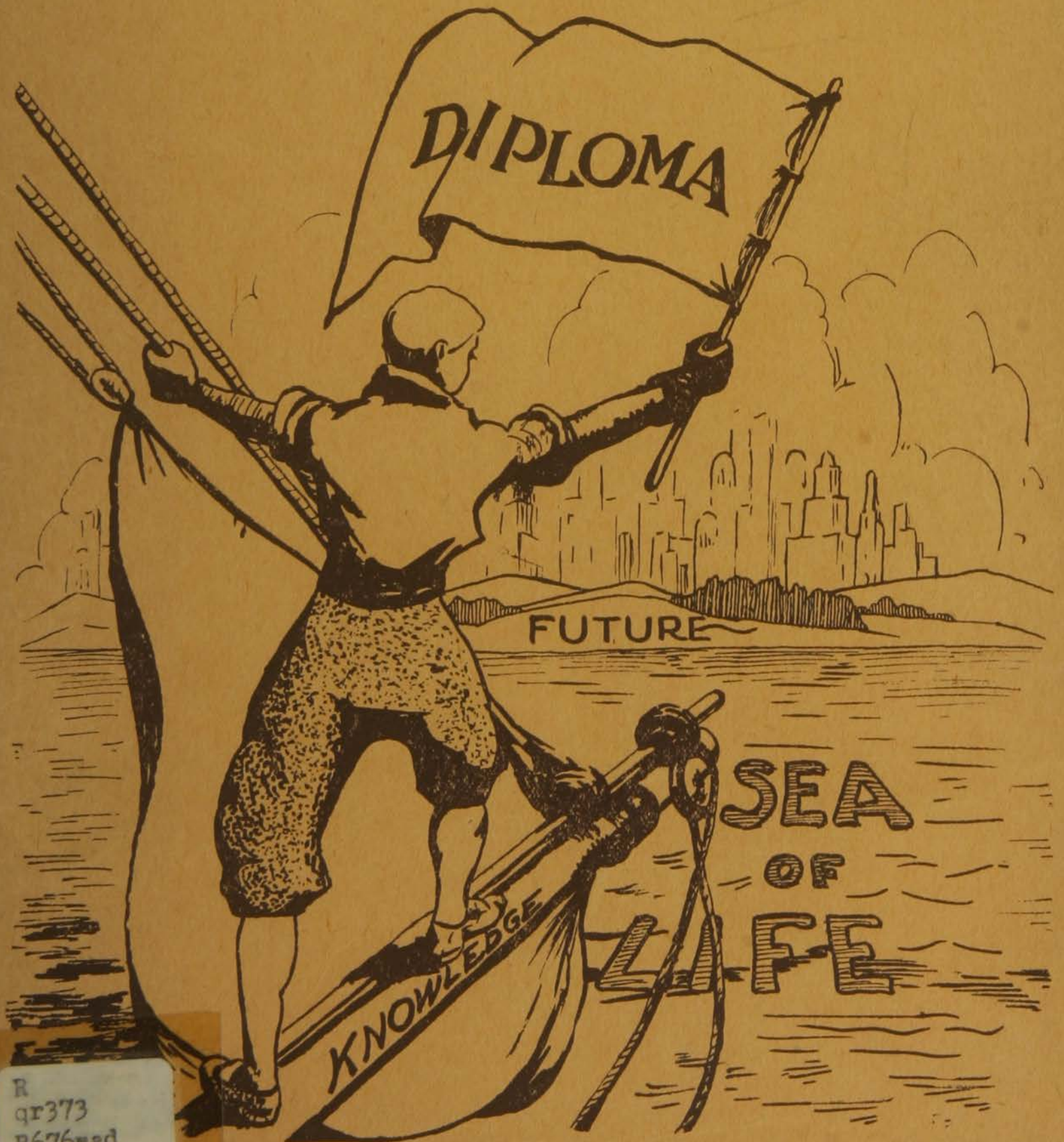


The Madigraph



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Jan. 1929

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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

*The Class of January Nineteen Hundred Twenty-nine dedicate this Senior
Number of the Madigraph to*

FRANK C. BIDDLE

*A former teacher of music and director of the Boys' Senior Corps through
whose deep and fervent love of music we came to enjoy more fully
the beauty of that Art, and whose unfailing courtesy and
cooperative spirit endeared him to all
Madisonians*

THE MADIGRAPH

THE SCHOOL PAPER of MADISON JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

PACKING MY SUITCASE FOR THE JOURNEY ON



WE SENIORS stand at the fork in the road. Whether to step out boldly into the road that leads to our chosen work or to continue along the pleasant ways of school is the decision we must make.

In contemplating a journey some thought must be given to the luggage. Whichever road we take our suitcases will contain substantially the same things. We will need much of the "Will to do," determination, courtesy, application and concentration. We will need a small bundle of ethics, a pleasant smile and some kindly words, and we need to pack where it is readily accessible, all we can carry of our former training.

To be of service to our fellow beings we must have healthy bodies. To have healthy bodies we must have balanced diets, regular exercise, some recreation and at least nine hours of sleep each night.

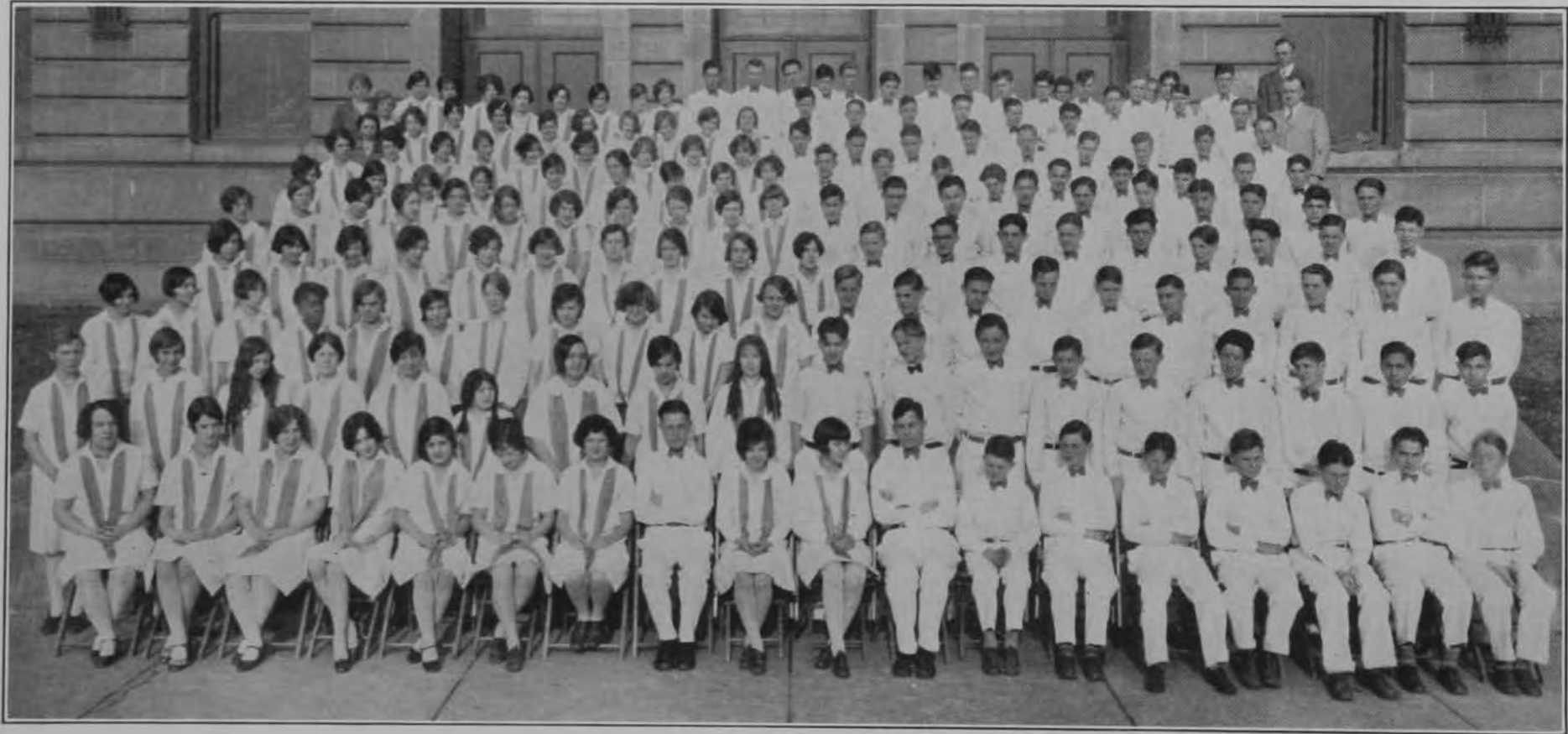
If we follow the teachings we have received at "Madison" we cannot go far astray in this matter.

On our journey we must also take the useful habits that we have formed at Madison. The first is courtesy. Courtesy is merely an appreciation of the rights and feelings of others. Obedience we need to take because only he who learns to obey the orders of others learns to give orders in his turn. Obedience and dependability go hand in hand, the servants of a well-ordered personality.

An important part of our equipment is the friendships we take and make on our journey. A real friend will do nothing for our detriment and much for our good. The way to make friends is to be one. If we keep this in mind and are careful of our associations, our friendships will lighten rather than weight our luggage.

So with our suitcases well packed with our healthy bodies, useful habits and friendships we will continue on our journey.

— Hazel Mackie, C9A-1



THE SENIOR CLASS OF JANUARY, 1929

The January Class of 1929

Class Motto: Attempt--Accomplish

Senior Class Officers

Robert Payne	.	.	.	President
Barbara Pritchard	.	.	.	Vice-President
Grace Simpson	.	.	.	Secretary
John Berry	.	.	.	Treasurer

The Senior Term Honor Roll

Foreign Language Curriculum

Robert Robinson	Rachel Howland	Marion Leek
Frank Jenner	Helen Hatch	Marion Glidden
Benjamin Dayton	Miriam Harnish	George Peer
Arline Wooden	Ada Donnan	Bruce Lyon
Alice Thomsen	Barbara Pritchard	John Frazer
Dorothy Otis	Ruth Maurer	Frank Cassine
Marion Jones	Lynette Martin	

Commercial Curriculum

Mildred Card	Gladys Rosa
Frances Montegna	Ruth Skipworth
Margaret Palmer	Erna Vielehr
Rhea Platner	Hazel Mackie

Vocational Curriculum

Lenore Parshall	Paul Petrilli	Kenneth Gravlin
May Ross	Cedric DeMen	Ellis Page
Gene Fenicchia	Dominic Cipro	Russell Spring
Muriel Maynard	Gerald Belardino	
Ruth Lasher	John Berry	

The Senior Class

Annie Adkins	Beulah S. Davis	Dolores L. Hudson
Jean M. Aldridge	Ada W. Donnan	Frieda M. Jacksteit
Eva Mae Ball	Doris E. Drexel	Marion G. Jones
Edith C. Barnhart	Gene M. Fenicchia	Margaret A. Knapp
Ruth L. Barth	B. Marion Fichter	Ruth E. Lasher
Harriet E. Bebble	Marie E. Fisher	Marion L. Leek
Jean P. Bentley	Irene R. Foss	Dorothy E. Louvain
Irene S. Bowersox	Emma J. Gibson	Hazel W. Mackie
DeNeice E. Bustin	Marion C. Glidden	Genevieve L. Mallaber
Mildred A. Card	Miriam E. Harnish	Lynnette C. Martin
Josephine Carmalade	Helen M. Hatch	Ruth E. Maurer
Ruth M. Clarke	Mary E. Hazard	Muriel E. Maynard
Ethel E. Cooper	Lillian L. Herrick	Margaret E. McKee
Courlean E. Corey	Doris E. Hewitt	Grace M. Minwill
Katherine L. Dalessandro	Rachel V. Howland	Frances P. Montegna

