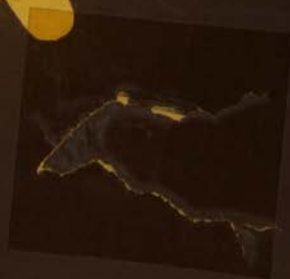


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THE GIFT OF

Nathaniel G. West



*The Madigraph*  
"1"



*Rochester, N. Y. Madison High school*  
"1"



**Madison Junior-Senior High School**



THEODORE A. ZORNOW  
OUR FRIEND

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 98373  
 1936  
 Jan. 1933

## School Spirit

By

THEODORE A. ZORNOW, *Principal*

Probably the most important asset of any school is that quality or condition inherent within the institution known as School Spirit". A school becomes known through the spirit that prevails within it. Its reputation in the community and, for that matter, in a much wider area than its immediate community, depends on its spirit. It is not too much to say that the success which a school attains depends more upon this one factor than upon all others.

What constitutes good school spirit? Surely, not merely a vociferous demonstration of approval of the school teams. As a matter of fact, sometimes demonstrations in connection with inter-school athletic contests furnish the very best exhibition of poor spirit. School spirit is best measured in terms of the depth of interest displayed by the student body and by the teachers in the major purposes of the school. It is best indicated in the amount of support accorded to school projects and school activities. It is best developed through earnest co-operation and whole-hearted participation in all legitimate school undertakings.

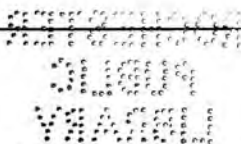
In every organized institution there is need for governing rules and regulations. This is particularly true in a school community. Strict observance of such rules and regulations is one of the first indications of good school spirit. This means co-operation. In the school there are many activities set up for the enjoyment and the training of the students. These activities may be within the field of music, of athletics, of dramatics, or within almost any department of the school. Co-operative interest and whole-hearted participation in these activities is a sign of good school spirit.

There are many lines of service in which students can participate and which are very needful to the best interests of the school. Assistance in the lunchroom, help in the supervision of corridors or the playground, membership in the traffic patrol set up for the protection of the students in crossing streets near the building—all of these constitute a channel through which good school spirit can be demonstrated. Likewise, the fullest co-operation in protecting those who live in nearby houses from any injury or annoyance because of the presence of the school comes within the field of good citizenship and is an indication of good school spirit.

One of the primary objectives sought in school, of course, is the development of leadership. Leadership means power to cope with responsibilities as they are met in life. Leadership means self-confidence, self-assurance, and the presence of reserve power which tend to inspire confidence on the part of one's associates. This feeling of confidence on the part of others is the best reward that can come to one in recognition of one's leadership qualities.

The story is told that once the famous Harry Lauder watched a humble street lamp-lighter pass from lamp to lamp in the gathering dusk. As he stood and watched, the lamp-lighter disappeared in the darkness, but long after he was out of sight, the indication of his work gleamed out as each successive lamp was lighted. So, too, with us. Let us so meet our responsibilities in school. Let us exhibit school spirit to such a degree that long after we have passed on, the memories and records of our presence and our participation will gleam out and will illumine the path of those who follow.

1-719923



MARINETTE E. THURSTON



LOREN S. WOOLSTON

## APPRECIATION

We, the graduating class of June, 1933, have two rare friends,  
 Miss Marinette E. Thurston and Mr. Loren S. Woolston,  
 whose genuine interest in us will ever be one of our  
 dearest thoughts, whose devotion and guidance  
 have made our graduating year such a  
 meaningful one. In appreciation of  
 their share in our success, we  
 extend sincerest  
 gratitude.

## Farewell?

Farewell? Let us not whisper farewell  
 'Though the curfew is ringing,  
 Time's up and six years have taken wing;  
 'Tis not farewell.  
 Again and again we shall live this day  
 When Mem'ry calls and we reply,  
 "Come, bring to me a certain hour,  
 A moment's joy."

Farewell? 'Though a wistfulness remains,  
 We know it is not the end,  
 Those years in Madison's guiding hands  
 We can't forget;  
 For where a child stood, a grown-up stands  
 Now eager to make his fate,  
 Make it weave the threads of his desire  
 Into success.

