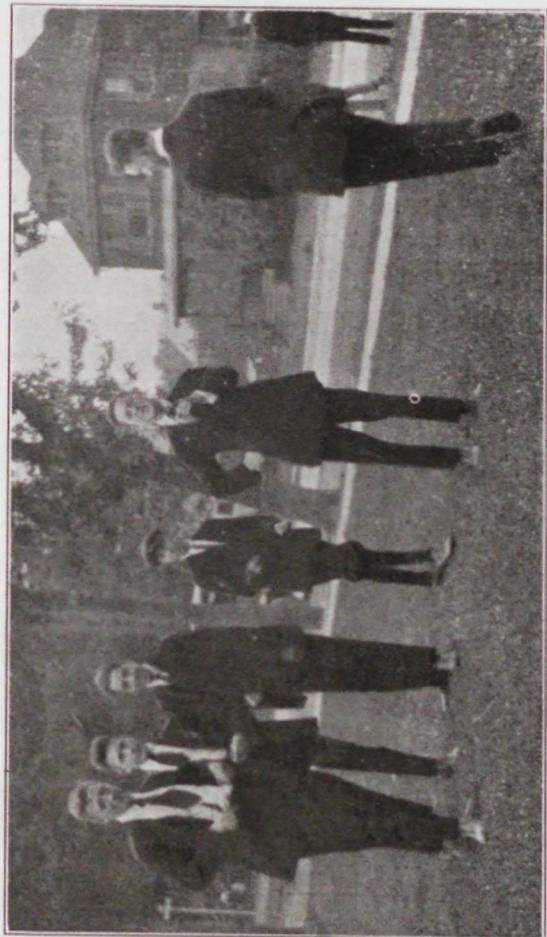
o

RULES AND REGULATIONS OF HOTEL DE LA WILLIAMS

- I. Full board \$50 a week, meals and lodgings extra.
 - II. Guests are requested not to speak to the dumb-waiter.
 - III. Guests wishing to rise early will be supplied at supper with Yeast and Self-Raising Flour.
 - IV. All guests must be up at 4:30 a. m. as the bed-sheets are required for the table.
 - V. Guests wishing to do a little driving will find nails and hammer in the closet.
 - VI. All jewelry and valuables must be left at the office where no questions will be asked.
 - VII. After July 15th, the boarders formally taken by the week will be taken by the neck.
 - VIII. While waiting for meals, you can listen to the Bed Tick and the Pillow Sham.
 - IX. If you're fond of Athletics and like Jumping, lift the mattress and see the Bed Spring.
 - X. If your lamp goes out take a feather out of your pillow; that's light enough for any room.
 - XI. Anyone troubled with a Night-Mare will find a halter at the foot of the bed.
 - XII. If you should have a Night-Mare and find the bed buggy, hitch the Mare to the buggy and drive off.
 - XIII. Don't ring for water; there's a spring in the bed.
 - XIV. Don't worry about paying your board; the house is supported by the foundation.
 - XV. Don't pick a quarrel with the clerk; his father is Mayor of the city and his brother is Chief of Police.
 - XVI. The hotel is surrounded by a beautiful cemetery, elegantly laid out; hearses to hire \$25 a day.
-

OH DEATH, WHERE IS THY STING?

Latin is a language dead,
 As dead as dead can be
 It killed the ancient Romans,
 And now it's killing me.
 All are dead who ever wrote it,
 All are dead who ever spoke it,
 All will die who ever learned it,
 Blessed death, they surely earned it.



RESOLVED I. AND HIS RETINUE

HUMOROUS

Matal Metaphor—The young man was telling his sweetheart how he had been attracted to her.

"You were a lovely flower and I was a bee," he explained to her. "I was a mouse and you were a piece of cheese." And then he wondered why she rose and left the room.—The American Legion Weekly.

* * * *

AIN'T NATURE NOBLE?

"I think there's something dove-like about you."

"Not really."

"Sure, you're pigeon-toed."