Carolyn L. Mooney	Harold C. Amies	Elmer J. Lodder
Geraldine C. O'Brien	Robert L. Andrews	Channing B. Lyon
Ruth F. O'Grady	Sam C. Asarello	Albert G. MacBride
Mary Margaret O'Neill	Carl M. Backus	Sam O. Maddalena
Dorothy H. Otis	William J. Bauman	Harold J. Markham
Hazel L. Ott	Gerald S. Belardino	Jesse W. McCormack
Margaret H. Palmer	Robert H. Belding	Donald A. McDonald
Mamie C. Palozzi	Donald B. Bennett	J. Gormly Miller
Lenore A. Parshall	John M. Berry	Edwin G. Morgan
Dorothy M. Patchen	Kenneth W. Branch	Robert C. Morgan
Mildred A. Pearce	Jack A. Burgess	Eldon J. Mulford
Eleanor M. Persse	Kenneth W. Butler	Earl L. Nowack
Geraldine E. Pfleger	Angelo Casaceli	Ralph G. Offen
Rhea M. Platner	Frank A. Cassine	Ellis A. Page
Helen M. Price	Wallace C. Christensen	Virgil M. Palmer
Barbara Pritchard	Dominic N. Cipro	Robert L. Payne
Ethel D. Rankin	Henry Conte	Clarence O. Pearson
Mildred E. Rapp	Donald K. Corey	George A. Peer
Dorothy E. Rasbridge	Charles F. Crandall	Paul F. Petrilli
Dorothy A. Reddy	Benjamin B. Dayton	Arthur A. Polito
Doris C. Reid	Charles DeMartin	George M. Rendsland
Dorothy L. Robinson	Cedric E. DeMen	Ransom L. Richardson, Jr.
Irene L. Robinson	Anthony M. Distaffen	Stephen A. Rivenberg
Gladys M. Rosa	Kenneth M. Dunton	Hugh H. Robertson
May Ross	James D. Estrich	Kenneth J. Robinson
Edna Louise Sabel	John P. Frazer	Robert A. Robinson
Catherine H. Sarvey	Ardern E. Gardiner	Lawrence A. Rose
Helen L. Scobell	Burdette K. Garrard	Constantine P. Rousos
Grace M. Simpson	Alvin F. Getman	Charles B. Schusterbauer
Ruth E. Skipworth	Ellio Giacomantonio	Alan B. Shaw
Dora Smith	Kenneth E. Gravlin	Vallance R. Shellman
Gladys E. Smith	Lloyd W. Gray	Charles E. Skinner
L. Geraldine Spencer	Howard E. Grundy	Gervase A. Spangler
Norma C. Stapler	Richard W. Habersat	Russell A. Spring
Alice E. Thomsen	Renald L. Hammond	William S. Tharp
Florence A. Uffert	Ralph F. Harnish	Harold L. VanOcker
Erna H. Vielehr	Willard A. Hauck	Charles F. Villnow
Mildred L. Vormeng	E. Roswell Hazard	William O. Wagoner
Bernice A. Wamser	W. Harry Hill	Milton G. Waite
Ruth E. Wheeler	Raymond J. Hilts	Albert E. Wheals
Margaret A. White	George W. Hofford	Kenneth C. Wilbur
M. Elizabeth Whiteford	Frank M. Jenner	Clifford E. Wiley
L. Arline Wooden	Samuel R. Kammer	Orville R. Williams
Lois G. Wright	Maxie Kapelke	Woodrow Wilson
Filomena L. Zampatori	William F. Lacey	Clarence S. Woodworth
Irene M. Zimmer	Ernest E. Larter	
David E. Alexander	Oscar E. Lass	

LITERARY

Farewell, Madison

Farewell to thee, oh, Madison;
 It grieves our hearts to go.
 We have trod thy paths and ways
 And we have much to show.
 "Attempt-Acomplish" We've learned it
 well
 And now comes time to say, "Farewell"
 The greatness of thy spirit
 Is ours to have and hold,
 In our hearts 'tis folded,
 'Tis a greater gift than gold.
 Of all our sorrow none could tell
 On saying, "Dear Madison, fare thee well."
 —Ransom L. Richardson, L9A-1

The First Snow

It was a silent Sunday morning when I
 looked out of my window and saw the roofs
 of the houses covered with a blanket of soft,
 downy, pure white snow.

Flakes of all sizes and various shapes were
 dancing through the air and chasing one
 another, each with a task to fulfill. Some
 halted on branches of trees to keep warm
 the tiny buds which are to open next spring.
 Others went on their errand to cover kind
 old Mother Earth so that she might sleep a
 short time after so many months of hard
 labor. Suddenly the silence was broken. The
 children swarmed out of the house like busy
 little bees and began frolicing with glee be-
 cause the much longed for snow had begun
 to fall at last.

Now the larger boys and girls gathered
 and began to build a snow man. The eyes
 of the smaller children grew larger with won-
 der and admiration as the image increased
 in size. His coal-black eyes seemed to smile
 at the watching children.

Several boys who considered themselves
 too old for this child's play started a snow-
 ball fight a little distance away.

Their merry laughter attracted an old
 gentleman's attention. He watched them
 with a soft kind smile on his face. Finally
 he turned and, shaking his head, walked
 away; but the smile was still there. I won-
 der if he was thinking of his boyhood. Sud-
 denly he exclaimed! "O glorious, happy
 childhood! O beautiful snow!"

—Helene Ilchman, C9B-1

Inspiration

As I begin to write this, with the wet
 towel fastened securely about my confused
 head, and a chocolate bar in front of me,
 I ask myself again, "What shall I write?"
 and no answer comes. The cells of my brain
 pop open, one by one, and still no answer
 comes.

I see in my pencil rack a red pencil, and
 I think of its many duties. Of its first ex-
 periences in making pretty pictures for wee
 tots who love to play with crayons; of the
 many maps of Greece and Rome, which it
 has colored, and last of all, the terrible rav-
 ages enacted by it as it rests in the hands of
 the teachers of our Alma Mater.

And still no inspiration appears. I see
 before me a kewpie doll with dimples, el-
 bows, and chubby cheeks, and the contented
 cherubic smile of one who has never racked
 its brains in doing English home work. As
 I gaze before me everything becomes a dull
 greenish-white, bounded by numberless
 shadows, whose horrid darkness can not be
 pierced. It is only the wall paper bordered
 by the shadows in the room which the lamp-
 light makes more prominent.

And still I thought, and still no inspiration
 came. I wondered that any brain could hold
 as little as mine. So I gave it up and ate my
 chocolate bar.

—Ethel D. Rankin, F9A-1

Thoughts on the Election

"Extra! Extra! All about the big election!" shouted the newsboy. I hurriedly purchased a paper and read the headlines. "Hoover Elected by Big Majority," I read. "Solid South Breaks Up. Republicans Again Score Victory." So Mr. Hoover had been elected. I might have known it. I was for Mr. Smith and had bet a cent on him.

I think that both men would have had the ability to take the great responsibility of the office. Both men possess the highest ideals. One of them had to be elected, and the people chose Mr. Hoover.

I was rather surprised that Mr. Smith's own state went against him. The women's vote was great and counted very much. With a lead of 400,000 in New York City, I counted on a victory for the "Happy Warrior" but the rural districts went against him.

It was a very close fight, and the best man won. Mr. Smith did his best in his campaign, and it was not his fault that he was not elected. I say this because I am an ardent admirer of Mr. Smith. I guess the country will be run the same as ever with Mr. Hoover as President, and I sincerely hope every citizen of the United States will do his best to co-operate with him.

—William Lacey, F9A-1

Hearing the News

For the last week I have looked forward to hearing the election returns. A few friends were to come in to hear them with us over the radio.

The reports came in fast until rather late. Smith gained rapidly, and his chances rose higher. Our nerves grew taut. We held our breath and waited for them to play "East Side, West Side". The radio squealed annoyingly. Suddenly the noise, static and voice, stopped as if someone had shut off the radio. Excitement was at the breaking pitch.

Without waiting to tinker with the radio, my brother shouted, "Come on! The roof-Times-Union-lights!" We all clambered to the roof. Nothing to be seen! Just the annoying black bulks of the nearest houses.

Then frantically we, all eight, rushed to the too-small coach that stood in front of the house and piled in. We cut through

alleys and byways and finally reached Times Square. Who? Who, after all this was to be our next President? Smith? No, it just couldn't be he!

The crowd was a mass of noise. Horns, whistles, and yells accompanied by an undertone of disappointment greeted our ears. "Hoover, Hoover, Hoover!" "Poor Smith!" We relaxed.

The disappointed minority lingered with the last hope that the news wasn't final. It was. Hoover!

—Dorothy Robinson, F9A-1

The Wind

When the wind in summer blows
With its cooling breeze,
It sings of flashing fountains
And calm and shining seas.

In fall when leaves are turning brown,
It sings of winter soon to come,
It warns the children on its way
That soon their fingers will be numb.

In winter when the ground is white,
It wails its mournful cry at night,
And in the daytime with the sun,
It coaxes spring again to come.

Sometime when you're alone at night,
And have nothing else to do,
Listen to the sighing wind,
It will sing its song for you.

It will tell you of gladness, sadness and fear,
As it sings and murmurs along through the
years.

—Jane Whitbeck, C8B-1

Learning to Ski

My brother and I received a pair of skis for Christmas. As the weather was good for skiing, we decided to learn how to ski. So we started out in the country to a big hill that my brother knew about. When we arrived, I thought it was one of the biggest hills I had ever seen. We climbed to the top of it and my brother put on his skis. He went down the hill like a flash without any calamities. Seeing him get down to the bottom made me very hopeful. I put on my skis and started to go down. For about a quarter of the way down everything went finely, and I began to think that I was

pretty good at skiing. All at once I began to pick up speed; faster and faster I went. I heard the wind whistling past my ears. Suddenly my ski hit a piece of wood, and before I knew it, I found myself rolling along in the snow, I picked myself up and limped down the hill after my skis. I began to wish that I hadn't tried to go down. I resolved that I wouldn't try that hill until I knew how to ski better.

—Edward Burke, T8B-1

The Longest Day of the Year

They say that June, twenty-first, is the longest day,
But the day before Christmas seemed the longest, I'll say;
I built snow forts and played with my sled,
And at last it came time to go to bed.
Christmas morning when I awoke,
I hustled down stairs on the clock's sixth stroke,
And what should I see,
But dozens of toys and a big Christmas tree!

—Chester Champion, 7A-2

Not Guilty

Gee whiz! A fellow can't do anything around the house nowadays unless he gets a bawling out. It's all right though if little brother or sister does anything wrong. Mother just says, "I'm sorry", or "That's too bad". But when I do anything wrong she waits until Dad gets home and tells it all to him. Then Dad says, "Leave it to me". Pretty soon he calls me into his room and gives me a genuine calling down. When he gets through and I start to go out, he calls me back and says, "See that you don't go out nights after supper for the rest of the week".

Sometimes little brother breaks a glass or something, and Mother asks, "Who did it?" Little brother speaks up calmly and coolly, "I don't know". Then mother gives me a suspicious look that makes a fellow feel guilty.

I don't mind taking my punishment when I've got it coming, but to take it for what I haven't done—then I'll plead, "Not Guilty".

—George Bowles, T8B-1

The Shooting Match

The sheriff gave a match one day,
In hopes of Robin Hood to slay,
But Robin Hood, a shrewd young man,
Outwitted the sheriff and his plan.

The day came for the archer's play,
All the people felt happy and gay,
But from the greenwood a man with bow
Came to town his skill to show.

The time came, the match began,
Our Robin was bound, was bound to stand,
The sheriff never saw such play
As Robin gave to him that day.

He shot the arrow true and straight,
And won the prize from his mate,
The "Red" has it the crowd declared
"He won the victory true and fair."

Robin went back to dark greenwood
Where Little John before him stood
Asking why he felt so daft
When he had the golden shaft.

Robin answered so very sad,
"I, Robin Hood, am not at all glad,
Because the sheriff will not realize
'Twas I that won the golden prize"

—Josephine DiLillo, 7B-2

A Dark Spot

One night as it was very dark
And I was coming from the park,
My way led past a great big lot
In which I saw a dark, dark spot.
A moving figure came towards me,
And did I wait for it to see
If it could run as fast as I?

Well, I did not. And why?

—Alvin Snook, 7B-2

Tim's Experience

Tim was sick and his master insisted that he be taken to a hospital.

"A fine place to put a dog like me," said Tim, "I am not feeling very well, but what the master says around here goes."

Ten minutes later Tim was forced into a large car and they went speeding down the street. The car stopped in front of a large building and Tim was taken out. He was taken into the building where a loud howling and barking met his ears. This was his first trip to a dog hospital.

He was hustled into a large room with small cages on either side. He was put on the second layer in a small cage.

"Well this is a fine place for a dog like me," thought Tim, "But I suppose I will have to make the best of it."

"Boy! maybe I am not tired. I didn't get a wink of sleep all last night. I wish I could get at the dog across the hall. He howled all last night and all that is wrong with him is three broken ribs and one broken leg," Tim told me this the next morning.

"This morning I was given some terrible tasting stuff, but I was told it would do me good."

"Today passed slowly, a new dog was brought in and a little white dog down the hall fell out of his cage and got an awful scare."

"Hark! I hear familiar voices coming up the hall. It is my master. Hurrah! Now I can go home and get some sleep. And I assure you that I will not touch another dead rat."

—Frank Taylor, 7B-1

Step That Wasn't There

As my brother and I were playing in the hay loft of the barn, my uncle called up and asked us to pitch some hay down the large holes into the mangers, and cover the holes with the boards when we were through. My brother forgot one—and Kur Plunk! I fell down upon a sharp-horned bull.

—Virginia Doyle, 7B-5

Winter

The winter comes with clouds of gray,
And that is when we like to stay
In our own homes where it is warm
To dream and read our many books,
And give each other happy looks.

—Harry Coots, 7B-7

Valē, Madisōnia

Cārissima Mādisōnia, tempus tuī relin-
quendī appropinquat. Annōs quōs sump-
simus spectāmus, et fidem nostram tibi
vovēmus. Magistrī vestrī nōs benigne per
hoc lūdum duxērunt, et eīs gratiās agimus.
Tu, Mādisōnia, nōbis omnēs rēs fortiter
facere docuistī. Dolōre commovēmur, ut tē
cum memoriīs laetīs diērum nostrōrum in

tuīs atriīs relinquimus. Ad lūdum novum
procēdimus, sed tē cum gaudiō semper
revocābimus. Valē, cāra Mādisōnia.

—Marion Glidden, L9A-2

Adieu Chère Madison

Chère Madison, le temps est venu quand
il nous faut te quitter. Nous sentons
tristes qu'il nous faut te quitter mais nous
te quittons parce qu'il nous faut continuer
les études que vous nous avez apprises.

Nous avons étudié dur et nous sommes
fiers de ce que nous avons fait. Nous
entrerons dans l'école secondaire de l'Ouest
avec une nouvelle espérance que nous
pourrons corriger nos fautes et développer
nos capacités.

