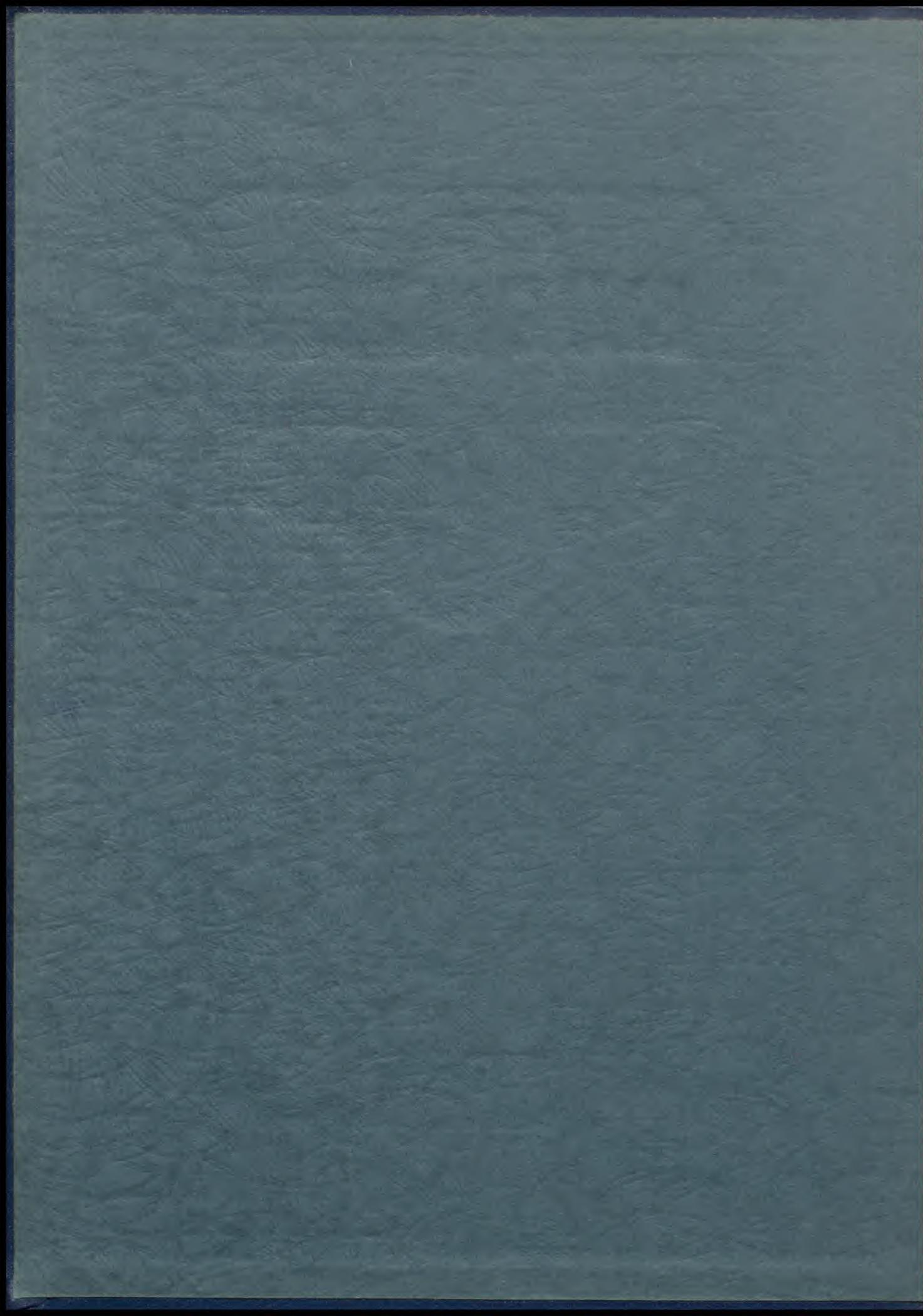


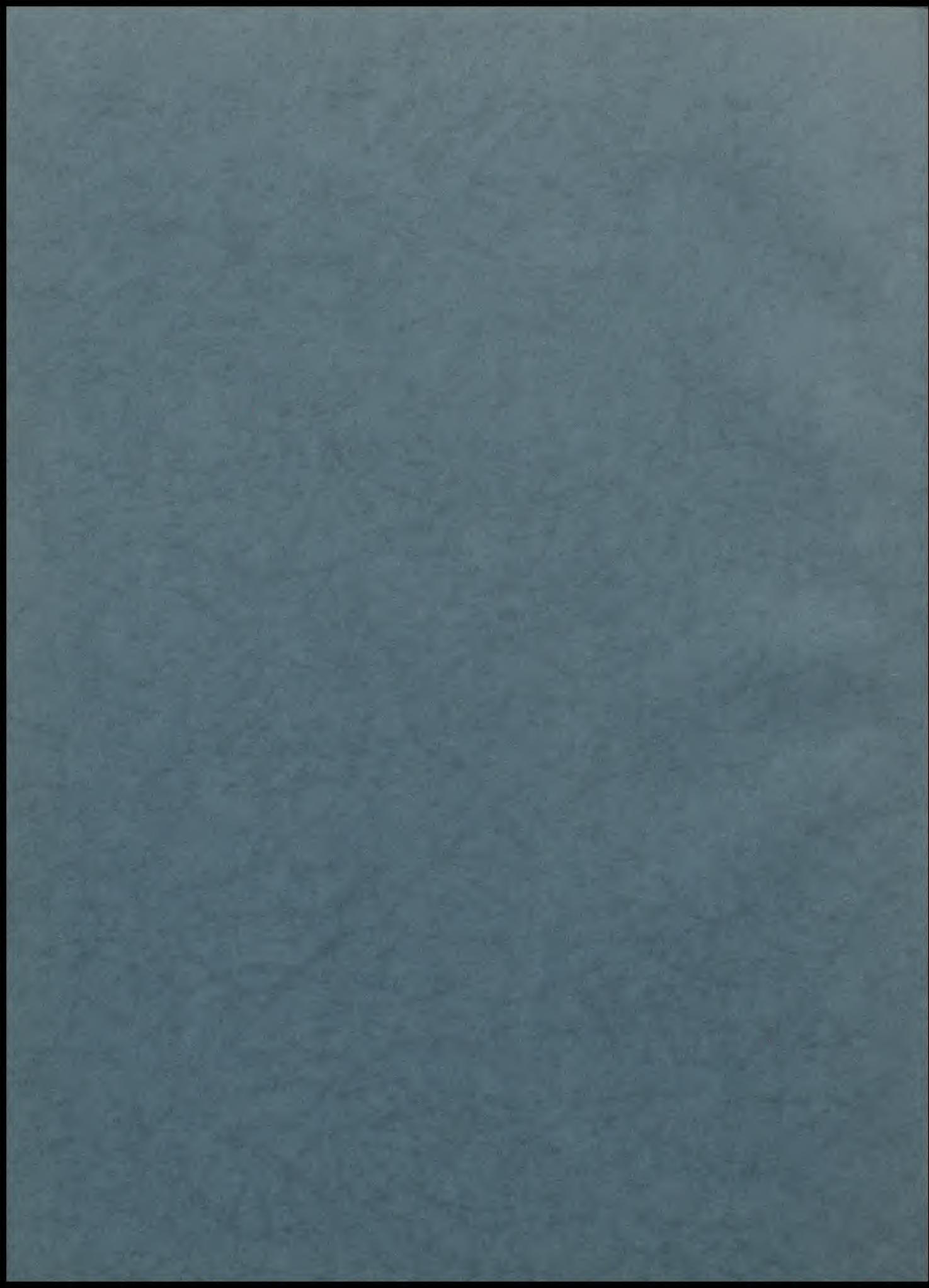
The
BLUE LETTER



1929





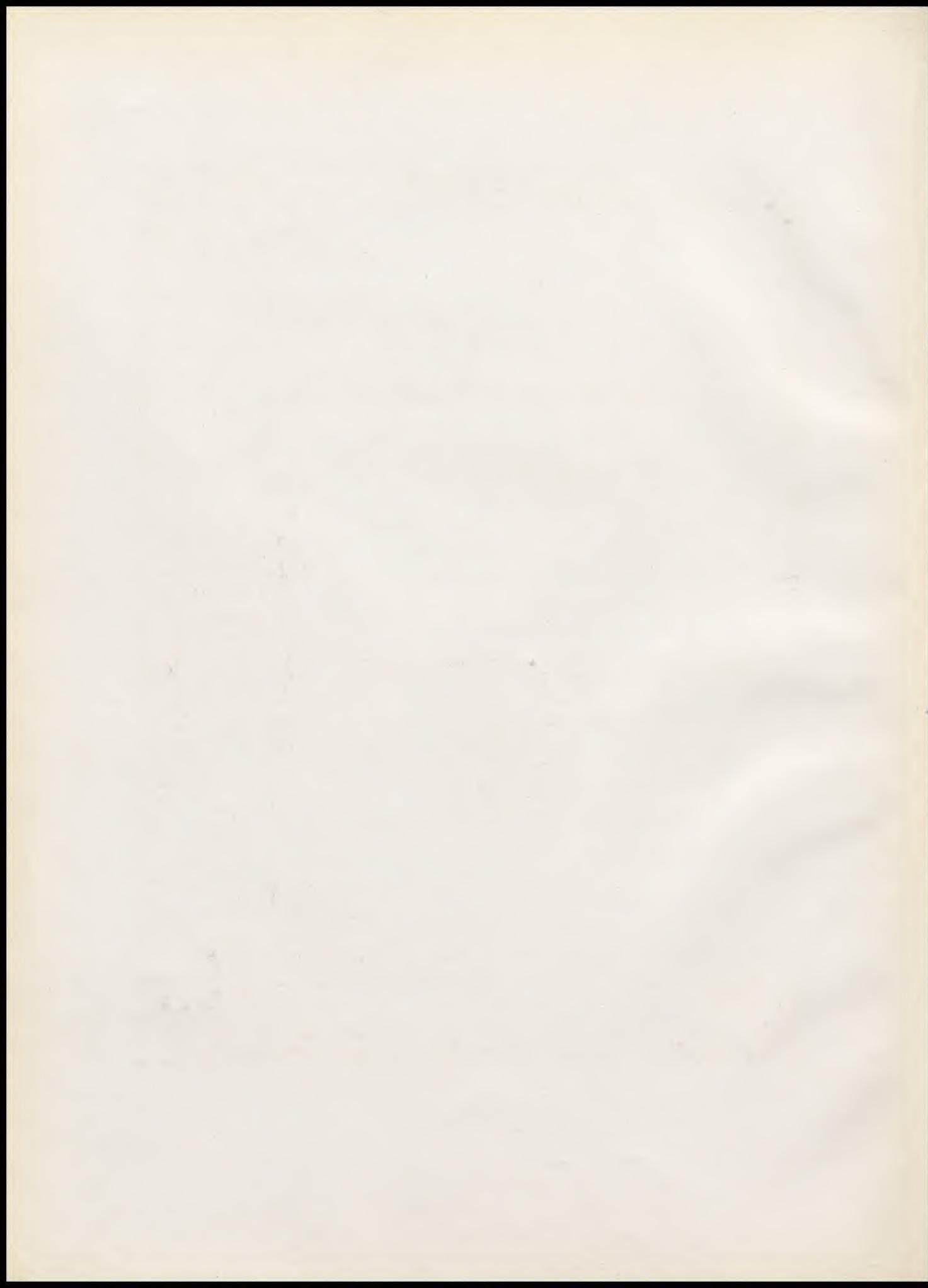


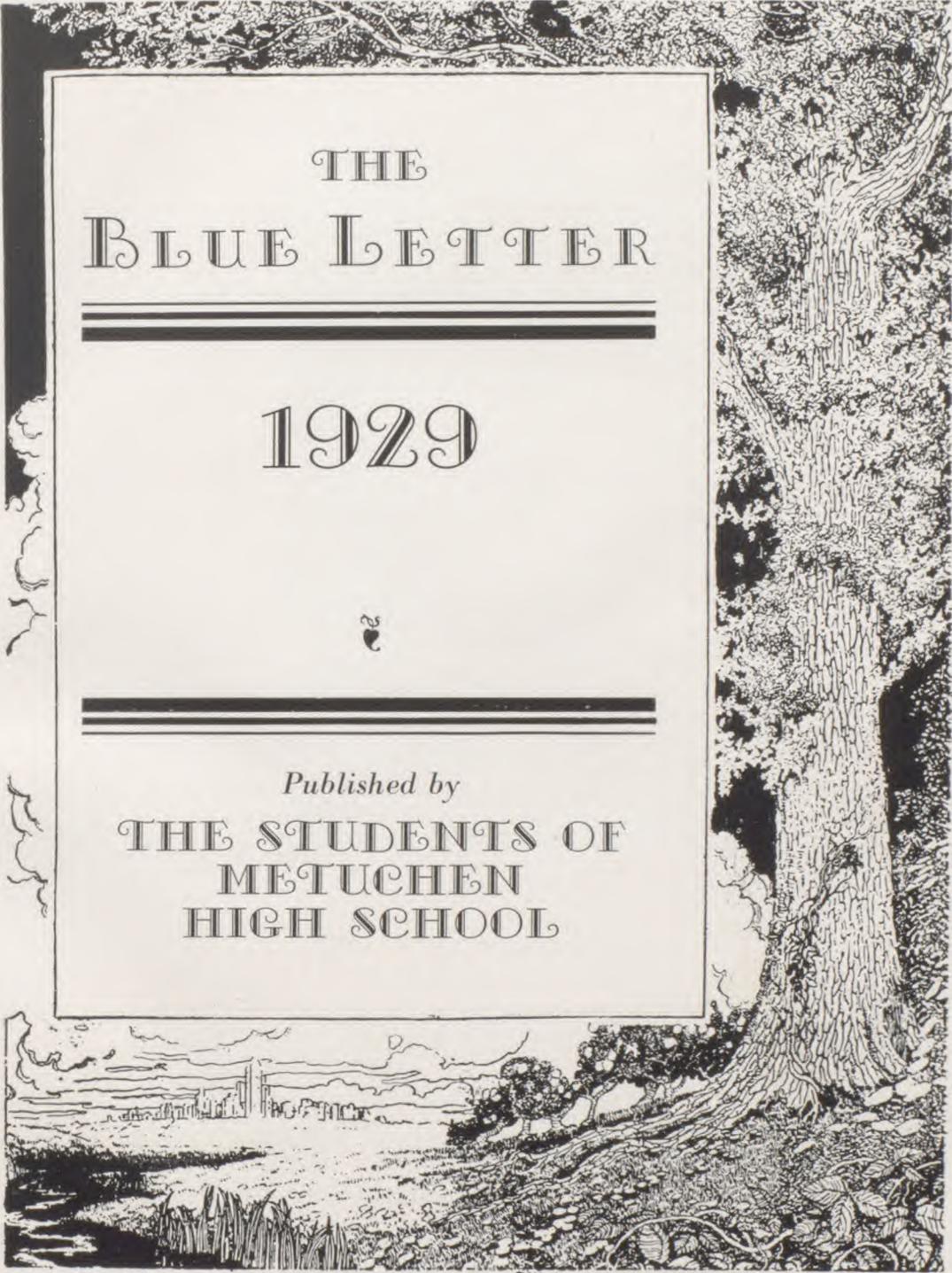


FOREWORD

TO VIVIDLY AND CLEARLY PORTRAY THE
EVENTS OF THE YEAR NINETEEN HUN-
DRED TWENTY-EIGHT AND TWENTY-
NINE.





