

THE MADIGRAPH



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Madison's Alma Mater

Tune: For Freedom

Oh, Alma Mater tried and true,
 We raise our song to thee;
 What e'er thou ask we'll fondly do;
 Thy tasks are light thy burdens few.
 Thou holdst our hearts in fee.
 Thy hallways are to us a shrine;
 Thy mem'ries round our hearts entwine.
 We'll ever work with heart and hand
 To make thee fairest in the land.

Oh, Madison of purple-gold
 Of royal line art thou;
 Thy children shall be ever bold
 The right to do, the truth uphold
 With this our solemn vow.
 Allegiance true we'll gladly give;
 For thee we'll strive, for thee we'll live
 To make thy name re-echo o'er
 High mountain top and ocean shore.



Dedication

*In recognition of his wholesome interest in education and of the service which
he has so generously given to the Public Schools of Rochester
for many years, we, the class of June nineteen
hundred thirty, dedicate this issue of
the Madigraph*

to

MR. CHARLES F. WRAY

member of the Rochester Board of Education

THE JUNE CLASS OF 1930

CLASS MOTTO: *Attempt—Accomplish*

Senior Class Officers

Richard Adams	<i>President</i>	Justine Lyons	<i>Secretary</i>
Beverly Jensen	<i>Vice-president</i>	Richard Milazzo	<i>Treasurer</i>

THE SENIOR TERM HONOR ROLL

Foreign Language Curriculum

Robert Albert
 Donald Barber
 Wanzer Bosworth
 Robert Chapman
 Florence Dole
 Ruth Goodman
 Beverly Jensen

Ada Klönick
 Richard Milazzo
 Thomas Mullen
 Aleda Parker
 James Phillips
 Helen Quigley

Elizabeth Rightmire
 Albert Robinson
 Paul Smith
 Sam Stratton
 Romeo Stupello
 Helen Wheeler

Practical Arts Curriculum

Nelson Bishop
 Stanley Bloss

Edmund Burroughs
 Jack Ramaker
 Millard Van Hooser
 Vernon Wickman

Commercial Curriculum

Alice Lewis
 Elizabeth Unger

Industrial Arts Curriculum

Frank Cushman
 Frank Nardone
 Everett Parr
 Christena Pringle
 Walter Sanders
 George Tarkulich

The Senior Class

Katherine Adler	Eleanor Lenhard	Jane Whitbeck	Jack Goodell	Thomas Mullen
Oiga Almuquist	Alice Lewis	Christine White	Jack Gordon	Frank Nardone
Claire Anderson	Helen Lewis	Marie Wolleman	Richard Gray	Willard Newbauer
Grace Atkinson	Dorothy Lodder	Margaret Young	Glenn Griffen	Edwin Northrup
Jean Avery	Oiga Loomis	Dora Zeppetella	Lenard Griffen	Sylvester Novelli
Margaret Baker	Dorothy Lorenz	Helen Zimmer	Carl Groh	Stanley Page
Minnetta Baker	Lucy LoRusso	Richard Adams	Kenneth Haire	Harold Palmer
Anna Bates	Justine Lynes	Gordon Aex	Edwin Hammond, Jr.	John Palmer
Maralynn Bisky	Harriet Mackie	Robert Albert	LaVerne Harris	Theodore Paniccia
Genevieve Blank	Winifred Mann	Donald Barber	Frank Heffer	Everett Parr
Helen Caputo	Ruth Marble	Nick Barneski	John Hendriks	Charles Parsons
Helen Cassidy	Ruth Martell	George Bennett	Carl Herman	James Phillips
Quentina Cervini	Ethel Mason	Norman Bennett	Ernest Herman	Earl Pike
Jennie Clao	Poppy Mattern	Warren Bernard	John Hill	Jack Ramaker
Mary Comenale	Elizabeth McCarthy	Nelson Bishop	Herbert Houghton	John Randall
Agnes Corbo	Gladys McKellar	William Bloss	Dale Housel	Harold Richards
Ruth Dains	Jean McKenny	Fred Blum	Raymond Hubbard	Ralph Rickard
Maimy D'Amico	Lydia Milano	Carl Board	Harold Hudson	Thomas Robertson
Elsie Daunton	Mardell Miller	Alfred Bork	Ernest Huey	Albert Robinson
Winifred DePrez	Evelyn Morris	Wanzer Bosworth	Ma'colm Inglis	Anthony Rousos
Margaret DeRider	Violet Mullett	Harold Bowerman	Arthur Jermyn	John Rowley
Laura Dick	Olive Munzer	George Bowles	Thomas Jermyn	Americo Russi
Clara DiMizio	Celestina Nardone	Willard Bowman	George Jones	Eugene Ryan
Lois Dingman	Elizabeth Nesbitt	Joe Brach	Lawrence Jones	Walter Sanders
Rose Dispenza	Violet Nickel	Eliner Briggen	Glenn Joslyn	Ralph Savard
Mary Dittrich	Luvilla Nolta	Robert Brown	Henry Jungk	Willard Saxman
Florence Dole	Ruth Osborn	Frederick Bryant	Harry Kelne	Edward Sealey
Edna Earle	Aleda Parker	Edmund Burroughs	Fred Kester	Richard Senke
Anna Ellich	Elna Peck	Frank Buskey	Clair Kittelberger	Roger Slager
Ruth Fenninger	Margaret Phillipson	Joseph Caccamise	Robert Kliefgen	Raymond Slocum
Ruth Finger	Christena Pringle	Joseph Camello	Robert Klem	Paul Smith
Olive Foote	Helen Quigley	Salvator Carlisi	Franklynn Koepke	Robert Smith
Dorothy Gardner	Marian Reddy	Marvin Carson	Charles Kraft	Harold Stevens
Angela Gath	Mary Reese	Richard Chapman	Charles Kuslik	Francis Stodart
Florence Gell	Elizabeth Rightmire	Richard Clarke	George LaDuke	Alfred Stokk
Cornelia Gludic	Dorothy Roe	John Cooper	George Lehman	Raymond Stothard
Ruth Goodman	Rose Rousos	Warren Crissy	Donald Lembecke	John Stout
Mary Graham	Mary Russell	Colln Crockett	William Lembecke	Samuel Stratton
Constance Gripppo	Marjorie Sauter	Paul Curnick	Leonard Lewis	James Strong
Thelma Habersat	Irma Scharet	Frank Cushman	Gerald Light	Romeo Stupello
Evelyn Hack	Marlon Shengulet	Howard Dayton	Ernest Lippe	James Suiter
Jean Haddleton	Rose Sirlanni	Carl Dengler	Charles Lockwood	Francis Swan
Josephine Hanmaker	Dorothy Smith	Rocco D'Etto	Francis Look	Fred Sweet
Vivian Herring	Pearl Stiles	Wesley Deyle	Robert Mack	George Tarkulich
Mary Hoepfl	Doris Stoyke	Leo Di Fazio	William Maddicks	Adelbert Thompson
Marjorie Holley	Caroline Streeter	Donald Dye	John Marfuggi	Mortimer Thornell
Margaret Jaynes	Edith Stear	Bertram Emerick	Theodore Marks	Joseph Todisco
Beverly Jensen	Viola Toll	Frank Failing	Albin Martin	Peter Tracy
Margaret Johnson	Elizabeth Unger	Frank Favreau	Everitt Mason	Millard Van Hooser
Helen Kaiser	Harriet Vedder	Robert Fellows	Thomas Massaro	Donald Van Zandt
Florence Kern	Lena Virgilia	Raymond Ferretti	Charles McCormick	Arthur Voelkl
Hilda Killian	Evelyn Ward	Patsy Francesco	Floyd McGuire	Edward Walker
Ada Klönick	Virginia Warner	Frederick Fry	Clarence McIntosh	Edward Wegner
Ethel Knight	Edna Waste	Willard Garrett	Richard Milazzo	Vernon Wickman
Florence Kytte	Mabel Wegner	Thomas Gentner	Frederick Miller	Thomas Williams
Frances LaForce	Lois West	Joe Gies	William Miller	George Wise
Ethel Leggett	Helen Wheeler	Martin Golden	Edward Monaghan	Edwin Wood

LITERARY

Alma Mater

"Oh Alma Mater,.....in truth thou art
a mother tried and true,.....to whom we
must in turn be true.

We raise our song to thee,.....tho' songs
reveal not all we feel.

Whate'er thou ask we'll fondly do,.....
yes, do with ardor and zeal before unknown
Thy tasks are light,.....compared to
what you do for us.

Thy burdens few,.....beside the multi-
tude of burdens you must bear because of us.

Thy hallways are.....a place to seek
where all our good times are renewed.

To us a shrine,.....where all fond
memories brightly shine.

Thy memories.....are ever dear and
round our hearts entwine.

We'll ever work.....with thee in mind,
and

With heart and hand.....at thy
command

To make thee fairest in the land.".....
will forever be our aim.

—Ethel Legget, C9A-1

Farewell, Madison

Oh, school of friendship, school of love,
As beautiful as a snow-white dove.

The purple and gold, so stainless and fair,
Are as dear to me as the sunshine and
air.

It has come time to leave thee, to depart
from thy halls,

To bid goodbye to our "Alma Mater",
the pride of us all.

When we came here as freshies, thy wel-
come was sincere,

And now we leave thee, thy words no
more to hear.

"Attempt—Accomplish", our school
motto will ever be,

And always I will remember the words,
as a symbol of thee.

Farewell, Madison, thou loyal friend
and guide,

The class of Nineteen Thirty can look to
thee with pride.

—Elizabeth Nesbitt, L9A-1

Northern Lights

Have you ever seen the Northern Lights?
They flash and fade in the darkened nights.
There's yellow, red, orange, blue,
And yes, a royal violet too.

Do you think these lights from out the
North,

These beautiful colors bursting forth,
Are part of the Eskimos' Fourth of July
Or only fireworks in the sky?

—Ruby Wright, 7A-1

ADIEU

Nous disons—Au Revoir, Madison.

À une école nouvelle, nous allons.

Nous sommes heureux, qu'avec honneur,

Nous disons adieu à nos professeurs.

—Clara Di Mizio, F9A-1

Valē, Madisonia Cāra

O, Madisonia, maximē tristēs sumus, nam
nunc a tē et tuīs magistris magnīs et benig-
nīs discēdimus. Numquam tibi agere meri-
tās gratis poterimus prō omnibus beneficiis
quae nobis ostendistī. Semper in memoriā
tenēbimus diēs laetōs quōs hīc sumpsimus,
praesertim hōc annō.

Nōs nōn solum mente sed etiam corpore
exercuisti. Ubi in lūdum novum intrābimus
sentiemus nōs pārārī quod semper nōs ju-
vistī. Nōs bene docuisti. Itaque Madisoni-
nae fideliātem nostram vovēmus. Ita sem-
per tē, tē nostram almam mātrem fidam nī
memoriā cum superbiā tenēbimus, et tē sae-
pe vīsitābimus.

—Ruth Fenninger, L9A-1

Violets, beautiful, yet not rare
Found dotting meadows, here and there;
Young and old shirk their duty
To adore the pleasant beauty.

—Ethel Knight, F9A-1

The Charm of Summer

I cannot write a poem to express just how I feel.

To picture the summer gladness, the beauty, and the cheer,

To tell you of the sweetness of the flower by the wall,

That with its pleading petals to us seems to call.

—Clara Di Mizio, F9A-1

The Aurora Borealis

Sunday evening, May 4, many people exclaimed over the beauty of the northern sky. We were driving through the park when I noticed the brilliant coloring. I did not at first think what might cause this splendor. Suddenly it came to me—the aurora borealis!

You know, of course, that aurora borealis means the northern lights. I cannot describe how lovely the sight was. It seemed like several huge beacons from the heavens playing their light on the earth. The entire northern sky was alight with color. The tints were continually changing. This lent more beauty to the scene. It is difficult, indeed, to try to tell you the impression they made on me.

As I looked at this wonderful splendor, my mind traveled back over the ancient Greek story of Aurora, goddess of the dawn, and also the story of Boreas, god of the north wind. The lights acquired their name aurora from the lovely goddess because of their beauty, and borealis comes from their location, the northern sky.

If you have never seen the northern lights, you have missed a very great treat. John Muir tells us in one of his books how he stayed up one entire night to watch the aurora borealis. I assure you that it was well worth the sacrifice. The book is "Travels in Alaska." In the last chapter, there is a wonderful description of the northern lights.

—Agnes Corbo, F9A-1

The Opening Ball Game

The first home ball game of the season is an important event in most all big cities. Rochester is no exception.