Nous devons beaucoup à nos professeurs
avec qui nous avons mené un cours sain et
sauf de trois années de travail ici à Madison.
Nous penserons aussi aux étudiants que

Robin Hood

Oh, Robin Hood, all clad in green
With all his faithful men were seen
In Sherwood Forest, long ago,
Doing brave deeds with arrow and bow.

Here Little John, so tall and hale,
With Will Scarlet and Alan-A-Dale
And Friar Tuck and the Miller's son
Who helped in all the deeds they'd done.

So many a long day and many a long night
They worked their will to make things right,
While now our memory of Robin Hood
clings

Leaving us dreaming of many good things.

—Joan Lynn, 7B-7

Christmas Shopping

The crowds were bustling, jostling, hurry-
ing, scurrying, running hither and yon.
News boys were yelling, vendors crying.
Every one was in a hurry. Some one poked
an umbrella into a tall man's eye, but in
his haste he ignored it. Loud "Mammas"
issued from a conspicuous looking package
carried by a thin, henpecked looking man.
No one paid any attention to him for they
were all aiming at some desination. Where
to? A fire? An automobile accident? A
train wreck? The scene of a murder, a
suicide, a jail break? No! Not they! They
were Christmas shoppers!

—Evelyn Brandon, 7A-1

The Class Prophecy

One day as I was strolling down a street I noticed a huge boldly painted sign that shouted to the world that Hugh Robertson now dealt in elbow grease, the quest of his misled youth. Farther down the same street I chanced to find a memory training school. Thee words painted upon the window amused me, somewhat. "Course in Memory Training Guaranteed. Money Back If Not Satisfied."

As Jean Aldrich, Chief Forgetress, and I stood there gazing at a side splitting cartoon by the ever-joking Dorothy Otis, a huge car that would have made Rockefeller clasp his hands with envy, drew up, and an alert appearing business man stepped out.

"That guy rolls in dough," said someone at my elbow. "That's Bob Robinson, the big butter broker." Finally I took a blue bus to rest my wearied frame. Imagine my surprise when I stared into the eyes of Arline Wooden. Chatting with me between stops, she told me that she had given lectures all across the country on one topic. "Why Should We Stay Home and Keep the Homefires" Burning?"

"Especially when there isn't any coal," I joked. She sent a terrible look over my head and answered very sternly, "Frivolous people often get in trouble."

"Tell me," I said, "are all busses run by women?"

"Yes," answered Arline, relenting a trifle. "Ada Donan is our driver now."

"I thought I recognized the speed," I answered, taking a flying leap off the blue bus.

"That was a neat one," said a hearty voice, and I looked up to find my old classmate, "Pete" Jenner standing on the curb, laughing heartily at my mishap.

"Hello, Pete! Where is Ben Dayton?"

"Ben went to Whensqueela in search of the forty sets of false teeth that one of the Cyclops used on holiday occasions only."

"How grand," said I.

"I'm a building contractor now," said Pete, giving me a hand.

"Did you say building?" I asked, as Irish confetti fell about the street.

"Yep. Well, I have to get to work. Call on me sometime." I walked on, determined not to ride on a blue bus.

Seeing a cafe, with tables placed on the

street, beneath a gaily colored awning, I hastened there just in time to beat a flashy answer to a Country Maiden's prayer.

"Hello, MacBride," I shouted.

"Hello," he answered, and had the nerve to take a seat.

"What are you doing, nowadays?" I asked.

"Deep-sea diving," he answered.

"Did you ever beat your thirty-two seconds, Al?"

"My marvelous under-water record has been beaten but once, and that by the Caderis Cod, that inhabits the bonny blue."

"Here, here," I whispered, "Don't get too chesty. By the way, who owns this place?"

"Hazel Ott runs it with the assistance of Miriam Harnish."

"Well, you don't know all the news," I answered. "Gormly Miller is an aviator, and he carries mail to the lonesome Australian bushmen every morning."

"I always knew that he was bound to rise in the world," retorted Mac, sipping his soda.

"Marion Jones is leading the international four-year-old rope-skipping team against the Cant's from Kilkarney."

"Can you imagine that?" said Mac languidly.

"Perhaps you know what has become of Richard Habersat?"

"Do I?" he shrieked. "He lives right next door to me and oh, man! After feeding him another soda he finally comes out with information that seven doctors have to strap him in bed every night and feed him ether by the gallon."

"Well, well," said I. "That's news to me."

"George Hofford and Chuck Scheusterbauer now run an athletic school for young ladies, where they teach them what are good manners in sport."

"Go on and tell me some more," I encouraged.

"Kathryn Sarvey is now collecting a fund for the frost-bitten Alaskans. Rachel Howland and Alice Thomsen are teaching the town the joys of dancing and making them like it."

"See that place across the street? Jean Bently and Lilian Herrick offer speed talking. While Jean trains 'em, Lil feeds 'em gum, telling them that it is strengthening for the jaws."

"Here, here," I said approvingly, "They combined business with pleasure, didn't they?"

"What kind of powder do you use?" asked Mac.

"None," I informed him. He sniffed.

"I buy mine from Helen Hatch and Irene Robinson."

"'No shiny nose to greet thee,' used to be Helen's motto, didn't it?"

"Yeah, she and Irene are making the world safe for flappers."

"Well, I suppose you know that Ethel Cooper won the prize for swimming eighty miles?"

"Yes, I was there. Lois Wright is trying to teach the Chinese not to eat with their fingers. Jane Gibson recently wrote 'No Plaze Lak Home.'"

As our conversation lagged there approached a portly sire, dressed to kill.

"Big Bill Tharp," explained Al, "He dabbles in politics."

After a few moments of aimless talking, all parted, perhaps forever.

—Donald Bennett, L9A-1

Dear Friend:

I'm writing to tell you of my trip to Paris last summer. As you know, I went on a business trip. It ended in sightseeing.

On June 15, 1947, I left New York on the Transatlantic Flyer, and on it I met an old friend of mine, Mr. William Lacey. He said he was going to Paris on a pleasure trip. We visited the pilot's room in the flyer; and while we were looking around, I went over to talk to the pilot and made a discovery. I said, "Say, Lacey, look who our pilot is!" This is Grundy. You remember him. Don't you? Hello, Grundy!"

"Hello, Grundy. What are you doing here?" Bill said.

"Why, hello, you two! What are you doing here? Having a grand reunion?"

"No," I said, "we're going to Paris."

When we arrived in that city we got into a flying taxi, and the pilot of the taxi turned around and said, "Where to?"

"To a good restaurant," I answered. Then I said to Lacey, "Say, Bill, didn't that fellow look familiar to you?"

"Yes, a little. Who is he?"

"I have it," I said. "It's Wheals. You remember him. Don't you?"

Just then we landed on the restaurant roof. We got out, and as we were paying him, I said, to his great surprise, "Hello, Wheals!"

He exclaimed, "Who? What? Oh, I recognize you now. You're Mulford and Lacey. Aren't you? Well, I can't talk now. I have to be going. So long!" Then we went down to the restaurant.

When we sat down, a waitress whom I recognized as Ethel Rankin came to the table. Bill and I greeted her, and asked her why she was there. She said she and Eleanor Persse had come over together and Eleanor had married one of those Paris sheiks.

After that we went to movies, and there we saw the famous dancer, Doris Hewitt. After the show, as we were walking along the street, we passed a beauty parlor. The proprietor was standing in the doorway. He recognized us and exclaimed, "Aren't you Mulford and Lacey?"

We answered together, "Yes. Why?"

"Well, I'm Burgess. Jack Burgess."

"Well, say, you're the sixth person we've met over her," I said; and Bill said, "Hello, Burgess. How are you? I've often wondered where you were?"

When then went to a hotel where we registered. When the clerk saw our names, I thought he was going crazy.

"Did you fellows go to Madison Junior High School in Rochester, New York?" He shouted. "Well, I'm Frazer, and you can have the best rooms in this place."

The next morning we bought an extra, telling how Professor Cassine had just unearthed another Sphinx.

The rest of the day I attended to business, and Bill went sight-seeing. That night he told me he had met Dorothy Louvain, who said she was working in Burgess' beauty parlor. He had taken her to lunch. He had seen Bruce Lyon, too.

He had been walking along the street when he heard a policeman talking to a man in an elegant car. He heard the policeman say, "What's the name? C. B. Lyon, huh? Well, you appear in court tomorrow morning." Then the car drove away. Bill inquired who C B. Lyon was, and was told,

"Oh, he's a millionaire who thinks he can break all the traffic laws and get away with it."

After dinner that evening we listened in at the radio and heard the announcer say, "This is X. Y. Z. New York, Virgil Palmer announcing. You will now hear the famous trio, George Peer, Henry Conte, and Dorothy Robinson, sing."

After two weeks of Paris we traveled around France for two weeks. We arrived home on July 20th.

I hope you have enjoyed hearing about my journey as much as I have enjoyed writing about it to you.

Your friend,
—Eldon Mulford, F9A-1

Ten years have passed, and we find the pupils of the T9A-1 January Class, 1929, holding the following positions:

Alexander—Famous house detective of the Powers Hotel.

Belding—Star slugger of the New York Yankees.

Corey—Star pitcher of the New York Yankees.

De Martin—Famous stunt flyer.

Garrard—Comic artist for the "Journal."

Getman—Owner of grocery store.

Giacomantonio—Touring the world as the mighty Samson.

Hauck—Manufacturer of Hauck's Hair Restorer.

Hazard—Physical Instructor in Madison.

Hill—Great Acrobat.

Lass—Master printer.

Markham—Shiek of movies.

Morgan—Owner of a large tobacco plantation.

Payne—Owner of beauty parlor.

Rivenberg—Admiral in the Navy.

Rose—Famous director of the Eastman Orchestra.

Rousos—Famous guard of Rochester Centals.

Shaw—Great soccer player.

Shellman—Famous football player.

Van Ocker—Head of the Rochester Health Bureau.

Villnow—Great air mail pilot.

Waite—Inventor of motorless airplanes.

Wilbur—Governor of New York.

Wiley—Famous comic impersonator.

Wilson—Commercial artist.

And last but not least, comes:

Harnish—the great basketball player.

Robert Belding and
Donald Corey, T9A-1

Just by accident, one lonely day in June, 1940, my father and I struck an oil well on our ranch. This brought us a great fortune. My father shared the proceeds with me, so my friend, Erna Vielehr, and I decided to take a sight-seeing trip around the world.

On our way to New York, we stopped at Rochester, and visited dear old Madison. We saw Mildred Card's and Ruth Barth's names on the faculty list. Our curiosity as to the subjects they were teaching, led us to their class rooms. Miss Card was teaching appositives to a group of dignified seniors. We knew immediately that she was an English teacher. Miss Card directed us to Miss Barth's room. Whereupon we found a disgusted science teacher teaching metamorphosis.

While going to a bank in New York, we chanced to see a huge sign bearing the name of a beauty hospital.

Drexel & Rasbridge
BEAUTY HOSPITAL

Expert FACE LIFTING done here
Money-back Guarantee

We were in the bank arranging for our travelers' checks, when to our surprise and delight we saw Gladys Rosa, first woman vice-president of the First National Bank of New York City. We had a pleasant chat with her, and learned that Carolyn Mooney was secretary of the Gloucester Fish Estate in Massachusetts.

Our sweet teeth were bothering us, so we purchased some delicious candy, which proved to be made by the firm of which Bernice Wamser was head. The next thing to take care of was our tickets. We went to the Hamburg and Bremen Shipping Agency. We noticed Ruth Skipworth, the minute we entered, by that ever ready smile which she possessed in our never-to-be-forgotten days at Madison. Miss Skipworth was head bookkeeper here. It was with

much interest that we talked of our graduation class members at Madison. She informed us that Norma Stapler was chief advertiser for the company in New Orleans which makes "never run" cotton stockings, and Irene Zimmer assisted Norma in her advertisements with her clever drawings.

We left Uncle Sam and headed towards foreign shores. Our boat landed at London. Upon entering the lobby of London's most fashionable hotel, we met the world's famous tennis champion, Ruth Clarke.

We ventured about the city to visit the places of interest. As we rapidly turned a corner, we collided with Frieda Jacksteit. We were taken by surprise at seeing Frieda in London. She explained to us that she was managing a hair dressing parlor.

After spending the night in London, we journeyed on in an airplane to Paris. Hunger brought us to the cafe where Genevieve Mallaber and Irene Bowersox were in partnership. In the afternoon, we came upon Gladys Smith, who was head designer in a dress shop there. We spent the night in Paris, and then traveled on to Berlin. The President of the U. S. A. was there on his vacation tour. We chose the same hotel that the President did, and accidentally met Irene Foss there one day. Miss Foss was the President's social secretary.

We boarded the newly constructed Zeppelin, which quickly brought us to Moscow, the capital of Russia. Here we met Francis Montegna and Katherine Dalessandro. They were sent by the United States government to teach America's sanitary conditions to the Russians.

From Moscow we went to India by ox-cart. We stopped at Trichinopoli Mission. We were interested in the work, and asked to see some of the missionaries. Whom should we be introduced to, but our old friend Beulah Davis?

Our next destination took us to the "Golden Gates," San Francisco. We visited the orphans' home, and found that Rhea Platner was the superintendent.

This time we traveled by bus to "Movie Land." We went to the Paramount studio, and were just in time for the last scene of a great love comedy, featuring Dorothy Patchen and Benjamin Scammel. It was in Hollywood that we came cross Hazel Mackie

teaching a dancing school for trained bears.

We traveled on to Seattle and went into a baker's shop that had been made famous by the Helen Price doughnuts. Thus ended our tour.