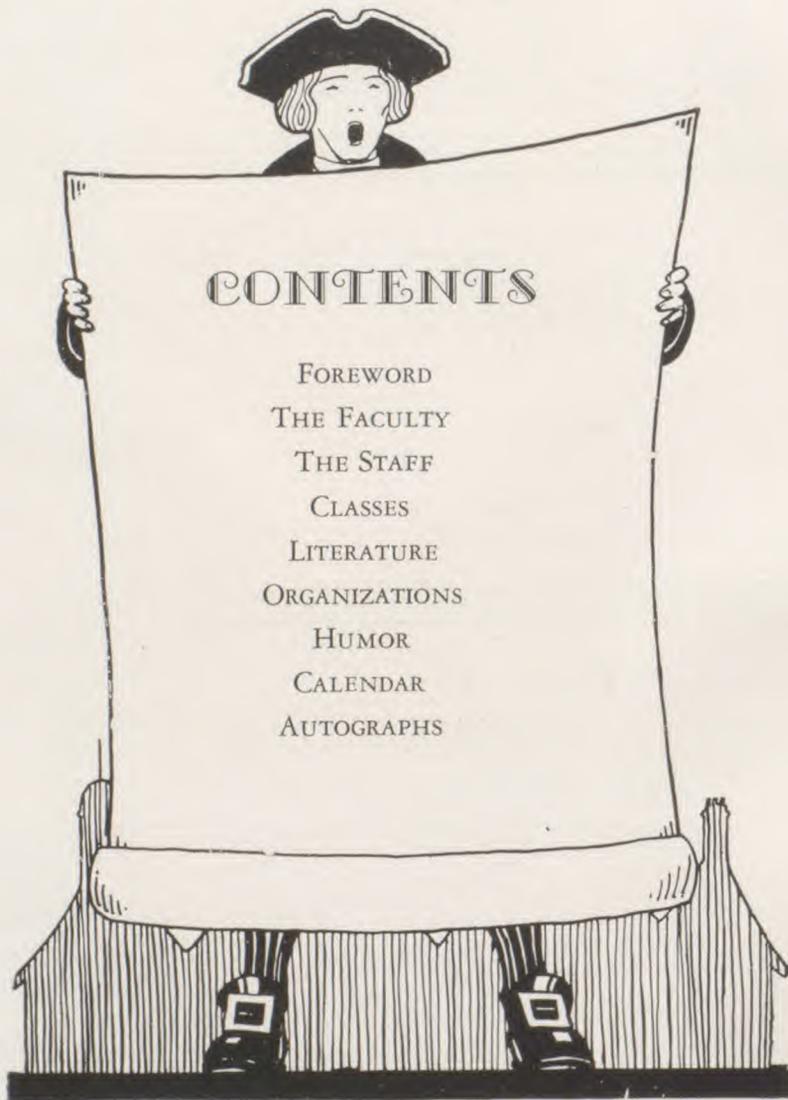


THE
BLUE LETTER

1929



Published by
THE STUDENTS OF
METUCHEN
HIGH SCHOOL



CONTENTS

FOREWORD
THE FACULTY
THE STAFF
CLASSES
LITERATURE
ORGANIZATIONS
HUMOR
CALENDAR
AUTOGRAPHS



To

EDGAR F. BUNCE

AS AN EXPRESSION OF OUR ESTEEM,
THIS BLUE LETTER IS RESPECTFULLY
DEDICATED.

Metuchen High School



FACULTY

MR. EDGAR F. BUNCE.....	Superintendent of Schools
MR. ELMO E. SPOERL.....	High School Principal
MISS ADELE F. MCKAIG.....	Latin and Chemistry
MISS BERTHA W. BEEKMAN.....	French
MRS. MILDRED RUSSELL.....	English, Biology and Mathematics
MISS NORA CONAHEY.....	Commercial
MISS ALICE L. MEEKS.....	English
MR. THOMAS A. WALLACE.....	Mathematics
MR. RAY C. HERB.....	History
MISS HELEN HERRICK.....	Physical Training
MISS MARGARET DAVIS.....	Music and Art
MRS. BELLE MORGAN.....	Manual Training
MISS JOSEPHINE FELL.....	Domestic Arts
MR. FRED FISHER.....	Physical Training

Metuchen High School

BLUE LETTER STAFF



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KATHERINE AYERS

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Organization Editor
DOROTHY POTTER

Humor Editor
WORTHINGTON THORNALL

Business Manager
RALPH ALCAN

Assistant Business Manager
CLEMENT FAIRWEATHER

Faculty Advisor
MISS MCKAIG

Eight

CLASSES



THE GOAL

*What do we read in the firelight?
What do the snapping logs say?
What say the flames as they upward take flight?
Oh, could we but wander that way!*

*They seem to be stretching and reaching so high,
Toward some invisible goal;
Could we but follow and reach it, too,
The ambition of our soul.*

*The embers dance gaily and merrily on,
We seem so light-hearted and gay;
And then, they die down, everything is so drear,
We are sad; for Life is that way.*

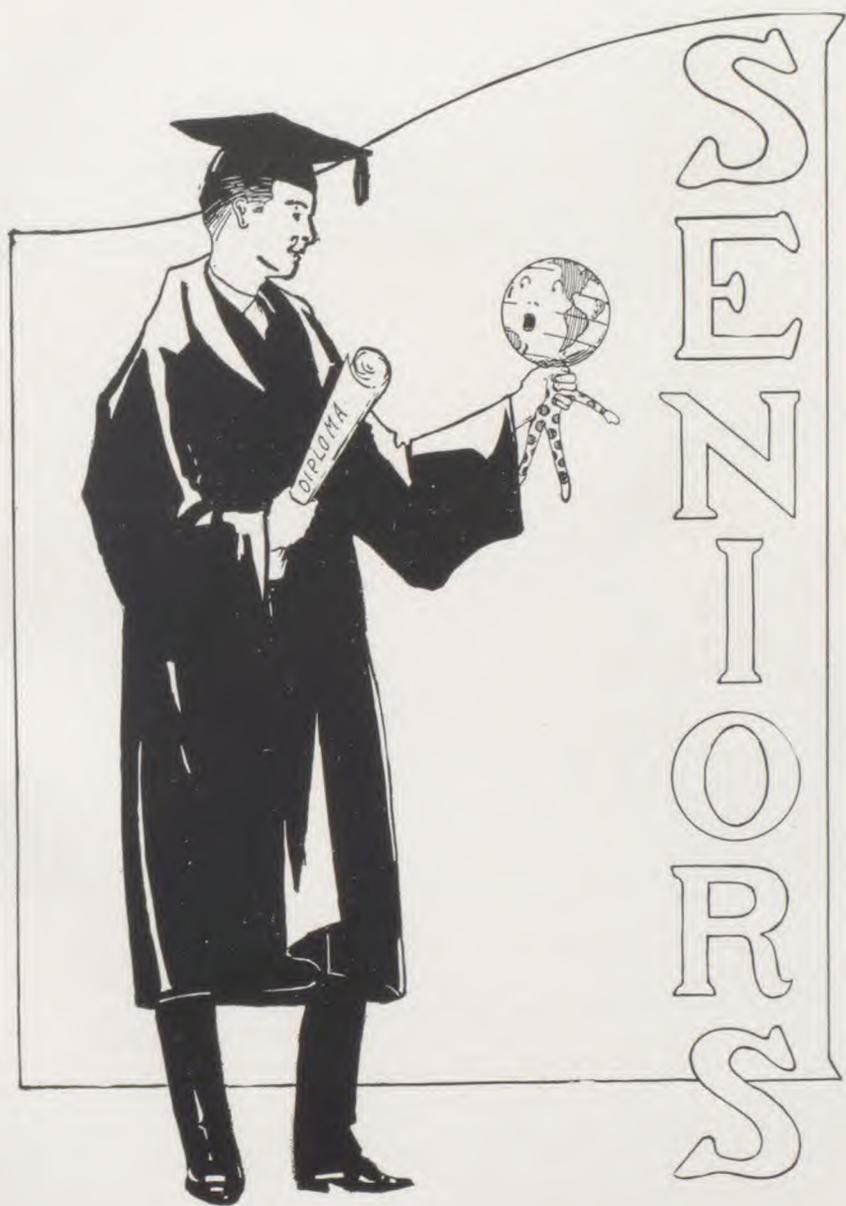
*The road to our goal is exceedingly rough,
'Tis paved with hard knocks, and much work;
But onward and upward, our high aims to reach,
No task or hard lesson we'll shirk.*

*Like the flames, ever onward; never to stop,
Many a lesson is learned;
We're bound to win, with this motto in view,
"Deeds, not words, for success must be earned."*

*As the hours, the days, and the years roll along,
Opportunity comes to us all;
Let us grasp it and heed it, for soon each used day
Will be far beyond our recall.*

*Then in after years, as we sit by the fire,
Our goal in life reached, so it seems,
We can see in the flames, as they upward take flight
The fulfillment of our youthful dreams.*

SHIRLEY RHODES BROWN, '30.



Metuchen High School



VIOLET WHITAKER

CLASS PRESIDENT

"V"

Basketball, '28, '29; Dramatic Club, '28; Tennis, '28; Senior Play, '29; S. G. O., '27.

We owe much to Violet for the success of the Senior Class. She is also one of our star basketball and tennis players.

MR. RAY HERB

FACULTY ADVISER

Whatever we have accomplished this year has been due to the hearty co-operation and sponsorship of the best leader a class ever could have, Mr. Herb.

CLASS OFFICERS

VIOLET WHITAKER.....*President*
HELEN ROSS.....*Vice-President*
SANFORD MORRIS.....*Secretary and Treasurer*
MR. RAY HERB.....*Faculty Adviser*

The Blue Letter, 1929

RALPH ALCAN

Dramatic Club, '26; S. G. O., '27, '28, '29; Secretary of Class, '28; Blue Letter, '28, '29; Debating, '28, '29.

Ralph, besides being a brilliant student and one of the hardest workers for the school in general, is the person who has made our fine "Annual" successful.



Ralph Alcan

CHARLES BACHA

"Bach"

Stage and Properties, Senior Play; S. G. O., '29.

With a personality that few have, our "Bach" radiates sunshine and cheer the year 'round.



C Bacha

BETTY BROWNING

Basketball, '28, '29; S. G. O., '28, '29; Dramatic Club, '28; Senior Play, Class Secretary, '27; Blue Letter, '28, '29.

Betty is one of our star basketball players and also one who helped make this book a success.



Betty Browning

HARRY DEWENDER

"D"

S. G. O., '28, '29; Senior Play; Vice-President, '26.

The big man of the class. Starting in by leading us through our gentle freshman days, he is ending up as high school president of the S. G. O., a position which he fills to perfection.



H. Dewender

Metuchen High School



SOLOMON EPSTEIN

"Sol"

Known as "the man with the Jordan." Solomon in his quiet way has proved to be one whom we are proud to call "classmate."

CHARLES FAUROAT

"Charlie"

Class Secretary, '26; Dramatic Club, '27, '28, '29; Senior Play.

One of the best in the class devoted to radio and movies. A graduate and student of honor in Metuchen High School and a co-author of these humble lines.

LOUISE FENNON

"Louie"

Dramatic Club, '26, '27, '28; Treasurer, '29; Senior Play.

Louise, besides having a large part in the Senior Play, worked hard to distribute tickets and collect ads.

Clyde Fitch

CLYDE FITCH

Assistant Football Manager, '27; Football Manager, '28; Class Secretary, '27; S. G. O., '27; Dramatic Club, '29; Class President, '28; Debating, '27, '28, '29.

Clyde is the "school spirit" of the class. Quick, energetic and always ready to extend a helping hand, are only a few good reasons why Clyde is so popular. He is the other co-author.

Kenneth Haas

KENNETH HAAS

"Kenny"

The General Motors representative in the school. A hard conscientious worker.

"Lefty" Herold

WALTER HEROLD

"Lefty"

Treasurer of Class, '27; Football, '28, '29; S. G. O., '28, '29; Basketball, '29.

The Class' star athlete. Quiet and reserved he has unobtrusively become one of the best in or out of school.

EARLE LAWRENCE

With us for only one year, Earle has already distinguished himself in his work in the Senior Play. The "Rev. Archibald Perry" will not soon be forgotten by any of us.

CHARLES LETSON

Basketball, '29; Business Manager of Senior Play, '29.

We gained quite a lot when Charles returned to Metuchen High School through the medium of our class. He has made his presence felt in several ways. Among his greater achievements are the Captancy of the Basketball Team and Manager of Senior Play.

Chas. Letson



Metuchen High School



BETTY MCHARG

"Mac"

Dramatic Club, '28; Senior Play.

Although Betty has been with us only two years she has made many friends and helped the Senior Play to be a success.

RUTH MADISON

Maddy
"Maddy"

Tennis, '28; S. G. O., '28, '29; Dramatic Club, '28; Secretary, '29; Basketball, '28, '29; Senior Play.

Ruth was the basketball star of '29. When graduation takes her away her sunny smile will be sadly missed by every one in Metuchen High School.

ANGELINA MARZELLA

"Mickey"

Angelina has made her mark in French. As the French maid in the Senior Play she was a great success.

HELEN MEEKER

"Snips"

She's so quiet we hardly know she's here. But when it comes to Senior Food Sales Helen draws the crowd.

The Blue Letter, 1929

Sanford Morris
SANFORD MORRIS

Assistant Football Manager, '26, '27; Manager, '28; Student Government, '26, '27, '28; Secretary and Treasurer, '28, '29; Senior Play Manager, '29.

When Sanford lays down his books in June and passes through the portals of Metuchen High for the last time, he may truthfully say, "I have served my school"—an all-around booster.

Burleigh H. Osborne

BURLEIGH OSBORNE

Assistant Baseball Manager, '27; Baseball Manager, '28; Class Treasurer, '28; Football, '27, '28, '29; Blue Letter, '29; Senior Play.

Burleigh has tried his hand (and foot) at baseball, football, basketball and has shown himself to be a capable player. He has also taken part in other activities which marks him a real booster.

Robert Pierce

ROBERT PIERCE

"Bob"

Dramatic Club, '26, '27, '28, '29; Manager of basketball, '28, '29; Senior Play.

Dramatics has been "Bob's" strongest point. Never has a part been too difficult. He brought the character to life.

LILLIAN POWERS

"Lil"

"Lil"

Dramatic Club, '26, '27, '28, '29; Senior Play.

Lillian is, as "Barry" said in the Senior Play, "a regular fellow, not one of the usual lollypop high school girls."



Metuchen High School



Rene

LORENA ROLL

"Rene"

Lorena is Helen's partner. The success of the Senior Food Sales is also due to her efforts.

