

# THE MADIGRAPH

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Local History Division  
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115 South Avenue  
Rochester, New York 14604



## MADISON'S ALMA MATER

*Tunes 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.

### Editorial Staff

Ernest Huey .....	<i>Editor-in-chief</i>
Martha Bradford and Ruth Hegenauer .....	<i>Associate Editors</i>
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## The January Class of 1933

by Theodore A. Zornow, Principal

When this issue of the Madigraph is distributed, the graduation of our first senior high school class will be at hand. Although this class is small in numbers, nevertheless it enjoys a distinction that will always cling. It is the pioneer class.

This first graduating class will be remembered not only because it has been first but more particularly because of another fact — one which carries a much more personal implication for the class. It will be remembered primarily because of the unusual earnestness of purpose that has been exhibited by each and every member of the class. During the past three years one fact has been very frequently the subject of comment on the part of all who have worked with or who have known the class. That fact has been the earnestness, the perseverance, and the high degree of interest that has been so characteristic of the class.

Probably no single factor is more important to success than is intensity of interest—devotion to one's task. An interesting example is that of John Robert Gregg who gave us our popular shorthand system. During his school days, he was considered rather

dull. Other members of the family were brilliant which only made his shortcomings the more noticeable. There was an idea in the boy's mind, however, in which he most earnestly believed. He thought that he could develop it for the use, not only of himself, but also for the use of others. So day after day he toiled. His determination never faltered. The result was that this boy, who was considered quite dull during his school days, produced a system of shorthand writing that has saved the time of thousands of business men and has made clerical work infinitely easier for innumerable stenographers. Gregg's earnestness of purpose brought him great personal success and made him a benefactor of mankind. The goal that we set for ourselves is the one that we will attain if we believe in ourselves and if we steadfastly persist even though it may require a great struggle to accomplish the end.

The class of January 1933 has earned the respect and won the admiration of both teachers and students. We all join in offering our warmest congratulations and add our sincerest good wishes for continued success on the part of the individual members of the class.

### To Mr. Zornow

We, the class of January 1933, wish to express our deep gratitude to our principal, Mr. Zornow, for the patience and kindness he has shown in dealing with our problems and demands. He has never been too busy to listen to our class problems and has always done his utmost to assist us in all of our ventures. To him goes the credit of making Madison the fine educational institution that it is today. We are proud indeed to call Mr. Zornow our friend and his memory shall always be cherished by each and every one of us.

—Bill Better, 12A.

### Our Friend and Teacher

We, the class of January 1933, cannot express in words the feeling we have for our friend and teacher, Miss. Jessie Cosgrove. She has been much more to us than simply our home-room teacher. She has been the first one we turned to with our troubles, personal as well as class troubles. No problem of ours has ever appeared hopeless to her and no task too great. It was through her efforts that many of us were able

to be members of this graduating class instead of next June's. Always cheerful and good natured she seems more like one of us students in the tolerant way that she has looked upon our practical jokes. In leaving Madison we carry with us the fondest memories of her as the one person whose every thought was to make our stay in Madison one that we could look back to with pride and pleasure. —Bill Better, 12A

### Class Advisers

Mr. Newhall.

Mrs. Frasier.

Co-chairmen.

Miss Cosgrove.

Mrs. Palmer.

Mr. Roller.

Miss Thurston.

Mr. Woolston.

Knowledge is, indeed, that which, next to virtue, truly and essentially raises one man above another. — *Addison*.

Dean W. Astles, 30 Elgin Street. Prepared Number 19. Undecided. "Steam Boat." One of the triumvirate: Dean, Don, Jim.

William A. Better, 173 Clifton Street. Prepared Mount Morris, New York. Undecided. "Bill." Second Walter Winchell. Reserve Soccer Team, '30-'31-'32; edited Scandal Sheet, '31-'32; Madigraph reporter; charter member of Hi-Y; Senior Play.

John H. Craft, 294 Magnolia Street. Prepared Number 19. Post Graduate. "Johnny," the curly-headed boy about the corridors; Standard Beaver, '32; President of Student Union, September-January '32; Manager of Basketball Team, '33.

Lillian J. Crouch, 22 Judson Street. Prepared Number 29. Mechanics. "Red." Our serious thinker. Member of Girls' Service Committee.





Arthur Davis, 701 Woodbine Avenue. Prepared Number 37. Undecided. "Art" Shadow; Senior Play.



Frederick A. Dawson, 223 Brooks Avenue. Prepared Number 37. Mechanics. "Fred." "What, no Mickey Mouse!" Senior Dramatics; Senior Play.



James J. DeCarlis, 22 Jefferson Terrace. Prepared Number 4. Undecided. "Jimmy." One of the triumvirate: Dean, Dan, Jim. Chairman of Literary Committee; Scholarship Committee.



Salvatore F. Di Schino, 578 Smith Street. Prepared Number 17. Clarkson Tech. "Sally, the Smiler." Sports Reporter; Senior Play.



Eula M. Ethengain, 163 Tremont Street. Prepared Number 3. Mechanics. "Slim." "Second Madame De Farge." Guardian of the flag, '33; Senior Play.

Florence A. Foreman, 58 Sawyer Street. Prepared Number 16. Eastman School of Music. "Boots." Always on the go. Health Committee Cabinet; Senior Play.



Eleanor C. Hagen, 65 Farragut Street. Prepared Number 44. Undecided. "Honey." Never available after school hours. Secretary of Class of January '33; Captain of Swimming Team '30; Senior Play.



Donald B. Howe, 40 Thurston Road. Prepared Number 16. Undecided. "Don," one of the triumvirate: Dean, Don, Jim.



Bruce L. Kelley, 39 Congress Avenue. Prepared Number 32. Undecided. "Kelley." Always glad when the day is over. The only radio operator in Madison. W8ACY.



Fern W. Miles, 124 Spruce Avenue. Prepared Number 37. Business. "Snook." The girl everyone likes. President of Senior High Organization '30-'31; Secretary of Senior High Organization, '31; Vice-president of Class of January '33.





Alfred J. Morlante, 804 Exchange Street. Prepared Number 32. Clarkson Tech. "Al," the man with the world-wide personality; President of Student Union, January-September, '31; Reserve Basketball Team, '30, '31, '32; Reserve Basketball Team, '30, '31, '32; Captain of Interscholastic Soccer Team, '32; President of Senior Class, January '33; Senior Play.



Virginia D. Page, 146 Devenshire Court. Prepared Number 44. Undecided. "Ginger." The girl with the soft voice.



Daniel J. Peacock, 84 Penhurst Street. Prepared Number 16. Mechanics. "Dan." How he can blush! Treasurer of Senior Class, January, '33; Senior Play.



Daniel F. Pooley, 336 Columbia Avenue. Prepared Number 19. Business. "Dan." Madison's play boy; Glee Club; Orchestra, '30-'31; Band, '30-'31; Baseball Team, '30-'31; Manager of Soccer Team, '32; Chairman of Tag Day Committee; Senior Play.



Henry W. Smith, 5 Harlow Park. Prepared Number 32. Undecided. "Bud." He likes moonlit terraces. Chairman of Health Committee; Sports Reporter.

Lillian H. Young, 80 Reynolds Street. Prepared Number 3. Mechanics. "Slim." "Second Madame De Farge." Guardian of the Flag, '33; Senior Play.



Marion H. Young, 80 Reynolds Street. Prepared Number 3. Mechanics. "Mickie." The artistic girl.



## AN APPRECIATION

Alfred J. Morlante, 12A

We, the first graduating class of Madison Senior High Department, wish to express our deep appreciation to Mr. Zornow. He has been helpful to our class in every activity that we have undertaken during our high school years. To our class advisers we also extend our thanks for their untiring efforts in all our activities.

We wish to express our sincere regret in having to sever those

friendships that it has taken us six years to form. We shall remember our pleasant years in Madison when we are confronted with problems which are undoubtedly near at hand and those that will confront us in later years. We shall always remember our principal, our teachers, and our school standards, and we promise to uphold those standards ever in the same way it would be expected of us if we were again within the walls of Madison High.



### The Junior High Graduating Class — January 1933

School Motto: "Attempt-Accomplish"

#### CLASS OFFICERS

Grace Phelps	<i>President</i>	Mary M. Anderson	<i>Secretary</i>
Bruce De Neve	<i>Vice-president</i>	Darwin Shaw	<i>Treasurer</i>

#### HONOR STUDENTS

The following honor students have maintained a high record in scholarship and citizenship throughout their work in Madison. To them will be awarded the Madison gold honor pin, the highest honor awarded by the school at graduation from the Junior High School.

