

THE MADIGRAPH

Success or Failure

HIGHER EDUCATION

INDUSTRY

HOME

Where Next?



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June 1929

Local History Division
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Madison's Alma Mater

Tune: For Freedom

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

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



Dedication

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

DR. MASON DEWITT GRAY

*profound scholar and teacher of the classics and an inspiring leader in the field
of secondary education. For many years he devoted himself with unabated
zeal to bringing new interest and understanding to the teaching
of Latin. Future years will attest the greatness
of the vision and the work of this pioneer
in modern education*

THE MADIGRAPH

STAY IN SCHOOL

By THEODORE A. ZORNOW, *Principal*



AFTER every summer vacation a number of boys and girls fail to return to school. Some of these do not return because of economic pressure in the homes and others because they have not become fully convinced that education means better jobs, better wages, and a maximum amount of happiness in life.

Those who leave school at an early age are obliged to take, generally speaking, jobs requiring no special skill. Such positions bring small chance for advancement. At the time they may seem to pay relatively high wages for beginners, but as time goes on, neither the position nor the wages grow to a marked extent. Some time ago the United States Bureau of Education made a comparison of the wages earned by two large groups of boys and girls, one group having left school at fourteen, and the other at eighteen years of age. The data presented by the Bureau of Education show that at TWENTY-FIVE YEARS of age the average wage of those who left school at fourteen years was \$12.75 per week and the average of those who left school after they had completed high school, or at the age of eighteen, was \$31.00 per week. The total wages earned by the average person who left school early, in the period from fourteen to twenty-five years of age, was \$5,112.50, while the total wages earned between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five by the average person who went through high school was \$7,337.50. Four years more of education brought to the average person more than two thousand dollars in increased earnings at the age of twenty-five, and at the age of twenty-five the average person who left school at eighteen was earning over nine hundred dollars a year more than was the average person who left school at fourteen. Wages are much higher today than they were when this study was made, but the comparison remains the same. Can anyone doubt the value of education in dollars and cents in the light of these figures?

At the age of twenty-five, of course, one is really just beginning his earning career. (From that time on the earnings of the educated person will increase much more rapidly than will the earnings of the one who has left school early.) By the time one reaches the age of sixty the increased earnings due to a few additional years of education amount to thousands of dollars. These increased earnings, of course, enable one to live in a better home, to drive a better automobile, to travel, and to enjoy the finer things of life.

I sincerely hope that every boy and girl now in school will make a desperate effort to return next fall, for EDUCATION PAYS.



THE SENIOR CLASS OF JUNE, 1929

The June Class of 1929

Class Motto: Attempt--Accomplish

Senior Class Officers

Felix Rybke	President
Margaret Campbell	Vice-president
Marcia Metzdorf	Secretary
Carl Bates	Treasurer

The Senior Term Honor Roll

Foreign Language Curriculum

Lynn Brown	Marcia Metzdorf	Frank Oakes
Norman Brown	Margaret Milow	
Elizabeth Bushnell	Mary Rose Reichard	
Florence Goff	Albert Sillato	
Byron Johnson	Frederick Walker	

Technical Curriculum

Richard Bills	Phillip Lavery
William Ernise	Orrin Ritchie
Denton Harris	

Commercial Curriculum

Margaret Campbell	Viola Morey
Isabel Donovan	Alice Myers
Helen Ilchman	

Vocational Curriculum

Chester Arazy	Dominick Dinitto	Richard Shaddock
Beverly Burritt	Harold McNally	Michael Spodaryk
Joe Cervini	Stephen Padak	Elwood Stutsman
John Cervini	Nicholas Rinaldi	Raymond Vleck
Dominic Della Vella	Felix Rybke	

The Senior Class

Thelma Dee Ackerson	Elizabeth F. Bushnell	Dorothy J. Dimpfl
Annie Adkins	Margaret R. Campbell	Esther S. Dolman
Jean Anderson	Ida M. Cawthra	Isabel N. Donovan
Florence C. Baker	Pasquelina F. Cioffi	Marjorie A. Eaton
Marion Baker	Lorraine M. Clark	Ruth D. A. Edgett
Rita N. Baker	Florence G. Codd	Lois M. Fuller
Thelma I. Bartholomay	Eleanor E. Collins	Ida R. Garofolo
Pauline E. Bates	Doris N. Cook	Lillian E. Genova
Nancy E. Beman	Ruth E. Cook	Phyllis M. Glaser
Margaret R. Berlin	Marion B. Coolidge	Florence L. Goff
Jeana A. Black	Clara E. Cray	Adelaide Gravlin
Lillian Bondi	Ruth A. Curtice	Jane H. Hall
Beryl Isabelle Bradick	Dorothy E. Curtis	Virginia M. Ham
Harriet A. Briggs	Helen A. Darling	Nan J. Harris
Kathryn I. Bush	Evelyn F. DePascale	Ann M. Hart

Patricia L. Heaphy	Norma M. White	John A. Leonardo
Maryrose A. Homan	Marion Young	Leo F. Lester
Hazel Hooker	John Ackerman	Jack Lynn
Margaret E. Hoy	Alphonso Andreano	G. Roger Maloney
Helene E. M. Ilchman	Chester F. Arazy	Ernest E. Mambretti
June R. Jackson	Carl D. Bates	Robert H. Matteson
Mildred E. Jackson	William A. Better	Emil May
Dorothy H. Johnson	Samuel L. Bickerstaff	J. Eugene McLaughlin
Alberta M. Kennedy	Richard H. Bills	Harold McNally
Florence L. Kerr	Andrew J. Birch	Kenneth J. McNeill
Felicia J. Krulikowski	Kenneth G. Botting	Wilbery R. Muschett
Magdalena E. Lepler	Alfred F. Bradley	Norman H. Neener
Hazel A. Lerch	Emory C. Britton	John H. Newton
Juanita Lescallette	Lynn Brown	Frank E. Oakes
Dorothy Linville	Norman Wesley Brown	Edward Olson
Loretta K. Lyons	Robert E. Browne	Stephen P. Padak
Mary R. Magro	Beverly H. Burritt	Guerino C. Palese
Ruth F. Marriott	Everts W. Burton	Vito Pascarielli
Edith A. Masterman	Frank F. Cambisi	A. Morton Phillips, Jr.
M. Regina Matthews	John A. Cervini	Harris C. Pickett
Gladys E. McClellan	Joe Cervini	Elbert D. Place
Lucille J. McCormack	Joe A. Chiappone	Daniel Pooley
Irene G. McWilliams	Tony Ciccarelli	Gordon H. Purdy
Geraldine A. Metz	Frank A. Citro	Frank E. Rapp
Marcia R. Metzdorf	Clayton G. Clifford	Frank W. Rickard
Eleanor R. Miller	Sterling E. Cook	Nicholas Rinaldi
Margaret E. Milow	Alfred S. Curtis	Orrin B. Ritchie
Viola M. Morey	George J. Decker	Edward J. Robena
Clara E. Murray	Dominic J. DellaVella	Morris Rockovitz
Alice M. Myers	George C. Dick	Joseph W. Romansky
Dorothy A. Newbauer	Angelo DiGiulio	Lynn W. Rowley
Virginia A. Nichols	Robert W. Dimpfl	Peter J. Rudy
Helen M. Niermeyer	Dominick Dinitto	Felix Rybke
Mamie C. Palozzi	Lewis Ditrinco	Eugene Scuteri
Ruth A. Peck	Robert J. Drum	Richard L. Shaddock
Ruth E. Peck	Lester G. DuBay	William R. Shannon
Alice H. Race	Charles C. Dunn	George Short
Mary Roselyn Reichard	Richard H. Eastman	Albert C. Sillato
Loretta V. Reissig	Carl E. Elmendorf	William H. Slade
Helen M. Rendsland	Ernest H. Embling	Lawrence A. Smith
Violet Reynolds	Lyndon W. English	Michael E. Spodaryk
Eunice M. Richardson	William J. Ernisse	Robert George Stear
Olga C. Ritchie	Barton L. Forman	Roy M. Steele
Laura A. Robbins	Joe Gies	Arthur C. Stephens
Charlotte Louise Roesgen	David M. Gordon	Elwood Stutsman
Clara M. Royce	J. Wm. Graby, Jr.	Philip A. Sullivan
Friedra R. Schneider	Chas. E. Graves	Myron A. Sweeney
Velma M. Schultz	Kenneth M. Graves	Hart Taylor
Sistina I. Serenati	Joseph T. Grippo	Harold E. Thon
Margaret L. Shaw	Martin J. Groet	Charles Topham
Dora L. Smith	Alvin C. Hall	Monroe S. Townsend
Virginia Smith	Robert L. Hammond	Lowden G. Ulrich, Jr.
Jane Margaret Stewart	Denton P. Harris	Andrew W. Vincent
Ruth E. Stuart	Joe F. Heffernan	Frank Vitalone
Elsie J. Taber	Russell C. Hickey	Raymond F. Vleck
Dorothy M. VanZandt	Cecil P. Hobin	Daniel L. Waldock
K. May Vincent	Francis Hogan	Frederick L. Walker
	Francis A. Hubbard	Bruce Wallace
	Kenneth C. Huff	Raymond M. Weldgen
	Byron A. Johnson, Jr.	Frank A. Wheat
	Orville P. Kelly	Cosimo White
	Norman Edgar Kistner	Wilfred S. Wilson
	Walter J. Koster	Harold A. Woodhall
	Wilfred L. LaClair	John J. Wurme
	Ernest Laudadio	Norman E. Woodworth
	Philip J. Lavery	Thaddeus A. Youtchas
	Arnold K. Lee	William R. Zimmer

LITERARY

Graduation

Graduation is at hand! Madison is sending forth from her portals many students. They will leave armed with experience and knowledge. They have acquired new ambition and new courage to do their duty. Our Honor Roll proclaims achievement.

Freshmen, you are the ones who still have a big opportunity to gain honors. Grasp it tightly! The majority of pupils think that only an exceptional pupil will reach the top. This is not true. It is the every-day, clean-minded, determined pupil who will reach the goal and may make the Honor Roll.

With this thought in mind coupled with perseverance and the ability to conquer, many should climb to the heights of success.

May I ask you not to forget the present day seniors, but send us your good wishes. We have a lot to do, fellow-comrades. There are many things to accomplish, but we are all working so whole-heartedly that I feel sure we shall be a credit to the fair name of Madison.

—Mary Rose Reichard, L9A-1

Farewell to Madison

The time has at last come when we as seniors will have to say farewell to Madison. During previous terms, when I read the Madigraph and noticed the words, "We are leaving Madison with joy and sorrow," I could not understand what they meant. I have never realized until this term what they really do mean.

Leaving Madison is something like going away from home for a while. You want to go and you want to stay, but since you have spent time in making preparations you consequently go. That is the same condition now.

With the help of our teachers we have finished our course here, and thus we must seek knowledge elsewhere.

I do not wish to say farewell to Mr. Zornow, teachers, or students, but I hope to meet all again many times.

—Eunice M. Richardson, L9A-1

A Narrow Escape

As we walked on through the deep Arizona forest, I noticed that we would not get to town before darkness came. Already the shade of night was slowly deepening, and the forest was as still as a tomb, except the wind, which was sighing through the tall, pine trees. A lone owl hooted somewhere in the canyon, very near to us. My young brother strode silently at my side.

"Gee, this forest gives me the creeps," said my brother, whose name was Jack. "I wish we were home."

"If the light holds out, we will be there in another ten minutes," I said. I tried to speak encouragingly, but in my heart, I knew we could never make it before darkness fell, and traveling in a forest, nearly unknown to me, was not such a fine prospect.

An owl again hooted in the canyon, and the echoes in the canyon and through the hills warned me that we were quite near the "Devil's Cliff." I looked around to tell Jack to keep close behind me, because we didn't want to get separated in the pitch darkness that we were in. But imagine my amazement and horror at the fact Jack was nowhere to be seen. I called to him as I turned back over my trail, but received no answer. Finally, I heard a very weak call for help, somewhere, it seemed, below me. I went over to the edge of the canyon and looked down. There was Jack, hanging by one foot, head down, over the edge of the canyon. If he hadn't caught his foot in a tangled root of a tree, I hated to think what I would have to tell my father when I reached home. I reached down, caught his foot with my hands and pulled him back over the edge to safety. Luckily he only weighed about seventy-five pounds or I couldn't have lifted him up.

We reached home later in the evening without any more mishaps, but I think that one narrow escape is enough for one night.

An owl hooted again behind me. I shuddered, as I thought of the adventures we had had, since the first time the owl had sent his weird call to the canyon walls to be echoed again and again for our warning.