Tuesday, May 6th, the day set for the opening game at Rochester, dawned clear and bright. The newspapers had predicted rain, but the sky showed no signs of rain. We got up in the morning and asked for excuses so we could go to the game in the afternoon. You may be assured that our recitations in the morning classes were not altogether satisfactory. We left school about twelve fifteen and arrived at the ball park more than an hour and a half early.

The ceremonies before the game were very impressive. First, the two teams marched out to the flag pole with a band playing an appropriate selection. The American flag was first raised, and then the two pennants that Rochester had won were displayed. Next, the band played "The Star Spangled Banner." The crowd stood, and the men took off their hats whether they were bald or not. Then the two teams marched to the home plate, and the Red Wings were presented with two large floral pieces. One was a large horseshoe containing words of encouragement to the team. The other floral piece was also a large horseshoe, but it had no lettering on it.

The game was on. We were sitting on the edge of our seats, but we soon sat back because nothing in the line of run-scoring was done in the first four innings. But the Baltimore team opened the fifth inning with a barrage of hits. Before our team could get three outs on them, they had pushed three runs across the plate. The Red Wings did nothing in their half of the inning. The Baltimore Orioles got two more runs in the first of the sixth, and the Red Wings came to bat with the fans looking pretty forlorn. The Red Wings let loose a worse bombardment of hits than Baltimore had, and they scored six runs. In the seventh, Baltimore scored four runs and Rochester scored three. Both teams went scoreless in the eighth. In the final inning Baltimore was up to bat for its attempt to break the tie score. Two outs were made, and the next batter hit a ground ball to Specs at second base. Specs doesn't often miss the ball, but he let this one go through his legs, and the man got on base. Then Wilson, the shortstop, fumbled two in

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In L9A-1 English this term a unit lesson was given on picture study, the aim of which was description. The three following compositions were selected for the Madigraph:

An Adventure

Although clouds were gathering, I pulled Dot from the hotel down to the shore. The water was unusually calm and still, and it tempted me. My conscience told me that it would be unwise to venture out in a boat when it was so cloudy and dark. Nevertheless, I wanted to row the new, green boat for a few minutes. Dot firmly refused to go with me, but she consented to shove me off. "Ohhh!" The boat fairly raced through the ripples. I rowed as hard as possible, and took keen delight in seeing the shore grow smaller and smaller.

Oh, what was that? Thunder! Then it started to pour. I was nearing some rocks and couldn't control the boat. The next moment, I was dashed upon the rocks, bruised, and badly frightened. A small cave nearby offered shelter; so I ran into it. As I was tired and exhausted, I lay down on the floor of the cave and went to sleep.

During the night, I awoke. Acting on a sudden impulse, I went out of the cave and looked around me. There I beheld one of the most gorgeous sights I have ever had occasion to witness. It had stopped raining. The moon was slowly emerging from the depths of dark clouds. It sailed majestically into the clearing sky, and cast a pale, golden light over my surroundings. I discovered some tall cliffs at one side. Previous storms had left their traces by giving the cliffs a rugged appearance. The moonlight caused them to be tinted and shadowy; the waves lapped gently at the bases of the cliffs. The water looked surprisingly green. It seemed as though it was a mass of living emeralds, sparkling and alluring. In the distance I saw the fleecy sails of a schooner. The boat dipped gracefully with each motion of the water. However, it was too far away for me to attract the crew's attention. So I decided to go back to the cave for the rest of the night.

In the morning, I ran out on the rocks to try to get help. The schooner that I had seen during the night was approaching. I

took off my white sweater and waved it frantically. A sailor saw me, and soon I had been "picked up." In another fifteen minutes, I was safe in the hotel.

When I told Dot about my adventure, she said that it was just my luck to have seen a sight like that. But I would rather not have another adventure like it for a long time.

—Ruth Goodman, L9A-1

A Picture

Hanging on the wall at home,
Is a picture beautiful to me,
And because I think it so,
I will try to describe it to thee.

The sun is sinking in the west,
Tinging the trees and brook,
And the forest in the background
Has a dark and mystic look.

Moss-covered stones lay on the bank,
And some from the water rise,
And the quiet, glassy water
Reflects the colors of the sky.

The sky is gradually growing dark,
The birds have gone to rest,
And the robins and the others
Are flying to their nests.

One can almost hear
The voices of the birds and trees,
And the brook as it runs along,
Singing its song so merrily.

—Elizabeth Nesbitt, L9A-1

A New England Cottage

As I walked along an old, dirt road that was sprinkled here and there with daisies and buttercups, an old cottage of an early English type came into view. The roof was moss covered and very old. The sun was shining on the little square windows making them seem like sparkling diamonds. In the foreground was the emerald green of the grass in front of the house. There were bushes and plants around the front of the house, and a rose bush was twining itself among the bars of a trellis which was over the door. On the sides and in the back of the house was a large, old-fashioned garden blending harmoniously with its surroundings.

In the garden were pink lady's slipper, phlox, Queen Anne's lace, larkspur, holly-

hocks, and all the beautifully colored flowers that go to make up an unusually choice garden. The bees were buzzing in and out of the flowers. They seemed to be lazy along with the rest of the day.

Walking majestically between the rows of flowers was an old lady. She looked like one of the few aristocrats left in that part of the country. By the side of the lady was a great Persian cat. This cat was frisking about and trying to catch one of the numerous butterflies.

The large and many branched apple trees were lifting their leafy boughs to the cloudless, blue sky. Farther on was a large, spacious barn where it seemed that children could have a splendid frolic.

All this seemed like a very peaceful scene to persons wishing a rest from the noises of the city. It could very rightly be called a restful scene.

—Helen Quigley, L9A-1

Trying To Study When There's Company

"Yes," said Aunt Gerty, "the baby had colic last week, and we had to have the doctor twice."

"Let me see," said I to myself. "The prehistoric man lived when the world was inhabited by fierce creatures. He had to kill them with stones and clubs."

"And the baby cried all night," said Aunt Daisy.

"He ate his food raw because he did not know of fire."

"Little Nellie had a night mare last night, and I think she is cutting her teeth," replied Aunt Gerty.

"Man passed through many stages: Collection stage, Hunting and Fishing stage, Pastoral stage, and Industrial stage," I repeated to myself.

"He will be eight months old tomorrow, won't he?" asked mother.

I decided I would see if I could write my lesson to make sure I knew it. Here it is.

The Primitive Man

"The Primitive man lived when the world was eight months old. He ate his food raw because he did not know of fire. He cut his teeth when very young. He ate what he could find, and as a result got colic. The doctor had to be called twice before he recovered.

—Violet Nickel, C9A-1

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succession, and two runs were scored. The final out was finally made, and the Red Wings came to bat to do their best, but they were retired. The crowd went home in disappointment because their team had lost the opening game.

—Robert Chapman, L9A-1

Scribo-etquam

Whew, but it's hot! Oh dear, I must write that composition for English, but what shall I write about? Every week I go through this mental struggle deciding what to write about. After I have decided what my subject will be, I still have to write about it. Such a life!

I have been writing for the past fifteen minutes. It would have been twenty minutes had not that little pest, Dot (my sis), come into the room and started to talk to me about the yellow dress I'd just washed. She wanted to know why I hadn't ironed it, as though I knew why. It's too hot to iron. It's even too hot to write a theme. Then she wanted to write with my pencil, and that's why I'm writing in ink. Sis claimed it was "expedient" that she do her Intermediate. She uses dreadfully long words, but I guess she'll get over it. Before she rests her weary bones for this evening, she must struggle with some solid geometry, she says. Poor thing! Such is the life of a pupil preparing for college! Some day I shall trudge that weary path, also. Why, I am trudging it now! Whew, it certainly is hot.

"Brrr!" Again? Mary wanted to know our assignment in Latin for to-night. Well, Latin! Sis actually likes Latin. I rather like it myself, but I cannot picture anyone spending two hours over a Latin book. I really must continue with my theme.

Writing a theme (Sis's word for composition. I am acquiring quite a vocabulary these days, am I not?) is not as easy as it might be. First, one must consider his subject, and then write his composition accordingly. One cannot very well rave about nature in somber tones. When the weather is like this, my first inclination is to write about spring. I told Sis that I was going to write about spring, but her only reply was a wry face.

(Continued on page 18)

THE CLASS PROPHECY

Class Prophecy of L9A-1

I climbed the steps of a prosperous looking house and rang the doorbell. When the door was opened by a young lady I began with my usual statement, "I am taking the census for 1950, Madam. Your name is _____?"

"Mary Comenale," she replied.

My pencil fell to the floor.

"Mary Comenale?" I asked. "Surely it can't— Did you ever attend Madison Junior High School?"

"Yes," she answered, "but why do you ask me that?"

"Why, Mary, don't you remember me?"

She looked at me thoughtfully. Then, with a flash of recognition, she gasped, "Why, Betty, I haven't seen you for ages!"

After we had stood at the door for several moments, telling each other how glad we were to meet after such a long separation, Mary said, "You must come in, Betty, so we can talk. I have so much to tell you."

When we were cozily settled in a corner of the davenport, she began, "Isn't it wonderful about Lois West?"

"It certainly is," I replied. "When we went to school no one ever thought that Lois would some day become the first woman president of the United States. By the way, have you ever seen Anna Bates? She and Lois were quite good friends."

"No, I haven't seen her for years, but Helen Wheeler and I were talking about her the other day. Anna has succeeded Miss McMullen as Madison's Health Counselor. Do you know she is one of Helen's regular customers?"

"Customers?" I asked, bewildered. "What do you mean?"

"Helen," said Mary, "has the largest and best beauty parlor in New York. I see her often."

"What ever became of Rose Rousos?" she continued.

"She's making a fortune," I answered, "in Los Angeles, and so is Florence Dale."

"Do they work together?"

"Well, not exactly," I replied. "Remember when we were in school how Rose experimented for years to discover which was the more slenderizing, a dish of pineapple or a cheese sandwich? Well, she has the most unique business I've ever heard of. She keeps a restaurant."

"A restaurant?" queried Mary, puzzled.

"Yes," I said, "but it's not like any other restaurant. It's for people who want to get thin. Rose has special slenderizing dinners. She guarantees a ten-pound loss of weight with each meal."

"That's certainly interesting, but what about Florence Dale?"

"Well," I answered, "she keeps a tailor shop across the street from Rose's restaurant. When the patrons have finished lunch they go to Florence, who makes over their dresses into two-piece ensembles while they wait."

"I think that's a clever arrangement, don't you?" added Mary. "Florence always did like sewing, anyway."

"Yes," said I, "I remember how she enjoyed making her graduation dress, but we certainly couldn't say that about Gladys McKellar. What is she doing now?"

"Oh, she is looking for a position. Remember how easy it was to make Gladys laugh, and how we used to make faces at her in class, because she never could stop laughing as easily as she could start?"

"Yes," I replied, "but what has that to do with her position?"

"Everything. Gladys was employed as secretary to John D. Rockefeller. You know John's reputation concerning dimes, don't you? Well, so did Gladys, and when he handed her her first month's salary in dimes—well, it was just too much for Gladys. I wonder if she and Frances LaForce are as chummy as they used to be. I guess I wouldn't know Frances if I saw her."

"Oh, Fran is doing fine," said I. "She's working in the Massachusetts General Hospital. Do you know what Ruth Goodman and the rest of the girls are doing?"

"Ruth," replied Mary, "keeps a select private school for young ladies. Aleda Parker teaches Latin there."

"I'm certainly glad to hear that they have been so successful. I just recently received a letter from one of our classmates who is traveling abroad."

"Who is it? Helen Quigley?" inquired Mary.

"Oh, no," I answered. "Helen is a Girl Scout leader, and very active in Scout affairs. I was referring to Ruth Fenninger. She is touring Europe and writes to me often. In her last letter she told me that she had seen Elizabeth Nesbitt in London. Elizabeth is playing in Shakespearean dramas there."

"I should like to see her," added Mary. "Thelma Habersat, who is now teacher of domestic science at Madison, was asking me about Mary Graham. I hear that Mary is very successful, and is becoming famous as a bacteriologist. Her latest discovery, that indolence is caused by a microscopic animal, the lazibug, has won great fame for her."

As I glanced at my watch I was amazed to see that it was five o'clock. I had forgotten that I was supposed to be taking the census. I bade Mary goodbye very hastily, promising to see her soon again.

As I was hurrying down the street I suddenly remembered that I had not asked Mary what she had chosen as her life work. I decided to ask her next time we met, when looking up, I saw a large signboard bearing these words:

"Be healthy, happy, contented. Chew delicious, grape-flavored Comenaligum. Manufactured by M. Comenale and Company."