Dorothy Lou Allen	Ernest Gietz	Janet McCord
Mary Margaret Anderson	Jean Hall	John McIntee
Emma Barstow	Marion Harmon	Lorraine Morcom
Winifred Courtney	Ruth Hegnauer	Dorothy Reedhead
Vincent De Trinco	Mildred Jacob	Dorothy Rowits
Robert Frazer	Betty Kumbo	Ramon Santiago
Jacob Freda	William MacDonald	Virginia Tickell
Arline French	Wayne Martin	Wilbur Wright
		Dorothea Wyckoff

#### 9A Term Honor Roll

Dorothy Lou Allen	Burton Hineline	Earl Quinn
Mary Margaret Anderson	Mildred Jacob	Dorothy Reedhead
Emma Barstow	Verne Johns	Dorothy Rowits
Winifred Courtney	Mary Kingston	Ramon Santiago
Vincent De Trinco	Wayne Martin	Audrey Short
Jacob Freda	Janet McCord	Howard Tickell
Ernest Gietz	John McIntee	Virginia Tickell
Marion Harmon	Lorraine Morcom	Wilbur Wright
Ruth Hegnauer	Esther Powell	Dorothea Wyckoff

## The Senior Class

Mae Achen	Lorraine Morcom	Raymond Cihan	William MacDonald
Mary Ades	Margaret Ruth Nevis	Richard Clarke	Louis Magro
Dorothy Lou Allen	Evelyn Newman	Frank Coe	Wayne Martin
Helen Amdursky	Dorothy Packard	Robert Cook	Frank Martone
Mary Margaret Anderson	Augusta Pannoni	John Cosmos	John H. Matheson
Nina Apfel	Olive Peake	Ross Cuddeback	Ellery McClements
Emma Jean Barstow	Jennie Perry	Chauncey Curtis	John McIntee
Geraldine Barth	Annie Peturzella	Neill Dalton	Ralph Medland
Jennie Bartlett	Grace Phelps	Albert DeCarlis	Stephen Mikina
Frances Bates	Esther Powell	Bruce DeNeve	Franklin Miller
June Beyer	Virginia Purves	Elmer DePalma	Alan Norton
Marjorie Beyer	Fern Reama	Robert Derham	Bernard O'Brien
Violet Blum	Dorothy Reedhead	Charles Dick	Adrian O'Connell
Muriel Bradstreet	Virginia Rodjen	Vincent Ditrinco	Elmer Page
Margaret Brainard	Eleanor Ross	Roy Dumphy	Robert Paviour
Margaret Brewer	Dorothy Rowits	Charles Earle	Robert Pigage
Charlotte Burroughs	Anne Sanders	Ernest Eckleben	William Potter
Ada Cabic	Lillian Sanders	Jacob Epper	Edward Powers
Justine Conway	Helen Schieffelin	Jacob Eygabroat	Frank Prickett
Victoria Cosmos	Ruth Schoenheit	Herbert Fagan	Ralph Pritchard
Winifred Courtney	Audrey Short	Armand Favreau	Earl A. Quinn
Dellah Cranston	Dorothy Siggelko	Joseph Federico	George Reisinger
Mary D'Amico	Jane Slorah	Carl Fetz	Jack Rice
Viola Davies	Elizabeth Spade	Cornelius Fisher	Harry Riddlespraker
Anna DeRose	Stella Thomas	William Fogarty	Donald Robertson
Grace Dimino	Virginia Tickell	Robert Frazer	Joseph Ryan
Janet Doe	Mary Tucker	Jacob Freda	Ramon Santiago
Anita Eldridge	Congetta Tufano	Richard Gaesser	Wyburn Scharet
Arline French	Jane Uffert	William Gardiner	Bertram Schusterbauer
Josephine Fusco	Gertrude Wiard	Russell Garrison	George Schwind
Mary Galletto	Ruth Willis	Elwood Gessner	Richard Scobell
Dorothy Garrett	Ruth Wing	Ernest Gietz	Darwin Shaw
Gladys Getman	Genevieve Wood	Walter Glew	Arthur Simpson
Lillian Glitch	Lillian Worden	John Haege	James Smith
Jean Hall	Geraldine Writz	Carl Hamblin	Lester Smith
Muriel Hall	Dorothea Wyckoff	Leroy Hardick	Robert Smith
Jessie Handy	Kathryn Yackel	Donald Harrington	George Stockin
Marian Harmon	Dorothy Young	Peter Hauck	Vincent Stout
Ruth Hegnauer	Ferman Adams	John Herring	Howard Tickell
Evelyn Hopper	Foster Aldridge	Burton Hineline	Frank Townsend
Helen Imfelt	Wilford Alexander	Giles Hobin	David Van Winkle
Mildred Jacob	Willard Atkinson	Carl Hoffman	Eugene Walker
Mary Jermyn	Edwin Barron	Herbert Hoffman	Herbert Wallace
Cervia Jeroy	Vernon Belknap	Richard Hughey	Frank Walzer
Edna Jeroy	William Berkowitz	Howard Jermyn	William Ward
Mary Kingston	Frederick Beyer	John Jermyn	Francis Warnock
Jeannette Klute	Robert Bingham	Verne Johns	Frederick Waterman
Lorraine Kumbo	Ronald Bogardus	Gordon Kimble	Frank Weston
Helen Loveny	Wilson Boyce	Jack Knabb	William Wheeler
Inez Lyddon	Leonard Brasch	Nelson LaDuke	John Williams
Doris Mahon	Elwyn Brown	Charles Lapham	William Winchell
Pearl H. Maier	Clarence Buckley	Louis Leone	Stephen Wing
Vincenza Marcucci	William Burton	Ervin Lessord	Walter Withers
Janet McCord	Frederick Butler	Gordon Lewis	Wilbur Wright
Margaret Miller	Robert Case	Ralph Lippa	Harold Young
Ruth Miller	Frederick Charles	William Locke	Victor Zeppetelli
Deda Milonas	Donald Chase	Raymond Londerville	Nicholas Zinni

## LITERARY

## It's the Man Who Pays

It seems to be my misfortune to become entrapped in numerous situations from which I must extricate myself by paying a substantial amount of my hard earned money. This particular occasion will remain long in my memory, principally, because it cost me a full week's wages.

While strolling through a popular restaurant, I happened to meet three of my young lady friends and was invited to dine with them. Of course I could not refuse. (Who could refuse three beautiful girls?) I sat down at the table with visions of money flying from my outstretched hands. When I called for the check, however, all three girls protested that it was leap year and all three demanded the check, much to my surprise. All three, however, of course, could not pay one check so I conceived a brilliant idea, at least I thought it was brilliant at the time.

"Well," I said, "suppose each of you writes a parody. The one writing the worst parody pays the check." The plan was immediately agreed to, but, sad to say, I was chosen judge. I should have foreseen that. The girls decided to make their theme, *Novel Reading Gives One a Headache*; and, accordingly each began to write industriously. Finally the first effort was finished. It read thus . . .

When that October with his shrouds  
colde,  
Hath stopped politicians seken golde,  
And maken in the nation such an Eden  
That folks are left a little time for  
readen.

Than goon the students home with merry  
chere,  
But lo! the books are dull in such man-  
nere,

As to give them all an achen in the  
heade,  
And maken them to wish that they were  
deade;

But if they goon and throw the books  
away,  
They'll find the achen hasn't come to  
stay.

Making no comment on this piece of work, I received the second copy. It follows:

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I  
pondered, weak and weary,  
Over many a famous novel by an author  
known of yore,  
Came into my head a clapping, and it  
was no gentle tapping,  
As of mighty hammers rapping on the  
portals of a door.  
More than that,—yes much, much more.  
But I continued lumbering—though with  
my mind was all but slumbering—  
Through those many famous novels by  
the authors known of yore,  
While the pounding still increasing, never  
ceasing, still increasing,  
Drove me frantic with its beating, still  
increasing more and more,  
Kept increasing, ever more,  
Now my mind was slowly waking to  
that slow incessant aching.  
So I rose and shut the books and threw  
them all outside my door.  
Then the pounding stopped increasing  
and began a slow decreasing,  
Finally entirely ceasing—gone that pierc-  
ing to the core.  
I hope it's stopped, forever more.  
But a step I've never taken, toward the  
lonely books forsaken,  
In the pallid small wastebasket just out-  
side my chamber door,  
For my head—I'm very wary—I shall  
never never bury  
In these dry and dreary novels in the  
basket by my door.  
I shall read them, nevermore.

Mechanically, I accepted the third  
parody as it was handed to me.  
Here it is . . .

