

**“THE BLUE
LETTER”**

1924

"THE BLUE LETTER"

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF

METUCHEN HIGH SCHOOL

JUNE, 1924

FOREWORD

This pamphlet, the first of its kind to be published by Metuchen High School students, is a true répresentation of their own efforts. It is therefore dedicated to all those who have assisted in compiling it and have done their best to make it a success.

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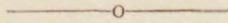
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'TIS BETTER SO

My cheeks are wan; "my hair is white
Nor grew it white in a single night."
My frame is changed; my bones are shunk
As though of Circe's cup I'd drunk.

My eyes no longer gleam with sense
They gleam with madness, strange, intense.
Ah! 'Tis a fearful thing to see
The encroachment of insanity.

I'm told by signs of zodiac
That I'm a raving maniac.
How short a year it seems to be
Since human reason was with me.

Yet I heard and saw in that short year
Things no mortal should see or hear.
Dark and awful was the path
That single year of senior math!

—Joseph Kerschner '24.

CONSIDER THE LILIES

"Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; yet I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like ones of these."—Matt. VI.

The only good thing that anyone in the village of Seabreeze could say about the Lillie family was that they were not "poor white trash". Indeed, everyone knew that Minnie Lillie was a descendant of the Sanborns of Virginia, and as for Bill, he claimed that he had an ancestor who was a general in the Revolutionary war, which was quite enough to establish him as one of the aristocracy. But one fact was not to be denied, that Bill and his family could not have been more shiftless if they had been the poorest white trash.

Bill spent the days on a beer keg—empty, alas—in front of the post office, where he often sat and talked, but mostly just sat. Minnie indignantly refused all offers to take in washing, preferring to gossip and quarrel with the neighboring Osteens. The eleven little Lillies did exactly what they pleased. There was a rumor that Lenard, the oldest, had once "toted" groceries for Dreka's Department Store, but it was not given any credence.

The nearest approach anybody in the family came to working was when Jessie had promised to care for Mrs. Wood's baby for a half hour and had kept her word—for the two minutes immediately succeeding Mrs. Wood's departure and those preceding her return. So the name of Lillie, when it was mentioned at all, was passed by with a shrug.

Somehow, the family had managed to exist, living mostly on hominy, sweet potatoes and razorback hogs. Yet they were, in spite of their poverty, as contented as the folks on New York avenue. Perhaps they were even more happy.

But there came a day when Disaster knocked at the door of their shack and entered uninvited. Disaster was represented by Mr. Totum, from the Volusia County Bank, who informed them that they must leave their ancestral potato patch and depart—whither, it was not up to Mr. Totum. Bill was accustomed to take everything philosophically, but this was a blow indeed. There was nowhere for them to go. They stayed until the sheriff came and then they left, without an idea in the world as to where to go.

Now, while the Lillie family was passing through this time of tribulation, interesting events were occurring on New York avenue. Mrs. Dutton hurried over to visit Mrs. Bond, the wife of the lumber magnate, to tell her of the arrival of a new family, the Mortons, and how Mrs. Morton had paid her a visit that very day.

"I saw huh, my dear, of coahse, not wishing to be inhospitable, but my deah, I assuah you, she is impossible! Why, she

actually said that huh fathah fought as a common soldiah in the woah—and on the No'the'n side, my deah. And she talks through her nose. And she expects to call on you, my deah, today." Mrs. Dutton leaned back and rocked angrily. Just at that moment Mrs. Bond's maid entered to say that there was a Mrs. Morton in the waiting room.

"Of coahse I won't see huh," said Mrs. Bond, immediately, but then changed her mind. The maid brought in Mrs. Marton, and then followed a scene that is still spoken of in hushed tones in Seabreeze, how Mrs. Bond haughtily snubbed Mrs. Morton and how Mrs. Morton, at first surprized, then bewildered, then angry, departed, vowing terrible vengeance, and leaving as a parting shot: "Well, Mrs. Bond, I have dethroned you in one thing and I intend to dethrone you in several more."

Then there was another "social war". It soon became apparent that Mrs. Bond was "dethroned" in that she could no longer claim to be the wealthiest woman of the town. Mr. Morton was building a big, new saw mill and was apparently several times a millionaire. His wife gathered all the dissatisfied ones under her wing and soon had a large band. But southern aristocracy stood firm, and Mrs. Bond, with the Conrads, the Hulleys, the Duttons and others, remaining staunch, continued to be the head of society.

Mrs. Morton soon realized that she was beating against a stone wall, and with her Yankee wit, began to look for a new plan of attack.

Now while we are examining the struggle of society on New York avenue and the Boulevard, we must not forget the Lillies. They wandered about in the pine woods until they came across an old cabin, which they appropriated. One sad day it caught fire and burned down, and the Lillies were homeless again.

Bill Lillie, wistfully passing his former home, saw workmen just about to tear it down. He spoke to the foreman and asked what they were doing.

"Why, didn't you-all know that Morton's new saw mill is a-goin' to be built hyear?"

Bill didn't. The foreman began to tell him all about the man, his wealth, his plans and above all, about his magnificent wages. It was then that Bill reached the conclusion that he would have to work.

Hunting up the rich man, he asked for work, and Mr. Morton promised to see about it.

Morton told his wife that night, the whole sad history of the Lillie family, which he had heard from his contractor. The next day thought of them recurred to that worthy lady, and with that thought a plan.

She whispered it to Mrs. Foard, one of her staunchest allies, who confided it to Mrs. Woods, who intrusted it to Mrs. Wright,

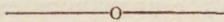
who—but we need go no farther. It is enough to say that about one hour later, Mrs. Bond and Mrs. Dutton were in conference as to how to circumvent this deep laid plan. It did not take them long to decide. "Fight fiah with fiah," was Mrs. Dutton's knowing comment.

That evening messengers from Mrs. Morton and Mrs. Bond met, just as they approached the piano box which now served as a shelter for the Lillies. Both bore a basket containing food and both delivered it to the enraptured children. Before the next noon all Seabreeze knew of the philanthropy of the rival matrons.