I smiled as I remembered the days at Madison when Mary used to distribute her gum among the members of the class, telling them of its delicious grape flavor and medicinal value."

As I reflected, I thought that the class of L9A-1 had remembered well its school motto, "Attempt—Accomplish."

—Elizabeth Rightmire, L9A-1

My thoughts were turned toward my former classmates as I sped along in a swift airplane in the now late summer of 1949. I was wondering if they had fine positions, and if

they had families. It was true that I had seen one of my former classmates, Robert Chapman, who was now piloting this "flying monster", but I longed to see them all. I had been so busy since I left Madison that I had never seen or heard of any of my former friends. I had come across Bob while boarding my plane, and learned that he was married, in fact I had even seen his son, a fine, husky boy. A large sign in the front of the plane prohibited any further conversation with the pilot. I was bound for New York City, lost, as it were, in the hustle and bustle of the newspaper world. I was very skeptical about my seeing any more of my former pals.

That night I arrived at New York City and immediately took a taxi to the Ritz Hotel. As I was making arrangements for rooms, I was confronted by the manager of the hotel, and to my surprise it turned out to be none other than Jimmie Phillips. After the usual exclamations, "How-do-you-do's", and inquiries as to health. I was escorted to the manager's suite where we spent the remainder of the evening talking over old times at Madison.

After breakfast next morning, James and I went to the New York Times building where I had some business to attend to. While waiting for the elevator a man passed us.

"Who is he?" I asked. "His face seems familiar".

My question went unanswered, however, for he, I believe, must have been thinking the same thing I was, turned and faced us. It was Wanzer Bosworth, my former, bosom pal. "Bozzy", as I later learned, was circulation manager of the New York Times. He is also trying to clear up conditions existing among newsboys. He is familiarly known as the "newsboys' friend".

"Well! Well!" he ejaculated, "We've been wondering where you were. We needed you to make our reunion complete."

"Whom do you mean by 'we'?" I questioned.

"All of our former pals at Madison." was the reply.

Ned Hammond is now in his element. He is operating the "Hammond Steam Ship Line," and is also prominent in the "Sea Scouts."

I was unable to see Robert Fellows and Martin Golden. Martin is touring the country giving lectures on "My Experiences with Latin." It is said that they are very interesting lectures both humorous and dramatic.

Bob Fellows was in Europe at the time attending the "Boy Scout Jamboree." Bob is also an excellent basketball player, having received his early training in class games at Madison.

An important telegram cut short my trip to New York. The next morning I boarded an airplane and sped homeward. During the trip we passed over Rochester, and, as I glanced over the side of the airplane, I could distinguish the spot where Madison, our former school, once stood, she having given way to the march of progress. The students were now housed in a beautiful, new building.

The exciting events that had taken place within the past few days had tired me. I had my dreams realized; my friends were all successful. Was I as successful as they? I wondered. Then I fell asleep, rocked by the swaying motion of the plane, and I dreamed of my former classmates and of the enjoyment I had experienced last night.

—Samuel Stratton, L9A1

One day in 1956 when sitting in an office in a three hundred fifty story building, the largest on Mars, built by Joseph Caccamise and Willard Garrett with the aid of the great Civil Engineer, Anthony Rousos, we received a call on the telephone from John Rowley, president of the National Federation of Churches. He said that he was coming up from earth to spend the week-end. He added that he would arrive at eleven o'clock on the following day. The next day at five minutes to eleven all in the office went up to the roof-top airport to await the arrival of our distinguished guest. After greeting him our eyes were fastened on the pilot. We asked Mr. Rowley who the pilot was. Slowly stroking his beard he replied, "Don't you know who that is? Why that's Ed. Wegner, the chief pilot of the Trans-planetary AirExpress Company." After greeting Ed. and having a regular old time chat, we all went down to the office by way of the new Mason Electrical Stairs invented by our old friend, Everitt Mason.

Arriving at the office there was a great clashing and banging. The door flew open, and who walked in but Colin Crockett, chief boiler maker in the Bustem Boiler Factory.

The entire office staff then retired to the seclusion of the employer's country home on a neighboring star. After luncheon Ed. remembered that he had a short talking picture entitled "Who's Who in the Madison Alumnae Today". The first picture to flash on the screen was that of Angela Gath shown in action at one of the Ladies' Aid Society conventions on her "Anti-cosmetic Campaign". The scene then shifted to a circus where we saw Bob Kleifgen as the tallest living man. He always aspired to great heights. Next we saw "Marge" Sauter and Elwood Light starring in their new play, "Dangerous Curves of 1956." John Randall has just founded a society for the prevention of cruelty to Latin books. Eugene Ryan was seen teaching algebra with the aid of his new book, "The Easy Road to Algebra." Harriet Vedder is chief Dietitian in Mademoiselle Lewis' School, and she is called "Old Calorie" by her beloved students. Jean McKenny is chief excuse-maker at the same school.

That evening we went to the Old Maids' Sewing Circle where we saw Ralph Savard taking the place of Rudy Vallee. The maiden ladies seemed to like his method of playing jazz. Our table was so situated that we had a very good view of the stage and of Laura Dick appearing in Zigfield's follies. We also met the hostess, Catherine Adler, who told us that Helen Zimmer had just won an endurance contest in giggling, and that Frederick Bryant had just been promoted to chief tester in the DePrez Company.

The library in this home was designed by Marjorie Holley, the famous interior decorator. We were surprised to see a new translation of the Odyssey by Constance Grippio. Just after that a newsboy was singing outside the window, "Extra! Extra! Harriet Mackie has just found Vitamin Z in pomegranates; Claire Anderson and Ruth Dains are racing each other 'round the world". We bought a paper and found that John Palmer had become soft-hearted and had departed for the jungle to teach the elephants the latest tap-dancing steps. We

also learned that Mary Hoepfl had roe-danced across the Milky-way. When we turned on the television set whom do you think we saw? Ruth Marble in action giving a speech to the cabinet. She was secretary of war.

— Mary Hoepfl and John Palmer, L9A-2

It all happened on the twenty-third of April, 1940. I was walking down Main Street in dear old Rochester, after having been abroad for three years taking a course in surgery, when I was confronted with a very enthusiastic newsboy shouting "Extra! Extra! All about the successful round-the-world flight!" Buying a paper, I walked along reading about two old schoolmates of mine, Dick Clarke and Harold Palmer, who had successfully gone around the world in their Wizard motorless airplane.

I was not paying much attention to where I was going, and suddenly there was a thud. There I had bumped into someone. Why, it was Vivian Herring, who is now a reporter of the "Daily Rumor". She asked me about some of our old schoolmates.

I told her about Beverly Jensen, who is private secretary to the rich Mrs. Vandereau in Paris, (I met "Bevy" there last summer) and about Margaret Jaynes, who is nursing in St. Mary's Hospital under my supervision. I also told her about Maralyn Bisky, who teaches English at Madison and dramatics in the evening school.

Suddenly Vivian said to me, "Do you know what Albert Robinson is doing?" I did not know.

"Well, you remember that away back in 1930 Meteorologist Vanderpool did such very accurate work in his prediction of the weather? Albert is weather-man now, and he is a marvel."

I was not surprised to hear this. Albert was always interested in science along that line.

I invited Vivian to have dinner with me: so we went to The Sagamore. As we sat down, I saw Ethel Knight and George Lehman with Justine Lynes, and Thomas Mullen at the table opposite us. We joined them.

Justine is succeeding in her interior decorating work. Ethel teaches social dancing to the seniors at Madison.

As the strains of music floated toward us,

I observed Sam Carlessi directing one of the finest orchestras I have heard. George and Thoinas are both working in the First National Bank. Thomas is vice-president and George is treasurer.

We talked for awhile, and then I noticed it was getting rather late, so I said that I must be going. While we were waiting for the street car, Frank Favreau came along in his roadster and offered to take Vivian and me home. He is doing very well as an electrical engineer. He told me that Raymond Slocum was going to be starred in a new picture called "King Among Forest Rangers". A movie producer discovered Ray one summer up in Maine doing very notable work as a forest ranger.

After we had taken Vivian home, Frank drove me to Hilda Kilian's house. There I found Ada Klonek and Clara Di Mizio. Clara is teaching, and Ada is editor-in-chief of the "Genesee Monthly".

While we were talking, the radio announcer said that we should hear Howard Dayton playing the ukelele. I was surprised, for he used to play the clarinet. After the concert Hilda told me that Dorothy Roe, who is a successful lawyer, had just finished a very exciting case. Carl Herman is a construction engineer. John Stout is a chemist and has discovered the two missing elements which now make up the ninety.

At last I made my way back to St. Mary's, where I was informed that Dr. George Bennett had just successfully performed a very delicate operation.

After receiving this news I went to don my uniform and to take up my duties, feeling very glad to have seen so many of my old classmates.

— Agnes Corbo, and Ethel Knight, F9A-1

At a recent meeting of the Alumni Association of Madison Junior High School, it was decided that Madison publish Alumni News. This idea was greeted with enthusiasm, and a committee was appointed for the class of C9A-1, 1930. We scurried around, and in a short time had assembled the following news:

Jane Whitbeck, former graduate of Madison, has won fame by swimming the Atlantic Ocean.

Jack White, Cinema, has received a two year contract signed by Lois Dingman and Margaret Johnson.

Violet Nickel ranks second to Thomas Edison in contributions to science.

The novel "The Phantom of Madison Square" has just been finished by Ruth Finger.

A studio is being opened by Cornelia Guidici and Quintina Cervini.

Olive Foote is now a reporter for the "Times Union."

Ethel Leggett has recently returned from her honeymoon with G ---.

One of the world's greatest mathematicians is Celestina Nardone.

Being able to talk very fast, Doris Stoye has been granted her lawyer's degree.

Elizabeth Unger has been classed as the greatest bookkeeper.

The world's largest candy factory has been opened by Dorothy Lodder and Rosina Sirianni. (They like candy).

The gum chewing contest was won by Mary DiTrinco.

New York City is very happy in having Mainy D'Amico sing "Carmen" at the Metropolitan.

Genevieve Blank's popularity on the South Sea Island is due to her long, flowing blonde hair.

Marion Reddy is perfecting a new typewriter that will not make errors.

Ruth Asburne and Dorothy Smith are our trusted housewives.

The Palace is advertising for next week Viola Tolli, tap dancer, with her accompanist Evelyn Ward.

Evelyn Morris, New York mannequin, is now showing off the new Paris styles.

Pearl Styles is keeping a "Bachelors Hall" in Boston where she is writing her second volume of poetry.

A dairy has been opened by Margaret Baker, our former health commissioner.

Evelyn Hack did so well in announcing the Odyssey that she is taking Mr. Wiigs' place at station WHEC.

Olga Loomis is the girl who reformed dress by designing Greek styles adopted to our day and age.

Our former reducer, Margaret DeRider, is still reducing on all the candy, milkshakes, and fattening things she can eat.

Irma Scharet is teaching the Chinese how to converse in shorthand.

Helen Caputo has an important role in one of the greatest talking pictures of the day. She is known as, "The woman as silent as a sphinx."

— Olga Loomis, Jane Whitbeck,
Viola Tolli, Violet Nickel. — C9A-1

This is the year 1940. Ten years since we left Madison! As I was walking on Main Street East one day, I saw at the Eastman Theater an advertisement of a motion picture in which Rose Dispenza and Dorothy Lorenz had played. I decided to see them, of course. As I bought my ticket, I discovered Mardell Miller. I learned from her that Olga Almquist and Alice Lewis had signed a contract for five years with the Ziegfeld Follies and were playing at the Rochester Theater.

As I left the theater, I met Anna Elich, who told me that she teaches bookkeeping at Madison and that Luvilla Nolta teaches "math" in the same school. Edith Stear teaches science there, too.

I went on to Sibley's. Who should be at the beauty counter but Helen Cassidy and Dora Zepetelli? They told me that Ethel Mason and Poppy Mattern were in the hair-dressing department.

Another day I bumped into Edna Earle. I certainly was glad to see her. We went to "Chinaland" for lunch, and there we met Marion Shengulette and Mary Russell. They told us that they were working in the hosiery department at McCurdy's. Going in to see them one day later, I recognized Lucy Lo Russo, who works at the handkerchief counter. She told me that Margaret Phillipson was a designer of dresses in Paris.

After leaving Lucy I went into Bedell's. In the coat department I met Josephine Hannaker and Jean Haddleton, who are in business for themselves. They told me that Jean Avery is secretary at the new central library.