JAMES RONNAN

"Luke"

When it came to selling tickets and getting "ads" for our program in the Senior Play, James was there. St. Peters' loss, our gain.

"Helen"

HELEN ROSS

Vice-President of Class, '27, '29; Dramatic Club, '26, '27, '28, '29; Senior Play.

Helen is small and very quiet, but she was a good supporter in athletics. She was a success in the Senior Play and several Dramatic Club plays.

SENIOR HISTORY

THE History of the Class of '29 started its High School career with fifty-six members, under the able instruction of Misses Cole, McKaig, Dickson and Mr. Herb. In spite of the several trimmings the Sophs gave us, we finally managed to organize our class with Frederick Meyer, President; Sherman Crowell, Vice-President; Paisley Carman, Treasurer; Harry Dewender, Secretary, and Miss Cole, our Faculty Adviser. We, as Freshmen being merely under-grads, were best represented in athletics.

The next year, having partially gained the knowledge of how to control our actions, we had the right to call ourselves Sophomores. The first, last, and only time during our four years' course in M. H. S. we yielded to the desire of a straw ride. No one had a chance to do otherwise than sing, due to the help of Ralph's flashlight music and "Uke." The flashlight came in for double duty that nite! Our competent driver returned us safely, in spite of the mud holes crossed in South Metuchen, to our homes in order that we might resume our studies of the day.

In September, 1927, constantly hearing the worries of the Senior Class, we resolved to study diligently and thus be a credit to the school. Early in the year, the debate tryouts were held and two of our Juniors were chosen for the team. The last of May we gave the Seniors a "feed" in the annex.

Our Senior year begins with twenty-six members to equal the number in the '28 class. We had many food sales throughout the year, but never enough food to supply the wants of our hungry schoolmates.

Under the direction of Miss Beekman, the faithful Seniors put on a successful play, "Tea Toper Tavern," in the new Forum Theatre. Through the efforts of everyone it enables us to be the first class from Metuchen High School to make a trip to Washington.

With the Senior Reception and the twenty-third of June we end our school days only to begin others in various sections of the country. Wherever we go and whatever we do, we will always look back to our High School days.

HISTORIAN, '29.

SENIOR WILL

Many years have passed since the class of nineteen hundred twenty-nine entered Metuchen High School. Problems have faced us which at the time, seemed almost too big to stand up under. But we have survived the years and now stand forth as the Senior Class. Because we feel that this school has helped us to fit ourselves for later life we wish in some way to help those who are still working their way up. In doing this we have made our will, to be read and executed before such body of persons as seems best suited to receive it. We sincerely hope that the benefactors will "read between the lines" and in such a manner benefit by it.

Therefore we, the class of nineteen hundred twenty-nine, being in full control of our minds, and well aware of the magnitude of this momentous occasion, do declare this to be our last will and testament, written, signed and sealed this twenty-sixth day of February, Nineteen Hundred Twenty-nine.

Metuchen High School

- ARTICLE 1.—To the class of 1930, and the school as a whole, we leave the memory of the most worthy, intelligent and the most industrious class ever to leave Metuchen High School.
- ARTICLE 2.—To Mr. Bunce we leave the hope of a bigger and better High School for future years.
- ARTICLE 3.—To Mr. Spoerl we leave a check book to pay such damages as we caused during our stay at High School.
- ARTICLE 4.—To Mr. Herb we leave the right to grow "bigger and better" mustaches.
- ARTICLE 5.—To Mr. Wallace we leave a permanent seat in Otto's diner.
- ARTICLE 6.—To Miss McKaig we leave a new bottle of red ink with which to mark her "O. K."
- ARTICLE 7.—To Mrs. Russell we leave a new alarm clock. We feel that her present one has earned a long rest.
- ARTICLE 8.—To Miss Conahey we leave a room all to herself during the rest of her stay at Metuchen High.
- ARTICLE 9.—To Miss Beekman we leave a bigger Senior French Class to replace the three members she had in 1928-'29.
- ARTICLE 10.—To Miss Meeks, at her own request, we leave a Senior English Class which is not quite so bored.
- ARTICLE 11.—To Miss Herrick we leave a basketball team that will win some games.
- ARTICLE 12.—To our Nurse we leave the right to demand the title of "Miss" from all High School boys.
- ARTICLE 13.—To Margaret Allsopp we leave the honorable position of class "fuss."
- ARTICLE 14.—To Katherine Ayers we leave a book bag to help her carry all her books home.
- ARTICLE 15.—To Sylvia Brody the privilege of being next year's star Latin pupil.
- ARTICLE 16.—To Shirley Brown we leave a phonograph record. It will save you lots of lung-power.
- ARTICLE 17.—To Evelyn Cobbs we leave the position of "jumping center" on the 1930 basketball team.
- ARTICLE 18.—To Irene Cobbs we make this plea: "Do stop studying for a while."
- ARTICLE 19.—To Anna Comito we leave a sewing basket and knitting needles. When you get older and are alone and—Well!
- ARTICLE 20.—To Jean Humphries we leave the hope of a new sheik and a good-looking car to taxi her in 1930.
- ARTICLE 21.—To Janet Letson we leave a rubber band. Snap out of it!
- ARTICLE 22.—To Jean Maclachlan we leave a litter of Puppies. Hope that when they grow up there will be more to them than fleas!

The Blue Letter, 1929

- ARTICLE 23.—To Wilma Mundy we leave a bottle of glue, in case you break the silence.
- ARTICLE 24.—To Margaret Nelson we leave a ball of cord. But don't use it to string the boys along.
- ARTICLE 25.—To Dorothy Potter we leave a world of looking glasses.
- ARTICLE 26.—To Eugenia Ponciroli we leave the right to organize a girls' baseball team.
- ARTICLE 27.—To Louise Reid we leave a drum. Here's hoping we hear some noise out of you before 1930.
- ARTICLE 28.—To Adelaide Rittwegger we leave a bottle of cod liver oil. Drink it and get fat.
- ARTICLE 29.—To Marjorie Schenck we leave another sister. More sisters—more clothes.
- ARTICLE 30.—To Lillian Stahl we leave the exclusive use of the library—You book-worm!
- ARTICLE 31.—To Ella Slavicek we leave the secret formula of a new shade of rouge.
- ARTICLE 32.—To Barbara Shultz a banjo that will make some noise.
- ARTICLE 33.—To Sam Glanfield we leave a pamphlet on "How a high school boy acts when on the street."
- ARTICLE 34.—To Howard Krogh we leave the privilege of saying more than "I don't know."
- ARTICLE 35.—To James Markano we leave a megaphone so that we can hear him when he leads the cheers.
- ARTICLE 36.—To Powell Lawrence we leave a new sweater. Do give the purple one a rest.
- ARTICLE 37.—To Briton Osborne we leave longer cuffs for his sleeves. Put them on, you're not Colonel Lindbergh.
- ARTICLE 38.—To Albert Roll we leave the right to cut George out. We hope he doesn't go "bats."
- ARTICLE 39.—To Worthington Thornall we leave a book on how to "Play the Organ." We also leave a pair of tickets to the Forum Theatre.
- ARTICLE 40.—To Edwin Tucker we leave the right to win every argument he gets into.
- ARTICLE 41.—To Joel Tucker we leave the hope of being a big debater like his brother.
- ARTICLE 42.—To Lester Bunce we leave a history book. Wake up, and find out the war's over.
- ARTICLE 43.—To John Wale we leave hope of learning to ride the high horse he's on.
- ARTICLE 44.—To George Olmezer we leave some powder to cover up that rouge.
- ARTICLE 45.—To Wilson Hancock we leave some coals to rake the girls over. WE, THE UNDERSIGNED, DO DECLARE THIS TO BE OUR LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT.

CLASS OF 1929.

ILLUSTRIOUS SENIORS

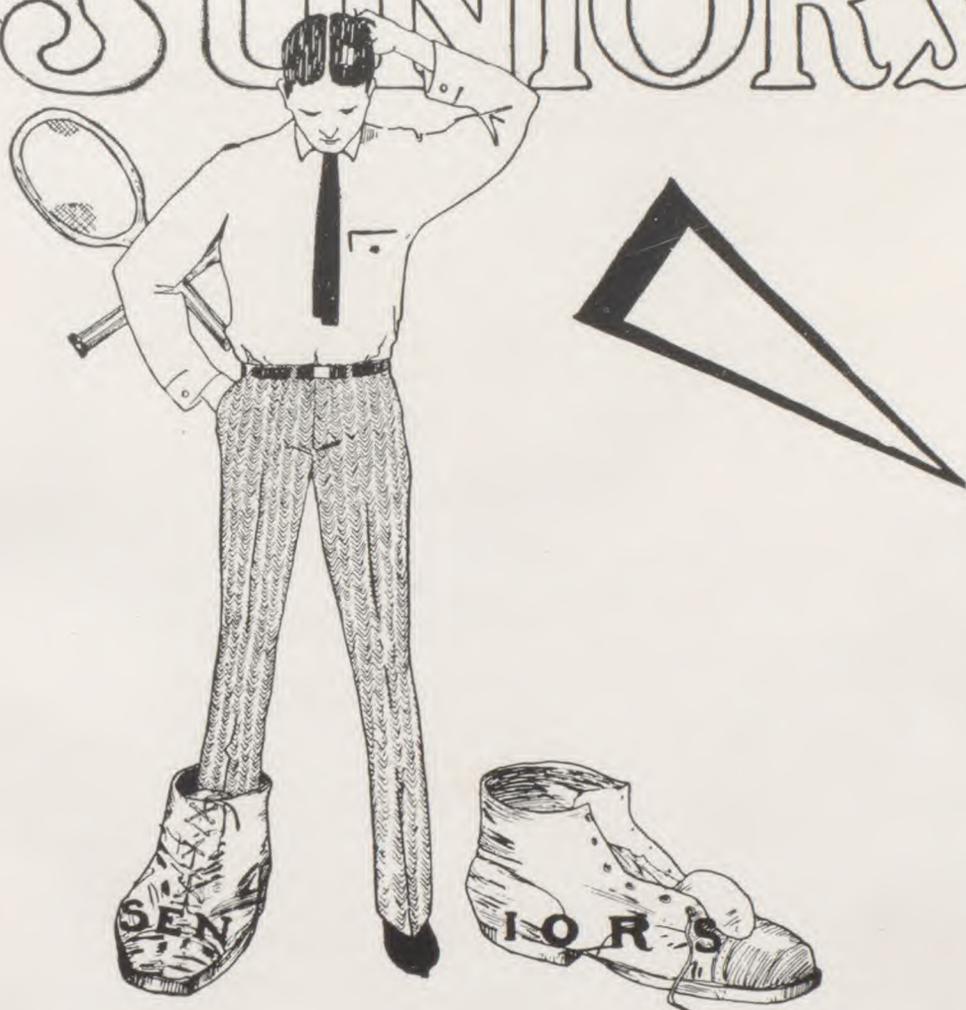
JUST a little something to polish up that squeaky and rusty crowd known as Seniors. They always were a queer bunch—scattered all over the building, but then, who knows? Something may happen in the next few generations to throw at least *one* of them on the map.

All rightie, then! Here goes!

*"Bim" Morris giving you a line,
"Ken" Haas taking his time,
Ralph Alcan doing his rounds,
The poor thing's losing just pounds and pounds,
Helen Meeker with her arms 'round Marzella,
Lorena Roll looking for a fella',
Burleigh Osborne with that golden crop of hair,
And Charles Fauroat looking half there.
Ruth Madison—Gosh! Nuff said,
And Fitch, whose arguments we all do dread.
Pierce, the match-maker of the class,
Sure does think he's mighty fast.
Dewender, who is talking his "bit" for
Lawrence who was just thrown out of the door.
Herold drawing pictures in his book,
And Letson giving you that funny look.
McHarg touching up the shiny spots with powder,
And Helen Ross trying to talk louder.
Ronnan proving his head is an empty chasm,
And Browning throwing her famous sarcasm.
Louise Fennon hearin' all the dirt,
And V. Whitaker pullin' down her skirt.
"Sol" Epstien and that red hair of his,
He knows an awful lot which is nobody's "bizz."
Then next in line, if look you will,
You'll see our friend, that good kid "Lil."
At last C. Bacha, "Talk, talk, talk,"
And Ray C. Herb, our Adviser, ready to squawk.*

V. WHITAKER, '29

JUNIORS



Metuchen High School



CLASS OF 1930

CLASS OF 1930

The Junior Class met early in September and elected the following officers who have successfully guided the class on to prosperity during their reign:

President
KATHERINE AYRES

Vice-President
JANET LETSON

Secretary
LESTER BUNCE

Treasurer
JOHN WALE

Class Adviser
MR. WALLACE

We began early in the Fall to raise money for the Junior-Senior banquet—our one big social event of the year. Three food sales were given at Davis' Flower Store and were very successful. The banquet will be held after the Annual goes to press, but if present plans work out, it will be most enjoyable.

The Juniors have done their part in supplying the various teams of the High School with stars throughout the year.

Margaret Allsopp
Katherine Ayres
Lester Bunce
Sylvia Brody
Shirley Brown
Irene Cobbs
Anna Comito
Evelyn Cobbs
Frank Epstein
George Fugle
Samuel Glanfield
Clifford Wester
Jean Humphries
Wilson Hancock
Howard Krogh
Catherine Kravitz
Powell Lawrence
Janet Letson

James Markano
Jean Maclachlan
Wilma Mundy
Margaret Nelson
Brinton Osborne
John Wale
Dorothy Potter
Eugenie Ponciroli
Samuel Peticolas
Louise Reid
Adelaide Rittweger
Marjorie Schenck
Ella Slavicek
Barbara Schultz
Worthington Thornall
Edwin Tucker
Joel Tucker
Charles Taylor

Metuchen High School

JUNIOR PROPHECY

WHILE I was spending a week renewing acquaintances in the old home town, I, of course, dropped in to the new Vitaphone Theatre one evening. Imagine my surprise when I found that a number of the class of 1929 of the Metuchen High School were represented on the screen. As I came in, the Pathe News had just begun and I seemed to hear a familiar voice. It couldn't be!!! but it was. Ralph Alcan explaining the personal feelings involved in the recent conspiracy against the president. I had hardly recovered from my surprise when there flashed on the screen a picture of the wife of a prominent Wall Street broker, photographed in her new made-to-order Hupmobile. I recognized her as the former Violet Whitaker.

And who is this? The first woman Commissioner of Motor Vehicles—Miss Louise Fennon. Miss Fennon promises that she will issue absolutely no special licenses during her term of office.

The scene then shifted to southern climes where, on Daytona Beach, Earle Lawrence, the noted racer, had just broken another speed record. The picture showed him standing beside his car with his mechanic, "Luke" Ronnan.

Becoming accustomed to the darkness of the theatre, I began to look around. Certainly, that was Betty Browning in front of me. And who was the handsome young naval officer with her? It seemed to me that I had seen him before. I leaned forward to talk to her and among other things she asked if I was going to the wedding the next day. "Whose wedding?" I asked. "Why, Betty McHarg's, of course. You know, it is her fourth."