Were Mrs. Morton's plans upset? Not at all. That resourceful lady immediately got together all the worn clothes of the family and sent them over in a big bundle. Mrs. Bond retaliated with a bundle of clothes nearly as big. Mrs. Morton returned fire with *more food, more clothes and an offer of a house.* This stunned the Bond forces, but only for a minute. More gifts were sent and it soon appeared that clothing was the best weapon to use for this battle. An evening gown for Minnie, a jewelled comb for Jessie, patent leather pumps for Erasmus, a dress vest for Bill, an ostrich boa for Alabama, and so on, an increasingly expensive and humorous lot. And neither Mrs. Morton nor Mrs. Bond had come up on top. Then came the unexpected, that which could not happen and yet somehow did.

It came first to Mr. Fountain, the lawyer. He could not believe the testimony of his eyes and called in the Woods boy, who read the letter three times. Two million dollars—what a legacy! Even old Mr. Fountain, who had been so amused by the "social war," was impressed. Two million dollars and the old Lexington mansion, which had been unopened for years, but which still was the sun around which the life of the town moved. With the rapidity of all news in Seabreeze the news went around; by the time Bill Lillie had started down to Lawyer Fountain's office half the people that saw him looked at him with new eyes. The news reached the Lillie home before Bill did, and Minnie was weeping with joy. The whole family put on the best of the benefactions from the Bonds and Mortons, and all appropriately dressed in honor of the occasion, went down to the Lexington mansion, welcomed by the dozens of servants in the old place and cheered by all. All, that is, except Mrs. Bond and Mrs. Morton. Those two ladies have forgiven each other, and are now the firmest of friends, but they have never forgiven the Lillies.

—Marion Ehr '26.



Pupil translating Virgil: "— and also Anchises ripe with age."

R. M.: "Hm—sounds like a cheese."

A JUNIOR CLASS MEETING

Room twelve is in a dreadful state of confusion. The windows are flanked two-deep with boys watching something going on below in the street while the girls rush in and out of the cloak hall or stand about talking. Miss Mathews is making a brave attempt to work.

Suddenly the class president remembers that there is important business to be attended to at once. At the thought of reducing order out of such chaos, her face becomes shadowed with despair.

Heroically she grasps a ruler and bangs on the desk for order. After much persuasion, half the class reluctantly consent to sit down but never cease chattering.

The president begins a feeble discussion of the business on hand and if the atmospheric conditions are right, she is sometimes heard in the back of the room. If she succeeds in producing some kind of order, she is frequently interrupted by the groans of poor, benighted Juniors who are unable to get their algebra.

Finally, her misery is cut short by the silence bell and the meeting is called to a close.

—Margaret Ayers '25.

A PUNISHMENT I REMEMBER

It had been summer time, a typical June day. In the country I suppose all insect life was righteously and riotously frolicing in the sun. Somewhere grasshoppers were adding their cheerful chirping to the droning of bees and the rustling of leaves. In the city there was none of this. There were only laborers repairing the dry, dirty street and occasionally pulling out damp bandanas to wipe the perspiration from reddened faces. The only music there was the rumbling of the elevated or the incessant honking of huge trucks, never ceasing in their toil for gain. I was almost sorry for them—they knew not that it was June. For that matter we five city boys, ranking in age from twelve to fourteen, hardly knew it ourselves. We were only aware of an indefinable something; I knew not what it was. It just was. We were seated upon the steps of the apartment house where I lived, when this something found expression in the suggestion that we go for a hike on the Jersey side of the Hudson. The suggestion was joyously acclaimed. I hurried to get permission. I obtained it, plus the injunction to keep away from the water. In a short while the crosstown car had taken us to the Dykeman street ferry. We were walking to the wharf when we saw a large sign—"Canoes for hire by the hour." The same thought came to us all.

"Let's hire one," was the unanimous explanation. We hurried to the boat-house, and by placing all our finances in a common fund, succeeded in obtaining a large, sponson canoe. I had some misgivings, remembering the command I had received. I did not wish to disobey, of course not, one never does. But what could

I say or do to dampen the enthusiasm of the rest, eager as I myself was for the novelty. Two of us could not swim, and none of us had ever had any experience with the paddle except the home-made specie. However, we had seen the way the Indians did it in the movies and that was enough. We pushed away from the wharf and glided out on the Hudson. We were about a quarter way across, when we noticed the approach of a Hudson Dayline steamer. "Let's turn back and hug the shore," said one of the boys. Why not stay here and ride the rollers, like those people down there are doing?" I suggested. So we stayed. We reckoned not that those people had long, light canoes, holding at the most two persons. The huge steamer finally passed us, her great wheel churning the water to large, heavy swells. We "took" the first two or three easily enough; then came, what to me seemed like the daddy of all rollers. Our overladen canot was not buoyant enough to rise over it and suddenly it seemed as though half the water of the Hudson entered our canoe. We were too frightened to scream; we just held on. That one huge swell had exhausted the force of the rollers and we had nothing else to fear. Had the canoe not been a sponson it would certainly have sunk. As it was the top of the boat was only about four inches from the water. By dint of strenuous bailing and then by hard paddling, we reached the boat-house. Then wet and pale we went to our respective homes. It was June, but nevertheless I shivered on the way. Upon arrival, I told my mother, in a faltering voice what had happened. My face must have shown how frightened I had been, for she only said: "Let this be a lesson to you." It was.

—Joseph Kershner '24.

A RELIC OF THE PAST

Down in the depth of the sea, lies the hulk of a once-proud ship. Time and the continual surging of the tide have worked their destruction, until the bare outline of what was once the pride and joy of her captain, remains now only as a relic of the past.

Its high stern, low bow, and short masts bear witness to the fact that it must have been in its first glory at the time when pirates roamed the seas and kings held sway over all the realms.

Alas! there is no one who knows the joy, tragedy or villainy which may have been enacted upon those once staunch decks, or the treasures that may have been stored in those now diminished holds. Of what battles with man and tempest those bare ribs might tell! Is there no one who, with the magic of his pen, can rewrite the passages which must have appeared on the log of this grim spectre of the sea? No, we may only ponder upon it, and wonder from whence it came and in what great deeds it has taken part.

