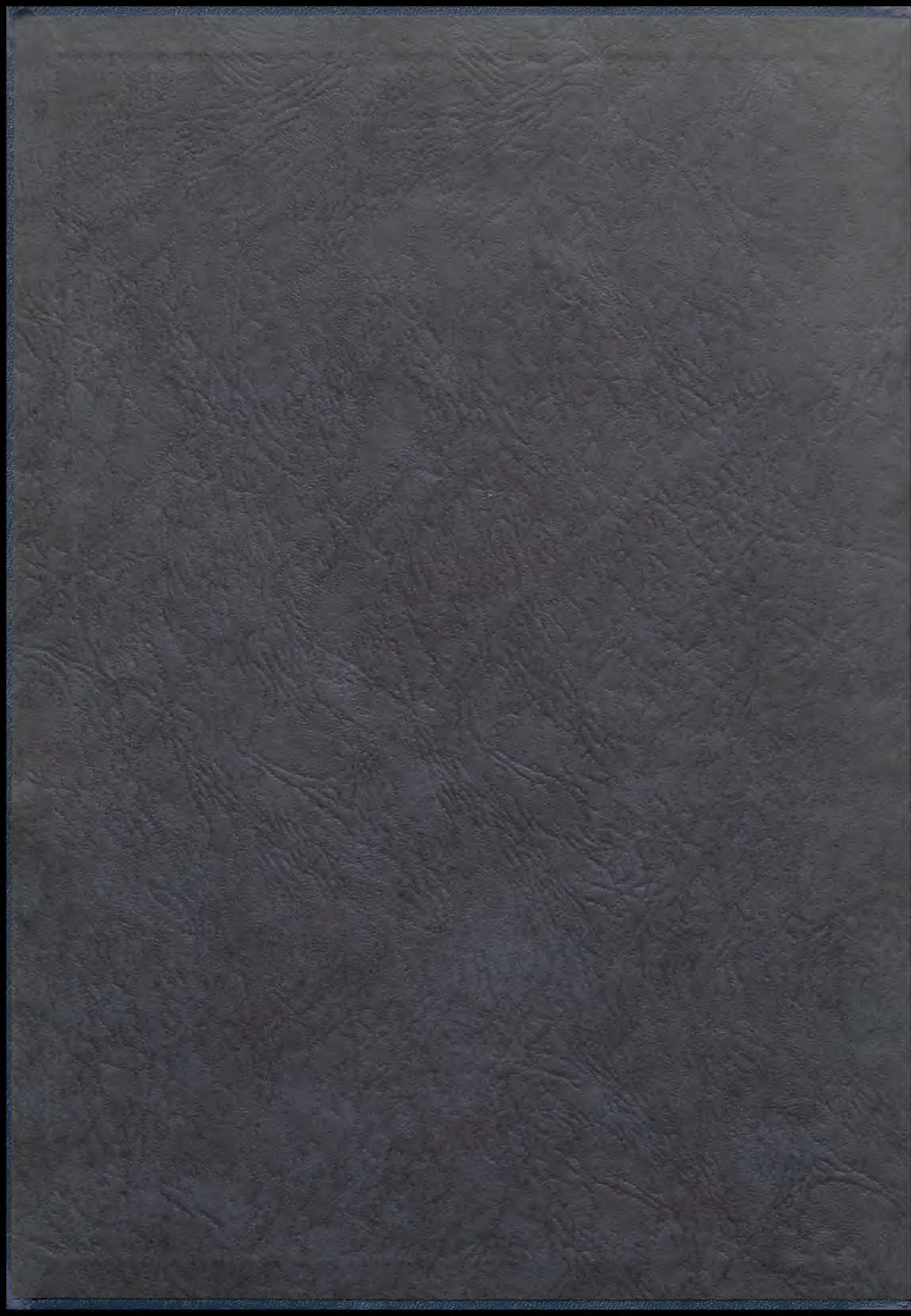


THE
BLUE BEEFEE

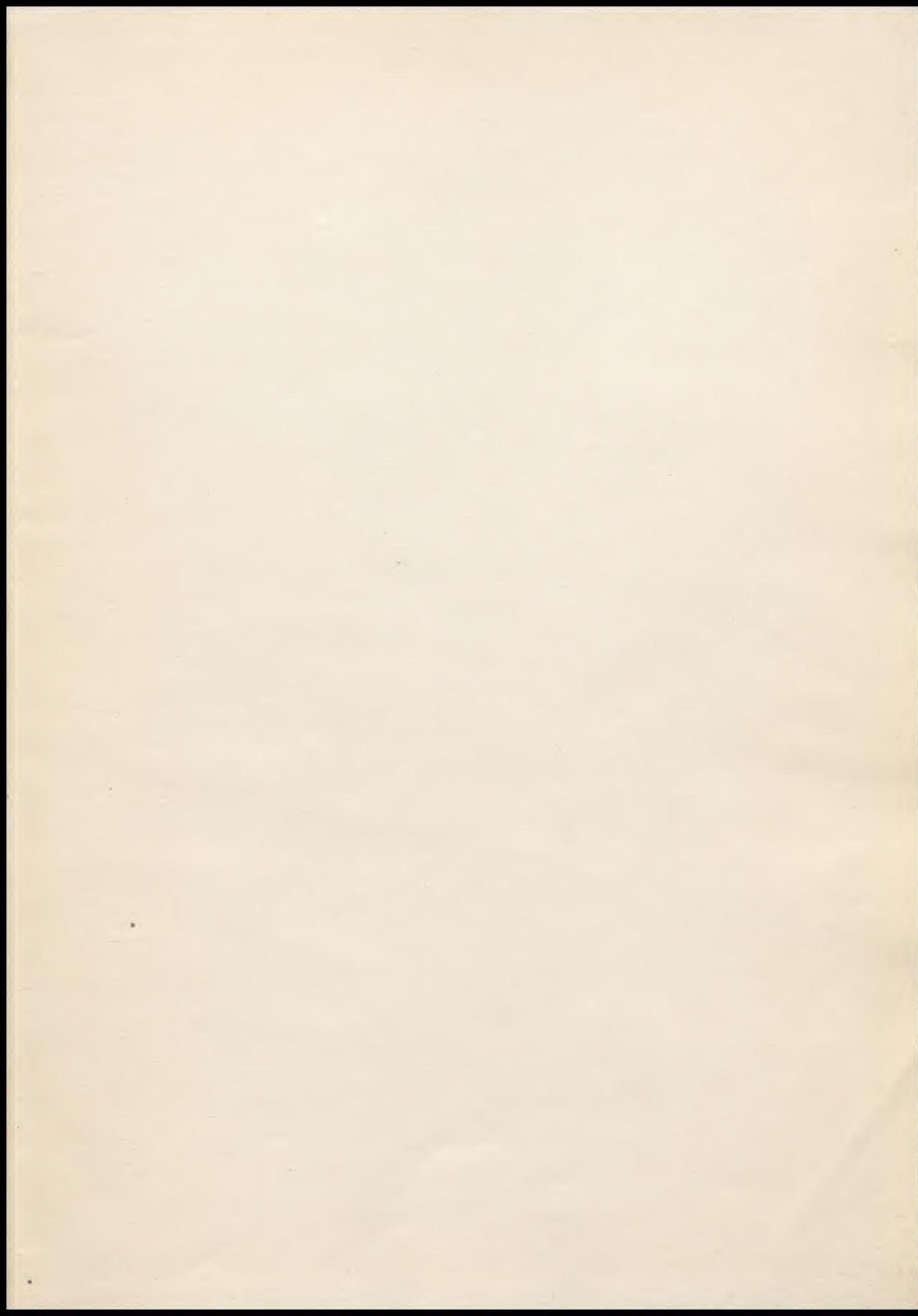
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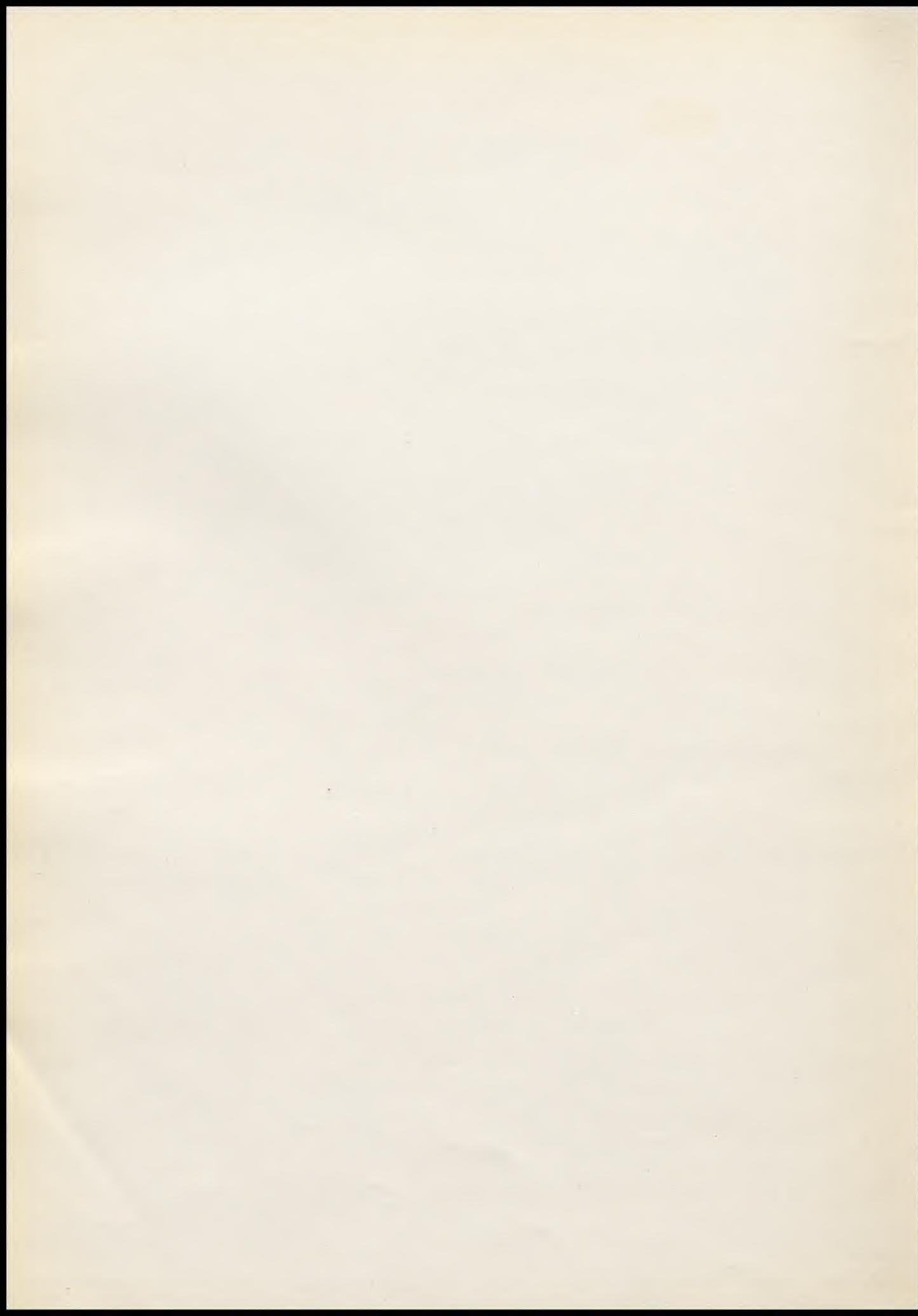
1930















FOREWORD



Some of the things we said

Some of the things we did

1929-1930



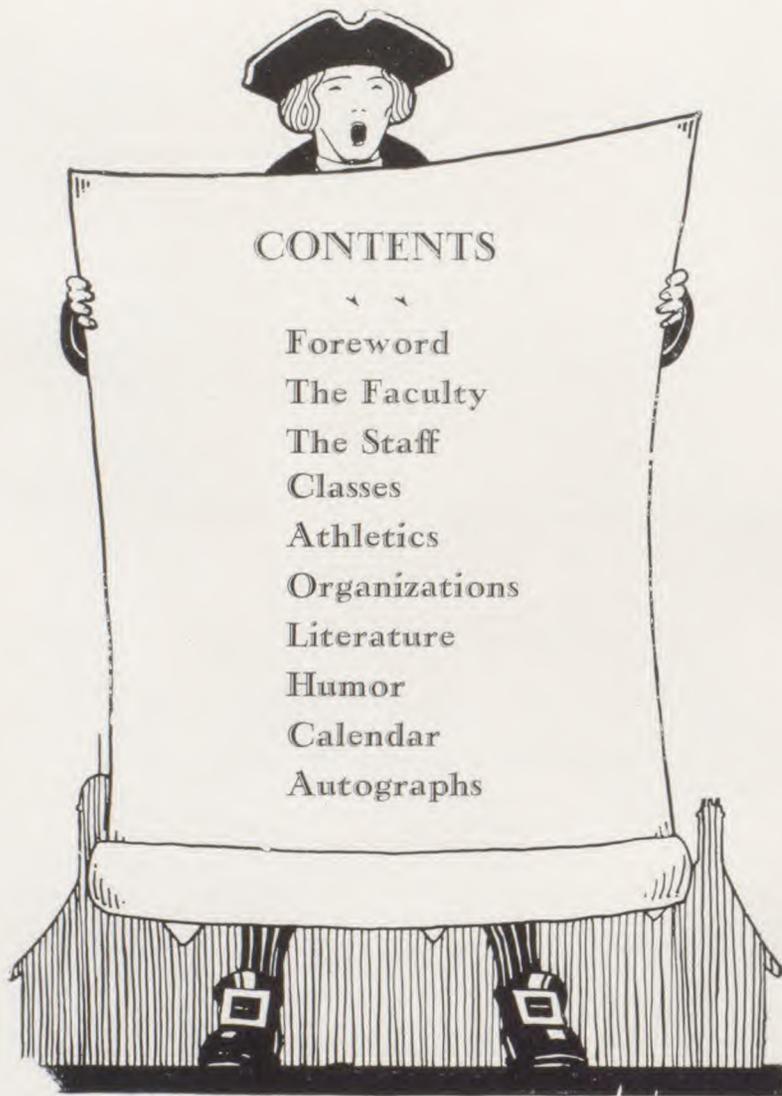




THE
BLUE LETTER

~ 1930 ~

PUBLISHED BY
THE STUDENTS OF
METUCHEN HIGH SCHOOL



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Foreword

The Faculty

The Staff

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DEDICATION

To

MISS ADELE MCKAIG

Whose services, both as a student and teacher, have
done so much to make the BLUE LETTER one
of the finest traditions of our School,
this book is dedicated



THE 1930 BLUE LETTER

FACULTY

MR. EDGAR F. BUNCE.....	Supervising Principal
MR. ELMO E. SPOERL.....	High School Principal
MR. RAY C. HERB.....	History
MRS. MILDRED RUSSELL.....	Science, Biology
MR. THOMAS A. WALLACE.....	Mathematics
MISS BERTHA W. BEEKMAN.....	French
MISS ALICE L. MEEKS.....	English
MISS NORA CONAHEY.....	Commercial
MISS MYRTLE APPLGATE.....	Commercial
MR. ANTONY R. SENERCHIA.....	Latin
MRS. BELLE MORGAN.....	Manual Training
MISS JOSFPHINE FELL.....	Domestic Arts
MISS HELEN HERRICK.....	Physical Training
MISS MARGARET DAVIS.....	Music
MRS. EVA STANFORD.....	Art
MR. MILTON NICHOLS.....	Physical Training

In March Mrs. Tresch joined the ranks of the Faculty, succeeding Miss Conahey, who left to take another position.



