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We wish to thank all those who have contributed toward making this publication one which will be worthy and representative of our student body.

We wish to especially commend the Freshmen for the fine way in which they responded to our call. Continue to contribute! Do not become discouraged if an especially good piece of work does not appear in print. After all, editors are only human, so remember—

That to err is human, but to keep on contributing without instant recognition is divine.
The student body of Newark State Normal School is proud to welcome Miss Sybil Brown and Mr. Guy V. Bruce as members of our faculty.

We hope that you will enjoy working with us as much as we have enjoyed working with you during the short time that we have known each other.

--- R ---

CONGRATULATIONS

The masculine contingent of N.S.N.S. congratulates Mr. Joseph D'Angola, alias, "The Chief," upon his appointment to the position of "Dean of Men."

"You have a tough job, chief, but you'll make it."

--- FINE MEETING ---

We wish to comment on the fine way and manner in which the executive board was presented to the student body by William Denberg, president of the Student Organization.

We have a very capable board this year and one which should "make things hum."

So, let's go! — W. J. F.

"DREAM PICTURES"

The night of November 10, 1933, will be a great one for Newark Normal, for on that evening we will present Branson De Cou and his "Dream Pictures." These are musical travelogues illustrated with masterpieces of art and photography as personally presented annually by Mr. De Cou in Carnegie Hall, New York City.

We are presenting Mr. De Cou in order to raise money for our Student Loan Fund and so you can readily see that your participation will make this affair a success. Many of our students have heard this celebrated lecturer and I am sure that those students will be present when Mr. De Cou talks about "Touring France," for after once heard, Branson De Cou becomes a very pleasant habit.

Join our party and see the castle of Chinon, medieval towns of the Indre and the Loire, landscapes of old Normandy, the Inn of William the Conqueror, charming costumes and head-dresses of old Brittany, Biarritz, the rock of the Virgin, Luz and the Knight-Templars Castle and other beautiful sights too numerous to mention.

We are depending on you to stand behind this coming affair and make it a success of which Newark Normal can be proud. Don't forget! Newark Normal—November 10, 1933—8:15 P.M.—tickets only 50 cents, to hear Branson De Cou's talk on "Touring France."

--- M. E. TOWNSEND ---

A MESSAGE FROM DR. TOWNSEND

I have in various ways tried to make it evident that we are glad to greet you as students on your entry and return to the program of work this fall. This is a great year, not just any year in education, but a challenging year in which to live. I wonder if you and I anywhere near appreciate what a privilege it is to be alive and young in the year 1933-34. You will pardon me if I include myself among the ranks of youth. What a wealth of projects there are demanding our attention! I hope the Reflector will challenge you to high purposes this year. Here is a matter of the formulating of a plan for raising funds for student assistance. We must get at this great task, and the students should be the first to be interested in the great work. Let us set our goals high even in this year of difficulty.

Let us think of the opportunities there are to meet the challenge of a new age by a challenge on behalf of education. Let us think of ourselves as a high price to be preparing for entry into the field of education. Contemplate your life and mine as more than dedication to a job, but rather as dedication to a high calling. Here among the full student relationships with life I would like to ask you and myself to get on the mountain tops occasionally and see how good we can be. I do not mean good in the narrow sense of absence from evil. I mean to challenge you and myself to live as nearly at our best as possible all the time. That needs serious thought, pains-taking planning, and a scrutiny into our inner lives. Nobody lives your life for you. You make it or break it yourself, however much the rest of your group helps you or hinders you. That's true of everybody. Will you then submit yourself, as a pledge for my part, to the high purpose of being more than just a student in a school, but rather the best possible person, forever reorganizing your best to a better best?

You have gotten this far in reading this challenge. Now read it over again and see if there is more hidden than revealed in the bare English of its expression.

— W. J. F.
YOUR LIBRARY SERVICE

Some years ago a visiting student from a rival institution which shall be nameless was being shown around the State Normal School at Newark by a resident pupil. In due process, they reached the library, where the visitor gazed around somewhat superciliously and remarked, “We have a lot more books than that!” Nothing daunted, our representative jauntily replied, “So have we, but our students have them out, reading them!” With that kind of a student spirit back of us, it is no wonder that our library, in its career, has outgrown its original limits, enlarged its staff and its service, and even in these days of Depression, is reaching out for new ways of serving its public, and for new publics to serve.