—W. G. Drew '24.

HEROES AND HERO WORSHIP

Of Reynold Drews I tell this tale:
He is a lad who'll never fail;
He is known to be continually glad,
And consequently never sad.

You should hear him in debate;
It's really wondrous to relate.
When he gets up and pounds the air,
It makes all his opponents stare.

In History Class just hear him tell
His own ideas of Hannibal.
He knows so much of History
We well may know he's read H. G.

In English class he takes the prize
For he writes tales that ope your eyes.
From those of ghosts that make you shake
To Mexico's war or the Japanese quake.

In Latin class he's oh so bright.
When he translates it's always right.
He says he just loves Latin, too;
For that matter we all do—not.

As basketball manager he was fine
Arranging games all of the time
Of course we know he wasn't dumb
In taking care of the chewing gum.

—S. Mundy '25.

Mr. Larson: "Sit down!"

James: "I won't."

Mr. Larson: "Well, stand up then, I refuse to be disobeyed."

V. F. in Physics Class:—"The lines of force are straight lines gradually bending outward into a circle."

THE FORTY-NINTH DOUGHNUT

"I don't care, if this place isn't haunted, I'm going to do it myself. I craves ha'nts," I expostulated. "After all the work we've gone to, getting the oldest house in the town, I shall consider myself gyped if I don't see at least one genuine, dyed-in-the-wool ghost. I'll bet old Jack here scares them away. Do you Jack?" I asked of our big dog who lay at my feet.

"I certainly hope he does," remarked Peg. "I can't say that I am very keen about seeing spirits. Of course I don't believe in them, but the way you talk about them is enough to scare anybody. I am thankful that you folks will be back before the witching hour of twelve, or you would probably have me seeing all sorts of little white robed figures, sitting on the edge of the bed. I must confess that I don't get the attraction. Do you Dick?" she asked, turning to my kid brother.

"Not her kind," scoffed Dick. "She would like to see a lot of dames, all dolled up in hoop skirts and white wigs, dancing the minuet. I'd like to get a slant at an old pirate, with a peg leg, and a long black moustache and a cutlass all covered with blood, that would be worth seeing."

"This isn't near enough to the sea for a pirate, you poor simp," I pointed out gently but firmly. "Anyway, I'm not particular about the brand of ghost I see, as long as see one. Honestly though, when I think of the old lady who used to make pies and cakes for the revolutionary soldiers, in this very room, when it was part of the kitchen—why I just get trembly all over."

"Yes," put in Peg, "that does seem sort of romantic. I can just see those poor, homesick soldiers coming in here and getting home-made doughnuts to eat."

"Say, now, that's a foundation for a good story," interrupted Dick. "A homesick soldier buys doughnuts, guaranteed to be like mother used to make, the doughnuts prove fatal and he dies in terrible agony. See? And his ghost is doomed to haunt the shop through all eternity, seeking—seeking—something."

"A hot water bottle," supplied the laughing Peg.

"It is time you went to bed, Dick!" I volunteered at this point.

"No sir, I'm not going to bed 'till you do," asserted Dick.

"What's the matter," I teased, "Is the poor 'ittle boy scared to go upstairs in the dark? Is hims 'fraid-i-cums dat drats bid pirat tum out and ask him for a— What is the matter with Jack?"

We turned to the dog who was staring intently at something and uttering a low, throaty growl. We followed his gaze to the door, which was to our horror, slowly and surely closing, its hinges emitting a groan as if in protestation to the unseen force which was drawing it shut. Then with scarcely a sound, the latch slipped into place, and all was quiet. For a second, we all sat motionless, then as if moved by a common impulse, we jumped up and

Jack seemed to think that everything was all right for he came back from his tour in investigation wagging his tail. Half ashamed of our fright, we sat down and forced a hollow laugh.

"The wind," I murmured. "I had no idea that it was so drafty in here!"

"These old houses are all cracks," returned Peg half-heartedly. "But it must be all right or Jack would make a fuss. I suggest that we all go to bed, this stuff gives me the foo-foos!"

"Sure(let's," agreed Dick with surprising readiness. "I have to get up early tomorrow."

"Silently we all trooped up the old-fashioned stair case, and thoughtfully prepared for bed.

"Say, Sis," yelled Dick from his room, "I'll have my door open in case you need anything."

"A hot water bottle for instance," I called back, but my efforts at witticism were met with a slammed door and Dick's angry voice.

"All right, if your so smart, I'll close it—but I hope you'll be haunted all night!"

I replied by slamming my own door. "Poor kid," I said, "he was scared to death, but he wouldn't admit it for worlds."

"Of course you were a fine example of bravery," pointed out Peg.

"Well, you must admit, it was sort of spooky," I returned. "Of course if it had happened in the broad daylight we wouldn't have thought any more about it, but coming when it did, it was scarry. I am glad you were here with us, Peg, you are always so matter of fact."

"Is that supposed to be a compliment?" asked Peg laughing. "Now for goodness sake, let's forget this business and go to sleep," and she proceeded to carry out her suggestion.

For several minutes I lay in bed watching the moonbeams flit along the floor, as the wind blew the window curtains. Suddenly I gave a start and clutched at Peg. "Look, look," I whispered, "the door!" As we watched, the bedroom door opened slowly, just as the one downstairs had closed. At first we could make out nothing, but a wandering ray of moonlight disclosed the figure of a continental soldier, standing, drawn scimitar in hand, framed in the doorway.

"Get up," he commanded in a sepulchral voice, "I want doughnuts!"

"Yes sir!" I stammered, somewhat to my own surprise, "just a minute please!"

"I shall give you five minutes by the great clock to get down stairs," he continued. "Make haste," and he faded out of sight.

"What shall be do?" inquired Peg in an awestruck voice.

"Why go down stairs of course, what else can we do?"

snatched the door open. There was nothing in sight, and even
"N-n-nothing, I guess," she shivered, "come, let's hurry."