—Erna Vielehr and
Margaret Palmer, C9A-1

Who's Who In 1940

- Bauman, William—Commercial Artist. 18000 Paint Spillers Alley.
Belardino, Gerald—Famous Orator. 120 Poetry Avenue, Albany, N. Y.
Berry, John—International traveler and teacher of toe dancing. 10 Shoe Avenue.
Branch, Kenneth—Famous acrobat. 1835 Horse Place.
Butler, Kenneth—(Lindbergh's double) commercial pilot. Cleveland Airport.
Crandall, Charles—Assistant to Mr. Johns at Madison Junior High. 366½ Tinsmith Street.
Gravlin, Kenneth—16 Brush Street. Famous house painter. Has shop at above address.
Hammond, Renald—Ford repairer. 732 Crank Street.
Kammer, Samuel—(Sam, the Shiek). No occupation. World traveler.
Maddalena, Samuel—Motion Picture artist. (Moved to Hollywood).
McCormick, Jesse—Owner of garage on Scottsville Road.
Morgan, Edwin—Famous spine straightener. 888 Backbone Street.
Offen, Ralph—Owner of Print Shop. 775 Type Street.
Nowack, Earl—Jester—now with Ringling Brothers.
Page, Ellis & Polito, Arthur—Art Shoppe. 3563 Paint Street.
Pearson, Clarence—Bridge Architect. 887 Pencil Street.
Rensland, George—Fancy Metal Worker. Corner of Tin and Smith Street.
Robinson, Kenneth—Maker of drawing instruments. 1876 Compass Street.
Skinner, Charles—Mechanic. Battery and Charger Streets.
Spangler, Gervase—(C. A. P.), Commercial Aviation Pilot at Britton Field.

Spring, Russell—Head Draftsman. North-East Electric Company.

—Gervase Spangler and
Kenneth Robinson, V9A-1

It is a cold, crisp day in January, 1940, and the L9A-2 class of January, nineteen hundred twenty-nine, is again assembled in the familiar halls of Madison. We are all here, and we joyfully recognize faces which we have not seen in many years.

Eva Mae Ball, the first woman to swim the Atlantic, is comparing notes with Mary O'Neill, who is teaching fancy diviug at Madison. Marion Fichter, demonstrator of sun-burst skirts, Margaret White and Enda Sabel, who are traveling saleswomen for C. Backus and Company, manufacturers of Backus's Beautiful Bags, are carrying on a heated discussion with Geraldine O'Brien, the dressmaker.

Ruth O'Grady, the prima donna, is telling Doris Reid all about her famous new portrait. Doris is vainly trying to get in a few words about her new position, that of President of the Girl Scouts of America. Geraldine Spencer, teacher of advanced Algebra at West High, and Helen Scobell, the head of the Latin department of the Rochester Junior High Schools, are talking to Mary Hazard, who is the greatest living authority on the predicate nominative.

Ruth Wheeler, Dorothy Reddy, and Marie Fisher, doctors in the famous School of Mathematics which was recently founded by a philanthropist, and Grace Simpson are conversing on the subject of radicals with Arden Gardner, the mattress-tester in Clarence Woodworth's factory, while Angelo Cassicelli, the movie actor, listens attentively. Ruth Maurer tells me she is writing mystery plays in which Barbara Pritchard is starring. She also informs me that in her spare time she is leading a crusade against short hair, but occasionally she changes her mind, and opposes long hair. She is just giving me a demonstration of her well-remembered giggle, when Robert Andrews interrupts and tries to sell us a copy of his remarkable booklet, "How I Gained Curly Hair in Thirty Days."

In another corner of the room, Ransom Richardson, the dancing teacher, is trying to show Wallace Chistenson, midget with Barnum and Bailey's, and William Wago-

ner and Raymond Hilts, movie producers, the newest dance, while James Estrich, who has turned out to be a second Irving Berlin, accompanies them on the piano, Marion Leek, the wonderful concert violinist, furnishes inspiration with her Strativarous.

I then turn to the last group, and find Harriet Bebble, who is a clog dancer with "The Ziegfeld's Follies", giving a demonstration of her art to Edith Barnhart, the gym teacher, while Florence Uffert, girl's advisor at Madison, and Margaret McKee, the educator, are engaged in listening to a dissertation on De Neice Bustin's theory of Air pressure by the renowned scientist herself.

Having witnessed these wonders, I fall on my knees, lift my eyes to heaven, and fervently breathe "Nothing is impossible." But hist! Something catches my eye, and I see Miss Moore reading this prophecy with—oh, horrors—a red pencil in her hand!

—Marion Glidden, L9A-2

While I was touring in the United States, I met some of my old senior classmates from Madison. We were members of the Graduating Class of January, nineteen hundred twenty-nine.

Arriving in Rochester, whom should I meet but Margaret Knapp, a famous nurse graduate, and also head nurse at the General Hospital.

When in New York, I registered at one of the most popular hotels that had the snappiest jazz music I ever heard, and who should be the manager but Orville Williams. (He was always full of pep..)

I visited Sears-Roebuck and Company, and there I found out that the head bookkeeper was Elizabeth Whiteford. She then informed me that Elmer Lodder was the United States leading mathematician.

Deciding to buy a new dress, I stopped at Madame Pfleger's Dress Shop and, to my surprise, I found my old friend, Geraldine. (She always did like sewing). She told me that Mildred Vormeng was a renowned authoress and had written the famous book, "Helpful Hints to Helpless Math Pupils."

Kenneth Dunton, the world's best mouth organ player, and Annie Adkins, a famous toe dancer, were to be seen at the new Albe

Theater, which was owned by a young millionaire, Lloyd Gray. Looking up at an advertisement, I found that the main picture was "Why Girls Leave School," featuring Dolores Hudson.

Mildred Pearce is teaching piano at the Eastman School of Music.

Courlean Corey is still keeping house for her dad, but she spends most of her leisure time writing novels. Dora Smith is the girls' advisor at Madison, and Ernest Larter is the famous pitcher trying to be a second "Lindy."

Josephine Carmalade owns a beauty parlor, and Mamie Polazzi is the smallest lady in the world, according to Barnum and Bailey's advertisements.

—Grace Minwill, C9A-2

At Home And Abroad in 1940

Paris, France, owes its wonderful growth in art to May Ross, the noted scenic artist.

Hollywood, California, is happy over Gilda Gray's success in dancing, which is due to her former teacher, Muriel Maynard.

Fairport, New York, has become a well-known town through the invention of a new type gas engine by Dominic Cipro.

Miami, Florida, owes the beauty of its gardens to the landscape artist, Harold Aimes.

Koreta, Japan, confers its highest honors on Ruth Lasher for her ceramic paintings.

Los Angeles, California—Beatrice Fairfax informed us that Lenore Parshall, her milliner, is rated among the best in the Metropolis of the Pacific Coast.

Chicago is proud to announce the opening of the Mildred Rapp Beauty Parlour.

Venice, Italy, is fortunate in having Gene Fenicchia for its foremost model and dress designer.

Copenhagen, Denmark, wishes to announce that they have finally succeeded in getting the trained nurse, Filimena Zampatori, at the Rigs Hospital.

New York, New York—Jack Dempsey announces that he recommends Sam Assarella as a great boxer.

Berlin, Germany wishes to announce that Donald McDonald is their leading man in their latest production on the silver screen.

Chili Road Chicken Farm is managed by Paul Pritrilli.

Rochester, New York, has finally come to the conclusion that Anthony Distaffin is its best toy maker.

Boston, Massachusetts, has the most famous architect of the country in Cedric DeMin.

—Muriel Maynard, V9A-2

A Dog's Diary—Mischiefs Morning

6:30 Woke up this morning feeling rather seedy after barking at the milkman.

7:00 Dozed, woke up and went over to eat the cat's breakfast. Imagine my surprise at finding the vile creature had eaten it.

8:00 Thrown out on the end of a broomstick for chasing the cat up the curtain. Dash it all!

8:30 Chased a dog away who tried to dig up my bone. If he comes back again I'll bite his ears off.

9:30 Nipped the iceman's heel and he chased me away. Bones and dogs! Don't tell him that I chased his horse away.

10:00 to 10:30 Dozed.

11:00 I got even with the cat by chasing her up a tree and teasing her kittens.

11:30 Went into the house and tried to make up with grandma (succeeded pretty well).

12:30 to 1:15 Went in and ate the cat's dinner. Got into a fight. Then ate my own dinner.

—George Simonds, 7B-1

The Rose

There is a rose.

Oh, it is so red!

Now when winter comes

I'll find it dead.

But when the spring comes again

I'll go and see

If my beautiful, red rose

Has come back to see me.

—Angelina Cassine, 7B-7

An Experiment In Science

In science we have many experiments which help us to understand what we are doing. One of the experiments I liked best was learning how the barometer works. A barometer is a very important instrument in the world today. It measures the altitude, and also forecasts the weather conditions in

the different parts of the United States and practically all over the world.

The first thing we did was to procure a stand, clamps, a dish, a glass tube sealed at one end, and some mercury. We then filled up the glass tube with mercury, and holding one finger over the open part of the tube, put it into the dish. The tube was then fastened to the supporter. The result was that the mercury, being heavier than the air, it lowered two inches.

An airplane carries a barometer. It is very useful, because if an aviator were crossing the mountains at night and did not have a barometer to tell him how high up he was, he might crash into the side of a mountain and be killed. The barometer, therefore, is very useful in this airplane age.

—Michael Spodaryk, V9B-2

The Trials and Tribulations of a Would-Be Swimmer

Ever since I was very young, the only important things I have done in my life have been done by inspiration. Among these things was a double "A" on my Ivanhoe composition which I wrote from ten to twelve P. M. after receiving an inspiration. My last and greatest achievement accomplished through an inspiration was learning to swim.

For two years I struggled in the pool, serving the sentence that all "freshies" serve when they enter this school. These terms consist of varied lengths, sometimes a day, sometimes a week, sometimes years, all depending on when they learned to swim.

Last summer, I spent two weeks at the lake. By that time I had developed a hand-swinging, foot stretching process of my very own which enabled me to stay above the water for ten of these so-called strokes; therefore, I labeled it swimming. With this process, I could get to the dock next door, a matter of seventy-five feet more or less, with an average of fifteen stops. I thought I had accomplished something when I did it with fourteen.

One morning I awoke with a strange feeling of suspense. I felt I was going to learn something new and exciting that day. Now, surely, it couldn't be a new method of running the carpet sweeper with less exertion and more speed (it never took up any dirt,

anyway, so we only ran it to ease our consciences,) nor could it be a new method of making a bed from only one side to save the steps wasted by continually having to walk to the other side. I had tried all these many times before.

We all, fourteen strong, went into the lake at ten o'clock, after dutifully waiting our hour after breakfast and accomplishing the work in the meanwhile. When we got into the water I started doing this process of mine which I fondly called a crawl stroke, when suddenly I stopped in amazement. An idea had come to me. I tried it. It worked beautifully. I could swim!—I was almost overcome by the deed just accomplished.

When I had regained my five senses to a degree where they were useful to me once more, I realized I had been swimming a perfectly good side-stroke. From then until now I have been in mortal fear lest this accomplishment would leave me, but it hasn't as yet.

—Genevieve Spencer, L9B-2

Selecting the Christmas Tree

While I was walking home one cold evening, I saw two boys who seemed to have quite a difficulty in picking out a tree. I stopped and listened to their conversation.

"Let's take this one, Jim," said one.

"Let's take that one, Jack," said the other.

"No, this is balsam, and that is spruce, Jim," said Jack.

"Oh, let's take the spruce!" exclaimed Jim.

"The balsam will last longer," replied Jack.

"It will not," said Jim.

"Now you listen. Mother told me to get the tree and not you," responded Jack, who was the older.

"She said no such thing," said Jim.

The boys were interrupted by the man who owned the trees. "How would you like this cedar tree?"

"We'll take it to settle the argument, but I wanted a balsam," said Jack.

"And I wanted a spruce," said Jim with a ready answer.

The boys then tied the cedar tree on their sled and started home.

I myself walked on home thinking it was a blessing he had a cedar tree to settle the argument. —Harriet Northrup, C8A-1

LIBRARY

Cedric the Forester

This story takes place at the time of Richard Cour de Lion. My friend, Sir Cedric De La Roche, my former squire, then known as Cedric, son of the forester of Pelham, acted as the leader in drawing up the Great Charter. Lord Mountjoy, my father, and my lady mother both say with a swelling pride that the brave man, my comrade, received his training and education at the Castle of Mountjoy. Geoffrey, Lord of Carleton and Teramore, leader of many lances and bowmen, once said, 'Cedric is a brave man and true, and hath, as we often say in the West, a head as well as an arm.' Not even old Marvin could retain his title as the best crossbowman of our Western Marshes when Cedric appeared in the tournament. If you, dear reader, will accept our invitation and spend some time with us, I am certain that you will not regret it. We have ample stories of thrills and merry stories of adventures, which we are glad to display at your pleasure.

—SIR RICHARD OF MOUNTJOY.

—Helene Ilchman, C9B-1

Against Heavy Odds

Consul Prebensen's barque, the Petrel, was making for the harbor. The little village of Vardoe was almost entirely deserted, and the people were all hurrying down to the dock.

Ingomar Vang hurried along with the rest. He reached the landing just as Consul Prebensen and his daughter were about to step into the boat that would take them to the Petrel. The consul's daughter motioned for Ingomar to come, too. He could not resist so tempting an invitation so he slipped quietly into the boat.