Listen my children and you shall hear  
A tale of a midnight, cold and drear.  
The wind was howling outside my door  
And the snow was falling as never  
before.

So I took a novel and began to read  
Of many a sympathy rousing deed.  
I hadn't read long ere I understood  
Why novels, by pupils, are labeled "no  
good."

I suddenly saw, as I rapidly read,  
Why authors like these are referred to  
as dead.

I continued to read them, nevertheless,  
'Til I was embroiled in an intricate mess.  
Continuing to read, for honesty's sake,  
I found I'd received a terrific headache.  
This was too much, I accordingly threw  
The books out the door. Now I ask,  
"Wouldn't you?"

The rest of the facts I shall not mince.  
I've touched no novels ever since.

Well, gentle reader, since you  
have read the parodies you should  
know as well as I who paid the  
bill. You're right. I did.

—Lenard B. Griffen, 12B.

A Delightful Time Was Had  
By Nearly All

## HOOEY PRESS DISPATCH

New York City

January 1, 1950

Early this morning Mr. Ernest Charles Huey left his extensive suite of offices, covering the first five floors of the Hooley Press Building. He stopped at Joe's place for a cup of coffee and two fried cakes, giving Joe a quarter tip. Joe, becoming suspicious on learning that it was a genuine quarter, reported the incident to the police, but Mr. Huey had disappeared. Later he was reported boarding a north-bound train at the New York Central depot. Mr. Huey's physician reported that Mr. Huey had only 24 hours to live on account of a terribly bad sore toe.

## HOOEY PRESS DISPATCH

Rochester, N. Y.

January 2, 1950

The Rochester City Department reported the presence of Mr. Ernest Huey, the noted publisher, in Rochester today. The police had watched all trains, but, due to Mr. Huey's having been thrown from the train by the conductor and six prize fighters on account of having lost his ticket, they failed to see him enter the city. Mr. Huey had spent about twenty hours in this city before his presence was discovered by the police (they wanted to escort him). Mr. Huey, a former Madisonian, had been in Rochester on definite business.

During his attendance at Madison, Mr. Huey, a brilliant and conscientious student, always earned very high marks, but cruel, unreasonable teachers always gave him low marks on account of the grudge they had against him. So, when Mr. Huey learned of his scheduled demise at an early date he feared that the culprits would escape just punishment and hastened to Rochester to do what he could about it.

When he arrived in Rochester, he quickly located Miss Yancey, a former English teacher. At the point of a super-double machine gun Mr. Huey compelled her to read Chaucer and Shakespeare (especially Shakespeare) until she repented having caused so much misery and promised to spend the rest of her life in the interests of high school students who have too much homework.

His next call was at the home of a former history teacher, named Cottonton. This teacher had been a particularly bad offender, often having given Mr. Huey a "D," and even an "E," just because of a personal grudge. Even Mr. Huey modestly admits that he earned an "A," at least. Using the same methods as before, Mr. Huey compelled him to write sixteen reports on everything from constitutional monarchies to the conditions of the Swiss navy. Before Mr. Cottonton had finished his task, he had repented his evil ways and resolved to go straight. Mr. Huey then marked all sixteen of these efforts with a super "E," and left.

The next object of Mr. Huey's attention was Mr. Hurtus, a teacher who had once attempted to teach him physics and chemistry. He entered the home of this teacher and commanded him to work all the problems in six different science books. Of course Mr. Hurtus did not succeed in working many of the problems, and Mr. Huey thought perhaps he should be shot at once; but at this point, the police intervened and made Mr. Huey surrender his weapon. However, Mr. Hurtus is said to have learned his lesson and will no longer ask ridiculous questions about specific weight or the molecular atomic and electronic theories.

Last night a tremendous demonstration, led by the Madison alumn-

ni, was made in celebration of Mr. Huey's great work. After the demonstration Mr. Huey left for New York, his only regret being that he could not find Miss Bugle, his former algebra teacher. She is said to have often expected him to do five problems for home work. In his righteous indignation Miss Bugle of course could expect no mercy had Mr. Huey located her.

(Ed. note: Mr. Huey's life has fortunately been increased a great many years on account of his sore toe being O. K. after his activities in Rochester).



### My Grandmother

If I had been an artist, I should have had a desire to paint just such a picture as this.

My invalid grandmother was sitting, as usual, in her large, blue easy chair which was drawn close beside a large window overlooking her old-fashioned garden. The sunlight, streaming through the sashes, seemed to form a halo above the snowy hair. Her eyes were slightly squinted from watching the wrinkled hands and the busily flying hook. Her shoulders drooped a bit under an orchid shawl. Her lavender gingham dress was surrounded at the waist by a starched and ruffled white apron. Her feet rested on a small, blue stool, beside which, lay a pair of crutches. The wide, white windowsill held a vase of fragrant pink and white carnations which she had received on Mother's Day. Beside the carnations was a large, brown work-basket heaped with balls of light colored cloth.

Not being able to color my picture as an artist does, I have tried to express it in words.

— Lucille Williams, 10A-5

### "Quand je serai vieux"

Quand je serai vieux, je serai riche. Je serai un médecin fameux. Tout le monde aura entendu parler de moi, comme le grand docteur américain. Je demeurerai à Paris dans une grande maison. Je fonderai une école de médecine. J'enverrai à cette école des garçons pauvres. Je donnerai de l'argent aux indigents. J'améliorerai le monde comme personne ne l'a amélioré avant mon temps. Mon nom sera connu par tout le monde et je recevrai beaucoup de lettres de mes nombreux amis. Monsieur H. J. Ford et Monsieur J. P. Morgan seront considérés poutres côté de moi.

Mais si je n'ai pas beaucoup d'argent quand je serai vieux, je serai Roi des Pauvres.

—Loren K. Hutchinson, 11B-5.



### Il y a Deux Mille Années

"Mais, monsieur, je vous en prie, il est absolument nécessaire que ma femme—" "Je vous ai dit que je comprends cela, mon ami. Il n'y a pas de place pour elle. On a pris toutes les chambres," a répondu l'aubergiste en secouant la tête.

"Si votre femme, comme la mienne, allait avoir son aîné, si personne dans la ville ne pouvait vous donner d'abri—" a continué celui-là en tenant les mains vers l'aubergiste dans son angoisse.

"Eh bien. Allez dans l'écurie. Vous aurez un toit au-dessus de la tête au moins."

"Ah, je vous remercie de tout mon cœur, monsieur, Je n'oublierai jamais votre bonté. Merci. Merci bien!" Et l'homme est allé.

Cette nuit dans une écurie à Bethléem un petit enfant est né, et les étoiles, en regardant du ciel, ont vu le Seigneur du monde endormi sur le foin.

—Rosemary Seiler, 11B-2.

## MADISON'S POETS

### Farewell

Onward from you we pass  
Where we have tread your halls;  
One lingering look we cast  
Upon your welcoming walls;  
One thing we remind you ere we part—  
Let there be no sad farewell when we  
embark.  
As we travel from shore to shore  
We will think of you nearer and dearer  
as always before.

—Florence Foreman, 12A.



### Rain Drops

To-night I can not see you as down  
My window you steal,  
Making yourselves invisible  
Till on the walk you reel;  
Looking into darkness I was lonesome  
And wanted to hear  
Your wild pit-a-pattering on some  
Window to me near.  
Instead you hid in night's black cloak,  
Making me want you so,  
And then escaped to do for me  
A moon-light dance below.  
Upon touching the walk you shimmer  
And you glimmer and glisten with glee.  
Heaven could not send the stars down  
So she sent you, diamonds, to me.

—Theresa Cottone, 12B.



### Dismissal Belle

When that belle with its tinkling note,  
The tene of day hath perced to the rote,  
And calthe everichon from swich labour,  
This going to our heads like some licour,  
Than prepare folk to goon on pil-  
gramages,  
From Madison to their lief herbergages.  
So meerie, everichon from classes ronne—  
Oon and oon, soothly, become jolifs so  
sonne;  
The yonge 7 B's, the tendre crophe,  
The dignes 12 A's, all in our places  
propre.  
The floynt boy trying some melodye,  
The girl kembyng hir heer and must hye,  
Aboven all, heigh and lowe a thought is  
cleare—  
Dismissal belle hath rung, can one more  
heare?

—Theresa Cottone, 12B.

### The Captain Bold

There was a Captain bold;  
A terrible terror was he,  
For his delight was gold  
Wherever it might be.

This Captain was a privateer  
Who sailed the seven seas,  
He was a man who knew no fear  
And had only himself to please.

No man did dare incur his wrath  
By any word or deed,  
For he was wont to slash in half  
All those that disagreed.