Farewell? Are one's dearest friends bidden thus?  
 They who have opened for us  
 The gates to lands of Knowledge,  
 To them farewell?  
 'Though the bell is ringing day is done,  
 And we are to take our leave,  
 Our hearts echo in silent response,  
 "'Tis not farewell!"

—Theresa Cottone, 12A.

# Madison's Standard Bearers

SCHOOL MOTTO: *Attempt—Accomplish*

SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL



J. EDMUND BURROUGHS  
*Standard Bearer*



CORNELIA E. GIUDICI  
*Guardian of the Flag*

JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL

MILTON BROWN  
*Standard Bearer\**



GEORGE LEVY  
*Assistant Standard Bearer*



MARTHA ATWOOD  
*Guardian of the Flag*



KATHERINE BUSHNELL  
*Assistant Guardian of the Flag*

\* Ill when pictures were taken.



# Senior High Class

JUNE 1933

Greetings, June! You've been away so long  
 That your coming's like a dream.  
 Again you bring flow'rs, the bird's song,  
 Summer's sky, and awakening stream.  
 But this time to us you're bringing more,  
 That which you promised years ago,  
 Graduation which you've had in store  
 And now smiling, on us bestow.  
 But do you know us all—everyone  
 To whom the longed-for gift you've brought?  
 You've been so busy, Queen of the Sun,  
 With spreading loveliness—I thought  
 That I'd introduce each one to you,  
 And of each say a word or two.

—Theresa Cottone.

## Theresa Cottone

219 Ravine Avenue

Prepared Number Seventeen School University of Rochester

"Te"

*Perspicacity I'm told, mah deah,  
 Was just what I should have used,  
 But a failing rhyme and judgment poor  
 Make me these thirty abuse.*

National Honor Society 4; Les Babillards 4; French Play 8

## Jean M. Avery

61 Normandy Avenue

Prepared Number Sixteen School Mechanics Institute

"FRANKIE"

*The next is Jean, a trim brown-eyed lass,  
 And ah—she has her Romeo;  
 Forgive me, do, for teasing you, Jean,  
 But love strikes all the world, you know.*

Girl Reserves

## Margaret Baker

11 Mt. Pleasant Park

Prepared Number Forty-four School Undecided

"PEGGY"

*Margaret, in your palm I clearly see  
 Rows of white beds, ay, row and row,  
 A hospital, thou shalt be a nurse,  
 This future your palm doth show.*

Senior Play; Class Secretary 4





### Minnetta Baker

11 Mt. Pleasant Park

Prepared Number Forty-four School Undecided

"MICKEY"

*Her brisk wheel-chair rides, her colored pills,  
Her "Now Henry," reprovingly;  
Can we forget Minnetta as "Gram"  
Which she did so superbly?*

Senior Play; Dramatic Club 4



### Fred G. Blum

368 Westfield Street

Prepared Number Forty-four School Mechanics Institute

"DUKE"

*Remember ye, the fates "Black Terror"?  
Tch! Tch! it was only Fred Blum,  
The president of our class who puts  
"Grape-nuts" vigor to things that come.*

Vice-president of Student Union 4; President of Senior Class;  
Captain of Cadet Corps 4



### George Bowles

101 Frost Avenue

Prepared Number Three School Undecided

"BOB"

*Who is this happy-go-lucky one  
That smiles upon the world always?  
If ye not know, why he's George Bowles,  
Pray you will have such happy days!*



### J. Edmund Burroughs

127 Warwick Avenue

Prepared Number Sixteen School Undecided

"ED"

*You haven't a chance if Edmund's there  
To get A or the highest grade;  
He's the busiest boy in the school,  
The standard bearer of naught afraid.*

Standard Bearer; National Honor Society 4; Secretary of  
Student Union 4; Senior Play; Debating Club 4



### Marvin Carson

381 Post Avenue

Prepared Number Sixteen School Madison High School

"KICK"

*Will 12A ever forget that day  
When Marvin's kindness came to light  
By letting his friend bite his elbow  
Because between friends all is right?*



### Gordon Clark

575 Lake Avenue

*It seems Gordon Clark has many moods,  
For seldom is he quite the same,  
A joking boy, a worldly man,  
I'm wondering "Just who's to blame?"*