Always, the librarian has been blessed with a generous student support and because of this never-failing cooperation, I feel some hesitancy in recapitulating for this audience the various ways in which we are trying to be of use, or to describe the organization which we have built up to carry out our ambitions, lest the account have an all too familiar ring.

However, the opportunity here presents itself to acknowledge some of the ways in which student assistance has resulted in enriched library service, and in this connection their enumeration may seem less boring.

From our very first year, when an entire senior class enthusiastically adopted the library and the librarian, helped with the organization, pasted, stamped and charged books, disciplined freshmen and taught classes when invited, we have had much student participation in our work. Two of our alumni became staff members after graduation and two others, once valued student assistants, have since joined the faculty in other departments, and each is still claimed by the librarian in moments of stress as, “One of ours.”

As the library grew with the school, and as more and wider services were required of it, more and more student aid automatically and almost imperceptibly followed, culminating finally with the organization of the present Library Council, whose members each give an hour or more a week to the library, assisting the staff in practically every line of our work.

At present, the library has a complex organization consisting of the Staff, the Library Committee and the Council. The Committee is a group made up of the staff and seven faculty members from other departments who assist us in formulating and directing policies, and who render yeoman service in the various activities we endeavor to carry on. These last are partly determined by demands from the departments and from the instructors and pupils in extension classes at the school, and are in some degree evolved from our own collective ideas of what might profitably be done. Each room has its special custodian and its special group of activities, and in each the Council members volunteer for the service which most appeals to them and are scheduled for this work each week throughout the term.

In the Circulating Room, under Miss Rice, the work covers attendance at the desk, arrangement of shelves, selection of teachers’ reserves, and general room order. In this room, the bulletin boards, the swingingsigns and the new metal gates at the rear of the stacks bear mute evidence to the devotion of individual Council members, and to Committee cooperation. A Council member checks all the magazines which arrive each month and lists any articles which seem of interest to individual faculty members, afterward typing and distributing these lists to each faculty member. Another student just now is engaged in making a study of the fine editions of children’s books housed in the locked cases in this room, and used for display purposes. Our plants are watered and cared for by students; students letter our posters and signs.

In the Reference Room, under Miss Lee’s supervision, there is a varied collection of all sorts of materials necessary for an enriched curriculum. Here are the encyclopaedias, and special books of reference, and here we have on file a large collection of pamphlets, pictures, clippings and scrapbooks covering all sorts of topics pertaining to departmental needs. The students who work in this room, file, paste, clip and index, and in some cases carry on some individual piece of work exclusively; for instance one student is now evolving a scheme for filing pictures; others are indexing material requested by departments and clubs. Some plan and arrange exhibits for the hall cases, or displays for the bulletin boards.

The ordering and cataloging of new books is in Miss Lipson’s province, and as this is specialized technical work, there is least chance for student assistance here, but the collection of textbooks which was inaugurated last year in order that our pupils might have the opportunity to see the latest output in grade texts, is also under Miss Lipson’s direction, and students have aided her in preparing these books for the particular uses demanded of them.

The librarian’s office in the rear of the Circulating Room receives the grist which comes from our mill—piles of requests from the departments for reserves, book lists, pictures—all sorts of miscellaneous information; letters from graduates who ask for great and small services; frantic last-minute appeals from a student in practice, who must have material on “Egypt,” “Harvesting,” “Something for the fourth grade on colonial New Jersey”

From the desk in this room, somehow, someone each day lifts a part of the load, and the work goes on in some kind of rhythm, with enough time left for the interviews, the individual assistance for the inexperienced workers, the committee work and the classes.

Recently, a delegation of librarians from other schools visited our library and asked many questions. They centered largely on the methods by which we accomplished so many varieties of work which should be quite impossible for a staff no larger than ours, and when we told them that the students were the only answer we knew, they were much amazed, and asked a lot more questions, from which we gathered that our students are, apparently, a rare breed. Fortunately, the strain is hardy and shows no sign of deterioration. May their tribe increase!