Full many a ship he heartless sank  
In his endless quest for gold;  
And many a man walked straight the  
plank  
For this Captain's heart was cold.

For years this Captain plundered and  
stole  
On his quest for wealth and glory  
Until grim death did reap his toll  
And laid him out all gory.

At the hands of a bloody buccaneer  
The Captain met his Waterloo,  
He did the Captain rightly smear  
And with his sword did run him  
through.

This was the end of the Captain bold,  
The man who knew no fear,  
He has no use for his captured gold  
In that region below here.  
—J. Edmund Burroughs, 12B.



The following poems were written  
as a result of an assignment  
given by Miss Cosgrove to her III-1  
English classes—to write a four  
line poem about another member of  
the class:

Frank Rowe has got a little car,  
He thinks it's quite the nuts,  
But we don't think that he'll get far  
When down the street it puits.

No one would guess in Latin class when  
Martha gets up to recite,  
When she holds her book so near her  
eyes that she isn't suffering near  
sight;  
But I who sit across from her and know  
her book's like mine  
Can appreciate how hard it is to read  
between the lines.  
She talks and talks the period through,  
Her words just seem to flow  
Of irony and simile  
And things we ought to know.

I think that I shall never see  
My teacher work as hard as me.  
She takes a book and reads a lesson  
That has us children more than guessin'.

Miss Cosgrove asked for poetry—  
She'd better hold her breath—  
Or when she looks at some of it,  
She'll laugh herself to death.



### Rosemary to the Rescue

Rosemary come and save us  
From a grim and awful doom,  
Because we just stop living  
When we get into that room.  
If you don't translate this  
Latin we'll all be at death's door,  
And our fates be signed  
By Cicero and sealed by Miss Moore!



### Rochester's Youth

It was many years ago,  
By the river Genesee,  
That a man called "Indian" Allen  
Settled in this community.

A mill to grind both flour and feed  
He built on hte grassy shore.  
Soon many men came to see the site,  
That was Indian land before.

Land was bought and land was sold,  
And three men from the sunny South  
Came up to begin a wonderful work,  
And the news was spread by word of  
mouth.

Settlers came from everywhere  
To the banks of the Genesee.  
They built the town of Rochester  
That is now our fair city.

—Iona Maidson, 7A-C.

## PROPHECIES

### Great Expectations of 9A-6

Carl Fetz—to grow big and be a physical director.

Jacob Eygabroat—to continue his arguments as a lawyer.

William Winchell—to become an architect.

Donald Robertson—to be an all-round professional sportsman.

Richard Scobell—to be a math teacher.

Burton Hineine—to be a commercial artist.

Frank Coe—to become a forester.

George Schwind—to be a shop director.

Fred Waterman—to be an interpreter.

Earl Quinn—to be a music teacher.

### Class Expectations of 9A-1 About 1950

After 14 years since graduation, one begins to think of his graduating classmates.

Calling up Dorothy Packard, who, by the way, is a learned pianist and composer, I asked if she had ever unearthed the 9A-1 prophecies. Looking down the list we laughed at what we read:

Virginia Rodjen, the wealthy debutante, who took up aviation and really liked it.

Arthur Simpson, engineered the suspension bridge newly built.

Edgar Weschler, a wealthy New York banker.

Evelyn Newman, a secretary to be (?).

Dorothy Siggleko, married.

Ruth Schoenbreit, a successful aviatrix. Always bobbing up in all four corners of the earth. (Course in jumping beans taken in Madison.)

Chauncy Curtis, a street singer.

Grace Domino, cosmetician

Bruce De Neve, future vice-president of the United States (maybe).

Muriel Bradstreet, the highest paid movie actress. (Why?)

Violet Blum and Billy Locke, troupings as "The Two Smallest Peo-

ple." (Violet as his mother and Billy as her son—in rompers.)

Roy Dumphrey, a newspaper reporter. (Reports always two days late.)

Charlotte Burroughs. She finally married H. W.

Janet Doe, the "Blues" singer on the radio (and how!).

Dorothy Garrett, nurse in the General Hospital.

George Lindsley, still strong on "Telephone number please," or "Haven't I met you some place before?"

Edna Jeroy, taking lessons in writing love letters (not in the sand).

Clarence Buckley, "Believe It or Not."

Charles Lapham has taken up science to find out why science teachers are such nuisances.

Grace Phelps, modeling for some New York show. (Oh! Oh!)

Eleanor Ross, started a reducing club (for herself).

Mary D'Amico decided to become a European artist until she found the condition it left Miss C. C. A.

Elwood Gessner, draftsman in some concern (I wonder).

Albert De Carlos, ladies beautician.

Harry Riddleymah—"Still popular with the girls, Harry?"

Stephen Mikina, still pounding on a typewriter (trying to learn).

Lillian Glitch, an expert typist (hey, what!).

Russell Garrison, announcer on the radio, and can he do it!

Ross Cuddeback, "Crooner." Girls, what about it?

Ralph Lipa, "R you listenin'?"

John Jermyn, playing in some Jazz orchestra. "Magine, I can't."

Fred Charles, author of a few short stories (and are they few and short).

—Grace Phelps, 9A-1.

### Great Expectations of 9A-7

Adrian O'Connor—a man of many faces (Boris Karloff's rival).

Nelson La Duke—World's champion swimmer (and how).

Frank Martone—is a great fighter (Joe Palooka).

Bernard O'Brien—to be the tallest man in the circus (The Ringley Bros.).

Bernard Wilson—one of the world's greatest inventors (invented?).

Elmer Taylor and Clair Swan are known as Mutt and Jeff of Madison (not comics).

Inez Lyddon—married to? (perhaps Charlie Chaplin).

Walter Seeley—is a great motion-picture producer, even greater than the producer of "Bad Girl."

Vincenza Marcucci—America's greatest torch singer—(How?).

Marie Sommers—known as a great Marathon dancer.

Donald Harrington—linked as Clark Gable's rival (the great he-man and handsome).

Anna DeRose, Mary Rose, and Helen Schwartz—the three Boswell Sisters of Rochester.

Nicholas Tantalio, Gerard Stupilelo, Harry Rudy, and Wilson Boyce—the four-horsmen of Notre Dame. (What football players?)

Victoria Cosmas to become a typical old maid. (Why?)

Ralph Pritchard is the second Babe Ruth without a doubt.

Raymond Londerville—to run the largest bicycle repair shop in the country. (Junk!).

John Cosmas is a wealthy man (securing his wealth through his banking every Monday).

Lillian Worden and Stella Thomas are the hostesses of a beautiful tea shop.

Mary Galletto a great scientist. (What a scientist!)

Elywn Brown is the great speaker of the House of Representatives. (What a voice! How about it?)

Edwin Barron—a great radio announcer. (Oh, Boy!)

Christiana Tomasso—to swim the Atlantic Ocean. (How and when!)

Geraldine Barth—a well-known Parisian artist. (Can she draw?)

Josephine Fusco—studying to become a Metropolitan Opera Singer as great as Lily Pons.

Deda Milonas—a model in a New York shop. (What a model!)

Viola Davies to become a great movie actress under the name of Janice La Marr. (Playing opposite Leonard Griffin of course).

—Dorothy Reedhead,  
Mary Galletto, 9A-7.

### Madame Fraya's Prophecy for 9A-8

Having read in the newspaper of the marvelous accuracy of the predictions of Madame Fraya, I took her my problems about the future of my classmates. She told me that Margaret Brewer will become the proud owner of the Brewer Beauty Shoppe; Nina Apfel will be famous for original ideas on child care, and Jennie Bartlett will be happily married to a great New York lawyer. She also told me that June Beyer is to be a geometry teacher at Madison; Justine Conway, the fastest typist in the United States; Delilah Cranston, dramatic teacher at the University of Rochester; Gladys Getman, the successor of Kate Smith on the La Palina program, and Evelyn Hopper, the first lady of the United States. When she told me that Helen Infelt would be a saleswoman for Tru Jer Company I wasn't a bit surprised. She certainly got plenty of experience at Madison, and Mary Jermyn is going to take Mr. Davis' place as a teacher of science; Cervia Jeroy will be a trumpet player in the Civic Orchestra; Doris Mahon, a designer in Sibley's store; Annie Peterzulla, the pianist in George Olson's orchestra.

Now don't go away, folks, until I tell you what Madame Fraya told me about Anne Saunders. She said that Anne was to be the ticket seller at the Capitol Theater. Poor Anne, still trying to sell tickets. She also told me of Helen Schieffelin's future. It is to be the best. She is to take the place of Miss Crombie to conduct 9A-8. Poor Helen! Lenore Sherry is going to be the usher at the Eastman Theater. Mary Tucker will become the proud successor of Mrs. Frasier as Girls'

Adviser of Madison. Louis Waterhouse is going to be Madison's famous swimming teacher, and Pearl Maier, champion swimmer.