THE 1930 BLUE LETTER

THE BLUE LETTER STAFF

THE members of the BLUE LETTER Staff were selected during the early part of the school year and organized into two divisions.

THE BUSINESS COMMITTEE, under the direction of Miss Conahey and Mr. Herb, is:

JANET LETSON.....*Business Manager*
IRWIN KUNTZ.....*Assistant Business Manager*

THE LITERARY STAFF, under the supervision of Miss Meeks, consists of:

WORTHINGTON THORNALL.....*Editor-in-Chief*
CLEMENT FAIRWEATHER.....*Literary Editor*
HARRIETTE REHFUSS.....*Assistant Literary Editor*
GRACE WITTNEBERT.....*Assistant Literary Editor*
JOHN WALE.....*Humor Editor*
ROBERT BOHLKE.....*Sport Editor*

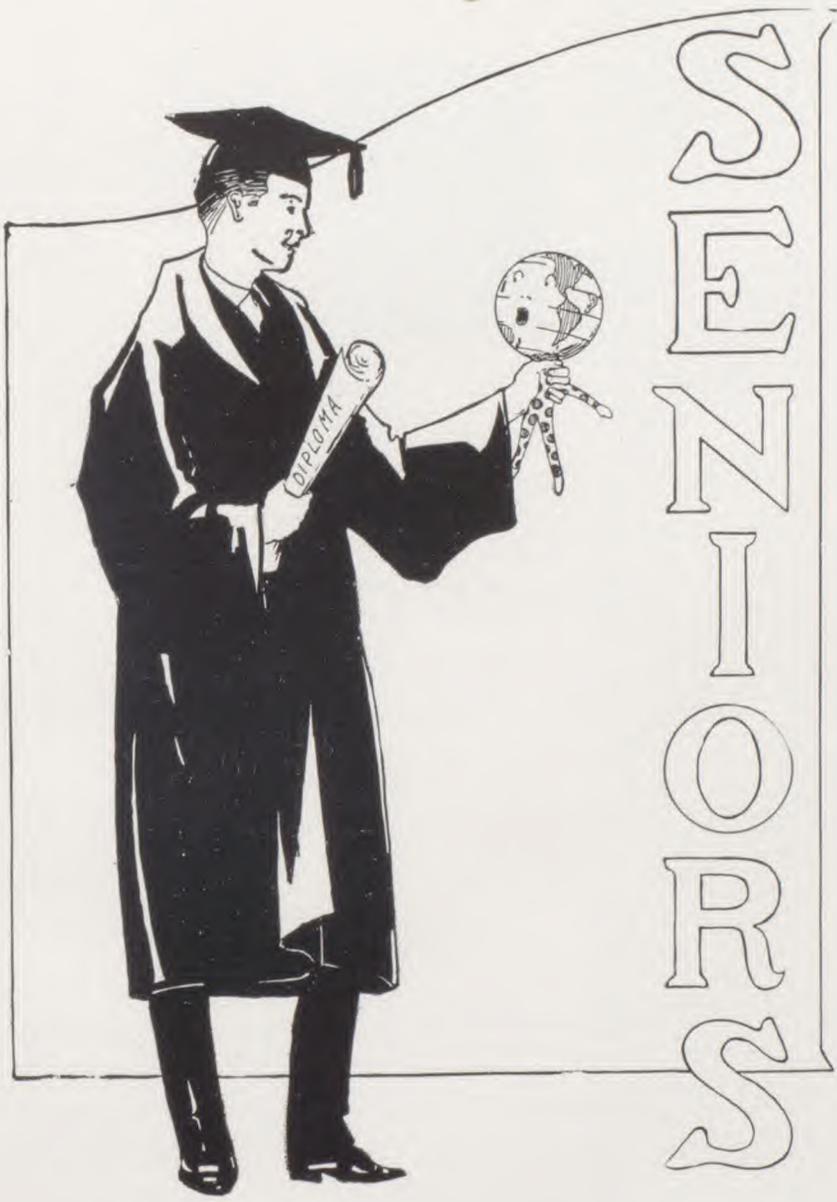
The members of the Staff have done their best to produce this 1930 Annual for Metuchen High School. In spite of the hard work, they have enjoyed it. And now that the BLUE LETTER is at last in your hands, all the Staff joins in hoping that you will enjoy it.

THE 1930 BLUE LETTER

A LAST MINUTE SURVEY of the Annual found that with this page available two noteworthy features of the school year might be mentioned, the winning of the State Championship by our first year typists and the building of a new addition to the school.

Three first year typists, Marie Clare, Evangeline Mundy, and Rose Schwartz, as a team, won the district championship in speed tests held at Highland Park this spring. They also carried off the individual honors of the contest; Rose Schwartz being at the head of the list of some sixty typists with an average of 49 words a minute, Evangeline Mundy scored second with 48 words a minute, and Marie Clare fourth with 47 words a minute. And just as this material is about to go to the printer, returns have come in from the other three districts in the State, revealing our typists as the highest of all, in fact as the Champion First Year Typists of New Jersey.

Owing to the crowded conditions in the school and the lack of a gymnasium and auditorium, work on a new addition was started. The most notable feature of this addition is of course the new combination gym and auditorium, both of which have been badly needed for several years. New locker rooms have also been built and there will be several more class rooms available next September when school opens.



THE 1930 BLUE LETTER



THOMAS A. WALLACE
Class Adviser

SENIOR CLASS

Allsopp, Margaret
Ayers, Katherine
Brody, Sylvia
Brown, Shirley
Bunce, Lester
Cobbs, Evelyn
Cobbs, Irene
Comito, Anna
Epstein, Frank
Farrell, Hugh
Glanfield, Sam
Humphries, Jean
Hancock, Wilson
Kuntz, Lawrence
Lawrence, Powell
Letson, Janet
Maclachlan, Jean
Markano, James

Mundy, Wilma
Olmezer, George
Osborne, Brinton
Potter, Dorothy
Reid, Louise
Rittweger, Adelaide
Schenck, Marjorie
Schmelger, Abbie
Schultz, Barbara
Schwalje, John
Slavicek, Ella
Stahl, Lillian
Taylor, Charles
Thornall, Worthington
Tucker, Edwin
Wait, Kenneth
Wale, John
Wester, Clifford

THE 1930 BLUE LETTER

GEORGE OLMEZER

A boy with a leading air

Pres. of Senior Class '30, S. Gov. '28 '29, Debating '30, Senior Play '30, Senior Council '30, Hi-Y Treas. '29.

LAWRENCE KUNTZ

"LARRY"

A lion among the ladies

Vice-Pres. '30, Football '29 '30, Baseball '29 '30.

SYLVIA BRODY

"SYLV"

Not by years but by disposition is wisdom acquired

Secretary '30, Dramatic Club '30, Chorus '30.

JANET LETSON

"JADA"

She lets a smile be her umbrella

Treas. '30, Vice-Pres. '29, Dramatic Club '29 '30, Chorus Treas. '30, Reserve Basketball '28 '29, Student Gov. '28 '29, Senior Play, Annual Bus. Mgr. '30.



MHS

THE 1930 BLUE LETTER



MARGARET ALLSOPP
"MARGIE"

A gentle lass

Dramatic Club '28 '29 '30, Chorus '30.



KATHERINE AYERS
"AYERSIE"

One who has brains and knows how to use them

Vice-Pres. '28, Secretary '27, Pres. '29, Dramatic Club Pres. '30, Chorus '30, Annual Staff '29, Reserve Basketball '28 '29, Senior Play, Student Council '30.



SHIRLEY BROWN
"SCOTTIE"

She doth indeed show some sparks that are like wit

Dramatic Club '28 '29 '30, Basketball '28 '29 '30, Senior Play '30, Cheer Leader '30, Orchestra '28 '29.



LESTER BUNCE
"LES"

Such men are dangerous

Football '29 '30, Hi-Y Pres. '29 '30, Secretary of Class '28.

MHS

THE 1930 BLUE LETTER

EVELYN COBBS

"EVIE"

*Her ways are ways of pleasantness
Her paths are paths of peace*
Basketball '29 '30.

IRENE COBBS

"RENEE"

*That right was right, and there she would abide,
But 'twas a maxim she had often tried*

ANNA COMITO

"ANNE"

Speech is golden but silence is greater

FRANK EPSTEIN

"EPPY"

Farewell to all my greatness
Basketball '29 '30



MHS

THE 1930 BLUE LETTER



HUGH FARRELL
"CHEVY"

No sooner looked at, but they loved
Football '30



SAMUEL GLANFIELD
"SAM"

Seven hundred pounds of possibilities



WILSON HANCOCK
"WILS"

What men dare, I dare
Football '29 '30, Baseball '28 '29 '30, Basketball
'28 '29 '30, Student Government '29



JEAN HUMPHRIES
"LUKE"

I am ready to try my fortune to the last man
Chorus '30, Dramatic Club '29 '30, Senior Play '30.

MHS

THE 1930 BLUE LETTER

POWELL LAWRENCE
"CURLY"

*Locks of curls and eyes of brown
Never have we seen him frown*

Football '28 '29 '30, Football Mgr. '30.



JEAN MACLACHLAN
"LUKE"

Thy modesty is a candle to thy merit



JAMES MARKANO
"JIMMY"

Do not saw the air too much

Dramatic Club '28 '29 '30, Senior Play '30.



WILMA MUNDY
"BILLY"

Patience is a remedy for every trouble



MHS

THE 1930 BLUE LETTER



BRINTON OSBORNE

"BRIT"

Speak to him, ladies

Football '28, Baseball '28.

DOROTHY POTTER

"DOT"

Be wisely worldly but not worldly wise

Pres. '27, Treas. '26, Student Gov. '26 '30.

LOUISE REID

"LOU"

Much ado about nothing

Chorus Pres. '30, Student Gov. '28 '29 '30, Dramatic Club '30.

ADELAIDE RITWEGER

"ADDIE"

*Her voice was ever soft and gentle
An excellent thing in a woman*

THE 1930 BLUE LETTER

MARJORIE SCHENCK
"DOODLE"

Little said is soonest mended

Dramatic Club '28 '29, Pres., Student Gov. '28 '30,
Vice-Pres., Debating '30, Senior Play, Basket-
ball Mgr. '30 '29.



ABBIE SCHMELGER
"BESS"

A lass with looks demure



BARBARA SCHULTZ
"BOBBIE"

A youth of frolics

Debating Club '27 '28, Dramatic Club '30, Chorus
'30, Orchestra '27 '28 '29.



JOHN SCHWALJE
"SWALJACK"

I was never so bethumped with words
Football '30, Senior Council '30.



MHS

THE 1930 BLUE LETTER



ELLA SLAVICEK
"ELLA"

The girl with a jolly personality
Student Government '30, Basketball '29 '30.



LILLIAN STAHL
"LIL"

Happy laughing youth
Dramatic Club '30, Chorus '30.



CHARLIE
CHARLES TAYLOR
"CHARLIE"

The man who stealeth our girls
Dramatic Club '28.



WORTHINGTON THORNALL
"WORTHY"

He makes sweet music
Annual Staff '29 '30, Orchestra '30, Dramatic Club
'30, Senior Play.

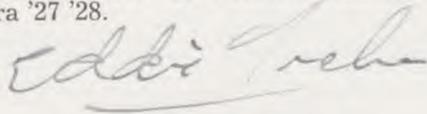
MHS

THE 1930 BLUE LETTER

EDWIN TUCKER
"Ed"

The lunatic, the lover, the poet

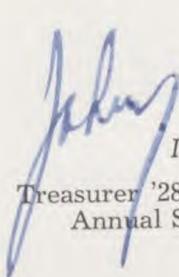
Football '28 '29 '30, Student Gov. '27 '28 '29, Pres. Stud. Gov. '30, Debating '28 '29 '30, Basketball Mgr. '30, A. A. A. '29, Senior Play Mgr. '30, Vice-Pres. '27, Senior Council '30, Orchestra '27 '28.



CLIFFORD WESTER
"CLIFF"

As merry as the day is long

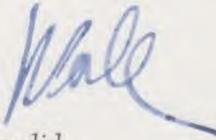
Football '29 '30, Baseball '29 '30 (Capt. '30).