—Richard H. Bills, T9A-1

Cruise of the Busy Bee

Part Two

Synopsis

Three boys of Ashton, New York, James Banker, Chub, and Skeeter, made use of an old scow by repairing it and later building a store on it. Naming their enterprise the Hudson Trading Company, they started up the Hudson River to sell their wares. They stopped for the night a short distance north of Poughkeepsie after carrying on an extensive business at Poughkeepsie. The boys soon fell asleep after supper. At midnight, Skeeter awoke suddenly to find the Busy Bee, their boat, being stolen by two men.

The actual thought that the Busy Bee was being stolen gripped Skeeter, and for fully five minutes he stood gazing into the inky darkness of the Hudson long after the boat had disappeared. Skeeter suddenly stopped his dreaming and ran hurriedly into the camp.

"Fellows, the boat has been stolen!" The boys were up in a minute and followed Skeeter to the river bank.

"Now, if you're kiddin' me," said Chub, as he came out of the tent, yawning and pulling up resisting pants, "I'll soak you." The boys looked up and down the river until the first rays of dawn had turned into bright daylight.

Jim at last broke the penetrating stillness. "Fellows," he started, "we better pack up our tent and report our loss to the police of the nearest town." So the boys packed up their equipment and started for the nearest town.

At nine o'clock three tired and dirty boys trod down the main street of Wilton and walked into the police station. The first things that caught their eyes were large signs on the walls with pictures of escaped convicts, robbers, culprits, etc. One in particular caught Chub's attention. This was a particularly large poster with two pictures of men and a reward of three thousand dollars.

"Hey! Guys!" yelled Chub, "look at that neat sum." And he pointed at a poster.

"Aw! Forget it!" said Jim, stepping up to one of the officers. He hastily told his story to the officer.

"Too bad," said the policeman, "I am

afraid you won't find it. There are a lot of boat thieves around here." This disappointed the trio, and they walked slowly out of the station.

"Let's get a rowboat and look for the Busy Bee. We can't let it stay stolen," advised Jim. So the boys secured a small rowboat and started up the river. After a while Chub suddenly yelled and then groaned.

"What is the matter?" asked Skeeter. Then Chub told his story. He said that he had suddenly seen the rear of the Busy Bee in a small cove up the river, but as he yelled the boat was drawn out of his sight. The boys pulled harder on the oars and soon reached the cove. However, they were disappointed. When they arrived the boat was gone, and only a large cliff confronted them. The boys searched the cove for traces of the missing boat until they heard footfalls near them.

"Beat it, fellows," yelled Chub, "here come some men." The boys scrambled up the cliff and concealed themselves in some bushes. It was growing dark, and the boys could hear noises but could see no men. Just then a small beam of light from a flashlight shone upon the motionless trio, and they heard a coarse, rough voice yell, "Here dey is, guys!" Five burly men leaped upon the boys and dragged them up a small hill to an old country estate.

The wind had grown considerably stronger in the meantime, and, as the boys were dragged into the deserted estate, the howling of the wind in the tall trees gave a mysterious effect upon the boys' new prison.

The door of the house was opened by an elderly lady, probably the housekeeper. She was instructed to put the boys in a small room in the cellar of the home. At first the boys thought she might be an aid to their escape, but they soon found out that she was a mute.

They were shoved down the cellar stairs, but as the woman was about to lock them in their new prison her eyes grew full of fright, and for a whole minute she stood staring at something behind Chub. Then she suddenly fainted. Chub turned to see at whom she was looking, and a masked man pointing a revolver toward him, confronted him. The gun was an old rusty weapon, and its appearance was peculiar.

"Gee!" exclaimed Chub, "What kind of a gun is that? Haw! Haw!"

The stranger, not intending to be ridiculed, pulled the trigger of the gun. Instead of the bullet hitting the boys, however, the gun kicked and threw the man to the floor.

"Haw! Haw! Haw!" boomed Chub, "Do it again, I didn't see you."

By the time the stranger was upon his feet Skeeter had drawn a small water pistol from his pocket, and, due to the partial darkness of the room, the man was unable to tell it from a real revolver.

"Get us each a gun," ordered Skeeter, "and some rope."

The man went to a nearby closet and produced the necessary equipment. Just then the front door opened, and the five men entered the house.

"Now," instructed Chub, "you yell for these men to come down here."

The man was loathe to obey at first, but he was forced to, later. The plan worked fine, and within five minutes the boys had the men, all six of them, bound hand and foot.

"Where is our boat?" asked Jim.

"In de cove," replied one of the men.

Jim sent Skeeter out to see if the man had told the truth. When Skeeter returned, he reported that the boat was in the cove. Jim soon had the prisoners taken aboard the *Busy Bee*, and soon they were headed for Wilton to turn them over to the officials. When they arrived a crowd had already gathered, among them, the police.

"Holy cats!" exclaimed a boy on the shore. "Gosh all Hemlocks, they've got Safe Blower Sam and Boat Robber Bill!"

The boys at first did not understand what they meant, until they learned that among the six men they had captured, two were escaped convicts and had a three thousand dollar reward for their capture, dead or alive.

"Fellows!" gurgled Chub with joy, "they are the men who came aboard at Poughkeepsie he means, and the reward is the one I saw yesterday at the station."

A Western Union messenger then stepped up with a telegram for "Mr." James Banker. Jim read it. Then smiled, saying, "Gang, we've got enough money to pay back Dad; so the boat is ours. My Dad says here that the folks are going to the shore for the rest

of the summer, and he wishes to know if we will accompany them or keep up our cruise. What do you think of it? Have we had enough of our cruise? What shall I tell him?"

"Hot Dog!!!" yelled Chub, grabbing the nearest person, who turned out to be an old lady who had come to the store to see what all the noise was about, and danced for glee with her. "Tell him we'll be there with bells on."

"Wouldn't that have been a fine place to end this story? However, we didn't. The boys took the *Busy Bee* home the next morning after receiving their reward and seeing the criminals on their way to prison. When they arrived at Ashton the whole town was there to welcome them.

"Gosh, fellows," said Club to the rest of the party as they neared the dock, "It sure is funny how you can turn a dreary, hot summer vacation into one with real pep, fun, excitement, and mystery, and you can bet your boots we are going to have twice as much fun next summer."

—Romeo Suppiello, Walden Hammond, Samuel Stratton, L8A-1

The Sun

The sun is a bright, red ball of fire,
Its golden rays, they never tire.
The clouds float motionless in a stream,
They are the fleecy, white banks of which
you often dream.

The clouds they bathe in the bright sun's
rays,

Beneath the planet earth lays.
It ripens the farmer's harvest too,
It does what alone the rain cannot do.
What would we do if there were no sun?
How could we play or have life's fun?
Everywhere would be stillness and gloom
Not even a bright yellow moon.

—Charles Davis, 7A-2

Honesty

Can you drop a dime in the street-car box when you might have got by for a nickel? Or, if you are overcharged, return the extra money? If you can't or don't, you had better begin to, for honesty is one of the greatest virtues of success and happiness. Although it may be only a few cents, re-

turn it, for getting by with small amounts usually leads to stealing larger amounts.

Lincoln who was termed, "Honest Abe," because of his unflinching honesty used as his motto, "Honesty is the best policy." If everybody was as honest as Lincoln, future America would contain no bandits or swindlers.

You are now forming your life habits and character, and if you practice and form the habit of honesty by using Lincoln as a precedent and, "Honesty is the best policy," as your motto, you will certainly be a credit to America and will be a good citizen.

—Norman W. Brown, L9A-1

The Madison Medal

Following an established custom in Madison, the James Madison medal, donated by Dr. John R. Williams, for the best essay written on the life and work of James Madison, has been awarded. This term the honor with the congratulations of the entire school went to George Day, T9B-1. The following pupils received honorable mention: Samuel Stratton, L8A-1; Jack Dense, F9B-1; Helen Harnish, L9B-1; Margaret Iggleiden, L9B-1.

James Madison

James Madison, the fourth President of the United States, was born at Port Conway in Virginia, 1751. Madison was the eldest of a family of seven children. He was such a quiet, unobtrusive lad the people who knew him often averred that he had no real boyhood. He had no longing for games or rough sports but preferred to study his lessons. James was taught everything by a tutor until he was eighteen, and then he went to Princeton. He was a very good linguist, and he also studied for the bar at college. However, when he graduated at the age of twenty his health was so impaired by overstudy that he was unable to continue his study of law.

The Revolutionary War started soon after this, and Madison tried to enlist in the army. He was unable to do so because he was physically unfit and could not have stood the hardships encountered in warfare. Not discouraged by his failure to enlist he served in the Virginia Legislature and on a commit-

tee to draw up the new Constitution of Virginia.

As a member of the Continental Congress he found out the weaknesses of the Articles of Confederation and was firmly and unshakably convinced that a new Constitution was needed. He then made a study of governments both ancient and modern to get "ideas." Consequently, when representing Virginia in the Constitutional Convention he was the best informed man there. He did not orate as much as some of the other members, but when he did talk, everybody was sure to give the strictest attention to what he said. Madison was foremost in having the Constitution ratified, and for that very reason is sometimes called the "Father of the Constitution."

It is through Madison's remarkable journal that we know most of what happened at the Convention. His powerful arguments in the "Federalist" had much to do in bringing about the ratification of the Constitution.

When the Ship of State was drawn through the streets of New York, his name was one of the foremost on the lips of his countrymen.

Madison was a great friend of Jefferson and served eight years in his Cabinet as Secretary of State. His campaign for Presidency against Pinckney ended in a sweeping victory, and he was inaugurated March 4, 1809. During his first term difficulties with England were accumulating, and finally, though reluctantly, he declared war on England. The war terminated in the Treaty of Ghent with neither side the winner, but both had had plenty of fighting.

Madison retired from office after eight years of honorable service to his country and passed the rest of his days with his wife, Dolly Madison, formerly Dolly Todd, and one of the greatest leaders of society in Washington.

Madison has not had as many monuments erected to his name as other leaders of our country, nor is he considered as great a statesman as some, but his name will be forever remembered as foremost in bringing into effect the Constitution of the United States, a monument more lasting than bronze or marble statues.

—George Day, T9B-1

A Wish

I wish I were Lindbergh flying so high,
I wish I could touch the top of the sky
In a flying boat. There I would float
Amidst the twinkling stars,
'Till the sun's golden bars,
Fleck the morning sky.

—Frank E Rapp, C9A-1

Crow Hunting

One Friday night my cousin and I planned a crow-hunting trip. Crow meat is not good for food, but they are hunted for sportsmanship, and to help the farmers because these birds are a nuisance. The men and boys of Penfield and little towns have formed teams to shoot the crows, the losing team to give the winners a dinner at the close of the hunt.

We prepared our lunch, notified our friends, and gathered our guns and ammunition for our next day's fun. We started to grease and oil the car, to prepare for our expected trip, and then retired early.

Next morning we were awake at four o'clock and soon started for our destination. It was a cold and gloomy morning, but we knew that we would be repaid for our trouble with an immense amount of excitement and fun, for you all know the crow is a keen and alert bird of the American forests.

We met many hills on our way, but reached our icy and desolated destination just before day break.

We set to our task of building a blind and placed our artificial hawk and crow, which are used as decoys perched upon a fence, then started our crow-calling with an artificial crow-call which we had bought at Penfield.

We called the crows for about an hour before any game was in sight. Then we took extreme precaution in calling the birds to a shooting range. We let the first few crows pass by unnoticed, because they wouldn't be scared when the final moment for the shooting came. We put in a few shots but didn't get any game.

Our friend suggested we should be starting for home because it was getting darker every moment. So we started. Our return trip was not so comfortable as it was cold and not so interesting because of the dark and dangerous driving,

We arrived home late and had lunch,

cleaned our guns, and retired after a pleasant and very much enjoyed hunting trip.

—Alfred Morlante, V9B-1

The Fighting Temeraire

We have a picture of the Fighting Temeraire hanging in the south corridor of the second floor, opposite Mr. Power's shop. The original of this picture is in London, in the National Gallery.

"Temeraire" is a French word which means bold, daring, fearless.

This famous battleship was captured from the French, in the battle of the Nile, by Lord Nelson. He brought the vessel to Trafalgar Bay, off the coast of Spain. Here it led the British boats, and in this battle Admiral Nelson was fatally wounded. It was at this time that Nelson said to his men, "England expects every man to do his duty" This is now a famous British slogan.

One day, Turner, a British artist, while on an excursion up the Thames with some friends, saw the Temeraire being towed by a tug to a mooring place.

One of the party remarked, "There is a fine subject for a picture". Turner immediately began to paint the scene, using for the background a brilliant sunset sky.

To-day the picture is considered one of the most valuable and famous in the world and a fine example of Turner's art.

—George Converse, V9B-1

RŌMA ANTĪQUA

Si puella parva Americāna et puer parvus Americānus ruīnās Rōmae antiq̄uae visitābunt, visionēs multās et dēlectationēs vidēbunt.