—NANCY THOMPSON.

NET MEN MEET!

A meeting of the net men was held Wednesday, September 20, in Mr. D’An­golla’s office under the direction of Ford Sheppard. H. Junker and G. Weinik were appointed manager and assistant manager, respectively. Philip Goldberg was appointed court manager.

It was decided that the court was to be reconditioned and a tennis tournament held to determine the most likely looking candidates for the team.

The hours of play for the student body and the draw for the tournament is posted on the bulletin board.

The first match to be played was that between Ford Sheppard and George Weinik. Sheppard emerged victorious after a long but interesting two and a half hour struggle, 7-9, 6-4, 6-4.

Henry Bookstaber easily defeated Joseph Domarecki by the score of 6-0, 6-1.

Henry Yam defeated Albert Paskow in another long duel, 4-6, 8-6, 6-2; and I. Liebowitz won over N. Fiore in a hard match, 6-4, 2-6, 7-5. H. Junker easily whamped H. McDavit, 6-0, 9-1.

—G. W.

R.

Lazybones: “Ah heahs you’a’ll went to dat Sunday School picin’ an right away found you siff a nice, shaded nook.

Rastus: Yousah, a sho nuff did. Her name’s ‘Lizbeth.”

—R.

She: “Do you think a cannon shot can cause enough vibrations to make it rain?”

He: “Well, I can’t say as to that, but I’ve seen a shotgun bring on a shower.”
ANALYSIS OF FAULKNER'S WRITING

Four years ago William Faulkner's first novel, the much discussed and highly criticized, "Sanctuary," was presented to a seemingly shockproof literary world. Most of them found, however, that Sanctuary had gone much deeper than any shock insulation they might have and there was a general opinion that the author must be a little mad or perverted to conjure such a hideous plot executed by characters too horribly human to be tolerated. However, like most heavily criticized novels, it gained a vast public and a few admirers. These few claimed that with the writing of "Sanctuary," Faulkner had automatically added himself to the circle of America's greatest writers.

William Faulkner, author of "Sanctuary," and "Light in August," has revealed a new technique. His short stories can be found in Scribners', Harpers and The American Mercury.

Read, if you will, of Temple Drake in "Sanctuary," shrieking: "Something is going to happen to me!" even before she is exposed to any situation.

In "Light in August," hear the young mulatto, Joe Christmas, cursing his tragic fate before the fate itself has caught up with him.

His short stories defy you to leave them unfinished—it would be like leaving a patient cut open upon an operating table. Whether you admire his style, his choice of plot, his perverted characters or not, you cannot deny his technique which is rapidly drawing him into the circle of America's greatest writers.

-I. KNIGHT.

FINALE

Summer dies hard. The long lingering of spent sunshine Dulls itself against the fragrant clusters Of dusty purple grapes.

Noonday is a shower of filtered gold Over the meadows and the dry grasses Of the aster-laden roadside. The bitter smoke of bonfires Lifts itself in languid ecstasy To meet the first night stars.

-A. K.

AWAKENING

Alone upon a dune I stand And gaze across the sun-bleached sand To miles of ocean's silvery light That filters to me through the night.

The broad expanse of endless brine Akin to infinite, rushing time, Awakes within my torpid soul An urgent need to reach my goal.

I do not yearn for things divine— I also know success takes time; But why stand here alone and small? Begin thy work for once and all.

-BEE RICHARDS.