Prepared Jefferson Junior High School Undecided  
Senior Play; Cadet Corps 4

**George E. Davison**

207 Bronson Avenue

Prepared Onondaga Valley Academy

Undecided

"DAVE"

*Yes, George is one of the very few  
Real, rare, industrious workers;  
He comes from Syracuse, I've heard say,  
What a blow for us poor shirkers!*

National Honor Society 4; Track Team 4; Senior Play

**Frank De Fazio**

84 Grape Street

Prepared Technical High School

Undecided

"FRANKIE"

*On the day the photographs arrived,  
This boy tore his right in two!  
But through some magic trick or power,  
You are seeing Frank anew.*

Chairman of Music Committee 4; Band; Orchestra; Baseball 2;  
Soccer Team 2; Senior Play**James Della Vella**

231 Troup Street

Prepared Number Three School

Undecided

*There's strength in "that thar" face out, oui,  
E'en though blushes will appear  
Annoyingly on James' face—  
And make it all look rather queer.*

**Charles Fisher**

307 Arnett Boulevard

Prepared Saints Peter and Paul School

Chicago School of Law

"CHUCK"

*From Correspondence School comes Charles,  
And this very last term came he,  
So we don't know much about this boy.  
'Cept that he's quiet as can be.*

Swimming 1; Interclass Basketball 1

**Florence Gell**

1236 Culver Road

Prepared Number Eleven School

Mechanics Institute

"GINGER"

*Now Florence knows that enchanting art  
To which all hearts beat in response,  
A gay scarf whirl, a graceful ballet,  
Whatever you wish, she will dance.*

Class Secretary 1

**Cornelia E. Giudici**

229 Troup Street

Prepared Number Three School

Mechanics Institute

"CONNIE"

*She has Rebecca's raven tresses  
And sunbeams shoot through two black eyes;  
She's a true guardian of the flag,  
Connie is sweet and oh, she's wise.*

Guardian of the Flag; Senior Play; Basketball Club 4; Girls'  
Athletic Committee 4

**Lenard B. Griffen**

32 Rainier Street

Prepared Number Thirty-two School Cornell University

"LEN"

*I see, Oh! I see a pitch-dark stage,  
I hear shots! Lenard's the hero;  
If ye not know this boy, I must say  
For assembly you stand zero.*

National Honor Society 4; Les Babilards 4; President of Chess Club 4; Debating Club 4; Track Team 4; Senior Play 4; Hi-Y 4; Dramatics 4

**Adrian M. Hanna**

59 Wellington Avenue

Prepared Aquinas Institute Assumption College

"AD"

*Nothing high-schoolish in Adrian,  
Those boyish ways are all mature.  
And sh—he's going steady now—  
Perhaps that is the certain cure.*

Basketball 4; Senior Play

**Ernest Huey**

10 Edgewood Park

Prepared Number Twenty-nine School Undecided

"HOOEY"

*And here is the editor-in-chief,  
Ernest Huey, the perfect wit;  
Oh, Melancholy, you're a goner  
If he perchance near you does sit.*

Editor-in-chief of the Madigraph 4; Treasurer of Senior Class 4; Dramatics 4; Debating Club 4; Cadet Corps 4

**Edward Jackson**

26½ Prospect Street

Prepared Number Three School Howard University

"RAFFLES"

*You have heard him singing on the stage,  
You've seen him dancing, tapping—so  
Expect to see Edward Jackson soon  
In some grand part of a grand show.*

Debating Club 4; Manager of Senior High Chorus 4

**Glenn Joslyn**

123 Pioneer Street

Prepared Number Nineteen School Undecided

"CUNLEY"

*Glenn's chief delight in life seems to be  
To ruffle the nerves of all girls;  
This is such an interesting art  
He can't be stopped by jewels or pearls!*

Hi-Y 4

**Lawrence Jones**

252 Magnolia Street

Prepared Number Nineteen School University of Southern California

"JONESY"

*One seldom hears or sees Lawrence Jones, for  
He prefers the last seat in the row;  
Sometimes I think he is a wise plan,  
As what you do they never know.*

**Henry Jungk**

66 Salina Street

Prepared Number Forty-four School      Mechanics Institute

"HANK"

*Henry is a vagabond at heart,  
Each day he roams through English class.  
Are ye wondering why his seat is changed?  
I wonder, too, alas, alas.*