Ubi per viās ruptās ambulābunt in ruīnās Fori Rōmāni forte invenient aedēs magnās quae olim sedēs vitae Rōmānae erant. Eō tempore, Forum hominibus et fēminis et liberis et porcis et venditōribus multae mercis complētum est. Merx nationū multārum ibi coācta est et templa multa ibi honōre deōrum et deārum aedificāta erant.

Alter conspectus clārus quod magnō cum gaudiō vidētur est Collissēum. Olim hīc erat scaena multōrum clārōrum lūdorum et certaminum quadrigarū. Imperātōrēs ludōs ibi dabant. Patriciū cum plebe congregābantur. Populī totius orbis terrārum

hūc convēnērunt. Locus congregandī erat maximus illīs diēbus et ruīnae altae et lātae et magnae iam stant.

— Albert Sillato, L9A1

A Thrilling Experience

It happened on the night of December 30, 1928. I was sitting in a dark, dark place. Where it was, I knew not. Gradually the inside of this cave-like structure began to lighten up, and there, standing in front of me, was a huge, muscular, wild man. He carried an axe which had dried blood on it. I sat with staring eyes and mouth agape, and there he stood with a savage, hungry look (each of us waiting for the other to make the first move). After an hour or two had elapsed, he had gone away, and I was still sitting there, for, you see I was witnessing one of the latest movie thrillers in a downtown theatre.

— Harold Thon, L9A-1

The Written Page

The printer takes great pride in turning out a good looking page. He arranges things so they will satisfy the readers. He sets the type in good order and is very careful not to misplace the letters. He is always sure to have a good margin and indentations. He places the title of the story in the center of the column.

The written page should also have careful arrangement so the reader will have no difficulty with it. The writing should be neat and carefully done. If there should be any flourishes or ink blots, the story will be hard to read. The writing should be even, the pen, ink, and paper should be of good quality in order to produce the best results.

The thought is important. The punctuation should be carefully and correctly placed so the person reading the composition will find it a pleasure. If you were to pick up a book and find the words misspelled or misplaced you would soon get tired of reading that book. That is why the author takes so much pains to have a good, clean, neat, page, and he must be sure the story sounds right before he has it published. So we should be just as careful with the written page.

— Joseph Stephany, V9B-2

Applause

Applause is given to show that you enjoy the performance. Some people applaud just for the sake of making a noise. That is poor policy.

Out door applause is likely to be loud and boisterous at a big football, baseball, or hockey game. The people all stand up and shout and throw their hats into the air. Sometimes they never recover their hats.

Indoor applause is seldom loud. People do not shout except if it's a basketball or volley ball game. Then it is proper to give way to your enthusiasm. But on public occasions, clapping of the hands is sufficient. Shouting and whistling are only done by ignorant or vulgar people. The courteous people never do that except when it is proper.

In our Assembly it is only fitting to clap your hands. Never shout or whistle. Loud, prolonged clapping is discourteous. You should clap only if you enjoy the act or speech. It is discourteous to clap for the actor or speaker to appear more than twice. It only serves to give the impression that you are selfish.

—Barton Forman, V9A-1

My First Fish

As I remember, perhaps one of the happiest days of my life was when I caught my first fish. I had been preparing for this venture of mine for many days. In my fishing outfit I had about three quarts of worms, two hooks, large enough to catch whales, and a bamboo fishing pole that weighed about five pounds, and at least fifteen feet long. I sat out in a small row boat and went straight to a place where I thought there should be fish. After I had sat in the sun for about an hour, I decided that the fish must all have moved.

I rowed to a different place and dropped my line in, leaving the pole lying across the boat. I crawled to the other end of the boat and sat down, as I was becoming quite disgusted with fishing. Suddenly, I saw my pole going into the water. I crawled up to the other end of the boat and caught the pole at the very end. As I pulled the pole in, I noticed that there was something pulling on it. That was the first time I had realized that a fish was on my line. I pulled up my line, and on the end was a monstrous fish, at

least three inches long. I hurried home to have my fish fried for my supper, thinking how extremely good a fisherman I must be to land such a large-sized fish.

—Harris Pickett, T9A-1

A Wild Time in the Old Town

In the early 50's, as related to me by my grandmother, she, not yet in her teens, lived with her Uncle Harwood on his farm in Colebrook, Ohio. She was an orphan, and to pay for her board she helped with the cooking and general housework. Emma (that was my grandmother's name) was taking her baby cousin, Jenny, for a walk over to the farm where her aunt was attending a quilting "bee." The farmhouse was approximately an eighth of a mile distant. Before going, she finished an ironing. The last article to be pressed was a clean, white sunbonnet, which was afterward starched and hung on a chair to stiffen. The chair stood on a trap-door.

Upon starting out, Emma observed that it looked like rain; nevertheless, she decided that she would make an attempt to beat the shower to her destination.

She was walking slowly along the foot-path beside the road, pushing her light baby buggy, with her three-year-old sister tugging at her long skirts, when she chanced to look up at a patch of woods. To her amazement, the tall poplars were bending halfway to the ground in an on-sweeping wind. Frightened, she hurried to the farmhouse and had just pushed the buggy up the steps when it started to rain. By the time she had the carriage on the porch there was a gale raging. A gust of wind nearly pushed her over, but she struggled to the door. Then she couldn't get inside, for the door was barricaded with beds, and the people inside were busy holding the windows in by force.

They admitted Emma, however, as soon as possible and immediately set her to work holding in the windows.

All that could be heard was the road and howl of the winds whipping around the side of the house. Emma couldn't resist looking out once in a while; but every time she did, she was terrified. All that was visible was

the effects of the hurricane, which was swiftly putting to destruction all things in reach of it. Shingles and clapboards were whirling around in typhoons, and then were blown away.

While Emma was watching, there was a roar, and in half a second the storm had pushed in the west side of the house, scooped off the roof, rafters and all, and left the tall, wooden-posted beadsteads, stretching their fingers toward the black sky—drenched.

The storm lasted for ten minutes—but what a ten minutes! After the wind finally died down to a mere whine and whistle, the small group of men and women trooped out to see what was left of the country-side. When the farmer had seen all he wished to see, the poor man sat down on a log, and put his head in his hands. The men all looked around for the barn, and at last located it lying flat on the ground. One side had collapsed, pulling down the rest of the building. The drift fences were evenly distributed about the neighborhood, and the cows were out in the fields, feasting on the remains of a cornfield. Logs, shingles, and pieces of wearing apparel were lying on the ground, the clothes draped artistically on posts or framework.

Seeing that their presence would do no good, Emma and her aunt started homeward with the children to see the remains of their own home and property. The damage done was quickly and easily discovered. One side of the house was missing, and the grain-shed was not to be found, despite much searching, until the next week, when it was discovered upheld by some trees in the woods nearby.

But now, let us return to the neatly starched sunbonnet, which was hung on the knob of the chair. This chair also was missing, but later it was found that the trap door had been opened by the gale, which had whirled the chair down through the opening and carefully set it down on its legs, with the white sunbonnet still reposing peacefully on the knob and no speck of dust or dirt visible upon its surface.

Upon the coming Sunday, Miss Emma Mills appeared in church, the only one present with a clean, starched sunbonnet.

—Marcia Rae Metzdorf, L9A-1

THE CLASS PROPHECY

Anyone looking in the volume of Thatcher's, "Prominent Citizens of the United States," in 1945 may find the following noteworthy and their occupations.

Lynn Brown, Dean at Harvard College.

Norman Brown replaces Ripley as Bunk Editor.

Carl Elmendorf and Jack Lynn take the places of Charlie Chaplin and Bull Montana in Hollywood.

Byron Johnson, seller of brown derbies (donated to him by Miss Williams).

Roger Maloney, inventor of wingless, tailless airplanes.

Morton Phillips devotes his life to the search of the cootie, Uittia, an elusive bug found only in Egypt.

Morris Rockovitz, owner of a chain of beauty parlors throughout the country.

Albert Sillato and Phillip Sullivan, instructors in the art of skiing in Switzerland.

Monroe Townsend, aquatic star on the United States Olympic Team.

Fred Walker, president of the Arpeako Company.

Thadeus Youtchas gives piano recitals which equal that of Paderewski.

Harold Thon makes silence an art to his pupils at the Naval Academy.

Thelma Ackerson dyes her hair red, white, and blue to be patriotic.

Elizabeth Bushnell, General of the girl scout organization in the United States.

Marjorie Eaton, owner of dancing school in Los Angeles. She has turned out more stars than any other teacher in the world.

Marcia Metzendorf, Prima Donna with the London Opera company.

Margaret Milow, world famed actress at the Capitol Theatre in New York City.

Florence Goff, Journalist on the New York Times, is making a great success as the Sport Editor.

Margaret Hoy, Professor in advanced Latin at Vassar.

Eunice Richardson, kindergarten teacher in Rochester, New York.

Olga Richie is painting stage scenery for all prominent traveling companies.

Charlotte Roesgen, teacher of the American Clog in Japan.

Mary Reichard is in Siberia teaching the natives to follow a mixed diet and drink plenty of hot chocolate.

Jane Stewart, as interior decorator in Vienna, has decorated several luxurious mansions.

— Philip Sullivan and
Albert Sillato, LgA-1

About a month ago I decided to take a trip to New York by aeroplane. I went to the station to get a ticket; then the man took me over and introduced me to the pilot. It was Lily Bondi, the celebrated aviatrix, who had just broken the endurance record for women.

I opened the door of the plane, ready for my flight, and whom should I see but John Leonardo, the noted dentist. While we were riding he told me that he was going to New York for a few days and from there would go to Washington to take care of the President's teeth.

On arriving in New York I said good-bye to Mr. Leonardo and started for a hotel. While dining there I chanced to meet Lyndon English, the doctor of the hotel. He couldn't talk long because he said he had to go upstairs and wait on his patient, Dorothy Van Zandt, who was a famous musician. She had become ill because she played the piano too vigorously. Later I went up to see Dot, but Doris Cook, the nurse, said no visitors were permitted.

The next day I went to the Roxy Theater. I picked up the program and to my surprise saw the names of Helen Niermeyer and Norma White as dancers there. Helen Darling and Ann Hart started the act with Lowden Ulrich behind beating the drum. After the show I went back stage to see them. After a long chat I started for my hotel.

That night at eleven o'clock I went to the roof garden. Peggy Berlin and Kathryn Bush did a tap dance. I also met Joe Gies while I was there. He is the owner of the hotel. Later Mary Rose Homan, now a police woman, came in and talked with me.

The next morning I took an aeroplane to Washington. The first place I went to was the White house to see Emil May, who happened to be President. We visited for quite

a while, and he told me that Hazel Lerch was an interior decorator and had just finished designing a palace at Rome, Italy.

Later we went to a basket ball game and were surprised to hear that Guerino Palese was the captain of the winning team.

Another visit was paid to the Supreme Court where Francis Hogan was a judge and Peter Rudy a lawyer. They were both making it "hot" for the criminal, remembering their school days at Madison Junior.

When I left the court and was going past the beach to a bus, I met four life-guards, Clara Crary, Nan Harris, Patricia Heaphy and Sestina Serinati, who are known all over the world for their famous work.

The next afternoon I went to Roosevelt Field as a trans-atlantic flight was to be made. The medical college was sending a shipment of guinea pigs to France in the care of Jean Black. Margaret Shaw also went along to prepare diets for the animals.

I was to leave for Rochester in two hours, so I decided to hear a concert given by Harriet Briggs who played the violin. After an hour and a half I was on my way to the airport. I heard a boy yelling "Extra! Extra!" I bought one, and the heading read "Famous Chemist Makes Discovery." It was Raymond Weldgen who just discovered that Latin was a dead language and had no living organs.

I then started for Rochester.

— Dorothy Johnson, L9A-2

Upon entering the Krazy Kat Tea Shoppe in the spring of 1940, I was very much surprised to find a former classmate, Mary Magro, sole owner and proprietor of the shop. A lengthy discussion ensued in which many of our former classmates were discussed.

Mary informed me that Maggie Leppler was manager of the Leppler vaudeville troupe and that Dorothy Linvill had become a commercial artist of great repute in New York City.

Finally Mary called for her car, and we went for a ride. It was at this time that I noticed that Frank Oakes was holding the position of chauffeur.

We stopped at a roadside inn, Red Wing Tavern, and whom should we encounter but Myron Sweeney who was conducting his orchestra and playing his favorite instrument, the saxophone, at the same time.

While on our way home we heard the fierce clanging of bells behind us, and upon turning we saw a fire engine heading toward us. We immediately pulled over to the curb, but we managed to get a glimpse of the fire chief who proved to be our school friend, Gordon Purdy.

Passing an aviation field, we were surprised to see a host of people cheering and singing. A general air of excitement prevailed. We were informed that a new record had been set by none other than Orville Kelly.