JOHN WALE
"JOHNNY"

In my youth I never did

Treasurer '28 '29, Baseball Mgr. '29, S. Gov. '30, Annual Staff '30, Senior Play.



KENNETH WAIT
"KENNY"

Always there when someone's to be helped

Asst. Mgr. of Senior Play '30, S. Gov. '30, Basketball '29.



THE 1930 BLUE LETTER

THE HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF 1930

THE CLASS of 1930 has had a most interesting history.

Starting our high school life as Freshmen, we successfully resisted the Sophomore tyranny, filled the school's activities with our members, and at all times conducted ourselves with dignity becoming the class of '30.

But our first year brought tragedy with it. The accident which occurred at the annual Freshman Straw Ride resulted in the death of our president, a boy beloved by all his classmates. On his account we cannot talk of our Freshman year without reverence.

The Sophomore year was spent in giving our support to school affairs as in the year previous, and in collecting funds for expenses that would come in the upper classes. Dorothy Potter was elected president of the class and very capably filled this office.

In our Junior year Katherine Ayers was elected president and, with her subordinate officers, directed the work of the year well, holding many food sales which gained us enough proceeds to fete the Seniors in the Junior-Senior Banquet.

This year as Seniors we again actively supported all affairs and thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. George Olmezer, as president, put forth all his efforts and gained for us with the help and co-operation of all seniors the wonderful trip to Washington. The Senior Play, "Her Step-Husband", rocked the town with laughter and filled our ex-chequer with needful funds. Much credit for this is due to the coaching of Miss Beekman. As Faculty Adviser, Mr. Wallace aided us in planning our journey and the other events of the year. We shall never forget our trip to the American Capital, so filled with interest that pages could not properly describe it.

The class of 1930 goes out into the world thoughtful and remembering the happy days of its high school life.

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF THE CLASS OF 1930

WE, THE Seniors of Metuchen High School, do declare that we are in complete possession of our faculties. Knowing that soon we are to depart this academic life, we have made due repentance for all our misdeeds, and so it is with a free conscience that we enter into what we are about to do. We do hold you, Juniors, to carry on all traditions and customs peculiar to the school, to uphold its honor, and with righteousness pursue the paths of intellectual activity.

To the several individuals of the class we do bequeath:

ARTICLE 1.—TO MR. BUNCE we leave a new set of signs for his office door.

THE 1930 BLUE LETTER

- ARTICLE 2.—TO MR. SPOERL we leave a 12 math. class that knows something.
- ARTICLE 3.—TO MR. HERB we leave a knife to scrape the chewing gum out of his wastebasket.
- ARTICLE 4.—TO MR. WALLACE we leave an answer book for his algebra class.
- ARTICLE 5.—TO MR. SENERCHIA we leave the right to have a girls' chemistry class.
- ARTICLE 6.—TO MISS MEEKS we leave about six inches.
- ARTICLE 7.—TO MISS BEEKMAN we leave the right to coach better senior plays.
- ARTICLE 8.—TO MISS APPLGATE we leave a new typewriter. Don't burn it up!
- ARTICLE 9.—TO MISS CONAHEY we leave a car for every month in the year.
- ARTICLE 10.—TO MRS. RUSSELL we leave the title of Godmother to all Juniors.
- ARTICLE 11.—TO JOE WEST we leave a bus line that runs to New Brunswick up to 3 A. M.
- ARTICLE 12.—TO STEVE SZLOBODA we leave a can of shoe polish, and a new white coat.
- ARTICLE 13.—TO GEORGE RAPP we leave a carton of Luckies. Don't be a bum all your life!
- ARTICLE 14.—TO JOE LEISS and SHRIMP KARABINCHAK we leave four tickets to the Triangle A. A. dance.
- ARTICLE 15.—TO GEORGE KENNADAY we leave the right to be the Shakespearean actor of the Dramatic Club.
- ARTICLE 16.—TO GEORGE FUGEL we leave a book on how to study.
- ARTICLE 17.—TO LUKE FAIRWEATHER we leave a book of tickets to the world series.
- ARTICLE 18.—TO AUGUST CONTARDI we leave a trunk to carry his books around in.
- ARTICLE 19.—TO HENRY FULLERTON we leave a correspondence course in debating.
- ARTICLE 20.—TO FRED KOSTER we leave the address of a new barber shop.
- ARTICLE 21.—TO GEORGE LANDER we leave the privilege of breaking every record at center including Bernie Crowl's.
- ARTICLE 22.—TO ALBERT SCHULER we leave a tricycle for his special deliveries.
- ARTICLE 23.—TO OSCAR ROSWALL we leave an address in Long Island City.
- ARTICLE 24.—TO GEORGE SENKIW we leave an electric vibrator.

THE 1930 BLUE LETTER

- ARTICLE 25.—TO *JOEL TUCKER* we leave the right to everything of Eddie's.
- ARTICLE 26.—TO *KENNETH WALKER* we leave a free meal ticket to Danford's.
- ARTICLE 27.—TO *RICHARD SEGCEL* we leave an alarm clock. Get to school on time.
- ARTICLE 28.—TO *IGNATIUS PETERS* we leave the title of Official Typist to the Palmer graduates in this school.
- ARTICLE 29.—TO *MONTA COIL* we leave the right to dance (?) with Cousin John.
- ARTICLE 30.—TO *IDA REDNER* we leave fifty cents for a hair cut.
- ARTICLE 31.—TO *VERA MADDOX* we leave the right to keep her speech untinged with Yankee dialect.
- ARTICLE 32.—TO *EVELYN GRAY* we leave the right to become a poet.
- ARTICLE 33.—TO *ANNE SCHULER* we leave a silencer for that laugh.
- ARTICLE 34.—TO *EDITH WAINWRIGHT* we leave a private parking place at the station.
- ARTICLE 35.—TO *BESSIE SPEAR* we leave a pair of roller skates to go home on.
- ARTICLE 36.—TO *IDA VOLK* we leave a date book (extra large).
- ARTICLE 37.—TO *ELEANOR STEVENS* we leave a pair of seven league boots to get home.
- ARTICLE 38.—TO *EVANGELINE MUNDY* we leave the right to be dancing instructor.
- ARTICLE 39.—TO *MARIE CLARE* we leave a box of rouge to match her hair.
- ARTICLE 40.—TO *ANNE CORNELL* we leave the right to be Mr. Spoerl's private secretary.
- ARTICLE 41.—TO *MARGARET ROSS* we leave a megaphone with an amplifier attached.
- ARTICLE 42.—TO *ELIZABETH AAROE* we leave the title of President of the Titian-haired sorority of M. H. S.
- ARTICLE 43.—TO *MARJORIE HAYNE* we leave a megaphone and proper calisthenics necessary for a cheerleader.
- ARTICLE 44.—TO *GRACE WITTNEBERT* we leave the right to be the High School Danseuse.
- ARTICLE 45.—TO *ROSE SCHWARTZ* we leave the managership of the Dramatic Club.

This done in the presence of competent witnesses—our sacred signature is hereunto affixed.

The Seniors of the Metuchen High School,
The Class of 1930.



THE 1930 BLUE LETTER

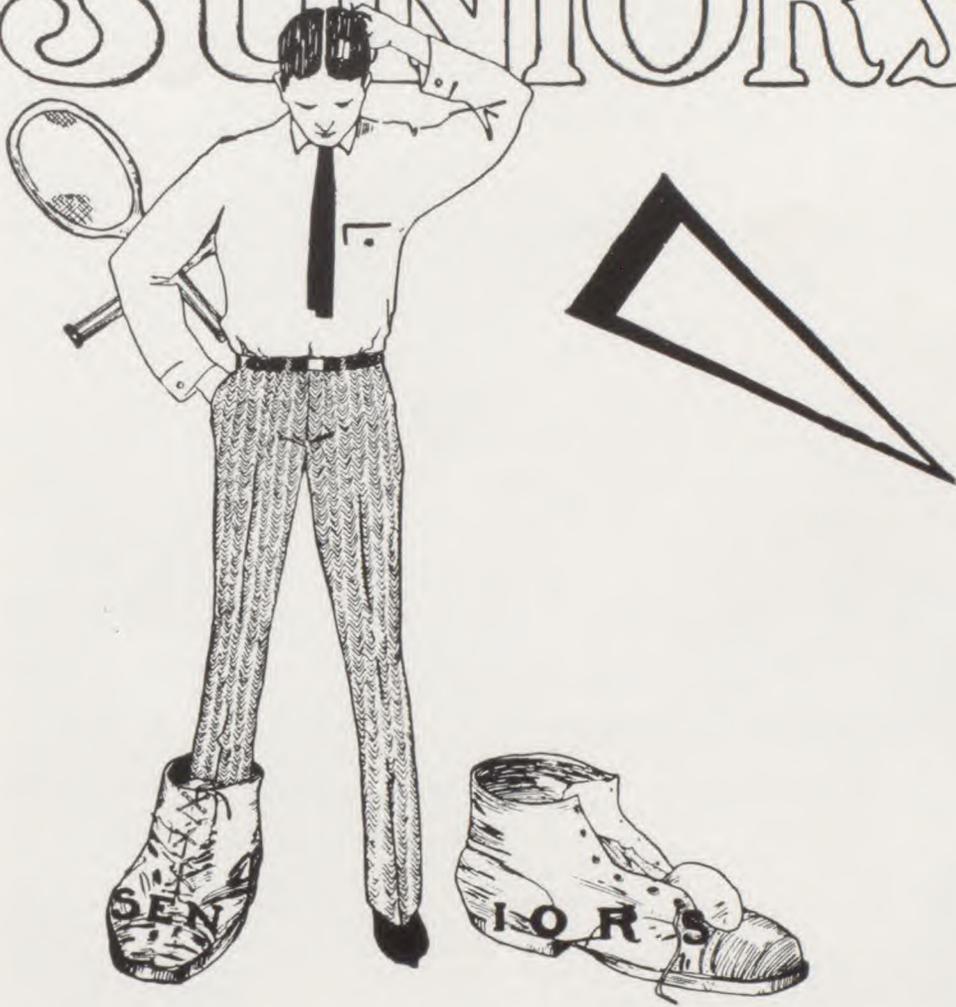
THE ALPHABET OF 1930

- A—is for Ayers, a popular lass,
B—is for Bunce, also Brown from old Mass.,
C—is for Cobbs, of them there's a pair
And also Comito, then Clifford so fair;
D—is for Doodle, she's really some girl,
E—is for Epstein, whose brain's in a whirl,
F—is for Farrell, a youth of renown,
G—is for Glanfield, well known about town;
H—stands for Humphries, a petite little dame,
It also means Hancock, whose football won fame,
I—is for Interest, which we seldom lack,
J—is for Jimmy, who surely can act;
K—just means Kiss, now don't get me wrong,
Also means Kuntz, who next comes along,
L—is for Letson, who never does howl,
It stands, too, for Lawrence, often called Powell;
M—is for Margaret, Allsopp her last name,
Also Maclachan, a shy little dame,
Mundy's another, a real quiet lass,
N—is the Number of our Senior Class.
O—is for Osborne, a lad who is tall,
Also Olmezer, President of us all.
P—is for Potter, a leader no doubt,
Q—by necessity must be left out.
R—stands for Reid, who sure does her bit,
It means, too, Rittweger, she's quick with her wit.
S—stands for six Seniors, who form a sextet!
Schmelger, Stahl, Sylvia, Schultz, Schwalje and Slavicek.
T—is for Tucker, we just call him Ed,
Also for Taylor, girls go to his head,
Then there is Thornall, a serious chap,
We're finished with T, now advance a short lap.
U—stands for "Us", this alphabet rhyme,
United we are, the seniors, this time.
V—for vacation, which we always enjoy,
W—is for Wait, a hard-working boy,
Also for Wale, hero of our play;
X—for the Unknown, as Mr. Wallace would say,
Y—is for Youth, of which we're a part,
Z—is the Zenith, toward which we will start.

Now that I'm done, I feel I should mention
The above was written with the best of intention.

SHIRLEY R. BROWN, '30

JUNIORS





THE 1930 BLUE LETTER

CLASS OF 1931

THE Junior Class elected the following officers at the September meeting.

President
RICHARD SEGCEL

Vice-President
MONTA COIL

Secretary
GEORGE KARABINCHAK

Treasurer
MARIE CLARE

Class Adviser
MRS. RUSSELL

In view of the expense of their trip to Washington as Seniors, the Juniors held three dances and two bridge parties. A food sale was also held at the April meeting of the P. T. A. All of their functions were successful, financially and socially.

The Junior-Senior Banquet is scheduled for May 24, after the Annual goes to press. However, judging from present plans, it will be a huge success.

Elizabeth Aaroe
*Howard Brown
Marie Clare
Monta Coil
August Contardi
Anna Cornell
Clement Fairweather
*George Fugel
Henry Fullerton
Evelyn Gray
Marjorie Hayne
George Karabinchak
George Kennaday
Frederick Koster
George Lander
Joseph Leiss
Vera Maddox
Evangeline Mundy

Ignatius Peters
George Rapp
Ida Redner
Margaret Ross
Oscar Roswall
Albert Schuler
Anne Schuler
Rose Schwartz
Richard Seggel
George Senkiw
Bessie Spear
Eleanor Stevens
Steve Szloboda
Joel Tucker
Ida Volk
Edith Wainwright
Kenneth Walker
Joseph West

Grace Wittnebert

THE 1930 BLUE LETTER

JUNIOR PROPHECY

AT MY DOCTOR'S ADVICE, I decided to return to my home town after an absence of seven years.

I was surprised to see how much the town had progressed. A few blocks from the station I could see a flaming red barber shop, which reminded me that I needed a shave. I hailed a taxi and after depositing my luggage I gave the address to the driver, none other than Wilson Hancock, who proudly informed me that he had two other available taxis.