Quickly we slipped into our clothes and hastened downstairs, where we were confronted by a pale-faced Dick, lighting a fire in the old kitchen fireplace.

"Well, I hope you are satisfied with your ghost," he groaned. "He's not going to let you use the gas range or even turn on the electric light. Jack seems to know him," he continued, "he jumped up to greet him before and went right through him as though he had been air."

He was interrupted by our strange visitor, who came in just then with a lantern and sat down at the kitchen table. "Make haste," he repeated, "start the doughnuts! You," and he turned to Dick, "keep that fire going!"

I ran to fetch a huge kettle of lard, that Mother kept for deep frying, while Peg by the dim light of the lamp, looked up the recipe. I suspended the kettle from the old-fashioned crane. This was going to be fun!. Peg had gathered the ingredients and I helped her to beat eggs, sift flour and roll dough. For a long time after the doughnuts were cut, the fat refused to get hot, but then, as if making up for lost time, it grew so hot that the first batch was badly scorched. Our guest bade us throw them out and start over again, being more careful. Again we measured and sifted flour, beat eggs and rolled dough. This time we were more successful and produced seven doughnuts which our new friend ate with great relish, ignoring the hungry gaze of Dick and Jack, (who indeed seemed well acquainted with the ghost). Seven more followed the first; it was not so much fun after all. His appetite did not seem to diminish, in fact, the more he ate, the more he wanted. The fire grew hotter, and smokier by the minute; my face and hands felt scorched, and for the first time in my life I appreciated the modern gas range!

Our supplies were getting low, but still the ghost ate on. For a mere spirit, he had remarkable digestive powers. Finally, at the forty-eighth doughnut he paused, agitation written in every line of his countenance. Dick's story of the fatal doughnut flashed across my mind. Would I be responsible for the death of a ghost?

"Your parents!" he groaned, and cramming the last doughnut down his throat, he disappeared.

Overcome by the excitement and heat, I fell to the floor. Someone seized me by the shoulders and started to shake me. I opened my eyes in the glare of the bright sun.

"For the love of Pete," questioned Peg, who was standing at the bedside, "what is the matter with you? You have been moaning and groaning for the last five minutes."

—K. Wale '25.

MY ROSE

I dreamt of a myriad of roses,
Of a sublime fragrance rare,
That bloomed with Nature's splendor,
And yielded an incense fair.

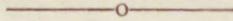
But these perfumed creations,
Tinted with beauty's seal,
Bow'd as I was passing,
Their grandeur to conceal.

I surmised these crimson roses
Filled in hues of red
Resented my intrusion,
As each hung its scarlet head.

Why did they act so timid
As when I sauntered by,
While oft in fleeting moments
They smiled to the tinged sky?

But the flow'r of my heart is yonder
Sheltered by Nature divine,
And smiles in my sight when I'm coming,
It's that crimson rose of mine.

—Hester Fox '27.



Teacher: "The people down here live on vegetables. What do the Eskimos live on?"

Bright Pupil: "Eskimo pies!"

There is nothing better in life than to live in simplicity, kind and courteous to those around us.—Dionisio Molina.

NOTE—The subjects for a theme as given out were: "Best Medicine," "Investing the Future," "The Fountain of Youth," "A Spendthrift," and "The Place of Happiness." The following theme was submitted:

THE FIVE LITTLE TOPICS AND HOME-MADE BREW

To begin with, I've had chronic dyspepsia for many years. Besides, I had an English Theme to write. I placed before me a few pads of paper and a half dozen pencils. I tried successively each of the given five topics, but all in vain. Inspiration was lacking and I could not write. I was perspiring and my nervous hands had twisted my hair so as to make it the envy of the most modern flapper in Metuchen High School. (Peace, girls no names will be mentioned!) My necktie was stifling me, and, not being able to untie it, I took a match and burned it from my neck. As I did this, I murmured, "I'm through, I'm through." I threw away my pencils with an hysterical laugh, and, in desperation, rushed to the nearest boot-legger. "Give me a bottle of your "Best Medicine" I shrieked. Then, remembering that I was no "Spendthrift," and desirous of "Investing in the Future," I also bought a bottle of "Fountain of Youth." I ran home and placed the bottles on the table. I took a long drink; picked up my pencil and wrote the following:

It was night. A wild scream pierced the darkness!! A shot! Then complete silence was heard in the vicinity of 333 East street. A stealthy figure stole into the alley. He wiped the gore from the bloody stiletto which had perpetrated the dastardly deed. He bent low and grasped forth the body of —.

Now gentle reader, in order to bring before you the monstrosity of this horrible murder, we will digress a moment and describe the features of this cold-blooded wretch.

He wore shoes! A dark, nigh invisible suit with large orange stripes clothed his slim, powerful body. His light, pale black cap cast a menacing shadow over his protruding lips, while his fingernails harmonized with the surrounding atmosphere. He appeared to be a young man of about fifty-four years, eleven months and twenty-nine days. He stood seventy inches in his stockings and was slightly bowlegged. He bent low and grasped forth a murdered fowl which he had killed in his butcher shop in the rear of the alley.

When I recovered, I read what I had written. A contented smile spread over my face. I sighed, raised the bottle to my lips again and prepared for another sojourn in the "Place of Happiness."

—J. Kerschner '24.

OUR ILLUSTRIOUS SENIORS

Sara Platt:

She loves the "well of knowledge,"
But some of us have fears,
She keeps it full to overflowing
With her ever ready tears.
Basketball 2, 3, 4. Tennis.

—Swarthmore

Helen Anderson:

"The face that launched a thousand ships?"
Of good old illian face,
Not so, but she is demure
And Helen is her name.
Senior Play; Vice President (3).

—Montclair Normal

Marguerite Lawless:

A laughter loving maiden,
With her winsome ways and wiles,
Is she, our Marguerita
With her smiles and smiles and smiles.
High School Orchestra; High School Chorus; Class Secretary
(2); Class Treasurer (1).

—Trenton Normal

William Drew:

Our "Willie" is a "Jeanyus"
In what form will it "dwelle?"
We hope he'll be an orator
Alas, he cannot "spel!"
Manager Football (4); Senior Play; Asst. Football (3); High
School Orchestra.