After trying to beat the red lights on Main Street, we were ordered by a policeman to pull over to the curb. Imagine our surprise in finding William Shannon a preserver of the law!

While trying to evade the eyes of curious spectators, we looked at the windows of the nearby buildings. Our gaze became riveted on one particular window which had in bold letters the name of a former classmate, David Gordon, Criminal Lawyer.

That evening there was in the paper a picture which seemed familiar. It was Joseph Grippo who had just returned to New York City after an extended trip in Europe where he had won honor in the Olympic games.

After dinner Mary turned on the radio, and we were entertained by some of our former classmates, Eugene McLaughlin, Cecil Hobin, and Ruth Curtice.

I was on night duty at the hospital; so I found it necessary to bring our pleasant visit to a close, and with a rather hurried good-by went on my way.

— Ruth Marriot, Mary Magro, F9A-1

One day, as I was walking along a street in New York City, I met Alfred Curtice who told me that he and William Better were pilots on a trans-atlantic air route. We stopped in a restaurant which was owned and operated by Philip Lavery. These are some of the things that we talked about:

Harris Pickett is operating a beauty parlor.

Harl Taylor is running a men's clothing store.

Harold Woodhall is running for President of the United States.

William Slade, Charles Dunn, and Ernest Membretti are on the All-American football team.

Charles Topham is the head of the Mathematics department of an eastern college.

Robert Matteson is the best heavyweight boxer of West Point.

William Zimmer, a great pilot, would probably have reached Mars in his plane if the gas hadn't given out.

Joe Heffernan is the president of the Dairymen's League of America.

Roy Steele is one of the world's most daring sea captains.

Dick and Dimfle are the owners of an airplane corporation.

Richard Bills is head of the Army and Navy Air Forces with Welbury Muschett as his assistant.

Arthur Stevens is a district attorney of the United States.

Alphonso Andreano is a master of languages at an eastern college.

Andrew Vincent is president of the Tinker Toy Company.

William Ernisse is chief mathematician of a college.

Signed on a hot summer day, January 1, 1939

—William Ernisse and

Alphonso Andreano, T9A-1

Orrin Ritchie, official boxing match promoter at Madison Square Gardens.

Joe Romanski—known as "One-round Joe" because he never lasts till the second.

Dan Pooley—Ben Turpin, the second.

George Short—famous monkey-shampooer. He always did like monkey-shines.

Edward Robena—owner of the Candy Shoppe. It's always fresh. Ask his classmates. They saw it.

Lawrence Smith—promising ice-skating champ. So far it's been nothing but promises.

Frank Wheat—recently invited to the Orient to stop the famine.

John Wurne—life guard at Red Creek. He's not the only one who fell in.

Robert Stear—the well known rancher.

Norman Kistner—the inventor of a new street-car model, one in which all the passengers can sit down.

Samuel Bickerstaff—owner of Bickerstaff's Palace, famous for its hot-air system.

Kenneth Botting—now trying for the world's high-jump record.

Frank Citro—captain of the New York Giants.

Everts Burton—the great "do or die" aviator. We "don't" because we aren't ready to "die."

Ernest Embling—the home-run king.

Carl Bates—the proprietor of a sport goods store that delights a fisherman's heart.

Joe Chiappone—the successful clothing salesman, specializing in long trousers for short boys.

Robert Drum—the popular dancing teacher. Only pretty girls accepted in his classes.

Denton Harris—Senator from New York. If there were girls in the Senate, the country would go to the dogs.

Russell Hickey—well known plumber. He always liked pipes.

Kenneth Graves—the modern Odysseus. He no longer gets sea-sick.

Kenneth Huff—prosperous glass-blower. Where did he get his start?

Arnold Lee—the inventor of rubbers that can be worn all day without injury to the feet.

Edward Olson—starring with M—P—in "Romeo and Juliet."

Norman Neener—catcher on the ball team. That's how his nose became flat.

Kenneth McNeill—the favorite with radio fans. A second Harry Lauder.

Martin Groet—making a name for himself teaching young Madisonians to be seen and not heard.

Edward Graves—author of the popular book, "One Thousand Questions Asked and Answered."

—Carl Bates, George Short,
and Kenneth Botting, T9A-2

Hotel Seneca,
Rochester, New York,

Dear Ruth: May 20, 1939.

Our class reunion was a huge success. Of course, everybody asked where you were, and I told them that you were very sorry that you couldn't be with us on account of the swimming meet you were sponsoring.

After ten years, they all look rather different, but at heart they are the same good old crowd.

Andrew Birch greeted everybody with his ever ready, "Ahem, hem, Hermia!" He and George Decker are in business together. They have invented a way to type without making any mistakes. Marion Baker is dem-

onstrating for them. You remember Marion was always good in "type."

Wilfred Wilson is chief of police in Rochester now. "Duty first," is his motto, and he threatens to pinch any of us if we don't abide by the laws while here.

Lester Du Bay is playing the organ at the Palace Theater. He is very enthusiastic about it, and his fame is gradually creeping over the country.

Gladys McClellan, Ruth Edgett, Virginia Nichols, Edith Masterman, Marion Coolidge, and Lillian Genova were unable to come as they are busy capturing the hearts of Broadway with their clog dancing.

Frank Rickard owns fifty commercial airplanes and twenty-five passenger planes. He took us all up for a ride, and he certainly knows how to fly.

Florence Kerr and Eleanor Collins are trained nurses. They are planning a trip to Europe this next fall for more extensive study under noted foreign physicians.

Robert Hammond is the best doctor in the city and also the busiest. Helene Ilchman is his private secretary. She has proved herself to be a very competent business woman.

Rita Baker is an English teacher at Madison Junior. She likes it and says she has to pinch herself every once in a while to make sure that she's the teacher and not a pupil.

Leo Lester is a very successful lawyer. I always knew he'd make good.

Alberta Kennedy and Regina Matthews are permanent wavers and have discovered a process which keeps the hair curly for life.

Lewis DeTrinco is a West Point graduate. He is home from South America on a furlough.

Ida Cawthra is head bookkeeper at the Signal Works. She is the discoverer of the method of perfect trial balance. By using her method she guarantees no mistakes.

Virginia Smith is happily married to a stunning man with a black mustache. She and her husband write scenarios for the talkies.

Ruth Peck owns the Red Wings, and she never tires of rooting for her team.

Felicia Krulikowski is a math teacher at West High. Her pupils are greatly interested in the subject, and she is called "The Miracle Worker" by one and all.

Frank Rapp and Alvin Hall are playing with the Yankees and have succeeded in breaking Babe Ruth's and Lou Gehrig's records for home runs.

Eleanor Miller owns a coffee shop. I wish you could taste one of her waffles. They are the talk of the town.

Hazel Hooker married a successful rancher out West. She said that if I should tune in on Denver, Colorado, some night at the children's hour, I should hear her speak.

Mamie Polozzi has broken all endurance records. She kept her plane in the air for a week. She says that chewing gum was what helped to keep her awake.

Annie Adkins is the best typist in New York State. She has won the speed contest for the last three consecutive years.

Frieda Schneider and Jean Anderson have a large studio on East Avenue. They are very happy teaching social dancing.

I couldn't help thinking as I saw how successful everybody has turned out to be, how much we owe to the faculty of our dear old Alma Mater for their help in starting us right.

Well, Ruth, I hope you aren't too lonesome in the apartment. I'll be with you within another week.

Love,
Marg.

—Margaret Campbell, C9A-1

As I sat before the fireplace, watching the glowing embers, I pictured the fireplace in my mind as the C9A-2 graduating class of June nineteen hundred twenty-nine. Each member seemed to represent some one of my class mates in a certain walk of life.

First, I saw Dorothy Newbauer, as the first woman vice-president of the United States, calling the Senate to order. In the Senate chamber was Isabel Donovan, a senator from New York state.

Slowly the vision changes to a court room where the judge, Geraldine Metz, was presiding. The prisoner at the bar was Violet Reynolds, famous bookkeeper, who was charged with throwing away Assets and keeping too many Liabilities. The members of the jury that I recognized were: Pasquelina Cioffi, Elsie Taber and Alice Race, all famous bookkeepers.

The scene changed again. This time I saw a modern home in which I at once rec-

ognized as that of Phyllis Glaser, wife of the famous Jazz-Gum manufacturer. (She never got tired of testing gum for the firm).

Again the scene changed, this time to a science class room at Madison Junior High School where Ruth Stuart was acting as successor to Miss Callahan. In another class room I recognized Thelma Bartholomay as a teacher of commercial mathematics and typewriting. Her friends always expected to see Thelma up in the world.

Next I saw Lois Fuller, who with her partner, Lorraine Clark, was managing the Fuller Brush Company.

Next I observed Dorothy Curtis preaching on the subject "How to keep that School-Girl Complexion." At first her listeners believed it was possible, but when Dorothy demonstrated they soon changed their minds.

The flames next showed Adelaide Gravlin as a physical training teacher. Also in this scene I saw Alice Myers teaching a class of baby elephants how to clog.

A log fell, sending out a shower of sparks, and I saw Loretta Lyons teaching piano lessons at the Eastman School of Music. When didn't she like to tickle the ivories.

As the embers darkened, I saw the remaining few of my class, each responding to her calling. Lucille McCormack and Virginia Ham were teaching a school of kangaroos how to do the "Raccoon".

Next I discerned Evelyn De Pascale working very industriously in an office to make enough money to tour the world.

Shortly, I was gazing at Clara Murray and Jane Hall, well known police-women. Boys, you had better watch your step!

The dying flames then seemed to take the shape of a large manufacturing plant where I recognized Viola Morey and Pauline Bates, the owners of a large firm which published new editions of the "Odyssey".

Soon I was gazing at Dora Smith, world's most famous expert typist.

Next I saw Ida Garofolo and Helen Rendsland, both expert swimmers.

As I stared into the fading embers for the last time, I saw very faintly the words, "Attempt-Accomplish". It was only then that my classmates had lived up to that motto.

—Nan Beman, C9A-2

As school life now for V9A-1 closes,
Let's see what the Future dimly shows us:

Far from his home is Chester Arazy
Leading an orchestra, wild and jazzy;
And ten years from now Wilfred LaClair
Will be down South giving off "hot air."
Our old boy chum John Cervini,
Takes the title away from bold Tom Heeney;

And about this time, William Graby
Is working hard with "spuds" in the navy.

That great writer of history, Sterling Cook,

Has just finished a novel, "The Backward Look"

We'll find our Vice-governor, Bart Forman,

Promoted to a hotel doorman.
Our quiet, friendly, little Ernest

Gets a patent for a heatless furnace.
And we find that our "Lily" Place
Still enjoys working on dainty lace.

Then there's our classmate, Vitalone,
Just putting out some tasteless baloney.

On main street Dominic Della Vella
Is called by everyone a right good fellow;

And his loyal friend, Frank Cambesi,
Is up in his airplane where it's breezy.

On the vaudeville stage is Gene Scuteri
Upon his trapeze like an airy fairy.

While that smart "alec", our friend Frank,
Tries swimming the channel instead of a tank;

And sad to say there's Walter Koster
Who once had a chance, but lost 'er.

Very fortunate was our friend, "Mac",
In inventing an egg that will not crack.

Out in his potato field, you'll find Dominic,

A very poor worker but a good "hick"
And how about our hopeless Dan?

Why, he's in Alaska—a baseball "fan"
We can't discover long-lost Angelo

Since he joined the Marines with his piccolo.

In a beauty parlor you'll find Nicholas
Introducing a "wave" that's not ridiculous.

On Daytona Beach note little "Phil"
Breaking a record without a spill.

Somewhere in Europe you'll Stutsman sight

Waiting a chance for western flight.
 In the old home town you'll still find
 Steve
 Celebrating New Year's on Christmas
 Eve;
 And in far Arabia, good old "Clate",
 Trying to grow a seedless date.
 — William Graby, Felix Rybke,
 and Chester Arazy V9A-1

After my graduation from Madison in the year 1929, I decided to take a trip around the world. I had a most interesting time and some very exciting adventures. In 1940 I had a great longing and curiosity to see some of my old school mates from my graduating class, so I returned to Rochester.

I arrived on an early morning train and took a taxi to the hotel. After a cool shower and a refreshing sleep, I decided to see the changes that had taken place while I had been away. I bought a paper from a newsboy and glanced over the front page. I read some thing that astonished me greatly. There was Dorothy Dimpff's name. She was playing at the Palace Theater. I decided to go at once and see her performance.

The theater was packed, so I knew that she must be quite an actress. I finally was ushered to a seat just as her number was being shown on the stage. She was much older looking from using so much make up, but she was as good natured as when in school.