With some misgivings I watched him drive away with my baggage and just miss bumping into a cop, who, on closer inspection, proved to be George Olmezer.

As a red and yellow car whizzed by, I recognized Bunny with—as the saying goes "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes".

I then saw Jean Humphries walking on the opposite of the street. No other girl could be accompanied by seven boys and still maintain peace.

A blue and white poster attracted my attention.

—Coach Farrell will give a lecture at the High School tonight on "How to Keep That School Girl Complexion". In addition, the eminent speaker Dorothy Potter will say a few words about "The Younger Generation".

The barber shop was very crowded. I wondered what Markano, the proprietor, did with his money. I decided to pass the time by reading the town paper. The opening page seemed to be "personal".

Glanfield has lately completed his first picture "The Dancer" with Lillian Stahl as the main attraction.

M. Schenck is studying uproar in Paris. (What an error, but then what can you expect from a paper whose editor is W. Thornall?)

The sewing circle met at the home of Katherine Ayers. Janet Letson was elected speaker. Each member brought her own refreshments.

After a period of several years Shirley Brown has finally published her autobiography.

Johnny Wale has obtained a license for hunting.

The Cobb sisters will open their gymnastic school next fall.

Barbara Schultz has continued her traveling.

Charlie Taylor now owns an up-to-date Ford. (Who will buy the old ones?)

Schwalje has been appointed chief doorman for the old theatre.

The new bus for Oak Tree students, recently donated by Wilma Mundy has been much enjoyed to date.

Deacon Tucker was fined last night for arguing with the county judge.

Jean MacLachlan announces her engagement to Sandy McIntosh.

Powell Lawrence is suing L. Kuntz for pulling the wrong tooth.

The former Louise Reid will give an illustrated talk on "How to Act in Reno".

Continued on page 70

SOPH





THE 1930 BLUE LETTER

CLASS OF 1932

THE SOPHOMORE CLASS, although they have a record of no social activities so far during the year, have elected the following officers to carry on any business that may come up:—

<i>President</i>	ALLAN VOLK
<i>Vice-President</i>	ELEANOR FAIRWEATHER
<i>Secretary</i>	MARJORIE JONES
<i>Boys' Treasurer</i>	SYLVESTER HECHT
<i>Girls' Treasurer</i>	ELLEN BREEN

The class advisers at the beginning of the year were Miss Conahey and Miss Beekman. However, when Miss Conahey left during the last half of the school year, Mrs. Tresch took her place.

Joseph Afferbach
Charles Ayres
*Eva Batz
Janet Bedell
Fred Beutel
Robert Bohlke
Ellen Breen
Esther Breen
Gussie Brody
Dorothy Bromfield
Louise Bruno
Mary Buckley
Joseph Buzak
Beverly Coil
Charles Dalsgard
Norman Dietz
Helen Domokos
Royden Estoppey
George Evans
Eleanor Fairweather
Vincent Farrington
*Enid Farlow
Thomas Halpin
Ruth Hancock
*Virginia Hartmann
Le Roy Hillman
Stacy Hills

Billy Johnson
Alvin Jolly
Marjorie Jones
Ruth Knudsen
Esther Klein
Michael Marzella
Florence Markano
Rowena Moore
Kathryn Mundy
Kate Neilson
Arnold Neilson
Zoltan Petrovits
Aquilino Ponciroli
Victor Quagliariello
Dorothy Randolph
Janet Ramsay
Nancy Rapp
Olive Redner
Harriette Rehfuss
Sarah Rein
Katherine Schenck
James Schoonover
Walter Schuman
Charles Stateman
Robert Tucker
Allan Volk
Betty Wathen

Richard Ziegler

THE 1930 BLUE LETTER

M. H. S.

*My, O my, how time does fly,
Though at times it seemed like ages,
Since I sent some verse for better or worse,
To decorate these pages.*

*Heigho, my lads, we'll soon be Grads,
And sitting deep in clover,
But we mustn't trip, or slide, or slip,
Until we put it over.*

*Still, though we smile, yet all the while
There's a tear that no one sees,
As we think alas, this too shall pass,
And leave but memories.*

EVELYN GRAY, '31





THE 1930 BLUE LETTER

CLASS OF 1933

AT THE beginning of the year the following officers were elected:

PresidentALVIN GERLUFSEN
Vice-PresidentRUTH EGOLF
SecretaryDORIS WAINWRIGHT
TreasurerGEORGE HILL
Class Advisers.....MISS APPLGATE, MR. SENERCHIA

Allender, Edward
Allison, Doreen
Allsopp, Christine
Anderson, Winifred
*Beech, William
Blyer, Walter
Broadfoot, Jane
Burgess, Charles
Burris, Herbert
Carr, William
Clancy, Dorothy
Clay, Wilbur
Cockefair, Margaret
Crowell, Anne
Dalsgard, Robert
Drake, Eleanor
Egolf, Ruth
Ernst, John
Etoppey, Marjorie
Fugel, Claire
Fugel, Frank
Gahan, Beverley
Gerlufsen, Alvin
Gray, Dorothy
Gray, Adelaide
Goodwin, Wilbur
Goldsmith, Bernard
Gunst, Olive
*Hargen, Mabel
Harwell, Anna
Hatfield, Oliver
Herrick, Edward
Herrstrom, Alfred
Hill, George
Hinds, Claire
James, Madlyn
Johnson, Roger
Jurhden, Augusta
*Kelleher, Helen
Kilgannon, Mary
*Knoble, John

Lander, Ruth
Lazar, Steve
Lockhart, Jean
Lowman, Lillian
Madison, Jack
Magune, Gertrude
Meyers, Jack
Modecki, Edward
*Morgan, Helen
Muha, Emily
*Neilson, Russell
Oppelt, Thomas
Ogden, Evelyn
Parker, Estelle
Persely, Pauline
Quagiariello, Felix
Ramsay, Ruth
Randell, Eunice
Richard, Ruth
Ritthaler, Elsie
Rose, Helen
Rosenvinge, Elsie
Rossiter, Helen
Roy, Joseph
Rule, Anna
Salamone, Julia
Schultz, Louise
Scirotto, Victoria
*Shepherd, Clara
Stahl, Elsie
Stateman, Alice
Stevens, Helen
Stevenson, Jane
Tagliaboschi, Teresa
*Tagliaboschi, Mary
Thompson, Virginia
Wagner, Mildred
Wainwright, Doris
Weeks, Lewis
Wester, James



SHRIMP



M-E-T-U-C-H-E-N!



COACH



"RUBY"

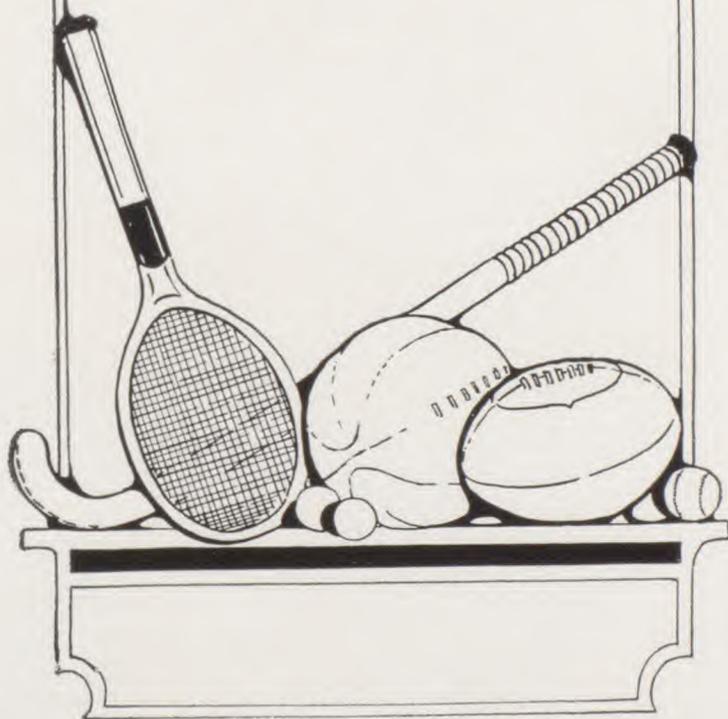


ROSELLE



CRANFORD

Athletics





THE 1930 BLUE LETTER

FOOTBALL

Ends—Lawrence, Leiss, Seggel, L. Kuntz, and Karabinchak.

Tackles—Schwalje, Senkiw, Wester, Marzella, and Koster.

Guards—Capt. E. Tucker, J. Tucker, Walker, and Kennaday.

Centers—Lander and Madison.

Quarterbacks—Volk, Farrell, and Afflerback.

Halfbacks—Bunce, Kiss, Hancock, Schumann, Gerlufsen, Fairweather, J. Wester, and L. Kuntz.

Fullbacks—Fugel and Dietz.

The scoring during the season was done by: Fugel—66, Bunce—6, Leiss—2, and Walker—2. Fugel with sixty-six points was twelfth in the scoring of the Class B players in New Jersey.

At the end of the season Fugel, Lander, Kuntz, and J. Tucker were given honorable mention on the All-County Team; and Fugel and Lander received honorable mention on the All-State Team. George Lander was elected captain of next year's team, and at the banquet was awarded the "Most Valuable Player Prize", given by the Fugle-Hummer Post of the American Legion. Alvin Jolly will be manager of next year's team. Bob Tucker, Ponciroli, Hill, and Jolly must be mentioned for the help they gave the team during the season.

Not enough can be said of the fighting spirit of the team. They were constantly giving their best, whether they were winning or losing. The team faced a hard schedule of ten games and were outweighed in many of them; but they were not outweighed in grit or spirit. Sometimes they were outplayed, sometimes outscored, but they were never outfought.

The High School appreciates the work of Coach Nichols during the season. He spent much time, work, and energy and turned out a very fine team.

SCHEDULE

			Met.	Opp.
Sept. 28	Cranford	Away	0	19
Oct. 4	Leonardo	Away	9	13
Oct. 12	Roselle	Away	14	0
Oct. 19	Bound Brook	Home	13	7
Oct. 26	Union	Away	0	19
Nov. 1	Cartaret	Away	6	21
Nov. 9	Mt. Holly	Away	0	6
Nov. 16	So. Amboy	Home	21	0
Nov. 23	Toms River	Away	15	13
Nov. 28	Alumni	Home	0	0



BASEBALL

NOT MUCH can be said concerning the baseball team as this goes to print before the season has started. The most promising candidates for the various positions are:

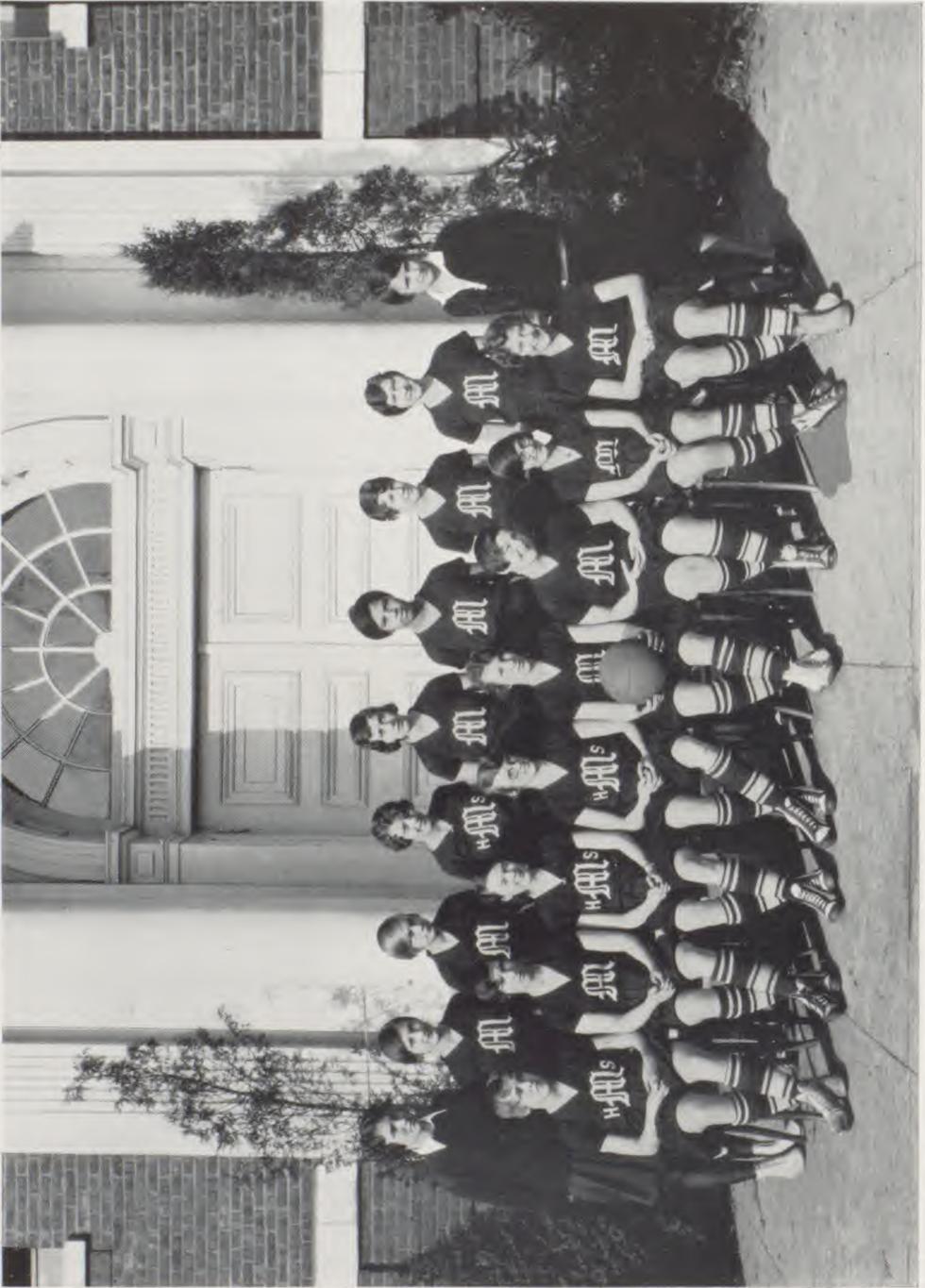
Catchers—Karabinchak, Gerlufson, and Olmezer.

