

THE MADIGRAPH



Senior Number
January 1930

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Local History Division
Rochester Public Library
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Rochester, New York 14604



Madison's Alma Mater

Tune: For Freedom

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

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



Dedication

In appreciation of the time, thought, and effort he has so generously given to the cause of education in our city, we, the Senior Class of January,

Nineteen Hundred Thirty, dedicate this issue of the Madigraph to

JAMES P. B. DUFFY

member of the Rochester Board of Education for the last twenty-four years

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THE MADIGRAPH

THE SPIRIT THAT WINS

By THEODORE A. ZORNOW, Principal

To the Boys and Girls of Madison Junior High School:



LAST SPRING near the close of the school year, it was my proud and happy privilege to accept in a general assembly the cups won by our boys' athletic teams. My recollection of the matter is that five cups were available for competition on the part of junior high school teams. Four of these cups were won by Madison, and in the fifth instance we were tied with another school for first place. This was a splendid record on the part of our boys and one of which we were all justly proud. May I point out to you that while these splendid achievements were doubtless due to some extent to training and practice, they were more particularly due, in my opinion, to an indomitable spirit that inspired our boys and which simply would not suffer defeat. They were due to courage, to zeal, and an all around determination to overcome the conditions surrounding every obstacle.

I like to think that this fullness of spirit which is so effective in winning cups is also characteristic of the attitude of our boys and girls in connection with every aspect of school work. I hardly need point out that what we expect is what actually comes to us, if we expect it with enough intensity and work zealously and persistently enough to realize it. If one expects nothing more than ordinary results such as accrue to ordinary mortals, surely nothing extraordinary nor unusual will be achieved.

It is a good thing for us to keep in mind that in school matters, as well as in other affairs, one will succeed if he has sufficient faith in himself. It matters little whether others have confidence in one's ability; this may be a handicap. But if one has no confidence in himself, this is bound to be fatal.

The first step in the direction of failure is doubt of one's ability. Never allow a shadow of doubt, as to your ability, to enter your mind, to dim your courage or to dull your faculties. More teams have been beaten in the field of sport by this one weakness than by any other single factor, where the two teams were supposedly well matched. Sometimes it is called "hard luck", sometimes it is said that the "breaks" of the game were against the losers. As a matter of fact, it wasn't "hard luck", generally it was a lack of the proper fiber, of the right spirit to keep going in spite of any "breaks" that came. In the end, fortune favors the fighter. Luck is always on the side of the one who has courage and spirit to persist.

"That lobster has only one claw", said Pat, eyeing a lobster served to him in a restaurant. "You see, lobsters fight with each other and occasionally one loses a claw", explained the waiter. "All right", said Pat, pushing back the plate; "then bring me the WINNER". The real demand in life on every side is a call for the winner.

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THE SENIOR CLASS OF JANUARY, 1930

The January Class of 1930

Senior Class Officers

Elmer Myers	<i>President</i>	Bernice Wagner	<i>Secretary</i>
Eleanor Hill	<i>Vice-president</i>	Bertram Standing	<i>Treasurer</i>

The Senior Term Honor Roll

Foreign Language Curriculum

Wolcott Marsh	Helen Harnish	Jeanne McMahon
Joseph Deisher	Elizabeth Hatch	Barbara Miles
James Scotland	Mary Jane Hopkins	Verna Salzer
Dorothea Dreger	Margaret Igglelen	

Technical Curriculum

Elmer Myers

Commercial Curriculum

Mabel Herbert	Kathleen Thompson	Bernice Wagner
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Vocational Curriculum

Vincent Caravella	Louis Erbe	Robert Seeley
George Converse	Anthony Gillette	Eula Ethengain
James Della Vella	Alfred Morlante	Ruth Reese
	Fred Perrotta	

Honor Awards

The following students have maintained an average of B throughout their entire career in Madison, and are therefore awarded a Madison Gold Honor Pin:

Foreign Language Curriculum

Wolcott Marsh	Helen Harnish	Margaret Igglelen
Charlotte Aldridge	Elizabeth Hatch	Jeanne McMahon
Dorothea Dreger	Mary Jane Hopkins	Barbara Miles
Ellen Harmon		Mary Van Horn

Commercial Curriculum

Mabel Herbert	Kathleen Thompson	Marie Writz
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Vocational Curriculum

Eula Ethengain	Ruth Reese
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The Senior Class

Florence Marie Ades	Ruth Rose Brahse	Theresa De Palma
Dorothy Albertson	Edna Mae Brewer	Pewilla Dick
Charlotte F. Aldridge	Mary Bricker	Geraldine Dingman
Lois Ellen Alexander	Betty Brookman	Jean Donovan
Doris Ethel Allen	Bertha A. Brown	Dorothea Dreger
Ethel May Anderson	Mary Cialone	L. Eleanor Duncan
Frances Attridge	Eleanor Clelland	Audrie Eakin
Jean M. Avery	Dorothy Cole	Sophie Elerowski
Madeline Bartels	Evelyn Consler	Elizabeth Erb
Helen M. Bates	Kathryn Jean Cook	Helen Eskin
Dorothy Beamish	Lillian Jane Crouch	Eula Ethengain
Janet May Bodenstein	Eleanor Daggs	Dorothy Flannery

June E. Ford
 Florence Foreman
 Blanche Gebo
 Jeanne E. Gerling
 Ruth Gesell
 Stella Granata
 Eleanor Hagen
 Ellen Harmon
 Helen G. Harnish
 Wilma Harwood
 Elizabeth Hatch
 Mabel C. Herbert
 Margaret R. Hertel
 Eleanor Hetzel
 Eleanor R. Hill
 Mary Jane Hopkins
 Margaret L. Iggledden
 Muriel R. Knight
 Norval H. Kramer
 Frances LaMontagne
 Mary P. Lapham
 Elizabeth A. Lohr
 Violet Mackie
 Elizabeth MacLarty
 Elizabeth Masterman
 Mary Mastrandrea
 Poppy Mattern
 Jeanne McMahon
 Lucille McNett
 Barbara Miles
 Fern W. Miles
 Dorothy Miller
 Eunice L. Miller
 Lois Montgomery
 Charlotte Moore
 Lillian Morris
 Mary Morrissey
 Harriet E. Northrup
 Marion Orcott
 Virginia Page
 Cornelia Parsons
 Marie Pfaff
 Kathryn Polsinelli
 Ruth G. Reese
 Evelyn Renouf
 Thelma L. Root
 Verna Salzer
 Jean Schmitt
 Lillian Shackleton
 Margaret Shannon
 Ruth SiggeLOW
 Delores E. Smith
 Violet Soutar
 Emilie Stockin
 Helen M. Stone
 Miriam L. Stone

Loretta F. Thomas
 Doris Thompson
 Kathleen M. Thompson
 Florence E. Tilden
 Georgina M. Tolli
 Margaret Tytler
 Marian Uffert
 Angelo D. Vaccaro
 Mary Van Horn
 Bernice L. Wagner
 Gertrude I. Walker
 Mary F. Whittle
 Erna L. Wiederhold
 Jean H. Williams
 Marie V. Writz
 Lillian H. Young
 Robert Abbey
 Herbert Allen
 Francis W. Aman
 Joseph Aman
 Dean W. Astles
 Albert L. Barber
 Victor W. Barbour
 Burnell Blanchard
 Richard B. Brandow
 Elmer W. Briggen
 Floyd Briggs
 Robert Browne
 Jerry Camille
 Arthur Campbell
 Vincent Caravella
 Edward R. Charles
 William C. Olesen
 Harry W. Cobb
 John Cole
 Charles S. Combs
 George Converse
 John H. Craft
 Charles Crandall
 Albert G. Davis
 Howard A. Davis
 George S. Day
 James De Carlis
 James Della Vella
 Edward Dennis
 Jack C. Dense
 Raymond G. Doersam
 Clark Donovan
 Paul Dries
 Joseph B. Deisher
 Douglas G. Eastman
 Donald English
 William Epner
 Louis Erbe
 Herman A. Ey
 William F. Farrell

Joseph Edward Fox
 Raymond P. Friedler
 Anthony Gillette
 Arthur C. Glew
 Walter Gresens
 Charles Groet
 Joseph Hargather, Jr.
 Edwin O. Hennik
 Donald Howe
 John S. Hudgins
 Edward Hurlburt
 Wesley Jackling
 Gerald A. Jackson
 Daniel Keane
 Bruce L. Kelley
 Orville Kelly
 Kenneth E. Kinney
 John Knowles
 George LaDuke
 Robert LeBaron
 C. Wolcott Marsh
 Alfred Morlante
 Robert Mortimer
 Richard Motz
 Elmer W. Myers
 Harry G. Olson
 George E. Ott
 Harry Pattysen
 Daniel Peacock
 Donald Peoples
 William Percy
 Fred Perrotta
 Murray Peterson
 Alexander Purdy, Jr.
 Arthur Roach
 Fred Roberts
 William Sabatini
 Joseph Schlitzer
 Allan Schwing
 James Scotland
 Robert Seeley
 Butler D. Shaw
 Paul Sheils
 Warren Shelton
 Albert Smith
 Henry W. Smith
 Rosario Stagnitto
 Bertram Standing
 John Stout
 John Tartaglia
 Ralph Weber
 William R. Wilder
 Gerald D. Williams
 Howard Woodworth
 Wesley Wright
 Richard Wrighton
 Barclay Zimmerman

LITERARY

Farewell to Madison

Farewell to thee, dear Madison,
Our three years' work with thee is done,
We'll ne'er forget the days we've spent,
Not all were good, though good we've meant.
Sometimes we've been an awful trial,
But we've tried hard a long, long while.
We hope that all our teachers dear
Will not hold memories sad and drear.
We leave the teachers we have disobeyed,
The many books we have mislaid,
And these words to other seniors,
"Don't carry on our misdemeanors."

—Verna Salzer and
Margaret Igglelen, L9A-1

My Solo Flight

As you leave school for your solo flight into this world, you think over all that you will need. You must first examine your plane and see that it is in perfect condition. As we look at our fuel in the form of character, we know that it should be pure. Here and there we find small particles of dirt, where perhaps we have fallen down in our honesty and fairness; but otherwise we find the fuel the best that we have. Your license, without which you cannot start, will be your references, good or bad, from your teachers and principal. As a rudder you will take the many lessons your mother has taught you, such as playing the game of life squarely; but you must reach your goal by your own work. The propeller will be personality, which will help you to win when other methods fail. Personality either makes you a pleasing person to know or one who is a bore. As varnish which is a polish to your plane, you must take courtesy. You, yourself, are unconscious of this varnish, but it brands you in the eyes of other people. The beacon light which we look out upon is beautiful but hard to follow. This is our high hope, which holds us to our goal.

For minor wires let us take good appearances. If you wish to fly a successful plane in this business world you must dress suitably for the flight. Do not load your ship down with jewelry and fine and frilly clothes; your baggage must be light. Dress suitably for the occasion. For a parachute which we carry in case of danger, let us take our true friends. They often help and advise us in the way which is best to go. Our friends, as courtesy, often give people opinions of us.

Then as we start on our solo flight we have decided to put our plane in the best possible condition with lessons, personality courtesy, high hopes, good appearances, friends, and last and most important, your own true character. Is your plane well equipped? — Dorothy Miller, C9A-1

ADIEU CHÈRE MADISON

Chère Madison, nous sommes très tristes parce qu'il nous faut te quitter mais nous te quittons parce qu'il nous faut continuer nos études.

Nous entrons dans l'école secondaire avec de nouvelles inspirations et de nouvelles idées. Nous aurons d'autres études et d'autres professeurs.

Nous aimons nos professeurs et nos études. Nous apportons avec nous des mémoires des jours de travail et de jeu ensemble.

— Margaret Hertel, FL9A-2

Valē Madisōnia

Madisōnia, tempus est hic tē relinquere. Id ācrit expectāmus sed nō sine dolōre.

Intrā murōs tuōs multōs laetōs diēs, quōs magnō cum gaudiō memoriā tenēbimus, egimus.

Nōs seniōrēs semper tibi grātiās habēbimus, quod tū, O Madisōnia, alma māter nobis fuisti.

In multis locis fortunam nostram petēmus sed semper tē magnō cum gaudiō memoriā tenēbimus.

Valē, Madisōnia; Valēte magistri et socii!
Helen Harnish, L 9A-1

A Strange Visit to a Far-away Country

"Mother, Mother, what are these people talking about?" asked a little girl about five or six years of age, curiously.

"Not so loud," replied the mother quickly, quietly, "and hold on to my skirt." They were just alighting from a third-class train.

The child obeyed instantly. She was a merry little girl with eyes that changed from hazel to sea-green according to her mood. She had long, black, rather curly hair, tied in a brightly colored kerchief. Straw sandals were strapped to her tiny feet with pieces of hide. She had black stockings, tied above her knees with a piece of cloth like her long flowered skirt. This stylish young lady's name was Sophie.