I was very hungry when I left the theater, so I walked a little way down town and saw a very inviting tea room. It was so inviting that I was inside before I knew what I was doing. It was even daintier and cosier looking inside. They served a very dainty luncheon to me, and I thought I should like to see the hostess. She came in as neat looking as the tea room. I almost fell off my chair with surprise, for it was my old school friend, Velma Schultz.

We had a delightful talk, and she promised to come to see me that evening.

I walked down West Avenue and noticed familiar figures ahead of me. I hurried forward and spoke to them and discovered Laura Robbins and Florence Codd. We talked for quite a while, and I found out that they were writing articles for society. They also told me that May Vincent was in a circus doing acrobatic stunts.

While we were talking, Mildred Jackson came past in her Ford car and she stopped to talk with us. She told us that she was going to be married at a certain date and gave a very cordial invitation to the wedding. She was writing poems for publication most of the time that I had been away. Laura gave me Florence Baker's address and I decided to call on her. She served tea and was a wonderful hostess. She told me that she and Clara Royce were leaders of the Humane Society. I told her about my travels, and we then bade each other good-bye.

I went to New York the following day. I was walking down Broadway when I noticed a very attractive studio and had a great curiosity to see the interior of it. I went in and asked to see the artist. Much to my astonishment, I found out that it was Juanita Lescalle, and she was as much surprised as I was to see me in New York after so many years of separation. I was even more surprised when she told me that Marion Young was in partnership with her and had just come back from Paris on an artists' expedition.

I then went to my hotel. I had a radio in my suite, so being tired I sat down and tuned in. I heard Ruth Peck singing and was very much taken aback, because I never thought she would ever achieve such a lovely voice. I had not been sitting down long, when I heard a knock at the door. I went to see who it was.

I was astounded to see Irene McWilliams smiling at me through the open door. She told me that she was the owner of the hotel and had been looking over the register and had seen my name. I invited her in, and we talked of being in school together. I told her about the rest of the girls I had met and heard about, and we were both happy that all had been successful so far in life.

—June Jackson, V9A-2

In 1929, after my graduation, I worked in a machine shop for a year, then I decided to go to Florida as I had heard that the real estate business was booming.

A year or two later I met Raymond Vleck who joined me as a partner.

In 1940 we decided to take a trip north by airplane and stop at some of the principal cities along the way.

Our first stop was made at Nashville,

Tennessee. Being hungry, we found one of the best hotels and ordered our dinner. The food was excellent. Upon inquiring who the chef was, I found to my surprise that it was my old pal, Richard Shaddock.

After spending a few days there we took the air again and flew to Washington, D. C. The first thing we did was to shake hands with Norman Woodworth, President of the United States, and his secretary, Emery Britton.

The next day, just before leaving, I went into a machine shop to get some parts for our plane. I met Richard Eastman walking around with his hands in his pockets and smoking a cigar. I found out he was the superintendent of the Workless and Seemore Company.

We arrived in New York at four o'clock, and after taking care of our plane and things we went to a barber shop to get spruced up a bit, as we intended to go to a theater that evening. As I was getting shaved, I noticed the barber was looking at me rather sharply. He said, "Aren't you Lynn Rowley?"

"Well, well! If it isn't my old friend, Tony Cecearilla," I answered.

While in Tony's shop we noticed a larger poster announcing a fight for the World's heavy weight championship between "Kid" White, and "Sonny" Ackerman at Madison Square Garden.

In the morning "Timer" we read that the great fight was a draw.

That afternoon we went to the harbor to see the boats that are always coming and going. We noticed a brand new yacht that was anchored near the dock. On inquiring, we found it belonged to our classmate, Bruce Wallace, and he intended to take his honeymoon trip in it.

That evening, looking through the daily "Sooze" of which Beverly Burrit was the editor, I saw that Joe Cervini, the great song writer, had published his world wide hit, "I Fall Down and Go Boom." And I also noticed that Mike Spodark was a popular author of bed time stories.

We left New York early in the morning intending to land in Albany at noon, but we were forced down. We landed in a large field among a lot of chickens, killing a few of them. We went up to the farm house to pay for the damage we had done. When the owner came to the door we saw

it was none other than Vito Pascarelli. After getting our plane in shape again, we continued on our way.

We arrived in Albany a few hours later, and after having our dinner we went for a walk in a park where we met Alfred Bradley and John Newton and learned they were doing well as stock brokers.

—Lynn Rowley, V9A-2

L'ADIEU DES FRANÇAIS

Adieu, chère Madison, nous sommes très tristes de penser au temps à venir quand il nous faut te quitter. Nous avons passé trois ans entre tes murs. Pendant ce temps nous avons appris beaucoup de choses. Quelques-uns de nous avons étudié dur et quelques-uns n'ont pas tant étudié, mais maintenant nous tous, nous désirons plus de travail et moins de jeu.

Nous sommes heureux et tristes parce qu'il nous faut te quitter. Bientôt nous irons dans un nouveau monde et nous tâcherons toujours de faire honneur au Pourpre et à l'Or.

—David Gordon and Frank Oakes, F9A-1

VALĒ, ALMA MATER

Madisōnia, tē nunc relinquimus. Ūnō modō nōs laetī sumus, sed aliō modō nōn laetī sumus, quod tē amāmus. Vēninus, vidimus, vicimus. In altioribus lūdis fortūnam nostram petēmus, sed semper tē magnō cum gaudiō memoriā tenēbimus.

—Morton Phillips, L9A-1

Laughter

In all the world each thing may laugh
As well as any human being of to-day;
And laughter of happiness and joy
Will linger on—and stay.
A brook in the spring when it wakes to life
Will laugh with a little rippling voice.
It just leaps and sings through all the strife,
Leading to the place of its choice.
The birds! Did you ever hear them laugh?
I have, and their trills of laughter are
very sweet;
Their notes up so high, and then down so
low,
Are Nature's glad song, and always a
treat.

—Mildred Scott, C8A-3

LIBRARY

Anastasia Tulley

Anastasia Tulley was running swiftly down the street. She did not stop and talk to her friends as usual. As she turned the corner and opened the gate to her home, she became more angry. She was angry at Parson Witherbee. Yes, and there in the corner of the room he was sitting. Her father was standing in the middle of the room, while her mother was crying.

"Father!" exclaimed Anastasia, "Is it true?"

"She has heard," said her father.

"I won't go. I won't go," shouted Anastasia.

"Go to your room," her father bade her.

Anastasia went upstairs to her room and sat in the window. All at once Tom Horn's face appeared in the window.

"Tasia, I will go later. My father won't consent now, but I will get there some way."

Anastasia pulled down the shade.

"All right then," said Tom, "you don't have to speak to me." And he went down the tree.

"Tom! Tom!" shouted Tasia, but he had vanished.

If you would like to know what it was all about, read "A Little Maid of Old Boston Town," by Margaret Sydney.

—Evelyn Chapman, 7B-1

Naval Warfare

It was midnight! A group of American sailors on a European island were watching and waiting. Their eager eyes were straining to see through the thin mist lying on the water. At last! Their patience was rewarded, for on the quiet waters of the inlet lay a ghostly outline of a submarine. A boat was launched from the U-boat and it came slowly towards land. German sailors got off, left one man to guard the boat, and disappeared inland. The Yankees quietly seized and tied him. Entering the boat and rowing with muffled oars, they slowly approached the vessel. A sentinel seeing them

said something in his native tongue. Receiving no answer and perceiving the uniform of an American, he shouted and shot into the group. Instantly they jumped on the submarine, threw the guard into the water, and opened the hatchway.

If you wish to know what happened, read "Fortunes of War," by Barbour.

—Alfred Mastrodonato, 7A-1

The Woods Rider

In the northeast corner of the turpentine woods the burning hot sun glowed on a tanned white man as he rode among a large number of black workers. A few spoke, but the hot sun made everyone cross and silent.

Finally one of these sweating negroes stepped from behind the tree he was tapping and said, "Massa Joe, it am shore gon'a storm, and it am gon'a storm hard."

But Joe only took advantage of it by saying, "Then we will have to work harder," and rode on through the tall trees of Mr. Brown's turpentine orchard.

A peal of thunder broke from the clouds, and the sky grew suddenly darker. The negroes had fled to the plantation. If he did not reach the clearing before the storm, he and his horse might be crushed by a falling tree.

Every one who has read the book will tell you the rest of this adventure, and many others are found in "The Wood's Rider," by Pollack.

—Willard Hayes, 7A-1

Soldiers of Fortune

"Soldiers of Fortune," by Davis, tells of the struggles and victories of a man who undertakes to put into working order vast iron mines in South America. While thus working there is a brave fight in which he wins and also wins the hand in marriage of his employer's daughter.

—Esther Dolman, C9A-2

The Madigraph

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Our Paper

"The Madigraph." Has that name any real significance to you? Of course it must have, for all true citizens wish to support the paper of their school. The Madigraph is known far and wide, and we, therefore must strive to make it the very best we can and to give it our support. If we do not support our own paper how can we expect others to whom it does not mean so much to appreciate it.

For more than six years the Madigraph has been very, very successful under the work of many worthy editors who have strived hard to make our paper among the best. These editors could not have made the

Madigraph what it is if they had not the co-operation of the student body.

As you have co-operated with past editors, your co-operation is needed greatly in the work of the coming term of the Madigraph to make it the very best, and on the threshold of becoming Editor-in-chief I want to congratulate my predecessors in this office and ask the continued whole-hearted co-operation of all true Madisonians.

—Margaret Iggleden, Associate Editor

"Attempt—Accomplish"

Three years ago, we seniors came into Madison as Freshmen, determined to do a great many things. Now we are in our last term, still trying our best to succeed in the things we started out to do. Even though we have not completed everything we aimed to do, most of us have done our best.

When we leave Madison, I hope that those who take our places will attempt and accomplish the things we were unable to finish, and succeed in doing a great many more.

—Charlotte Roesgen, L9A-1

Just A Word

It is exceedingly hard to accomplish a great deal in one term. I have great hopes for the Madigraph, which are yet unfulfilled. There is so much to do toward making a more enjoyable magazine. How well I now realize that we must have the direct help of the contributors in any organization!

Everyone has been most helpful and co-operative. I can't help feeling that the Madigraph has never contained better contributions than those of the past term. It is evident, from your subscriptions and interest, that you are striving to make our school paper the very best. And not only this, Madisonians, but you are making it keenly appreciated near and far.

I suppress bad feelings at leaving, but we must always move onward to give the next fellow his first chance. However, I do leave behind the sincerest hope that the Madigraph and its backers will continue with their generous spirit and worthwhile accomplishments.

—Mary Rose Reichard,
Editor-in-Chief.

THE UNITED STATES of MADISONIA



LYNN BROWN
Standard Bearer

Meeting of the House of Representatives

The first regular meeting of the House of Representatives was called to order on February 26, 1929, by Marion Baker, Clerk of the previous House. The members were then seated according to grades (9B's to 9A's). Americans' Creed was given, led by the Clerk of the previous House.

The roll was called and 117 were present. The oath of office was given to the members by the Clerk of previous House.

The report of the Nominating Committee was called for. The slate was as follows: Speaker, Jack Rathburn; clerk, Marion Baker; sergeant-at-arms, Philip Sullivan; door-keepers, Roy Vickerman and



ELIZABETH BUSHNELL
Guardian of the Flag

Lloyd McGuire; pages, Dorothy Dispard and Clara Gray.

A motion was made and seconded that the slate be accepted. Motion carried. The Clerk turned meeting over to Speaker. The Speaker gave a short talk. The oath of office was given to officers by Speaker.

A committee was appointed to tell the President that the House of Representatives was organized and ready for a joint session with the Senate.

Announcement was made to think about what we could do about courtesy. A motion was made and seconded that the meeting be adjourned. Motion carried. Meeting adjourned at 3:10.

—Marion Baker, Clerk.

Senate Meeting March 1, 1929

A meeting of the Senators of the United States of Madisionia was held at 2:15 on March 1, 1929.

The meeting was called to order by the president, Dorothy Newbauer. The oath of office was administered to the Senators, after which the need for officers was explained. The chairman of the Nomination Committee then presented the following which was voted upon and accepted.

President pro tempore—Philip Lavery.

Clerk—Ruth Cook.

Creed Leader—Joyce Bloom.

Sergeant-at-arms—Paul Smith.

Pages—Lena Van Zanwood and Lois West.

Door Keepers—Bruce Scrymgeour and Waldon Hammond.

The new officers were then sworn in after which the president appointed a committee to act with a committee from the House of Representatives to notify the President that Congress was organized and ready for communications.

Executive business was then taken up and the following Cabinet appointments were ratified:

Secretary of State, Margaret Campbell of Delaware, C9A-1; Secretary of Treasury, Dorothy Johnston of Connecticut, L9A-1; Secretary of Health, Mary Rose Reichard of Georgia, L9A-1; Attorney General, Denton Harris of Maryland, T9A-2; Secretary of Agriculture, Harris Pickett of Massachusetts, T9A-1; Secretary of Interior, Felix Ripke of South Carolina, V9A-1; Secretary of Publications, Cecil Hobin of Massachusetts, T9A-1.