As they were about to cast off, Thomas, the small son of the Petrel's second mate, cried, "Take me along, too." At a nod from the consul's daughter, he jumped into the boat, nearly upsetting Consul Prebensen.

"Get out of here," cried Prebensen, giv-

ing the boy a push that sent him headlong into the water.

He did not reappear. Had he drowned? Read the answer to this question, in the book, "Against Heavy Odds."

—Elizabeth Rightmire, L8B-1

Otto of the Silver Hand

By Pyles

The Baron was having dinner with his wife and followers. His wife was pleading with him not to go and rob innocent people any more. He might have consented and promised, but just then the great bell rang. When this rang it was a sign that a caravan was passing. The Baron went to plunder it.

Late in the day, the Baroness heard her lord return. She heard steps in the hall. The door opened, and what she saw made her faint.

What did she see? What made her faint? To find out you must read the book, for I will not tell you!

—Florence Dole, L8B-1

Ungava Bob

"Ungava Bob" was written by Dillon Wallace. The interesting and chief character of the book is Robert Grey. He is a Canadian boy, the only boy in his poor family. His sister is a cripple who can be cured only by a delicate and expensive operation. Bob is devoted to his sister, and in order to have her sent to a doctor to be cured he applies to a trapper for a fur trail to be worked on shares. Bob is betrayed by "Micmac John," a half-breed trapper, whom Bob thought a sincere friend. "Ungava Bob" by Wallace is a book of Northern Canada full of hair-raising adventures and surprises related in a most interesting fashion.

—Thomas Mullen, F8B-1

The Madigraph

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Carelessness

We have heard much about carelessness. Among other things, we have heard how a match carelessly thrown often results in the destruction of a beautiful and valuable forest.

Let us consider our lives to be forests. We throw the match of carelessness into our forest once, and it will flicker and go out. A second time, perhaps, it causes a small conflagration of leaves which does not last long. We may have a faint fear at seeing this, but nothing results, and so we soon forget it.

This continues all through our life at Madison, but we do not notice it very much. We go to high school, however, and still retain this habit, but we soon find that carelessness is undesirable. We forget to study an assignment, or give half an answer on an important test, and we are indignant at a low mark. We make careless promises to people, and then forget them. We find that our word is considered worthless.

At this time, let us try to break the habit

of carelessness. Unless we do, unless we stop dropping burning matches, we shall find that we shall surely regret our folly. We begin our lifework, and soon realize that no sensible man cares to employ a careless person. We may, however, cover the fault sufficiently so our employer does not find it, only to discover that he soon recognizes it and denounces it, for he knows that carelessness means loss of both trade and prestige.

On it goes, the endless list of disadvantages. Many a man has found to his sorrow that one match too many thrown into his forest burns his trees to the ground, and he must start all over again.

Therefore, let us watch ourselves, so that this habit may not grow. Let us preserve our forests, beautiful and uncharred, all through our lives.

—Editor-in-Chief

Why I Subscribe for the Madigraph

It is my school paper, therefore I should support it.

It contains the news of the school and student activities.

It acquaints me with the work of other students.

By comparison it is the best Junior High School paper in the United States.

The cost of it is low enough to enable every student to subscribe.

—V9B.1

The Magic Key

The following twelve reminders should be engraved upon the heart and memory of every youth because taken together they will unlock the door to success.

“The Value of Time.
The Success of Perseverance.
The Pleasure of Working,
The Dignity of Simplicity,
The Worth of Character.
The Power of Kindness.
The Influence of Example.
The Obligation of Duty.
The Wisdom of Economy.
The Virtue of Patience.
The Improvement of Talent.
The Joy of Originality.”

THE UNITED STATES of MADISONIA



ROBERT ROBINSON
Standard Bearer



DOROTHY OTIS
Guardian of the Flag

Meeting of Senate October 19, 1928

The organization of the Seventh Senate of the United States of Madisonia was held October 19, 1928 at 2:20 P. M. in Room 270. The meeting was called to order by the President, Ruth Maurer. "The Salute to the Flag" was given. A temporary clerk was then appointed after which the senators were seated by states and roll was called. The president announced the presence of a quorum and then proceeded to the business of the day. The oath of office was administered to the senators.

The need for officers was discussed and

the method of choosing them was explained.

The following slate was presented by the chairman of the Nominating Committee: President pro tempore, Jane Stewart; Clerk, Ruth Skipworth; Sergeant-at-arms, William Wagoner; Doorkeepers, George Whiting and Albert Waden; Pages, Warren Bernard and Marg Mc Kee; Creed Leader, Edna May Brewer.

Two committees were appointed.

The following committee on committees was appointed: Marion Glidden, Ruth O'Grady, Barbara Miles, William Farrell, Sam Stratton.

Committee to act with a committee from the House to notify the president that Congress was organized and ready for communications was also appointed with the following members: Andrew Birch, Jesse McCormack, and Jack Rathburn.

The following bill was then presented, discussed, and approved: Resolved: That the United States of Madisionia shall have a group of students known as the Madison National Guards. This group shall be a definite unit of the Students' Organization of the School.

Meeting was adjourned at 3:05 P. M.

—Ruth Skipworth, Clerk

A joint meeting of Congress was held Tuesday, December 18th. for the purpose of hearing the President's message. His message follows:

Mr. Chairman:

This afternoon I wish to give you my opinion on the different problems of our school government. Many of you know a number of these problems, but I shall state them as I see them.

We want to make our school the best going, and to make it the best we must obey all rules. Among the rules to be enforced are those concerning corridor passing, lunch room crowds and school dismissal. During the corridor passing everybody must keep in line, no talking or pushing, and above all, no running. The lunchroom problem has to do with practically the same rules. Everybody should leave the building immediately after session hours. Everybody in our school knows these laws, and they must be obeyed.

When we consider the different kinds of recreation furnished us by Madison, we are very fortunate to attend such a school. Among the important ones are the gym, for the boys and the girls, the swimming pool, our library and assembly, and last, but not least, we have our school teams. We should appreciate all of these.

Every school should support its school teams, because the members of those teams work hard to qualify for them. Madison always puts out good teams. Let us help by attending their games.

Our assembly on Wednesday should be a day looked forward to by all of us. That is the time we all get together, and we are al-

ways furnished with a good program. More courtesy could be shown during assembly period, especially during the assembly singing. We like to give people a good impression of our school. Would you feel proud if a stranger walked into our assembly during the time of singing? I am sure I wouldn't. At your next class activity period talk this matter over in your home room. Try and arouse a better spirit among your home-room members. I feel confident that if this is done, we shall accomplish what we attempt, courtesy and consideration for others.

The appearance of our school has been greatly improved by the chains and posts around our school. This undoubtedly caused a great deal of expense, and it is up to us to show our appreciation by keeping them in good condition. Our lawns are beautiful in summer, and it is part of our duty to keep them in good condition at all times.

Finally, the newly planted trees add to our campus, as I shall call it, giving it a highly decorative finish.

You are the senators and representatives of your home-room state. Your fellow classmates elected you to this office because they thought you capable of serving them as senators and representatives. You know that if you elected someone to do something you would want him to do it perfectly. Therefore, the only way we can do our duty is to get behind and push. Attend all your meetings, and carefully report all important facts concerning our government. These meetings are important or they would not be held. So let's get together and do this thing right. Get into the spirit of it, and it will eventually come to you as a force of habit. Let us all live up to the rules and regulations of our school and make Madison one of the best schools in the United States.

—George Hofford, President of the
United States of Madisionia.

Winter

Autumn is over,
The bees in the clover
Have all fled from the snow;
Winter is nigh,
Snow comes from on high,
And the north winds all start to blow.

—Janet Bodenstein, FL8A-2

KEEP FIT

A, B, C's OF HEALTH

Written by the pupils of 7A-1 during
an oral English lesson.

A is for air that must always be fresh,
When we work, when we play, and when-
ever we rest.

— Wilson Rapp

B is for backbone that all should possess,
And straight it must be to achieve success.

— Eva Bird

C is for chin and also for chest,
Keep them in high if you'd race with the
best.

— Richard Burke

D is for dentist who helps us each year,
By guarding our teeth from the decay we
all fear.

— Kenneth Cross

E is for exercise which we all need,
To tune up our muscles and help us succeed.

— Theodore Wadt

F is for food, most important of all,
Eat three meals a day to grow strong and
tall.

— James Looney

G is for games to be played outside
Where fresh air and sunshine will always
abide.

— Lawrence Stahlberger

H is for happiness which comes with good
health,
You'll find it more precious than fame or
wealth.

— The Class

I is for iron found in spinach and milk,
You'll find it much better than satins or silks.

— Arthur Mathies

J is for jam which mother preserves,
For after school lunches for school boys
and girls.

— Allan Vroom

K is for kindness which healthy folks show
To those that are helpless and those that
are slow.

— Stella Sampson

L is for lettuce so crisp and so green
It's full of good vitamins for the fat and
and the lean.

— Lorene Denney

M is for milk, the king of all foods,
Drink plenty of it you'll find it is good.

— Mildred Allaire

N is for nutrition which tells of good meals,
And also the number of calories each por-
tion conceals.

— Evelyn Brandon

O is for orange, so juicy and sweet,
You will find they are good for us all to eat.

— Margaret Graham

P is for posture whose rules we must keep,
When we stand, when we sit, when we work,
when we sleep.

— Jane Hammon

Q is for quiet needed by all
Especially the ones who obey nature's call.

— Jean Friedman

R is for roses that should bloom in your
cheeks,
As a sign that you're healthy and not at
all weak.

— The Class

S is for sleep of ten hours unbroken,
And always of course with windows wide
open.

— Shirley Houston

T is for toothbrush which all of us need
To keep our teeth healthy and clean indeed.

— Mildred Kibby

U is for union of brain, muscle, and nerve,
Eat wholesome food to keep strength in
reserve.

— June Cowles

V is for vitamins, A, B, C, D, and E,
They're extremely important we all will
agree.

— Alice Forster

W is for water, six glasses a day
Will help mother Nature keep illness away.

— Betty Roberts

X is for x-ray which helps us to see
How good and how healthful our organs
can be.

— Doris Nachtwey

Y is for youth which daily is sought,
It cannot be stolen and cannot be bought.

— Jack Rathbun

Z is for zeal and also for zest,
To make Madisonians rank with the best.

— Bruce Scrymgeour

Helen Wills Exhibit

Everyone knows who Helen Wills is. She is the nineteen year old World's Tennis Champion.

"She knows the value of health as an asset to her playing and plays the game of life accordingly. It would be difficult to find a more true follower of the rules of health; exercise, proper food and fresh air."

How many Madisonians saw the splendid Helen Wills exhibit that was in the front corridor? The exhibit was very cleverly arranged. There were three large and two small tables. The background was composed of four large screens with posters on them. The most noticeable was a large picture of Helen Wills with these slogans—"Health Surpasses All"—"Physical Fitness means mental alertness." This formed the key note to the exhibit.

On one table was a model breakfast for a growing boy or girl. Another table showed an appetizing luncheon, and the supper which was on the third table was a sight for hungry students.

The mid-morning and mid-afternoon lunches were on the two smaller tables. These lunches introduced extra milk and fruit into the daily diet in order to supply the necessary nourishment needed.

The diet was arranged in this order:

Supper	Calories
bread	100
butter	100
potato	100
carrots	150
custard pie	350
milk	150

The total number of calories for supper was 1050.

Lunch	Calories
bun	100
butter	100
tomato salad or cabbage	125
milk	150
applesauce	100

The total number of calories for lunch was 575

Breakfast	Calories
orange	100

cocoa	125
toast	100
butter	100
sugar	25
cream	100
cereal	50

Total number of calories for breakfast was 600

Mid-morning Lunch Calories

two crackers	100
one-half pint of milk	150

Total number of calories are 250

Mid-afternoon Lunch Calories

apple	100
bread and butter sandwich	150

Total number of calories 250

The protective diet, which is one quart of 'milk, two green vegetables and fruit daily, should be followed by every Junior High School boy or girl.

— Evelyn DePascale, CgB-2

Health Campaigns

Another semi-annual campaign has come to a close. These campaigns are intended to bring before the boys and girls of those plastic years between twelve and fifteen living examples of a physical fitness generally admired by all people, young or old. These examples include such men and women as Helen Wills, Colonel Lindbergh and Gene Tunney.

In the last Helen Wills campaign, a great deal of time and energy were given by Miss MacMullan, Health counselor. Mrs. Sill, the commissary department, the girls in the Home Economics classes, and those boys and girls in the art department who produced thirty-five posters for use on the stairways and in the corridors to assist in making this campaign a big success.

A score card was provided for each student, and his health habits were recorded on it once a week. These cards were returned to Miss MacMullan when they were completed to be used in compilation of statistics at Cornell University Child Research Department.

Through these health campaigns it is hoped that some day Madison will have the healthiest students in the city of Rochester.

—Robert Robinson, Secretary of Health

Posture

Good posture results in :

Attractive appearance
Good health
Longer life
Clearer thinking
Alert minds
Deep breathing
Strengthened muscles
Better functioning of bodily organs
Helps to preserve the fit of your garments
Makes your friends proud of you.

—V9B-2

Posture

Erect carriage and easy poise have won for four boys and four girls of our school outstanding recognition. On Wednesday, December the nineteenth, over one hundred students selected from every home room by popular vote appeared before the judges and the following were the winners:

Seventh Grade—Adele Miller, 7B-1; Alvin Snook, 7B-2;

Eighth Grade—Georgina Tolli, C8A-1; Charles Crandall, L8A-1;

Ninth Grade—Grace Simpson, L9A-2, tied with Madalena Leppler, F9A-1; George Hofford, L9A-1, tied with Anthony Distaffen, V9A-2.