Sophie, with her sister, Irene, had come with their mother to Ukraina. The little children didn't know that their mother was coming as a sort of spy. Oh, no, they were just moving again to a new country, and what funny people they were supposed to represent! It was going to be fun.

Oh, here came a peasant man towards them. To all appearances he looked ignorant, but when he caught the eye of their mother, intelligence just gleamed out of those eyes. Nevertheless he came with an easy swagger and very loud greetings. He took the trunk and a heavy cloth bag from the woman, chattering all the time, and put them into a wagon that stood waiting not far away from the crowds.

Then he dropped the children into the back of the wagon and covered them snugly with sweet hay, for it was quite cold.

Irene, being tired and the younger, fell asleep immediately, but Sophie was wide-awake and eager to see all of this new country.

As they drove off from the crowded station, Sophie noticed that the village wasn't so very different from the villages of Poland, France, or Belgium. There stood a church with a high steeple. There were the stores, and Oh, there was an inn. "Well," Sophie supposed, "we will have to stay here for a while."

A funny, fat, clumsy, bowing man came out with his wife. He had on his head a huge fur cap. Sophie secretly thought that

she would ask him to give it to her for a muff. This man escorted the little group into a smoky, ill-lighted room, the floor of which was covered with sawdust. He called for his daughter.

She was a young girl dressed in a bright-colored skirt and neat blouse embroidered with many cross stitches. Sophie immediately fell in love with this rosy-cheeked girl who led the way to the room where the newcomers were to stay.

After the mother had brushed up the little girls and herself a bit, they went into the hall where they had first entered.

While the little girls were getting acquainted with some of the numerous children there, their mother was plied with many questions by the people who had gathered at the inn upon hearing that a woman with two children had come from some strange place.

How did she get across the lines? Didn't the Bolsheviks attack her? How did she manage to keep her trunk? Was the war very bad in the place from which she had come? Could she read and write? "Thank the Lord, then, she can write for us to our dear ones in the army!" You see these poor people could not read or write.

At last they were serving supper. In honor of the stranger the best beer, ale, sausages, and pork were brought out. Then, besides these, the women cooked huge pans of cabbage, which they had taken out of a six-foot barrelful of cabbage stored for the winter, and potatoes. When these were done, the cabbage and potatoes were mixed together and poured into a huge wooden bowl. "Come, everybody, and sup. Everything is prepared."

When everyone was seated on the wooden benches, the young girl passed around some brightly colored wooden spoons, and the feast began.

Bedtime came at last. If the children hadn't been so tired, they would have noticed that their beds weren't so comfortable. The heavy bed-frames were made out of some dark wood, and for springs boards were laid across. For mattresses the women had filled great sacks with straw. But, oh, the softness of the feather cover made up for it all.

Everyone was up early next morning.

The women were spinning and weaving, and some of them were dyeing cloth.

When they saw their guests coming, the older woman got up and warmed some broth. You see, these people cook enough of everything to last them a whole week. The broth is made of black coarse flour and warm water and is allowed to stand for twenty-four hours or until it is quite sour. Then they fill a big kettle with water, throw in a large piece of very fat pork, or pour in flax oil, or sometimes vegetables, and put the sour stuff with it. With this they serve black bread and warm milk straight from the cow.

When the little girls finished their breakfast, they went to play. A little girl about seven years of age showed proudly to these strangers a new doll that her mother had just finished. The crude imitation of a doll was made from an old woolen stocking with some wool in the toe to represent a head and tied with a ribbon bow to shape a neck. The features were made with ink. The arms and legs were stuffed with old rags. When the children beheld the dainty porcelain doll of Irene, they were struck with awe. They played house gleefully until ten o'clock.

Then everyone came into the house for the mid-morning lunch. Each child got a huge piece of black bread with a thick slice of year-old fat pork and a mug of milk. These people were lucky to have these, for the poorer people had only black bread smeared with onions or garlic and sprinkled with salt.

While the women cleared off the crumbs, the children were bundled up in huge coats, scarfs, and heavy mittens and sent out of doors. They played with their sleds and made snow men until four o'clock. Then they were called into the house to warm up and to have their afternoon meal.

Sophie and Irene each got a great piece of cheese with black bread, and the other children had smaller ones. Irene, however, wasn't satisfied. She wanted a piece of bread and butter. The other children looked surprised. Why, this wasn't a holiday, and butter was served only on special occasions. However, Irene's mother asked for some butter, saying that she would pay double for it. Well, that, of course, was different.

The rest of the afternoon was spent in sleep by the strangers, in weaving, sewing

and dyeing by the women. The other children huddled about their mothers by the open fire to keep warm.

For supper they ate the same kind of food that they had for breakfast. As I said before, the Ukrainians cooked their food and prepared enough of everything to last at least a week.

Next day the little girls took Sophie and Irene to meet some of their friends. After they were bundled up, they started up the snow-covered road, walking quite briskly until they came to a niche made in a tree for a roadside shrine. They all knelt down and said a short prayer. Then they walked on again. Soon they came to another one of these niches. They prayed again. This they did several times before they reached their destination.

There they felt a bit shy at first but soon got over their shyness when a lady gave them a piece of bread and cheese.

"Did you notice, Katrinka, how bare the niches look? We will have to make some flowers now that we can't pick any from the fields," said one of the little girls gravely. You see, religion plays an important part with those simple folks.

In the evening one of Katrinka's big brothers drove them back to the inn.

Time went quite fast for these young people even if they didn't have any toys but a rag doll. Soon Christmas would be here.

The Ukrainians do not have their Christmas at the same time that we do, but two weeks later.

The strange new family was invited to a Christmas party given by Katrinka's family. The floor of the kitchen where the party was held was covered thickly with hay. The Christmas tree was loaded with cookies of all sorts, baked by the women of the household. Some of the cookies were shaped like stars, moons, or Christmas trees. Others were shaped like hearts or diamonds. Some figs, nuts, and other goodies were hung by strings on the Christmas tree.

When the guests left the party, it was quite late, and they fell asleep happily and, for the time, forgetting such things as war and bloodshed.

—Sophie Elerowski, FL9A-2

THE CLASS PROPHECY

It is now 1940 and I am writing in my diary the very latest news. Jan. 13—This date may seem very unlucky, but it is a red letter day in my life. I met all of my classmates of C9A-2, 1929.

I started out this morning (my first visit in Rochester since 1932) and the first one I met was Marian Orcutt. I asked her what she was doing. She said she was playing "Sleeping Beauty" in the same show that her dear enemy, Violet Sautar, was playing "Tarry Grandmother." This made me laugh so much I forgot to look where I was going, and we bumped into Floyd Buggs. Floyd is so fat that he didn't even feel it.

Marion and I asked Floyd what he was doing now, and he told us he had just finished swimming the Atlantic Ocean, and he was going for something to eat. He asked us to join him; so we went to "Lucille's Tea Room." Lucille was no other than our own Lucille McNett.

After we left the tea room, I stopped to get a newspaper. The headlines were—"Theresa De Palma, the First Woman Governor of New York State." You may well imagine our surprise.

At last we reached our dear old Madison. How good it seemed to be there! Gerald Jackson, and he of all, was teaching book-keeping. Lois Montgomery has taken Mrs. Baker's place in the gym. From her we learned that Helen Bates is teaching the Eskimos shorthand. Jean Williams is a model in Madame Eleanor Duncan's Paris Frock Shoppe. Mary Mastrandin is still a great orator. Geraldine Dingman is National President of the Epworth League. Charlotte Moore and Bertha Brown are teaching the Charleston in Europe. Harriet Northrup and Elizabeth Masterman are teaching the Chinese to eat spaghetti with their chop sticks. Elizabeth McLarty is still trying to find out if the moon is made of green cheese. Margaret Tytler just broke another endurance record. She sat in a tree for two years.

We went to a child's opera tonight and who should take the part of "Puss-in-boots" but Poppy Mattern—just like her.

Lillian Crouch is the author of several mystery stories. One of them is founded on an incident that took place at Madison. You ought to read it.

Well, I guess that our class turned out all right. It was fine to see them all, but I must go back to my hospital to work for a while.

—Jean Donovan, C9A-2

As I lay on the sofa, waiting for my girl friend to come over, I studied a beam of light which filtered in through the window. Somehow, it seemed to take the form of a large office building. I seemed to see myself going into this building and up to the third floor to an office marked "Evelyn Renouf, Private." I went in to see my friend who had become secretary of a large manufacturing concern. She told me that she had been looking up our old schoolmates, and the following was on the paper which she showed to me: Dorothy Miller has become known for the feat of swimming the Atlantic Ocean. Bernice Wagner and Erna Weiderhold now have leading parts in the opera "Lohengrin." Evelyn Consler has patented a laugh that has knocked out many a fellow classmate. Madeline Bartels is star of the "Broadway Follies." Nice little dancer. Eleanor Clelland and Ethel Anderson are playing in "Gold Diggers of Rochester," latest Fox Movietone Sound Production (of course it would have to be sound). I found that one of our classmates, Doris Thompson, went in for aviation and had received her pilot's license (she always was a high-flyer). Florence Ades and Ruth Siggelow have just finished an endurance flight lasting two weeks and three hours.

Georgina Tolli is now famous for her new machine, "The Talking Wonder." Got genius, that girl has.

Lorretta Thomas, Jean Avery, and Eleanor Daggs have established a firm that is putting forth a new kind of bookkeeping paper, the kind that won't show a blot or erasure. Good Work! Edna May Brewer, Ruth Brahse, and Dolores Smith are still pegging away at math in dear old Madison, only now as teachers instead of the

"tached." I then saw a vision of the talkie, "So This Is College," with Mary Lapham as the "Fair Co-ed" and Lois Alexander as the "Siren." Gertrude Walker is selling her latest book of poems for children. We always knew she would become famous through her poems. Lillian Shackleton and Marie Writz are tied for first place in a pie-eating contest.

Audrie Eakin and Doris Allen have become partners in a coat and dress shop which has all the latest styles. Wilma Harwood has married a duke and is now living in Europe. Cornelia Parsons and Helen Stone are librarians in the New York Public Library. Mabel Herbert is an undertaker at "Herbert's Undertaking Parlor," with Lillian Morris as her assistant. Dorothy Flannery is interested in the new minister's son who is now the talk of all the girls.

My! I would never have expected all of this ten years ago when we were all seniors at Madison. I mused. I thanked my friend, and left her office to go home and think it over. As I was walking down the wide stone steps I heard someone calling my name. I turned to see who it was, and in doing so, I caught my heel on a step and fell down, down, into the blackness.

"Well, it's about time you woke up," said my friend. "I've been waiting almost ten minutes now." Upon which we retired to the front porch while I described my dream to her. Who knows but what it may prove to become a true dream?

—Kathleen Thompson, C9A-1

The Madison Alumni Dance of January, 1940, brought back to the school many who have been making names for themselves in various parts of the world.

The girls of V9A-2, Class of '29, met informally at tea the following day at Margaret Shannon's and laughingly recalled the fun they had in their Senior Effort where they took part in "The Birthday Cake."

Eula Ethengain, who took the part of "Auntie," is now in partnership with Ruth Reese, who was her niece in the play. They own "The Southern Tea Room" in Hollywood, California.

Mary Cialone, who had the part of "Temptation," and danced at the party, is now giving tap dancing to children at her

studio on Broadway in New York. She dances on the stage at night in one of the big theaters, but she tries not to tempt people any more.

Fern Miles enjoyed her part as "Trouble." But now she is doing welfare work in Chicago and hopes to keep people out of trouble.

Blanche Gebro, the "Uncle," tried to do what he thought was right, but sometimes made mistakes. Blanche is now a well known kindergartner in Rochester, teaching little children to use their eyes, ears and minds to learn the things they should know.

Mary Morrissey, who, as a guest at the party, wore a dainty white dress, is now head nurse at the General Hospital and still wears white, but in a uniform.

Virginia Page is known all over New York for making children's clothes. She made her dress for the party and sewed for others after graduation until she saved enough money to start in business in New York.

Lillian Young, whom everybody knew as a designer of beautiful garments, is now in Europe employed in the Paris dress shops.

Margaret Shannon, who took the part of a little girl and told everyone not to forget her part, is now directing plays at the Little Theater in New York.

After a very delightful afternoon and evening, the girls who lived in Rochester went to the train and saw their dear school friends leave for their respective cities.

—Blanche Gebro, V9A-2

In 1941

Rochester's annual celebration of Old Home Week is now past history.

Much of the success of this year's program was due to the splendid leadership of City Manager Jerry Camille and his able assistants, Alfred Morlante, President of the Chamber of Commerce; and James Della Vella, Congressman for this district.

The electrical display, which received numerous favorable comments, was superintended by Paul Dries, an electrical engineer of the G. E. Corporation.

Transportation about Rochester was under the supervision of Arthur "Beans" Campbell and Robert "Cap" Mortimer, who are the owners of the Caravella Agency,

Inc. By the way, Vincent Caravella is owner and designer of the Caravella "Straight 12" Automobile Company of Scottsville, New York.