Discussion then followed as to the topics to be discussed in the meetings to follow. "What Can Be Done to Improve Courtesy?" was suggested.

Each Senator was to discuss the same in a Class Activity Meeting and be prepared to give a report at next Senators' meeting.

The meeting was automatically adjourned at 3:10 o'clock.

—Ruth Cook, Clerk.

The Senior Play

Such a hurry and flurry as the girls in the dances were in. Where's my silver ribbon? Hook the back of my dress. Let me take your comb. How do I look? All these exclamations were heard from the red mouths of the girls who, flitting around in their costumes, looked like so many pretty colored flowers.

The signal for our dance was given. Hearts fluttered, hair was patted nervously, hair bands were turned slightly, and all the girls were in a state of nervousness. Our act was "The Senior Dwarfs," who did a tap dance upon a tiny stage. I suppose some are wondering how it was done, and how we shrank so small, but it really was a very simple matter.

The entertainment consisted of a drill by our Tin Soldiers, a play entitled "Why the Old Woman Lived in a Shoe," Russian Tumblers, a dance, "Gotlandskadpilt," an Old English Ballad, a dance, "The Minuet," a play, "The Silver Lining," Portraits from an Old Fashioned Album, the Dwarf Dance, a play, "Station Y Y Y Y," a song, "The Dance of the Paper Dolls," and a patriotic dance.

I am sure that everyone who was present at this play left feeling very much satisfied with it. When you become a senior, I hope you will have just as much fun preparing for the senior play as we who took part in the "*Chauve Souris*" have had.

—Rita N. Baker, C9A-1

The Assemblies

On March 16th, immediately following the opening exercises, the play "Pandora" was presented. The pupils who took part were: Ruth Lamkin, Lorene Denney, Frank Mickett, Betty Roberts, Margaret Graham, Helen Wallace, Reed Bingham, and Justine Lyons.

Assembly singing, led by Mr. Baker, closed the program.

On March 20th, after the announcements by Mr. Zornow, pupils of L8A-1 presented a model class meeting. Next, the girls' Glee Club sang three selections.

Six girls from C9A-1 gave us a Tap Dance. They were: Edith Masterman, Lil-

lian Genove, Marion Coolidge, Gladys McClellan, Ruth Edgett and Virginia Nichols.

Then a Dutch Dance, performed by Alice Meyers and Thelma Bartholomay, entertained us.

Through the courtesy of Dr. William O. Sawyer, medical director of Eastman Manufacturing Plants, we listened to an interesting health talk. Dr. Sawyer gave us an excellent memory gem of Ralph Waldo Emerson's. "Give me health and a day, and I'll make the triumph of emperors look ridiculous!"

A selection by the orchestra closed the program.

The assembly March 24th, offered us a special Easter program, in the form of a play presented by the faculty of this school.

Immediately following the announcements by Mr. Zornow, Mary Rose Reichard, the chairman, introduced the Easter play entitled "The Boy Who Discovered Easter," with the following cast: Dr. John Dexter, Mr. Baker; Maggie, Miss LeRoy; Mary Dexter, Miss Lamoree; Skelley Diggs, Lynn Brown; The Voice, Mrs Taylert; The Organist, Mrs Quinn.

The story concerns a small crippled tenebrous urchin who had never seen flowers or sunshine. His discovery of them, after their disappearance in winter, is feelingly portrayed by Skelley Diggs during the following Easter time. Each characterization was excellent.

Thanks to the teachers and Miss McCarty, this program proved to be one of the most interesting this term.

The opening exercises of the Assembly March 13th took their customary course of procedure.

The announcements given by Mr. Zornow were followed by the distribution of the Life Saving Awards to seventeen of our girls. These girls are now authorized members of the Red Cross Life Saving Corps, and we are very proud of them.

Next on the program, a recitation of Madison's Code of Ethics was given by the following pupils from L8B-2 and 7A-1: Nelly Day, Helen Wallace, Richard Morton, Reed Bingham.

Then came another of those entertaining plays given to us by the Dairymen's League. The title of this drama was "Nona, the Goat and the Italian Twins." The play was excellently dramatized.

Through the courtesy of two of the faculty of Number Sixteen School, some pupils of that school portrayed "High Spots in the Month of March," the Fourth, the Seventeenth, and the Thirty-first (Easter).

Immediately following this delightful performance, there was assembly singing, directed by Mr. Baker. Assembly singing closed the program.

On April 17th, the president of the Boys' Glee Club made an announcement, explaining that the reason why the club has not made more public appearances during the term was because of a lack of members. He urged all boys who were interested to apply to Mr. Baker.

The difficult accomplishment of speaking the Kentucky negro dialect correctly was beautifully mastered by Marie Weldon, who entertained us with "Kentucky Philosophy," a clever dialogue rendered with much feeling.

Advertising for "Adam and Eva," the faculty began this Wednesday by the showing of excerpts from the play announced by Orrin Ritchie.

Mr. Zornow took his largest group of tourists on a trip through Europe, and returned every one of them in time for the fourth period class, which was fast work.

Many interesting and famous places and things were shown and explained to us. Thank you, Mr. Zornow.

A selection by the orchestra concluded the program.

—Marcia Rae Metzdorf L9A-1

Composition Hits

He took and put a key in the door.
The rain was starting to pour.
Nathaniel Rochester lived till he died.
Along the river you could see the grass growing.
In the mist of the sermon a ragged boy appeared.

The Faculty Play

The great moment had at last arrived, and everyone was happy. It was the evening of April 26, 1929, the date scheduled for "Adam and Eva." Small wonder at all the excitement, when such a wonderful event was about to happen!

The following teachers took part in the performance: John Droman, Mildred Henry, Herman F. Skully, Ina Leroy, Marie Dillabough, Grace Line, Verne Hutchings, Milton Priddis, Raymond B. McDonald, and Clarence B. Baker.

Mr. King, a wealthy plantation owner, suddenly decides that he needs a rest. He's tired of paying bills for his spendthrift family and wants them to go with him to the farm in New Jersey, but they do not like the farm and want to get rid of him while they enjoy themselves at home. Then Adam Smith appears upon the scene, and after much discussion he is appointed temporary father of the family, while Mr. King takes a vacation at his plantation on the Amazon River in South America. During his absence, Adam straightens out the family affairs, makes them all live on the farm, and like it, and finally falls in love with Mr. King's daughter, Eva. When Mr. King comes home, he is very much surprised and pleased to find them all working. Then to climax it all, he announces that he has just made another million for them to spend. They are also surprised, for Adam has told them that their father has lost his money. Realizing that they do not want to go back to the city again, they decide to remain on the farm.

This is one of the best plays that the Faculty has ever given, and I am sure that it was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone present.

—Ida Cawthra, C9A-1

What Would Happen If

Miss Armstrong were — Headstrong
Miss Thurston were — Magician
Mrs Pope were — Parson
Miss Meyn were — Quarry
Miss Lockwood were — Driftwood
Miss Wright were — Wrong

Mrs Moore were — Less
Miss Snow were — Sleet
Miss Henry were — Harry
Mr Powers were — Weakly
Miss Clapp were — Applaud
Mr Sharpe were — Dull
Mr Vials were — Bottles
Miss Watkins were — Glen
— Dorothy Miller C9B-1

From Among Our Teachers

(*Guess who!*)

Miss F. — "Sound middle c."
Miss M. — "Learn it now or after school."
Miss W. — "Who has the answer?"
Mr. C. — "I'll have to confess ignorance."
Mr. V. — "I'm only going to say this once."
Mrs. P. — "Quiet, please."
Mrs. S. — "Take your seat."
Mr. B. — "That'll be enough."
Mr. P. — "You'll have to stay."
Mr. D. — "I don't like this sort of conduct."
— Morton Phillips, L9A-1

"The Ashby Star"

The pupils of C9B-1 and T9B-1 are very proud of their newspaper ability which they showed in making the "Ashby Star," a review of the book "Ivanhoe" in newspaper form.

This "Ashby Star" is a "regular newspaper" inasmuch as there is a society section, a sports' page, a lost and found column, classified ads, foreign correspondence, news of the day, gravure section, advertisements, Believe it or not, the funnies, and even "Advice to the Lovelorn" (which, of course, was written by two girls in C9B-1.)

Miss Cuyler acted as editor-in-chief. Three boys of T9B-1 were editor and assistant editor, and the girls of C9B-1, the printers. The members of the two classes did the actual writing up of the events.

The classes have already been invited to loan their paper to an out-of-town teacher.

— Kathleen Thompson, C9B-1

L9A-1 ought to start a track team. They get enough practice running to lunch.

Is the Waldorf a good place to eat? Ask "Normy" Brown.

Some smart pupil has proposed we have

a hike instead of a class picnic. We should worry, we've got a "Walker".

Who is that good looking boy in L9A-1 that you see in the halls? That's Harold Thon, winner of the men's beauty contest.

Does L9A-1 know its operas? Ask Miss Fletcher.

For a Study Hall Assignment in Social Studies L8B-1 was asked to describe by story or poem "A Trip on the National Road."

The following is one of the two poems written:

A TRIP ON THE NATIONAL ROAD

In eighteen hundred eleven, a hundred years ago,

The National Road was opened, where travel was very slow.

Cumberland was the beginning, Vandalia was the end.

The road was long and dreary with many a weary bend.

From Cumberland to Springfield a family did travel,

And the story of their journey to you I shall unravel.

They went in a conestoga, where they drank, and ate, and slept.

The old folks were quite calm, but the children were full of pep.

On their way they were held up by robbers, and cattle, and hogs, and pigs,

But they soon recovered from worry, and again started off in their rigs.

When at last they arrived at Springfield, and were very glad indeed,

They said, "There's one thing about that road, it certainly has got speed."

—Jeanette Rose Dorsey, L8B-1

Did Mary Learn to Cook?

"Mary you must learn to cook."

"What?" asked Mary looking up from her book.

"I say you must learn to cook,"

Said Mary's mother with an angry look.

"I won't learn to cook," she said,

Tossing up her golden head.

Mary was fond of reading, you see,

As little girls are bound to be.

Very long we need not linger,
To count the times she burnt her finger.
She learned to cook whether she liked it
or not,

Which she remembered and never forgot.

—Walter Ash, 7A-2

The Madigraph

M is for Madigraph, which we all enjoy,
Whether a girl or whether a boy.

A is for aim, that we should all try to do,
To see that the Madigraph gets to me and to you.

D is for delightful, the very word for our paper,

And when you read it you'll know it's no faker.

I is for illness, that none of us like,
But when you read the Madigraph you feel all right.

G is for good, that describes the Madigraph,
It sometimes makes you sad, and it sometimes makes you laugh.

R is for run, that you all do
When you see the Madigraph coming to you.

A is for ask, that I'm going to do,
"Read the Madigraph, please, won't you?"

P is for the people that read our school paper,

And I'm telling you that ~~they're no faker.~~

H is for the habit of reading the Madigraph.
Read every single line. Not just half.

—Martha Hulek, 7A-1

Our Trip to the Memorial Art Gallery

Monday, April 8, 1929, was a joyous one for 7B-1. We were going to the Memorial Art Gallery to see some slides in connection with our history work. We left at 9:20 A. M., in a big bus. Everyone enjoyed the trip, and we wished that the Art Gallery was miles farther away. When we arrived we were taken into a room where we removed our wraps.

Then the wonderful part of the trip started. First we were led into a hall, which had a sign over its entrance which read "To Little Theater". After we had walked down a little way we came to a door which was marked, "Little Theater". We went in there and Miss Wright showed us some slides on Knighthood and Medieval Castle life. She told us many interesting things about the

pictures as she went along. She said that the walls of the castles were eighteen feet thick. She also said that the people liked tapestries of outdoor life best, because it reminded them of hunting.

After we had seen all the slides, Miss Wright took us up stairs, into a room filled with statues, carvings, and tapestries. In the room was a stone column built in the time of Christ.

The next room we went into were many rugs from all countries, which were very beautiful.

We returned to school just in time for lunch. Everyone enjoyed the trip and said they would like to go again.

—Margaret Evans, 7B-1

The Family Argument

After supper when you're all filled up,
You'd like to sleep or play with your pup,
Pa says "Get at the dishes or I'll get the stick".

Sis pops up an says she feels sick;
Ma hurries off to the cupboard chest.
It was castor oil. Sis tried her best,
But she couldn't keep a straight face.
Who could with such a sickish taste?
We did the dishes in a hurry that night.
Sis and I had a terrible fight.
Ma came up and put Sis to bed,
She put me out in the old woodshed;
But Ma and Pa aren't so cross,
Sis got a new dress, and I got a toy hoss.