THE ONE AND ONLY PARENT

"Oh, say, Miss—ah—I didn't quite catch the name when we were introduced. Oh, yes, thank you. When do you think Elizabeth will join the diving group? When she has passed Intermediate Swimming? Oh—she's not in the Advanced group? Now that is a surprise. Her mother and I both thought she was way ahead of all the girls her own age. Now up at the lake—oh, you rank them for form as well as endurance. Yes, I was going to say that Elizabeth used to go in the water and we just couldn't get her to come out. She'll be able to take Junior Life Saving during the next encampment won't she? Oh, you don't advise it the first summer? Her grandparents will be so disappointed. They promised her a dollar apiece if she passed and her aunt was going to send her a watch. That is too bad! But you say that you think the test too advanced for Elizabeth. Yes, yes, I see. We, her mother and I, thought she would find it quite simple. You see, her brother went to the Boy Scout Camp and he was beginning to teach her some of the things. Oh, yes, indeed, I agree with you, it takes a strong swimmer to take the course. Yes, yes, I see. Why, what time are the girls going in this afternoon? We're so anxious to see what progress Elizabeth has made since Wednesday. Oh, they're waiting now for you to blow the whistle! Yes, they do look anxious to get in the water. Well, good-by, Miss—ah—may I come and talk to you about Elizabeth some time?"

-MARJORIE V. DOLAN.

AT THE GOSPEL TENT

This large, brown, open sided tent is the ecclesiastic palace of about two hundred Negroes every night. These Negroes range in color from the "Nordic blacks" to the sepia, ex-southern mamies; in intelligence from non-readers to about sixth grade. Remembering "a little learning is a dangerous thing" I am bold to go on to say, the majority of the women work many hours in some white man's kitchen, and the men do various types of laboring work. Yet, in this gospel tent, their countenances show happiness, and their emotions prove an inward joy.

As a late comer, I observe the audience has been worked up to an emotional pitch, by the expostulation of the short, woolley-haired preacher, whose side-burns look like an extra set of ears. He appears exhausted as he relaxes in his chair. One of the "church sisters" bursts forth in a loud, clear, voice: "Joybells are ringing in my heart, Joybells are ringing in my heart, Joybells are ringing in my heart, Joybells are ringing in my heart).

Yes, Joybells are ringing in my heart.

The congregation joined in the singing, alike, while a man played a guitar. There was much hand clapping, swaying of the heads, and patting of the feet; all keeping rhythm with the music. In the last row, a pitiable sight met my eye, a white boy, a true imbecile, sat gazing to the ceiling, expressionless. He was clapping his hands, not rhythmically, but as a robot.

After the singing of "Joybells" the congregation was dismissed, and in the same happy frame of mind, the church members visited one another.

Many of these people have scarcely the bare necessities of life, and I thought — thanks to the Supreme Being—that they had been acclaiming aloud—He at least provides a spiritual joy that cannot be taken from them.

In line with many modernists, I question many traditional religious beliefs, and made this visit out of curiosity. However, it has set me thinking. Should these people be labelled ignorant, who in spite of their hardships, find a certain joy in their form of spiritual devotion? Might I not get more out of life, if I could gain some of this happiness?

-CORNELIA PATE, Sr.O.

AT THE BEACH

The bathing suits the girls now wear Are snappy, smart and keen; A little here, a little there, With nothing in between.
STUDENT COUNCIL MEETS

The Student Council held a meeting Tuesday, October 3, 1933, at 12:20 P.M. for the purpose of electing officers. An amendment to the constitution was proposed, namely to have chairmen of standing committees become members of the council. A discussion about the evening performances sponsored for the student loan fund, followed. Miss Dunning said that three performances would be given this year. The first to be held November 10, featuring Branson de Cou. Committees will be needed for publicity, printing, ushering and arrangements. Tickets to these performances will be fifty cents, dancing will follow each. Suggestions regarding a fund for the student council were made. A new office, that of corresponding secretary and treasurer, was adopted. Said office must be held by a Junior.

The new officers of the Student Council are:

President ............... Wilbur Young
Vice President ........... David Harris
Secretary .................. Emil Jan Tausch
Treas., and Corr. Sec ... Wilbur Young

Respectfully submitted,
MARGARET FENNESSY,
Secretary Student Council.

CLUB NEWS

Altered policies as well as name, of Dancing Club offers more variety to both old and new members. It shall be known in future as the Dance Study Club. Members shall study the modern methods of the dance as presented by the Mary Wigman School, Denishawn, and others. Using this as a basis, the girls will "create" their own dances. Therefore, don't be astonished if you see girls floating through the halls. In time they hope to give the school a demonstration of their work.