Among the many former Rochesterians who came for the celebration were the following:

Fred Perrotto, now a prominent merchant tailor in Chicago, making armor suits for the citizens.

The "Constance" arrived this morning at the Municipal Airport. The commander and chief pilot was Richard Motz, who is also designer and inventor of this dirigible. The ship was built in the well known city of Akron, Ohio, and this is the maiden voyage of the "Constance."

Joseph Aman, who has won world-wide recognition for painting his conception of "Perpetual Motion" and accompanying him was Donald English, who has received recognition from the French Government and from American tourists for directing them through the picturesque "Moulin Rouge" by the aid of his new guide book.

John Cole is a great draftsman—he specializes in opening and closing windows.

Our former mechanics, Louis Erbe and Robert Abbey, are partners in a prosperous and growing machine shop. Also we wish to state "Bob" hasn't changed from his former school days. The foreman of their shop is Anthony "Rock" Gillette.

William Olsen's latest invention is the four cornered triangle.

One of the greatest dancers of his time is Kenneth Kinney who is teaching toe dancing at Carnegie Tech, the school that produces real football players.

George La Duke is now selling fur lined bathtubs to the Eskimos.

Our cabinet maker, Robert Seeley, a graduate of Mr. Link's cabinet shop, is now making a new cabinet for the President.

Walter Gresens, our Senator from New York State, is awakening the Senate, after a long, drowsy sleep, by passing a bill to make "Old Home Week" a national observance.

The printing of the news items for the week was done by Joseph Hargather and Barclay Zimmerman of the Hargather-Zimmerman Printing Company.

We were also glad to see Daniel "Mac-Beth" Keane, a great Shakespearean character.

Telegrams of regret were received from several former Rochesterians.

George Converse wired us regrets and best wishes. He could not attend as he is busy hunting arrowheads for a museum in New York City.

Burnell R. Blanchard, famous as producer and director of "The Modern Generation," which is now playing its third successful year on Broadway, sent best wishes and felicitations.

—Burnell Blanchard, Jerry Camille and Richard Motz, V9A-1

As I walked down Fifth Avenue, New York City, a young man bumped into me. "Pardon me, sir," I said, I looked him squarely in the face and recognized my school-mate, Edward Dennis. He was on his way to Madison Square Garden to exhibit some of his pointer dogs. While talking to him. I mentioned some of our fellow school chums. He told me that Bob Browne was establishing a beauty parlor on Thirty-Second Street. William Epner was the owner of a large clothing house in Chicago. John Knowles was the president of a bank in New York. Ray Dorsan was designing cars for Mabbett Auto Corporation.

We heard the roar of an airplane. Looking up we read, "Dean Astles, Daredevil" on the wing. I said good-bye and went upon my way.

I was crossing Broadway, when I was startled by the blowing of an auto horn. I looked into the back seat of an auto and saw Francis Aman, the fighter, and his manager, Elmer Briggen.

I stopped in front of a florist shop in amazement. There on a sign I read the names of two of my friends, Le Baron and Hennik.

Along toward evening I stopped at a restaurant. As I stepped in the door I was greeted by the proprietor, William Sabitini. He told me that William Farrell, Ray Freidler, Arthur Roach, and Dick Brandow had enlisted in the Navy. I asked him if he knew what became of Harry Olsen. He said Harry was conducting his own orchestra at the Palace Theatre owned and operated

by Murray Peterson. Also, that Howard Davis was there on the stage.

I went home and was informed that the radio was not in working condition. I called up Bruce Kelly, who was now a full-fledged radio engineer, to repair the radio. Bruce told me that Edward Charles was pitcher for Rochester's baseball team and Albert Smith was star full-back of Yale College. He said he was going to see Gerald Williams play basketball that night.

I stood watching the people passing my studio. I saw two men stop and look at my sign, which read, "Harry Cobb, Commercial Artist". I met them at the door. They were my two chums, Jack Hudgins and Donald Howe. They gave me an order for signs for their firm, "Hudgins and Howe Airplane Company".

As they left, I thought I had learned a lot about my classmates of Madison within a day.

—Harry Cobb, T9A-2

Sitting lazily in a soft, comfortable chair in my luxurious Fifth Avenue apartment, I summoned my valet to bring my pipe and smoking jacket. Then, reclining yet more comfortably and blowing smoke rings into the atmosphere, I turned my thoughts to my former classmates. I had heard from all of them within the past few weeks, and I amused myself recalling what I knew of each of them.

Albert Barber has turned out to be a private in the U. S. Army. He is working off his excess flesh walking up and down in front of the guardhouse with a new seventy-pound pack. He looks so dignified in his new uniform that I think he should be a corporal or a sergeant.

Victor Barbour is now hailed as the national hero of Scotland, but as the enemy of all shopkeepers and merchants. He has invented a nickle with six-cent value.

Charles Combs, it seems, is a famous blackface comedian, and is appearing at the "Empire" this week in "Sons of Israel."

John Craft runs a shop down the Avenue—Craft's Radio Rooms—radio experts, airplane designers, automobile mechanics, tire vulcanizers, and general handy men. John always was jack of all trades and master of none.

Albert Davis is a grease monkey at the West Webster airport. He is said to have

left a monkey wrench in the crankcase of Hank Smith's phantom plane. Hank had been puzzling over the phantom ship of the Ancient Mariner's until he got that way himself.

George Day is the infamous conductor of the Majestic Symphony Orchestra, consisting of four pieces, namely, the cazute, a second-hand accordion and a tin mouth organ. George himself gives wondrous renditions on the shoe horn. Between business hours, George spends his time endorsing products. His latest endorsements are a small bag of "Bring Rock Salt" with each pound bag of "Planter's Blanched Peanuts" and "El Ropo" cigars, which he claims do not impair his wind.* (*hot air.)

James De Carlis is chief cashier of one of the famous Schwing restaurants, known all over the world for drinking water which produces typhoid fever, and pies which give the eaters ptomaine poisoning.

Sir "Doug" Eastman, noted philanthropist, is following his old habits, too. He declares "Lucky Strikes" his favorite brand in the blindfold test.

Joseph Fox is starring in the latest musical comedy hit, "Ain't That Funny?"

Arthur Glew comes to my mind as I saw him last week, walking up Broadway, smoking a big cigar and wearing golf knickers. He is no more than four feet, three inches tall, but I have heard he is a promoter of "Glew's Midgets," and he appears only in high class theaters. He is now at the "Majestic" in Rochester.

Charles Groot has taken Hearst's position as owner of the "Journal" and has decided to have a bigger and better sheet.

He even went so far as to tell the people that Mussolini had "kicked off," and that the Prince of Wales had married a Ziegfeld blonde.

Elmer Meyers is flying his private plane, the Evelyn. Elmer always did like that name.

Donald Peacock has succeeded Amos as chief chauffeur of the Fresh Air Taxicab Co. with offices at Harlem, N. Y.

Donald Peoples is appearing exclusively at the "Family" Theater, lately bought up by the old Corinthian interests, in "The Cad."

Warren Shelton met a horrible death in

Northern Borneo, while chasing madly after an elusive and rare butterfly. He fell over a steep precipice and mashed his bones on the rocks below. It was rumored that when landing, his head came in contact with a boulder and caused a dull, booming sound to drift back up to the natives. They dashed quickly away and left him to his fate. His body was never recovered.

Butler Shaw is floorwalker at Sibley's.

William Wilder is a bell-hop in the Hotel Purdy, owned and managed by Alexander himself. Junior lives in bachelor apartments on the ninety-eighth floor. He has taken these high quarters to escape the attention of the ladies, whom he still dislikes.

My pipe has gone out; my clock points to midnight; my classmates have all passed in review, so I bid you all good-night.

—Boys of T9A-1

How many of you listened in to the broadcast of the Grand Reception yesterday, April 23, 1952? As you know, it was given in honor of James Scotland, United States ambassador at the court of St. James, who has returned to America to be officially informed of his nomination for President of the United States.

New York State's Governor, Charles T. Crandall, rode at the head of the parade which marched up Fifth Avenue. As the procession passed the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the eyes of the crowd turned to admire the bronze statue of Washington crossing the Delaware, the latest work of Wolcott Marsh.

At the reception given at the estate of Colonel Joseph Deisher, the first in line were: Mr. George Ott, who is in charge of the somewhat nerve-wracking control of the most traveled air highway over New York city, and Mademoiselle Bettine Hatchelier, who conducts the most famous Parisian fashion house of Paris.

Standing next to Mr. Scotland was his fiancée, Miss Verna Slazer, and fifth in line was Miss Mary Whittle, the well known Latin Professor whose text books are now being used the world over.

The following prominent people then shook hands with the future President of the United States.

Harry Pattyson, noted surgeon, who has just accomplished the difficult operation of changing a hair lip to a cupid's bow.

Margaret Igglelen, famous author of the widely read book entitled, "The Science of Flapperism."

Dorothy Albertson, who has in mind a secretarial position in Washington, used a little extra pressure when shaking the hand of the future President.

Franklin Kennedy, the honest farmer, held forth a brawny hand well calloused by the hard work which he does on his dirt farm in Queen's County, New York.

Miriam Stone and Ruth Gesell, New York's popular modistes were next in line.

Herbert Allen held up the line of guests explaining to the future President his scheme for elevating New York's highways by means of compressed air.

Thelma Root, Muriel Knight, and Dorothy Beamish, the famous trio of the Metropolitan Opera Company, entertained the guests with a few selections of their own composition.

The white powder on Rosarrio Stagnitto's hand when it was offered was not talcum, but, instead, was a new lime mixture as used by him in building the one-hundred and forty-three story sky-scraper for which he has the contract.

Emilie Stockin, whose husband has recently been elected to Mayor of the city of San Francisco, left early for Roosevelt Field so that her pilot would land her at home in time to receive a few guests whom she had invited in to play bridge.

Miss Elizabeth Lohr, President of the Playground League of America, was watching for an opportunity to discuss with Mr. Scotland a proposition whereby all National Parks will be changed to playgrounds, and Times Square will be equipped with teeter-tawters and rope swings.

A group of men in the far corners of the hall would give the impression that a fist-fight was in progress, but upon investigation it was found that they were trying to mark the dance program of Dorothea Dreger.

I was pleased to hear about all the wonderful accomplishments of my classmates of L9A-1 and felt like congratulating them all in person. As I was thinking about this while walking down Broadway, I remembered that I had heard of all of them except two. What was my amazement to look up at that very minute and find greeting my eyes a large sign on a fashionable shop

which read—"Miss Helen Harnish, Beauty Parlor. We guarantee to people with short eyelashes, a wonderful crop, at least one inch in length after using our famous treatment for one week".

The other person not mentioned in this class of famous people is the writer who has now returned from London where she has just reviewed her last play.

—Charlotte Aldridge, L9A-1

It was the day before Christmas, 1945. The snow was falling fast to deepen the already high banks that were heaped up on every side. I was walking gayly down Forty-second Street after a morning of last minute shopping. Here I was, an artist of some ability and a smaller amount of fame, happy over a selection of gifts for a friend of mine, a model, in fact. I wondered whether or not she, Katherine Cook, could remember the first time she posed for an artist way back in '29 at Junior High School. We had good times, then, I thought. While musing along with my head practically in the clouds, not noticing my footing, of course, I suddenly slipped on the icy pavement and fell. When I had regained my footing, I heard a cheery voice calling out, "Why, hello, Pewil; you didn't even know me!" I turned around and there was Elizabeth Erb, surrounded by eight or nine children who were laughing and talking.

"Are those your children?" I inquired in amazement. "No," Elizabeth answered, laughing, "they're some of the children I teach. I'm a kindergarten teacher, you know. "Well," I said, "can you get rid of them and come to lunch with me? You haven't anything to do in the afternoon, have you?" She said she hadn't and that she was taking the children back to school from a visit to the Museum of Art. There she had seen Jean McMahon and Betty Brookman, prominent in Boston society, with Eleanor Hill, standing before a statue in modernistic art. Eleanor, a celebrated poet, was endeavoring to compose a poem about the statute. Jean McMahon was a portrait artist, and Betty was a famous aesthetic dancer.

Elizabeth and I escorted the children to a fine-looking grammar school where Elizabeth taught; and, while waiting for her to take leave of the children, I stood in the

main corridor and looked about me as one will to while away the time. There was a group of teachers at one end of the hall. Among them I recognized Ellen Harmon and Jean Schmidt, school friends, who were apparently very much absorbed in something. One teacher was holding a newspaper in her hand and read, "Woman surgeon discovers important medicine! Norval Kramer, hospital head, expects to save many lives by the new discovery!" You may be sure that I was very much surprised and not a little glad, too. I was just thinking of going over to the group and asking about the article that was so interesting to me when Elizabeth came back and hurried us both off, for she had many things to tell me, she said.

"Do you remember Florence Tilden?" she asked. I nodded. "Well, I saw her yesterday, and she told me that Barbara is an interior decorator in St. Louis. She is earning fortunes in that business. "Really!" I exclaimed, "and what is Florence doing?"