—Earle Persse, 7A-2

The Freshie Party

One Friday afternoon the Freshman girls had a very pleasant surprise. A senior girl came into our room and wrote on the blackboard an invitation to come to a "Get Acquainted Party" in the girls' gymnasium the following Monday. I decided then and there not to miss it.

On Monday morning we came all dressed up ready for the big event. Then came a big surprise. Three senior girls came into our room and tied green bibs around our necks and told us we were to wear them all day. We could hardly wait for school to end that day. At the end of the sixth period two senior girls came to escort us to the gymnasium.

When we arrived we found two circles,

the Freshies the inside circle and the Seniors the outside circle. The Seniors sang a welcome to the Freshies, and then began the "get acquainted" march. Margaret Campbell then gave a speech telling us that we should look upon the senior girls as "Big Sisters," and come to them in time of trouble. We had two piano solos, and the Seniors passed some candy around. Next were three dances, the "Clog," the "Russian," and the "Dutch." Then we formed three circles and played some games and danced for awhile.

We all thought the party a great success, and we hope that when we are Seniors we will give the Freshies as nice a party as we had.

—Yolanda Sillato, 7B-1

Limericks of L9A-1

There was a fellow named Bunny,
Who thought it was very funny
To raise guinea pigs
On pickles and figs;
I wonder if he made much money.

There was a small man named Sillato
Who thought he could drive a large auto;
He stepped on the gas
And hit a fair lass;
So now he has changed his motto.

There was a lad, Lynn Brown,
Who was very hard to down,
But in a debate
He was worsted by fate,
Which made him appear a great clown.

There was a big boy named Thon,
Who thought he could hit everyone;
One bright, sunny day,
To his great dismay,
He found himself strangely sat upon.

There was a butcher named Fred,
Who had a bull that was red;
He borrowed some dye,
And My Goodness, O My!
He dyed the bull 'till it was dead.

There was a boy named Jack,
Who always something did lack;
His Latin was bad,
His teacher was mad,
So she said with a crack, "Jack, go back!"

—Jack Lynn, L9A-1

The Day Before Report Cards

'Twas the day before report cards when
all through the school
Not a pupil was missing, none broke the
rule;
And all of the lessons were finished with
care.
In hope that an "A" would surely be there.
The children were passing all in a line,
Their conduct and order were certainly
fine,
They entered the school room and every-
one worked.
They gave fine attention, not one of them
shirked.
The teachers all wondered what happened
that day,
Why — report cards were coming and all
wanted "A"

— June Walker, 7A-2

If anyone wants to learn to play catch,
ask Mary Whittle of L9B-1.

The baseball team of L9B-1 has been quite
successful, winning four out of five games.

James Scotland's highest ambition is to
break all track records.

Has anyone heard of wet water? M. I.
of L9B-1 will tell you all about it.

The pupils in L9B-1 need a paedagogus
to keep their pen-holders and pens for them.

We have many pupils in L9B-1 training
for the track team. At least it looks that
way at lunch period.

Our Class Song

We, the C9A-1 class, have now a class
song. Miss Davis, our home room teacher,
suggested it to the grade. We voted on it
and decided to have it. Jane Whitbeck,
our grade poet, composed the song. It
goes to the tune of "Indiana Moon," and
is named "Indiana State".

Indiana State

Indiana State, we love you,
We will e're be true to you,
We will do our best in all our studies
We will make good in athletics too.

We will keep your reputation
Clean and white as falling snow.
Our class shall always be a class of loyalty,
Indiana State we know.

— Margaret DeRider, C9A-1

Class of L8A-2 is making linings for en-
velopes in Miss Shanley's drawing class.
They are painting geometric forms on onion
skin paper.

The Class Will of T9A-1

We, the Senior class of T9A-1, do here-
by declare this our Last Will and Testa-
ment in the following manner.

1. We give to the juniors the favorit-
sayings of Mr. Droman:

"See if you can find your seat."

2. To Mr. Dromian: We give what is left
of the algebra books and a few minus quan-
tities.

3. To the Freshies: We give the books
that have long been ours.

(We hope they enjoy them.)

4. To Miss Moore: We give all good
marks we didn't get pleasant thoughts of the
Odyssey that we didn't think.

5. To Miss Dillabough: We leave un-
finished science lessons and the bacteria that
escaped.

6. To Mr. McDonald: We leave the
wrecked drawing sets and the ink we spilled
over them.

Duly signed and sealed.

— Philip Lavery and Richard Bills, T9A-1

Class Will of L9A-1

We, the class of L9A-1, being sound in
body if not in mind, do hereby declare this
our last will and testament.

To Mr. Zornow we leave hopes that he
will enjoy the next L9A-1 class.

To the Freshmen we leave the luck of
hearing in the rear of the balcony.

To the sub-seniors our record of marching
into the Assembly on the first Wednesday
of the term. Try and break it!

To Mr. Curtice we leave our interest in fish.

To Miss Moore we leave our Latin books
(made fancy with our art) with the greatest
pleasure.

To Miss Williams, our Math books worn-
out from homework.

To Miss Shafer, what's left of the water in
the swimming pool (that we didn't drink).

To Miss Fletcher (our music teacher
throughout our career in Madison) we leave
middle "C" and what we didn't learn about
famous composers.

To Miss Moore's future homeroom we leave what's left of her patience.

And last, but not least, to the school at large, we leave the resounding echoes of our voices.

Signed and sealed on this twenty-first day of June, Nineteen hundred and twenty-nine.

— Elizabeth F. Bushnell and
Margaret E. Hoy, L9A-1

Witnesses:

Elizabeth Moore
Jane Williams

Will of L9A-2

We, the undersigned, hereby make our last will and testament:

To Miss Moore we leave all the unnecessary writing in the Latin books and our unfinished home work.

To Miss Sutter we leave the memories of the "rush" at lunch time.

To Mr. Droman, our home-room teacher, we leave the "Oh's" and "Ah's" that he heard so frequently before and after our work.

To Mrs. King the girls leave their most humble apology which she so often craved.

To Mr. Vialls we leave the paint that was unnecessarily wasted; also, the behavior that we soon forgot.

To Mr. Remington we leave the water that we did not swallow while in swimming.

To the sub-seniors we leave the favored seats in assembly and hope that they can see as well as we could.

To Mr. Zornow we leave our fondest hopes for the school's success.

Written on the thirteenth day of May with a scratchy pen.

—The Grade of L9A-2

Witnesses: Margaret Shaw,
Lily Bondi, Emil May.

The poem lesson "Opportunity" in L8A-1. "Opportunity" was very interesting, much more so than you would think. Our teacher had two people appointed from the side that believed that opportunity comes but once, and two from the side that believed that opportunity comes more than once, and they had a ten minute debate on the subject. It was very interesting, and I don't believe the class have yet decided who won.

I think it was a good way of discussing the subject.

—Robert Chapman, L8A-1

The following poem was selected from poems written by several pupils in L8A-1 after the study of three poems, each titled "Opportunity:"

Opportunity

If Opportunity comes your way
Take it. Don't let it get away;
It might come again,
And it might stay away.
Some people think it comes but once,
And others, it will return;
But when once it comes your way,
Take it. Then is your turn.

—Florence Dole, L8A-1

Class Activities' Period

Don't you enjoy the discussions in class activities period. F8A-1 certainly appreciates the stencils that are sent down to us every class meeting. They help us to have more worthwhile discussions on worthwhile topics. We are sure that all the grades agree with us that our class meetings this term have been very interesting and educational.

—Ada Klonick, F8A-1

On March 23, 1929 occurred the death of Mary Romansky of C8B-2. She was always earnest in trying to be a good citizen of her school, thereby earning the affection and esteem of all who knew her. Her loss is felt by her classmates and the Madigraph staff of which she was the home-room representative this term. All unite in extending sincere sympathy to her family and friends.

Monday, March 11th, a lecture was given to the Boys' Senior Corps on the art of self defense by Mr. Wernz who has served on the New York State rifle team. He told us of the danger of guns, and that it is wise to consider all guns as loaded. He then showed us a revolver and an automatic pistol which had belonged to crooks. After this he showed a number of wrestling tricks which were enjoyed by all.

—Lynn Brown, L9A-1

CLUBS

The Senior Corps

The Senior Corps had a program, March 24th, prepared by Mr. Baker.

June Jackson, Byron Johnson, Cecil Hobin, and Thaddeus Youtchas, each played a piano selection. Marcia Metzdorf and Helen Niermeyer sang a duet which was followed by another sung by Margaret Campbell and Helene Ilchman. Another number was a solo dance by Lilly Bondi. The following numbers were also greatly enjoyed: Violin solo by Margaret Campbell; zither solo by Helene Ilchman, a tap dance by Alice Meyer and Lily Bondi, a clog dance by Alice Meyers. A selection, played on the piano, ukes, accompanied by song, was given by Marjorie Eaton, Jane Stuart, Florence Goff, Mary Rose Reichard, and Margaret Milo.

The program proved to be one of the most interesting our Corps has had.

—Raymond Weldgen, L9B-2

Mr. Newhall's Talk in the Travel Club

An extraordinary talk was given in the Travel Club May 6th. by Mr. Newhall, who talked on the life and dress of the natives of India. He showed us how the native villages were planned and the reasons for such planning, which created great interest. To make the subject more complete he showed us some curios which he had brought from India, and which he highly values. This was followed by various slides on the same subject. Mr. Newhall was born in India and stayed there in his early boyhood.

—Bruce Kelley, F8A-1

Boys' Cookery Club

We, of the Boys' Cookery Club, make something different each week, including ice cream, candy, and buns. Maybe you noticed that tremor that shook the building several weeks ago. That was —'s griddle cake "socking" the floor.

"That crack in the table? Hm, that's from my baking powder biscuit which hit the table with a bang." Do we eat our cooking? Possibly, after it's tasted by someone else.

—Carl Herman, F8A-1

Paintex Club

In the Paintex Club four of the girls are painting black sofa pillows. Some of the girls have dyed scarfs and are painting handkerchiefs.

—Alice Taylor, F8A-1

The Hobby Club

The Hobby Club is a new club formed this term. The object is to study the hobbies of people. In doing this we often discover a hobby which we wish to follow. We have made several trips to see collections of shells, chinaware, and coins. Mr. Selden gave us a very interesting talk on hobbies, and we hope to have him talk to us again. We are planning to make some trips to South Park to study birds.

—Edmund Burroughs, T8A-1

The Dramatic Story Club gave a little play for the 7B Assembly, May 13th.

First Scene: Disorderly passing in the halls.

Second Scene: Class meeting.

Third Scene: Correct passing in the halls.

The purpose of the play was to show improvement in conduct in the hall after discussion in class meeting.

Chief Characters: President, Viviam McGuire; Vice-president, Martha Hulek, and members of club.

The following people took part in the class activities' program: Piano solo, Martha Hulek; poem, Ruth Crouch; dance, Viviam McGuire; poem, Betty Cole; song, Gertrude Liberatore; singing of the Alma Mater closed the program.

KEEP FIT

Health

Health is a very essential factor in modern times, indeed so necessary that unusual precautions are being made to have enough sleep, enough leisure time, and proper foods. At least nine and one-half hours of sleep must be had for growing children, and plenty of fresh vegetables should be eaten. Keeping windows open from top and bottom each night while sleeping will enable you to sleep quite soundly. Just try it once and see.

Lettuce and cabbage uncooked should be eaten frequently, and of course three vegetables should be eaten some time during the day. Special stress is laid on the consumption of fresh vegetables because of their minerals and body-building qualities.

Be sure that you have some extra time during the day to rest, or play. Do not play too strenuously during your leisure time or you will be extremely tired and your time will have done you no good.

—Jane Whitbeck, C8A-1

(To the tune of the chorus of "Smiles")

There is food that makes us happy,
There is food that makes us sad,
There is food that drives away all sorrows,
And it's milk we drink that makes us glad,
It builds our strong and healthy bodies,
In food value it's unsurpassed,
So let's drink milk and we'll have no trouble,
And be glad, glad, glad.

—Winifred Bowker, 7B-1

The first grade to win a gold seal for completing a State Health Certificate requirements was 7A-1, Miss Clancy's home room.

At this writing twenty-eight states are working for gold seals.

An Interview with Our Health Counselor

Miss Mac Mullen, our health counselor,

reported on some of the health projects that have come to her attention.

On Thursday, May 2, Miss Ellis and Miss Mac Mullen were invited to act as judges for L8B-2. This grade had prepared a debate. The subject was: "Resolved, that milk is better than chocolate chill for the school child." Both sides presented most interesting arguments, but the decision went to the affirmative side, which had fourteen points to six on the negative side.