Pitchers—Liess, Schumann, and Kuntz.

Infielders—Jolly, Volk, Fugel, Weeks, Ponciroli, Afflerbach, Madison.

Outfielders—Wester, J. Tucker, Dietz, Roland, Marzella, Beutel.

CLIFF WESTER was elected captain before the first game and Iggy Peters acted as manager.



THE 1930 BLUE LETTER

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

LAST YEAR'S Girls' Basketball Team hoped they left Miss Herrick a team that would win some games. The legacy proved a sound one, for this year the Girls' Basketball Team is to be commended for the fine work they have accomplished. Manager Marjorie Schenck was able to book the team for a good season. Much credit also is due to the coach, Miss Herrick, and to Monta Coil, captain. Although next year the ranks will be considerably thinned of familiar figures on the court, we wish the veterans joining next season's game and the new members of the squad a successful year in every way.

FORWARDS

Monta Coil (*Captain*)
Eleanor Fairweather
Anne Schuler
Eleanor Whitaker

CENTERS

Doris Wainwright
Evelyn Cobbs

SIDE CENTERS

Edith Wainwright
Ella Slavicek

GUARDS

Shirley Brown
Beverly Coil
Ruth Egolf
Adelaide Rittweger
Elsie Rosenvinge

SCHEDULE

Home	Jan. 10	Metuchen	48	Perth Amboy	40
Home	Jan. 17	Metuchen	24	South Amboy	8
Home	Jan. 24	Metuchen	31	South River	23
Away	Jan. 31	Metuchen	14	Somerville	24
Home	Feb. 7	Metuchen	16	Roselle Park	27
Away	Feb. 14	Metuchen	17	Scotch Plains	60
Away	Feb. 21	Metuchen	35	Perth Amboy	53
Away	Feb. 28	Metuchen	18	South Amboy	31
Away	Mar. 5	Metuchen	32	Roselle Park	22
Home	Mar. 7	Metuchen	30	Scotch Plains	49



BOYS' BASKETBALL

IN SPITE OF the hard work put in by members of the team, Metuchen did not have as good a season in basketball as in other sports. Two games were won, those against Wardlaw and South Amboy.

The second team had a better record, winning five out of ten. Among their victims were Scotch Plains (twice) and Cranford (twice). Some of the players will probably see service next year as varsity men.

FIRST TEAM

Forwards

Kiss
Afflerbach
Karabinchak
Tucker

Guards

Lander
Bohlke
Dietz
Epstein

Center
Seggel

SECOND TEAM

Forwards

Schuler
Madison
Volk

Guards

Hill
Rohland

Center
Koster

Happy Kiss was elected captain for 1930 and Bob Bohlke for 1931. Luke Fairweather was elected manager for 1931, which position was filled by Ed Tucker during the past season.



"KNAVE of HEARTS"



"WISDOM TEETH"



"HER CHRISTMAS HAT"



"PRES. ED"



"STARS"

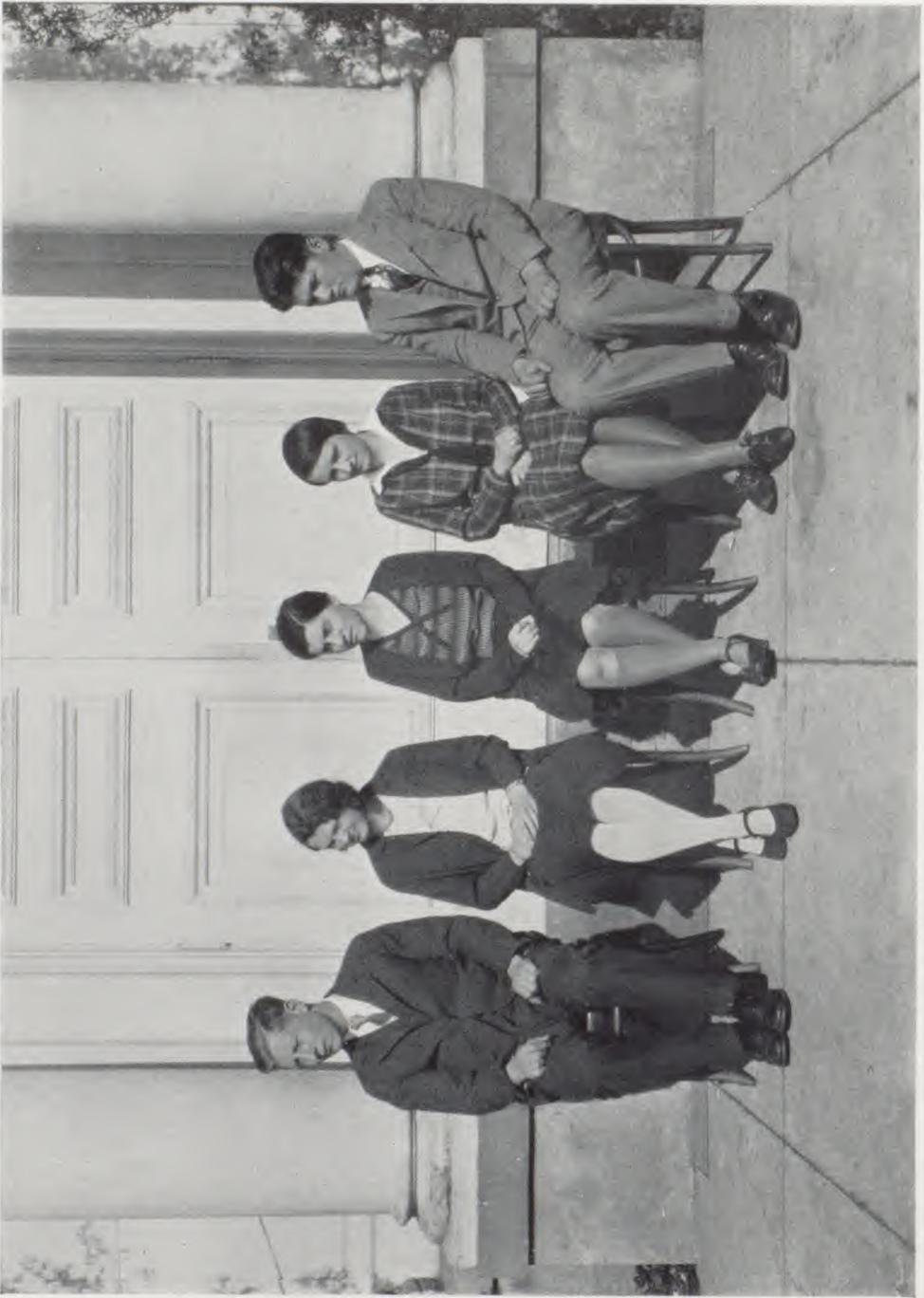


"SPRING FEVER"



"THE PRINCESS"

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THE 1930 BLUE LETTER

DEBATING

THIS YEAR'S debating season was an unusually successful one, the District Championship coming once more to Metuchen.

The members of the team, which was under the direction of Miss Meeks, were:

Edwin Tucker (*Captain*)

Shirley Brown

George Olmezer

Marjorie Schenck (*Alternate*)

In March debates were held first with Rahway, at Rahway, and then with Carteret, at Carteret. Our team had the Affirmative side of the question: *Resolved that homework in secondary schools be abolished.* In both cases Metuchen was the victor by a 2-1 decision.



STUDENT GOVERNMENT

THE FOLLOWING PERSONS were elected to serve as officers in the Student Government:

Edwin Tucker	<i>President</i>
Marjorie Schenck.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
Joel Tucker.....	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>
John Wale.....	<i>Chief Justice</i>
Evelyn Gray.....	<i>Recorder</i>

As in previous years the Council met from time to time throughout the term. It took charge of the library and assembly, and maintained traffic regulations in the halls. It was prevented from exercising greater influence on school affairs when the construction of the new wing of the building deprived us of an assembly room, and hence of all meetings of the school as a whole.



THE DRAMATIC CLUB

THE DRAMATIC CLUB of Metuchen High School, under the direction of Miss Beekman and the leadership of Katherine Ayers, has had a very successful year. The Club met every other Wednesday to discuss business and to be entertained by a short program. The program usually consisted of having plays or poetry read. Recitations were given, some of them in dialect.

Early in December the Club presented two one-act plays, "The Knave of Hearts", and "Wisdom Teeth". They also gave a play, "Her Christmas Hat", for the Student Body at the Christmas Assembly.

The following officers were elected:

President—Katherine Ayers
Vice-President—Eunice Randell

Secretary—Evelyn Gray
Treasurer—Grace Wittnebert

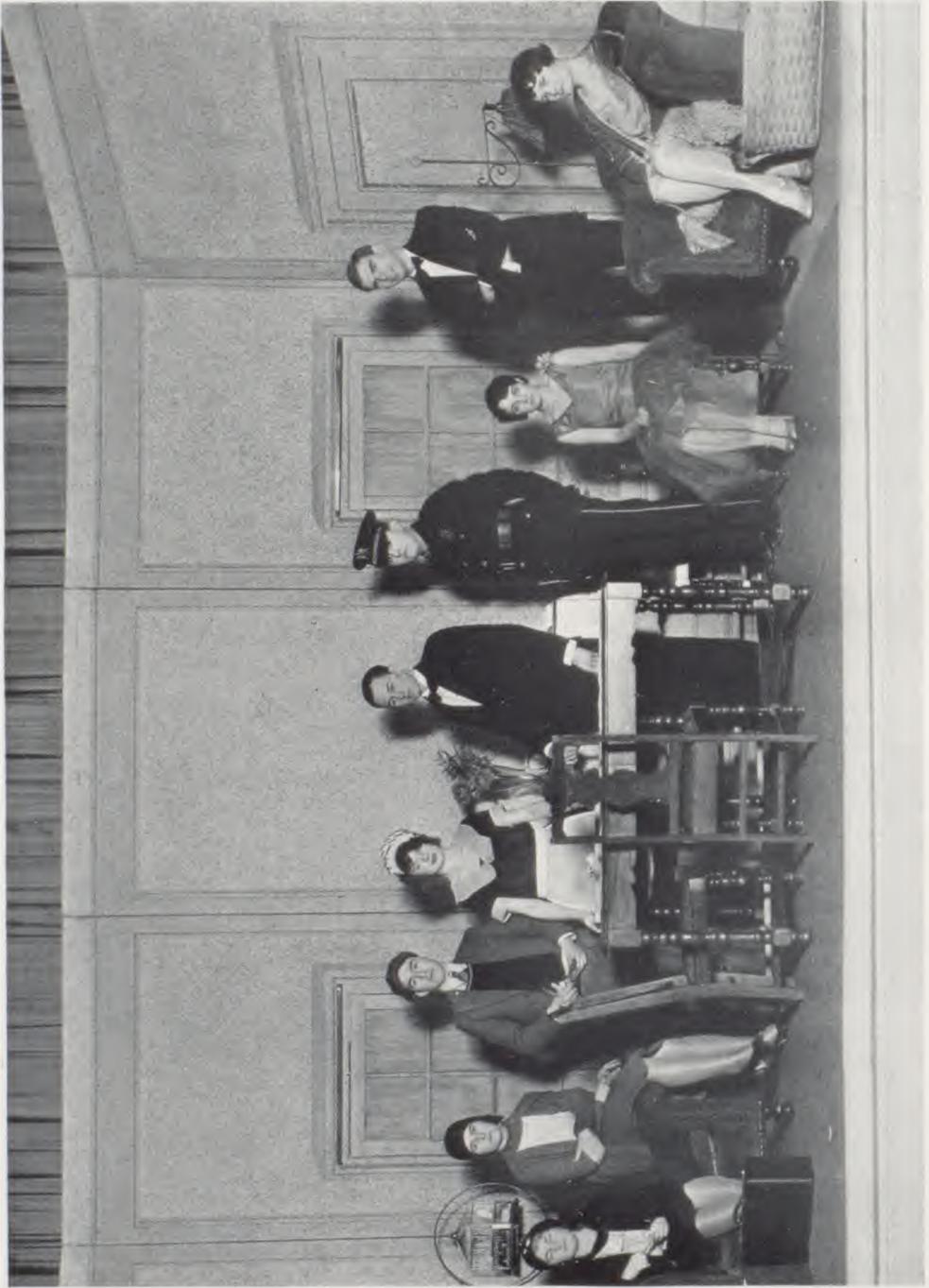
MEMBERS

Claire Fugel
 Sylvia Brody
 Gussie Brody
 Elsie Stahl
 Lillian Stahl
 Madlyn James
 Anne Crowell
 Shirley Brown
 Dorothy Gray
 Anna Rule
 Barbara Schultz
 Helen Domokos

Winifred Anderson
 Evangeline Mundy
 Sarah Rein
 Adalaide Gray
 George Kenneday
 James Markano
 Florence Markano
 Thomas Betts
 Claire Hinds
 Rose Schwartz
 Vera Maddox
 Marjorie Hayne

Louise Reid
 Doreen Allison
 Worthington Thornall
 Marjorie Schenck
 Sylvester Hecht
 Marjorie Estoppey
 Adelaide Rittweger
 Ida Redner
 Olga Procyk
 Helen Rose
 George Rapp

Fifty-three



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OUR SENIOR PLAY

What?—Her Step-Husband.

When?—January 24, 1930.

Where?—Forum Theatre.

Why?—To raise money for our trip to Washington.

Who?—

That worldly-wise maid;—*Shirley Brown*, as Stella.

That helpful neighbor;—*Katherine Ayers*, as Sylvia.

That dreaming little wife;—*Jean Humphries*, as Mary.