Just then the vaudeville started and I turned my attention to the stage.

The first act was an exhibition of collegiate dancing. Seeming to recognize one of the couples, I looked at the program. Sure enough—the team was Fitch and Fitch. Kenneth Haas was accompanying them.

A fashion show followed. All of the latest spring models were shown, under the direction, of course, of Robert Pierce. Among the models I recognized Helen Ross, Angelina Marzella, Lorena Roll and Helen Meeker.

Next came a sprightly dance by a nymph in long flowing garments, Lillian Powers.

The last act was Harry Dewender in his now famous laughing act.

The feature picture was called "The Modern Cleopatra," and was a comedy, starring Ruth Madison and Charles Letson, and directed by Walter Herold—a Solomon Epstein production. It was taken from the book of the same name by the popular novelist, Burleigh Osborne. After seeing so many of the class of 1929 in one evening, I was not at all surprised when I recognized two more among the cast. The part of Hiram, the country lad, was taken by Charles Fauroat, and Charles Bacha took the part of the villain.

SOPH



Metuchen High School



CLASS OF 1931

CLASS OF 1931

The following officers were elected to serve from September, 1928, until June, 1929:

President
FREDERICK KOSTER

Vice-President
EVELYN GREY

Secretary
JOE WATSON

Treasurer
EDITH WAINRIGHT

Assistant Treasurer
OSCAR ROSWALL

Faculty Adviser
MRS. RUSSELL

One theater party was held, which was successful; another is being planned. Hoping to go to Washington, D. C., as Seniors, one "Silver Tea" and a cake sale were held, making the treasury a little larger.

SOPHOMORE CLASS ENROLLMENT

Elizabeth Aaroe
George Karabinchak
Margery Jones
Henry Fullerton
Edith Wainwright
Rose Schwartz
George Rapp
Anna Cornell
George Senkiw
Joe Watson
Margaret Ross
Joseph Batkin
Ida Volk
Evelyn Grey
Anne Schuler
Eleanor Stevens
Marie Clare
Evangeline Mundy
Bessie Spear

Lorna Hancock
Oscar Roswall
Richard Seggel
Kenneth Walker
Marion Mundy
Grace Wittnebert
Lola Foster
Ida Redner
Clement Fairweather
Fred Koster
George Lander
Harold Meyers
Ignatius Peters
Albert Schuler
Steve Szloboda
Joe West
Joe Leiss
Howard Brown
Monta Coil

Metuchen High School

TO 1931

*I know that in the years to come,
I'll think back with a sigh,
Upon the happy days I spent
In old Metuchen High.*

*I'll miss my splendid teachers,
And jolly classmates, too,
And wonder why I was in such
A hurry to get through.*

*Some day when I'm washing dishes,
I'll dream of Geometry,
And Science, French, and Algebra,
And English History.*

*And what king ruled England
When Shakespeare was alive?
And why does xy equal x
If $4x$ equals five?*

*And how long are the Ganges,
What "je ne suis pas" means
Who discovered oxygen and what
Makes the Pisa Tower lean?*

*Yes, I know that school is wonderful,
And I'm having lots of fun,
But gosh, I wish a week from now
Were nineteen thirty-one.*

EVELYN GRAY, '31.



Metuchen High School



CLASS OF 1932

CLASS OF 1932

At the beginning of the year the following officers were elected:

President

ROBERT BOHLKE

Vice-President

DOROTHY BROMFIELD

Secretary

ELEANOR FAIRWEATHER

Treasurer

BETTY WATHEN

Faculty Adviser

MISS BEEKMAN

A Hallowe'en party was held at the beginning of the year and a theater party in February. Both proved to be successful.

Jeannette Bartos
Eva Batz
Janet Bedell
Ellen Breen
Esther Breen
Gussie Brody
Dorothy Bromfield
Louise Bruno
Mary Buckley
Beverly Coil
Helen Domakos
Eleanor Fairweather
Margery Jones
Ruth Hancock
Virginia Hartmann
Ruth Knudsen
Esther Klein
Zoya Kosloff
Heinriche Lindenthal
Gwendolyn Leyshon
Florence Markano
Rovena Moore
Katherine Mundy
Kate Nielson
Olga Procyk
Dorothy Randolph
Janet Ramsay
Nancy Rapp
Harriette Rehfus
Ida Redner
Olive Redner

Sarah Rein
Julia Salomone
Katherine Schenck
Betty Wathen
Betty West
Joseph Afflerbach
Charles Ayers
Fred Beutel
Robert Bohlke
Joseph Buzak
Charles Dalsgard
Royden Estoppy
Georgé Evans
Vincent Farrington
Sylvester Hecht
Stacy Hills
Irwin Kuntz
Richard Maindelle
Mike Marzella
Arnold Nelson
Zoltan Petrovits
Aquilino Ponciroli
Victor Quagliariella
James Schoonover
Charles Stateman
Erwin Taylor
Robert Tucker
Allan Volk
Richard Ziegler
Norman Dietz
Thomas Halpin

Metuchen High School



EIGHTH GRADE

EIGHTH GRADE CLASS

At the first meeting of the class we elected class officers. They are as follows:

President
JACK MADISON

Vice-President
WILLIAM CAMPBELL

Secretary
JOHN ERNST

Treasurer
ELEANOR DRAKE

Class Advisor
MRS. COOKE

The class voted to pay 15 cents a month as dues after which the meeting was adjourned.

The second meeting, February 6, 1929, opened by the president asking for the minutes of the last meeting. The treasurer's report was then heard. She had opened an account at the Commonwealth Bank of Metuchen to deposit our club dues.

We then discussed whether we should have class pins or not. The president appointed a committee to see about pins. The committee is Alvin Gerlufsen, Madlyn James and George Johnson.

Last, but not least, we decided our class colors to be pink and silver.

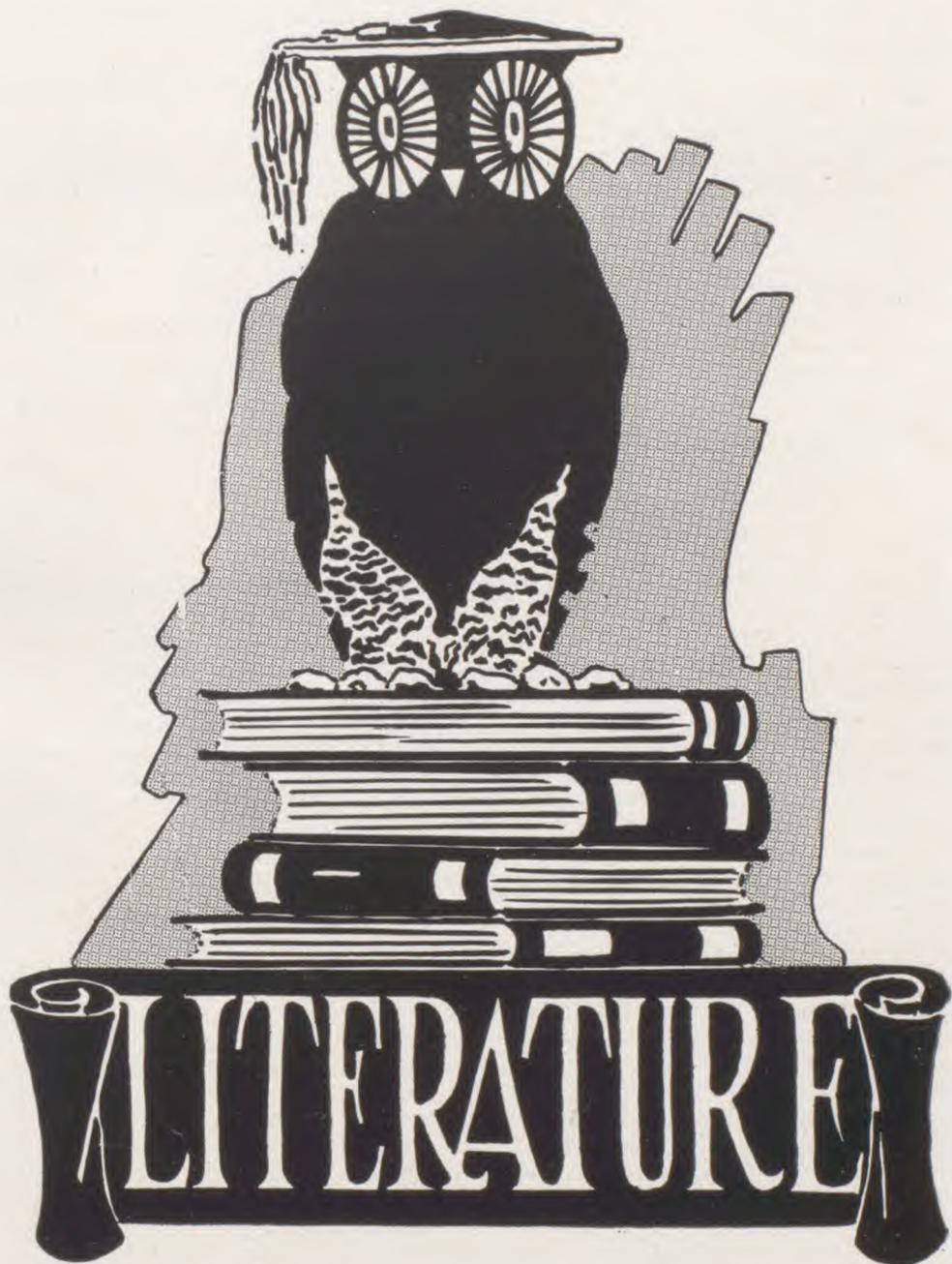
William Dinnebeil
Walter Blyer
Herbert Burris
William Carr
Walter Campbell
Joseph Carroll
John Ernst
Alvin Gerlufsen
Bernard Goldsmith
Edward Herrick
Alfred Herrstrom
George Johnson
Doreen Allison
Margaret Cockefair
Anne Crowell
Eleanor Drake
Ruth Egolf
Marjorie Estoppey
Claire Hinds
Madlyn James
Miriam Minton
Ruth Ramsay
Elsie Rosenvinge
Louise Schultz
Roger Johnson
Arthur Jones

Steve Lazar
Jack Madison
Jack Meyers
Edward Modecki
Russell Nielsen
Eleanor Shine
Elsie Stahl
Alice Stateman
Mary Tagliaboschi
Doris Wainwright
Eleanor Whitaker
Tamara Kirillin
William Campbell
Robert Dalsgard
Frank Fugle
John Gehrum
Oliver Hatfield
Thomas Lawrence
Ignatius Montalbano
Thomas Oppelt
Julius Owsik
Richard Randolph
Jack Reid
William Rhoades
Robert Rohland
Joseph Roy
Joseph Valenta

James Wester
Lewis Weeks
Adelaide Gray
Anna Hanemann
Helen Kelleher
Cecilia Kirk
Ruth Lander
Jean Lockhart
Lillian Lowman
Natalie Palmera
Rose Persely
Eunice Randall
Ruth Richard
Helen Rossiter
Anna Rule
Jane Stevenson
Teresa Tagliaboschi
Virginia Thomson
Mildred Wagner
Emily Muha
Gertrude Magune
Christine Alsopp
Elizabeth Breen
Jane Broadfoot
Claire Fugel
Celestina Gonsalves

Metuchen High School





THE FOURTH SWORDSMAN

"YES, ma'am, we'll be there."

"Now, don't forget to rehearse your parts, boys; remember, I'm depending upon all of you."

"Now yuh went and done it," says 'Flush' Flanders, as the school ma'am gallops away. "Now yuh went an' got us all in it so's we'll never be able to worm out uh it."

"Well," sez I, "yuh know, I just can't look a young girl like Miss Mays in the eyes and say no, when she wants that I say yes. Yuh know—"

"Know, heck!" says "Flush," what has acquired his name from the inauspicious manner with which he gleans his flushes in bunk-house draw, "yuh got us hooked; me, you an' Pinto Pete here bein'—"

"Hey, how 'bout me?" pops up a voice which sounds like the side of a boiler blowin' out, an' "the Bull" has had his two cents in.

"How 'bout—"

"You! Who sed enything 'bout you, yuh little rabbit? Who says you was a actor, 'specially with that beller uh yourn? Why Miss Mays, she requests us three men—men, mind you—to do a act of the "Three Mus—Musty—"

"Musketeers," says Pinto, who is real educated.

"—'Musketeers'," sez Flush, "an' anyway, they're only three musketeers, an' not four. 'Sides, what do you know 'bout play actin'?"

"But, but—"

"But shut up," sez Pete, an' off he goes to the bunk house, followed by a big patch of gloom.

Well, to clear matters a mite, there's us three cow-punchers—me, Pinto an' Flush—whose bin formally requested to do a part as the "Three Musketeers," in the Christmas entertainment, and there's that little runt that thinks he should be the fourth musketeer. As the entertainment's but a week away we immediately begins practice upon what promises ta be a howlin' success. First, we finds there are no swords which, bein' necessary, has ta be found. The one an' only is uh old cavalry sabre owned by none other than the Bull who, of course, will not loan it to us. So wooden swords solve the problem.

But, still there's one other, which is none other than the Bull hisself. He begs an' pleads an' if we do not promise ta do somethin' he is apt ta pine away. So a new character who Pinto says is named, D'Arty, is created for the shrimp an' his tin sword.

The night of the show comes, cold an' clear, with a pale shining moon, and a snap in the air.

When we get there, the little schoolhouse is well nigh filled already with people from miles around, who have come to be on hand for the annual get-together. One end has been set off with drawn curtains for a stage, and the wood house connectin' for a dressin' room.

"Now fer goodness' sake, remember your cue," I sez to Flush. "When I sez, 'Ah, my good Porthos,' out you comes."

"Yeh, I unerstand," sez Flush, who's still kinda whozzy 'bout the idea of his first stage appearance.

Well, all goes well till the time comes for Flush to appear.

"Ah, my good Porthos," sez I, but there's no result. Again, "Ah, my g-g-goodness—" fur comes out upon the stage, not Porthos, but a big tall bloke with a bandana 'cross his face, an' a big gun in each hand.

The Blue Letter, 1929

"Up with them, ladies an' gents," says the big crook, nice an' gentle-like, "shell out in a hurry, and the first rash move is greeted with a pail fulla lead."

Nobody moves for a minute, then they all begin throwin' their jack in a pile. While this's goin' on Pinto Pete sidles up behind the big bum an' shoves his sword 'gainst his back.

"Heh, heh," sneers the villain, "think yuh kin scare me with them wooden swords."

"They may be wooden, but this ain't," sez a new voice, an' there's none other than the Bull himself in his musketeer's uniform an' his ol' man's sabre with the point scratchin' that hombre's backbone. The guy don't make a move for a second, then up goes his hands and the day is saved by none other than D'Arty himself.

CHARLES BACHA, '29.

LEARNING TO SWIM

ONE fine day in the summer of 1872, my father said to me, "Hop in the car, and we'll go for a swim; it's about time you learned to navigate in the water."