President ............. Margaret Fennessy
Vice President ........ Eileen Lunney
Secretary ............... Anna Walsh
Treasurer .............. Ella Mae Schaeffer

Under the guidance of Miss Dunning, the Women's Glee Club again resumed its delightful work. A Thanksgiving program in the assembly is scheduled. Besides the carol singing, a great many more outside of school programs are contemplated in the community or nearby localities.

President ............ Charlotte Kisle
Vice President ........ June McGrath
Sec.-Vice Pres. ......... Marjorie Burdick
Recording Secretary .... Adelaide Cron
Corres. Secretary ..... Virginia Carrington
Treasurer ............. Helen Wade

Once more the fall has rolled around and with it the season of the theater. The Dramatic Club, imbued with the spirit of Broadway has started rehearsals on several one-act plays. It is the ambition of the Norm's to be able to put on a three-act play to be presented sometime in February. This year's officers are:

President ............... Ben Fiore
Vice President ........... May Lowenthal
Recording Secretary .... Jean LeBoytoaux
Corres. Secretary ...... Agnes DePhillips
Treasurer .............. Wilbur Young

The Science Club, this year, purports to be one of the most interesting clubs in the school. The aim of the club is to provide an opportunity for members better acquainted with the sciences. To this end programs are given during the meetings by interested students illustrating the different phases. This year's officers are:

President .............. Walter Kablis
Vice President ........... June Young
Sec.-Treas. .............. Cecelia Domokoski
Corres. Secretary ...... Elizabeth Budarf

The aim of the Kindergarten Club is to have the members of the Kindergarten-Primary Course well acquainted with each other. A card party is to be given soon in the honor of the Freshmen Kindergarten-Primary Section. This Spring, the Annual Spring Picnic will be held.

For the school year 1933-1934, the Social Studies Club has chosen the subject of Egypt. The group will be divided into sections according to each individual's interest, and through the study of that interest, develop visual aids. The club's officers are:

President ............ Norman McCotter
Vice President ......... Lillian Tulpovich
Secretary ............. Miriam Greenberg
Treasurer ............. Helen Beatty
Corres. Secretary .... Emman Kuinisch

The Studio Club and the Fine Arts Club, were consolidated to form the Art Club. One of their projects which has never been attempted before, is the presentation of an assembly program, intended to be offered November 1. This year's officers are:

President ............... David Harris
Vice President ......... Henry Bookstaber
Sec.-Vice Pres. ......... Ruth Sur
Corres. Secretary ...... Ford Sheppard

The main aim of the Social Dance Club is to practice the art of social dancing, the social niceties and etiquette that always accompany it, and to learn new social dance steps. The club hopes to run cotillion and old fashioned "square dance" parties for the school. It will be a revival of the "good old days," and I'm sure that we will all be looking forward to this entertainment.

The Music Study Club has many interesting projects scheduled for this year. Variety, in four and eight hand playing; and instrumental and vocal ensembles are now under way. Among the other programs for the term are two assembly programs in which the vocal and instrumental projects will be heard.

H. B. K.—What a headache! How can I get rid of it?

A. L. R.—Put your head through that window.

H. B. K.—What!

A. L. R.—Sure, the pane will disappear.

FRESHMEN WELcomed

The date October 6, 1933, will long be remembered by youse guys, gals and ye editor as the date when the Frosh were officially welcomed by ye mighty Juniors.

What a reception! Quoting "Snoozle" Durante it was marvellous, it was gigantic, it was stupendous—it was pretty good.

The Welcome Address was delivered by petite Dot Russamano. After listening to Dot's soul stirring address and touching plea to live a full, active life and to participate in all school activities I vowed then and there that I'd die for deah ole nomal.

Marge Ciccone and George Styrk in-out-graced the original Burns and Allen—Ella May Sheaffer, Jennie Sadkowski and our own Gracie sure shook a wretched hoof—Adeline Tansey was superb in her eloquence of "Who's Afraid" (No bad wolf this time)—Adelaide Cron thrilled us with her rendition of "Dinner at Eight" in her clear trembling—er—frightening me. I mean trembling—er—The biggest treat of the day was the sketch "Smitty and Pocahontas" which was most interestingly introduced by Lenny Johnson, "Red" Phillips and Charlie Finley.