"Don't you know? She teaches vocal music in Rochester. Angela and Margaret are 'down South' somewhere teaching piano music," said Elizabeth. Then she told me about Catherine Polsinelli, who was married and lived in San Francisco.

By the time I had heard about Helen, who was a Spanish secretary in Washington, and Eunice Miller who had written a book about six hundred pages long on a new method of studying Latin, we had reached a restaurant, entered, and sat down. Just as we were going to give our orders to the waitress, a green roadster stopped outside, and two young women came into the restaurant. At once I recognized Mary Janes and Mary Van Horn. Elizabeth and I invited them to come and dine with us, and they were glad to do so.

When our orders had been taken, Mary Jane, who drove the car, said that she nearly ran over Sophie Elerowski a few minutes before. Sophie was a private secretary at one of the Vanderbilts, Mary said. Elizabeth and I gasped when she informed us of this. "What a wonderful position!" Elizabeth commented as the waitress returned with our lunches. In the course of our conversation it developed that Mary Jane was a very well-known draftsman and lived on

Long Island in the summer. Mary had lived in Florida for several years; but, tiring of the climate and finding herself in reduced circumstances, she had come north and embarked upon a journalist's career. She became a success in a few months and now was wealthy and happy.

Once, while we were eating, my eyes wandered idly to a newspaper left by someone on a table near our own. In a corner of the front page, I read with eagerness these words, "Marie Pfaff, champion swimmer, rescues President's son from drowning. Awarded medal for heroism." I smiled. I often used to think Stella would do something like that, but I had never thought it of Marie. My reverie was disturbed by Mary, who said, "Look at those three women across the street!" We all craned our necks to see. There were June Ford, the greatest Jazz singer of the age, from Chicago. Janet Bodenstein, a prominent woman in politics, and Jean Gerling. The other three did not know what Jean's vocation was. "I know," I announced proudly. "She had attained her greatest ambition!"

"What is it?" inquired Elizabeth.

"She is the principal dancer at the most fashionable theater on Broadway," I said. "There are always huge bouquets of flowers for her at the end of each performance."

"How nice!" exclaimed Elizabeth.

"Girls, I have something to tell you," said Mary Jane as the dessert was being served. "Last week when I was visiting in Richmond I saw Angela, who said she had given up her career as music teacher and was now teaching ballet dancing."

"We heard she was teaching music," said Elizabeth. "She did for awhile, but gave it up. Not a paying vocation, maybe," said Mary Van Horn.

"Oh, it is two o'clock already," cried Mary Jane, looking at her wrist watch in despair. Mary and I have an appointment for two-fifteen so we must be running away. Good-bye, girls, we are glad to have seen you both." She and Mary arose hurriedly and went out into the snow again. They waved to us. There was a snort of the motor, then a flash of green, and they were gone.

"Come on, Elizabeth," I said. "Let us go, too. There is a good picture at the

'Rivole' this afternoon. We shall see it." After paying for our lunches we left the restaurant, and all the way to the theater we discussed the positions of our former school mates about whom we had heard so much that day. Elizabeth said that all were happy, and that was the main thing in life. I agreed. —Pewilla Dick, FL9A-2

Clippings from recent news items, January 1945.

Frances LaMontagne is abroad preparing to teach algebra at Madison.

The famous Mary Bricker has been given the title of Dancing Mary because of her good work in follies of 1945.

Violet Mackie is now playing the part of Rosalind in "As You Like It" at the Lyceum.

Eleanor Hetzel has been chosen as the best dressed and most popular woman in America.

Frances Attridge recently received a degree from Columbia.

Marion Uffert has just published a book, "How I Became Beautiful over Night."

The woman of affairs, Eleanor Hagen, finally arrived at the conclusion that the best things in life are paid for.

Florence Forman will give the first of her series of talks to high school girls on "How to Dance" Wednesday.

Jack Dense, high in political circles, has just been elected vice-president of the United States.

Clark Donovan is now the head of the Donovan Chain Drug stores, having Thomas Genthner as general manager.

Herman Ey is now an aircraft designer for the Anti-Aircraft Corporation.

Raymond Fisher is now playing the villain in the Fox Movietone Studios.

Edward Hurlburt has been appointed head of the French department at Yale.

Paul Sheils will succeed Miss Watkins at Madison.

"Wes" Jackling is the co-inventor of the non sinkable submarine and is working on an automatic toothpick for false teeth.

Orville Kelly has just completed a non-stop flight around the world in two days.

John Stout, president of the Anti-Mathematics Society, is working hard for the abolition of this subject in Rochester schools.

Bert Standing has produced a patent medicine guaranteed to increase the growth five inches a week.

Howard Woodworth is the head of Scotland Yard and when off duty preaches the art of crime.

Ralph Weber has just moved to Germany where he has a five year contract to blow up Zeppelins.

Wesley Wright is now drawing thrilling comic strips called, "Pictures from my Madison Notebooks".

Richard Wrighton is assistant manager at the Metropolitan Opera Company in Chicago.

John Tartaleo is second violinist in the Stringless Orchestra of America.

Bill Percy has invented an automatic servant.

Fred Roberts is busy writing books on fish and birds, and he rides horseback for relaxation.

— The Class, F9A-1

A Fairies' Minstrel Show

Some night I should like to go
And see a fairies' minstrel show.
It would be on some quiet night
Just when the moon was shining bright.
Under an elm tree the fairies would throng,
To greet each other with laughter and song.
The fairy queen and king would appear
With the lords and ladies standing near.
When the fairies were seated and all was
well,

The queen a lovely story would tell.
They would sing and dance on the flowered
green

Until dawn sent forth her golden sheen;
Thus shutting out the light of the moon.
Ah, the dawn would come too soon,
To send the fairies off to bed,
Leaving us mortals to rule instead.

—Gertrude Walker, C9A-1

Construction Ahead

The highway of life is one on which we must all travel. It is up to one's own self to construct his road in such a way that traveling upon it may be made easy for him. He may lay his road in such a way as to avoid pitfalls, quicksand, and rocky

places and learn the best way to overcome the disadvantages of hills or deep valleys by cutting them away or by detouring around them. The quagmire of self-distrust, or lack of confidence must be filled with a determination to reach the destination. The quagmire, one of the greatest menaces to a person, trips him and drags him into its slimy depths into a world of lost hopes and aspirations.

Hills are another bug-bear in the work of a road contractor. As in real life, hills in the distance which appear almost insurmountable are found on near approach to be comparatively easy to ascend. So we find tasks assigned us, which seem beyond our skill, quite simple to do as we tackle them.

In place of the old time method of fording rivers, which was of necessity a slow means of crossing, rivers may be bridged, thus attaining greater speed and ease of passage. After a storm, a river is difficult to ford while a good bridge may prevent this necessity. A difficult examination is like a severe storm. Without proper bridge-work or solid fundamental knowledge one would find it difficult to pass.

The foundation of any road must be laid with utmost care for upon it depends its durability and stability. The foundation material should be a good, strong character and high ideals mixed with some every day horse-sense.

The filler should be some sound fundamental knowledge of right and wrong and the ability to think logically.

The road is practically finished, the surface only is necessary to make traveling pleasant. The surface may be composed of gifts along artistic or musical lines. Dancing and athletics, love of beauty, and a good sense of humor all tend to make life more beautiful and enjoyable for yourself and your fellow man.

These parts, in order to work efficiently, must be strongly cemented together. Loyalty, honesty, tact are very good materials with which to make the cement. The strength of a road depends greatly upon the strength of the cement.

The road is built and the building equipment has been removed. Now let us see if we can beautify the side of the roadway

by planting shrubbery, trees, and flowers' Weed out the unlovely characteristics that may be present and plant in their place flowers of good personality and a gracious, kindly spirit.

A road will deteriorate quickly if not kept in shape by resurfacing. You may re-surface your road by keeping upon the topics of the day and discussing political questions.

If your road is successful and properly finished, others will profit by your example and will try to model their road after yours.

—Butler Shaw, T9A-1

The House on the Top of the Hill

It's entirely surrounded by maple trees
That are always bowing, bending in the breeze.

They bow to the house that sits so still,
To the house on the top of the hill.

One can see so very far away
When by the beautiful house they stay ;
They can see the sky, the old, old mill
From the house on the top of the hill.

A place to rest that's sought by all
When weary work has paid her call,
And greedy time has had his fill,
It's the house on the top of the hill.

Wouldn't you like to stay awhile
Where everything seems to laugh and smile,
And birds just sit all day and trill
To the house on the top of the hill ?

—Eleanor Hill, FL9A-2

Gazing Into Store Windows

People wear clothes according to weather; trees change their colors according to seasons, and store windows show according to holidays. Already store windows are showing new scenes.

We gaze into one which not only attracts children but also grown-ups. It is a living-room scene on Christmas Eve. In the center stands a large Christmas tree, heavily toys. At one end is a fireplace with stock-laden with glittering balls, trinkets, and ings overflowing hanging before it. Under the tree are arranged gifts and toys of every kind. Artificial snow is sprinkled over all.

We move on to another window. This shows a night scene on Christmas Eve. The floor is covered with cotton and glittering artificial snow. The walls of the display window are hung with dark blue cloth to give the scene a night effect, and overhead is suspended a large, yellow-orange moon. In the center is Santa Claus in his heavily loaded sleigh giving the signal to go to his prancing mechanical reindeer.

Next we move on to a window displaying Christmas gifts. Gifts of all descriptions, sizes and colors are arranged to catch the eye of the public.

We move on and on like critics to view the other festive looking windows. Each looks more appealing than the other.

One window that is especially gladdening is the one that shows a group of children singing Christmas carols. This is a night scene. It shows gay looking old English homes. Before the homes is a group of boys dressed in quaint old English costumes. One carries a lantern, and the rest are centered about one who carries the book of Christmas carols.

The store windows do much to show holiday spirit and each seems to say, "A Merry Christmas to All!"

—Mary Comenale, L9B-1

The Lighthouse Keeper

Alone, alone ! all all alone ! alone on a wide wide sea

Was said of the Ancient Mariner and can be said of me.

Oh, around me dash the briny waves in a mocking melody,

The glaring, revolving, but friendly light is my only company.

It is indeed a lonely life in the lighthouse dark and grey.

I often wish I were in the town so friendly, and so gay ;

But when I think of the aid I give to sailors every day,

I'm glad I'm here in this lonely spot and could not go away.

—Gertrude Walker, C9A-1

LIBRARY

The pupils of L9B-2 had for their October Library-period assignment, "My Magazine Hour in the Library." Each pupil was allowed to review one magazine or more and write up at least one review. The following reports were selected for publication:

My Magazine Hour

One afternoon our English teacher told us that we were to spend our English period in the library. Our assignment was to read various magazines and report on them.

I chose as my magazine "Saint Nicholas." It is published by the Century Company and edited by George F. Thomas.

Some of the articles found in the October number are, The "Hexagonal Chest", by Augusta H. Seaman, "Jerry Reforms," by Captain S. P. Meek, the Stamp Page, and the Riddle Box.

I believe that these magazines contain not only interesting novels but history and any class room material one may wish.

A Booster of Saint Nicholas,

—Katherine Alder, L9B-2

The American Girl

Within my magazine hour I found an interesting magazine called "The American Girl."

"The American Girl" magazine is published by the Girl Scouts of America. The editor of which is Margaret Mochrie.

There are stories for every type of girl, the outdoor, the imaginative, the adventure loving, etc. I also found many pages on preserving fruits. There are fashions for the modern miss, also advertisements to remind you what to wear, where, and when to wear it, and when to buy it. I found directions for making a purse out of soft leather.

On another page I found information on camping with the Girl Scouts. There are some pictures of different camps and campers. Another interesting feature is the one called jokes which are found here and there on some of the pages and a whole page of them at the back.

To finish up my review of the magazine I wish to state that I found a page of puzzles at the end of each issue.

My summary of "The American Girl" magazine ended by telling me that this magazine should be read by every A-1 American Girl.

—Marjorie E. Holley, L9B-2

My Magazine Hour in the Library

I enjoy the "Popular Science Magazine" very much because it tells of the many new inventions which are constantly taking place throughout the world, and gives me a knowledge of all these great inventions.

In the October, Nineteen Twenty-nine Issue, I especially enjoyed the life story of Thomas A. Edison, told in pictures, which makes one appreciate more deeply the work of one of the world's greatest inventors.

The description and illustrative pictures of the "Mightiest Airplane that ever flew," was also of great interest to me in this issue. This shows the great progress Germany is making in this line.

The "St. Nicholas" also interested me because of the great knowledge that one may gain by reading "Keeping Up With Science" found in this magazine. The St. Nicholas has a league called the "St. Nicholas League" which offers medals and cash prizes for pictures taken and poems written by children who subscribe for this magazine. Another splendid feature of this magazine is that it has a fine report of several of the latest books. I recommend this magazine to anyone, young or old.

The "Watch Tower" is always of interest because it gives a review of current events of the month.

—Frederick Bryant, L9B-2

The Magazine in the Library that I like Best.