Grace Simpson has the honor of having won the posture contest for seventh grades in 1926, and for the eighth grades in 1927, and this year again she tied for honors for the ninth grades.

Assemblies

The Assembly of October 17th was opened by the singing of the "Star Spangled Banner," followed by the Salute to the Flag.

William Schafer was in charge of the program. The first number was a playlet entitled "Kill or Cure." The Characters were: Dad, Harry Cobb; Church, Seth Shaver; Bobby, Chester Champion; Harry, Jack Rathburn; Jim, Homer Roberts; Frank, Frank Mickett; Ed, Richard Morton. The orchestra then played, "March of the Peasants" and "Invitation to the Dance."

An excerpt from Huckleberry Finn followed. The characters were: Tom Sawyer, Byron Johnson; Huck Finn, Melvin Cole; Aunt Polly, Helen Hatch; Mary Sawyer,

Thelma Habersat; Ben Rogers, Edward Perry; Joe Harper, Albert Robinson; Bob Fanner, George Watts; Jim Hollis, Edward Light; Jeff Thatcher, Robert Fellows; Johnny Baker, Frederick Bryant; Tommy Barner, Robert Albert.

The Assembly, Wednesday, October 24th, was opened by the bugle call. The Senior Class marched in a Senior group wearing the Senior uniform. "The Star Spangled Banner" was then sung followed by the Salute to the Flag.

The program was in charge of Margaret Milow. The playlet "Sham" was given by the following cast: Charles, Robert Robinson; Clara, Mary Rose Reichard; Thief, Lynn Brown; Reporter, Jane Stewart.

A selection by the band followed. Assembly singing closed the program.

The assembly, October 31st, was opened with "The Star Spangled Banner" and the Salute to the Flag.

Professor Harkey from New York City gave a talk followed by pictures on "The Application of Liquid Air to Industry" under the auspices of the General Railway Signal Company.

The assembly, November 7th, was opened with the usual exercises. The program was in charge of Kathleen Thompson. An announcement was made that this was physical fitness week. An "Ode to Posture" followed presented by 7B-1, 7B-6 and 7A-1. 7A-1 also gave "Exercises to Posture". The "House With Nobody in It", and "Ma and Her Auto", were recited by Marilyn Biskey. Part of the "Merchant of Venice" was given by Grace Simpson, Ruth Maurer, and Lynette Martin.

The Armistice Day assembly was on Monday, November 12, 1928. It was opened with the usual exercises.

The curtains opened on an Armistice Day pageant. At eleven o'clock taps were blown and the entire assembly rose for two minutes of silence in memory of those who gave their lives in the World War. Mr. Vialls gave a talk on Armistice Day in 1918.

George Hofford, president of the United States of Madisionia, opened the Memorial Scholarship Drive, and a playlet was given to show what was done with this money.

The assembly on November 28th was opened with usual exercises.

The program was in charge of L8A-1 and F8A-1. Harriet Vedder was chairman.

We had a playlet entitled "The Courtship of Miles Standish." The characters were: Priscilla, Betty Hatch; Miles Standish, James Scotland; John Alden, William Shaffer; and Charlotte Aldridge was the reader. There was also a Spanish dance, and Adele Miller recited a poem entitled "Thanksgiving."

Mr. Baker led the assembly in the singing of "America."

The assembly, Wednesday, December 12th, opened with the usual exercises.

The Girls' Glee Club sang for us. The seventh B girls danced an Irish Reel. Then the Boy Scouts put on a program. Seth Slaver was chairman. First there was a Boy Scout questionnaire, by Jack Rathbun and George Day, next a play written by Edward Perry and Robert Fellows. The Scouts then gave a demonstration and Mary Rose Reichard gave a recitation.

Mr. Baker led assembly singing.

—Doris Reid and Ruth O'Grady

The Class Will of L9A-2

We, the class of L9A-2, being of sound mind and judgment, regardless of our teachers' opinions, do declare this our last will and testament in the manner following:

To Miss Bidelman we bequeath our unpaid library fees.

To the freshmen we leave the lunchroom silverware (for teething).

To the junior class we leave the unused seats of honor.

To the sub-seniors we dedicate our seats in a study hall and the fingermarks on the old piano.

To the seniors the pleasant task of essay writing.

To the defenseless we leave a complete outfit including a siren, stoplight, four wheel brakes, and bumpers so that they may travel through the hall in safety.

To Mr. Zornow our best wishes.

To the future class of Miss Moore, gum-labeled seats.

To Miss Snow a belated Lesson No. XXV.

To Mr. Baker a package of chewing gum.

To future long-haired girls, the hair pins left on the sinks.

To Mrs. Baker a forgotten gym suit.

To Mrs. King we leave the needles found on the floor.

To Miss Moore we leave a Latin Record Book of "E's."

To Miss Schermerhorn the hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle.

To the Latin students we leave artistically decorated Latin books. We hope they will appreciate the many hours spent over these drawings while Miss Moore was laboriously expounding the uses of the ab-lative, and so forth.

We solemnly appoint Miss Schermerhorn executrix of the will.

Duly signed and witnessed with a scratchy pen, on the fourth of November, in the year nineteen hundred and twenty-eight.

(Signed): Doris Reid
Marie Fisher

Witness: Miss Moore

We, the girls of C9B-2, hope that we shall accomplish as much next term as the seniors of this term did, that is, if we become seniors.

"Why are the girls in C9B-2 like firemen?"

"They're always pulling up the hose."

Most of the girls of C9B-2 deposit their pennies in Miss Sutter's wastebasket. Some of the girls will go bankrupt if this keeps up.

If you don't see Dorothy C. of C9B-2, you won't find Marion C.

The Triplets of C9A-1

Irene Zimmer, Normal Stapler, Ruth Skipworth.

Rhea Platner, Gladys Smith, Irene Foss. Mildred Card, Ruth Barth, Frieda Jacksteit.

The Quadrets of C9A-1

Gladys Rosa, Carolyn Mooney, Margaret Palmer, Erna Viehler.

Mildred Card, Ruth Barth, Francis Montegna, Katherine Dellessandro.

—Mildred Card, C9A-1

Class Notes

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Miss D.—Does the United States use much tin?

G. W.—Yes.

Miss D.—Prove your answer.

G. W.—For the making of Ford cars.

The class of L8B-1 is indeed sorry that Billy Freer is in the hospital very ill. Our English class is writing cheerful letters, and our home room is filling a large Christmas stocking and sending flowers to him. We hope he will be back with us very soon.

There are three swimmers in L8B-1:

They swim, and crawl, and dive;

They make others look and stare

When they arrive.

An Experiment In Cookery

One day in our Cooking Class we made fried cakes. We went to work by getting our ingredients which were fat, sugar, eggs, flour, baking-powder, and milk.

We creamed the butter and sugar and then added the eggs, the flour and baking powder, which were sifted together, and last the milk was put in gradually.

The fried cakes were now ready to roll out, so we put some flour on the board and a little on the rolling-pin also. After rolling they were shaped by a cutter.

We tested the hot fat with a small piece of bread. As it came out a nice brown, we dropped in the cakes. Immediately my cakes came to the top because of the baking-powder and the heat of the fat. I cooked them to a golden brown, and because they were a success, I have made fried cakes many times since.

—Clara Royce, V9B-2

We Owe It To The Seniors

We certainly owe to you, dear seniors, a vote of hearty thanks for what you've done to us. You have welcomed us sincerely. The

party showed us that. We've quite gotten over our baby days. We feel quite grown up now. We really liked the lollipops; the bears, too, were fine. We do hope you liked our dolls and toys because we enjoyed showing them to you. The dancing I am afraid was too grown up for babies such as we were. We liked it all, even the last lollipops.

—Beatrice Cattnach, 7B-1.

The girls of Mrs. Palmer's textile class are greatly interested in their work.

Each girl wrote her name on a slip of paper and put it into a box which was passed around, each girl drawing a name not her own.

We then had to study the girl, whose name was on the slip, as to hair, complexion, and figure, and then decided upon a choice of pattern suitable for her school dress. We mounted the sample and picture of the pattern on heavy paper and told the kind of material, the cost, and the kind of weave.

This certainly was an interesting and instructive hour.

—Dorothy Dimpfl, V9B-2

We ought to eat,

We ought to laugh,

But always repeat

The Madigraph.

—Doris Stoye, C8B-3

The Senior Circus

The Senior Circus, which was given Friday evening, November 23rd., was a great success.

First, the ringmaster told about the circus. Then the parade made its grand entry.

Ellio, the modern Samson, held the audience in suspense while he lifted weights with his fingers and teeth. The acrobats did several wonderful feats which interested the spectators.

The ballet dancers were fine. There were exciting horse races and a Wild West exhibition.

Professor Brown and His Amazing Collection of Wax-Works were interesting and amusing.

The gaily dressed clowns provoked the mirth of the audience with their antics. The

well-trained animals performed their acts of counting and dancing to the amusement of everyone.

If the clowns provoked mirth, the Two Black Crows drew it out in full force.

The circus ended with a plantation scene, with music, singing, and dancing.

—Frank Oakes, F9B-1

Suffering

Whenever I go to classes,
- Along the dreary halls,
I stop at the drinking fountain,
Until my teacher calls.

It's fun to look out the window,
At the children playing below.
Oh! My heart pines for the sunshine,
No wonder I didn't grow.

Then it's science and music and Latin,
Each day, each month, each year.
My teacher scolds me one minute,
The next she's calling me dear.

Oh! It's a funny world we live in,
This history, English, and all;
But on Saturday mornings, darlings,
We're out at the first friend's call.

—Edna L. Sabel, L9A-2

V9B-2 Class Notes

If Mildred Jackson keeps on, she'll be Secretary of the United States some day.

V9B-2 girls were sorry to lose Florence Brice.

We certainly have a musical show with June Jackson and Ruth Peck in the room.

Clara Royce's famous saying is "Oh, Mercy!"

Don't be surprised when you hear that Lynn Rowley is President of the United States.

We admire Florence Baker because she sits in a rear seat in Mrs. McCracken's room. She ought to grow up soon.

May Vincent's spit curl is nearly worn out. We'll have to take up a collection for a new one.

A great miracle occurred when Velma Schultz's hair turned curly over night.

If Laurer Robins continues, she will be as smart as Mr. Davis.

We think Miss Clapp ought to be proud of her home room. Don't you?

The white cap girls in L9B-2 are trying to get on the Life-Saving Corps.

L9B-2 is proud of its captain ball team. We hope to win the championship.

L9B-2 girls are great swimmers. We have only two red caps left in our grade.

Miss Blaesi doesn't need a radio in her home room. There are plenty of loud speakers in L9B-2

If anyone wishes to get married, let him come to T8B-1. We have a Bishop and a Parson(s). Then we will build a house for him, as we have Wood, a Board, and an Aex.

Who can explain what a chisel is? A. W. of L9A-1 wants to know.

Miss S. math. teacher — "What do we do now?"

Pupil of L9A-2 — We find the "scare" root.

The L9B-1 girls are going to give a Helen Wills exhibition.

L9B-1 has made and signed a resolution to keep quiet during classes and study halls.

The class of L9A-2 is pleased to have a former classmate, Lynnette Martin, back for a few periods each day.

One day we had a visitor in our math. class. Ask any one in L9A-2 who it was.

The Contract Method in Science

Ninth grade vocational science is very interesting. When you enter the science room it is for business only, and if you are not there to work, you may as well stay out.

We work from a contract which is a printed paper with reference material and a number of questions. Books are passed and you go to work. You read the question, then find the answer somewhere in the book. Sometimes you are told to make a drawing of everything we used performing the experiment.

When a contract is finished with complete statement, you take it up to the desk to be stamped. If it is done neatly and the work is correct, the teacher stamps "Excellent Work" and records it in his book with your mark and the number of the contract. If you get over a "B" on your report card, you do not have to take the final test. That is one reason why I enjoy science.

—Harold McNally, V9B-1

C9A-2

We have a Hudson, but we also have a Pierce-arrow.

We will never starve, because we always have our Williams Grocery Store.

We now have a collegiate White-ford.

We also have a girl that always takes a Knapp.

Min has a strong will.

Gray skies try to skip C9A-2.

The Hotel Pollazzi is large, but our Pollazzi is small.

We often wonder if Miss Armstrong has ever had an Arm-strong heater.

Miss Cosgrove, at an early age, we suppose, is preparing to be Grandma to one of the prominent members of C9A-2.

Miss D. must think that Richard of L8B-1 is Santa Claus, she calls him "Nicholas."

Every-Day Sayings of C9A-1

"What is the Cash Balance?"	F. J.
"Have you read this book?"	M. C.
"I can't talk any louder."	I. F.
"This is relaxation period."	G. R.
"I'm going to the library."	G. S.
"Hurry up, Mildred."	R. B.
"Whom do you think I saw in church last night, Mildred?"	D. P.
"Oh! You're cracked!"	B. D.
"Want any milk this morning?"	K. D.
"Get me a doughnut, please."	C. M.
"Oh! You would."	M. P.
"Eek! Oh daddy!"	D. D.
"Oh, you know."	F. M.
"Where's Margaret?"	E. V.
"Hotsy Totsy."	H. P.
"I don't like him."	R. S.
"Are we going to have a test today?"	B. W.
"What's your mark?"	R. C.
"Row De Dow!"	D. R.