That hard-boiled baby;—*Janet Letson*.

That calm husband;—*John Wale*, as Harvey.

That slick crook;—*James Markano*, as Limpy.

That domineering aunt;—*Janet Letson*, as Aunt Emily.

That sweet little cousin;—*Marjorie Schenck*, as Florence.

That would-be husband;—*Worthington Thornall*, as Jerry.

That handsome Irish Cop;—*George Olmezer*, as Officer O'Shea.

WEATHER CONDITIONS

Rain in Act II;—split peas.

Thunder in same act;—sheet of tin and Jimmy's radiator.

LEADING LINES

MARY:—"I've got a wonderful idea; YOU have go to be the butler, Harvey."

HARVEY:—"The trouble with Mary is that she is always imagining plots."

JERRY:—"Darling! I've missed the train."

SYLVIA:—"Husband—no, HUSBAND! *H* as in Heaven, *U* as in Utica, *S* as in Syracuse, B-A-N-D—HUSBAND!"

AUNT EMILY:—"Tut! Tut! Nonsense! Grandpa is dead!"

FLORENCE:—"OH, this is terrible! Take your ring! I never want to see you again!"

STELLA:—"It's lightning!!! I'm scared to death of lightning when there's a man around. But you will protect me, won't you, James?"

LIMPY:—"I loves babies. I calls them little rays of sunshine. How many rays have you got, lady?"

OFFICER O'SHEA:—"If it wasn't for the likes of you, the likes of me would be out of a job."

SHIRLEY RHODES BROWN, 1930



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CHORUS

DURING the fall the Glee Club initiated two school songs in the assembly. They also sang a Christmas carol here before Christmas entitled "Hail! What Mean Those Holy Voices".

A Halloween dance was successfully held in the gym, and on March third a concert called "Spring Cometh" was very well received at the Y. M. C. A.

While at the Rotary Club to sing selections from the concert, the girls joined in singing college songs with the Rotarians.

<i>Director</i>	Miss Margaret E. Davis
<i>President</i>	Louise Reid
<i>Vice-President</i>	Shirley Brown
<i>Secretary</i>	Elizabeth Aaroe
<i>Treasurer</i>	Janet Letson
<i>Librarian</i>	Jean Humphries
<i>Councilman</i>	Marjorie Hayne

MEMBERS

Elizabeth Aaroe	Ruth Landers
Margaret Allsopp	Janet Letson
Katherine Ayers	Jean Lockhart
Winifred Anderson	Vera Maddox
Shirley Brown	Olga Procyk
Jane Broadfoot	Eunice Randall
Sylvia Brody	Olive Redner
Margaret Cockefair	Louise Reid
Anne Crowell	Sarah Rein
Helen Domokos	Ida Redner
Ruth Egolf	Helen Rose
Marjorie Estoppey	Anna Rule
Claire Fugel	Julia Salamone
Beverly Gahan	Rose Schwartz
Adelaide Gray	Louise Schultz
Evelyn Gray	Elsie Stahl
Marjorie Hayne	Lillian Stahl
Claire Hinds	Alice Stateman
Jean Humphries	Barbara Schultz
Madlyn James	Eleanor Stevens
Jane Stevenson	



ORCHESTRA

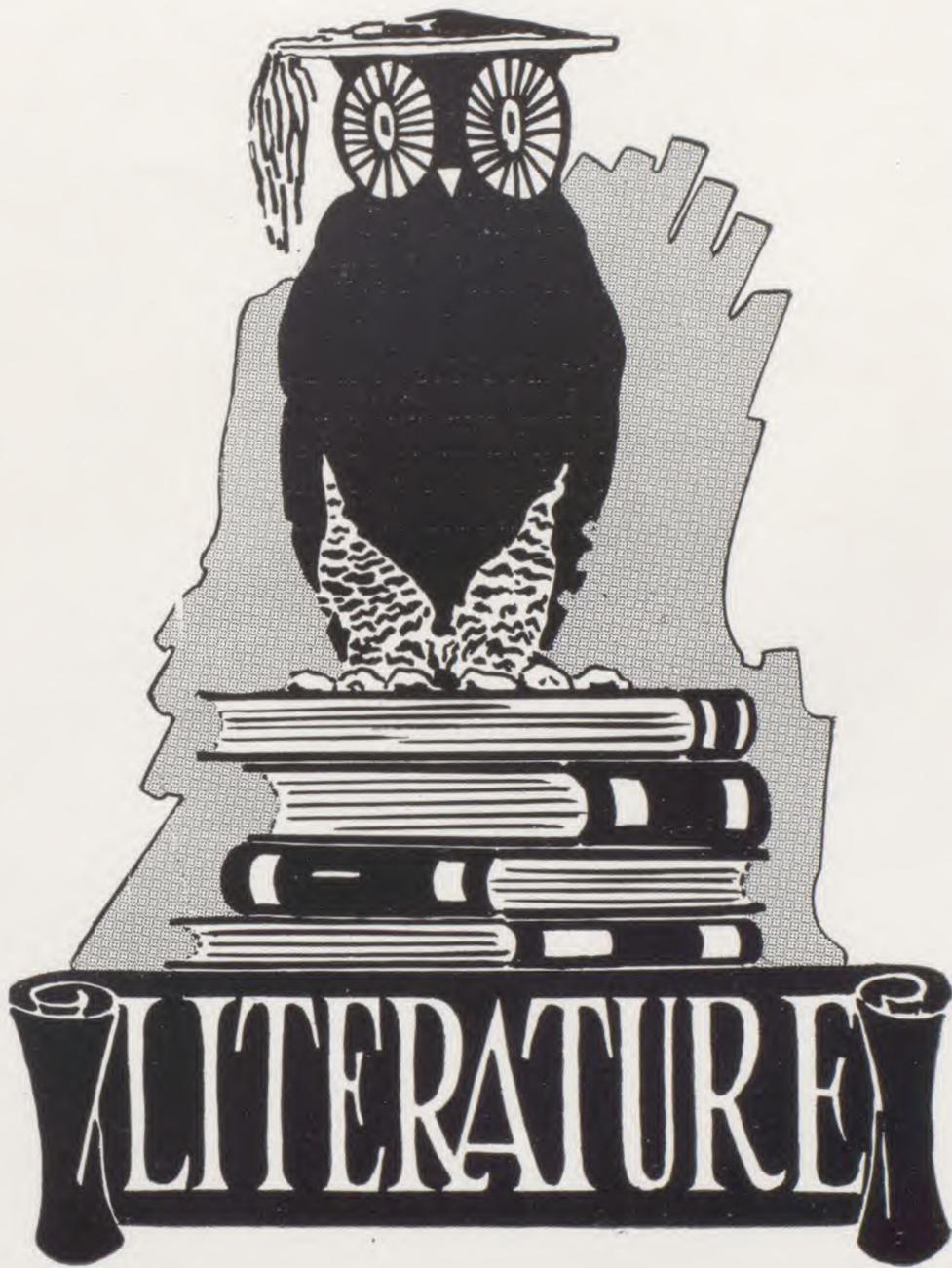
THE Metuchen High School Orchestra under the direction of Miss Margaret Davis, is composed of Herbert Burris, Thomas Betts, Rovden Estoppey, Vincent Farrington, Alvin Gerlufsen, James Markano, Mike Marzella, Thomas Oppelt, Richard Randolph, Walter Schuman, Worthington Thornal and Zoltan Petrovits. Every Friday, from September till January the orchestra played at the assembly exercises. In October in recognition of their services the members of the orchestra were presented with a pin in the shape of an eighth note.

The orchestra played at the first two Junior dances, and also gave two dances of its own: a Christmas dance in December, and a Valentine dance in February.

In March the orchestra took part in the concert given by the orchestra, band, and glee club.

BAND

THE BAND, a comparatively new organization in the school, is showing progress under the able leadership of Mr. Matzen, the director. To date, the high school members are Edward Herrick, Edward Modecki, Richard Randolph, Robert Dalsgard, Thomas Betts, Thomas Oppelt, Alfred Herrstrom, and George Evans.



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*When darkness comes,
My Lady Night is ready for the ball.
A chiffon robe of midnight hue
Adorns her figure tall.
Here and there the little stars
Add gaiety to her gown,
And on the peaceful, sleeping earth
They shake the star dust down.
My Lady Night sees all is well;
She heaves a little sigh,
And mortals wonder why the wind
Is a-mourning through the sky.
Then to the ball she swiftly goes
With Man-Who-Lives-In-The-Moon.
And when early Dawn tints the eastern sky,
She leaves us much too soon.*

M. H., '31

A REGULAR FELLOW

I HAVE CUT a period. No doubt few would believe such a statement if they gazed upon me; at my intellectual serious bearing; at that attitude about me which somehow bespeaks "the perfect student". "A mere coincidence of too strenuous study", they would scoff and smile wryly at the impossibility of Joseph H. Smith committing such a felony.

Yet if you have any respect for my truthful faculties, you will realize that I am under no influence, that I speak from a free and sane mind, and that I am not subject to wanderings. Yes, I have done it. After two years of wondering how it would feel to do, for once, something out of the sphere of "perfectness"—I made up my mind to do something. And I did.

It happened at the beginning of the term one day, when the air was unusually crisp, when the sun was casting its rays in its own reckless way, and my homework was done in a rather careless manner. I still maintain, however, that it was not the latter which proved the inducement. Of course I am accustomed to spend one hour and a half on history, and I had been rather negligent in the half; but I feel, however, that it was my care-free manner, my total disregard for future results that prompted me. And so, boldly, with an unusual twinkle in my eyes, I walked out into the sunlight—and settled myself comfortably on the doorstep.

For a moment I felt baffled. Was that the regular procedure? I had not taken Bill into my confidence. Of course, I could have thrown a couple of stones at him to make him understand my ideas. Perhaps he would even respect me more for being human. And now he would never believe me.

I felt a bit sad, but soon forgot it in other meditation. Yes, this was better than an endless period of history where the teacher wouldn't even permit me to speak, claiming, "Oh, I know you know."

I decided to do something (just a matter of custom) and began to meditate on a possible contribution for the BLUE LETTER. The sky with its unusual tints was inspiring, and I decided on a poem. But after writing a line, I gave up the attempt. Poets are usually liars. To them everything is anything but what it really is. I meditated on this idea.

Doubt began to assail me. Did I act wisely in proving myself on a level with my sinful fellow students? Furthermore, my everready imagination began to stir into action. I saw myself in the office, ridiculed, scolded, being told that I had been "over-rated." Hastily, I arose from my none too comfortable seat. But the damage had been completed, and, therefore, I attended all periods but history next day.

The following morning was a continuous round of classes during which I had a peculiar fear of meeting my history teacher. He smiled at me, as at last I entered the now dreaded room, and said, "Been helping in the office again. I really believe you have done enough service all ready." Unable to speak, I smiled dumbly back. Ah! If only Bill was a witness. Triumphantly I smiled because I exulted in wickedness. This indeed was being a "regular fellow."

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And so, sometimes when school becomes tiresome, and I feel weary of getting tens or nineties in all my subjects, I think about the famous day when a natural impulse seized me—an impulse which Bill insists, is the only human one I have ever had—and I feel happier, and somehow—wiser.

AUGUST CONTARDI, '31

A CHRONICLE

ON A COLD, crisp October morning two famous duck hunters started out for their favorite pastime, mud sitting or duck hunting, call it what you like. Personally I don't believe either of them have ever seen a duck as many times as they have gone, but, on the other hand, they have the satisfaction of saying they have been duck hunting. I would much rather stay in bed; I get more satisfaction out of that. But to get back to this crisp October morn. The two hunters started out for South Jersey, going in a northerly direction. They reached their destination about five and settled themselves comfortably in a swamp. They both felt a lot better as the hardest part of the trip was over. All they had to do now was to sit and wait for ducks—and if they never come over, all you have to do is to amuse yourself till it is time to quit. Well, they were real honest-to-goodness duck hunters, as I have already explained, and each of them had a shell; so at quitting time these shells could be heard going off for the amusement of the hunters. The first shell went off all right but without a lot of noise; so the most famous of these hunters (I know he is the most famous because he has told me so) shot his off and, much to the surprise of every one, that shell went off all right; but the end of the barrel began to swell, thus ruining the gun and ending the career of the most famous duck hunter in Metuchen High School.

GEORGE LANDER, '31

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CARMENA MENSIIUM

(Poem of the months)

September was unfortunate,
We had to come to school;
Of course, to meet the last year's friends
We loved was not so cruel.

October was not quite so bad
Since, then came Hallowe'en,
For we so gay in costume clad
Were anxious to be seen.

November most all students liked,
We had a few days' leave
To drill upon the drumsticks,
A blessing to receive.

December was the best of months,
When greetings we exchanged;
So many gifts we all received
Our hearts were set aflame.

Then January soon appeared;
Now start the new year right,
Resolve, as students, to be good
And study hard each night.

The mid-year's past to our surprise,
Short February's come;
We've worked too hard to recognize
That six whole months are gone.

'Tis March and how the wind does blow,
So changeable we seem,
Sometimes the teachers are so kind
And sometimes seem so mean.

And soon, so soon April arrives,
It brings us showers too,
Showers of warnings to study hard
Beware the month of June!

With May the flowers come to sight
They make us feel so fine
Little we realize what's ahead
Examination time!

And June has come: "Yes, you're exempt."
Vacation time is here,
And we've completed what one calls
Another hard school year.

FLORENCE MARKANO, '32

PARABLE

*"Down by the house of the Potter
I went with the Lord one day,
And I watched while he slowly fashioned
A vessel from the plastic clay."*

IT IS a great and marvelous thought to know that we are masters of our own destiny. We are each for ourselves, the plastic clay that can, with much patience and thought and work on the part of the molder, become a worth-while piece of art. Sometimes as we watch the molder he is careful and painstaking; again he frowns and wipes out his work and does it over again; but once in a while he looks very radiant and can make bold, quick movements with his model. Above all he aims for perfection however hard the task or however tired he may be—until he has created the thing he strives for.