The following week Mrs. Sill, Miss Mac Mullen, and members of 7B-7 were invited to attend a play given by 7B-6 in Mrs. Taylor's room. The name of the play was "Fresh Air and Sunshine." It was so well done that Miss Mac Mullen suggested that it be given for freshmen assembly.

The girls of C9B-1 have completed a beautifully illustrated booklet on health and physical fitness. Miss Mac Mullen said that it was the most complete and best planned book that she had seen.

In 7B-2 the pupils began investigating the problem of absence because of illness. They found that for the month of April, 7B-2 had a total of forty-seven days' absence on account of illness. This meant that the Board of Education lost \$.27 for each day, or a total of \$12.69, from the state funds. They discovered that most of the illness was caused by colds.

The students of 7B-1 have been writing health jingles and slogans. Miss Mac Mullen said that this grade showed much talent. One of the songs, "There Is Food That Makes Us Happy," has been sent to a health magazine.

The citizens of Colorado have carried on an interesting program. At a meeting two citizens gave prepared talks on health. Ted Agnew gave a helpful as well as entertaining speech on teeth. Herbert Petz read a letter from a health instructor on the subject of health and physical fitness. It was a most interesting meeting.

—Mary Rose Reichard,
Secretary of Health.

Health Project of C9B-1

C9B-1 is carrying on a "Health Scrap Book." In this book there are bound about forty posters illustrating health rules. Under each picture is a health slogan such as "A Clean Tooth Never Decays," "Gain Weight," "Fresh Air and Exercise." All of the illustrations are colored and attractively arranged on the page. Anyone who is interested in healthful living may come into Room 377 and see the scrapbook.

—Dorothy Miller, C9B-1

Have You Seen The Shoe Exhibit?

Throughout the corridors are posters backing up the good work of the exhibit in the showcases. The shoes shown had a sensible heel and a toe that was wide enough for comfort. Styles for both boys and girls were shown. There were diagrams showing the bad effects of high heels and pointed toes. It pointed out that high heels cause a constant strain on body muscles. Therefore, Madisonians, having seen the effects of bad shoes, let us watch the health of our feet.

—Lynn Brown, L9A-1

Looking Backward

At the close of the semester it is interesting to look back and review the work we have accomplished in our health work.

One of the most important points taken up was milk. We had plays stressing the value of milk given in assembly, such as "The Straw Man" and "Nona and the Twins." After these projects the milk consumed daily in the school increased 600 bottles. Some excellent posters on milk were made in Mr. Viall's shop. They are now on display at Mechanics Institute.

Then we took up the matter of correct shoes. Posters showing the correct style of shoes to wear were placed in the corridors. The dealers in shoes co-operated in the demonstration of shoes here by loaning exhibits.

The state certificates helped to further the health work. So many states tried for the gold seal. I was glad to sign the certificates for the states that won them.

These efforts, I believe, have proved that this has been a most successful term.

—Orrin Ritchie,
President of Madisonia.

Advice to Newcomers

When first entering Madison, some children are very apt to say to themselves, "I left grammar school with a pretty bad record; I hope Madison will be a little easier on me."

Such a thought is not worthy of an honest, open-minded American schoolboy. He should be striving with all his might to fill a place which, possibly, others are not able to fill. What Madison wants is to draw out the best in you; to show you that she cares not a whit what you have been, but is desirous to see what you can be.

It is said that opportunity knocks but once. In one sense that may be true, but in the sense that Madison offers us so many chances to succeed, this proverb is not entirely true. A failure once or twice should not be discouraging. How many great men or women have had to work until it seemed drudgery, and then the gates of success opened wide for them?

"If at first you don't succeed, do not be discouraged, try, try again." This motto has helped many. You also may be helped by it, if you will.

Madison employs ways to show undecided pupils just what they are fitted for. She provides not only academic courses, but also technical and vocational, for those pupils who either are not adapted to a foreign language course, or are planning to go into occupations where foreign languages are not really needed.

You have an idea now, new Madisonians, of the limitless chances that lie before you in this institution.

—Albert Sillato, L9A-1

Four and twenty Freshies,

Feeling rather gay,

Came one day to Madison,

And thought that they would stay.

When the stay was over,

They all began to shout,

"We hate to leave dear Madison"

And as Seniors, all walked out.

—Lorraine Clark, C9A-2

ATHLETICS

Swimming

On March 5th, the Madison mermen swam against Monroe at Monroe, as the previous meet had been held at Madison. We won by an overwhelming score of 36-9 points.

First place counts 5 points, second place 3 points, third place 1 point. Any member of the team who made 3 points in any event earned his "M"

The results of the meet were :
50-yard, Robert Browne, first, Joe Grippo, second. 100-yard Richard Brandow, first Byron Johnson, third. Breaststroke Roger Maloney, first, Ray Weldgen, third. Diving forfeited to Madison, as Monroe had no entries.

The second team also won their meet by a closer score of 24-21 points.

The luminaries for the second team were Stanley Wright, 6 points, and Edward Wegner, 6 points.

In recent years Madison has been turning out an almost invincible team. We all sincerely hope that in the years to come Madison will still be turning out a splendid swimming team.

—Albert Sillato, Athletic Editor

Track

On March 10th. there was a track meet at the armory between the four Junior High Schools. Madison won by a good margin from the other schools. The points scored are as follows: Madison 35½, Monroe 11, Washington 9½ and Jefferson 3.

60 yard dash: Lupinetti 5, Hobin 3, Cleveland 2, and Vitalone 1.

100 yard dash: Lupinetti 3, Vitalone 2, and Cleveland 1.

Shot Put : Mambretti 3.
High Jump : Dunn 5, and Botting 2½.

Broad Jump: Hobin 5, Pickett 2, and Daniels 1.

In the High Jump, Charles Dunn made a leap of 5 feet 4 inches. This equaled the Junior High School record. It was also interesting to note that every man, but one, scored on our team.

Baseball

In a recent game with Washington, Madison emerged the victor, being on the long end of the score of 20-11. Madison was fighting all the way, but what team can fight its hardest without proper encouragement? The team would like to have a larger number of rooters to come to the games.

The batting averages for that game were:

	A.B	H.	P.C.
Brown	3	1	.333
Gillette	3	2	.666
Byers	5	4	.800
Cleveland	5	4	.800
Vitalone	5	0	.000
McNally	2	0	.000
Sabitini	3	0	.000
Rossitter	2	1	.500
Panicci	3	2	.666
Team Average430

In the home-room grades there is much spirited rivalry because the champions in all the divisions will probably play the champions in other Junior High Schools.

In the ninth grade the leading teams are:

Teams	Won	Lost	P.C.
V9A-2	5	1	.833
L9B-1	4	1	.800
T9A-2	4	1	.800
L9A-1	3	1	.750

The 7th and 8th grades are also evincing great interest in their schedule. We hope that Madison may be the champions of the city in at least one division. The way the teams are fighting now makes it seem that we should surely beat the other Junior Highs.

—Albert Sillato,
Athletic Editor.

The Basketball Club meets on Thursday afternoon, under the supervision of Miss Ashley. The club has about 30 members, and more than half of them are, "good", players.

The girls of Jefferson challenged the girls of Madison to a game on April 15th. The game was duly played with several exciting moments. The two first teams played

two games each. The players were Nan Harris, center, and her team: Catherine Bush, side center, Clara Crary and Ethel Anderson, forwards, Olga Ritchie and Helen Darling, guards. This team lost their first game 8-2, and tied the second 0-0. The other team: Margaret Campbell, center, Ruth Cook, side center, Ruth A. Peck and Florence Goff, forwards, and Adelaide Gravlin and Helen Rendsland guards, won both games 10-2, and 6-4. This made the score 20-14 in favor of Madison. Pretty good.

—Florence Goff,
Athletic Editor.

Swimming

The White Cap Club under the supervision of Miss Shafer has a splendid plan. At the end of the term, they intend to invite all the girls graduated from Madison, members of the Life-saving Crew, to a reunion party. If they are planning to serve refreshments in the water I don't know, but it has all the earmarks of a splashing time.

The Green Cap Club, under the supervision of Mrs. Baker, is held on Monday afternoons. This is certainly a lively club, and it has 56 members. The girls are so enthusiastic and anxious to pass their test that Miss Weber has been asked to help Mrs. Baker with the club. There are 12 girls who have already passed their white-cap tests, and the rest of the girls have the determination which "can't be beat."

The Outdoor Club is welcoming spring with bases, balls and bats. The leader, Miss Abraham, is about the best player on the team, and the girls all rival her. The playground is their appointed baseball diamond, and it is an accustomed sight to see the girls in gym togs run out of the school in high spirits.

The after-school Athletic Club, headed by Miss Morrissey, is sprinting into form, and kicking the ball as high and as far as possible. Why? Because field day is coming. The whole school is depending on the girls of the seventh and eighth grades to bring home the pennants.

The Tournaments

The girls have been showing real spirit this term in turning out for the tournament

games. These games are held on either Monday or Friday afternoon in the girls' gym under the direction of Miss Morrissey and Miss Shafer. The girls trip blithely in and out of the gym before the game, and then the game begins. Everyone is straining to highest pitch to win the next basket or run for her team. At the end each team gives the other a rousing cheer, and the losing team resolves to do better next term.

The games are Hit Pin for the seventh and eighth grades, and Captain Ball for the ninth grades.

The grades that have won so far are 7B-1, 7A-2, 7A-6, C8A-1, 18A-1, L9B-1, and L9A-2. These grades are ready for the semi-finals.

Exchanges

California—The Everett Echo, San Francisco—Your pictures are interesting, also your sports page.

Connecticut—The Troup Review, New Haven—Why not include some jokes and cuts in your newsy newspaper?

Iowa—The Roosevelt Record, Cedar Rapids—The cover design on your March number is very artistic. Where are your Exchanges?

Maryland—The Forest Park Press, Baltimore—More "Driftwood" would make Forest Park a snappier paper.

Massachusetts—The Junior Packet, West Springfield—We admire your paper for its originality.

New York—The Easter Echo, Gloversville
New York—The Ester Echo, Gloversville

—Your jokes are fine and your paper above average.

Oklahoma—The Rough Rider, Oklahoma City—A literary section would improve your paper.

Pennsylvania—The Wissahickon, Philadelphia—We have not received a paper with cuts or contents quite so interesting as yours.

Pennsylvania—The Curtin Junior Citizen—Your editorials deserve praise.

Utah—The Flashlight, Sandy City—Why include so many advertisements in a school paper?

—Charlotte Aldridge,
Exchange Editor.

JESTER'S CORNER

"How's your insomnia, Riley?"

"Worse and worse. I can't even sleep when it's time to get up."

Truant Officer: "Why haven't you sent your son Johnny to school? Don't you want him to learn to read?"

Proud Father: "It hain't necessary now that we have the talking movies."

"Now, Frank," asked his teacher, "if you were seated in a trolley car, every seat of which was occupied, and a lady entered, what would you do?"

"Pretend I was asleep!" was the prompt reply.

Science teacher: "What do you know about nitrates?"

Pupil: "Now you've asked me something. I used to work in a telegraph office, and I know that night rates are less than day rates."

Foreman: "Now, then, hurry up, can't you?"

Laborer: "All right, boss. But Rome wasn't built in a day."

Foreman: "No, perhaps not; but I wasn't foreman on that job."

Johnny hesitated when the teacher called on him to recite. The teacher, who wished to cure pupils of bluffing, said to him:

"John, what would you call a person who pretends to know everything?"

Johnny (immediately): "Why, a teacher, of course."

A teacher explaining to her class that "ous" at the end of many words meant "full of," gave as examples: "joyous," meaning full of joy; "vigorous," meaning full of vigor. "Now give me some more examples of words ending in 'ous,' meaning 'full of.'"

"Pious," said Tommy.

"The slow thinkers live longest," says a prominent psychologist. Not if they cross the street.

Question: "Give the names of your parents?"

Applicant: "Mama and Papa."

Girl: What great thing did Samuel Morse do?

Boy: He invented the Morris chair.

Mother: "If you wanted to go fishing, why didn't you come and ask me first?"

Johnny: "Because I wanted to go fishing."

A young fellow wrote to his father from college: "No mon, no fun, your son."

Promptly his father answered: "How sad, too bad, your dad."

Teacher: "How many seasons in the year are there?"

Pupil: "There are three: football, basketball and baseball."

Teacher: "Billie, do two rights ever make a wrong?"

Billie: "Yes, ma'am; when they are shoes."

A seventh grade class was just learning about right angles.

Teacher to pupil: How many right angles are there in a rectangle?

Pupil: There are two.

The teacher then picked up a sheet of paper and pointed to the upper-right-hand corner.

Teacher: What is that?

Pupil: A right angle.

Then teacher then pointed to the upper-left-hand corner.

Teacher: What is that?

Pupil: A left angle.

—Marjorie Parker, 7B-2