—Mildred Card and Ruth Barth, C9A-1

Madison's Thanksgiving Baskets

The day before Thanksgiving Madison was filled with a buzz of happiness and gayety. When the bell rang for assembly, and we passed through the halls, we saw two hundred baskets waiting to be taken to seventy needy families. They were bright with the school colors, purple and gold. There were rosy apples, crisp yellow celery, grapes

and other good things peeping out of the tops, and we knew there were many good things in the bottom of each basket, including a chicken or a roast.

The baskets carried good cheer as well as a good dinner to many families. They must have been glad that other people more fortunate than they were thinking of them and wanting them to share the joys of Thanksgiving Day.

This was done by the co-operation of seventeen hundred children and their teachers, each one doing what he could.

—Geraldine Pflieger, C9A-2

Flower Garden of C9A-1

Mildred Card—Water Lily.
Bernice Wamser—Columbine.
Helen Price—Lady Slipper.
Norma Stapler—Black-eyed Susan.
Ruth Skipworth—Forget-me-not.
Ruth Barth—Morning Glory.
Ruth Clarke—Poppy.
Gladys Smith—Iris.
Irene Foss—Violet.
Freida Jackstiet—Hollyhock.
Genevieve Mallaber—Larkspur.
Hazel Mackie—Daffodil.
Dorothy Patchen—Baby Breath.
Margaret Palmer—Sunflower.
Carolyn Mooney—Jasmine.
Rhea Platner—Sweet William.
Erna Vielehr—Mignonette.
Gladys Rosa—Primrose.
Dorothy Rasbridge—Fox-glove.
Doris Drexel—Bleeding Heart.
Beulah Davis—Bittersweet.
Irene Bowersox—Honeysuckle.
Katherine Dalessandro—Lily-of-the-Valley.
Frances Montegna—Daisy.

—Irene Zimmer, C9A-1

Class Will of C9A-1

We, the class of January, one thousand nine hundred and twenty-nine, being present in body (if not in mind) do hereby, in our first, last and only will and testament, bequeath the following:

1. To Mrs. Barrons a megaphone for stopping speeding in the halls.
2. To Miss Goddard the return purchases that we left unreturned.

3. To Mrs. Baker the hot air currents that were saved by our excused members.

4. To Mr. Baker the victrola needles which were worn out during our depreciation lessons.

5. To Miss Laley the squeaky and wobbly chairs that we leave for the development of more squeaks.

6. To Miss Line the proper English that we forget to use.

7. To Miss Armstrong all the sounds that didn't carry (which were few and far between).

8. To Miss Davis the partial payments on notes for which we received so much credit (believe it or not).

9. To Miss Snow the air pressure and compressed air we didn't use.

10. To Mrs. Palmer what's left of the machine parts.

11. To Miss McMullan the pounds we lost and didn't find.

12. To Miss Bidleman our library fees that were left unpaid.

13. To the class of June, 1929, our cast-off senior mannerisms and the plans that we were unable to carry out because of lack of time.

14. All the swimming excuses we didn't invent.

15. To C9B-1 all the honors in Captain Ball that we didn't attain.

16. To the school at large the remembrance of the "notables" who are passing on.

Being duly sworn to, witnessed, and entangled in red tape, we hereby affix our signature and are now content to wait patiently for the great day of our decease.

—Ruth Skipworth, C9A-1

The Memorial Scholarship Fund

On Monday, November 12th, Madison started the campaign for raising the Memorial Scholarship Fund for this year. The money is given in memory of the soldier dead of Rochester and is used to assist boys and girls to go to school. Therefore, it is to help those less fortunate than we are.

A contest was held between the boys and girls and also for home-rooms.

We assumed that it cost fifty cents a day for each pupil to attend school. So, for each fifty cents handed in by the boys or girls a ticket was given. Two calendars,

which were posted in the main corridor, were marked daily.

On Wednesday, November 21st, Mr. Zornow announced in assembly the total amount given by the boys and girls, the boys giving \$174.94, and the girls \$164.60. The winning classes were announced. L9A-1, Miss Schermerhorn's class, was first, giving forty tickets. Miss Donnelly's class, L8B-2, gave thirty-nine tickets. Mrs. Shattock's class, L8B-1, gave thirty-six tickets. A picture was awarded to L9A-1 for their fine co-operation in this campaign.

The total amount of money contributed was \$342.02.

—Eleanor Persse, F9A-1

Winifred Ey

On January 7, 1929 occurred the death of Winifred Ey, class of June Nineteen Hundred Twenty-eight. Throughout her three years' stay in Madison she was an honor student. Her associates remember her for her kindly, dependable ways and co-operative spirit. They extend sincere sympathy to her family and friends.

Last Will and Testament of C9A-2 Girls

At the time of our departure from our Alma Mater we, the girls of C9A-2, make our last will and testament and bequeath the following to those hereby named:

I. To Mr. Zornow we leave the wish that all Senior Classes are not like us.

II. To the next Senior Class we leave the school motto, "Attempt—Accomplish." We attempted, but for your own good, accomplish more than we did.

III. To Mr. Baker we willingly leave the lost chords.

IV. To Miss Davis we leave, without thought of loss, her math books.

V. Miss Dillabough may have her apparatus, and we do not begrudge her it.

VI. To Miss Burt we leave what peppermint we left.

VII. We are happy to remember Mrs. King by leaving her our thoughts about our dresses.

VIII. To Miss Armstrong we leave many memories of us.

IX. E. L. seemed to desire to have Miss Cosgrove for Grandma, so we shall leave her that privilege.

X. All that we don't know about book-keeping we leave to Miss Goddard.

XI. To Mrs. Frasier we leave the praise that was received about the Mothers' tea.

—Signed in ink,
C9A-2 Girls

C9A-1

Let us give you a Price on our Roses at Clarke's Florists.

In case you lose your soxs you may Bowersoxs from Irene.

Let the Mooney undertakers undertake to take you under.

Let us give you a sample of our Davis Baking Powder.

We have the honor to have with us the Palmer in Ivanhoe.

When your clothes need meending let Dorothy Patch'em.

If your Card deck is incomplete come to C9A-1.

C9A-1 presents the latest model of bridges, Rasbridge.

We have a good Hazel Nut in our grade, but not to eat.

Our Smith is hoping that horses and bug-gies be revived so business will pick up.

Someone said Jacksteit (Jack is tight) but Frieda doesn't think so.

One of the important characters of the "funnies" is with us, "Skippy."

—Norma Stapler, C9A-1

Funnies in L9A-1

"Uncle Walt"—William Tharp

"Phyllis"—Helen Hatch

"Tillie the Toiler"—Hazel Ott

"Bubbles"—Ada Donnan

"Mac"—Albert Mac Bride

"Tomboy Taylor"—Ethel Cooper

"Harold Teen"—George Hoffer

"Lillums"—Marion Jones

"Salesman Sam"—Frank Jenner

"Millie"—Jane Gibson

"Jimmie Dugan"—Charles Schusterbauer

"Aggie Riley"—Jean Bently

"Flapper Fanny"—Rachel Howland

"Gus"—Richard Habersat

"Boots"—Irene Robinson

"Babe"—Catherine Sarvey

"Cora"—Miriam Harnish

"Orphan Annie"—Alice Thomsen

"Miss Asthma"—Lois Wright

"Polly Perkins"—Jean Aldridge

"Egypt"—Arline Wooden

"Rosie"—Dorothy Otis

"Hairbreadth Harry"—Bennie Dayton

"Belinda"—Lillian Herrick

"Rudolph"—Donald Bennett

"Tailspin Tommy"—Gormly Miller

"Suitcase Simpson"—Robert Robinson

"Dizzy Dugan"—Hugh Robertson

—Catherine Sarvey, L9A-1

On Wednesday morning, December 5th, the Girls' Glee Club made their first appearance this semester. The girls sang three numbers entitled, "I'll Sing Thee Songs of Araby," "An Autumn Lullaby," and "Amayrillis."

There are about fifty girls in the Glee Club. The Glee Club is directed by Miss Fletcher with Mrs. Quinn, accompanist.

The girls are endeavoring this semester to make the Glee Club more successful than it has ever been.

—Dorothy Reddy, L9A-2

A Wondrous Wise Class

There is a class in our school,

And it is wondrous wise!

In languages, alive and dead,

It always takes a prize.

In science it is wonderful,

Its failures are but few;

In literature, its notes rank high,

This class of twenty-five.

Admired "Gladys" heads the class,

Whose laughter bright and gay

Has cheered our weary burdened hearts

And brightened many a day.

Our cheerful "Irene" next appears,

Whose ever ready pen

Has written odes that will be sung

Throughout the days of men.

Next "Doris," who is dignified,

And studies every day,

Who's never known to miss a rule

Or after school to stay.

Then "Gladys," a musician great,
Who plays the latest airs.
Her nimble fingers drive away
Dull thoughts and school-room cares.

Our "Erna," who for Wellesley bent,
Has filled our hearts with pride;
'Tis joy to be allowed to sing
Each morning by her side.

Next "Mildred," who is fond of math
And talks it after school,
In reading the book "As You Like It,"
She follows every rule.

Dear "Freida," who is working hard
And studying every night,
To play she really hasn't time,
To work is her delight.

Last, but not least, our "Ruth" Skippy comes
The "pal" of all our bunch;
'Tis she who whiles away the time
With jokes just after lunch.

This is the class in Madison,
Which is so wondrous wise,
Its members stand, or so they think,
Exalted to the skies.

—Rhea Platner, C9A-1

In L8B-1 there is a "Light" and a few
"Fellows." There is a "Romeo," but no
"Juliet." There is a "Golden" boy, but
don't get too near him, you will be dazzled.

On Friday, November 16, 1928, pupils of
C8A-1 and F8A-1 made speeches in the
various study halls in the school. These
speeches referred to the Memorial Scholar-
ship Fund and stated how much was raised
and how much more was needed in order that
Madison might raised the quota, which was
two-hundred fifty dollars. The pupils of
Madison were urged to co-operate, and this
appeal was made to the citizens of the United
States of Madisonia to live up to its motto—
"Attempt—Accomplish."

I believe these talks helped to arouse Madi-
son's school spirit. Three hundred forty-
two dollars and two cents was the sum raised.
The students are to be congratulated for
responding so generously to such a worthy
cause.

—Kathleen Thompson, C8A-1

Miss Thurston's home room had a Prac-
tice Tea Party. A very good time was had
by all. As Miss Thurston said, "We had
real honest to gosh silver." Some of the girls'
mothers were present.

They had differently shaped sandwiches
and tea.

One hundred four boys and girls are
now in the Commercial Department in
Madison Junior High school.

The homework assignment in Latin for
the class of L9A-2 was to write eight sen-
tences in Latin, illustrating the use of the
Ablative case. The following story was
written by one of the pupils:

Fabula De Puerō et Puellā Suā

Puer a villā puellae suae ambulābat. A
patre puellae a villā missus erat. A puellā
suā discēdere non dēsiderāverat. Eam
primum in Fōrō vīderat. Puer primum
proximō annō puellam vīderat. Cum
puellā a Forō ambulāverat.

Forte pater puellae fuerat pedes in
bellō; itaque puer a villā pede eius missus
erat. Pater puellae hac cum gaudiō
fēcerat. Pater amore puerī ad filiam suam
irā commotus est.

Heu, miser puer, cur non melius scīvistī

—Barbara Pritchard, L9A-2

7B-1 ought to have a firm foundation be-
cause they have a Mason.

Bring your wheat to 7B-1 to be ground
up by their Miller.

7B-1 ought to have their clothes kept neat-
ly because they have a Taylor.

L9B-2 has an orchestra of its own. We
have a musical taste.

The Life-saving Club of Madison is grow-
ing each year. Pretty soon we'll have near-
ly thirty members a year.

The class of L9A-2 has about twelve fu-
ture nurses, one scientific farmer, a dentist,
a minister, an insurance agent, and many
others, probably engineers, manicurists, and
a few gentlemen of leisure.

Our grade is opened by a key (Akey)
All be very careful for we have a law
(Law).

We are always cool with Maurice Fan-
ning us.

Emily is going to "Kingston" and Leona is going to "Ireland."

We never are cold for we have plenty of Wood.

Is Rose a flower? Ask her.

We are never hungry, for Evelyn is our "Cook."

Have you clothes to be ordered? Ask Herbert. He is our "Taylor."

—Helen Noblett, 7A-3

Take My Advice

Take my advice.

Do not get caught twice

Running in the corridors

Because it is not obeying orders.

—Joyce Herman, 7B-1

Favorite Class Sayings of C9A-1

"Class in order, ready for passing."—G. R.

"I just adore Miss Cosgrove."—B. D.

"Get your banking money ready."—M. P.

"I just detest anyone who chews gum."—D. P.

"Milk or chill this morning."—K. D.; F. M.

"There are two absences today."—I. F.

"What's the cash balance?"—G. S.

"Oh, I think that poem is just adorable."—M. C.

"Let me borrow your file."—R. P.

"I don't want to read today."—C. M.

"Going to the basketball game tonight?"—R. C.

"East Side, West Side, All Around the Town." (She must be a Democrat)—F. J.

"Wayne called up last night, Oh Deah."—D. D.

—Rhea Platner, C9A-1

L8B-2 needs a sand box for two of their pupils. They play with their toy autos on the floor during milk period. I wonder if a sand box wouldn't be much more interesting to them?

Have you heard of the artillery verbs? A boy in C8B-3 uses them.

L8B-2 hasn't an airplane, but it has a Wing.

Cliff Wiley, the shiek of T9A-1, is trying to get all the boys in good with the senior

girls so they won't have to stag the alumni dance.