Human people may be likened to the molder and his clay. We are all given the equal chance to make of our lives a success. It does not have to be a renowned success—a world wide success—but if it is an honest effort on the part of the individual—it is a success. Life does seem so worth while at times and then so hopeless at times, but, if we can keep the picture of the artist and his clay in our mind, we can strive also to make a finished rounded life.

DOROTHY POTTER, '30

THE SHACK OF MYSTERY

A BIG BRIDGE spans the Mississippi River, high above the water at Memphis, Tennessee. The Arkansas shore, at the other end of the bridge, is very wild and marshy, and looks as though no one had ever set foot on it. This is crossed, beyond the bridge, by a long wooden viaduct, built upon poles, that runs for about two miles over the swampy land, before it reaches the dirt roads into Arkansas. We used to cross the bridge often on Sunday rides, when we lived in Memphis.

Under the last span of this bridge, right in the wilderness there was a tiny shack, built about ten feet above the water, so it would not be washed away when the river was high. We always used to lean out of the car and look way down at this shack to see if we could get a glimpse of the mysterious person who was supposed to live there.

It was said that a woman lived there alone, and that no one ever saw her face. She had had some terrible experience, they told us, and had come here

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to live like a hermit, never letting anybody know who she was. One day we spied her, and sure enough, she pulled a black shawl over her head, and looked the other way. To us she had the appearance of an old witch. But the bridge is so high above the marsh, that we weren't afraid, and used to call sometimes. But she never turned around.

We thought she was insane, or was hiding away because of some crime. One day we read in the papers, and found that "she" was a "man" in disguise, and was watching to signal bootleggers who ran fast boats up and down the river. The officers who raided the shack found all kinds of bottles and guns, and even a small boat. We thought then it wasn't so funny that when we had passed, we used to call out. We might have known that when you see anything as extraordinary as that, why, of course, there must be some mystery connected with it.

SHIRLEY R. BROWN '30

THERE IS NO REST FOR THE WICKED

WITH THE ARRIVAL of spring weather there comes to most of us a feeling of flightiness and irresponsibility. Nor was little Johnny Smith immune for this so-called "Spring Fever". Spring, alone, was responsible for the misfortune which was going to cause Johnny so much uneasiness and worry.

As the little boy made his way home from school, a thought came to him which certainly must have been fostered by his sensitiveness to the weather. For, not otherwise, would he have taken the original drastic step—the source of his later difficulties.

This gay season of the year meant the introduction of that all important game—baseball; and Johnny Smith, being Captain of the team, felt his obligation to give something toward the expenses that would be incurred for necessary equipment. So upon this poor boy's shoulders rested the burden of securing money, which he knew positively would not be forthcoming from his parents.

Today, after endless hours of deliberation, a scheme for procuring the money was perfected. It so happened that upon his tenth birthday, Johnny had been presented with a bright-colored sport sweater, albeit somewhat odd as to pattern and color combination. This gift was from his mother's old aunt, who, at the present time, was preparing for a trip to South America. Aunt Bessie not only had her own idea of what little boys should wear, but voiced an authoritative opinion in many affairs of the Smith family. In fact, her influence caused the members of that household to do their utmost to please her.

The sweater in question, along with many other presents, was laid away

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at this moment in the bottom of the bureau in John's bedroom. Now, among Johnny's chums was a little colored chap who had greatly admired the sweater, for in his eyes it seemed the height of perfection and style. It was Johnny's plan to sell that fine birthday gift to his playmate, thus alleviating all his money cares. Upon consultation with the colored boy, a bargain was struck and Johnny was two dollars and fifty cents the richer.

But alas, Mrs. Smith was unaware of her son's qualities of salesmanship, and as far as she was concerned, the sweater still lay in her son's bottom bureau drawer. Although his obligations had all been fulfilled, Johnny's worries had only begun. What steps would his mother take upon learning that the sweater was sold? The very thought that she would discover its absence made him shudder with fear. His studies were neglected, and even baseball failed to divert his thoughts from the oncoming disaster. From day to day new troubles and fears haunted him. At night his sleep was disturbed by large images which threatened to disclose his crime. In all his miseries there was but one consolation; that was, that his aunt was now on her way to South America.

Finally, the dreaded moment of discovery came. While in her son's room, Mrs. Smith discovered the absence of the birthday sweater, and Johnny shamefacedly gave her the entire explanation, fearing the worst. But to his utter surprise the matter was taken very lightly; besides Aunt Bessie would be none the wiser, she, probably being half way to South America already. As a matter of fact, though she did not tell Johnny, Mrs. Smith was not sorry to be rid of the weird garment.

So in this manner Johnny's mind was relieved of its anxieties, and baseball again held all its appeal for him. He even seemed proud of his selling powers, for had not everything turned out fine? But, even he realized that things would not have gone so well had his aunt been aware of the deal; indeed, that would have been a different story!

However, there was to be very little peace for Johnny and his family. The following day brought the most unforeseen calamity—Aunt Bessie arrived bag and baggage, having changed her mind about the South American trip, and to Johnny came the thought that there is no rest in this world for the wicked. For, as soon as the visitor had finished removing the signs of travel, Johnny was subjected to the usual inquiries as to health, lessons, etc., and naturally enough about the birthday gift which had been so kindly bestowed upon him. By the time Aunt Bessie was ready to dismiss him he knew that the sweater must be back in his possession before he would ever again know freedom from worry. What price, persuasion, or threat could he offer to the new owner to obtain once more his former possession?

To Johnny, racking his weary brains for a suitable plan, secure for a moment in his refuge under the attic stairs, but depressed by the coming ruin which he could not think of means to avoid—came his mother, flustered but determined.

"How much did you say that child gave you for Aunt Bessie's sweater? Two fifty? I can't afford it, but—Here take this, and don't come home without the sweater". She handed Johnny a five dollar bill.

Not ten minutes later he could have been seen just around the corner of a neighboring building hastily thrusting head and arms into the woolen interior of a very bright sweater.

SYLVIA BRODY, '30

A JOURNEY TO THE MOON

IT WAS a bright, sunny day in May in the year 2001. I awoke early in the best of spirits and tuned in to the latest news on my television screen, while I set my automatic shaving apparatus to trim my beard. Having hurriedly dressed and swallowed my synthetic tablet for breakfast, I rode in the fast elevator to the roof of our two hundred story hotel where my plane was stored in the garage. From there I took off, bound for Jim's big hangar in the Great American Desert.

Jim himself was ready to take off in his device, which he claimed would carry us to the moon. I was rather sceptical but, without further preliminaries, we were off to the moon.

The force of the rocket, the explosion of which sent us off, stunned us for a few minutes, and, when we came to and looked out of the quartz window of the rocket, we saw the earth as a huge ball of red fire. The clearly visible outline of the continents resembled remarkably the maps which my grandfather had studied. Great meteors passed by, missing us by hairs; the sun was terrible, bloody red, in color, looked ten times as large as it had from the terrestrial globe. With a sinking heart we realized that we were being hurled to inevitable destruction. There was not one chance in a million that we could be saved from being burned to atoms by friction. Gravity was non-existent; we were drawn to the top of the rocket; we were sailing through nothingness.

Very strange to say, that one chance in a million was being realized and we were rapidly approaching the moon, our goal, at a terrific rate of speed. We were under the influence of her gravity and were rapidly being hurled toward the surface of the planet. It seemed as if it was only a matter of minutes before we and our rocket would be dashed to pieces on a ragged peak of the Lunar Apennines. In a wild delirium of despair and frenzy, we seemed to see millions of lunar beings pointing to our rocket as it approached their world with terrifying swiftness. Closer we came—closer—in a minute we would be non-existent, in thirty seconds—fifteen—in a second—. Such is the folly of the human race trying to pry into the secrets of the universe!

But the moral is only: Don't eat too much before going to bed.

KENNETH WALKER, '31

THE MOVIE SERIAL

THE VERY NAME of a movie serial brings delight to the small patronisers of a Saturday Matinee. To be sure, the name itself is usually ferocious (perhaps I should say atrocious) enough to thrill the yearning, adventurous spirits of any lad. It always suggests wild excitement in the shape of

THE 1930 BLUE LETTER

danger. A title of a serial such as "The Rider in the Dark, or Daredevil Dick's Dash for Life" is sure to fill the theatre with hordes of children, eager for adventure.

Even the names of the characters imply the part they play. For instance, a villain always has to have some name which will strike horror into the hearts of the hero and heroine when they see it. Names such as Scarface, or The Spider, or Basher Bill are especially suitable for a villain. Heroes and heroines have commonplace names, but then names of this sort are not meant to seem gruesome.

Then the plots! Every kind of thriller ever known to a movie producer gallops through each reel. Of course, the hero has to fight one of the villain's henchman (or maybe five or six at once) three or four times a chapter. One fight at least must take place on the edge of a cliff; here one of the two falls off and—"continued next week". Then there are great races between the hero and the villain. Usually it is a train and an automobile they are traveling in, and always the train misses the automobile at a crossing by the smallest part of an inch. The heroine, if she is a city girl is sure to faint in every other reel. But if she is a cow-girl or some other modest, country maiden, she is forever struggling and seemingly calling somebody bad names, which I expect the censors do not allow to be printed. And still there are any number of plots, which I couldn't mention if I tried all day. At the end of each chapter, the hero has rolled over the cliff in an automobile or the heroine is locked in a burning building with her crippled father when—"continued next week"—prolongs our agony for another week.

The requirements for a good movie serial are: good titles, this is to draw the public: good names for the characters to make them more impressive in their particular roles, and, last but not least, plenty of plots, mixed thoroughly, and highly flavored with romance, intrigue, villainy, and adventure.

MONTA COIL, '31

WOMEN DRIVERS

THEY SAY that the London plague, in the seventeenth century, was a terrible catastrophe. Atilla the Hun was called the "Scourge of God". It was the worst calamity in ages when Rome was burnt. All these are as nothing alongside the biggest dread humanity has ever known; the danger that instills great fear into the hearts of brave men; that makes veterans of wars tremble at the very mention of the name. No need to say any more; this terrible evil, this relic of the inquisition and the dark ages, is the huge army of women drivers in our country today.

How this lamentable circumstance ever came to exist is a mystery that puzzles the best of us, even Edgar Wallace and S. S. Van Dine. There's nothing weak about the weaker sex when it comes to ruining a cop's disposition or cluttering up the roads; they can cause more turmoil in a city than half a hundred communists.

Sixty-eight

THE 1930 BLUE LETTER

To begin with, it is a signal of distress to the person who is following when the woman sticks her hand out of the window. This means that she is shaking the ash off her cigarette, or casually waving to a friend. She may be having an animated conversation, or demonstrating a new stroke she learned up at her resort in the mountains. Perhaps she intends to slow down or stop, you never can tell; or she may even intend to back up! This signal also stands for pulling over to the side of the road; so she may be about to park. There is one last resort. If she does none of these things, it means that she is going to turn a corner. If the hand is extended stiffly, pointing to the left, it means a right turn. If, however, she pulls over to the right and waves "come on", it means a left turn; and if the man behind her is uninitiated, it will mean a dented fender at least, maybe a radiator leak or worse.

Something ought to be done about this. I have called the attention of my congressmen to this existing evil, but he remains inert. Has no one the nerve to act? Must I be a second William Tell to the cause? I fear so. It would be a glorious death, I know, the death of a martyr. Of course, I should be rushed to the hospital, but that would be of no avail. Maybe, as a result, the licenses of all the women drivers in the country would be "squashed". Then my sacrifice would not have been in vain.

JOHN WALE, '30

WHY STUDY?

*The less you study, the less you know,
The less you know, the less you forget,
The less you forget, the more you know.
So why study?
The more you study, the more you know,
The more you know, the more you forget,
The more you forget, the less you know.
So why study?*

VERA MADDOX
Class of '31

A SCENE

THE WIND HOWLED dismally through the branches of the tall bending trees. The rain, falling in torrents, combined with it in making the scene a weird and ghastly one. The night was cold and extremely dark but lit up in quick succession by almost continuous flashes of lightning which were followed in turn by thunder in its fiercest form.

Suddenly a sharp cry pierced the air. A young woman stumbled across the path to the shelter of a huge tree. Immediately a clap of thunder shook the earth, reechoing throughout the forest. A nearby tree crashed to the ground. A few feet nearer and it would have meant sure death to the trembling girl.

"Cut!" shouted the director, and instantly the din of camera and studio ceased. The girl jumped up gaily from her crouched position.

"Good work, Miss Bronson; that will be all for today. Report tomorrow for second scene."

GUSSIE BRODY, '32

JUNIOR PROPHECY

Continued from page 30

M. Allsopp will play the leading lady in "She Conquers Him". A. Rittweger is directing it.

The next page was advertisements:

Have your face lifted. Schmelger Work Shop.

Save money! Old suits pressed like new. F. Epstein.

Send your children to the Comito & Brody School of the Dance.

Use Slavicek's Vegetable Compound for the Skin.

Get a good meal at Wester's O. K. Lunch Wagon.

Commute to New York daily by the Osborne-Wait Air Service.

The barber's call for "next" interrupted further reading.



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POOR FISH

First Young Fish: How come you're not with the school?

Second Ditto (taking another nibble at the bait): Stupid, can't you see I'm playing hookey?

IN TRAINING

Freshman: I wonder why we lost the game with that young Indian basketball team?

Senior: That tribe has been making baskets since the year 1000.

SENIOR FRENCH

Miss Beekman (trying to explain the "voleur" (thief): Now, Sam, if I were to put my hand in your pocket and take out a dollar, what would I be?

Sam Glanfield: A magician.

OFFICE SNOOZE

Mr. Spoerl: What made you oversleep this morning?

Doodle S.: There are eight in the family, and the alarm was only set for seven.