Getting on the street car one day, I met Lydia Milano. She teaches gymnastics at the Y. W. C. A. She told me that Harry Kelne is an instructor at the Y. M. C. A. Joe Gies is the librarian there. Charles Lockwood and Thomas Massaro are bookkeepers.

Virginia Warner has opened an attractive little tea room, and I sometimes have lunch with her. In her spare minutes, she stops to tell me news of our Madison friends.

—Ethel Mason, C9A-2

In 1943, C9A-3 had a re-union. The New York State Representative, Helen Kaiser, was hostess. Ed. Walker buried the hatchet long enough to assist, but not without the dissenting voice of Floyd McGuire. The celebrated singers, Grace Atkinson and Elizabeth McCarthy, promised to sing, aided by the radio sheik, Sylvester Novelli. The baseball fans, Willard Bowman, Thomas Robertson, Ralph Rickard (bigger and boomier than ever) giant Francis Swan with Robert Klem dangling from his pocket, Ruth Martell, Carolyn Streeter, and Violet Mullett were the first to arrive.

These were followed by the always smiling, Olive Munzer and Lena Virgilia. Being a baseball magnate, Clarence McIntosh came by himself, and smilingly distributed baseballs instead of apples. Next, Carl Denger swaggered in to the beat of the drums, accompanied by Dr. Florence Kyte, the famous specialist, with her able assistant, Winifred Mann. Minnetta Baker in a distant, teacherified manner frowned on all levity, especially when Fred Miller made his usual dramatic entrance and whispered his same old jokes. Last came the hurried rush of our tousle-headed impresario, Harold Hudson, who delighted us again with his fanciful tales and wonderful voice.

Each one of us had accomplished big things in our separate fields and realized that the spirit of

"You for me,
Me for you,
And all of us together"

still held.

C9A-3 will meet again.

In 1950

Francis Lauk will soon be a movie star. He had lots of practice in the hygiene room.

Edwin "Red" Wood has gone into the lumber business specializing in California redwood lumber.

The comic strips have been exceptionally good lately; Ed. Northrop has gone into the cartoonist business.

Tom Genthener, alias "Skip, the school jip," is now chief truant officer.

Jack Ramaker has just been elected president of the "Fresh Air Taxi Cab Company, Incorporated."

Gordon Aex, the multi-millionaire chain-store magnet.

Charles McCormick has just finished one of his many jazz pieces which is entitled "Why Didcha".

Edmund Burroughs is now challenging Einstein's Theory.

Glenn Joslyn is playing the role of Romeo in the great play of the season, "Romeo and Juliet".

Stanley Bloss is now president of the De-structable Roadway Company; guaranteed to last a year more or less; mostly less.

Vernon Wickman is the world's crack shot with any kind of a gun, including big berthas.

If your house falls down after being built six months you'll know that Raymond Ferretti built it.

Dick Adams is now running for president of the United States. We hope he doesn't wear out his shoes running too fast.

Millard Van Hoosier, the dietitian of the world's smallest hospital, prescribes nothing but soup.

Paul Carnick has made extensive researches to discover that gum would disappear when the chewer (school boys) wanted it to.

Fred Kester owns Rochester's largest bowling hall.

Ed. Seeley has just completed a world tour with his famous orchestra, "The Ten Hot Waffles".

George Bowles recently owned the international Bunion Derby.

Leonard Griffon with all his practice at Madison has become the milk man in Rochester.

Charles Parsons, the winner of the "Weak Ankle Derby" for skaters, is now their greatest champion.

Harold Stevens is a mattress tester and is in danger of losing his position because he lies down on the job.

Kenneth Haire is a big sofa stuffer in New York.

John Hendricks is the holder of the world's gliding record, 22 hours, 22 minutes, and 22 seconds.

Laverne Harris owns a number of airplanes. He runs them at Sea Breeze Park. Jack Goodell is now a "Miss Bidleman" in a public library.

Frank Heffer is the fastest swimmer in the world. He practiced in the bath tub.

Adelbert Thompson is practicing to be an M. D. (mule driver.)

Carl Board has gone into the talkies as a comedian. (He always was a good talker).

Dale Housel is up north making a study of "Blonde Eskimos".

Malcolm Inglis took wrestling to the head. He is training with Clancy's Carting Co.

Nelson Bishop is studying to be a teacher. He always was good at giving instructions.

James Strong is playing "strong" in Ringling Brothers Circus.

Henry Jungk is the most famous draftsman in the world. Not with his mouth, though.

Willard Newbauer is star felder on the Red Wings. He catches flys. (flies).

Lawrence Jones is taking the part of "Billy Jones" in the Interwoven Stocking program.

—The Class of P9A-1

It is the summer of nineteen hundred and forty, and I am enjoying my vacation in my old home town, Rochester, New York, where I spent my school days.

At my hotel I found the manager to be Donald Van Zandt. I stopped to talk to him, and he was telling me something about all my old schoolmates. He told me that Art Voelkl was painting signs for Rochester's biggest sign company. I left Don and walked down the street. I met Charles Kuslik, and he told me he was tearing apart Ford cars in some large garage. After a while along came Donald Lembke and George Wise and they were partners in the Lembke and Wise garage business.

Leaving them, I bought an evening paper. I saw Pete Tracey's picture. He had just been appointed chief editor. I looked him up and congratulated him, and he said that Frank Nardome and Clair Kittleberger were running the presses for this wonderful news sheet.

I went back to my room in the hotel to pack up for my return, as I was leaving on the 6:15. I got down to the station and there was Nick Barneski, train announcer. As I was reading the paper on the train, up came the conductor to get my ticket, and it was Dick Grey. I traveled right through to my home town and found Pat Francisco, the engineer on the train, and Harold Richards was fireman.

When I got home, I said it was the best vacation I ever had.

—Donald Van Zandt, I9A-2

Alfred Bork, electrical engineer.

Joe Brasch, drafter at signal works.

Frank Buskey, maker of square tires.

Joseph Camelio, president of the Humane Society.

Warren Crissy, the village blacksmith.

Frank Cushman, owner of Alaska Ice Company.

Carl De Garmo, mayor of Scottsville.

Rocco De Ettore, New York's greatest criminal lawyer.

Leo De Fazio, inventor of the glass hammer.

Bert Emerick, two-gun man.

Fred Fry, short-wave lengther.

Jack Gordon, soda jerker.

Ernest Herman, maker of rubber pencils.

Thomas Jermyn, farmer of East Rochester.

Charles Kraft, "Fresh Air Cab" driver.

Frank Koepke, actor of actors.

George La Duke, traffic cop.

Don Lembke, spud peeler for army.

Bob Mack, milkman.

Theodore Marks, fireman.

Theodore Paniccia, billiard champion.

Everett Parr, physical instructor.

Walter Sanders, amateur golfer.

Willard Saxman, author of "Lady of the Lake."

Al Stoick, model for the Union Clothing Company.

James Suiter, drafter for American Doll Company.

George Forkulick, inventor of the two-foot yard stick.

Mortimer Thornell, comedian in Hollywood.

Joe Tadisco, the village explorer.

Robert Smith, manager of an ice company.

John Marfuggio, shoemaker.

John Cooper, manager of Hotel Rochester.

—Charles Kraft and
Warren Crissy, 19A-1

I wonder what they're doing now,
The boys I went to school with;
I wonder where they're living now,
The boys I used to fool with.

Glenn Griffen is a baker now
And bakes a lot of bread;
Ray Hubbard's testing bridges now,
"I'm not so dumb," he said.

Herb Houghton's running trolley cars;
D. Dye is oiling trains;
F. Williams tried to fly to Mars,
But on that day it rained.

E. Lipe, J. Hill and Stanly Page
Are running now a bank;
Wes Deyle is working in the cage,
He has those three to thank.

Fred Blum is selling aeroplanes;
Ray Stothard is a cop;
Fred Sweet now trims the hair of kings
Within his barber shop.

H. Bowerman's in the army now;
Robert Brown is playing ball;
And Earl Pike is a plumber now
Who doesn't forget at all.

Ed Monaghan is a carpenter;
Carl Groh is quite a doctor;
George Jones is quite a football star;
R. Senke is a proctor.

Marvin Carson is a senator;
Roy Slager runs a store;
Bill Maddicks runs an ocean boat
And hears the billows roar.

Warren Bernard is a postman now;
Frank Failing drives a truck;
A. Rossi's in the movies now,
In fact we've all had luck.

Elmer Briggen is a prison guard;
Len Lewis is a brakeman sane,
And you'll find out I'm working hard
On a perpetual motion train.

—Ernest Huey, P9A-2

It was in the spring of 1940 when Elsie Daunton and I had just returned from our trip to Europe and we decided to visit Rochester and again see our former schoolmates.

While we were in New York, we attended the Roxy Theater where Florence Gell, who had become a famous Spanish dancer, was the main attraction. When we were on the train bound for Rochester, I picked up a newspaper and prepared for a quiet hour of reading, but was surprised when my glance fell upon a column called "Friendly Gossip." Beneath this title the editor's signature was familiar, for it was that of Jennie Ciao.

Our first day in Rochester was spent visiting the different shops. Stopping at Forman's we were surprised and pleased to find that Edna Waste had become a well-known authority on beauty and was engaged in giving a series of talks there. We waited until Edna had finished speaking and then invited her to have lunch with us. She refused, saying she had an appointment with Mabel Wegner, but asked us to join them. We were anxious to see Mabel and accepted. On our way to meet her, Edna told us she had married a prominent lawyer and was quite happy entertaining her many friends.

We were soon gathered around a table taking over old times. We were told that Eleanor Lenhard had taken Miss Clapp's place in Madison as a teacher, and that Mary Reese had had an offer to write stories for the "Love Story Magazine." We were confident that Mary could do it as she had read many of them during class periods in school. Mabel also told us that Marie Wolleman had inherited a fortune from a rich uncle and had adopted three children from an orphan asylum. I could well imagine Marie spending her evenings putting the dear children to sleep. Now imagine my astonishment to hear that Christine White had become a famous diver. Well, of course, you can't. Only the girls who were her classmates remember that incident in the pool when she was learning to dive.

—Christena Pringle, 19A-2

(Continued from page 9)

"Can't you be a little more original?" she asks me. I try to be original and here are my results.

I have been told that when one gets to high school one is often assigned as many as five themes a week. They are often long ones.

One is also asked to write short stories, and teachers have been known to ask their pupils to write poetry. Whew, it certainly is "broiling"! Well, all of these short story writers have nothing on me. I was reading O. O. McIntyre to-night. (Sis says I should not read O. O. McIntyre, as I can't half understand him). He seemed to be having a dreadful time being original, but not more so than I. When I have finished this composition, Sis wants to see it, but I am going to put one over on her. I am going to re-write it and put it away. Her prying eyes find too many errors. She will say, for instance, that I use seventh grade grammar.

"Rose Rousos!" she will exclaim. "Does your teacher let you get away with such a composition? When I teach English—" and then she raves for a while. Well, this looks as though it might be long enough. Personally, I think I am very considerate in not writing more, as I should hate to have Miss D. get eye-strain reading this!

—Rose Rousos, L9A-1

A Dream

When I'm sitting by the fireside
I like to let my thoughts drift far and near,
Like a sailboat in the trades.
I dream I'm off with Captain Kidd
When he had his bold and daring ventures,
But on a second thought
"Treasure Island" wouldn't be so bad
For such a lad as I.
But even though this may be a dream,
It's lots and lots of fun
Pretending I'm behind a rock
Watching Silver and his men;
Just to hear those curdling orders
From that man on the wooden leg.
Gee! But that would be a merry life
For such a lad as I.

—Harold Hudson, C9A-3

Small Brother

"Where's your night work?" asks the teacher.

There are a number of excuses we can give, but the one most often used is that small brother chewed the paper, or that small brother kicked the page out of the notebook.

I, myself, cannot see why we should have small brothers. If my football or skates are missing, small brother has them. If my coat is found lying on the floor, and my mother asks, "Who threw it there?" my answer is, "Small brother, of course."

If some article is missing from the kitchen, the question is: "Who took it?" Little brother took it. Who else would want to take anything from the kitchen?

Can I go to the show twice a week? No, because small brother wants to come along.

Who is the biggest nuisance in our home? There is only one answer: Small brother.

There is just one thing that I like about small brother. That is that some day he will cease to be small and grow up.

—Dick Milazzi, L9A-1

Daylight-saving

Daylight-saving was adopted by most of the European nations, Australia, parts of Canada and Newfoundland, during the World War. The movement was begun in England by William Willett, but the idea originated with Benjamin Franklin more than a century ago.