Now this in itself was remarkable, considering that neither myself nor the automobile had come into existence, but still more remarkable was the chain of events which followed. To tell the truth, my father was not yet born, either, but this only adds the spice of romance to my simple narrative, for who can enjoy a true story? The only really good true stories are those that appear in the "True Story Magazine," and even those are nothing to write home about.

But to get on with my story, we jumped into our car, a neat little sixteen-cylinder horseless carriage, and went to the ocean's shore for a dip in the briny deep. The beach was deserted, except for about eight hundred people, so we had no trouble in getting bath-houses. We climbed into our suits, which looked more like gunny-sacks than anything else, and went down to the surf. My ancient and honorable parent bravely put his toe into the aqua, and let out a yell that would have done justice to an Indian.

Said he: "Somebody dropped their Frigidaire in here, and there's a cold snap in progress. We'd better go home for our ear muffs."

However, we went in all the same, and swam out to the three-mile limit, where we met a rum-runner who gave us each a glass of orange juice. On the way back we met the only sea horse north of the Mason-Dixon Line, so when we offered him some oats, he galloped with us back to land. Although I hadn't learned to swim without my water-wings, I had had a good time and went home perfectly satisfied.

JOHN WALE, '30.

A "DEAD" SUMMER

JOAN ALDRIDGE heaved another sigh—gosh! What a dead summer! Why did dad have to go to Europe or why had she been such a fool not to go along with him when he had asked her? She had planned on such a lively time with the bunch here at "Sunnylawn" (also Aunt Polly and Belinda, that adorable Angora cat).

However, in the year that had elapsed since she had last been there, the bunch had drifted apart and she hadn't realized it until she arrived at Kensington Station, bag and baggage. Well! here she was and here she was going to stay, and so Joan made up her mind she'd have to do something exciting so she could tell her dad what a *glorious* summer she had had.

Metuchen High School

Just as these thoughts were crossing her mind a horn blurted out its discordant notes across the summer breeze (one of those lovely French horns that makes any girl thrill). "Who could it be?" thought Joan. And there a long yellow roadster, looking like a knight on horseback with its shining nickel and easy rhythm, swung into the long, shaded driveway and proceeded to the house. It landed there with a squeak of brakes and loud laughter of young girls.

Joan gave one look and pinched herself, could she believe her eyes? Was it really Philip, Peg, Anne, Ted and Alan? This was too good to be true! She made one dive for the car and after the usual affectionate greeting between the girls and a snappy "hullo" to the male trio the crowd trooped up the steps and sat themselves down on the low wicker chairs. A long conversation followed and Joan finally found that the bunch didn't have anything to do. So they got together and decided to come out to Sunny Lawn and spend a few days with Joan.

Aunt Polly, returning from the city that night, wondered what all the noise and gaiety was about at the house, and upon discovering a house full of gay, young people—welcomed them with open arms.

The long hot month of July passed quickly. What with dances at the club nearby, and parties at the shore Joan hadn't had much time to think how the time was flying.

There was a rumor abroad that Phil and Joan were engaged—but then you know how stories travel. None of the bunch thought anything about it until Joan surprised them by announcing it at a party given in honor of Aunt Polly's birthday.

Joan looked radiant that night, her white gowned figure flitting among the guests. No wonder Phil loved her. Even though he and Joan were going to get married they'd always belong to the crowd.

When the party was at its height a telegram came to Aunt Polly from France. It read:

"Take next boat for France with niece—Stop—Aldridge seriously hurt in auto accident—Death expected—Stop.—JACK."

Jack was Joan's father's secretary and this bad news caused much trouble among the guests.

The bunch left the next day and Phil was the last to go.

"Joan, old kid," he said, in parting, "remember, I'll be waiting for you."

Joan, with a heavy heart, started to pack her trunk. A good time was broken up and her dad was dying—her dad, the best pal she'd ever known—what rotten luck!

Two years later Joan returned with a healthy father. He had had an unexpected turn for the better and had sojourned for the past two years at Cannes for the purpose of regaining his health so that he might stand the ocean trip back to America.

A month after they landed, Joan and her father went out to Sunnyslawn to see Aunt Polly and Belinda, that adorable Angora cat. They were just as they had been two years before in that dead summer (at least Joan had thought it at first), and her heart softened at the sight of them, Aunt Polly sitting there on the vine-covered porch and Belinda purring softly at her feet.

While Aunt Polly told Joan and her father what had happened in those two years they had been away, the telephone tinkled. Joan went to answer it. A voice spoke to her—that voice she adored and the person she adored was at the other end of the wire.

"Joan, old kid," the adorable voice said, "remember, I'm waiting for you—"

"Come right over, darling," Joan's joyous voice called back.

As she replaced the receiver she thought how lovely it would be to live near Sunnyslawn, Aunt Polly, Dad and Belinda—in a little cottage with Phil.

V. WHITAKER, '29.

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

DID you ever have to drive a car without gas? Has anyone ever suggested a trip to the show when you haven't the means of admittance? Have you ever found the use of your handkerchief imperative when you have absent-mindedly left it at home? If you have, I am sure you will sympathize with me. I must write an original composition on some preferably humorous, snappy subject or what have you? And the worst part of the matter is, that metaphorically speaking, I haven't the gas, the means of admittance nor the handkerchief. In other words, nothing appropriate for the situation comes to my mind. Of course, I don't mean that I have had no humorous, snappy or embarrassing experiences, but one doesn't eat all the food on the table.

The fact remains that last night I could think of nothing to write, but, belonging to the benevolent type of humans, I attempted to help my brother with his composition.

And now let me show you an example of the tendency of our race to misinterpret their fellow creatures.

This morning I went to class and teacher asked for my paper. I told her that I had helped my brother with his composition instead of writing one of my own. Apparently she didn't care to see the matter in this light. Instead, she asked if she was given to understand that I had collaborated (I believe that was the word she used) with my brother. How in the name of all things that are right, she could confuse my well-intended help with what she termed "collaboration" was beyond my comprehension. I shall admit that I was somewhat disturbed by her attitude. In fact, I was actually embarrassed. And then to be told that I must have the composition on her desk tomorrow morning did not help matters in the least. However, my temper quickly cooled. This was not the first time that I had seen the truth of the old adage, that appearances are deceiving. Why, only recently a very unfortunate—and so I am trying to get an inspiration for my composition. But one isn't always able to get gas when it is needed, nor the means of admittance, nor a handkerchief.

EDWIN W. TUCKER, JR., 30.

THE OLD FORD

WHEEZE, wheeze, wheeze; and with a short, asthmatic cough the old Ford came to a halt. He was so pathetic, slumped together in a deep rut, that I was moved deeply and went over to engage him in conversation.

"Hello," I said, as cheerfully as possible under the circumstances, "devilish day." He turned his mud-coated headlights upon me and in a monotonous voice replied, "Yes, it's not so nice out. I can feel this weather in my springs, I tell you."

Followed an awkward pause, during which time he endeavored to make himself as officious looking as possible (a hard job in this condition).

"Yes," came the second time, "I haven't many more miles to run. I've seen better days." A convulsion shook his whole frame from the bent bumper to the dust-covered license plate, "you see—it's my transmission."

I nodded sympathetically, and he, taking heart, continued: "The trouble is," he muttered plaintively, "that I've had so many replacements, I'm not sure if I'm myself at all. These new parts are so stubborn, it's getting so I can't depend on myself to go. Then, too, I have to contend with the boss," pointing a battered fender at the school, "he drags me over the worst roads imaginable and I'm not so young any more."

Metuchen High School

A second tremor vibrated along the poor fellow from wheel to wheel, but he drew himself quickly together. "I always enjoyed my rides," he went on, reflectively, "until these traffic lights were used. They're awfully hard on my brakes and I never know whether I'm to be hurried along or suddenly stopped."

Here I broke in on his words to ask him about his friends. Friends? Did he have some? Ah, yes! There was a Chevrolet he knew quite well. A fine fellow, but a bit impulsive, which was his undoing. He collided with a truck one day and was never the same. His folks traded him in for a new car a few months later. Yes! A fine fellow. His ignition system was a work of art.

Then there was another Ford down the street, a classmate of mine; we were both sent out into the world together. He only lasted a few years. His owner's children were his end, they nagged him to distraction; he became a nervous wreck.

Here again I was just about to interrogate him when his owner jumped in and slammed the dilapidated door. "Watch," said the old Ford in a tinny whisper, "I'm not going to start the first time, I'm going to assert my rights."

A quick slam on the starter brought no results, a re-adjustment of the spark and more pressure on the starter brought the same results. The owner eyed me speculatively. "Got a nickel?" he barked. I replied that I probably had such an item upon my person. "Alright," he continues, "this chariot is yours," and pocketing the nickel, he walked off. The Ford? Ah, well! It's a sad thing to relate. The sudden shock and crushing defeat to his austerity proved a death blow. Even as I watched he began to disintegrate and at last all that was left of a noble spirited car was a heap of rust and a radiator cap, which I took with me as the remembrance of an exceedingly odd morning.

CHARLES FAUROAT, '29.

THE QUEST OF THE PINK BED~BUG

"MAH children, I am verah pleased to be with you all this mawning." This was the greeting of the eminent big game hunter, Mr. I. M. Knutts, in our chapel exercises the other morning.

Our speaker went on to say—"Now, boys and girls, I wish you all to join me in mah search for the supposed extinct Pink Bed-Bug. We must foist take a row-boat and row to the wilds of the land of Zazababoo. (Don't be frightened, mah dears, it is just the name of a town.) It takes an exceedingly long time to get theah, and if you should start now you should get theah by the time you reach twenty-one. One must have a lot of means to get theah and incidentally I have been theah three times."

After getting the windows clogged up with wrapping paper, the speaker flashed on the opening scene. "And now, boys and girls, you gaze upon the wilds of Zazababoo. It is ovah two miles from the nearest city and only three thousand miles lie between it and the raging deep. (I'm ovah theah with mah powerful Flit Gun.) One squirt from that gun, mah children, and the Pink Bed-Bug is dead. Of course, it is all in the knowing how. I nevah carry moah than three squirts full of Flit in mah gun. Ovah mah head is a red bandanna, which is used to keep off the deadly cooties which infest the land.

"And now we start on our search! The first day we encounter a vicious worm called the "Nightwalker." It is thought that they only come out at night, but as you see it is broad daylight. Take mah advice, boys and girls, do not bother such creatures.

The Blue Letter, 1929

I am in great peril! But mah wife (a splendid example of a devoted spouse) entahs at this moment, and with one squirt slays this vicious reptile. Soon aftah, I am forced to go one whole hour without water! At last I find a spring and heah you see me drinking through mah handkerchief." (Ah, I heah exclamations of disgust, but don't worry, mah tropical fevah has so diminished at this time that I have but a slight cold.) And so our brave hunter went on for many exciting reels until—

"At last, deah ones, we find the trail of the Pink Bed-Bug. We had already started on our homeward journey. Howevah, after following the trail for a whole day, we do not find it; so we decide to retiah foh the night. As I am resting comfortably on mah cot I am rudely disturbed from my peaceful slumbers by a piercing pain in the lower portion of mah back! Ah, I can tell by the bite that it is the long-sought-for Pink Bed-Bug; but alas, I am not a contortionist and I must summon my spouse to photograph the precious insect. She obtained some verah good pictures, but most unfortunately the Board of Censors has forbidden me to project them on the public screen.

"Howevah, I still have the scars of that bite, and if any of you should doubt mah word—and so, boys and girls, that is the end of our quest.

"But I hope to be moah successful on mah next trip to Zazababoo and theah I hope to try out mah newly-invented Fly Swatah!"

Thus ended the most interesting illustrated lecture ever heard in our high school.

JOEL TUCKER.

"YOU CAN ALWAYS TELL"

*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 way and such.
You can always tell a Freshman,
But you cannot tell him much.*

L. FENNON, '29.

Metuchen High School

"FATTY" NELSON, MATCHMAKER

"HEY, Fatty, special meetin' today. Tell Shorty and Tim."
"Can't. My turn at the board. Tell 'em later."

This snatch of conversation between "Boney" Harris and "Fatty" Nelson was carried on in subdued whispers. For the time was two-thirty and the place was Miss Florence's classroom. Miss Florence was the Sixth Grade teacher and the boys liked her. She was the first teacher, in fact, in the history of the school to last a year; usually, they quit, as their nerves couldn't stand the strain. But Miss Florence was all that a fellow could want; never yelled when she caught you just whispering, or wrote notes home when you stuck a girl's curls into an ink-well. All she did was to keep you in after school and talk to you until you felt mean for causing her all that trouble. Then she'd smile and let you go home. That's what a fellow wanted for a teacher and that's why Miss Florence had stayed so long in the Sixth Grade.

The meeting which "Boney" Harris referred to was that of the "Red Star Club," organized and carried on for the protection of its members and friends. Every Saturday, after all home chores were done, they would meet in the club house. Then, like today, they often had special meetings to contend with emergencies such as attacks by rival gangs or to plan some way to revenge themselves upon some fresh girl. But today's special meeting was to decide how to accomplish a marriage between Miss Florence and Mr. Richards, Fifth Grade teacher. In truth, neither Mr. Richards or Miss Florence had ever given anyone cause to suppose that they wished to get married. But that didn't affect the "Club." They simply decided upon the union and after the manner of boys, decided to see it through. So far the only step in their campaign had been to pick out Mr. Richards for Miss Florence's future husband. As he was the nicest and the best-looking man they knew, they thought he might be good enough for her, if anyone could be.

Directly after school was over the "Red Star Club," organized for the protection of its members, met by the order of their chief for the purpose of planning further action on the matter in hand. "Big Red Star," otherwise known as "Boney" Harris, presided over the meeting. Let it be understood that it was not by common consent that he presided, but because he was the best fighter and therefore the logical ruler. They had once voted for chief but without results, for when the ballots were counted it was discovered that each and every member had received one vote, cast, no doubt, by himself. So "Boney" made himself chief.

"Fellows of the Red Star Club of Benson's Corners, the meeting will come to order. Tim, read the minutes of last meetin'. Say, what kind of a club is this here, anyhow? No minutes or nothin'. Fine secretary you are. Well, we might as well get down to business.

"Listen, Miss Florence is the first teacher we've ever liked. Now, all in favor of keeping on tryin' to get her married say 'Aye.'"

"Aye."

"Aye."

"Aye."

"Opposed."

Deep silence.

"'Ayes' have it. Miss Florence is the best teacher we've ever had and the prettiest, too. Now, all we've got to do is to get her married. Well, 'Shorty,' I mean, Fellow Red Star, what do you want to say?"

"Why do we have to find her a feller? Why can't she do it herself? And besides, how are we gonna do it?"

The Blue Letter, 1929

"Give me half a show and I'll tell you. Now, listen. We've picked out Mr. Richards becuz he's the best fellow in the whole town. All we have to do now is to get 'em married, that's all."

"Hey, Chief, maybe she's got another fella. Yesterday she kept me after school and just as I was goin' she showed me a Valentine she had gotten. Why I remembered is 'cos she asked me if I had sent it to her. Kin you imagine?"

"'Fatty's' sendin' Valentines! 'Fatty's' sendin' Valentines!"