GOOD REASON

Note received by Mr. Spoerl—

Dear Mr. Spoerl:

Kindly excuse Happy's absence yesterday. He fell in the mud. By doing the same, you will oblige me.

RIGHT YOU ARE!

"... And the subject for the debate this year will be: Resolved, that homework should be abolished."

Miss Conahey: Why, I thought that had been done long ago!

YET TO BE SEEN IN M. H. S.

"Happy" in school all day.

Eddie in classes on time.

"Funny" Fairweather whispering.

Joey sitting on the bench.

Miss Meeks with rouge and lipstick.

Oscar Roswall without his black hat.

Charlie Taylor walking.

Osborne awake in history class.

Bunny out of the fog.

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POPULAR NUMBERS

I've made a habit of you.....	School
How am I to know?.....	Mr. Herb
Look what you've done to me.....	Books
Little by Little.....	Babe and Dot
He's so unusual.....	Al Jolly
Lucky little Devil.....	Joey
The one I love just can't be bothered with Me.....	Bev Coil
Painting the clouds with Sunshine.....	Mr. Wallace
Singing in the rain.....	Johnny Schwalje
Can't you Understand?.....	Mr. Senerchia
I may be Wrong.....	Tommy Betts
Nobody's fault but your Own.....	Mr. Spoerl
Waiting at the End of the Road.....	"Ruby"
Nobody's Sweetheart	Exams
Turn on the Heat.....	Janitors
Singing in the Bathtub.....	George Olmezer
Breakaway	Senior Boys
Piccolo Pete	Mike Marzella
She's got Red hair and Freckles.....	Mabel Hargen
Dream Lover.....	Curly Lawrence
I'm sailing on a Sunbeam.....	George Fugel
Hoosier Hop.....	George Rapp
What is life without Love?.....	Charley Taylor
I gotta have You.....	Diplomas
She's got Great Ideas.....	Bessie Spear
Hard to Get.....	Marjorie Jones
If I had my Way.....	Mr. Spoerl
Chant of the Jungle.....	High School Orchestra
This is Heaven.....	Saturday
Gypsy Dream Rose.....	Miss Robbins
Satisfied	70%
My fate is in your Hands.....	Faculty
Big City Blues.....	Metuchen
Hello Baby	Babe Mundy
Great Big Man from the South.....	Ed Tucker
St. James Infirmary.....	Danfords

THE 1930 BLUE LETTER

WE JUNIORS

1

First in line is *President Dick*
He loves to argue and his wit is quick

2

Monta Coil with a disposition so sunny
Everywhere is followed by her pet *Funny*

3

One swell kid is our own little *Shrimp*
When he meets a certain "somebody", he sure does primp.

4

Blonde Bessie is like a kid with toys
But we also find she's fond of boys.

5

August Contardi has a card full of "A's"
His motto is "Work Hard"; it pays, and pays—and pays.

6

A quiet little girl is *Margaret Ross*
From speaking too loud she'll never get hoarse.

7

George Senkiew is a good sport
He's got a girl in every port.

8

Our Junior hairdresser is petite *Ida*
Who knows the French way of setting waves wider.

9

George Landers with the golden locks
Forgets to wear garters with his socks

10

A darn sweet kid is *Marjorie Hayne*
Whose ready smile will banish pain.

11

Steve Sloboda is always chewing gum
It seems to help him when he adds a sum.

THE 1930 BLUE LETTER

12

Elizabeth Aaroe with her curly red hair,
She and (??) would make a good pair.

13

A giggling gal is *Marie Clare*,
Who expects Mr. Herb her jokes to share,
(instead of flying up in the air)

14

A real good sport is *Albert Schuler*
A good athlete, and a good enough "schooler."

15

Rose by any other name,
Would hand out pretzels just the same.

16

As an orator *Hank* takes the cake,
When he rolls his French r's the walls do shake.

17

When *Anne* in school over her Algebra moons,
It shows her last date was with a couple of prunes.

18

Babe Mundy who's always bubbling with news,
If someone won't listen she jumps out of her shoes.

19

Iggy Peters who tickles the keys,
All the prizes he sure does seize.

20

Kenneth Walker big and stout,
Doesn't take ten rounds to knock a man out.

21

When we are losing on the floor,
We depend on *Eleanor* to tie the score.

22

In every game when there's a fight,
Who's right? She's right—*Wainwright*, all right.

23

When our *Joe Leiss* has joined the Yanks,
Metuchen will have risen from the ranks.

THE 1930 BLUE LETTER

24

Oscar Roswall known as *Fin*,
His favorite star is *Rin-Tin-Tin*.

25

Vera Maddox please talk some more
The way they do down in *Arkansas*.

26

Little *Fred Koster* sat in a corner eating a "kostered" pie
Along came *Grace*, with a solemn face, and said, "Will you give that to I?"

27

Joel Tucker draws heads, shoulders, and necks,
And when he grows up he'll surely draw checks.

28

Wouldn't it be funny, if at the request of a male,
Anna should change from *Cornell* to *Yale*?

29

"Stay East, Joe West," cries *Katherine Mundy*
"I hate to travel except on *Sunday*."

30

George Fugel our *Football* whiz,
He's not so good at a *History* quiz.

31

When *Ida Redner* and her friend go walking,
She does the listening while he does the talking.

32

To many goals does *George* aspire,
But to dance the "tap" is his first desire.

33

When high-hat *Kennaday* came to town,
The girls gave a smile, but the boys gave a frown.

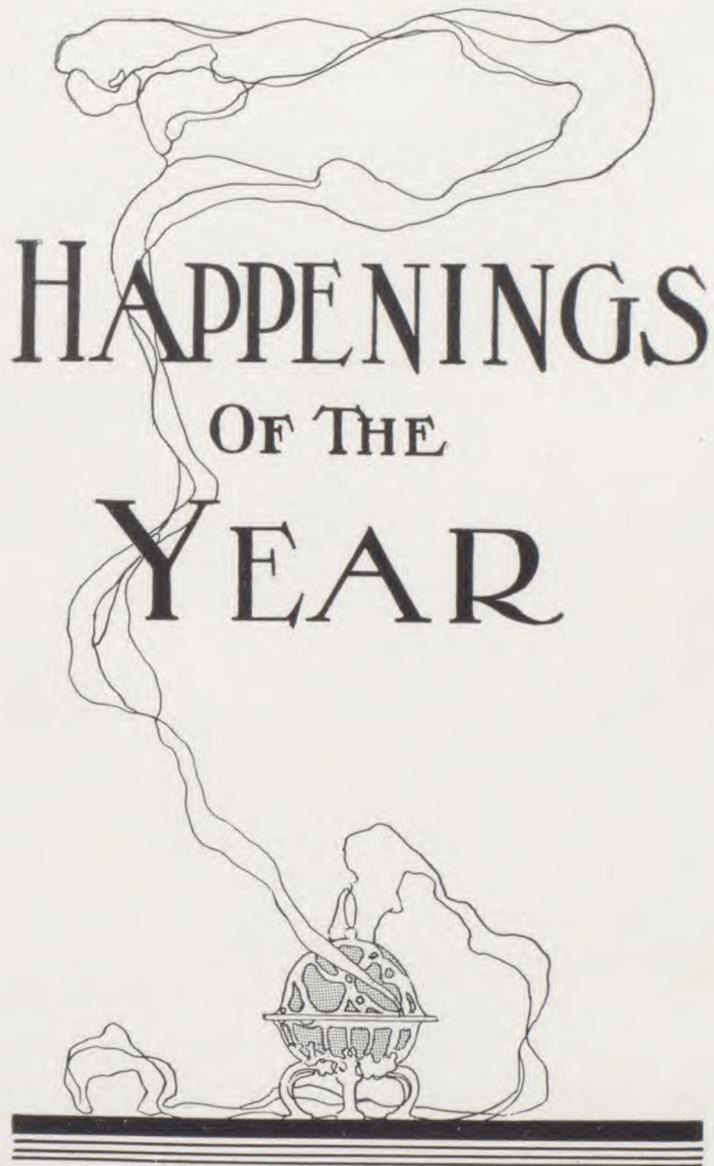
34

In rain, or shine, or any weather,
With *Luke* around, there's still *Fairweather*.

35

Last of all comes *Evelyn Gray*,
Alas, alack, I've nothing to say.

EVELYN GRAY, '31





DIMPLES



SMILES



WHO?



WHERE'S ED?



DIGNIFIED (?) FRESHMEN



WELL! WELL!



BE NONCHALANT



MORE SMILES



THE 1930 BLUE LETTER

THE CALENDAR

- September*—School opens. Mr. Spoerl "elocutes."
- September*—Annual Staff is organized, Miss Meeks elected advisor. If we keep our chins up we will be O. K.
- September*—Well, we're hitting on all four cylinders.
- October*—Football practice going strong.
- October 12*—First game with Roselle. Metuchen 14—Roselle 0.
- October 14*—Miss Meeks conducts class in her calm way.
- October 19*—Football game—Metuchen 13—Bound Brook 7.
- October 22*—Nick is some coach—we'll see what happens at the end of the year .
- November 11*—Armistice Day—Vacation—Whoopee!
- November 16*—Another game—Metuchen has a winning streak. Metuchen 21—South Amboy 7
- November 18*—Annual material slow in coming in.
- November 23*—Winning streak still good—Metuchen 15—Toms River 13.
- November 26*—Bunny's "Chev" is some boat.
- November 28*—Game was hot—Metuchen 0—Alumni 0.
- December 6*—Dramatic Club gave its productions, "The Knave of Hearts, and Wisdom Teeth." Large crowd was present and there was dancing afterwards.
- December 9*—Mr. Spoerl absent from Math Class—'nuff said.
- December 12*—Tryouts for Senior Play.
- December 13*—Orchestra Dance.
- December 16*—Senior pictures taken. Mr. Herb becomes a loan association for several Seniors who forget their money.
- December 19*—Everybody excited over Christmas. Senior Play rehearsals begin.
- December 20*—Now the longed for rest. Christmas vacation. Now for a long snooze.
- January 6*—School opened with same drudgery.

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- January 8*—Nobody knew their History lesson and Mr. Herb went up in the air without his parachute.
- January 9*—Senior play practice—Gotta make this good for our trip to Washington.
- January 10*—First Girls' Basketball team plays and wins. Some girls! Metuchen 48—Perth Amboy 40.
- January 13*—(Babe Kuntz)—“Mr. Spoerl, when you get a quantity of any thing you get a discount, don't you?” (Mr. Spoerl) “Yes. Why?” (Babe) “Well, I lost two History books. Do I get a discount when I pay for two?”
- January 15*—(Mr. Herb) “Well, well! This is a bright class. Everybody admits they are dumb.”
- January 17*—Boys' and Girls' Basketball games. Metuchen won by the way. Girls 24—South Amboy 8.
- January 22*—Senior Play—everything O. K. Girls won basketball. Metuchen 31—South River 23
- January 29*—Exams begin—terrible—terrible.
- February 3*—More Exams. The hearse will come soon.
- February 4*—Schwalje in History—“When I catch the fellow who put the tack on my seat.”
- February 5*—Mr. Spoerl. “When I catch the fellow who rang that bell.”
- February 11*—Whoopeeeeee—Vacation—Lincoln's birthday. Signing off.
- February 13*—Orchestra Dance at “Y”. Music furnished by “M. H. S. O.” called Vagabonds.
- February 17*—Mr. Senerchia gets stricter. We go to study hall instead of “lab.”
- February 19*—Rain—Rain—Mr. Spoerl is away at Educational Convention at Atlantic City.
- March 5*—Another girls' basketball game. Metuchen 32—Roselle 22.
- March 7*—First Debate with Rahway. We won—thanks to our Debaters—Edwin Tucker, Shirley Brown, George Olmezer and Marjorie Schenck.
- March 11*—Rain—Rain. Mr. Spoerl in fine humor.
- March 14*—Juniors rushed the front door. Some scramble. Schwalje sprained his shoulder.
- March 18*—Another Junior Rush—this time they got repulsed and retired from the field of battle.

THE 1930 BLUE LETTER

March 20—Debate with Carteret, and we won the championship.

March 21—Schwalje in Chem—"So that's how I got the duck—" Hancock—"Hey Wester, it's your turn now."

March 24—Mr. Sterling starts another magazine campaign.

March 26—State Typing Contest in which Metuchen won and was represented by Evangeline Munday, Marie Clare, and Rose Schwartz.

April 17—Easter Vacation—one week 18-27—Signing off r—r—

April 30—All preparations made for trip to Washington.

May 1—There they go—Train left at 8:45.

May 2—School ranks sadly depleted without Seniors.

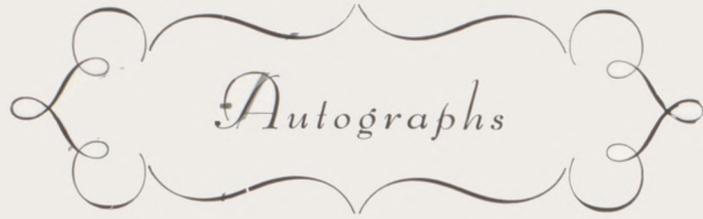
May 3—Seniors arrive home at 12:30.

May 5—Annual goes to press. Many thanks to all members of the school who gave their aid.



A decorative, hand-drawn frame with symmetrical, flowing lines and small loops at the corners. The word "Autographs" is written in a cursive script in the center of the frame.

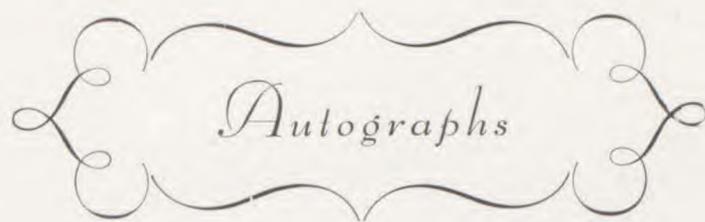
Autographs

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Autographs

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