I think "The Open Road for Bcys" is the most educating and interesting magazine that a boy can read. There is always an interesting cover, and the stories cannot be equalled anywhere. "The Treasure Hunt" is a new feature. It is very interesting, and, too, there are prizes to be given to the winners. There are also cartoon contests where

a person is put in a distressing predicament, and the one who rescues him most cleverly wins the prize. The serials which "The Open Road" offers are unexcelled.

Dr. Sven V. Knudsen has an article in the October number called, "My Friend Abroad". He has listed boys from foreign countries. You are supposed to write to them, and when you receive an answer from at least two countries you receive a valuable prize.

The jokes cannot be equalled by any boys' magazine. The advertisements are cleverly put, making them very entertaining.

Deep-river Jim also has an article in the October issue of the "Open Road" pertaining to the Open Road Pioneers' club in which he gives camping hints and other instructive information. The aviation articles, too, are exceptionally fine and very interesting. "The Stamp Collecting" section will be of great interest to many boys.

As a whole, I, in agreement with many others, think that "The Open Road" is all that a boys' magazine should be.

— John Palmer, L9B-2

The Gold Bug

William Legrand, a recluse, lived in a little hut on Sullivan's Island with Jupiter, his valet. They were walking one day along the shore and discovered a beetle. As Jupiter picked it up, it bit him. He reached for a piece of paper which was lying in the sand and wrapped the beetle in it.

Later on, Legrand discovered the piece of paper to be parchment with a cipher code written on it. After he studied the code, he found it would lead him to the spot where a treasure was buried. Then he invited his friend from Charleston and Jupiter to take a trip with him to the mainland, not telling them what it was all about. They followed the directions of the code very skillfully and made a marvelous discovery. To know more about it, read "The Gold Bug" by Edgar Allen Poe.

— Alice Petrie, C8B-2

"Captains Courageous"

The story "Captains Courageous" by Kipling is about a millionaire's son who, in an accident, was washed over board from an ocean liner. Having fallen off near the fish-

ing banks of Newfoundland, he is picked up by a fisherman in a dory. When Harvey awakes, he finds that he has been sleeping in a bunk where there is a strong odor of fish. He goes on deck and meets the captain and demands that he be taken back to New York. After being punished for his rudeness by the captain, Harvey takes a job on the boat and works.

He and the skipper's son become fast friends. Harvey is shown how they clean the fish, he learns the ropes from one of the crew, swings the "blue pidgeon" and steers the boat in calm weather.

After various kinds of adventure, and the boat having wet all its salt, they head for Gloucester. Harvey sends a telegram to his father who had given him up for lost. His parents make a hurried trip across the country in a private car. Knowing that Disho is a man who would not accept a reward, Mr. Cheyne makes plans for Dan on one of his ships on the Pacific.

—Anthony Bilette, V9A-1

Blue Bonnet's Mishap

"One minute, Denham and I will be down," came from a sunny seventeen year old girl. Next minute Blue Bonnet and Carita, the former having been described, the latter a dark-haired healthy Texan, came rushing out to the side yard where the horses were. A moment later Alec and Knight, two friends, appeared mounted on their steeds.

The "We Are Sevens" were going to have a riding party. Kitty, Sarah, and the remainder of the club cantered up the quiet street to join the other four. Chula, Blue Bonnet's horse, galloped so fast that Alec came riding up to stop her. Chula, thinking it was a challenge, raced off at a greater pace. Alec shouted, "Hang on, Blue Bonnet". Whether or what he said startled Blue Bonnet or not remains unknown. Her feet automatically slid out of the stirrups, and the next instant she was a heap in the road.

If you wish to know what happened to Blue Bonnet, read "Blue Bonnet in Boston," by Jacobs and Richards.

— Jean Obydyke, L8B-1

The Madigraph

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One Representative from Each Home Room

..... *Madigraph Assistants*
Florence Ades, Dorothy Flannery, Mable
Herbert, Evelyn Renouf, Lillian
Shackleton, Ruth Siggelew, Helen
Stone, Loretta Thomas, Doris
Thompson, Kathleen Thompson,
Georgina Tolli, Bernice Wagner,
Marie Writz *Typists*

Faculty Advisors

Milton R. Priddis

..... *Chairman of the School Paper Committee*
Alice E. Donnelly, Anna M. Thompson, Rose
E. Sutter, Agnes McTaggart *Literary*

Gertrude Wright *Clubs*
Jessie Cosgrove *Assemblies*

Leland E. Foster *Athletics*
Joseph Vialls *Art*

Bertha Cuyler *Exchanges*
Laura Martin Friel *Jokes*

Beulah M. Watkins *Finance*
Charles S. Newman *Printing*

Best Wishes For The Madigraph

As a senior of Madison, and soon to be on the threshold of a new school, I bid goodbye to Madison, leaving sincerest wishes for the future success of The Madigraph.

This past term has been a very successful one for The Madigraph, due to the co-operative manner of the Madisonians in re-

sponding to the call for subscriptions and contributions.

However, I believe that The Madigraph can be improved upon in order to make it the very best school magazine.

Next term with your new editorial staff, it is up to you, who are not leaving Madison, to do those things for The Madigraph which have not yet been accomplished.

Remember — "Attempt-Accomplish."
—Editor-in-Chief.

My Hope!

Who does not look forward eagerly to the next issue of The Madigraph?

As we eagerly peruse its contents, do we think for a moment of those who have gone before, of those who by their unceasing efforts have made our Madigraph what it is today?

We cannot show enough appreciation to our former editors-in-chief and members of their staffs. Our Madigraph has been constantly improved. Each issue is better than the last. It has taken real, hard work on the part of our previous editors-in-chief and their staffs to make our Madigraph bigger and better.

During the coming term and future terms, we expect the same willing co-operation from the members of The Madigraph staff that we have received in other years.

We look to them to continue the work that has been begun so well. We want our Madigraph to be still bigger, still better. We expect the best and feel confident that we shall not be disappointed.

—Elizabeth Rightmire,
Associate Editor

A Jewel Year

Jewels, I wish for you, sparkling and clear, Wonderful gems for this Happy New Year. Sweet pearls of purity, softly serene, Happiness, emeralds of transparent green. Sapphires of truth, and rubies of love, Diamonds shining with light from above, These are your jewels, surpassing and fair, Richer than mightiest, for the coming New Year.
—Lois Robertson, 7B-5

THE UNITED STATES of MADISONIA



WOLCOTT MARSH
Standard Bearer

A Meeting of the Senate

The organization meeting of the Senate was held October 2, 1929 at 2:30 o'clock in Room 270. The meeting was called to order by the President, Kathleen Thompson. A temporary clerk was appointed after which the Senators were seated by State and roll was called. The oath of office was administered to the Senators. The President's speech followed in which she made a plea for co-operation and suggestions in order that this term might be a successful one. Need for officers and method of choosing them was explained after which the following slate was presented and accepted:

President, *protempore*, Dorothy Miller;



BETTY HATCH
Gaurdain of the Flag

Clerk, Mary Lapham; Creed Leader, Katherine Adler; Sergeant-at-Arms, Daniel Wing; Door Keepers, Everett Mason, Robert Kleifgen; Pages, Claire Anderson, Edna Crandall.

The oath of office was administered to the above officers. A committee was then appointed to act with a committee from the House of Representatives to notify the President that Congress was organized and ready for communications.

The following Cabinet nominations were then accepted by the Senate: Secretary of State, Elmer Myers, T9A-1; Secretary of Treasury, Jack Dense, F9A-1; Secretary of Health, Blanche Gebro, V9A-2; Attorney

General, Harry Olsen, T9A-2; Secretary of Agriculture, Edward Hurlburt, F9A-1; Secretary of Interior, Thelma Root, L9A-2; Secretary of Publications, Mabel Herbert, C9A-1. Meeting was adjourned at 3:00 o'clock.

— Mary Lapham, Clerk

A Meeting of the House of Representatives

The first meeting of the House of Representatives was held October 8, 1920 in the Assembly Hall. The meeting was called to order by the temporary speaker, James Phillips, at 2:45. We then saluted the flag and said the American's Creed. The roll was called by the temporary clerk and 73 were present. John Knowles, President of the United States of Madisionia, administered the oath of office. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved, and the nominating committee reported the following slate:

Speaker, James Phillips; Clerk, Evelyn Hack; Sergeant-at-arms, Albert Baker; Doorkeepers, Howard Booth, Floyd Curtis; Pages, Laura Dick, Mary Cialone.

A motion was made and seconded that the slate be accepted.

The speaker thanked them for electing him speaker. He then appointed a committee who with the Senate Committee was to notify the President that the House was organized and ready for a joint session of Congress. He appointed Violet Mackie and Thomas Robertson. The Speaker suggested the following topics: "Improvement of fire drills," "Co-operation with officers," "Supporting the school paper," which the Representatives were to discuss with their class and bring suggestions to the next meeting.

Clerk read the Rules of Order. A motion was made for adjournment. It was seconded. The meeting was adjourned at 3:00 o'clock.

— Evelyn Hack, Clerk

Family Life in England

The class of L9B-1 of Madison Junior High School endeavored during a class period in Home Economics to show the home

spirit in an English family. The scene opens in the breakfast room of the Kingsley home. Lady Kingsley walks haughtily in and takes her place at the table. Lord Kingsley follows, adjusting his monocle. He bows to Lady Kingsley and takes his place at the table. In a few minutes the children rush madly in and drop into their places. Then Nancy serves the breakfast while the family talk about the stock market and the horse races, and the children have a quarrel and are scolded.

When breakfast is over, the family adjourns to the living room. Lady Kingsley reads a magazine, and Lord Kingsley makes a great deal of fuss over the stock market. While reading the magazine, Lady Kingsley also keeps track of the ravings of her husband. The children are playing cards. During the game, they have so many quarrels that they are sent to their rooms. Then dinner is announced by Nancy.

During the dinner the children make up because they wish to go to the tennis tournament that afternoon.

Lord and Lady Kingsley are at home that afternoon and are visited by Mrs. Fitzgerald and her daughter. They have a quiet social afternoon. They admire a new picture and talk about the races. The guests stay to dinner. The dinner has begun when the children come in, and they are scolded severely for being late. In the evening the guests leave. The children are sent to bed early for misbehavior. Lord and Lady Kingsley retire later.

The following people were impersonated as follows: Lord Kingsley, Ruth Goodman; Lady Kingsley, Lois West; Flora Kingsley, Mary Graham; Cedric Kingsley, Anna Bates; Mrs. Fitzgerald, Ruth Fenninger; Carol Fitzgerald, Mary Comanale; Nancy (maid), Helen Quigley.

—Lois West, L9B-1

Charlotte, L8B-2, wants to change her seat in math class, but for the good of her neighbor, Mrs. Shaddock cannot be coaxed. Charlotte is also trying a Greta Garbo haircut.

KEEP FIT

The Milky Way to Health

Who said they couldn't drink milk? Passing through the corridor, I saw an exhibition provided by girls of L8B-2, during their cooking class. On the table I saw a great variety of foods containing milk. Some of them were: custards, corn-starch and bread puddings, macaroni and cheese, mashed potatoes, creamed meats and vegetables, and cocoa. This was a remarkable illustration for boys and girls who just can't drink milk. Even if they can't drink it they must at least have it in their food as milk is essential to health.

The girls that prepared this exhibition have been studying the values and qualities of milk. They have also had the opportunity of hearing an interesting talk given by Miss Cummings, a visitor. I can assure you that none of the girls in this class will ever say, "I just can't drink milk". They know that milk contains vitamins A—B—D—E, minerals, carbohydrates, and water and that if you drink milk you are on the milky way to health.

—Jane Lingl, L8B-2

Happy's Advice

A pale, weak, thin, little girl sat at the window of a beautiful mansion looking at some children playing in the snow. She didn't look like a very agreeable person, and there was a scowl on her face as she rang the bell near her chair. A nurse in a spotless uniform opened the door and inquired what she wanted.

"Nurse," she exclaimed crossly, "make those children go away from here. They have no right to be playing in front of my house when I can't go out".

The nurse said she would have them ordered off the grounds immediately, and disappeared noiselessly through the door. The girl sank back in her chair and drew her beautiful Chinese lounging robe a little closer about her. As she was just dipping her hand into the ever-ready candy box that stood on the table beside her, she heard a noise behind her. She was about to call out to who ever it was to go away and stop

bothering her when a jolly voice exclaimed, "Oh—ho! Look who's here!" And as the girl turned in her chair she beheld a jolly, little, fat man with a very red nose.

"Who are you, sir," the girl demanded haughtily, "and just what do you want here?"

"I am Happy," explained the jolly little fellow, "and I've come to tell you how very silly you are. Yes, in spite of all your money you are very silly." The girl looked at the little man in astonishment. No one had spoken to her like this before. Nevertheless she could not be cross to this jolly little man; so she said, "Why am I silly?"

"Oh, because, you could be having a splendid time out there playing in the snow instead of sitting in here making yourself miserable."

"But," complained the girl, "I can't go. The doctor says I'm not strong enough."