Last but not least, she told me of Gertrude Wiard, the beauty specialist. I thanked her and went my way, feeling that we had lived up to our school motto, "Attempt—Accomplish."

—Augusta Pannoni, 9A-8.

### In 1945

We have heard that

May Aides is getting all greased up to swim the Atlantic Ocean.

Dorothy Young is now giving the ideas for all the billboard advertisements.

Helene Amdursky, the famous dietitian, has been in a doughnut and banana split - eating - contest for two weeks.

Genevieve Wood is a well known hostess of one of the most exclusive night clubs in New York.

Ruth Wing is the much admired dancer in Genevieve's night club. Just one of those sweet old-fashioned girls—!!

Mildred Jacob is still trying to convince the world that she is not silly. Last week she entered a contest for serious people, but after the first minute she bubbled over with laughter and ran out.

Margaret Miller is matron of an orphan asylum, and that she has found a perfectly marvelous way to express her mania for hair bows. Every Tuesday, Thursday, and Sunday the little girls appear with pink bows. The other days they are in blue.

Mary Kingstone is a model in a fashionable dress shop on the Rue de la Paix. By the way, she finds her years of Madisonian French very helpful to her these days.

Olive Peake is still as fascinating as ever and lives a busy life leading men's hearts astray.

The circuses are now using Arline French's talented power of elocution in taming their wild animals instead of an animal trainer.

Helen Loveny won a cup in the

Olympic Games for fancy skating.

Elizabeth Spade is just another one of these gay, bewitching, social butterflies.

—Arline French and  
Mildred Jacob, 9A-2.

### In 1953

As I walked into the office of the editor-in-chief of Rochester's greatest newspaper, Evening Star, there sat Wilbur Wright, talking on three telephones at once. I was looking for news of my old classmates. I had a long talk with him, and he gave me the following information:

Foster Aldridge has just graduated from West High School with high honors (?).

Mae Achen is a happily (?) married minister's wife.

John McIntee now owns a peanut-butter factory in the Rocky Mountains.

Dorothy Lou Allen has just finished her new book on "Correct Posture."

Herbert Wallace is a Latin teacher at Madison, taking Miss Jennings' place.

Ruth Miller is taking the part of a fat lady in Barnum and Bailey's Circus.

Janet McCord has just won the fancy skating contest in the Alps.

William MacDonald has a turkey in every pot and four cars in his garage since the Democrats have been in office.

Audrey Short is an opera singer in the Metropolitan Opera Company.

Billy Ward has just successfully tied a bowline in pink ribbon with green spots in it.

Margaret Brainard has taken up the study of Streptococology.

Ruth Hagnauer just walked around the world in two days.

Ramon Santiago won the yodeling contest in Switzerland.

Marion Harmon raises carrots on a farm in Iowa.

Jacob Freda is now drawing cartoons for the paper. (Imagine!)

Jean Hall is a world famous diver. She was diving in the English Channel the other day and went through to Sea Breeze.

Verne Johns has taken Edison's place and just invented a new flea powder.

Virginia Tickell is a skin specialist in Woolworth's.

Vincent Stout has gone in for Ziegfeld's Follies.

Kathryn Yackel is a nurse at Strong Memorial.

Dorothy Rowitz has taken Clara Bow's place on the screen.

Howard Tickell has just made a world's record. He read five books in one day. But does he know what they are all about?

Mary Margaret Anderson tutors children in Europe.

Wayne Martin teaches the little "Boy Sprouts."

Frances Bates has taken the place of Mrs. Pennyfeather on the Ku Ku hour.

Darwin Shaw is the new Secretary of Treasury.

Anita Eldridge is a teacher at West High.

Vincent De Trinco is down in Greece digging out the old ruins.

Emma Jean Barstow is the head of a reducing school.

John Williams is a reporter for the New York Sun.

Winifred Courtney is taking Dorothy Dix's place on the paper.

—Jean Hall and

Emma Jean Barstow, 9A-3.

★

### A Prophecy of 9A-4 In 1950

Hello, everybody, this is Bert Schusterbauer giving you the latest dope on this beautiful summer day of June 18, 1950. I looked up 9A-4 alumni the other day and now I'm giving it to you as it is. Are you listenin', Boys?

I saw a man get kicked out from under the west bound train yesterday. He was pretty small and looked too much like a certain Willard Atkinson for me to doubt it. It seems that Bob Bingham has gone into the repair business. I guess the shoe stores better close down until Bob gets enough to retire on. Ronald Bogardus, the old maestro, is leading a jazz orchestra and writing concerts on the sly, you poor music lovers. Billy Burton

has opened another show on Broadway. He is using Roxy as his idol. Good old Billy. And say, Bob Case is on the road again, I wonder how his honey is selling. Maybe you could tell us, Casey?

And here is a good one. Dick Clarke just signed a two year contract with Burton's Follies Girls. You could have made more laughing for the movies, Clarke. I hear they are looking for someone to imitate a hyena in a new play, "Jo, Jo, The Lion Hunter." Arman Favereau still thinks he's quite the dude. Oh! Oh! Bob Frazer performed his first major operation yesterday. He sewed her up all right, but when he went to cut the thread he couldn't find the knife. Ernest Gretz is teaching math in room 123 back in dear old M. J. S. H. S. He aims to be a professor some day. Keep it up, Ernie, you'll be one all right. Good old Dick Hughey is still trying to make rubber dolls out of waste products. Erwin Lessord has gone into the water. He won the English cup at the 30 mile swim in the English Channel last Tuesday. The other poor fish must have been pretty embarrassed because he limped all the way. The Hoover Dam was finished yesterday. It couldn't be finished sooner because Giles Hobin wasn't there.

And now, folks, I'll tell you of a mind that has a million stories in it. Gordy Lewis built another library the other day. He was looking for more books and he had read all the books in his other libraries. Whatta man? Frank Miller built his 21st structure the other day. This one was a dam in the Sahara Desert. Boy! If Miller keeps building things I won't know this old world of ours by the time I get enough money to start traveling again. Stevey Wing has at last developed a bass voice. You know back in 1932 we wondered whether or not he would be a soprano. Can you blame us for laughing, Stevey? If you are listening, Miss Lauderdale, you should go and hear him translate French now. It's on the level (his voice). Do you get it? Hm—I wonder.

Well, folks, I'll see you again next week at this time.

—Giles Hobin and

Bertram Schusterbauer, 9A-4.

★

Some of our listeners want to know from whence Jane Uffert, this year's winner of the high diving event in the Olympics, hails. Give all the credit to Rochester, N. Y., folks.

Everyone is inquiring about the person who dresses the stars' hair in Hollywood. Esther Powell is the name.

Do you remember the girls' band that broadcasts over this station every night? The little girl with the big voice who announces the program is Jeannette Klute—a new field for women.

Someone wants to know if Jane Slorah is the real name of the little dancer who is creating such a sensation on Broadway. Miracle of miracles, it is!

The eyes have "It"! At least so it seems in Betty Kumbo's case. She's the girl who was judged as having the most beautiful eyes in the Bronx.

Jenny Perry, who is she? Well, she's been getting up in the world lately. She just broke the altitude record for women flyers.

Ruth Willis just won the Manhattan Marathon Dance. Upon receiving the huge loving cup, she was asked by a reporter, "What will you do with it?"

"Well," Ruth replied, "it's a good place to hide from reporters."

Lorraine Morcom, the girl who teaches the French over this station, is not, as many think, French. She is a full-blooded American.

—Lorraine Morcom, 9A-4.

★

### Boys' Televisor 9A-2

In 1946 as I was walking down Broadway in New York, I espied a sign which read: "TELEVISOR, SEE WHAT YOUR FRIENDS ARE DOING."

I called to make an appointment. When I got there, I was very much surprised to find my friend, Walter Glew, as the operator. He turned

on the Televisor and the fun began.

First I saw Raymond Cihan working as a station announcer for station W.H.E.N.

Then he turned it to Russia where we saw William Burkowicz drilling with the Soviet Russian Army.

Next we saw Robert Durham riding a motorcycle for the circus.

Then we saw Charles Earle busy inventing and producing the "Earle Cosmetics."

Next we turned to the Radiovisor where we saw and heard John Matheson replacing Lowell Thomas in the Tall Story Club.