—Haverford.

Elizabeth Hillpot:

Her hair is red,
Her eyes not blue,
And she's an athlete
Through and through.
Annual Staff (4); Class Secretary (4); Senior Executive Council;
Basketball 2, 3, 4 (Capt.); Treasurer A. A. (4); Tennis; High
School Chorus; Class Historian (2).

—Montclair Normal

Kenneth Mook:

When Kenneth 'gins to fiddle,
His rhythm is so rare,
That we just can't keep sitting still
For there's music in the air.

Class President 3, 4; Football 3, 4; Senior Executive Council;
Senior Play; High School Orchestra; Tennis; Debating.

—Hope College.

Elizabeth Fenton:

"She trips the light fantastic toe"
'Tis known to be quite true
To laugh and dance and sing awhile
Is all she cares to do.

Senior Play.

—Castle School.

Mabel Schalau:

She is a whiz in a debate!
The subject what you will
So Mabel, let's to Washington
To kill that bonus bill!

Class Vice President (4); Debating (2) (4); Annual Staff
(1); High School Orchestra; Senior Executive Council; Historian
(3).

—N. J. C.

Helen Guile:

A tiny little maiden,
With a tiny little smile—
The tactics of this lassie
Are to live and to be-guile!

William Ellis:

New rouge is on the market girls!
Send the news across the land!
It will not run, and will not fade,
It's the "Billy Ellis" Brand!

Class President (1) (2); Treasurer (3); Editor Annual (3);
Football (3) (4); Capt. Baseball (3) (4); Junior Patrol (Chief 4);
Senior Executive Council; Treasurer (4) Senior Play; Tennis;
Mgr. Football (3); Ass't Mgr. Baseball (3); Vice President A. A.
(4).

—Trinity College

Morris Loomar:

He might have been a Romeo,
Napoleon, Scott or Burns,
But he has just the pecul'r trait
Of retaining what he learns.

Class Vice President (1); Treasurer (2); Baseball (3) (4);
Mgr., Senior Executive Council; Senior Play.

—University of Pennsylvania

Florence Mundy:

“The less is said, the more is heard,”
An adage true and old
Is practiced by this Senior Maid,
To more than twenty-fold.

Class Secretary (1); Senior Executive Council.

Alice Carney:

A look, a smile, a dimple,
Is the charm this maiden lends,
The world that's about her
And her many, many friends.

Senior Play; Cheer Leader (4); Basketball (3) (4).

—Trenton Normal.

Karl Hecht:

He's a “funny little fellow”
With a chuckle that would flout
The darkened clouds that gather round,
And make the sun come out.

Assistant Business Manager Senior Play.

—U. of Penn.

Russell Madison:

Oh this young fellow's in a trance
And cannot sleep, it seems,
For he's in love, alas poor chap
He dreams, and dreams, and dreams.

Class Secretary (3); Basketball (4); Senior Play.

—Rutgers

Joseph Kerschner:

He is a famous author,
And ranks with Scott and Poe,
But down at good old M. H. S.
We simply call him “Joe.”

Business Mgr. Senior Play; Cheer Leader (4); President
A. A. (4).

—N. Y. U.

A NIGHT AT METUCHEN HIGH, AND ALL ALONE

Young Hecht whom you must know was a Senior, was about to undergo the rigors of a study period when this story opens. "I think I'll finish my English first," said Hecht, "and then I'll have one less book to carry home." Karl then settled down and opened his Burke's Counciliation. He read on and on through this speech, his infantile mind scarcely grasping what he read.

Karl looked around suddenly and saw the auditorium all dark. "That's funny," he thought. "I wonder why they turned off the lights." He arose and stumbled up the aisle, bumping his shins against the seats. He finally groped his way down four flights of stairs to the office, but the door was locked. Hecht pulled out his watch, he could barely see the time, 7:15, supper at 6:00, father excited, mother anxious. Such thoughts ran through the poor fellow's head as his eyes took on a scared, haunted look.

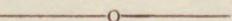
Somehow he found his way down several more flights of stairs to the janitor's rooms. They were dark and deserted. Seeing a white square on the wall, he walked over to look at it. Observing that it was a picture he took it closer to the window. He saw his own grinning face along with the cheerful smiles of the other Seniors. He sadly put the picture back on the wall.

Just then he had a happy thought for he approached the door of the domestic science room. "Maybe I can get some supper here," said Karl to himself. He turned the knob, only to find that it was locked. Just then he heard a noise behind him. "Yee-wooo-ooow—e-e-e-e-ow-w-w!" My how it startled that brave Senior who jumped several feet and scared himself and the janitor's kitten too. The janitor had forgotte nto put the little thing out and so it was roaming around the building trying to find something to eat, like Karl. The kitten was so happy to find a friend that it just threw itself against Hecht's legs and purred like a Rolls-Royce in the darkness. Karl was glad to find a friend for it was so dark and still and, although he usually disliked "Katz," this one seemed different to him. He stooped and tucked it under his arm.

He managed (with the help of his new found friend) to find his way upstairs again to the auditorium. He tried sleeping in a chair holding the kitten in his lap. The cat was contented but he wasn't, so he got up and lay down, or rather climbed up on on of the study tables. He was just going to sleep, having found the softest place in the wood for his joints when his four-footed fur-coated friend landed with a thump on all four feet right on poor Karl. He let it remain where it was, glad of the added warmth and soon fell asleep.

The next thing the Senior remembered was hearing somebody walk up to him (the janitor perhaps) and say, "Here you, wake up!" "Awgoneawayanlemmesleep" was the only thing he murmured. Then as he grew more awake he ventured, "I've slept here with the cat all night." He put up his hand to pat his faithful friend when, to his surprise his hand rested on nothing less firm and substantial than his Burke's Conciliation. Rubbing his eyes and gazing around as he did so, he was annoyed to see several students laughing and jeering at him. Karl, the brave Senior picked up Burke's Speech, as he reddened and remembered the study period and his bad dream.

—Helen Anderson '24.