"You would be if you ate the right kinds of food," retorted Happy.

"Whatarethey?" they girl asked curiously.

"Well", explained Happy, "The first and most important is milk."

"But I hate milk," interrupted the girl. "It makes me sick. I never drink it."

"Oh, ho! so that's the way the wind blows is it?" mused Happy, and he was silent for a long while. At last he took out a pencil and wrote something down on a piece of paper which he handed to the girl.

"You give this to your nurse and tell her to give you at least one at every meal.

They all contain milk." commanded Happy. "I'll come again sometime. Good by and good luck." And Happy vanished into thin air.

The girl looked down on the paper and saw bread pudding, home made fudge, custard, mashed potatoes, creamed soups, creamed vegetables, creamed beef, tapioca pudding and many others. The girl rang the bell and bade the nurse prepare one of the listed dishes immediately. The nurse did so, and the girl was so pleased with this pleasant way of taking milk without tasting it that she would not be content unless she had at least one of those dishes at every

meal. "If Happy should call at that house today, he would find a happy, healthy girl."

If you don't believe you can take milk in so many pleasant ways you should have examined the exhibit on the third floor opposite the student's lunch room prepared by the girls of L8B-2.

—Charlotte Morgan, L8B-2

Do You Know? Are You Going To?

Students of Madison, you have been challenged, not only by your teachers and neighboring schools, but by the United States of America to be physically fit. All over the United States contests are being held and prizes awarded to the healthiest young men and women. Last year the prize was won by a Dakota high school girl and a Michigan high school boy.

If your father's auto needed gasoline, you would drive it into a gas station. Your room. If you do not eat the correct and proper amounts of food, you will not be well.

Why not have such a good state of health in our school that other states will look to us for suggestions for their schools?

See our health counselor; she wants to help you. Did you know that you can have a conference with her. Why not follow her suggestions? Why not visit her?

Come on, Madisonians, there is no excuse for tired eyes, poor color, poor posture, and poor work. Are you going to let the other schools win over us in the game of health when they couldn't in soccer, basketball, and track?

Miss MacMullen can and will help you. I speak from experience.

—Marion B. Orcott, C9A-2

The Faculty Christmas Party

"Heap on more wood! The wind is chill,
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry still."

—Scott

This was the spirit which pervaded the English Christmas party, held by the faculty on December 19th.

After the bridge party in the library, the teachers and their guests adjourned to the faculty lunch room. Garlands of Christmas greens, sprays of holly and mistletoe, and clusters of softly gleaming candles transformed the room into an English hall. A true English dinner—roast pig, plum pudding and all—then was served. During the dinner a group of children caroled outside the door and window. A double quartet of the faculty as English singers sang some beautiful old carols, and some quaint country dances of Elizabethan days were given.

A Draftsman in the Making

When a new boy comes into the Drafting Shop, he hardly knows what is before him. There is more than "just drawing" as some boys put it. When one sees a few blue prints of gearing, cams, geometrical problems, and other different drawings, he gets a different opinion of it.

The first thing that one does in our shop is the "box" as it is called by the boys. It is called the box because it consists of an alphabet of letters containing blue prints, in a small box. These drawings, or blue-prints, start off very easily but gradually get more complicated. Before one gets through with this so-called "box," he gets a fairly good idea of Mechanical Drawing.

After this he is put on detail work. This includes the drawing of pulleys, hand wheels, shafts, wheels, bearings, pistons, and other detail work. Later on he is taught the uses of tracing cloth and paper. Tracing cloth is a linen covered with especially prepared gelatin which makes it transparent. This cloth is placed over the drawing on plain paper and "traced." Then "the tracing," as it is called after it has been which produces the ever important blue-print. The importance of a blue-print may not be known clearly to everyone. Without them there would be no factories, buildings, automobiles, locomotives, and all other mechanical devices. A blue-print shows the machinist what he is doing. It is a great help to a machinist.

—Jimmy V. Della Vella and
Jerry Camille, V9A-1

Assemblies

The assembly October 16th. opened with the singing of "The Star Spangled Banner" and the Salute to the Flag.

John Knowles, President of Madisonia, then introduced his cabinet: Secretary of State, Elemer Myers; Secretary of Treasury, Jack Dense; Secretary of Health, Blanche Jeddo; Secretary of Agriculture, Edward Hurlburt; Secretary of Publications, Mable Herbert; Secretary of Interior, Thelma Root; Attorney General, Harry Olsen.

I am sure we are all pleased and think it is a very wise selection.

Mr. Zornow mentioned that all the Nation is celebrating "Light's Golden Jubilee" week, and that we should all try and see the exhibit of lamps in the show cases, which was loaned by the museum. He also stated that there is a "Live a Little Longer" club after school for the mothers of the community.

Seventeen home-rooms turned in 100% subscriptions for the Madigraph. Representatives of each home-room appeared on the stage to receive a Madigraph banner.

The assembly program was continued by chairman, Samuel Stratton, who read an interesting paragraph on "Light". An old lamp was shown to us, given by Mr. Bocjutt, whose grandfather had carried it during the Revolutionary War.

7A-2 then presented a play called "A Real Man".

A film was next shown named the "Benefactor". It was a very interesting reel showing the different stages of Edison's life.

The assembly, October 23rd., began with the usual opening exercises. Mr. Zornow said that our chance to hear and see the Civic Orchestra, directed by Mr. Goosens, had come, because we were going to have a special assembly the following Friday, October 25th., at which the orchestra would be present. I am sure we appreciate the privilege very much.

Samuel Stratton, chairman of the assembly program, announced that a play called "Finishing the History Lesson," was to be presented by the following pupils of 7A-3: Edna Light, Marjorie Malone, Phoebe Broods, Lucille Williams, Ruth Moore,

Edgar Erb, Robert Burr, Ted Marrins, Allison Taylor, Harold Kline, Richard Polessi.

Pupils of 7A-2 also presented a short play entitled "A Little Light On The Subject." It was a very interesting playlet showing us that Edison invented something really useful to the world, when he invented the electric light. The characters in the latter play were: Leonard Smith, Maryzern Krub, Myron Bantrell, Annette Brangaccio, and Charles Lapan.

Then the selection, "American Patrol", was played by the school band. Assembly closed with the showing of an educational film.

Immediately after the opening exercises on October 30th, several announcements were made by Mr. Newhall. Then Margaret Graham announced that the program was divided into two parts, consisting of Health and Hallowe'en.

The health program consisted of posture exercises by girls and boys. Next L8B-1 gave a playlet called "Health in Toyland". The characters were Adele Miller, Rosemary Seiler, Vivienne McQuire, Warren Rogers, Ralph Chamberlain, Ted Agnow, George Semmons, Martha Hewleck, Clare Russell, Dorothy Rothwell, and Ann Kelley. I think the playlet must have been enjoyed by every one, and the colorful costumes of the characters made it more effective.

Selection was then given by the orchestra, "Movement from the 12th. Symphony" by Mozart.

The Hallowe'en program followed. Isabell McIntire told a little about the origin of Hallowe'en. Then L8A-2 presented a play called "Jimmie's Ghosts". It certainly was a Hallowe'en play with all the witches, goblins, and ghosts which were enacted by several pupils. The principal characters were: "Jimmie", Chester Champion and "Mother" Josephine Hagstrom. We don't wonder that little Jimmie in bed was scared of them.

On November 6th, the assembly program began with the usual opening exercises, and several announcements by Mr. Zornow. A playlet followed concerning the Memorial Scholarship Fund, which showed that we should all give our share toward this fund. Characters of this play wear as follows: Beatrice Cattanch, George Simons, Ruth Charles, Ross Weller, Rosemary Sieler,

Adele Miller, Albert Belfert, Jean Obdyke.

A representation of supposed principals from different schools in Rochester was next shown. Each of them in turn reported about pupils of the school they represented who were in need of the Memorial Scholarship Fund; thus showing us the value of the memorial. Those taking part in the representation were: Samuel Stratton, Lois West, Ruth Goodman, James Phillips, Martin Golden, Robert Fellows, Robert Albert, all of L9B-1.

"Our Money Talks" followed by members of 7B-4: James Peck, Kenneth Pfeleger, Edward Smythe, Elwood Gessler, Arthur Risburger, and Everett Brown.

Immediately after a fine message by John Knowles, our president, a film called, "When Dawn Came," was shown.

The assembly, November 13th, opened with the usual opening exercises. Immediately after announcements by Mr. Newhall and the giving of the Girls' Reserve Corps' contribution to the Memorial Scholarship Fund, F8B-1 and F8A-1 sang a selection, "Marseillaise." Then the orchestra played a selection.

A playette was then dramatized, "Mr. Cold Can't Catch Me," by 7B-1. The participants were: Cherry Thorp, Harry Seibert, Bruce Eberwein, Ruby Wright, Allegra Hayes, Charlotte Johnston, Doris Ulp, George Werns, Virginia Day and Arlene Fletcher. It was a very interesting playette and should prove to be helpful to all careless children. "Flashes of the World War" were then shown to us, through the courtesy of Mr. Livingston.

The assembly, November 20th, began with usual opening exercises. The money raised for the Memorial Scholarship Fund, in Madison Junior High School amounted to \$395. Mr. Zornow said it was the largest amount ever raised by Madison. Excerpts from the Senior Play were next shown. The excerpts were taken from the following scenes: "The Birthday Cake," "Scene from Fairyland," "Painting the Clouds with Sunshine," "Real Folks" from Tompkins Corners, and "The Scarecrows." They were very interesting and I think they must have aroused the people's interest enough, so as

to have a large crowd at the play the following Friday.

Assembly singing closed the program.

—Gladys McKellar, L9B-2

Madison Entertained by the Rochester Civic Orchestra

On Friday, October 25th, the students of Madison Junior High School had the unusual privilege of having the Rochester Civic Orchestra play for them in the auditorium, Guy Frazier Harrison conducting. A special assembly was held for this purpose and was not broadcasted.

We were all pleased to have in our own assembly the orchestra whose music we had enjoyed over the radio. Their technique and unusual quality of tone held us spellbound throughout the program. One of the high spots of the program was "Marche Slave" by Tschkousky, which was played so brilliantly and with such vim and vivaciousness.

Now that we have had the opportunity of hearing this accomplished orchestra in our own school, we shall appreciate all the more the radio concerts given by this orchestra every week.

After the concert, a tea was given in the library for the members of the orchestra. Mrs. Sill made a very charming hostess and everyone seemed to be having an enjoyable time. The decorations were yellow and white. Girls from L9B-2 served the refreshments and everything went off smoothly.

—Helen Wheeler and

Jean McKenney, L9B-2

Advice to Seniors

Seniors, Seniors, just understand
When you're at West High you'll not be grand.

You razzed the freshies here, and now
West High will razz you there—And how!
Seniors, Seniors, you're not so grand.

—Jean Perotta, HE8B-1

My Odyssey

Now rosy-fingered dawn rose from her couch to give me a good send-off my last day at No. 16 School.

As I entered the open doors of my classroom, my beloved teacher, Miss R——,

broke into weeping which was good to see, for she was about to lose the best class she ever had.

It was Miss R—— who was my Calypso, for it was she who handed me good advice as food for thought, and a report card as a raft, and thus equipped I left the Isle of 16 and journeyed to Wilson Park.

The storm broke at Madison. Poseidon, spirit of the mob, was there in all his glory, and I never met a stiffer scrimmage than that. When I came out of the smoke, it was to find a dark-haired Nausica in the form of an old friend of mine, and although his arms were far from white, he answered the same purpose for he acted as my guide to the assembly hall.

I was sitting in the assembly hall pondering over my bad fortune when a man came out and raised his hands like a preacher does before a prayer. The crowd subsided. He told us to watch the number on our cards as he called off the grades. Mine was after the vocationals, 7B-1. I can hear it yet. He signalled those that stood up to follow a lady with a kind-looking face; though afterwards when I knew Miss C—— better, I knew that face was very deceptive, for she was a Circe who attracted poor children to her only to fail them and give them trial promotions.

After many days of being called "Freshie," and many nights of hard studying (?) I found myself passing into 7A-1. In 7A-1 I had no bad luck to speak of except to have Mr. P—— for shop.

In F8B-1 the fun began. Scotty furnished most of the amusement, but in F8A-1 he was captured by Polyphemus, the Latin group, and there was great feasting and celebrating in F8A-1. Then the work began. After slaving under Mr. P——, Mr. J——, Miss L——, Miss McG——, and Miss C—— for a term, I found myself entering the first year of High, T9B-1.

In T9B-1 all went smoothly with Miss S—— as home-room teacher, and me slaving as cashier in the teachers' lunch room for fifteen cents a day, which wouldn't buy enough for a sick canary's breakfast, let alone mine.

Then came the Senior term in T9A-1 with a hustle and bustle for senior ties and pants.

I'll never forget the day those pants came. You could have tied Art Glew's around his neck, put Al Barker in with him, and both would have had plenty of elbow room. Jimmy DeCarl's pants were so long he had to have the cuffs raised, and all in all, I do not believe there was a perfect size in the whole class, though there were many perfect fits.