"Say, you Stars, cut out the racket! 'Fatty' didn't send the Valentine 'cause I did. That's one of the ways to get them interested in each other. The next thing is to send flowers and things from him."

"Who's gonna pay for 'em?" This was from Tim, whose father was Scotch.

"The way I figured it is that we work after school. You know, shovel walks, whitewash fences or beat carpets. Flowers are cheap and we could send 'em with Mr. Richards' card so she'll think he sent 'em. Meetin's over now 'cos we all gotta work."

"What doin'?"

"Missus Pearson's walk needs shovelin' and I got the job. You can all help."

"Say—listen! Since when have you been tellin' us to work, huh?"

"Who's president of this here club, anyhow? If I say you gotta work, you work. See? Come on, let's go!"

This ended the meeting of the club and also the news until Miss Florence walked in class next morning and found flowers on her desk with Mr. Richards' card. And that night a little boy delivered her a bunch of violets. But for some unknown reason Miss Florence accepted them without the least bit of excitement. Her heart must have missed a beat or two, though, the next day. For when, upon thanking Mr. Richards for the flowers, she was told by that gentleman that, although he wished he had sent them, he would have to plead innocent of the deed. Then Miss Florence blushed three shades of red and Mr. Richards seemed to be mad about something. "Boney," who was watching them, was rather put out about it all. In his mind they acted more like cat and dog than prospective married couple. Oh, well, "Boney" guessed that was the way people in love acted. But it certainly was queer.

A week passed, and the "Red Star Club" seemed to be making no progress at all. It was "Boney's" fault, the club argued, he had started it. And then "Fatty" decided to conduct some experiments himself, so, during recess he asked her if he might speak to her after school.

"Why, of course, 'Fatty,'" (teacher always called them by their nick-names). "I'll be glad to help you after everyone has gone."

So "Fatty" stayed after school and told her the whole story. First, he told her how they all thought so much of her and wanted her to get married; then he told her that they had all sent the flowers themselves, hoping she would think Mr. Richards was wanting to marry her. He even wanted to tell her about the club, but he couldn't; they were all under a vow of secrecy.

Miss Florence knelt on the floor, put her arms around him and kissed him! Wimmen was hopeless, always kissin' or huggin' somebody. Still it wasn't so awful.

Pretty soon teacher got up and said: "Listen, 'Fatty,' don't tell a soul but 'Dick'—I mean Mr. Richards and I have been engaged for over a month. But let's not tell everybody and spoil their fun. We'll just have it for our own secret, shall we?"

"Fatty" agreed and left for home and bed. It had been an exciting day and he was tired but happy. For pretty soon they would be getting married and maybe he could be ring-bearer or water-boy, or whatever little boys were at weddings. He would love that, too, for Miss Florence was nice, even if she did kiss him.

CLYDE FITCH, '29.

THE TALE OF A STAMP

*It was a square thing, pink, perfumed;
He dropped us in a slot,
Where we were rescued by a clerk
Who hammered us a lot.*

*And then we were put in a bag,
With lots of other mail,
And soon in a big airplane
Way up in the air did sail.*

*I'm a stamp, a postage stamp,
And though I shouldn't boast,
I'll tell you all about the trip
I took from coast to coast.*

*I was always such a good stamp,
Trying so hard to be better;
But a young man bought me, licked me hard
And stuck me on a letter.*

*We traveled thus for many hours,
At last we did come down,
And I found out that we had reached
A small New Jersey town.*

*I rested at the post office
Until the very next day.
A lovely girl came in a car
And took me right away.*

*When she reached home, she took us,
The envelope and me,
Away off in a corner
Where no one else could see.*

*And then she opened the letter
And read it through and through,
She blushed so red and pretty,
As girls often do.*

*And then, O my, what do you think?
When she had put it back,
She kissed the envelope three times,
And gave me an awful smack.*

*I now am kept in a pretty box,
But every now and then
The lovely lady takes me out
And kisses me again.*

*So I'm really glad I'm a postage stamp,
But I don't want to boast,
But I'll ne'er be sorry I was sent
To her from coast to coast.*

*There is a moral to this rhyme,
As you can plainly see,
It's "we should try to be content,
Whate'er our lot may be."*

SHIRLEY RHODES BROWN, '30.

Athletics



Metuchen High School



Forty-eight

FOOTBALL TEAM

At the beginning of the season George Fugle was elected Captain and throughout the entire season he filled the fullback position.

At the end of the season the team was as follows:

Ends—HARTMAN, HEROLD, WAIT and SEGCEL.

Tackles—OSBORNE, ROLL, REHFUSS and GUNST.

Guards—ED. TUCKER, JOEL TUCKER, SENKIN and OLMEZER.

Centers—LANDER and LAWRENCE.

Halfbacks—KUNTZ, BUNCE, WAINWRIGHT, DEITZ, WATSON and KOSTER.

Quarterback—HANCOCK.

Fullback—FUGEL.

The schedule was one of the hardest played by our school in many years. It included:

		Met.	Opp.
Sept.	28.....Carteret	13	12
Oct.	5.....Cranford	0	0
"	12.....St. Marys	0	6
"	19.....Perth Amboy	0	19
"	26.....Union	6	0
Nov.	2.....Millburn	12	7
"	9.....South Amboy	0	6
"	16.....Woodbridge	0	26
"	24.....Mount Holly	6	27
"	29.....Alumni	18	7

Won 4, lost 5, and tie 1.

The team was very grateful for the co-operation it received from the school students and for the new equipment which the Board of Education gave them. For our next season we are planning harder games.

Metuchen High School



BASEBALL

MANY thanks are due to the High School boys who turned out to answer the call for baseball.

The most promising candidates for the various positions are:

Catcher—Norman Dietz and Clement Fairweather.

Pitcher—Joe Liess, Charles Letson and Walter Herold.

Infield—Alvin Jolly, Wilson Hancock, George Karabinchak and James Wester.

Outfield—Clifford Wester and Walter Herold.

Although lacking in material, we hope to put out a team that will at least make a fair showing.

The baseball practices have been a great deal retarded because of the inclement weather and the poor condition of the field which has been caused by the present work of the American Legion of rearranging the field.

SCHEDULE IS AS FOLLOWS:

DATE	OPPONENTS	DATE	OPPONENTS
April 23.....	Plainfield	April 19.....	Rahway
April 26.....	Carteret	May 3.....	Cranford
April 30.....	Boundbrook	May 10.....	Carteret
May 8.....	Woodbridge	May 18.....	Woodbridge
May 15.....	Pingry	May 25.....	Wardlaw
May 21.....	Wardlaw	May 29.....	Pingry

Metuchen High School



GIRLS' BASKETBALL

THIS year, for the first time in the history of the High School, class basketball teams were organized. Several interclass games were played in October, and from the ability displayed in these games, our coach, Miss Herrick, chose a squad of twenty girls. By November the following 'varsity team had been chosen: Forwards, Ruth Madison, Violet Whitaker; Jump Center, Evelyn Cobbs; Side Center, Edith Wainright; Guards, Monta Coil, Betty Browning. The other girls on the squad are: Betty McHarg, Louise Fennon, Katherine Ayers, Shirley Brown, Janet Letson, Anne Schuler, Ella Slavicek, Marie Clare, Eleanor Stevens, Beverly Coil, Eleanor Fairweather, Katherine Schenck, Grace Wittnebert, Dorothy Bromfield and Ruth Hancock. Manager, Marjorie Schenck, and Assistant Manager, Dorothy Potter.

Games were played with Roselle Park, Cranford, Perth Amboy, North Plainfield, Somerville, South Amboy, South River.

We were unfortunate in that some of the best material was unavailable on account of illness. In spite of the best efforts of those remaining, we did not win any of the games. However, we are losing very few of the team through graduation this year, so we are looking forward to a more successful season next year.

Metuchen High School



Fifty-four

BOYS' BASKETBALL

THE boys did not have a very successful season this year, winning only one game. Much credit is due the team for the splendid way in which they played, each doing his best and putting pep in the games.

Mr. Wallace deserves much praise for his excellent coaching, and Charles Letson, the captain, for his fine leadership.

The team was as follows:

CHARLES LETSON

Right forward

WARREN REHFUSS

Left forward

BERTRAM HUMPHRIES

Center

WALTER HEROLD

Right guard

GEORGE FUGEL

Left guard

Substitutes

KENNETH WAIT

GEORGE KARABINCHAK

FRANK EPSTEIN

WILSON HANCOCK

JOEL TUCKER

Schedule

Metuchen, 18	Tottenville, 34
Metuchen, 22	New Brunswick, 39
Metuchen, 15	St. Peters, 18
Metuchen, 19	Carteret, 26
Metuchen, 23	South River, 26
Metuchen, 14	Cranford, 18
Metuchen, 22	Wardlaw, 45
Metuchen, 17	Tottenville, 18
Metuchen, 14	Cranford, 7
Metuchen, 32	South Amboy, 39
Metuchen, 18	Wardlaw, 20
Metuchen, 22	Carteret, 49
Metuchen, 20	Matawan, 24
Metuchen, 20	South Amboy, 30

Manager—ROBERT PIERCE.

Assistant Manager—EDWIN W. TUCKER.

Metuchen High School



ORGANIZATION
I
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IONS

DEBATE

METUCHEN HIGH SCHOOL did not enter the Rutgers Interscholastic Debating League this year but had one debate with Perth Amboy which high school likewise did not enter the League.

We did not win but we like to feel that each year holds hope of victory. Next year will see a new team, so that it may be that once more Metuchen will go to the finish—a victor.

This year's team was composed of Clyde Fitch, captain; Edwin Tucker, rebuttal speaker; Charles Bacha; Ralph Alcan, alternate. Under the direction of Miss Meeks they prepared a debate on the subject: "Resolved that the five-day week be adopted in all industries." On Friday night, March 22nd, the team met Perth Amboy in the Presbyterian Church Lecture Room. Our team failed to convince two of the judges and so ended our debating activities for the year.



Metuchen High School



STUDENT GOVERNMENT

President
HARRY DEWENDER

Chief Justice
EDWIN TUCKER

Vice-President
BETTY BROWNING

Sergeant-at-Arms
GEORGE LANDERS

Recorder
RALPH ALCAN



THE HI-Y CLUB

This year in January, a Hi-Y Club was formed in the High School. The officers elected for this year are:

President
LESTER BUNCE

Secretary
HOWARD KROGH

Vice-President
FRED KOSTER

Treasurer
JOEL TUCKER

This club is for boys in the last three years of school, who like to meet in a group and conduct a Christian form of meeting.

We meet once a week in the annex of the Franklin School and have been served with a fine meal each time by the Domestic Science Department.

The club has been fortunate in having some fine speakers. The following men have spoken to the boys: Mr. Bobo, Mr. Herb, Mr. Wallace, Mr. Spoerl, Mr. Bunce and Rev. Humphries. They talked about the value of having a club of this kind, and what the Hi-Y should mean to the school.

Our number is about twenty and our Faculty Adviser is Mr. Ray Herb, who is giving up some of his time in order to help us to have a successful club.



DRAMATICS



THE DRAMATIC CLUB

The Dramatic Club met in September with a good representation from every class. Officers were elected and it was decided to hold meetings every second Monday of the month. The officers are:

President
MARJORIE SCHENCK

Secretary
RUTH MADISON

Vice-President
ROBERT PIERCE

Treasurer
LOUISE FENNON

We have selected a number of plays from which three plays will be chosen and presented early in the spring.

There seems to be a great deal of talent which can be easily developed and we expect our plays to be a huge success.

“TEA TOPER TAVERN”



Metuchen High School

SENIOR PLAY

IN early February the Class of 1929 presented the most successful Senior Play in the history of Metuchen High School.

Due to the splendid coaching of Miss Beekman, the Seniors were able to present a delightful three-act comedy, "Tea Toper Tavern," which met the approval of a large audience.

Because of the financial success of the play, the class was able to enjoy a trip to Washington, in April. The Class of 1929 was the first from our High School to make the visit.

The cast of the play:

Marion Day.....	Louise Fennon	Gloria Sherwood	Gerome.....	Betty McHarg
Rosamond	Betty Browning	Celeste	Angelina Marzella	
Dixie	Violet Whitaker	John Sedgwick.....	Burleigh Osborne	
Anne	Helen Ross	Rev. Archibald Perry.....	Earle Lawrence	
Harriet	Lillian Powers	Mike	Charles Fairoat	
Barry	Clyde Fitch	Brian Pierpont	Harry Dewender	
Tess	Ruth Madison	Dallas Thorne.....	Robert Pierce	

FACULTY PLAY

OUR faculty were silent as far as dramatics were concerned for a whole year and we began to think that they were never going to put on a good play again.

They certainly did well when they gave the Broadway attraction, "MEET THE WIFE." We appreciated the fact that it meant a lot of hard work for them and that they did it to help the "Blue Letter." Last year the publication was able to get through without financial help so the faculty really had a good alibi for not presenting any play. This year, however, the Blue Letter Staff planned so many improvements in the book that at one time it looked as though a large debt would be unavoidable. The staff didn't know what to do but the faculty came to its rescue as it always has done and promised another play. They decided, however, on "THE PATSY," another Broadway production, and gave it at the Forum on May 10th. It went over big from both the dramatic end and the financial end, so much so on the latter that it made possible the semi-flexible Molloy cover on the Blue Letters ordered by the student body.