By getting up an hour earlier, beginning the last Sunday in March and ending the last Sunday in October, one hundred million dollars a year is saved. This is five per cent. of the total coal bill of the United States! Statisticians tell us this represents the amount saved by setting all clocks ahead one hour during the time specified. This substitutes an hour of sunlight in the morning for an hour of artificial light in the evening, and gives the working man an extra hour for recreation.

The farmers objected to the daylight-saving plan because nearly all farm work begins at sunrise. They claimed they would gain nothing by moving their clocks ahead. If their help insisted on quitting work at the the loss of one hour. In response to the

same time as city workers, there would be farmer's complaint the law was repealed over the President's veto.

In many communities, however, the practice was continued through local legislation. Where standard time was not changed, a considerable proportion of employers adopted earlier working hours for the summer months.

—Minnetta Baker, C9A-3

Dawn

Comes in the east a rosy glow
With the first cool breath of morn,
To tell thee of the night that's passed,
And of the new day, born.

Comes in the sky a gleam of pink
With sleepy morning's waking;
Comes at last the peeping sun;
Hush! The dawn is breaking!

Up, up, above the hills
Into the sky mounts the sun,
And with her coming, all things living
Seem to know that day's begun.

Murmuring softly, crooning low,
Comes an early morning breeze,
And tries, by gentle shaking of the leaves
To awake the sleeping trees.

The flowers lift up their drooping heads,
The birds begin to sing,
And awaken with their joyful tunes
Every living thing.

And all arise and to their tasks,
For now the day has come,
And all have much to do before
The day will e'er be done.

—Elizabeth Rightmire, L9A-1

A Snipe Hunt

The third evening at Camp Pioneer six scouts, who had been there the year before, asked the new scouts if we would like to go on a snipe hunt. Some of us did not know what a snipe hunt was, but we agreed to go.

The scout leaders told us that snipe were birds that lived in trees, flew in the air, could swim under water, and were deaf. At first we thought they were bluffing, but soon they got us interested, and we consented. Charlie Legg, the head man of the village, told us to get a big club, a rag bag, and a lantern, He

told us to hold the bag behind the light and that when the snipe ran for the light, to chase him into the bag and then hit the bag so as to stun the bird.

John Kelly and Carl Meng led the bunch to the shore of Seneca Lake. We started up the beach. All of a sudden we heard a splash in the lake. All started beating with our clubs where we heard the noise. Of course, we did not find any snipe. We hiked on and soon heard a sputter in the bushes.

We were discouraged at finding no snipe and went to bed.

The next morning my friends and I found a baby owl where we had been beating the night before.

—William Dewar, P8A-1

Cowslips

The cowslips, the cowslips,
Like little yellow ships,
With dark waters all around,
As if to sea they were bound.

—Justine Lynes, F9A-1

My First Day at Madison

My first day at Madison is a day to be remembered. When I first arrived I saw long corridors. To me it did not seem as if it could be a school. A girl saw me in the hall and took pity on me because, as she said, I was a "Freshie." She took me to the assembly, and there, excited, I waited for the next move I was to make. The home room teacher that I was to have took the class to our room. From then until the end of that day of wonders I went to all the rooms and met all teachers I was to have that term.

To add a little more excitement to the day, I lost my way. I think I was mixed in with another class. After a moment I realized I was in the wrong line. I wandered around looking for the class when I remembered I could find out where they were if I looked at my schedule. Just then a teacher came out and asked me what I was standing in the corridor for. I told her I was looking for my class. She looked at my schedule and said I was supposed to be in her room. Well, I went in and joined the rest of the "Freshies."

After that day I always made sure I was in the right line.

—Olive Foote, C9A-1

LIBRARY

To understand more clearly France and the French, F8A-1 decided to read books having a French background. With the help of Miss Bidelman and the librarian at the Arnett Library such books were found. Each pupil read a book and wrote a review. Following are a few of the reviews:

Geneviève

This book gives a very interesting account of French home life in Paris, which only Porter can give.

Geneviève and her American friend, Laura, have many good times visiting places of importance in Paris and in small towns. These visits bring to one's mind pictures of the French Revolution and stories about Jeanne d'Arc. Geneviève has an adventure in this book which turns out well for everyone concerned.

—Ruth Vrooman, F8A-1

Treasure of Carcassonne

In the public square between the castle and the Narbonne gate is a fine, large well, whose curb is ornamented with ancient columns. Everyone in Carcassonne knows that this well was built by the Romans and sunk very deeply. An old legend connected with it says that the Visigoths dumped a large quantity of gold and silver in it which is guarded by fairies. In the book, "Treasure of Carcassonné," by Robida, this is the situation:

The story is centered about Antoine Casignol, a gay, young troubadour with a family of eight children, a wife whose name is Colombe and an old, female donkey named Belleàvoir (Beautiful to See). An aunt dies and Antoine inherits her house, which is across from the well. In the new house, he tries everything under the sun to uncover the treasure. In the course of the story an enemy, the Spaniards, attack the city. Antoine has an active part in repelling the invasion.

According to a tradition of the older days

Dame Carcas, a Saracen woman, with the help of the people of the town, defended Carcassonne against Charlemagne and his henchmen. A siege lasted for years until all the besieged were dead save Dame Carcas. For seven years more she remained alone in the fortress, defying Roland, Oliver, and other kings. She did not yield until a tower stooped down of its own accord and formed a bridge over the moat into the city. Perhaps you can get your guide to show you that tower.

—Alfred Mastrodonato, F8A-1

Red Caps and Lilies

"Red Caps and Lilies," by Adams, is an interesting book. The title of the books tells us that it is a story of the French Revolution. The révolutionists were the Red Caps who stood for liberty; the lilies refer to the fleur-de-lis found on the flag of the French monarch. The author describes the mobs and people, and so gives you a good picture of the French Revolution.

The story centers around a rich family who supported the king. When the mob started wrecking houses and shops, the parents sent the children to Pigeon Valley, in Southern France. The parents remained in Paris.

The rest of the story tells of all their adventures in trying to escape from France.

—James Moore, F8A-1

The Hosts of the Air

This story has the Great War for a background. The main characters are John Scott, a Yankee, who is determined to get what he is after, and Julie Lannes, a brave and courageous French girl who is by no means homely, from the description given by the author.

Julie is captured by German officers and is taken to a prince's palace. John Scott finds her and is determined to rescue her. As usually happens in most books, John rescues Julie and finds out that a man who is

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June, 1930

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The Madigraph

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To Our Successors

Another school term is nearing its close. Next term all the students of Madison will have advanced. There will be new school officers, and there will also be a new Madigraph staff.

The staff of this term has continued the good work begun by the pioneers of Madison, and its members have been of great assistance in the compiling of our school paper.

We know that the editor-in-chief of next term will do her best to improve the Madigraph, for it can always be made better by hard work. To the future staff I need only say: "Continue the excellent co-operation of

your predecessors, who have always kept in mind our school motto: 'Attempt—Accomplish!'"

All success to our successors!

I am glad to have this opportunity to thank the staff members for the way in which they did their share, uncomplainingly, co-operatively, and successfully.

The contributions, consisting of stories, poems and class notes, were greatly appreciated and enjoyed by our readers, and especially by the staff. The co-operative citizens who have contributed so generously have shown their school spirit and deserve our sincerest thanks which we now express.

Thank you, Madisonians!

—Editor-in-chief.

Madisonians:

As associate editor of the Madigraph, I am looking forward to next term when I shall become editor-in-chief. I fully realize the responsibility I am facing when I review the successful work of my predecessors. It is with pleasure I anticipate entering upon my new duties because I know I shall succeed if you extend to me the same type of co-operation you have extended to the Madigraph staff in the past.

— Esther Pifer, LQB-1

Our Madigraph

The name "Madigraph" originated almost with the school. Our principal Mr. Zornow and the faculty decided that it would be a splendid thing to have a school paper. Mr. Zornow suggested the name, "Madigraph" and it was accepted unanimously, "graph" a Greek word meaning something written, "Madi" stands for Madison. Therefore the articles are written and contributed by Madisonians.

In the beginning there were published three issues of our school paper every term. Now there are two. The old paper had larger but fewer pages, while the senior number in nineteen thirty contained thirty-six pages.

The Madigraph has always been well supported, but we think the student support has improved. The paper itself has improved. See who has been behind it for the last three years, the Senior Class of June, nineteen hundred thirty.

— Pearl Stiles, CQA-1

KEEP FIT

Keeping Fit

The work of improving health has gone forward steadily this term.

During March we emphasized cleanliness. All those pupils needing help in cleanliness were sent to the various clinics. The teachers in charge of the clinics reported good attendance and real interest on the part of the pupils. The very interesting posters made in Mr. Viall's shop also helped to impress the benefits of cleanliness. A very noticeable improvement in personal appearance is the result of this month's work. There was no finer looking grade in the school than one composed of senior boys. On the day of inspection every boy was wearing a clean blouse, a necktie, and neat trousers. Not a sweater nor a coat was to be seen in the room.

On April tenth, nine picked squads visited the home rooms during class activities and gave interesting talks on the proper kind of footwear for school.

In the front hall was an exhibit of shoes loaned to us by some of the shoe stores. Here we saw the correct footwear for sports, for school, and for evening.

A visitor brought shoes of other nations and described them to a group of children in the lunch room. This collection was most interesting.

The posters made in the commercial art shop were very instructive and helpful in showing the kind of shoes to wear in school.

In May the fourth annual posture contest was held. Since last November we have watched for good posture in our classmates. The representatives from each home room were judged on May 15th by Mr. Zornow, Miss Pettingill, associate director of Health Education; Miss Foster of John Marshall High School, and Miss Fisher of West High School. The winners were:

Seventh Grades: Arline Fletcher, 7A-1; Jack Lynch, 7B-2.

Eighth Grades: Gade Miller, L8A-1; Arnold Spade, I8B-2.

Ninth Grades: Mabelle Poole, L9B-2; Dale Housel, P9A-1.

Congratulations, Gladys!

Mr. Eppes, sometimes called Healthy, the Clown, received a copy of the spring Madigraph containing an account of his talk in our assembly. He was very much delighted and said that the account was to be reprinted for the "Dairymen's League News," which has a circulation throughout the United States. Gladys McKellar of L9A-1 will become quite famous.

—Jane Simpson, C9B-1

Our Visitors

People from other cities realize how important health is. Many come to visit us to see what we are doing to keep the boys and girls of Madison physically fit.

Mr. H. S. Williams came from Cleveland to get some ideas for his Junior High School.

Miss Roberts, director of Field Education for the American Child Welfare Association, Washington, D. C., spent half a day with us.

From Wichita, Kansas, where he is chief medical director, came Dr. Parnell. He was very interested in our work.

Miss Helen Baker of the Monroe County Tuberculosis Association, visited us also.

On May 13th thirty students from Cortland Normal School came to get information that would help them to become directors of physical education. They were very much interested in our pool and the gyms, and in our health work.

Vacation Hints

Three leaves beware!

Poison-ivy is there.

After eating, little daughter,
Never plunge into the water.

When you're warm and tired, son,
Swimming's not the best of fun.

Water, water, everywhere;

But are you very sure
That the water near your camp
For drinking is quite pure?

Little cuts and scratches

Seem too small for worry,

But they can grow quite dangerous
And make you very sorry.

THE UNITED STATES of MADISONIA



PAUL SMITH
Standard Bearer
Assemblies

The assembly of March 19th opened with usual exercises and several announcements by Mr. Zornow.

A musical program was then presented by C8A-2, P8A-2, F8A-1, T8A-1, L8A-2, C8B-2, and C9A-2. They were conducted by Mr. Casad. The selections were enjoyed very much, especially "The Blue Danube."

The remaining time was given to the presentation of several excerpts from "The Pirates of Penzance," which was to be given the following evening at Madison by the Mechanics Institute Glee Clubs.

The usual exercises opened the assembly of March 26th. After several announce-



RUTH GOODMAN
Guardian of the Flag

ments by Mr. Zornow "Athletic letters" were awarded by Mr. Conyne.

The student participation was in the hands of 7B-2. It was the first appearance of a 7B grade in the large assembly.