* * * *

"What is a pessimist?"

"He's a guy that complains because his bank roll is so thick that it breaks the stitches of his wallet."

* * * *

Lorna—"How long does it take you to dress in the morning?"

Arthur—"Oh, about twenty minutes."

Lorna (proudly—"It only takes me ten."

Arthur—"I wash."

* * * *

TELL IT TO "BILL"

A jolly young chemistry bluff,
While mixing a compound of stuff,
Held a match to the vial,
And after a while
They found his front teeth and a cuff.

—The Pretzel.

* * * *

SOUNDS LIKE JOHNSON

"You are always behind in your studies."

"Well, you see, sir, it gives me a chance to pursue them."

* * * *

(IF ONLY THIS WERE TRUE OF DICK JOHNSON)

He's lacking in culture and grace;
He makes a sad show as a dancer;
He's blessed with a begative face;
His lips cannot form a bright answer.
He's found all his yesterdays great,
And looks for the same on the morrows;
And it all rests in this heavenly trait:
He pays back the coin that he borrows.

* * * *

WAVED FORMATIONS

(Oh Girls)

He came to call at half-past eight
Upon a pretty miss,
With twinkling, roguish, blue-black eyes
hair waved this.
And that like

II.

They sat beside the open fire,
 And liked it too, I wis,
 For when he left—too late to tell—
 Her was like
 hair mussed this.
 * * * *

Teacher—"No one ever heard of a sentence without a predicate."
 Bright One—"I have."

Teacher—"What is it?"

Bright One—"Thirty days."

* * * *

Mr. S.—"I've come to the end of the rope with you."
 "Turn around and go back."

* * * *

Jim—"I had to shoot my dog this morning."

Sim—"Was he mad?"

Jim—"Well he wasn't exactly pleased."

* * * *

MORE PHYSICS

Why is Boyle's law like love?

Because the lower the gas, the higher the pressure.

* * * *

Lottie—"He wore my photograph over his heart and it stopped the bullet."

Tottie—"I'm not surprised, dear. It would stop a clock."

* * * *

CHRONOLOGY OF A SKIRT

(Sounds like Charlotte)

1st Month—Most extreme length.

1st year—Shortened 50%.

2-16—Gradual growth in length, approaches ankle.

17-20—Abrupt cut, approaches knee.

21—Becomes a neck-piece.

* * * *

IN PHYSICS

Prof.—"What is density?"

Student—"I can't define it but I can give a good illustration."

Prof.—"The illustration is good, sit down!"

* * * *

OUCH!

"He hadn't the face to kiss me."

"Um! I suppose you hadn't the cheek to tempt him?"

* * * *

SOUNDS LIKE "T. G."

Prof. (in middle of a joke)—"Have I ever told the class this one before?"

Class (in chorus)—"Yes."

Prof. (proceeding)—"Then you will probably understand it this time."

SPEAKING OF KISSES

Warriors have died for them
 Women have cried for them
 Maidens have sighed for them
 Fellows have lied for them.

But all these people seem quite small—
 I trust I am correct—
 Compared with those who've tried for them
 And got it in the neck.

* * * *

The domicile of Mr. Ambrose Mundy on Middlesex Avenue is and has been for the last two years the scene of a lively good-natured competition. The prize seems to be the smiles of Miss Marion. The contestants are: Mr. Samuel Cole Schenck, known as "Shivers" and Mr. Nathan Howard Ayres, known as "Nemo." The latest reports are that "Shivers" is ahead by "two big feet" but "Nemo" tells us confidentially that he hopes to "nose" him out.

* * * *

"Goofer" Mundy doesn't know his own mind.
 Well, he hasn't missed much.

* * * *

"Did he marry a brunette? I thought he married a blond."
 "He did, but she dyed."

* * * *

"His education is still in its infancy."
 "Why?"
 "Because it rests on a crib."