SENIOR WILL

We, the Class of 1924, having completed our High School course and still being of a sane mind do declare this to be our last will and testament.

First, we wish to express to the faculty our sincere approval of their endeavors on our behalf and to show how easily we can forgive and forget, we bequeath the following:

To Mr. Van Kirk—The highest esteem of the class of 1924.

To Mr. Spoerl—Fond memories of the time spent together in room eleven.

To Miss Mathews—A fully equiped equarium, donated by the members of the Class of 1924, who are enjoying a year of Freshman Science.

To Miss Dickson—An X amount of that patience she shows in the Junior Algebra class, and the sole right to smile whenever ordering pupils to the office (A smile goes a long, long way—sometimes!!).

To Miss McKaig—A 1924 auto top with sincere hopes that it will fit a 1902 Ford model.

To Miss Ward—A telescope and a step ladder, so she may see without difficulty the books on the upper library shelves.

To Miss Bump—A Baton to be kept in the safe in the office, so she may find it when needed.

Last but not least, to our History Prof. namely Mr. Larsen, we leave the sole right, that is, of using ignoramus words no one can understand.

To the Junior's we bequeath the following:

To Virginia Letson and Earle Potter, a little love nest on the Stelton road, tastily furnished by our local merchant.

To the President of the Junior Class, Margaret Ayers, we leave a perfectly usable Reformed minister for a husband.

To Ethel and Loyola Breen we leave two of Walter Camp's Victrola records each entitled, "Get Fat to Music." Also M. Lawless' formula.

To Denase Danford, we bequeath the care of Lundy Bloomfield. To Bloomfield alone, we leave Alice Carney.

To Jeanne Smith, we leave a "fiver," so she may get to school without difficulty.

To Jane Davis and Lillian de Rozieres, we bequeath the sole right to an outstanding member of the faculty, namely Mr. Larsen.

To Dorothy Fitch, we leave the position of head boss of the 1925 Basketball Team.

To James Oliver, a 15c package of E. Hillpot's Hena Shampoo.

To Virginia Ponceroli, Viola Hoffman and Muriel Wainright, we bequeath 16 ounces of pep.

To Dionisio Molina, we leave all the Junior girls.

To Roy Minton, "Spike" Drew's Math. Books and the right to prove his theories to Mr. Spoerl.

To Victor Failmezger, the right to win prizes in an essay contest by writing 225 words—the word limit being 150.

To Sherwood Mundy, a human radio set formerly owned by "Spike" Drew.

To Donald Randolph, we bequeath a fifty trip ticket to Red Bank; the same to Florence Hahn so she may act as a chaperone.

To Jane Grahm we leave several of Spike Drew's flowery scented epistles.

To Reynold Drews, a debating Manual entitled, "Why did we lose that night." This book possesses great merits, having been written by two illustrious members of the class of 1924, Mabel Schalau and Kenneth Mook.

To Tom Dover we leave the care of Denasi Danford.

To Alice Wilson, the honorable position of class fuss.

To Katherine Wale, we bequeath the care of Billy Ellis during vacation providing Montclair Normal doesn't have vacation at the same time. (A word to the wise is sufficient).

To Earnest Billman, we leave Florence Mundy's make-up.

To Lillian Bradshaw, a bottle of Cod Liver Oil so she may finish her recitations with more energy.

To Alvin Houston, we bequeath first place in the Junior class and a report card with a general average of 98.

To John Grimley, Ann Gallagher, Robert Willmont and Kathryn Phillips we leave a cake of sapolio so they may brighten up a little .

Collectively to the class of 1925 we leave the use of the front door as soon as they become Seniors. Several leaves of stationery and 32c in postage stamps.

JUNIOR PROPHECY

Stelton Road, Metuchen, N. J.,
May 9, 1934.

Dear Jeanette:

We were all so disappointed that you weren't able to be in America for Metuchen's "Old Home Week." But no doubt you and Russell were having a wonderful time in Venice. I am glad that he is making such a success of the Venetian branch of the Simmen Bread Company. We saw your picture in last Sunday's Times, taken with Mr. and Mrs. Van Goldmine in their gondola.

You have asked me about all your old schoolmates, and it was not difficult to look them up as they were all home for the town gathering.

You have probably heard of the wonderful work our town notable, The Rt. Rev. Kenneth Campbell Mook is doing in the new mission fields. We had the opportunity of attending one of his inspiring lectures, which with the aid of his old classmates, was turned into quite an entertainment. His wife told me that the collection amounted to nearly a thousand dollars, which he sent back to his assistant, Miss Mabel Schalau, who is taking charge of the mission during his absence.

Now for the entertainment:

The programme opened with a one-act play featuring Miss Alice Carney and William Drew who have been playing opposite each other for several months in New York City. The play was a very exciting one and brought out Karl Hecht's ability to act the villain. The scenery and costumes were provided by Morris Loomar & Company of this city.

After the applause had subsided Prof. Joseph Kerschner, B. A. B., was introduced as the speaker of the evening. He gave a fiery speech on the "Best Method for Teaching the Art of Bluffing." Toward the end he became just as excited as he used to when he was High School cheer leader. Perhaps you have heard that Dr. William Ellis has started a suit against him for stealing his patent on the art of red coloring.

Next came several musical numbers, a piano solo by Mrs. Karl Hecht, formerly Miss Marguerite Lawless, then a violin selection by the Rev. Dr. Mook himself, after which Mrs. Mook favored us with "The World is Waiting for the Sunrise" on the piano.

The former Misses Helen Guile and Florence Mundy gave a dance, an interpretation of one of the poems of Helen Anderson Hull.

Miss Sara Platt, dean of Swarthmore College, gave an address on "Why H. S. students should never let their average get below 98."

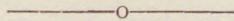
You remember Sis Hillpot don't you? She is one of the best business women in this part of the country. She drives around in her little Essex and makes customers for her father.

The only member of the Class of '24 who was unable to be present was Elizabeth Fenton and she sent a telegram saying that she could not leave the Midnight follies as her understudy was ill and unable to take her place.