The designer of the scenery in this play has our vote (that's all) for one trip to Hollywood. (Also a guarantee that he doesn't come back—unless he has money.) The participants in the sketche were:

Walter Kablis—Hep Hap Big Chief Powatan.
Al Bradbury—Asst. Chief Crack Proof.
Al Brosse—Big Chief Brother Crawford.
Ray Cooper—Big Chief Thunder and Lightning.
Jack Oster—Big Chief Little Horn.
Nick Fiore—Big Chief Chopping Block.
Harold Junker, George Styrk—Weeping Willow Tree.
Leon Brazer—Chief Tent.
Jack Lucas, Bill Selinske—Injuns.
Al Rothbard—Captain Al Smith.
Roman Kowalick, Art Roll—Stage Hands.
REFLECTIONS

What country lad milks cows daily before school? Confidentially, what upperclassman has Zita Cullen on a string? Why is one of our good looking freshmen called "Flash"? What section leader made a roller skating date with Dot Souter? Initials T. J. Who is the Woodbridge lass that bemoans the lack of boys? Why is Charles Fisher so bashful? Do you know the reason Jack Sher escorts a Caldwell lass around our halls? Is "Bethela" Solantz that way about "Curly" Pfef fer? Why does our class representative save most of his dances for Monica Flynn? What junior wearing bangs has all the “freshies” aflutter? Is Dot Barkun kidding Phil Goldberg? Have you seen Jeannette Bellows flash them those eyes? What tiny golden haired (?) lass walks with her toes pointing sideways, has a good line and goes roller skating? What tall bespectacled Elizabethan confessed that he is afraid of women? Who is the Industrial Art’s man noted for his ability to “cut in”? Who is Julia Flashberg “nuts” about? Who is our “Mae West” keeping her eye on?

Can you guess who this is?

1936

STUDENTS KEEP LATE HOURS

It is rumored that many of our “away from home” students keep late hours. A lot of them have been seen recently out after nine o’clock, even—tsk! tsk! Isn’t it awful?

DID YOU KNOW

That the Book Store of the Newark Normal School took in $2,381.13 during the last school year? Of this, $390.66 went to the support of needy students who worked in the book store during that year. Let’s continue to cooperate and patronize our store whenever possible. Thank you, Newark Normal.

WILLIAM DENBERG

WHY?

Why did Eddie Mitchell receive one (1) dollar from a very personable young lady in Room 14 on October 4, 1933?

NIGHT SPEED

Gliding toward me is an all-steel express... the headlight, like a golden beam, pierces the night... In a swirl of dust and paper the monster is passing... Glistening coaches and the scrape of flange on rail... Someone is reading in a berth—green curtains—a game of cards in the smoker and a group in the lounge... A sign in lights says “Crescent Limited”... On to Florida with no smoke, but an occasional flash... And cold, steelly, whistling—speed.

CLARENCE WILSON.

Knight: “Gee! I have an idea for a swell story for the ‘Reflector.’ It’s midnight. Two burglars creep stealthily toward the house. They climb a wall and force a window and enter the room. The clock strikes one!”

Lewis (breathlessly): “Which one?”

Mrs. Decker: “Certain plants such as beans and alfalfa take in nitrogen directly.”

F. Hopkins (taking notes): “How do you spell alfalfa?”

M. Bolton: “Ah use hay!”

Moffey: “Does this wind bother you?”

Harris: “No, talk as much as you please.”

The cutest thing (?) we know is the fair freshman damsel who thought that noodle-soup was a certain kind of hair tonic.

Helen: “Is Mrs. Vaughn-Eames a particular teacher?”

Walter: “Is she? Say, she’s so particular that she gets angry if you put a period upside down.”

Brad: Say, Harold, what kind of cigars do you eat smoke?

Harold: Me? Why, brother I smoke Robinson Crusoe’s.

Brad: What kinda cigars are Robinson Crusoe’s?

Harold: Castaways, dumb-bell, castaways.
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