* * * *

George—"Let's go home and sit by the fire and forget everything."
 Geo. gianna—"I'm afraid, George, that you'll forget yourself."

* * * *

Father kicks young Suitor down Steps—New York World.
 He got a shoe, but he didn't get the "mate."

* * * *

He—"Your voice is heavenly."
 She—"Do you really think so?"
 He—"Well, at least, it's unearthly."

* * * *

TRY ELECTRICITY ON YOUR GIRL:

When your girl is sulky and will not talk—Exciter.
 If she gets too excited—Controller.
 If she talks too much—Interrupter.
 If she thinks different from you—Converter.
 If she loves you—Compressor.
 If she tries to deceive you—Detester.
 If she wishes to come half way—Meter.
 If she wants to go further—Conductor.
 If she wants chocolates—Feeder.
 If she will come all the way—Receiver.

* * * *

Teacher: "Where is the home of the swallow?"

Freshman: "In the stomach."

* * * *

Thunder is the black man,
He lives up in the sky;
Lightning is the yellow gal,
She also lives on high.
When the black man kissed the yellow gal,
Her screams made him to blunder,
He bumped his head into a cloud,
And that's what caused the thunder.

* * * *

WE WONDER—

Where the pencil goes when it's lead?
What becomes of the hole when you finish eating a doughnut?
Where a watch is bound for when it's going?
Who catches the water when Niagara Falls?
What happens to the pieces when the day breaks?
If a girl had a date with a man, would you call it a mandate?
How fast time flies?
Why is a baker never broke? Is it because he can have all the dough when he kneads it?

* * * *

Odearno will now sing the song entitled: "Maggie opened the door and saw the kitchen sink."

* * * *

SLANG FROM CICERO:

Credide mihi—Believe me.
Vereamini—You should worry.
Accepte me—Take it from me.

* * * *

"How was iron first discovered?" "They smelt it."

* * * *

THINGS WE NEVER SAW IN M. H. S.

Dorothy Batsford not giggling.
Dorothy Drew talking as a grown-up.
Mr. Spoerl with his hair combed and black socks.
Order in a Junior History class.
Eleanor Bloomfield anywhere at noon, morning or recess, but before the mirror in Room 11.
The Senior class all agreeing to one subject.
Miss Kinnear without books.
Ruth Powell worried about anything.
Helen Willmont being sensible.
The rest of the Senior girls with the same dignity as the honorable Mildred Ennis.
Charlotte Heberd with her skirts more than two inches below her knees.
Gordon Randolph without a grouch on.
Winifred Carney without her Penn. State vanity case.

Josephine Rea in school on Monday morning.
Pat Sortore with long pants.

* * * *

WANTED

A little more ether—for Arthur Ardolino.

Some new books for the school library, such as "Why I As a Socialist" by Emma Wypler, "Teachers I Have Loved" by Margaret Schalau, "How to Vamp" dedicated to the Senior Girls by their old classmate, Dot Drew, also "Good Morals and How to Live Up to Them," recently published by Stella Rule (now in its 92nd Edition).

For Brighton Early, a "Big Ben" so that he will not injure his reputation.

Seamstress Wanted—Plain Sewing and "Letting Down" by Charlotte Heberd.

For Winifred Carney, a little pull with the Faculty, and also a higher education pursued in the City of Brotherly Love.

Helena Hay desires a few hours free from study, and if possible an environment which will be more stimulating to her most studious nature.

Mildred Ennis desires some time and inclination to study, also two books, one intitled "Don't Give Up the Ship" and the other, "How to Produce the Most Entertaining Minstrel Shows."

Book on "Thrilling Careers" is desired by Eleanor Bloomfield, also information on "How to best exist without"—Room 9.

Marjorie Drake would like position as school boss.

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Max Hoepfner, Prop.

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Whichever it is, the pleasure of the vacation itself is increased by taking plenty of time to get ready, and, in most cases, these preparations will include the purchase of many items which this store can supply. Make out your list now, come down and see how well we can fill it.

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