First, a short business meeting was called to order by the governor of the class, Richard Schustemauer. Then a class program arranged by the inter-state relations commissioner was given. The program consisted of a recitation, "Our First Report Card in Madison," by Dorothy Rowets, Grace Phelps, Vincent Stout, Roy Dumpfy, and Richard Clarke. Then a baritone solo was played by Wilbur Wright, and a piano solo by Dorothy Beach. The program continued with a dialogue, "The Assembly Period,"

by Robert Fraser, Richard Schusterbauer, Mary Anderson, Pearl Maier, Fern Riebold, and Ruth Hegnaner. Last of all came a very enjoyable number which was the "Farmer Boys' Tap Dance." We would like the 7B class to visit us again in the assembly with another excellent program.

Selections by the orchestra closed the assembly program.

The assembly of April 2nd opened with the usual exercises and announcements by Mr. Zornow.

The student participation program was in charge of Jack Godell, acting as chairman. First, a selection was played by the orchestra. Then a play entitled "Outcast" was dramatized. The characters were Robert Shaw, Vernon Wickman (a terrible outlaw), Mr. Priddis and Harry Cobb. The playlet was quite amusing and kept us laughing.

The next part of the program was a real treat. Harry Olsen played several popular pieces on his piano accordion. He introduced a friend of his, who sang and whistled. We hope they come again.

The assembly program closed with singing.

The assembly of April 9th opened with usual exercises. Mr. Zornow then introduced Mr. Frank R. Hoercher, a representative of the First Aid and Life Saving Service of the American Red Cross. Mr. Hoercher gave a very interesting talk on the value of swimming and knowledge of life-saving. He also demonstrated the correct way of administering artificial respiration. After his very interesting talk he awarded sixteen emblems and pins to girls who had succeeded in the life-saving tests.

A dramatization of "The Declaration of Independence" was then presented by P9A-1. They made a very realistic picture with their costumes and white wigs.

Finally there was an excerpt entertainment to be given in Madison's auditorium by the pupils of Number Four School. The little girls looked very much like daffodils in their yellow and green paper costumes.

Assembly of April 30th began with usual opening exercises. Immediately after announcements by Mr. Zornow, Wesley Mof-fet, acting as chairman, announced the program.

First a piano solo, Paderewski's "Minuet," was played by Alice Shankman. Then the playlet "Garden Makers" was repeated by 7B pupils.

A selection by the orchestra followed. It was "In a Chinese Tea-garden."

A health film, "Posture," then brought the assembly program to a close.

Glady's McKellar, L9A-1

7B Assembly Programs

The assembly program April 16th opened with a playlet entitled, "Garden Helpers". Fredrick Jenner acted as chairman. The players were as follows: Gardener, Frederick Jenner. Spades: Eddy Smyther, Virginia Stedwell, Everett Brown, Alma Cox. Rakes: Arthur Risberger, Eleanor Dahn, Pauline Copeland, Thomas Skipworth. Trowles: Bruce Miles, Whilemena Madden, Abraham Cunliffe, Elsie Hamblett. Wheelbarrows: Ethel Whaley, George Craig. Sun: Elsie Mushett. Rain: Theodore Moshier.

Mr. Curtis announced the sale of Easter lilies. A talk on the Oregon Trail was given by Franklin Koepke and Frederick Fry, both of I9A-1.

The assembly closed with a film on Yellowstone National Park. Miss Stafford played during the film.

On April 30th the cantata "Judith," which had been sung in the large assembly on the Wednesday before Easter, was repeated for the 7B Assembly and enjoyed very much.

Excerpts from the senior play, "The Senior Show Boat," were given for the May 7th program, followed by the showing of a fire prevention film. Assembly singing closed the program.

— Fern Olive Reichold, 7B-2

The Senior Play



A Scene From The Senior Showboat

The Senior Showboat

On Friday evening, May ninth, the senior class presented an entertainment entitled "Showboat."

To begin with, the assembly hall was full. The school band, under the leadership of Mr. Hassenaur, played an overture which started the "Showboat" on its way. Then Samuel Stratton, who announced the various performances, told us that we would now hear the opening chorus. The boys of the chorus were dressed in white. They sang three songs, one of them being "Here Comes the Showboat."

The next scene was a southern plantation in which all the participants were "negroes." They sang negro songs, and sang them well. "Swanee River," a specialty dance, was given by a group of girls who were dressed in colorful sweaters and skirts. Their dance was well done. The scene switched to "A Sunny Morning in Spain." The natives wore gay colored Spanish costumes; also gave some pretty dances. The senior strong men, who were next on the program, did

many unusual stunts. They ended by tumbling on one another, which produced great laughter. "Madam Grundy's Fashion Show" was very interesting. The different periods of history were represented in costume. The participants did dances typical of the periods which they represented. The period which most interested the audience was the future—1950. The airplane wings and goggles worn by the girls evoked enthusiastic applause. The blue and red costumes of the "Tin Pan Parade" which were next seen, were very flashy, and those "Tin Panners" did dance! The performance received so much applause that they did it over again.

"Tulip Time in Holland" came next. The persons who danced in this performance did so in wooden shoes. One fair Dutch maiden threw tulips to the audience. A dance to the tune of "Reuben and Rachel" was given after the Dutch scene. This was a tap dance and was done skillfully.

The drummer of the "Showboat Orchestra," which was next on the program, was laughed at for his cleverness, not only in

drumming, but also in his so-called "dancing." Harry Cobb, as Amos, and Leonard Lewis, as Andy, afforded much laughter for the audience. Virginia McIntyre did a tap dance, which was done most gracefully.

"Shakespeare Struck the Seniors," and it certainly did strike the audience funny. Harriet Vedder made the audience roar with laughter.

The closing chorus sang "Lazy Louisiana Moon" and danced. They had attractive costumes. This made a fitting ending for such a good "Showboat."

The senior play showed much work on the part of those who performed. I am sure that all Madisonians who did not attend the senior play, greatly regret not having done so on account of all that they have heard about it. The senior class is to be commended for their splendid work in putting on such an unusual entertainment.

—Frances Clark, L9B-1

Being a Senior

All the seniors of the new group experienced a great thrill the first assembly of the new term. Everyone was very co-operative, and the result was that each of us had some of the senior uniform on.

The senior girls went to the girls' gym and were lined up according to height. As we waited for the bugle call before we marched into assembly, there was a great craning of necks. Every girl was counting to see whom she would march in with. At last the bugle sounded, and every girl whispered, "Do I look all right?" to her neighbor and gave the last pat to her hair.

The music began, and we marched in as if in a dream. I doubt if any senior remembers anything else but that all eyes were upon her and she must look straight ahead. Not many were courageous enough to steal a glance at the audience in the assembly. All breathed a sigh of relief when at last we were seated.

Never again shall we have the same sensation, but it was strong enough to live forever in our memory.

—Ada Klonick, F9A-1

Last Will and Testament of the class of C9A-1

We, the class of C9A-1, being sound of body, but weak in mind and memory, hereby do claim this as our last will and testament and do bequeath the following:

To Miss Goddard, all the extra half sheets of ledger and journal paper which remained on our exercises. (May she get rich on them).

To Miss Dillabough, all the 100%'s we forgot to get and the precious seconds we lost because of talking.

To Miss Steinberg all the gum which adorned her basket. (May she have pity on the present C9B-1's).

To Miss Watkins, all the compositions we forgot to do for homework.

To Miss Palmer, all the painful stitches that were taken to complete our graduation dresses, and the many pins and needles we left adorning her floor to be picked up, washed in gasoline, and sold to the next graduating class.

To Miss Ashley, all the water we didn't swallow and the many painful hours spent in writing six page compositions, and all the dust we left on the gym floor.

To Miss Meyn, all the talking and fussing we didn't have time to do.

To Miss Fletcher, all the lost chords and all the t's we didn't sing with emphasis.

To Mr. Zornow, the money obtained through our efforts from the senior play.

To the present C9B-1, the table in the third floor lunch room which they were always striving to set; also, the task of preparing their declamations and the many "pleasant" hours of homework.

To the school as a whole, all the luck and success in the world.

Witnesses: Ruth Finger, Rosina Sirianni, Dorothy Loddor.

Will of F9A-1

We, the graduating class (some of us) of F9A-1, the party of the first part, do hereby bequeath to the next graduating class, party of the second part, the following items hungrily awaiting you:

(Continued on page 29)

A Tribute

The class of C9A-2 wishes to pay a sincere tribute to Gertrude Gardner, who was of late a friend of us all. She was always thoughtful and ready to do the least thing, if it would help a fellow classmate. We miss her.

—Jean M. Avery, C9A-2

Class Notes

Myrland Frances, governor of I8B-2, is leaving school. Myrland has been a very efficient governor and the class regrets his leaving very much.

Rose White of I8B-2 had all A's and B's on her report card for the second issue of this term.

The I8B-2 were victors in the baseball game with I8B-1, May 8th. Score: 3 to 1.

Raymond Sprague of I8B-2 is specializing in home runs.

If you have not tasted those butterscotch pies made by HE8A, you have missed a real treat.

HE8A has the promise of some real cooks, according to Miss Snow.

7B-1 has missed Miss Radley very much and hope to see her back soon.

Just now 7B-1 is busy planning a picnic to South Park.

7B-3 is having a very interesting time in drawing class. Some of the pupils are making handkerchiefs and table runners, others wall hangings and pillows. Richard Hughey, the governor, is making a nice door stop.

The girls of 7B-3 have played two tournament games and won both of them. Mrs. Friel came down and cheered for us during the second game.

L9B-1 is entangled in Ivanhoe. We wish we could tell Sir Walter Scott a few things.

While L9B-1 was absorbed in a Latin test broken strains of "Should I," "Old Man River," and "Here Comes the Showboat," sung by the seniors, had to be endured.

L9B-1 got stiff necks looking at the ceiling for inspirations for the Madigraph.

L9B-1 and L9B-2 have a Latin "Honor Chart." There are quite a few honor marks, and quite a few blank spaces.

The girls' hit-pin baseball team of L8A-1 has been recommended by Mrs. Baker and Miss Shafer to play at the field day exer-

cises. They have been practicing very hard.

L8A-1 is having a "Punctuality Contest." So far the boys are ahead. The score is: 90 per cent. to 91 per cent. The losers are to entertain the winners with a party, eats and all.

In L9B-2 Mabelle Poole and Dan Wing were elected for the posture contest.

L9B-2 visited the Taylor Instrument Company. Mr. Way and Mr. Burte of the company kindly took the class through the factory. They explained how the different kinds of thermometers are made.

When the boys and girls of L8A-2 played baseball, the girls thought they were playing hit-pin. The boys won.

Two girls of L8A-2 had a sewing bee. I don't think any more of the boy's shirts will be torn.

After much coaxing, three boys of L8A-2 sang a few popular numbers. What they lacked in tone they made up in noise.

There was a contest in L8A-2 for the writing of plays. What competition! One play was handed in. The author, Ada Wise, received the prize, a pearl handled knife, offered by William Poppelton, who originated the contest.

F8B-3 is trying to organize a jazz orchestra to play during class activities.

The class of L9A-2 won the basketball championship for the second consecutive season. At the close of the season T9A-2 and L9A-2 were tie for the championship. This meant that they play off the tie by playing three games, the winner winning two out of three. L9A-2 lost the first game, but won the last two.

L9A-2 is very proud to have a member of the Cabinet in their grade. They congratulate John Palmer.

When Shakespeare struck the seniors he certainly struck L9A-2 hard. For awhile it was feared that they would not recover.

The boys' baseball team of 7A-7 has some food material. When we have had more practice, we hope to win at least one game.

The girls' hit-pin baseball team of 7A-7 has won one game and lost one.

CLUBS

French Bridge Club

The French Bridge Club is very interesting and educational. We play bridge and converse in French. It helps us to enlarge our speaking vocabulary and put our knowledge into practical use. We advise all French students to join when they become seniors. We are confident that they will enjoy the club and profit by it.

—Ada Klonick, F9A-1

The Literary Club

The Literary club is a club in which each one tries to develop his writing ability. During our social hour the stories written by members of the club are discussed, and the other members show us where our weak points are and how we could improve them.

Some of our best ones are sent to "Child Life" or "American Girl".

We also try to see plays by great authors and hear lectures in this line. "Taming of the Shrew" by Shakespeare was enjoyed by all, especially those who had read the play.

We hope that some day one of us will become an authoress.

—Evelyn Chapman, L8A-1

The Family Album

I love to look at the family album, the many picture to see,

But there's one thing disappointing, there are very few of me.

I suppose I shouldn't be jealous when I see pictures of Aunt Mattie Ellis,

And I shouldn't be sad when all the rest look so glad.

But the reason mine wasn't there was because I was naughty and cut my hair.