Turning to the Televisor he focused it on Madison where we saw Victor Zeppetella teaching Latin, and Ellery McLements teaching the boys how to shoot baskets.

Then we focused it on radio station W.Q.A.Z. where we saw and heard Jack Knabb, the world's greatest crooner, and we also saw Edward Powers making a great hit as Jack Benny II.

Then we focused it on the corner where the Rochester *Times-Union* used to be located, where we saw Frank Townsend as chief editor.

Next we focused it on England where we saw Lester Smith preparing to swim the English Channel.

Then we saw Peter Hauck working very hard on his new job in Charles Earle's office.

Then we focused it on Walgreen's window where we saw Carl Hoffman trying to sell fountain pens.

—Ralph L. Medland, 9A-2.

## 9A-10—We're Jolly Good Men!

A sail on the sea, or up in the air,  
Our goals ahead, we'll all be there.  
We'll roam in every field that's known  
Following trails that lead us home.  
Aviation beckons with alluring wiles  
To Walzer, Young, and Fagan—miles  
Of space beyond and free,  
Pilots, skippers, dreamers, three.

Delbert Hoffman yearns for flights as well

Unless the stage first rings the bell.  
Perhaps Nick Zinni, el maestro, will play  
Soulful melodies down that way.

Or Eugene Walker with orchestra jazzed,  
Contortionist, gestures, despite being razed:

But Gordon Kimble prefers the earth  
A post-office job will be his berth.

John Herring is puzzled, as is often the case,

Mechanic, printer, or sliding to base.  
In business, Vernon Belknap finds chain stores good money,

With Charles Dick he travels, seeing the world 'all honey.'

While serious, prudent Leo Brasch, you'll agree,

Chooses wisely, a banker he will be.  
Don Federico, cartoonist, bows with a grin,

Louis Magro, too, finds art is a win.  
Out on the high sea's stormy brine

Wilford Alexander spends all his time.  
Robert and James, two Smiths have we.

One plays the bag-pipes, clever boxer is he;

The other, a dreamer, Robert by name.  
Soars skyward but plays always the game.

Radio, television absorb Eckleben,  
Our Ernest is cast in a world of men.

Not more so than Louis Leone  
Whose fine garage leaves nothing lonely.

Donald Chase, a machinist, continues to gaze

As Peter Mitchell does—the world, a maze.

Carl Hamblin takes to hunting,

He's such a good shot,  
While Withers, our Walter, studies Shakespeare, a lot.

Still up to his tricks is Richard Graesser,  
News boy manager, clown, aviator,  
But what shall we say of Wyburn Scharet?

The genial, the smiling, the one best bet.

He's happy, he's doing the work of a man,

He learned early to adopt, "I can."  
But here's to John, good old John,

Who does all work with beautiful calm—

A college professor, a chemist is he,  
That's the history of John Haeg.

Lo, we're safe, we've made the grade  
Though tombstones and monuments make a sad trade

For Vincent Schied. He'll bury us all  
When we've done our bit, and taken the call.

After all, we are those jolly good men—  
Who were sometime known as 9A-10.

## My Father's First Day in the Navy

Last Navy Day, I thought it would be appropriate to interview my father about some of his experiences in the Swedish navy, where he once served. He finally consented to tell me of his first day there, and now I am giving it as he told it to me.

One day in the spring of 1907, my father boarded the train in his home town that took him to the Swedish Naval Station in Karl's Crona (Kröna). With about a hundred other young men from different parts of the country, he arrived there late in the evening. It was with both pride and respect that he reported at the guarded gate of the Navy's Headquarters and showed his papers from the recruiting office. With the other recruits, father was lined up in the ante-room, took the oath of allegiance, and was told that from that time on he was under the strict martial laws of the Swedish Royal Navy.

It was already eleven o'clock at night when they were marched to their sleeping quarters, and it was after twelve before they got to sleep. No time was wasted on recuperating. At half-past four the next morning, the men were abruptly aroused by a bugle call. Wondering what it was all about, they were told to hurry and dress, make their beds, and be ready for inspection at five o'clock. The petty officer added, "God help the one that is not ready!" Most of the boys had never before made a bed, but in some way they finally managed to make it passably. When the lieutenant came at five o'clock, the men were all ready in front of their beds looking as brave as possible.

After the inspection they lined up in the courtyard and at the sound

of another bugle, marched to the mess hall for breakfast. What a breakfast! Each man received a plate of potatoes, half a fried herring, as much black rye bread as he could eat, and a bowl of coffee with sugar but no cream.

At six o'clock they lined up in the yard, this time to march to the supply house and secure their sailor uniforms. Then the fun began because some of the men received pants that were six inches too long while others ended below their knees. The blouses, stockings, and shoes were more or less just as poor a fit. After much exchanging and voluntary trading, most of the men were fairly well-fitted in their navy garb and commenced to feel almost like full-fledged sailors. With their waterproof canvas bags stuffed with extra suits, stockings, and shoes, they were now assigned to their different ships. Some were to go on destroyers, others on cruisers, and still others on battleships.

My father was assigned to a light cruiser with about twenty other young men, and from that time they were part of the crew of his Majesty's ship, the cruiser, "Fylgis." When lunch was over, their first job on board was to scrub the living quarters that had been allotted to them under the foredeck. Even though it was early in April, the young sailors were ordered by the petty officer to take off shoes and socks, fold their pants up to their knees, and with scrub brooms and pails of icy water from the harbor, work themselves warm, for at three o'clock, they were to be ready for inspection of their job. The rest of the afternoon was spent in instruction of the routine work that was to be allotted to them for the rest of that week.

When the call for supper was sounded, it was an eager and hungry group of newly-made sailors that responded. Never had any fancy dishes ever tasted so good as this simple first supper they received on board the old cruiser, "Fylgis," that was to be their home for the next two years.

—Martha Olson, 11A

## THE SENIOR PLAY

### "Oh! ..Kay"

The curtain went down amidst a burst of applause on the Senior Play presented by the 12B Class December 16, assisted by the Ninth Grade pupils. I went to the play with some misgivings, thinking that many would not be there it being one of the first nights there was skating; but I assure you I was well repaid for giving up skating that night.

The overture by the Madison High School Band opened the program promptly at eight o'clock. This number was followed by the specialty number, featuring Edward Jackson and Bernard Mitchell. A chorus of smart young ladies with their veiled hats, matching gloves, and choir-boy collars, assisted by an equally smart group of young gentlemen, sang "Shine On Your Shoes" and "All American Girl."

The play that followed was a mystery farce and called forth much laughter. Gram Pembroke, learning that the "Black Terror" is in the neighborhood, is fearful that something will happen to some valuable jewels which are in the house. She conceals them in the bottom of the telephone and in a few minutes the lights go out and the telephone disappears. Gram, Gram's husband, and Arthur Whitman, her grandson, are the only men in the house and all the women believe one too old and the other too young to protect the jewels. To the disgust of the men at first, and it was only at first, Arthur's mother calls in a woman detective. The complications that followed caused peals of laughter to ring throughout the hall.

### The Cast

Edith Whitman, played by Helen Salvi; Evelyn Whitman, played by Margaret Baker; Arthur Whitman, played by Lenard Griffin; Captain Whitman, played by Gordon Clark;

Gram Pembroke, played by Minetta Baker; Gram Pembroke, played by Edmund Burroughs; Alice Borden, played by Cornelia Guidici; The Black Terror, played by Fred Blum; Jim Hayes, played by George Davison; Kay Millis, played by Helen Lattin; Fred Aldes, played by Gordon Wood.

A special 9A sextet that sang between Acts I and II was called back several times.

—Jane Kelley, 11B-2.

★

### Christmas Program

The play entitled "Why the Chimes Rang" was presented. The part of Holger, a peasant boy, was ably taken by Donald Snyder; Steno, Holger's brother, by Charles Bertram; Uncle Bertel, by William Abelt; the old woman was portrayed by Florence Mancine, and Allan Spurling played the part of a minister.

Mr. Casad's choir of forty-eight voices and Mr. Mapes' choir of thirty-six voices took the part of a choir in a large Cathedral. After individual singing by each choir, a unique arrangement of "Silent Night, Holy Night" was sung by the combined chorus of eighty-four voices. While the combined choirs sang "Oh Come All Ye Faithful," gifts were brought to the Cathedral for the Christ Child. Kenneth Mason, our versatile cheerleader, took the leading part of these minor characters.

In the opinion of everybody, this was the most impressive Christmas program we have ever had.

—Warren A. Rogers, 11B-2.

### A Correction

In the last issue of the Madigraph Miss A. C. Thurston, a former faculty member of Madison, was reported, unintentionally, as taking extension work at the University of Rochester. Miss Thurston is registered at the University of Rochester, but as a full-time student in the graduate school.