Now, Jeanette, I have told you all the news. Please write me real soon and tell me what you and Russell are doing.

Your old friend,

Virginia L. Potter.



DEBATES

The question for debating this year was: "Resolved: That Congress should enact the proposed adjusted compensation legislation for all those who served in the army or navy of the United States during the World War." M. H. S. upheld the negative side.

The debating team consisted of: Kenneth C. Mook, captain; Mabel Schalau, Reynold Drews, and Katherine Wale, alternate.

Great credit must be given to Miss Mathews and the speakers for the splendid work accomplished. It is only to be regretted that South Amboy did not prove as easily conquered as the South River team.

TO BE OR NOT TO BE

He had a chronic attack of heroitis. There was one thing in his mind, what there was of it, and that was to be a hero. He wanted people to look on him as a brave, reckless, daring man, who was much above other human beings. But behind all of this, there was a deeper motive, he wanted to live down that name which had been thrust upon him, Percival Saint Clair.

He indeed had the appearance of a hero. A wonderful supply of molasses-taffy-hair had been bestowed upon him most generously. His eyes were the shade of blue of the little china dog in the left hand of your aunt Mary's mantel-piece. These were framed in a large pair of horn-rimmed glasses which were continually sliding down his very much-absent-nose. His chin wasn't, and the entire contraption rested upon an extremely swan-like neck. Entire rights are given to the readers to picture the rest of him.

He had less brains than Mr. Larson's History Class. The only word in his vocabulary was heroism. He wanted to be a hero like the man who flagged the limited with his sister's red hair and saved the engine from getting overheated. He didn't want to be in Bolivia anymore, (that's what he called it, although Webster's version was oblivion.) At present Percy attracted as much attention as the second vice-president of the Lotto Club of Littletown, Utah, would somewhere east of Suez. Mr. Saint Clair was tired of living the simple mail-order life. He wanted to be a man of the world who counted, like a cashier; to do something that would make the city papers throw a lot of murders off the front page to make room for spelling his name wrong. But what could an inspired young man do in a place like Boston where all the flashy stunts have come along so fast that they make the boys from the incomparable Alger Books jealous. Boston is quite a little village. In Boston there are many rich people, but there is also Boston Common. Poets describe it as the Home of Cod, which is fish. In 1773 Boston had a famous party with tea, this has not been duplicated owing to its proximity to Canada.

But we must not forget Percy. People never do, when they haven't anything on their mind. Percy had a position, not a job, he had to sort jelly beans to their respective colors but his thoughts of being a hero so distracted him that he put a purple in with the blues which wasn't as bad as getting a pink one in with the greens which he did later.

All this started in the month of April, with its

“April showers

Bring May flowers”—

and although it may be less poetic it is none the less true that April showers bring May onions.

One of these showers was in progress, poetic or otherwise, when Percy was going home from his strenuous work. In the middle of the block, a very important appearing man was crossing the street and slipping on the wet pavement, he fell in the path of an onrushing automobile. Percy thought this was a good time to be a Paul Revere, so rushing out he pulled the man out of danger with a savage jerk on his arms. An officer approaching immediately arrested the ambitious Percy for "Jay-Walking". The saved man was one of those men with no legal holidays on his mouth and without delay shouted at Percy so that the world could hear:

"Ya big bum."

Then the crowd which had collected gave Percy the ice-house hurrah. That made Percival decidedly angry. So, breaking away from the policeman, he made a pass at the gentleman who had just given him the obsequious name, and then ensued a fight that would make a grudge scrap between a couple of wildcats on a hot stone look like a friendly game of tiddlewinks between two camp fire girls with the measles. Percy's friend acted as though a wallop in the jaw was a compliment and after a little while he gave Percy such a sock that it took three days of steady rain to get him wet, and by the time he got out of the hospital his prison term was over.

Did this stop the would-be hero? He was as persistent as William J. Bryan. His next method of gaining his desired position was by the invention route. Inventing non-breakable pencil points was his aim so that everyone would say what a great aid Mr. Percival Saint Clair has been to the world by inventing this wonderful pencil. Every day it saves one month, two weeks, four days, six hours, fifty minutes, and ten and two-fifth seconds worth of time in all the world. His invention would make Edison as important as a wagon load of sand in the Sarah Desert. He worked night and day and what he didn't know about pencils, isn't. His entire weekly earnings he spent towards the perfection of his invention and he necessarily lived in a garret and ate mouldy bread. How he would tell the world about the way he suffered, the insults he endured so as to benefit everyone! Then he would write a book, entitled, "Success and How It is Attained." The name Saint Claire would be better known than Ford. It took him three months to decide what color brass he would use to hold the eraser in the pencil. Everything was decided; the great day of giving his pencil to the world was at hand. The point would not break but neither would it write!

The things Percival thought of to make himself famous were harder to keep up with than finding out who is the present secretary of the Interior. He wanted to go in the army but he couldn't carry a gun. Next he tried the navy, but he didn't look

well in blue. Following this the police force was attempted but he didn't have flat feet. Percy then tried being a fireman but smoke hurt his eyes. The secret service was given a chance but he couldn't wear whiskers. He even attempted boot-legging to become the greatest of them all, but boots hurt his feet.

Percy at last struck up an idea that he couldn't fail. He would be the greatest detective since Caesar wore rompers. He would be a successful detective who never wore a disguise. Sherlock Holmes would look to be worth as much as Woolworth's best when he had finished being a detective. That night he went on the street and determined he would find someone who looked like a thief and trail him until he could prove something terrible against him. Then his fame would be universal! Immediately he saw a man who could only be a bad character. Percy knew it as soon as he saw him because he didn't have a cap on that was pulled to one side of his head. He followed the man all night and got as much sleep as a man doing a six-day bike trick on the corrugated roof of a boiler factory. He waited outside of the house into which the man had gone, as it looked exactly like a robber's rendezvous. He was hiding behind a bush all night and was about as lonesome as Crusoe's goat. The murderer, for such he must be, thought Percival to himself, left the house at four o'clock in the morning and went towards the factory district of Boston and Mr. Saint Clair thought to himself, "I will be famous yet, the darkest moment is always just before the dawn," and immediately proved his statement by falling down a coal chute and while staggering around trying to regain his bearings, he fell into a very convenient barrel of water. When he came out of there he looked like a man who was invited to take the leading role in a hanging.