—Clare Russell, Literary Club

Aviation News

The Aviation Club is held in Room 162. The leaders of the club are Mr. Livingston and Mr. Selden. Mr. Livingston teaches the history of aviation, and Mr. Selden is head of the flying division. We have seen many moving pictures. One was especially interesting about the flight of the first airplane made by the Wright brothers launched

at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina. Mr. Selden takes the members of the flying division to the assembly hall where they hold endurance contests for records in flying. Aviation exhibits of models of airplanes made by the boys are placed in the show cases in the main entrance of the building.

—Robert Gillespie, F8A-1

The Community Chest Drive

(Tune of "Reuben, Reuben")

Money, money, money, money!

What a poor world this would be

If we all had plenty of it

And went our own way selfishly?

—Hazel Curtis, HE8A-1

If you were old and poor and no one cared for you,

Then you would say, "Please give for me, too."

—Rosina Mazzotti, HE8A-1

Help the orphans,

Help the old;

You needn't give

A pot of gold;

Just a dollar, one or two,

That will help, I know,

Don't you?

—Angelina Cassine, HE8A-1

Help the Community Chest

The Community Chest is opened wide

As a signal for you to give.

"Please, fill me up," it seems to say,

"So someone else can live."

My help goes to both young and old;

I try to help them all,

And now I call on you to help.

Give, give more: Answer the call.

To grandpa and to grandma,

To fathers and mothers as well,

To orphans and to invalids

Goes what helps the chest to swell.

Rich men give, poor men, too,

Give, give all you can;

Give more; it's not enough;

On poverty put a ban.

—Robert Albert, L9A-1

The Hosts of the Air

(Continued from page 20)

supposed to be spying for the French is a traitor. He is killed by Julie's servant, Antoine Picard. Then Philip Lannes, Julie's brother, comes to rescue them all.

The book is interesting, and I think anyone would like to read it once.

—Perry Burne, F8A-1

The Will of F9A-1

(Continued from page 26)

The terrifying experience of being sent to the board by Mr. D and hearing, when your laggard steps approach it, "Today! today!"

Experiencing the following expressions from Miss C.: "I want it quiet," "H. P., sit down," "I won't speak of it again."

Arguing with Miss M. as to who is loyal, disloyal, and why not, and if so why.

Listening to heart-rending and soul-terrifying tales of the war told by Mr. V.

Being startled out of a happy reverie by a sharp, "Stop that tapping!" by Miss W.

—F9A-1

C9A-3

What other class can sport four governors? Francis Swan made a splendid governor for several terms, but thought the honor should be shared; so the popular Edward Walker succeeded him. Popularity and executiveship did not agree, so the class tried a vaudeville artist, Robert Klem. His entertainment was unsurpassed, but responsibility bored him. Seeking a new variety, we elected our present wise, stable governor, Willard Bowman.

It is rumored that gifts to some members of the class might be advisable—a comb for Harold, a laugh-shaker for Ralph, a big ranch for Floyd, a stage for Robert, an audience for Fred, freedom for Clarence, a magic land for Francis and his sax, and a tap-dancing teacher for Edward. Willard, Sylvester, and Carl would like leisure to pose

for all the fair sex, while Tom Robertson needs a soccer floor, and opponents. Our girls will be contented just giving these gifts to the boys.

American boys shoulder the blame. There is no doubt about C9A-3 boys being Americans. They always blame the girls. And how the girls love that!

We hoped the other teachers would follow Miss Morrissey's example and feed us candy. But no!

The chief craft of C9A-3 boys is glass-blowing. Miss Steinberg has developed a complex with our grade. Ed Walker and Robert Klem are the pet plexes.

Never mind, Miss Goddard, it is almost over. We have eaten, lived with, and slept on bookkeeping with the best results we could produce. It isn't your fault.

Mr. Davis has treated us like the gentleman he is. We often fluctuated, but he never did.

We thank all our teachers for their patience. It was so badly strained and fractured that fears of its not holding out haunted our dreams. But the scare is over, and we graduate. The curtain falls.

Why so pale and wan, dear teacher.

Prithee, why so pale?

Well, if good English will not move her.

Bad English will prevail.

—Pearl Stiles and Viola Tolli, C9B-1

Ed Walker is captain of C9B-3, and he is banking on his team winning a few more games.

In L8B-2 science—someone wanted to know if you held a guinea pig by its tail would its eyes fall out. Imagine her embarrassment.

• Five girls of L8B-2 are letting their hair grow. They must be preparing to be seniors.

A Nonsense Limerick

A baker was once mixing dough.

His daughter said: "I want to know"

If this is to be

For my friend Percy."

Said the baker: "I really don't think sough."

—Anita Mallet, V8A-1

LITERARY

(Continued from page 15)

Life

It is good to be alive,
And for your fortunes strive;
It is good to be gay,
And not think of your sorrows every day.

It is good to be cheerful,
And of joy to be full;
It is good to be ambitious,
And not to be vicious.

It is good to be helpful,
And not to be hateful;
It is good to be living,
And your hearts to be singing.

— Viola M. Perna, C8A-1

Life Savers

Water-soaked garments flying hither thither, and you. A ten-pound rubber brick is making a miniature tidal wave in the pool, "Ruth, hurry up and get through with my blouse. I've got to use it myself."

In White Cap Club on a certain Tuesday afternoon these remarks might have been overheard. Those who aspired to be Life-savers perspired in trying to be. In this particular case the perspirers are working over the prone bodies of their companions (already half dead) in an effort at artificial respiration. Someone half way down the pool is pulling a young woman by the hair. Oh, only doing the haircarry in the life saving routine. A gurgling and splashing is being made by a wild, young lady who needs to be saved more than she needs to save. Oh, but she isn't a life-saver, and she is doing a surface dive. She looks as if she were playing tag with the fishes.

A rumble, and then a figure flashes into the water. That was the diving board. That girl certainly can do a back dive. A loud, shrill whistle. Miss Schafer is telling them to get out of the pool. The resuscitators use their last ounce of strength in dragging themselves down to the showers. Well, they earned their life-saving emblems and will forget everything they learned when they are called to the stage in the assembly some Wednesday to receive them.

—Jane Whitbeck, C9A-1

A Too Hasty Reply

Mrs. Brown was cleaning house. She was expecting her rich uncle the following day. She hoped to be remembered in Mr. Clemens' will, and of course the Brown family were always exceptionally courteous to him, though he was not liked very well. Mr Clemens decided to come a day sooner than had been planned. The doorbell rang. Mrs. Clemens opened the window, but did not see the man with the travelling bag standing on the porch.

She cried, "I told you yesterday I have all the magazines I want. You have been here three times this week. I am expecting company and can't be interrupted every five minutes."

Slam! bang! down went the window. Mrs. Brown watched the man as he walked away from the house. The tall figure with the dark overcoat and silk hat looked very different from the man who had tried to sell magazines to her yesterday. Hadn't she seen that person somewhere?

"Why, it's Uncle Tom," exclaimed the horrified Mrs. Brown.

The man turned around with a very impertinent look on his face and walked toward the station.

—Dorothy Bork, C8A-1

A Visit To Letchworth Park

One rainy, snowy day in November, 1926 my father, some of my relatives, and I were viewing Letchworth Park. My dad and the relatives decided to go on to a spot where they could see the river gorge better. They called to me. I said, "Go on. I am coming." I did not see the way they went because I was not in sight when they called.

When I came into view, they had gone. For the first time in my life I felt lonely. The tall pines swaying and moaning and the water in the gorge thundering and throwing spray may have presented a beautiful sight, but I didn't think so when a walk back to Rochester seemed certain.

If it had not been a snowy day, I probably would have been lost for a long time. As it was, I started looking around for automobile tracks. Having found them, I began following them. I followed them for about half an mile. I don't think there was anybody I was ever so glad to see as my dad.

—Cyrus Potter, P8A-1

Practical Arts Exhibit

The first Practical Arts Exhibit in Madison was held April 10th and 11th in the girls' gymnasium. The material was made by the various day and evening classes and clubs conducted in the shops of our school. Its appearance as a whole was very striking, and the work on display was very interesting.

The aviation design and construction exhibit attracted much attention. Models were displayed of all descriptions, including a four-foot glider, which was made to scale, and it has made successful flights.

The sheet-metal exhibit covered a wide range of useful and ornamental projects.

The electric shop had on display various types of coils, charging magnets, differentiated batteries, loud speakers, and other tools.

The pattern shop exhibit included complete patterns for a small lathe, bench vise, wire basket, and many other odd patterns which were well executed.

The elementary machine shop showed many small, useful tools, all of which were produced in a workmanship like manner.

The advanced machine shop exhibited numerous small tools and machine parts. In addition, machine tools were exhibited, such as a bench drill press and a 10-inch lathe for which patterns were made at school.

The drafting department presented a wide range of drawings of all descriptions, both mechanical and architectural. These drawings were executed with a high degree of skill. Included in their exhibit they had detailed and assembly drawings of the small 10-inch lathe which was made from these drawings in the advanced machine shop. They also had a detailed assembly drawing of a steam locomotive which is now in the process of completion.

The Evening School cabinet shop conducted by Mr. Link produced many useful pieces of household furniture.

The Day-school cabinet-making shop showed their skill in making a well-constructed dining room suite.

The home economics department gave us a good idea of a well-planned home of four rooms: kitchen, dining room, living room, and bedroom.

The clothing department was very inter-

esting, especially to lovers of nice clothes. The baby's wardrobe was particularly fine. This department also included many pieces of fancy work, such as lampshades, dolls, and laundry bags which were well designed.

The art craft department showed many interesting designs of Christmas cards, bulletins, posters, transparent oil paintings of movie stars, and wall-hangings.

The print shop showed various types of printing done in Madison.

The exhibit was enjoyed by everyone, and we are sure that all are looking forward to a similar exhibit next year.

—Esther Pifer and
Jane Hammon, L9B-1

Electrical Science

Madison experienced an extremely unusual treat on Tuesday, March 4th in having Mr. Harry C. White at a special assembly. Mr. White is the supervisor of industrial relations at the Harrison, New Jersey plant of the General Electric.

Mr. White had been introduced; he came on the stage. During the first few minutes of his talk on Electrical Science, he had everyone in the assembly roaring with laughter. This was done, as he later told me, to make his audience friendly toward him, assuring better attention later. I am sure we all felt then that we would like Mr. White very much. However, he soon became serious. Our guest is a personal friend of Thomas A. Edison and has collaborated with him in numerous tasks. He had many interesting curios with him. Among these were: \$3,500 worth of radium, a surprisingly small amount; the smallest electric light in the world, the size of the lead in a pencil; an instrument used to extract swallowed tacks from children's lungs; a light that would burn for five years without even moving the meter; a light that was actually used in Bethlehem at the time of the birth of Christ; a collection of fibers gathered in an attempt to secure a filament for the first electric light, and a very powerful sunshine lamp. The lamp was turned on an ordinary piece of paper. When the light turned off, the paper remained luminous. He also did many other interesting things with this powerful light.

Mr. White concluded his lecture with the reading of Mr. Edison's speech that he made at Dearborn, Michigan, during Light's Golden Jubilee. The lecture was certainly most interesting and instructive, and we felt that he was one of the best speakers we have ever had the privilege to listen to.

— Samuel Stratton, L9A-1

A Trip to Kodak Park

With Mrs. Smith our class did go
To Eastman Kodak Park,
And there to us the guide did show
Some odd and perfect art.

When Kodak Park first opened
The workmen numbered few.
There weren't three score together.
To them the work was new.

One hundred and twenty buildings,
And six thousand human souls
Are united in the making
Of the film that comes on rolls.

— Jeannette Dorsey, L9B-1

Our Greenhouse

Our greenhouse is a most delightful place. In it are all kinds of flowers and plants. As I enter the door, the fragrance of blossoming hyacinths greets me. I look for them and discover a number on top and beneath the bench. In front of me on the upper shelf are some pink primroses. At my left, green Wandering-jews make a green carpet. Next to this are Boston and asparagus ferns. Farther down the aisle I find carnations. Only white ones are in blossom. Standing in front of them, I can smell their spicy fragrance. Then I turn the corner, and beneath the next bench are yellow and red tulips and golden daffodils. On the top of the bench there are snapdragons. I turn another corner and there is fragrance of sweet peas on the one side, and on the other side are some poor man's orchids; down further there are

some geraniums. They are pink. I turn another corner and walk a little ways, and beneath the bench on the right hand side there are crocks to be filled. On top of the bench are some palms in a pot with Boston ferns around it. Then I came back to the door.

That is the end of my nice walk around the greenhouse.