The Faculty presented

"THE PATSY"

a comedy in three acts by

Barry Connors

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Mr. Harrington.....	ELMO E. SPOERL
Mrs. Harrington.....	NORA CONAHEY
Grace Harrington.....	MILDRED S. RUSSELL
Patricia Harrington.....	ADELE F. MCKAIG
Billy Caldwell.....	THOMAS A. WALLACE
Tony Anderson.....	RAY C. HERB
Sadie Buchanan.....	BERTHA W. BEEKMAN

Coached by Bertha W. Beekman

EXCHANGE

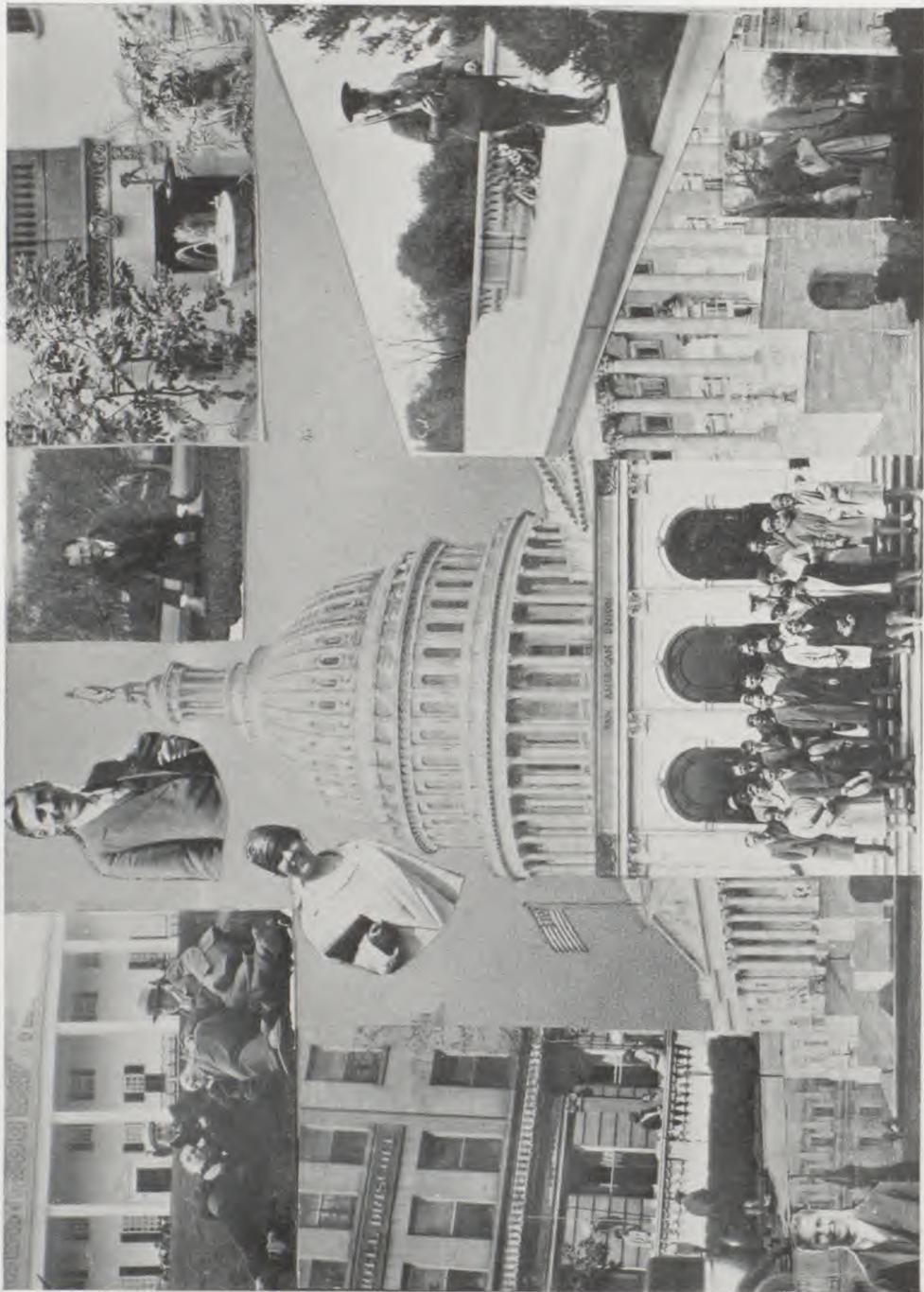
"A fair exchange is no robbery"

As a new venture on the part of the Annual Staff of the BLUE LETTER, the Exchange Department has been inaugurated. We feel, however, that it has not met with the success it should have, but sincerely hope it will become a department of great interest in the next few years.—Exchange Editor.

The BLUE LETTER wishes to acknowledge with thanks the following exchanges:

- "The Scarlet and Black,"* Rahway High School, Rahway, New Jersey.
- "The Searchlight,"* Bound Brook High School, Bound Brook, New Jersey.
- "Oksnaforda,"* Oxford High School, Oxford, New Jersey.
- "The Advocate,"* New Brunswick High School, New Brunswick, New Jersey.
- "The Reflector,"* Clifton High School, Clifton, New Jersey.
- "The Vermilion School,"* Cathedral High School, Lafayette, Louisiana.
- "The Newark Prepster,"* Newark Preparatory School, Newark, New Jersey.

Metuchen High School





Metuchen High School

MIRROR

<i>Name</i>	<i>Where to Be Found</i>	<i>Destiny</i>	<i>Hobby</i>
RALPH ALCAN	In his car	Printer	Driving
CHARLES BACHA	"Lab"	Great lover	Talking
BETTY BROWNING	Wherever "Vi" is	Sailor's wife	Giving cracks
HARRY DEWENDER	Spear's	Truck driver	Burning up Plainfield Rd.
SOLOMON EPSTEIN	"O. K. Lunch"	Restaurant Prop.	Running around
CLYDE FITCH	On the "Farm"	Orator	Arguing
LOUISE FENNON	In, at or by a car	Jailed! For driving with- out a license	Driving a car
KENNETH HAAS	Taking Mother shopping	Hypnotist	Keeping quiet
WALTER HEROLD	"Elsie's"	M. H. S. Coach	Drawing
EARLE LAWRENCE	Wrong seat in History	Preacher	Teasing the girls
CHARLES LETSON	On "Location"	Chauffeur	Playing with "Stars"
ANGELINA MARZELLA	A la Maison	A cottage small by a water fall	Flirting
HELEN MEEKER	Oak Tree	Teacher	Arm and arm with Angelina
SANFORD MORRIS	Wm. St.	Cop	Bragging
BETTY MCHARG	Wherever the bunch is	Actress	Talking about "Lowell"
RUTH MADISON	Room 12, 3:10	A n(ice) woman	Shooting baskets
BURLEIGH OSORNE	Almost anywhere	Ventriloquist	Keeping Ralph out of mischief
ROBERT PIERCE	Between Main St. and his house	Drug store cowboy	Match-making
LILLIAN POWERS	Anywhere	Running a home for the aged	Minding kids
LORENA ROLL	Oak Tree	Chemist	Getting A's in History 12
JAMES RONNAN	Wherever Earle is	Ticket collector at the Forum	Throwing chalk
HELEN ROSS	Home	Cabaret	Movies
VIOLET WHITAKER	Wherever Betty is	Usher at the Palace, Wash., D. C.	Throwing water
CHARLES FAUROAT	With a radio		Going to the movies

The Blue Letter, 1929

MIRROR

<i>Favorite Expression</i>	<i>Greatest Ambition</i>	<i>Characteristic</i>	<i>Needs</i>
"You think so"	To get to college	Hurrying	Rest
"I kin kick you"	To be a millionaire	His lovable way	Shave
"And how!"	Social Service	Jaws going	Comb
"O. K. Babe"	To leave Metuchen	Those wavy locks	New car
"Oh! Yeah?"	Bleach his hair	Curls	Another use for your head beside keeping your ears apart
"You're wrong"	To be a "Sharpy"	Ruddy cheeks	To grow up
"You said it"	To become shorter	Tall, fair	A stronger line
"You can't prove it"	To find the right girl	Tooth paste ad	Some glue—you might break the silence
"My word"	Another "77"	Innocence	Encouragement
"Not much"	Be "Somebody"	That winning smile	Initiative
"Get out"	President of U. S.	Serious look	Pep
"Oh! Yeah?"	Millionairess	Red cheeks	Longer skirts
"Uh-huh!"	To graduate	Eyes of blue	Energy
"Oy!"	Big boss	Gift of gab	Stacomb
"Not this chicken"	To reduce	Oh! Those eyes	A little less confidence
"Not much"	Gain 5 lbs.	Some kind of an ache	Book on "How to Keep Well"
"Really?"	Radio announcer	Those feet and inches	A rubber band—"snap out of it"
"Yeah! Are you?"	Be a big brute	That laugh	A new tongue (the other's worn out)
"You said it"	Teacher	4' 3"	Couple of A's
"You said it"	Teacher	Rainbow colors	Rubber heels
"Oh! Yeah?"	Get his English done	That grunt	Ambition
"Oh! Yeah?"	Typist	Sweet and demure	P-E-P
"Gee! That's tough"	Be another Paderewski	Eyes of blue	Natural waves
"Heh! Heh!"	Radio announcer	Those glasses	A few inches.

Metuchen High School

HALL HAPPENINGS

*'Tis time for school as I enter the hall,
The whole place hums busily,
Things happen so fast, I stand there aghast,
Just see if you see what I see.*

BETTY MCHARG *a-powd'ring her nose,*
MISS MCKAIG *strutting new clothes,*
ROBERT PIERCE *with a girl on each arm,*
CLYDE FITCH *coming in from the farm,*
MR. SPOERL *with a look on his face*
That bodes no good for the one "out of grace";
HARRY DEWENDER *crying, "Clever these Chinese,"*
EVA BATZ *dressed like a gay Viennese,*
MR. WALLACE, *intent on finding his book,*
Hunts high and hunts low in every nook,
SYLVESTER HECHT *who is hard at work,*
WALKS by resembling a good-natured Turk,
MISSES BEEKMAN *and MEEKS are in hot debate*
Discussing Who's Who in old '28,
ALCAN *now passes, poor little lad,*
A banker he'll be or else go stark mad;
MRS. RUSSELL *enters and walks down the path,*
All the Seniors do weep, "She's here! There'll be math!"
RONNAN *and ROLL are throwing some chalk,*
JEANETTE BARTOS *loudly doth talk,*
MR. HERB *stamps by in a rage*
Fit to be tied and put in a cage;
BACHA *is having a fight with S. BROWN,*
MORRIS *comments on things 'round the town;*
The last that I see is MISS CONAHEY,
Who's brave, stalwart, and bold,
A night in her room you'll spend quite soon
If you don't do as you are told—

*The bell rings, my friends, the rhapsody ends,
I turn to my room with a sigh,
And many's the night I'll think with delight
Of the halls of Metuchen High.*

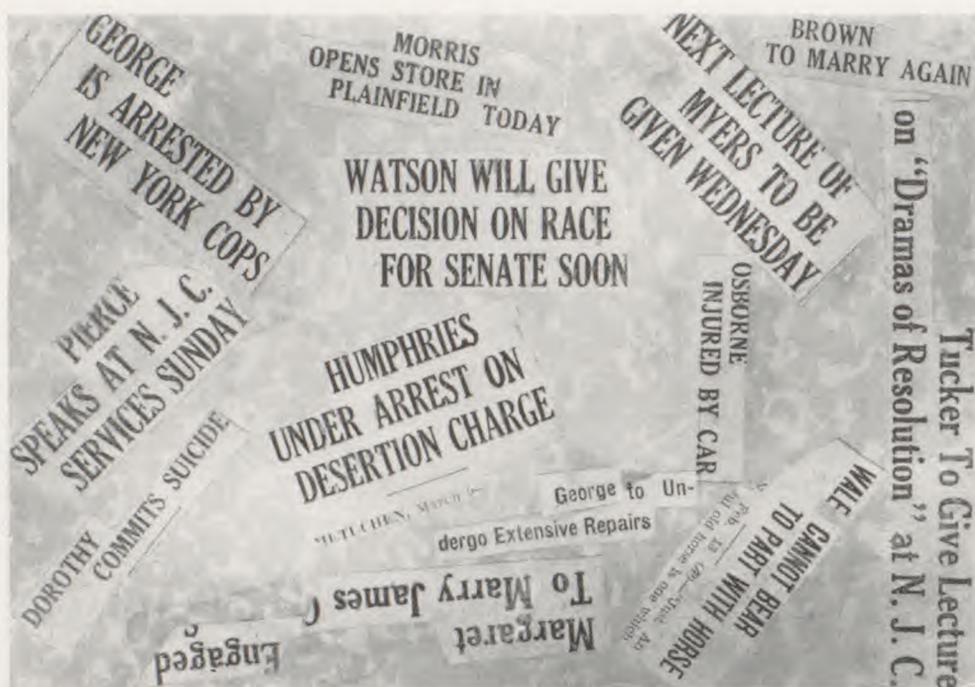
C. FAUROAT, '29.

The Blue Letter, 1929

REEL FUN

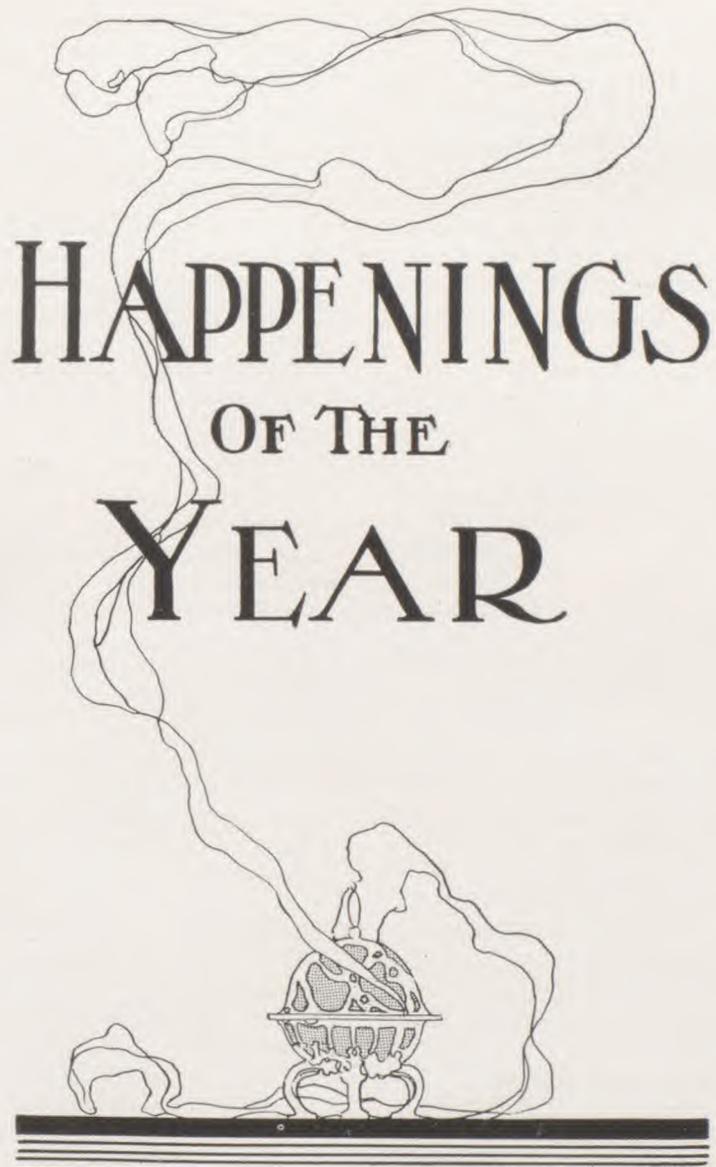
"Brotherly Love"	<i>Ronnan and Lawrence</i>	"The Patent Leather Kid"	<i>Powell Lawrence</i>
"The Cop"	<i>George Landers</i>	"The Legion of the Condemned"	<i>Senior History Class</i>
"Speedy"	<i>Mike Marzella</i>	"Trail of '98"	<i>Boys' Stairway</i>
"The Man Who Laughs"	<i>George Olmezer</i>	"Interference"	<i>Study Hall Teacher</i>
"Ladies of the Mob"	<i>Helen Meeker, Lorena Roll, Angelina Marzella</i>	"A Gentleman From Paris"	<i>Sam Peticolas</i>
"A Girl in Every Port"	<i>Bud Humphries</i>	"Caught in the Fog"	<i>Fred Koster</i>
"The Bushranger"	<i>Clyde Fitch</i>	"Should a Girl Marry?"	<i>Betty West</i>
"The Butter and Egg Man"	<i>Frank Epstein</i>	"The Night Flyer"	<i>Edwin Tucker</i>
"Our Dancing Daughters"	<i>Betty McHarg, Louise Reid</i>	"The Wolf of Wall Street"	<i>John Wale</i>
"Women Who Dare"	<i>Betty Browning, Violet Whitaker</i>	"The Night Riders"	<i>Eva and "Bub"</i>
"The Divine Lady"	<i>Janet Letson</i>	"Excess Baggage"	<i>Text Books</i>
"The Circus Kid"	<i>Sanford Morris</i>	"Me, Gangster"	<i>James Ronnan</i>
"Sweet Sixteen"	<i>Jean Humphries</i>	"The Comedian"	<i>Alvin Jolly</i>
"The Young Whirlwind"	<i>Eleanor Fairweather</i>	"The Michigan Kid"	<i>Katherine Ayers</i>
"Four Devils"	<i>Wait, Hancock, Karabinchak, Volk</i>	"Wings"	<i>Worthington Thornall</i>
"The Demon Rider"	<i>Kenneth Haas</i>	"How to Handle Women"	<i>Charles Bacha</i>
"Gentlemen Prefer Blondes"	<i>Charlie Taylor</i>	"The High School Hero"	<i>Charles Letson</i>
"The Cameraman"	<i>Ralph Alcan</i>	"The Magnificent Flirt"	<i>Harriette Rehfuss</i>
"Underworld"	<i>The Janitors</i>	"On Trial"	<i>"Bub" Roll</i>
"Give and Take"	<i>Shirley Brown</i>	"The Wright Idea"	<i>Harry Dewender</i>
"The Singing Fool"	<i>George Rapp</i>	"Two Lovers"	<i>"Dot" and "Babe"</i>
		"Good Boy"	<i>Bob Bohlke</i>