This term is slowly slipping by. Scylla (Miss L——) and Charybdis (Miss S——) will be picking off their victims to stay with them another term, and many of us will be leaving with great grief and mourning to enter West High School, where there will be great feasting and merry-making to do us honor as strangers entering a strange port. So we must pack our dark ships and set sail for another journey, not knowing what Scyllas, Charybdises, Circes, and Polyphemuses lay before us.

—Charles Groet, T9A-1

The girls of C9A-1 had a great deal of fun preparing for their act in Senior Play. We hope everyone enjoyed being entertained by us as much as we enjoyed entertaining.

Two of the boys of L8B-2 aren't National Guards any more. I wonder why!

If L9B-1 doesn't know the difference between an organism and a water cycle, it isn't Mr. Davis' fault.

Helen Wright left C9B-1 for John Marshall High. We miss her very much.

C9A-2 is dismayed because Miss Goddard likes to correspond on yellow paper at this time of the year.

A very exciting spell-down was held between C9A-1 and T9A-1, C9A-1 being the challengers, won. The boys, not being satisfied, challenged us to a return bout. However, C9A-1 are not worrying much about the results.

The Last Will and Testament of C9A-1

The C9A-1 class of January, 1930, being sound of body, but weak in mind and memory, do make and publish this, our last will and testament, in order, as justly as may be, to distribute our interest in the school among succeeding classes. That part of our interests which is known in law and recognized in the sheep-bound volumes as our property, we now proceed to devise and bequeath. Our

right to run through the halls being but a life estate, is not at our disposal, but, all else we bequeath as follows:

Item: To Miss Cuyler, tickets to come to our next Chatterbox Revue, hoping she will enjoy it as much as the last one.

Item: To Miss Goddard, all the credit for our high marks in bookkeeping and all the accounts we didn't close.

Item: To Mr. Casad, the remains of his broken baton that he broke while doing the Irish Reel.

Item: To Miss Davis, all the math problems we couldn't solve and all our typewriting errors, hoping that her next class may work the problems and also find our errors.

Item: To Miss Snow, all the experiments that wouldn't work and all our lessons that we were not approved.

Item: To Miss McCarty, all our dramatic expressions and air pawing gestures.

Item: To Miss Henry, all family problems that are in need of investigation and the pleasure of not having to write any more of our names on the Dis-credit list.

Item: To Miss Ashley, all of the excuses we forgot to bring and our beautifully written compositions.

Item: And last of all, to Mr. Zornow, the proceeds from the senior play and all of our beloved teachers, that need a rest after we leave.

This duly sworn on December fifth, in the year one thousand nine hundred and twenty-nine.

Witnesses:

Mary Lapham
Lois Alexander
Dorothy Flannery

The Class Will of L9A-1

We, the class of L9A-1, after entering a state of sanity for a few minutes, declare this to be our last will and testament:

To Miss Durnin we leave the talking she obtained gratis.

To Mr. Hutchings we leave all of the experiments that were a "fizzle."

To Miss Heaphy we dedicate all of the jokes in this number so that she can provide her future classes with entertainment.

To our successors we leave this informa-

tion:—Beware of Mr. Murray when you are slow in dressing.

To Miss Lockwood we leave all of our jackknives and dressing room articles that she threatened to take.

To Mr. Vialls we leave all of the good drawings that were unknown to us.

To Mrs. King we leave a fortune so that she may supply all her future classes with needles and pins.

To all the teachers who were on lunch-room duty we leave the fondest memories of our lunch-room track team.

To Mrs. Baker we leave all the lipsticks and gum that we left in the dressing rooms.

To Miss McCarty we offer our sincere thanks for the success of the Senior Play.

Written with pen and pencil on this fourth day of December, Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-nine.

Witnesses:—

—Lilian I. Heaphy,
Helen A. Durnin,
Betty Hatch,
Wolcott Marsh,
—L9A-1

Madison's Memorial Scholarship Drive

Whizz Boom! Gone is the glamour and the horror of war. To the memory of its heroes fitting memorials have been erected. A very unique memorial was founded by the children of Rochester at the close of the World War in 1918. This is the Memorial Scholarship Fund.

The fund aids many worthy boys and girls who for one reason or another would have had to leave school and go to work as soon as possible. A certain sum of money is paid weekly to the child or his parents' or guardian. This money is used for school necessities, such as lunches, paper, book rental, etc. It is certainly evident that this memorial will do much more than any statue of bronze or marble.

Madison's annual campaign was launched in the Assembly, November 6th. A few plays were given, after which followed a brief talk by our President, John Knowles. The campaign was run in the following way:

Each fifty cents secured a football. As usual, the boys opposed the girls. In the

front hall a large board was erected to represent a football field upon which the total amount was recorded. The amount received each day indicated that there was a good spirit among the student body.

Many sacrifices were made, but I think the most were made the morning the contest closed. Boys and girls came to school that morning with their usual amount of lunch money. Upon hearing that the opposing side was steadily gaining, they would give ten cents to their own side. Later, perhaps, the same pupils gave five cents to make the price of a ticket. Finally, they gave their last nickle to keep the number of balls earned by the opposing side below theirs. Sacrifices like these are what count. It isn't the amount of money that you give, but it is how you give it that really counts.

Everyone awaited with eagerness the results of the contest which closed at noon Wednesday, November 13th, but the final results were not announced until November 20th. All cheered when the magnificent sum of \$395 was announced in the assembly, and the boys won. This is the largest sum Madison has ever raised for the Memorial Scholarship Fund. Surely, many laudable things will be accomplished with this splendid contribution.

Let us keep up the spirit of doing something for those who have less of this world's goods than we.

—Samuel Stratton, L9B-1

Important!

The Scholarship Committee wishes to state that the name of Kenneth Mason, L8B-1, was unintentionally omitted from the Seventh A Term Honor Roll published in the October Issue of the Madigraph.

F9B-1 aspires to great heights. So far, five feet eight inches is the greatest it has attained.

The girls of C9A-1 enjoyed a Halloween party Thursday afternoon, October 31. Miss Davis, Mr. Curtice and Miss Snow were our honored guests. Prizes were awarded for the most attractive costumes. Exciting games were played and enjoyed by all present. The refreshments were especially enjoyed.

My Own Alphabet

A is for arithmetic which really is Math,
Our teacher for that is Miss McGrath.

B's for Mrs. Baker, she helps us to swim,
But not when we haven't our bloomers for gym.

C is for cooking. We meet there on Monday,
But mother makes us do it on Sunday.

D is for drawing, that period's not long,
Our teacher for that is Miss Armstrong.

E? Oh, that is for English, our teacher is fine.

I hope she appreciates this little rhyme.

F is for failure and that is bad.

I hope I don't have it or 'twill make mother sad.

G represents guidance. I would like it each day,

For I know when the marks come, I will get A.

H is for health. Without it we never obtain wealth.

I is for intelligence we all yearn,

With the aid of our teachers we may learn.

J is for junior, the beginning of high school,
Where we are taught "The Golden Rule."

K is for knowledge that I hope to obtain.

To compete in honors in the years that remain.

L is for lessons that are hard to learn,

But I will get them, if the candles do burn.

M is for music where you must be sedate,

That is one class I will never come late.

—Ruby Wright, 7B-1

The girls of L8B-2 made muffins in cooking. Mr. Woolston and the boys ate them, but I wonder how they survived.

C9A-2 witnesses many debates which are held between V. S. and M. O. All are invited to attend the Scotch-Irish Debate held every day in the week.

A Wonderful School

Oh! school of work, Oh! school of joy,

Oh! school for every girl and boy.

A chance to learn so many things

Was once the wish of Ancient Kings.

So, girls and boys, if you study and learn

You'll be able to get out and earn.

—Myrtle Willis, V7B-2

The Senior Play

The strains of "Painting the Clouds with Sunshine," followed by "Tiptoe Through the Tulips" and "Singin' in the Rain" floated out over the audience. The people settled back in their seats. The talking ceased.

The opening act, part of which has been mentioned above, was given by members of FL9A-2, T9A-1, and V9A-1. This act was punctuated with various dances by members of these grades.

When the applause had died down somewhat, a fairy appeared holding a wand in her hand. She introduced to us the Dutch Twins, Jack, the Giant Killer, Bluebeard, Peter Pan, and others of the fairy kingdom.

After this selection, we were favored by a tap dance by Elmer Myers and Charles Combs of T9A-1. The boys wore their "Tux's" very gracefully. When they were encored, they brought back with them their little lady, Madeline Bartells of C9A-1.

V9A-2 then presented us with "A Birthday Cake." They dramatized the sad story of a girl who though a cake would blow up and burst; and so, to prevent this catastrophe, she ate it, with the help of her friends. When her aunt, who had baked the cake to sell, came home, the curtain closed.

After this dramatization we again had the opportunity of hearing "our" accordionist, Harry Olson, accompanied by the nifty piano player, Bob Browne.

We tuned in on the radio and found that L9A-1 and F9A-1 were broadcasting "Real Folks;" also a little skit entitled "A Studio in Hollywood." We wished the girls who were contesting for the movies the best of luck (which incidentally didn't do them much good). Here again we saw our friend, Robert Brown, in the role of Matthew Tompkins, Mayor of Tompkins' Corners and conductor of the Tompkins' Corners' band. The band was so bad it was good. While the band rehearsed, the Tompkins' Corners' ladies packed the missionary barrel for the heathen. Poor heathen!

The last act was an Irish skit by the girls of C9A-1 called "Fair Day at County Clare." The "boys" looked very spiffy in their "high hattedness," and the girls in their dainty Irish caps and tight bodices. This act was

featured by three solos and a hornpipe dance by Kathleen Thompson. We all agreed with the mayor when he said that we had had a lovely day of it.

As the last notes of "My Wild Irish Rose" swelled out over the audience, the curtain closed for the last time, and we hope the audience went home feeling well contented with the night's performance.

—Kathleen Thompson, C9A-1

Madison's Thanksgiving Donation

If you happened to be near Madison Junior High on a certain Wednesday morning in November, you would see boys and girls on their way to school, laden with mysterious looking boxes and packages. If you were to follow them into their class rooms and see these packages opened, you would be surprised to find all sorts of good things to eat, which were to be put into Thanksgiving baskets, to be given to the poor.

The baskets for each family contained a tender chicken or a juicy roast, surrounded by lettuce, celery, and cabbage. Here and there shone rosy apples and plenty of oranges. Then to these were added jars of pickles, jams, and preserves sent from many homes, all of which helped to make someone happy. In each basket were tea, coffee, or cocoa, packages of figs, dates, and a generous supply of nuts or candy to gladden the hearts of children. St. Lucy's School, being interested in what its big neighbor was doing, sent over a sum of money and some vegetables and sacks of flour. Later the baskets were all left at various homes with a cheery wish for a happy Thanksgiving, bringing the thought to eighty-five families that somebody cared.

—John Knowles, T9A-2

Representatives of the following organizations met with Mrs. Frasier and Miss Burt, Thursday, November 21st, for the purpose of checking on the names handed in for the Thanksgiving donation:

Miss Hopkins, The Social Welfare League; Mrs. Durand and Mrs. Leadley, Department of Charities; Miss Hahn and Miss Stokes, Catholic Charities; Mrs. Rice, Public Health Nursing Association; Mrs. Russ, Supervisor of School Nurses; The School Nurses: Mrs. Earl, Number 3; Mrs. Barber, Number 4; Miss Nelson, Number

16; Mrs. Trentman, Number 19; Mrs. Backus, Number 29; Miss Ames, Number 37; Miss Suhr, Number 44; Miss Reader, The Immaculate Conception; Miss Ryan, St. Lucy's; Miss Egan, S.S. Peter and Paul.

Our Woes

(With Apologies to Lord Byron)

When we two started
In book keeping so dear,
Half our paper was wasted
And covered with tears.
Pale grew our cheeks,
Bitter grew our hearts.
Truly that hour foretold
What we already knew at the start.
—Pearl Stiles and Viola Tolli, C9B-1

Who in F9B-1 is responsible for the "staying-after-school" germ?

M. D. is the comedian of C9B-1. We hope to see her in the movies.

C8A-2 visited the Taylor Instrument Company with Mr. Davis. We know that they enjoyed the trip.

C9B-1 had a baby party at which Misses Watkins, Meun, Thurston, and Miss Dillaugh were guests.

Mrs. Shaddock thinks the L8B-2 after-school-math class knows their work better. They don't seem to agree with her.

C9B-3 has a great historian by name? Oh, knowledge, supreme is his goal if you know whom we mean. H. H. will soon be writing history books.

Roman Weapons

The members of L8B-1 have been interested in building models of implements used in ancient Roman days. We started with building some very small shields and short swords, models, of course, and soon the interest seemed to take hold of every boy, for soon Miss McKelvie's bookstand was crowded with models of scuta, gladii, pila, and galeae. There were also models of lecti, and mensae. The next additions to our arsenal were two life-sized shields, with the insignia and mottoes inscribed on them. We hope in the near future that we can

build a complete Roman village with baths, arenas, and villas.