— Rita Rendsland, H.E.8A-1

The Contests in the Seventh B Assembly

The new class of "freshies" which came to Madison in January are having three contests in assembly. The object of having the contests is to interest the children so they will want to come to school every day and on time, if possible, also to try to improve their scholarship marks. 7B-3 won the contest in citizenship for the first report card period, but 7B-2 beat them the second.

It is getting very exciting to know which one is going to win. 7B-2 won in the scholarship marks for both report card periods. So far 7B-5 has won almost every time in the tardiness contest, and unless some grade starts coming up I'm afraid 7B-5 is going to win. Mr. Foster gives the report on the tardiness chart every week, and I'm proud to say he is our homeroom teacher.

— Grace Phelps, 7B-2

School Loyalty

"What a terrible noise that is!" said one visitor to another. I believe the teacher must be out of the room. Don't you? I hope the pupils of our school don't behave like that when they have visitors. Ah! That's just what it was. There goes the teacher into the room!"

Does our school act like that when we have visitors? Why should the whole school be blamed for the fault of one grade? Don't let it happen even once. Then visitors won't even think about saying a word against your school.

— Winifred Wentz, L8A-2

The A Capella Choir

The choir, a new club in Madison this term, is led by Mr. Casad. The choir meets on Thursday afternoons at 2:50. There are about thirty members in this club, and they all seem to enjoy it very much.

April 17th, they sang an Easter cantata, which was enjoyed by all.

At present, they are spending their time learning new songs for the commencement night program, which, we hope, will be a big success.

If you are interested in this club and would like to join, there is always a place for you as they are in need of new members.

—George McWilliams, L8A-2

A Trip To The Memorial Art Gallery

On Monday, March 31st, 7B-2, 7B-3, and 7B-6 went to the Memorial Art Gallery. Mrs. Friel and Miss Seybold made arrangements for our trip. Two busses took us over and brought us back.

Miss Wright of the Memorial Art Gallery showed us many beautiful things. Among them were a fountain, an exact copy of one in Italy; some beautiful tapestries, two chests, some statues, and some murals. Then we were taken to the little theatre to see some slides and listen to a talk on feudalism. We are studying about feudalism in history. After the talk, Miss Wright passed around an old helmet.

This trip helped us very much in connection with our history. It helped to show us how people lived in the Middle Ages.

—Mae Achen, 7B-3

C9B-2

Amos and Andy have become more popular than they realize. They are on many programs, but the most striking of impersonations happened one Thursday during class activities in room 230.

The program finally began; everyone was excited.

Goldy Welker and Betty Palmer sang "The Perfect Song," which is the Pepsodent theme song. Elizabeth Kuetter read the history of the two famous entertainers. Then an announcer came forward and said that Amos 'n Andy—NOT in person—but impersonated by Roy Vickerman and James Ryan, sent their regrets, as they had an attack of spring fever. They would appear at a future date.

Everyone regretted this, but our sense of humor (which is so extraordinary) came to the surface, and we all had a laugh.

Nancy Case and Doris Swan are on the class honor roll this time, neither having any D's nor E's on their report cards last time.

Baseball is unusually popular with C9B-2. The girls play the boys at noon. Most exciting games!

Johnny Strong surely can sell tickets in girls' home-rooms!

We think D. S. was born tired.

Ask Mr. Skully to explain "triple entry." He knows all about it!

Miss Davis has been reading the interesting life of Admiral Richard Evelyn Byrd to us at odd times.

Is This You?

"I was trying to find a white shirt for assembly."

"Auto ran out of gas."

"Missed street car."

"I went into the store to get writing book and the man couldn't find it."

"Rong stair case."

"Clock did not strick on time."

"I was sick this morning, and didn't know I was going to school."

"Stoped at Dental Dispensary."

"Over slep."

"I was called at 8:00 a. m. and ate breakfast at 8:15 a. m."

"Slept over."

"Slept in."

"Didn't get up on time."

Favorite Sayings

of some of the teachers in Madison Junior High School.

"I'll see you at 3:00....."

"You're cash balance is not right....."

"Girls, don't look at your books so much....."

"Here, get over here. What are you doing over there?....."

"Turn to page 104 in Odyssey....."

"You girls are regular talking machines....."

"You girls answer 'A, or 'E....."

When the dandelions were in blossom, P8A-1 presented one of their teachers with spring bouquets.

Ask any member of F8A-1Y how easy it is to go to Miss Henry's tea parties. It's so easy every one will want to go.

H8E8A-1 represents many nations. Rosina Mazzoti came from Switzerland. The parents of some of the other girls come from Austria, Ireland, Germany, England, or Italy.

I9B-1 is fond of polo shirts.

F8A-1 heard a fish story in French.

Banking

Save your nickels, pennies, and dimes;
Save them for use in future times.
Soon they'll grow, and grow, and grow.
Then you'll never come to sad woe;
So bank on Mondays all you can
And make your class have the highest stand.

—Myrtle Willis, I-7A-2

We are happy,

We are gay,

We are trying for 100%

Banking Day. —I-7A-2

F8B-3

The case of Mr. John Hogan's mysteriously disappearing brief case has been brought up and dropped many times very hopelessly.

Detectives, working under Judge Philip Fitzhugh, are trying out different clues to aid in unraveling this mystery case in a vain effort to capture the unknown thief.

If anyone has any suspicions or clues they will be gratefully received.

ATHLETICS

Girls' Athletics

The tournaments of all grades are going fine. C8B-2 A team has played three games and won them all. This entitles them to play the winners of the 8A games. For this honor C8A-1 A team and L8A-2 are tied, each winning two games. L9B-1 with Jane Hammon piloting, have steered safely through their first two games. C9B-1 A team has tied with this grade, also winning two games. L9A-2 is the only 9A grade to win two games. Our seventh grade freshmen are doing fine. 7A-3 and 7B-3 each won the two games they played.

All grades are intensely interested in their games, and I am sure the numerals won this year will be well fought for.

The Basketball Club has turned to a Baseball Club. Mrs. Gilpin, our sunny director, readily consented to allow us to do this when the weather became warm enough for us to go outside to play.

The Clogging Club has a large membership: Eighty-six beginners and forty advanced. These girls are working on routines, two of which they worked up to perfection for the senior play, the "Swanee River," a soft-shoe tap, and "Reuben and Rachel," a character tap. All girls who joined in January have continued to come and have had a good time. Won't you join us next year?

Mr. Frank Hoercher, field representative of the National Red Cross Life Saving Division, presented the following sixteen girls with pins, junior life saving emblems and certificates of membership in the Junior Life Saving Corps:

Katherine Adler, L9A-2; Lois Dingman, C9A-1; Ruth Dries, C8B-1; Margaret Graham, L9B-1; Stella Granata, graduated to East High; Constance Grippo, L9A-2; Margaret Graham, C9A-1; Violet Mackie, graduated to West High School; Charlotte Morgan, L8A-1; Ruth Northern, C9B-1; Aleda Parker, L9A-1; Florence Tilden, graduated to West High School; Jane Simpson, C9B-1; Jane Whitback, C9A-1; Margaret Young, L9A-2.

Madison on Top

Madison Junior High School's baseball nine took the lead in the Junior High School League by defeating Monroe while Washington was losing to Jefferson by a close margin, 7-6.

Madison defeated Monroe in a field of mud at Cobb's Hill, 9-7. The winners were hard pressed for victory in the closing inning of the game, but came through with a two-run margin. Although the ball was wet and slippery, Panincia, pitcher of the winning team, controlled the ball well, while Cleveland drove in the winning runs.

Madison has two victories and no defeats to their credit and are confident they will get the cup.

10B Organizes

Madison's 10th grade organized a baseball team with the help of Mr. Wheeler, one of the physical directors to represent Madison in the Reserve League of the Interscholastic League.

The members of this team are: Captain, Rotzer; Smith, Russi, Arazy, Delleveilla, Camille, Cummings, Hargather, Marlante and Graby.

Swimming

Can you swim? What fun do you have if you can't? When you are at the lake or some summer resort, and everyone is in swimming, do you like to sit back and watch them have a good time?

Why don't you learn to swim? Almost everyone does. Perhaps out of every twenty people one or two are unable to swim.

On a hot afternoon your friends ask you to go canoeing, but your mother has forbidden you until you learn to swim. There's another time you have to sit back and watch others enjoy themselves just because you can't swim.

I lived at Cayuga Lake for four summers before I came to Madison. The last week I was there I learned to swim. I could have learned long before that, but I was afraid of the water.

I have been in Madison since November of my freshman year, and I have only passed three things in swimming, my facefloat, backfloat, and swim two widths of the pool. I am on my backswim now, and I just can't seem to get it. Every time I try it someone either bumps into me or I just sink to the bottom of the pool.

I thought my facefloat was very hard at first, but I passed it. Then the other things seemed hard, but I also passed them. Now my backswim seems most difficult, but I think if I keep trying I'll pass that, also.

I think it is wonderful that the schools of today offer such opportunities as swimming and gym. We shall need these things later on in life. The persons who do not take advantage of these opportunities are only fooling themselves.

After I pass my backswim and become a green-cap, I want to hurry through these tests more rapidly than I have the red cap. Before I graduate from Madison I would like to get my **M**, but if I don't hurry I won't even be a white cap.

I imagine there are many girls and boys who graduate from Madison without their **M**, but I don't want to be one of them. That's one thing I said I wanted and that's one thing I intend to get.

—Ruth Harold, C8A-1

The Swimming Hole

The swimming hole is a friend of mine,
As a diamond is to a baseball nine,
But before we go for a dip, you know,
We'll all have to pay for our fun in the hole.
The spring-board needs fixing,
The old dam rebuilt,
'Tis ever leaking
And patched like a quilt.

—Lester McKay, 7A-1

"He who works with his hands is a laborer; he who works with his hands and brain is an artisan; but he who works with his hand and brain and heart is an artist."

—Selected

JESTER'S CORNER

Meyers: "Are the fish biting?"

Fall: "I don't know. If they are, they're biting one another."

"Iceland," said the teacher, "is about as large as Siam."

"Iceland," wrote Willie afterward, "is about as large as teacher."

Football Coach (to players): Remember that football develops individuality, initiative and leadership. Now get in there and do exactly as I tell you.

Friend: "Why is it that your son rides in a car and you always go on the street car?"

Father: "Well, he has a rich father and I haven't."

"Look and see how much gas we've got, will you?"

"It points to 1-2, but I don't know whether it means half full or half empty."

Salesman: "This is the type of washing-machine that pays for itself, sir."

Prospect: "Well, as soon as it has done that you can have it delivered at my house."

Author: "Here's the manuscript of my new story, and I tell you plainly, two hundred won't buy it."

Editor: "I don't doubt—I'm one of the two hundred."

Stranger: "So you are the postmaster, storekeeper, justice of the peace and constable of this town?"

Native: "Yassir! You might say I'm the Mussolini of Buckeye Corner."

Shopper (hard to please): "Dear me, haven't you something newer in tablecloths?"

Salesman: "These are the newest patterns; you will notice that the edge runs right around the border, and the center is directly in the middle."

Shopper: "Dear me, yes! I'll take a dozen of those."

Irate Customer: "Waiter, there's a fly in my soup."

Waiter: "Oh, no, sir, you're mistaken. That's one of those new vitamine bees that we serve with each and every order."

Boss: "Ye're late this morning, 'Rastus!'"
'Rastus: "Well, sah, when Ah looked in de glass dis mornin' Ah couldn't see meself there, so Ah thought Ah'd gone to work. It was only some time afterwards dat Ah discovered dat de glass had dropt out ob de frame!"

A small boy had fallen into a creek and a kind old lady had stopped until he was rescued and safely on the bank.

"Dear me, how did you come to fall in?" she asked of the unfortunate boy.

"I didn't come to fall in," he explained, "I came to fish."

Overweight Woman: "Doctor, what will I do to reduce?"

Doctor: "Take proper kind of exercise."
Overweight Woman: "What kind of exercise would you recommend?"

Doctor: "Push yourself away from the table three times a day."

A kindergarten teacher called on a small boy to say the alphabet.

He began proudly, "a-b-c-d-e-f-g-h-" then he paused, "I don't know what comes next, teacher," he said plaintively.

"What's on either side of my nose?" she asked.

"Freckles," answered the boy, and sat down hastily.

Kenneth rushed in from play with hair rumpled, clothes soiled, and hands dirty, and seated himself at the table.

"What would you say if I should come to the table looking as you do?" inquired his mother.

Kenneth surveyed his well-groomed mother thoughtfully, then replied: "I think I'd be too polite to say anything."