The C9B-1 takes the cake—with them.

The senior girls are afraid the boys are too bashful to ask them to come to the party, so they're asking the boys.

If you are thirsty come to C8B-2 for "Anderson" Dry Gingerale.

C8B-2 will be well supplied with flour, for we have a "Miller" to get it for us.

C8B-2 doesn't have to wait for spring, for Violets we have here all the year around.

Why teachers get "Gray".

Are you hungry? Come to C8B-2 for "Olives".

L9A-2's Flower Garden

Grace Simpson Brownie of the Garden
Eva Mae Ball Pansy
Barbara Pritchard Snapdragon
Mary Hazard Tiger Lily
Ruth O'Grady Forget-me-not
Marion Glidden Buttercup
Lynnette Martin Daisy
Harriet Bebble Larkspur
Geraldine Spencer Lotus
Geraldine O'Brien Baby's Breath
Ruth Maurer Orchid
Helen Scobel Chrysanthemum
Marion Leeke Rose
Marion Fichter Sweet Pea
Marie Fisher Tulip
Edna Sabel Cosmoe
Margaret McKee Aster
Ruth Wheeler Black-eyed Susan
Dorothy Reddy Nasturtium
Margaret White Lilac
De Neice Bustin Lily of the Valley
Edith Barnhart Carnation
Doris Reid Clover
Mary O'Neill Crocus
Florence Uffert Cannalily
William Wagoner Sweet William
Wallace Christensen Sunflower
Raymond Hilts Bachelor Button
Arden Gardiner Daffodil
Robert Andrews Narcissus
Ransom Richardson Candytuft
James Estrich Jack-in-the-Pulpit
Angelo Casaceli Marigold
Carl Backus Geranium
Clarence Woodworth Hyacinth
—Eva Mae Ball, L9A-2

CLUBS

Of course you all saw the lovely, lovely display of Christmas gifts exhibited in the lobby of the main entrance. Wasn't it beautiful? Didn't you just want to slide back that glass door and take out one of those card table sets? "No!" Then perhaps you preferred one of those luncheon sets with lots and lots of French knots. Girls, weren't those powder boxes the daintiest things you ever saw? All the time I was looking at the hand-made Christmas gifts, I was hoping that Santa would remember me with at least one gift like the luncheon set embroidered in blue.

Miss Meyn told me that her thirty club girls were most interested in making those gifts, and that this was the first time some of the girls had ever done any work like this.

—Claire Anderson, L8B-2

In the Basketry Club we weave baskets of reeds. It takes patience and skillful fingers to do this work well. Nevertheless, it is such pleasant work that we enjoy the hour very much, and it is fun to see the baskets grow.

—Elizabeth Palmer, 7A-3

The Clogging Club is looking forward to dancing in assembly. Our best clogger is "Paul Atlavela".

The Book Lovers' Club is delightful. Having worked hard all day, it is a great relief to spend one quiet period reading. It serves as recreation and a change after the daily routine.

I consider reading very educational and a pleasant pastime. "Jack, The Young Explorer," "Lion Hunter," and "Jack The Young Ranchman," are some of the books I have read during our club period.

There are about twenty members in our association, most of them being boys.

Black Sateen pillow covers! Wouldn't you like to have one? The girls in the Paintex Club are making some lovely ones with poppies, roses and water lilies painted on them.

—Eleanor Kane, 7A-6

On Monday, December seventeenth, the Dramatic Club had a Christmas party. At the beginning of the period Miss McCarty passed out candy sticks. Every person had to provide something for the program. Both the candy and the program were enjoyed immensely. We all had a very nice time.

—Ruth Goodman, L8B-1

If you come to our Study Hall Club,
You'd better come for work;
For boys and girls who come for play
Find it better to stay away.

—Elva Brewer, 7A-3

The boys in the Machine Club are making steel articles. It is very interesting, for the articles made are useful, such as screw drivers, vises, and steel pencils.

—Robert Laws, 7A-3

Some of the most interesting things brought into the Museum Club are: Swords, muskets, coins, currency, souvenirs, bugs, rocks, Indian bows, and fossils.

—Ray Friedler, F8A-2

The Athletic Club is always full of enjoyment, and why not? We have two of the best club directors, Miss Morrissey and Miss Shafer, also a goodly number of not only good sports but girls who wish to do things. We all look forward to the 6th period on Monday and we practically forget the rule about running in the halls in our haste to get to the girls' gymnasium where we have the roll call first. We have two very good and capable captains, Beverly Cogswell and Clara Crary. I wish all girls who like sports would visit us at the girls' gymnasium, for I know they will enjoy our club work immensely.

—Pauline Newton, C8B-1

I wonder who wouldn't like to travel into unknown lands where you would meet strange characters? I'm sure you all do. Join the Story Hour Club and enjoy these delightful stories.

—Evelyn Hack, C8B-1

ATHLETICS

Girls' Athletic Notes

The Intermediate Swimming Club held on Monday has a membership of 64 girls, and a constant waiting list of 10 girls. Twelve of the members have already passed their advanced tests. When the girls pass their advanced tests, they join the White Cap Club.

The Dancing Club has increased its membership to 117 girls. A group of girls gave two dances in the assembly on November 28th.

The grades winning the tournaments to date are 7B-2, 7B-3, 7B-6, C8B-1, C8B-2, C8B-3, FL8A-2, C9B-1, L9B-2 and L9A-1. Why don't a few more grades report for games? It isn't fair to the other girls. Is it lack of spirit? Report to the gym and do your best whether you win or not.

The White Cap Club or the Life Saving Crew has been working very hard. The girls who have already passed their tests are helping the others. This is the last chance the girls will have, because next year the teachers will be busy with other tests.

The Girls' Basketball Club played a game with Jefferson and won. Score, 28-14.

— Athletic Editor

Basketball

On October 18th the call for candidates was issued by Coach Murray. Eighty men responded. The squad has since been cut to fifteen. Mr. Murray is carrying all promising 7th and 8th grade youngsters besides the two regular teams, so as to insure plenty of materials for the coming semesters. The prospects for the season seem very bright, as we have a fast, shifty team, and have already won two games.

Hofford, Byers, McNally, Rossitter and McClurg or Brown comprise the first team. Captain Hofford has developed considerably since last season, and brilliant work is looked for in him. The team has developed a strong offensive centering around the flashy Hofford. The rest of the team is also looking

well, and great things are expected on the court this year.

At its first game, Madison beat Jefferson by a large margin.

In its second game with Washington, December 17th, we won by a score of 27 to 20.

Hofford showed up well as had been expected. He made a total of 12 points to lead the scoring. He looks like the probable high scorer of the league. Byers also played a good game, making 6 points.

In the first half it was a nip and tuck game. First, Madison and then Washington would be in the lead. It looked like anybody's game, both teams being well matched with Hofford outstanding. In the second half, the same team came to the floor. Madison immediately started to draw away from its opponents. Hofford sank two, to lead them off. Near the end of the game, Byers and Hofford were taken out for personal fouls. McClurg and Zwetsch replaced them. The game ended soon after. Cheering by the students predominated all through the game.

There was a ruling made before the volley ball season started that all the home-rooms that did not participate in the volley ball league, would be automatically barred from basketball and baseball. As far as the turnout goes, the volley ball league has been a success. The students seem to be taking to it very enthusiastically, and we hope to see just as much enthusiasm in basketball.

In the 7th grades, 7A-5 is holding the lead with 31 games won and 4 lost, making a percentage of .885. 7A-4 follows with a percentage of .793. In the 8th grades, V8B-2 is in the lead with 7 won and 1 lost. Their percentage is .825. V8B-1 is second with a percentage of .625. In the 9th grades, L9B-2 is in the lead with 44 games won and 12 lost for a percentage of .785. V9B-1 runs them a close second with a percentage of .764.

School Soccer

The school soccer team finished its schedule on October 30th. They ended a very

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EXCHANGES

1. McKinley Mirror, McKinley Jr. High School Cedar Rapids, Iowa: Your paper is quite worthy of bearing the name McKinley.
2. Red and White News, Plunkett Jr. High School, Pittsfield, Mass.: A well-written magazine. Why not enlarge your Exchange department?
3. The Wolf, Wolf Jr. High School, Easton, Penn.: Your idea of a diary is a good one.
4. The Early Trainer, Essex County Training School, Lawrence, Mass.: The exchanges in your June number were written in a way that is new to us.
5. The Wanderer, Mattapoissett Jr. High School, Mattapoissett, Mass.: We see that you're off to a flying start.
6. The Searchlight, Lincoln Jr. High School, Charleeston, West Va.: May we suggest a few cuts to head your Departments?
7. Shurtleff Shaving, Shurtleff Jr. High School, Chelsea, Mass.: Your drawings illustrating various scenes in the school life and events are interesting.
8. The Nor-Easter, Northeastern Jr. High School, Somerville, Mass.: Your large paper shows real school spirit.
9. East High Echo, East High School, Youngstown, Ohio: You are to be congratulated on your fine literary section.
10. Sound Waves, South Jr. High School, Waltham, Mass.: We enjoy reading your many and fine book reports.
11. The Arrow, Ridgewood, New Jersey: Your magazine is large and well gotten up. Nice work.

School Soccer

(Continued from Page 34)

successful season. Mr. Conyne, with the small number he had to start with, turned out a team which did credit to the school, and the team finished second place. The schedule and scores of the games follow:

September 25—Madison 1—Washington 1
 October 2—Madison 0—Jefferson 5
 October 9—Madison 3—Monroe 1
 October 16—Madison 2—Washington 2
 October 23—Madison 1—Jefferson 2
 October 30—Madison 1—Monroe 1

This shows the record that the team made. It is a splendid one and shows a fighting spirit.

The following men will receive their letters: John Berry, Captain; Samuel Madalena, Anthony Ciccarilla, Jerry Camille, Cecil Habin, Clark Whited, Donald Corey, Alan Shaw, Robert Mortimer, John Kirk, Wallace Christenson, George Lipinetti, Joseph Grassi and Robert Daniels. We sincerely hope that all of Madison's other teams will make as good a showing in their different lines.

At the annual track meet, held at the Armory, Madison had a large number of representatives. We amassed a total of 96 points to finish second to Washington, who ran up a score of 121½ points.

Then men who will receive their M's are those who made 5 or more points in their various events. A first place counted 5 points, second place 3 points, third place 3 points, and fourth place 1 point.

Then men who succeeded in getting their 5 points will get an M: Ray Cleveland, George Lipinetti, William Powers, Jack Schuman, Joseph Grassi, Joseph Sutton and James Seaborn.

The Madison Mermen have met Monroe and defeated them handsomely with a score of 26 to 10. The letter men will follow:

Ransom Richardson, 2nd, 100 yd; 3rd, 50 yd.

Robert Browne, 2nd, 50 yd.; 3rd, diving.
 Ray Weldgen, 1st, backstroke.

Monroe Townsend, 1st, breast-stroke.

John Frazer, 2nd, backstroke.

Roger Maloney, 2nd, breast-stroke.

The second team also beat the second team from Monroe.

JESTER'S CORNER

Jones: "Smith, will you quit flying your aeroplane through my air, or have I got to install a vacuum over my front lawn?"

Mr. Jones: "Do you play any instrument?"

Mr. Smith (sadly): "Only second fiddle at home."

Mr. R.: "Late again, Pat O'Malley! How do you account for this persistent tardiness?"

Pat: "It's inherited, sir. My father was the late Michael O'Malley."

Exasperated Traffic Cop: "Say, lady, do you know how to drive a car?"

Fair Motorist: "Why, yes, I think so. What is it you wish to know?"

Father—"Son, what did your teacher say about your composition?"

Son—"Well, she spent all morning laughing at the mistakes you made."

Mother: "Johnny, your face is very clean, but how did you get such dirty hands?"

Johnny: "Washing my face."

"I enjoyed the concert so much, two ladies sang a solo."

"How could two ladies sing a solo?"

"One of them couldn't be heard."

Wife: "You think so much of your old golf that you don't ever remember when we were married."

John: "Surely I do. It was the day after I sank that thirty-foot putt."

Tramp: "Would you please subscribe half a dollar to my fund for beautifying the village?"

Native: "But, my good man, how are you going to beautify the village?"

Tramp: "By moving to the next village."

"It's all wrong about those Irish being good fighters."

"Jeh?"

"Jeh. Last night me and my brother Gus and two other fellows licked one."

A teacher was giving his class a lecture on charity. "Willie," he said, "if I saw a boy beating a donkey, and stopped him from doing so, what virtue would I be showing?"

Willie (promptly): "Brotherly love."

Ruth came home from her first visit to Sunday School eating a bar of chocolate.

"Why, Ruth, where did you get the chocolate?" asked her mother.

"I bought it with the nickel you gave me," she said. "The minister met me at the door and got me in for nothing."

Hubby: "It's queer how some folks get along without any house equipment at all. Our new neighbors haven't a lawn mower, hose, or stepladder, a saw, hammer or any nails."

Wifey: "How do you know they haven't?"

Hubby: "Why, I wanted to borrow them."

Compositon Hits

We had no sled so we began to slide on ourselves.

When the gaint came to Theseus he threw him away.

I was so scared I laid down and went to sleep.

Theseus happened to throw the gaint in the ocean.

A man was just ahead of us. He passed us. Then he fell to giving orders.

While the boys were swimming the falls started to flow swiftly down stream.

Robin Hood came to a band of forests.

I lived in the country going down a desert road.

We found ourselves, and went on.

The Maid of the Mist picked them up with a few bumps and bruises.



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