—Hoer Roberts, L8A-1

Vocational Shops

By Fred Perrotta, Industrial Arts Reporter

Mr. Jermyn's Cabinet Making Shop is making tables, chairs, stands, etc., for the exhibits which will be held in the school later in the term, and is making cabinets and other equipment for other schools. (Visitors are welcome. Come and see the Shop).

The Commercial Art Shop is making Christmas Display Cards, Novel Cutouts for windows, and the term Honor Roll. Large posters on fibre-board are a new project in this shop. They also make designs for The Madigraph Cover.

The Sheet Metal Shop is making parts of the new music stands for the school. The boys in the shops are also making wrought iron lamps, fern stands, etc. The boys enjoy this shop very much. They claim that Mr. Geddes is a very good teacher (Visitors are welcome).

The boys in the Gas Engine Shop fix motors of different autos and planes. A new Ford motor came in the shop in parts and it is nearly ready to run. The boys in the shop enjoy the work very much (Visitors are welcome).

The boys in the Machine Shop are making bench lathes, drill presses, gear dies, screw drivers, etc. They also are making parts of the new music stands for the school. The boys are very interested in this shop. Come and see our new display of machines. All visitors are welcome.

The boys in the print shop have a very interesting job. One of their jobs is the printing of The Madigraph and they enjoy doing it.

C9A-1 Suggestions

On dark and dreary mornings when the teacher comes to unlock her door, she cannot find the keyhole. We suggest lights over the door.

The pupils on the third floor who are getting thin from climbing the stairs suggest that elevators be put into the building.

CLUBS

The Bridge Club

A new club in Madison is the Bridge Club which meets every Monday after school. Most of us are beginners, but we all hope to become bridge champions in the near future.

—Helen Noblett, F8A-1

The Aviation Club

The purpose of the Aviation Club is to help the boys in the making of planes and other things pertaining to aviation. We have had many interesting reels of moving pictures on the first planes and on aviation. The board of the club has adopted a new system under which the boys are in groups according to the planes they have built. These groups are Probationary, Junior, and Senior. The Club seems to be very popular for there are new boys coming in continuously. Every member is trying to get the record for flying an indoor plane. Some of the planes fly from fifty seconds to a minute. The best planes will be exhibited at the Club exhibition, which will be held in the near future.

—Frank Micket, F8A-1

Christmas Gift Club

The Christmas Gift Club has a membership of twenty-six girls. They were all anxious to solve the problem of Christmas gifts. Fond mothers and friends no doubt received charming gifts from these girls.

An exhibition of their work was on display in the lobby during Christmas time. Did you stop around to see these gifts?

The Book Lovers' Club is a very worth while club. The boys and girls come in and read for an hour any book that they care to. They are not disturbed by the radio, or brother pounding on his airplane, or mother telling little sister to be quiet. If you just can't find time to read, why don't you take an hour each week and give it to a good book and the Book Lovers' Club?

What could be more attractive and cheerful about home than flowers? The girls in

the Dennison Club make very attractive paper flowers, and anyone would wish to have them about. Flowers are not always in bloom; so these girls have decided to make up for it.

The Lamp-shade Club

Nineteen girls are registered in Lamp-shade Club. The girls are very much interested in their work. They are making and have made lovely lamp-shades for their own rooms. They buy their own material, and what lovely material it is! Every girl would want such an attractive addition to her room. The girls learn how to make the lamp-shades quickly and deftly.

The Madison Cheer Club

The Cheer Club is still doing good work. In the club this term are ten girls, who are all eager to make sick people happy. The girls send cards, books, fruit, and flowers to teachers and students who are ill. Everyone in Madison should know about this club and support it in its splendid work. Many a teacher and pupil have been made happy by the little gifts from the club.

Basketry Club

The boys and girls in Basketry Club enjoy their work very much. They make baskets of all shapes and sizes and for all purposes, such as vase holders, novelty baskets, and gifts. The knowledge of making reed or willow baskets is also useful when time for giving presents comes around. They make lovely presents, too.

The Swimming Club

The girls who have joined the Swimming Club realize that swimming is one of the finest recreations there is. Each girl tries to accomplish one certain thing and more if possible during the period. We learn to dive, swim, tread water, float, and do many of the hour, we may do whatever we please. other stunts. Five minutes before the close

—Frances Forest, F8A-1

ATHLETICS

Swimming Clubs

The members of the Junior Life Saving Club have been working very hard this term on the different requirements necessary to pass the life-saving test; so they may get their badges and pins. Each week some new requirement is taught to the girls, such as: the tired swimmer's carry, the underwater approach to a drowning person, artificial respiration, the cross-chest carry, and others. The girls are just learning how to do the step. They first practice on land for a short time, and then they try it in the water.

Right after the Christmas vacation the girls will start passing the test; so that by the end of the term almost every member in the club should have passed the test, and become a member of the Life Saving Crew.

The members of the Intermediate Swimmers' Club on Monday, have been working very hard also. So far this term eleven girls have passed from an intermediate swimmer (green cap) to an advanced swimmer (white cap) and joined White Cap Club to start working for their Madison "M's." The girls who have passed the test are as follows:

Angela Vacarro, FL9A-2; Betty Cole, FL8B-3; Lillian Croud, C9A-2; Jean Donovan, C9A-2; Arline Fletcher, 7B-1; Martha Hulek, L9B-1; Margaret Iggleden, L9A-1; Doris King, 7A-1; Grace Moffelt, 7B-1; Lillian Walker, L8B-1; Betty Walker, 7A-2.

And very soon many more of the members of this club hope to have passed the test and become "white caps" too.

Some white cap girls have very kindly offered to help teach the girls in green cap club. They are:

Ruth Dains, L9B-2; Gertrude Walker, C9A-1; Nancy Case, C8A-2; Dorothea Dreger, L9A-1; Florence Tilden, FL9A-2; Beatrice Cattanach, L8B-1.

Home-room Tournament Games

It has been very interesting to watch the different home-room teams play in the tour-

namment games, making a great effort to win so that they might receive their numerals at the end of the term. It has been remarkable to note the good playing by every team. Each team played fair and square, and they displayed wonderful team work, playing together as one.

It must be remembered that in tournament games it is not only who wins and gets the highest score, but also how good they play.

The 7B's were especially good, since they had never played Hit-Pin Baseball before. There were two grades whose playing was quite remarkable. They had good captains and good basemen, and the nice thing about it was, they played very quietly.

The home-room teams that have won the games so far this term and their captains are:

L8B-1, June Walker; C8B-1, Carmen Smith; F8B-1, Betty Hart; C8B-2, Amerio Firpo; 7A-3, Marjorie Hefferman; 7A-5, Virginia Moyer; 7A-1, Peggy Rathburn; 7B-1, Virginia Day; 7B-5, Mary Ellen Johnson; 7B-7, Florence Helm; 7B-3, Geraldine Grimshaw; FL9A-2, Eleanor Hill; F9A-1, Eleanor Hagen; C9A-1, Dorothy Miller.

—Norval Kramer, Athletic Editor.

Soccer

Madison vs. Monroe

First Quarter

Both Monroe's and Madison's teams were about the same. While Monroe had no hard kickers, she had some crafty ones. Bill Sabitini got a free kick, but failed to score. The ball was dribbled down the field, and then passed to Cleveland, who scored the first and only goal of the game. Score at end of first quarter:—Monroe 0, Madison 1.

Second Quarter

Both teams rush in, Madison feeling confident, while Monroe seemed determined to score one or more goals. Monroe took the ball down towards Madison's goal, where a

Madison man kicked the ball out, the result being that Monroe received a corner kick. A goal for Monroe seemed almost certain, but because of the excellent playing of Bob Brown, who played goal, Monroe did not score. Monroe received a free kick because one of Madison's men touched the ball with his hands. Monroe again fails to score. Score at end of second quarter:—Monroe 0, Madison 1.

Third Quarter

Both teams are slowing down now, showing that they played too hard during the first half of the game. The ball was dribbled down towards Monroe's goal. When it seemed as though Madison would score again, one of Monroe's men kicked the ball out, giving Madison a corner kick. Sabitini placed the ball almost perfectly, but Monroe held their own and Madison was not able to score again. Score at end of third quarter:—Monroe 0, Madison 1.

Fourth Quarter

Both teams have slowed down considerably. Madison gets a free kick because of "hands" on a Monroe man, but Sabitini, who does not seem to be playing his best game, puts the ball outside the goal posts, giving Monroe a goal kick. One of Monroe's men took the ball that the goaly had kicked, and dribbled it down to Madison's goal, where Bob Brown again stops Monroe from scoring. Final score:—Monroe 0, Madison 1.

Jefferson vs. Madison

The soccer game between Jefferson and Madison was played at Edgerton Park, where the game had the attention of about five hundred people.

First Quarter

Both teams are taking it easy so that they will be able to go strong at the most important part of the game, which, of course, is the fourth quarter. Madison's front line took the ball right through Jefferson's team and Sabitini kicked a low fast ball for a goal. Jefferson begins to wake up and play real soccer. Murphy and Bennett both went after Jefferson's fullback. The three of them went down in a heap, the results being that Jefferson's fullback's arm was broken in two places. Score at end of first quarter:—Jefferson 0, Madison 1.

Second Quarter

Jefferson's team put plenty of fight into the game, the results being that Jefferson got a goal. Jefferson again takes the ball and went through the line like a flash, but because of the excellent playing of Bob Brown, who was playing goal, they did not score. Score at end of second quarter:—Jefferson 1, Madison 1.

Third Quarter

Both teams rush in with much fury. The coaches of both teams declare that this was the roughest game ever played by junior high schools. "Buck" Pierson sinks a pretty shot from one side of the field. Jefferson gets the ball, goes right through Madison's team, and scores another goal. Madison took several shots at the goal, and at last scored another goal. Ray Cleveland was following the ball up the field when a Jefferson man tripped him, the result being a strained back and a dislocated knee-cap. Jefferson received a penalty kick on which they scored. Score at end of third quarter:—Jefferson 3, Madison 3.

Fourth Quarter

Jefferson's forward kicked a long shot near the goal. Morlont's hard kicking forward of Madison miscalculated the ball and let it slip over his head into Madison's goal. For no reason Jefferson's forward kicked "Buck" Pierson in the ankle—almost broke it. Score at end of last quarter:—Jefferson 4, Madison 3.

C8A-1 won a tournament which was played against F8A-1.

L8B-1 girls won their second game of hit pin baseball, but lost the first.

L8B-1 need not worry about their girls' tournament games as they have Mickey McGuire (herself) as pitcher.

The girls of C9B-2 are practicing hard to win another game like the one against C9B-3. The score was 20-14.

C8B-1, Miss Davis's home room, have one more game of hit-pin to play. They have played hard this term and have won all games so far.

JESTER'S CORNER

Ask R. S. of L9B-1 who the famous Roman, Horshus, is.

Dr. Quack: "Plenty of exercise will kill all germs."

Patient: "But how can you get them to exercise?"

The following information was contributed by a bright 9A student on a Latin test: "The centaur was the place where dead horses and the skulls of men were kept."

Teacher: "What is the interest on a thousand dollars for one year at two per cent—Ikey, pay attention!"

Ikey: "For two per cent. I'm not interested."

Teacher: "Who discovered America?"

Jimmy: "Ohio."

Teacher: "No, Jimmy, Columbus discovered America."

Jimmy: "Yes, ma'am, Columbus was his first name."

Mandy: "Yo-all reminds me of one of them flying machines."

Rastus: "How cum, woman, how cum?" 'Cause I is such a high flyer?"

Mandy: "No, sah; it's jest 'cause you ain't no use on earth."

"What is the matter?" asked the mother of a six-year-old girl as she came home almost in tears after her first day in school.

"I don't like the teacher," she said.

"Why, you hardly know her. What has she done to you?"

"When I went in, she said, 'You sit here for the present,' and she never brought it."

"Are you a doctor?" she asked the young man at the soda fountain.

"No, madam," he replied, "I'm a fizician."

Flossie: "Is horse-back riding helping Miss Stout to reduce?"

Fleecy: "Yes, she began to fall off right away."

Passenger: "Why are we so late?"

The Porter: "Well, sah, de train in front is behind, and we was behind before besides."

First Tourist: "So, you've been abroad? How do you like Venice?"

Second Tourist: "I only stayed a few days—the whole place was flooded."

Dinner Guest: "Ah, the table is groaning with good things to eat."

Willie: "That ain't the table that's groaning. It's Dad. He's counting up what the dinner cost him."

Mother (after relating a pathetic story): "Now, Reggie, wouldn't you like to give your bunny to that poor little boy you saw today who hasn't any father?"

Reggie (clutching rabbit): "Couldn't we give him father instead?"

A little girl in the fourth grade was having a geography test. One of the questions was "Who lives near the North Pole?" The answer on Dora's paper was Santa Claus. Later when asked why she had said Santa Claus, she answered, "I couldn't spell Eskimos."



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