## Mr. Droman Says Majority Of Students Dislike Geometry

Clear Understanding Is A Requisite  
Factor

Geometry Is Just A Game

By Lawrence Ellwanger

The noted geometrician, J. C. Droman, in a recent interview said the majority of students dislike geometry. A curbing of this dislike and a clear understanding of theorems and corollaries and of their application are fundamental to successfully passing geometry, he said.

He compared geometry with a cross-word puzzle and stated that it too had to be pieced together, and like a game, its main benefit was that it demanded concentration and study.

Mr. Droman has been a teacher of mathematics at Madison Senior High School for ten years, and he still insists that geometry is a glamorous subject and that when one is

interested in it, one can never tire of it.

When asked if he would rather teach any other subjects, he replied, "No, I think geometry is my best subject to teach; it is satisfying."

"I have never marked pupils unfairly. I only let them make their own marks." Mr. Droman by doing this places himself above any censure due to bad marks, lightens his everyday routine, and becomes a good fellow in the eyes of his classes.

Humor is always prevalent wherever he is. He will crack jokes when students are normal, but when something is done to arouse him, it means "curtains" for the disturbing element.

## Under the Sea

On Wednesday morning, December 7, Madison students received their second big treat of the term with the appearance of Mr. Robert Zimmerman, a deep sea diver.

He first "cheerfully" told of the dangers of a diver. He may be "blown up" when his air valve sticks, and if he isn't killed when his suit bursts, he is sure to be killed when the heavy weights pull him down to bottom again. Next are the "bends," acquired when a diver is pulled up too fast from a depth of over thirty-three feet. The last is when his air line becomes cut or twisted and he receives no air.

He then told of some of his own experiences under the sea, and I shall tell of the two most interesting and important.

The first was while he was working on the boat of a friend, sunk in twenty feet of water off the coast of Nassau, an ocean liner, disregarding his "diver down" signal, came through the channel and washed down tons of sand on him. The only diver available was his diving partner on an island 350 miles away with no airplane available. By a chartered speed boat and an airplane which had arrived in Nassau, his partner was relayed to the scene of distress in twenty-seven hours. He was finally rescued by his partner after a bit of "banter."

The second was while working on a boat off the coast of Florida. The boat, whose cabin he was inside, dropped off a five-foot coral ledge and he was trapped inside the ship. By an improvised cork and plenty of

nerve he escaped by shutting off his air valve and climbing up the hatch, where he was "blown" to the top. Luckily, the men aboard the salvaging ship managed to get ropes around him, and he was saved from going down to bottom again and rushed into the "Iron Doctor," a steel compression tank for divers who have come up too fast.

He concluded his excellent story by exhibiting some shells and heads of the baracuda and shark, both extremely dangerous.

The teachers, as well as the pupils, hope for many more talks from as interesting and humorous a man as Mr. Zimmerman.

—Kenneth Mason, 11B-2.

— ★ —

## The Charlotte-Madison Basketball Game

Madison Senior High School's basketball team played its first scheduled game in the Senior High League with Charlotte.

Charlotte was in the lead throughout the game. Although sport critics said the Madison team had a bad case of stage-fright, they worked with good team work and spirit through the entire game.

Madison had a very large cheering section in comparison with Charlotte's, which was composed of approximately ten teachers and fifteen students. They were able to be heard only in the intervals when the Madison rooters were not cheering. The Madison band played for the game.

Score: Charlotte 26—Madison 12.

The players were as follows:

First Team: Bell, Stewart, Houck, Fisher, Urquhart, Hanna, Houghton, Folker, Cioffi, Bryant.

Reserves: Penna, Watt, Simpson, Wosnick, Sylvester, Melvin,

Witmeyer, Winkelholz, McGinnis, Farone, Ellwanger.

Managers: John Craft, Robert Burr, and Theodore Martin.

—Vernon Lewis, 11B-3.

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### What's Going On Around School?

What would happen if D. S. of 9A ever got her French homework?

E. P. of 9A-1 Science class loves to throw things up in the air.

J. R. still comes to school with a chauffeur (some class).

R. D. Y. and T. M. are still trailing after each other. I wonder for how long will they continue?

I wonder if M. B. of 9A-1 still likes T. M.?

C. S. is the Professor of Madison.

M. B. likes to keep an eye on certain people at lunch. I wonder who?

B. G. has a heavy case on B. J. Did you know that M. B. is going to be a Doctor?

I wonder if D. L. A. will ever loose her bangs?

V. T. of 9A-3 still walks by Marriott's on her way home.

K. M. hasn't a loud enough voice for cheering (o-o-o-o what a pun).

B. B. needs to eat "pep" for breakfast.

J. L. is nurtz about B. B., and figure it out for yourself about the second one.

★

### Correct and Incorrect

In music class on Thursday morning, December first, Mr. Casad asked, "What is a phrase?"

He called on Horace Writz for the answer.

Horace, recalling his English work, replied, "A phrase is a group of words containing neither subject nor predicate and used as a part of speech."

—Conrad May, 7AC.

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### The Drafting Shop

In the past few years mechanical drawing has become more popular with the pupils of the school than

heretofore. Any boy interested in this line of work has a wonderful chance to spend from five to ten hours weekly in a drafting shop and widen the scope of his future line of occupation. Room 3 in charge of Mr. John R. Eckhardt is an excellent example of the modern school drafting shop.

A student, upon entering, is required to learn the different phrases and rules used in regard to mechanical drawing and the use and care of a drawing set. He then commences on a regular drafting course beginning with simple, complete drawings of such common objects as rectangular blocks, triangles, and cylinders. As he advances the drawings become more difficult, and the student is obliged to complete views and dimensions. After completing a quoted number of drawings he is allowed to use the inking pen, having previously learned how to handle and use it correctly. Later on the pupil draws from blueprints and acquires accurate knowledge in blueprint reading, a very necessary factor in drafting.

At the completion of the regular course the boys are allowed to take up that branch of work in which they are most interested, such as architectural drafting, machine drawing, or aviation design. After completing the required line of work the pupil has gained a useful, working knowledge of geometry, algebra, freehand sketching, and a realization of the necessity of accurate work. Very fortunate indeed are the students who have practically the free use of these well equipped shops with their efficient instructors.

In order to realize the marvellous advantages of these shops one must look back a few years and note with what difficulty a boy or girl secured an ample education. The children of that time were considered lucky if they received an education in the necessary subjects. If a boy wished to take up drafting he probably had to buy all his equipment and pay for all instruction. There is no doubt but that the mod-

ern school drafting room is an invaluable aid to the boy interested in this line of work, and the students of this generation should be very thankful that their preparation for life work is greatly increased by the modern school.

—Glenn Griffen, 11A-1.

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### Strange Facts

Submitted by 11B Economic Geography class

Did you know that wood, softer than cork and harder than teak, the hardest that grows, can be produced from farm waste products such as cornstalks, corncobs, straw, and spent licorice root, through a chemical process?

Farmers may soon be testing pears to determine correct time for picking through an electrical contrivance that measures differences in electrical resistance of the pears at different stages of ripeness.

A new Oregon apple has been developed by E. P. Wray, who has succeeded in developing a cross between the Delicious and Newton apple after ten years experimentation.

Most people think that oranges first came from Florida and California. They did not. They originally came from Southern Asia.

We usually consider insects as harmful, except bees. Did you know that if it were not for a little Mediterranean insect crawling into a fig and fertilizing the blossoms therein we would not have any figs?

—David Charles, 11B

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### Honorable Mention

Madison gives honorable mention in this issue of the Madigraph to five of her citizens who have served most willingly and efficiently as members of the Madison Guard with the record of four years to their credit. These boys are Gordon Kimble, Wilford Alexander, Louis Magro, Earnest Wirard, and August Heffner.

—Gordon Kimble, 9A-10.