Metuchen High School



POPULAR NUMBERS

"Under the Spell of the Blues"	"And That's My Weakness Now"
<i>Seniors</i>	<i>Exams</i>
"I Faw Down and Go Boom"	"When Love Comes Stealing"
<i>Shirley Brown</i>	<i>Lester Bunce</i>
"You Took Advantage of Me"	"Ready for the River"
<i>Margaret Nelson</i>	<i>Teachers</i>
"Don't Hold Everything"	"Good News"
<i>Ruth Madison</i>	<i>Report Cards</i>
"So Far So Good"	"Sonny Boy"
<i>George and Eva</i>	<i>Ralph Alcan</i>
"That Funny Melody"	"Girl of My Dreams"
<i>High School Orchestra</i>	<i>Jean Humphries</i>
"Lover Come Back to Me"	"Don't Be Like That"
<i>Helen Ross</i>	<i>Betty Browning</i>
"My Old Girl's My New Girl Now"	"She's Funny That Way,"
<i>Charles Taylor</i>	<i>Eleanor Fairweather</i>
"Just Ten Little Miles From Town"	"I Want to Be Loved by You"
<i>(Oak Tree) Harry Dewender</i>	<i>Ed. Tucker</i>
"How About Me?"	"A Bungalow, a Radio and You"
<i>Betty McHarg</i>	<i>Charles Fauroat</i>
"If I Had You"	"Gypsy"
<i>Diplomas</i>	<i>Lorena Roll</i>
	"It's Over"
	<i>"Dot" and "Bud"</i>



HAPPENINGS
OF THE
YEAR

Metuchen High School

THE CALENDAR

- SEPT. 11—School opens! Everyone is in a fog.
- SEPT. 12—The fog continues. Boys' football meeting.
- SEPT. 13—Mr. Bunce greets us in Chapel and the fog clears away.
- SEPT. 14—Mr. Herb (getting the numbers and conditions of books in History Class): "Bacha?"
Bacha: "Fair and forty."
- SEPT. 15—Mr. Wallace (in study hall): "Is there someone here who is not here?" Maybe he missed someone!
- SEPT. 16—Mr. Herb: "Lillian, tell about Magellan's feat." Wonder if he meant feet?
- SEPT. 17—One of the chemistry students (?), after being told the meaning of the different chemical symbols, remarked: "No more 'P. K.'s' for me."
- SEPT. 20—Miss Beekman (after hearing Harriette Rehffuss pronounce "le" like "la") remarked: "You don't pay any attention to the masculine gender, Harriette."
- SEPT. 28—Practice football game with Carteret. We won, 13-12. Good start!
- OCT. 1—Mr. Herb remarks to a Junior in history class that he ought to have the brains of a Senior. What did he mean by that?
- OCT. 4—Mr. Miller sells us another campaign on magazines. Red and Blue teams are organized.
- OCT. 5—Cranford, 0; Metuchen, 0. That's holding them.
- OCT. 8—Reds are ahead by one!
- OCT. 9—Competition is strong. Blues are ahead!
- OCT. 10—Reds are ahead!
- OCT. 11—Instead of having Chapel the whole school was excused at 10.45 to go to the Forum to hear a wood-wind quintet.
- OCT. 12—South Amboy, 6; Metuchen, 0.
- OCT. 17—Campaign is over. Reds won!
- OCT. 19—Violet says that what she doesn't like about chemistry is that you can't eat what you make.
Perth Amboy, 19; Metuchen, 0.
- OCT. 24—Report cards are out! New resolutions are made by everyone.
Freshmen played Pingrey. Won, 6-0.
- OCT. 26—Metuchen, 6; Union, 0.
- OCT. 29—No school! Teachers' Institute.
Nobody wept but the teachers.
- NOV. 1—Full-blooded Sioux Indian spoke to those who wished to hear him. 15 cents admission. Draw your own conclusions as to how many were there.
- NOV. 2—We beat Millburn, 12-7. Yea!
- NOV. 6—No school! Election Day.
- NOV. 8—Mr. Pattison spoke to us in Chapel. (Armistice Day exercises.) John Wale was awarded a prize by American Legion for the best essay on "Americanism."
- NOV. 9—South Amboy, 6; Metuchen, 0.
Who knows what D. H. D. means?
- NOV. 13—Junior French class went to New York Saturday to see "The Three Musketeers." On Friday John Wale asked Charles Bacha what he was going to wear. And they talk about girls!
- NOV. 15—Miss Meeks told the Senior English class that she never before heard them squeak so much. Did she mean the Seniors or the chairs?
Woodbridge, 26; Metuchen, 0.
- NOV. 16—Pictures taken for Annual.
Harry tried to blow up the school in chemistry.
- NOV. 19—Miss Meeks said in English class (this being one of Douglas Smith's frequent absent days) that he ought to be voted the most optimistic boy in school.
- NOV. 21—Charles Bacha in history class: "Didn't Mrs. Johnson die right after Johnson's election and yet Betty said Mr. and Mrs. Johnson walked in the garden while he was President."
Betty McHarg: "Oh, but they walked in the garden before she died." Strange!

The Blue Letter, 1929

- NOV. 23—Mount Holly, 6; Metuchen, 0.
- NOV. 27—Someone in English class remarked that a debate was enjoyed in Metuchen High because of the lack of action.
- DEC. 10—Report cards. Less complaints and groans than usual. Everyone must be studying.
- DEC. 13—Mr. Herb said in history that "A citizen of one State cannot 'stew' another State." Let's hope not!
- DEC. 19—Clement Fairweather (asking about adjective forms)—"Does the masculine gender always come first?" Miss Beekman: "Yes, unfortunately, always."
- DEC. 21—School closes for the holidays. Merry Xmas.
- JAN. 2—Happy New Year! More school. Boys played St. Peter's and lost.
- JAN. 4—Played Carteret. Another defeat!
- JAN. 8—Senior Play rehearsals start. No more peace and quiet for the Seniors.
- JAN. 9—Girls played first game with Roselle Park. Lost, 40-28. Too bad.
- JAN. 12—Boys, 22; Zeta's, 23. Hard luck!
- JAN. 18—Don't mention potato salad to any of the girls on the basketball team. After practice they had a feed on the left-overs of the Seniors' food sale. Were they sick? "Dun't esk."
- JAN. 23—Girls played Perth Amboy. Lost, 50-25.
- JAN. 30—Boys lost to Cranford.
- FEB. 1—Boys played Matawan with usual hard luck.
Exams—We all have our fingers crossed! Girls, 19; Cranford, 35.
- FEB. 4—So this is Hollywood! We had our pictures taken for the Metuchen movies.
- FEB. 5—Seniors are running wild. We'll all be thankful when the play is over.
- FEB. 7—Senior Play. 'Snuff said!
- FEB. 8—Tottenville, 17; Boys, 16. Perth Amboy, 45; Girls, 26.
- FEB. 13—Somerville, 22; Girls, 12.
- FEB. 20—Two more games with usual hard luck. Girls, 8; Cranford, 24. Boys, 33; South Amboy, 37.
- FEB. 21—Harry nearly set the school on fire in chemistry. The first words heard when the flames died down were Ruth's: "Gee, I thought we were in for a vacation."
Baby blizzard. No afternoon session. Here's for bigger and better snowstorms!
- FEB. 25—It was a dark, rainy morning. Study hall was a-glitter with lights. Suddenly off they went and there was much ado about nothing. Miss Beekman's voice rang through the hall. "You know," she said, "that according to the histories the Dark Ages were silent."
- FEB. 27—North Plainfield, 19; Girls, 14.
- FEB. 28—Mr. Herb must be getting absent-minded. He came to school arrayed in knickers, looking like spring personified, in spite of a foot of snow. Bad weather for golf!
- MARCH 1—Mr. Herb (in history class, as usual)—"Last year I read some figures the other day——" More absent-minded than ever.
North Plainfield, 23; Girls, 20. Matawan, 27; Boys, 25.
- MARCH 5—Miss Meeks in English class—
"In some towns a few years ago they still used the curfew and if the children weren't off the streets they were picked up and the parents notified."
Charles Bacha—"They still pick them up but they don't notify the parents."
- MARCH 7—We hope that before next year Mr. Wallace will learn how to say tactfully that the physics students are to report downstairs for class.
- MARCH 8—The printer wants me. I'm off! All off!

ad.

"CHARLIE"

CHARLES FAURCAH

P. C. Hall

Metuchen High School

AUTOGRAPHS

Bertha W. Beckman
"Louie"

Lola Foster

Betty Bonning

Iola

Ralph Allan
Kenneth Hiles
"Cockyfair"

"Joan"

"Freddie"
Rose

Grace

Janet

Anne
"Lefty" Herald

Handers

Babe

G. Cornell

"Betty"

Pammy
"Lola"

Evelyn Calkin
Earl

"Addy"

B. Whitaker

Babe
Mundy

Eddy

stung
Bloodly

C. Valagarel

Helen Ross

Wally
1930
Mayer

Eddy

Max
Rose

Betty McLaugh

"Lola"

"Frank" 31

Handwritten signature

Anastacia

mit 32

Thos. Halpin
James

AUTOGRAPHS

andrey Brown '34

Thos. G. Thacker

"Marie"

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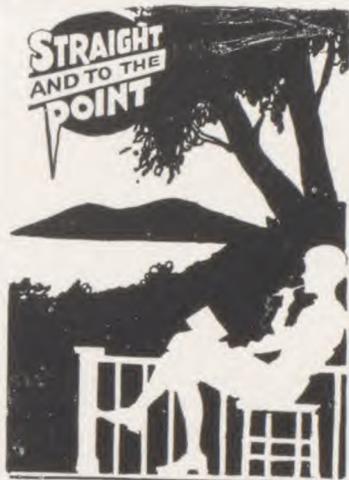
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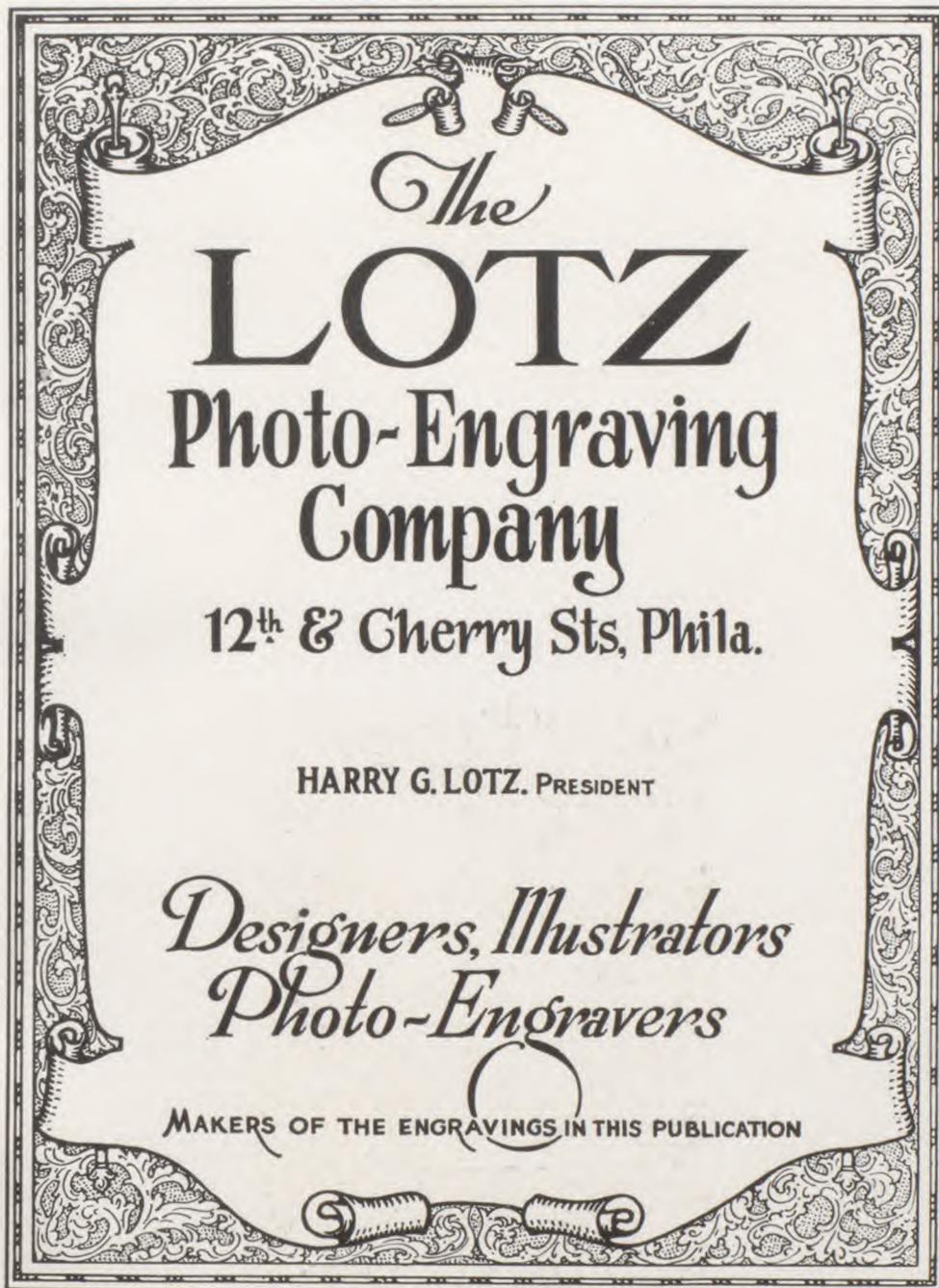
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