He strode to the bridge over the Charles River and said firmly, without a quivering in his voice:

"I will end it all, I cannot be famous."

And so saying he leaped off the bridge and drowned.

Famous! Have you read the papers for the last month? Reporters were as thick at the bridge as empty shoe-boxes after a church picnic. Everybody in the world is giving his views on the kind of a dive the renowned Mr. Percival Saint Clair made.

—Reynold Drews '25.

INTER-CLASS ATHLETICS

The support which should be given inter-class athletics of Metuchen High, is sadly lacking, for although there were a couple of basketball games, very few pupils were there to cheer for their class teams.

In some schools, these games are given as much attention as varsity games, for they not only stimulate class interest and loyalty, but help to develop players for the harder struggles to come. Inter-class games have proved to be as interesting as scheduled ones, and there is no reason why Metuchen should not stage inter-class games which would gain the whole-hearted support of the students.

There is plenty of material for these games in the school, but there is an obvious reluctance to take a chance on making the teams, thus many good players are kept back by their own hesitancy. Class games would change all this. The players would come out to play on the class teams and, in all probability, both the players and the school would benefit.

D. R. H. '26.

SUMMARY OF THE BOYS' BASKETBALL SEASON

Metuchen's basketball season was a decided success. To be sure no championships were won but we were victorious in eight out of seventeen games and this is the best showing we have had so far. Considering that Metuchen has only been playing basketball for three years, the results are nothing short of wonderful.

Directly after football season Coach Larson called for candidates. About twenty men responded. Among these were three of last year's letter men. They were, Dover, who was elected captain of this year's team, Oliver and Potter. The next day practice was begun at the Y. M. C. A.

During the early part of the season Dr. Lippincott assisted Coach Larson in training the candidates and picking the squad which consisted of Captain Dover and Oliver, guards; Potter and Rule, forwards; and Adams, center. The substitutes were: Madison, Grimley, Hommell, Willmont, H. Failmezger, Minton and V. Failmezger.

Those who made letters were: Captain Dover, Oliver, Potter, Rule, Adams, Madison, and Manager Drews.

The high scorers for the year were: Rule, Potter and Adams.

The games of the season were as follows:

M. H. S.	Opponents
27	Alumni 26
14	Bound Brook 34
19	Linden 25
22	Cranford 30
11	Harrison 59
41	Harrison 38
22	Woodbridge 46
23	Perth Amboy 34
24	Perth Amboy Vocational 23
18	St. Mary's 37
13	St. Peter's 52
26	Linden 22
30	Wardlaw 16
26	Cranford 16
18	St. Mary's 31
23	Wardlaw 7
42	Alumni 28

The prospects for next year's basketball team are very bright, for out of the entire squad we only lose one man, Madison, by graduation. So with these eleven men back in uniform and many other promising candidates, Metuchen should have a record team.

—D. R. H. '26.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL SEASON

The girls' basketball team closed its stirring season with a victory at South Amboy. The games were all of great interest as may be judged by the large representation of the student body.

Good sportsmanship, good times and good playing marked each game. Captain Elizabeth Hillpot always took her team in command and guided them well through the playing. She seldom let her opponent escape with the ball. She has been our star guard for four years and will be greatly missed.

Alice Carney could be depended upon to keep the score high.

Sara Platt knew her jump and made even her tallest opponent envious.

Denasi Danford was our "all hand man." As manager she made out a good schedule and as player followed the example of Elizabeth Hillpot.

Emily Platt played like her sister and will make a valuable addition to next year's team.

Dorothy Mook was a good guard and could be depended upon.

Virginia Letson, as assistant manager, was at every game with her score book.

Three substitutes, Marie Carney, Adelaide Smith, and Cecelia Raphael, could be depended upon for practice help, and we look forward to their playing next year.

The team owes its utmost appreciation to Miss Mathews, who gave her untiring efforts to coaching them.

They are also grateful to Miss Green of Elizabeth, whom they could always depend upon for a good referee.

The games were:

M. H. S.		Opponents
7	Woodbridge	23
7	Harrison	26
26	South River	28
27	Rahway	25
17	St. Patrick's	15
24	Woodbridge	15
16	South River	20
18	South Amboy	28
16	Rahway	22
21	South Amboy	17
31	Alumnae	5

—Dorothy Fitch '25.

BASEBALL

As soon as the ground began to dry, Coach Larson called for candidates for the baseball team. About twenty-five responded and the squad as finally chosen consists of thirteen men. The team is composed of the following:

Dover—A good catcher.

Ellis—Gets anything within ten feet of first. Always sure of a hit.

Potter—A really dependable second baseman.

Loomar—Covers third well and has a good throw to first. As a manager he is efficiency itself.

Grimley—Percy certainly has a wicked snap to his arm and is a sure catch in the outfield.

Borgfeldt—Plenty of steam with some good curves makes Dick an asset to the team.

Rule—Gets anything that comes along at short, and is an effective pitcher.

Minton—Plays well in right field. He made a beautiful high dive after a home run at Millburn.

Oliver really plays center field but covers all three.

Randolph duplicated the home run at Millburn. A sure catch in left field.

Willmont has proved his worth in the field.

Kerschner—A steady player in the field.

Mook—A good substitute pitcher and always ready if called upon.

The team owes a great deal to Coach Larson whose efforts have made the team the success that it is.

The team has been quite successful this year, having won five games and lost four. The schedule follows:

M. H. S.	Opponents
2	South Amboy 10
7	Jamesburg Reformatory 3
	Woodbridge—called on account of rain in first
15	Vocational, N. B. 4
14	Zarapath 5
2	Millburn 8
	Woodbridge—postponed
3	Rahway 9
3	Vocational, N. B. 7
3	Zarapath 1
	Plainfield 2nd—rain
10	Wardlaw 5

The rest of the games will be played after the Annual has gone to press.

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