## Around Madison's Corridors:

Ken Mason B. V. D. (Born Very Dumb) is decidedly "that way" over one of West High's Best. In case you haven't noticed it, Miss Cosgrove's home-room considered it quite a good joke on her when it was announced that our basketball team was to play a trial game with Spencerport High School. Speaking of home towns, Miss Lauderdale spent a very pleasant Thanksgiving weekend in Oberlin, Ohio. Jack Rice, a lady-killer, can be seen practising his charms almost every night in the back-room of the library. Incidentally, Jack's the boy who goes around school inquiring who Walter Winchell is. Yowsah! -- Maybe we're mistaken, but Lenard Griffen seems to be getting quite a kick out of his role in "The First Dress-Suit." Just a hot man, huh? -- Can you imagine (this will make you hysterical) Ruth Harrington and Martha Bradford as twins? Yes, that's just what we think. But Miss McCarty seems inclined to disagree with us. -- Stop me if you've heard this. -- She: Say something to me soft and sweet! He: Custard pie! -- There's a girl here in good ol' Madison who's simply ga-ga over accordions. Oh, sure! -- Dorothy Lo Allen is getting all excited about horseback riding. But she isn't the only one. -- A bouquet to Miss O'Donnell! She actually apologizes when she is forced to keep a class unavoidably overtime. Didja know that Helen Peake is getting to be quite an expert at going to the theater and not knowing what the picture was about when she comes out? Tsk Tsk. Helen Jenner is a perfect fiend for throwing chocolate candy out of streetcar windows. And just mention chestnuts to Ruth Vrooman! Was that ever funny!! -- Looks as if Al and Fern were determined to go down in history as a Famous Couple.

—Martha Bradford, 11B-2.

## SIDE LIGHTS

By "Bill" Better

The master "detective," Mr. Eckhardt, is still on the trail of the valuable thumbtack that disappeared three years ago. He says that he expects to capture the criminal soon. (He got over the shock of losing it sooner than we expected.)

Neil Fisher spends his library period reading "Boy's Life" and "Western Stories." I wonder if he'll ever grow up?

The height of absurdity — Mr. Bartholomew carrying a mercurial barometer through the halls at passing time. (I wonder what condition it was in when he arrived at his destination?)

His highness, "Ken" Mason, thought he would give Miss O'Donnell a thrill by allowing her to trip the light fantastic with him as the silvery notes of the SUNSET SYNCOPATORS pealed forth.

An optimist is a person who goes around looking in the slots of gum machines hoping to find a stick of gum.

Two forms slipped self-consciously through the night and scurried up to a terraced garden. Here they deposited their trembling bodies in two lawn chairs and were served refreshments by their charming hostess. They then entered the house and gave an exhibition of their superiority at bridge. Who are these two social lions? Who else but Herb Bryant and Hank Smith. (Are you surprised?)

Fred Dawson is a regular Chandu. He has the power to disappear when on his way to school.

Since the telephone service has been discontinued (for not paying the bill) Mr. Roller has worn out five pairs of shoes chasing around with absence reports.

Did you happen to notice the absence of John Updike's "moustache?" He accidentally sneezed one day and blew it away.

A new low was reached in the automobile market when Gordon Coates disposed of his ancient conveyance for three dollars.

The long and short of it—Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Gang at the basketball games.

There isn't any danger of America going off the gold standard as long as the peroxide supply holds out.

The twelfth grade conducts its English classes so quietly that Fred Dawson is able to catch up on lost sleep.

It has always been feared that Neil Fisher would be apt to fall through a crack in the floor, but who would expect him to run into a little four-inch goal post at the Madison-Monroe soccer game?

With Dale Housel at the library door no danger of any good looking girls getting by him. It all comes under the head of library business.

If you ever want to go up or down a crowded stairway in a hurry just get behind Bruce Kelley as he plows through it.

I always thought some of the people in this school were crazy but now I'm sure of it. You'll probably agree with me after seeing some of these students running around the halls with their trouser legs rolled up, different kinds of shoes on, and vests on backwards.

The opening basketball game was a sad and solemn affair from the beginning to the end. The funeral aspect was added when the girls and boys were made to sit on opposite sides of the gym.

I wonder what Mr. Woolston does with his cigarette ashes when he wears knickers? (The cuffs on one's trousers do make a convenient ash receiver.)

You would think an important person like John Craft would have his hands full, but Mr. Powers has an idea that John might enjoy playing with dolls during study hall. (Maybe Mr. Powers isn't wrong at that.)

Miss Holley informed Sally DeShino that she wanted gentlemen

in her room. (Sally is trying to find some for her.)

The girls in History C are trying to find a graceful way of disposing of half-eaten ice cream suckers when the class is about to begin. (Maybe they could sell them to the people in the lunch period following for half price.)

Fern Miles is very quiet this term. The reason—"Al" Morlante.

Ray Cleveland is back for the basketball season.

Ann House has changed from a rather shy little girl into one of Madison's gay little ladies.

Stewart tries to scare his basketball opponents by making faces at them during the games.

Dale Housel is seeing that the girls who come into the library don't get lonely. He believes in taking a personal interest in his work.

What is this strange power that Dan Pooley has over women? Wherever you see a huddle of girls you'll probably find Dan, the center of attraction.

George Levy spends most of his time introducing girls to the members of the athletic teams.

We have at last found out why Loren Hutchinson always wears knickers. It's to show those shapely calves of his.

Could it be possible? Bruce Kelley enjoying one of our dances by passing out tickets to girls who happened to give him a sweet smile. (It must feel great to be a big shot. Yowzah!)

Perhaps you have noticed that lately look on Gordon Clark's face. The new district ruling says that he must go to Monroe High. We know how you feel, Clark.

John Kelly was all set for a torrid party the other night, so you can imagine how he felt when upon his arrival at the said party he found the guests enjoying home movies shown by the chaperones.

Isn't George Levy simply gorgeous in that Eskimo coat of his? (Deah! Deah!)

Why should Dan Peacock borrow hydrogen peroxide from the chemistry lab when he is supposed to be a natural blonde? (I'm asking you?)

Joe Hennessey had a hard time explaining to the girl friend why he didn't call her up on a certain Friday night. (These parties cause people to forget lots of things, yowzah!)

It is reported that Elsie Graby has changed her last name.

Why should Ed Wheeler need a messenger to return a ring to a certain young lady?

Elaine Thane enjoyed the company of a certain West High student at a party she attended one Friday night.

Whoever started the "College Hop" certainly started something. This so called dance has taken on about five-hundred different versions. They hop, skip, jump, and run. When the round ends the combatants look like they have been in a football scrimmage. (They ought to call it the shake-down.)

Fred Blum's car had a blessed event in the form of an Austin. This poor child was destined to meet an early death. It happened as Fred was riding down the street in his new pride and joy. He sneezed, and when the dust cleared away all that was left of the poor little Austin was the steering wheel which was around his neck. The moral of this story is never sneeze in an Austin when all the windows are closed.

Was Bert Farone's face red when one of the feminine rooters from Charlotte came over to sit beside him during the Madison-Charlotte game?

He faw down an' go boom! Jack Kelly fell but not for a girl. Imagine his embarrassment when he found himself sitting on the icy sidewalk.

Isn't Gordy Woods quite the "nertz" with that long cigarette of his?

Why does Sally DeShino seem to be the big attraction for a certain little girl that wears a short fur coat? (Don't try to pull that cousin gag on us, Sally.)

This, dear readers, was confided to "yours truly" by one of the main persons concerned—John "Bill" Updike expects to join the ranks of the happily married by July the first.

Who is the "femme" that Jimmy Delavella takes home in his car every night?

How naturally Ed Burroughs played the part of a hick in the Senior Play.

By the way, Mr. Hemingway, did you notice how smoothly Yvonne and the chef slid into those clinches in the French Play? I still maintain that that practice makes perfect.

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## We Wonder - - -

Why Helen Peake went to the Syracuse-Colgate football game, and who that boy is? - - - Why Olive Peake goes to the Arnett theater so many times a week? - - - If Misses O'Donnell and Lauderdale will ever get over being so narrow-minded? - - - If Ralph Chamberlain had a good time the night before Thanksgiving, and why he did? We think her initials are G. S. - - - What Dan Pooley was doing up on Thurston Road with Ann House on a certain night not so long ago? - - - If Warren Rogers will ever get his own Latin translation? - - - Why our vice-president (Albert Gilbert, in case you're a bit absent-minded) is always standing by the water-fountains? - - - Why Louis Swift is called *Insomnia*? - - - Where Betty Wallace got those pretty-big-round-eyes! In case you don't realize it—that's a question!! - - - What was Ruth Harrington's reason in asking J. Jr. to an Oak Hill dance instead of B. L. (a former Madison student) who took her out the night before? - - - Why Ralph Chamberlain is so interested in Marshall High? - - - Why Paul Paige is so interested in 69 Normandy Avenue? - - - Why Warren Rogers is always calling Genesee 6618? (Try it sometime—but don't say we didn't warn you!) - - - How Eddie Jackson, our hot-footed lad, ever gets to class on time when he is always talking with Dorothy or Helen? - - - Why Betty Cole doesn't have more reliable doors in her house? - - - But 'nuf said, I've gotta go. - - -

THE SHADOW.

# Autographs