**Fred Kester**

83 Ravenwood Avenue

Prepared Number Sixteen School      Notre Dame University

"RED"

*The girls cried loudly, "We want Kester!"  
Yet he slams them without a care.  
Why then this popularity, Fred?  
Can it be the president's auburn hair?*

President of Student Union 4; Vice-president of Senior Class 4

**Helen Lattin**

685 Main Street West

Prepared Albion High School      Mechanics Institute

"POPEYE"

*From Albion hails Helen Lattin,  
The tall blond whom everyone knows,  
Boys forever are around her  
Proving "Gentlemen prefer blondes" still goes.*

Senior Play; Dramatics Club 4

**William Newbauer**

406 Frost Avenue

Prepared Number Four School      Undecided

"BILL"

*Now Willard's hair is always sleek  
Especially in the library;  
Insinuating? Mr. Newbauer,  
The guilty one, suspicious he!*

**H. Terrence O'Connell**

225 Kenwood Avenue

Prepared East High School      University of Rochester

"TERRY"

*So suave this gentleman called Terry,  
But yes, he can be otherwise,  
He's from Aquinas and he's Henry,  
For all ye know—he's in disguise.*

Swimming Team 4

**Vernon M. Purdy**

385 Plymouth Avenue South

Prepared Hornell High School      Undecided

"RED"

*He hasn't the freckles he should have,  
Nor the fiery temper has he,  
A paradox is red-haired Vernon,  
Yet the ideal gentleman you see.*





### Helene Salvi

77 Bartlett Street

Prepared St. Lucy's School

Mechanics Institute

"SALLY"

*Ecstasy is this tiny girl's name  
Though to you she is Helen Salvi;  
She whispers "breife" and coos "ooo-ooo"  
And bursts into song where e'er she be.*

Senior Play; Basketball Club 4



### Gordon E. Wood

358 Aberdeen Street

Prepared Durand-Eastman School

Ohio Wesleyan University

"GORDIE"

*"Hey, listen here!" Hey, here's Gordon Wood,  
Come, come, brush those cobwebs away,  
And listen to him attentively—  
Correct, he was in the senior play.*

Senior Play; Debating Club 4; Hi-Y



### Dominick Zona

17 Kent Street

Prepared Jefferson Junior High School

Undecided

"NERISSA"

*He strives with none, for he strives alone.  
Is he a deep, deep mystery?  
This boy, here meaning Dominick,  
Or does he like tranquility?*

✦ ✦

## The National Honor Society

The following Madisonians have become affiliated with the National Honor Society being elected on the basis of outstanding scholarship and citizenship.

Lenard Griffen, Edmund Burroughs, James Looney, John Craft, and James De Carlis were inducted into the society in January, 1933.

Theresa Cottone, Jane Kelley, Rosemary Seiler, Lillian Walker, George Davison, Ralph Bengston, Anthony Dispenza, Albert Gilbert, and August Hefner have been elected and will be inducted into the society this month.



## LITERARY

### The Adventures of Edward U. Cation

Mister Ed. U. Cation, like his more popular relative, Vae Cation, has led or rather been pushed into a thrilling complexity of diabolical situations, engineered by an organized gang of fiends posing as friends. Lost in the great English Wilderness, up the Historic Mountains, over the uncharted Mathematics Ocean in the airplane with the engine and lunch basket missing, adrift in the seven seas of science, are only a few of the numerous adventures from which little Eddie has escaped, unscathed and unaffected.

Fortunately Eddie has kept a diary through all his adventures, and this valuable record is now available to the general public. If this sad example for posterity helps in preventing similar mistakes in the future, his work will not have been in vain.

#### Lost in the Great English Wilderness

At the tender age of six I became lost in the great English Wilderness. At this early stage in my life I still had a childish faith and spirit of adventure which marked me an easy prey to educational deception. I was lured into a trap from which escape was practically impossible. It seemed easy at first. I was virtually surrounded by towering predicate adjectives, flowery, aromatic phrases, and entangling complex sentences which sometimes grew very thick, requiring detours, but there were few bad obstacles.

And so it went well till I came to the banks of the Novel River, infested for its entire length with vile villains, suspicious characters, and unpaid farm mortgages. But I was a fairly good swimmer and dived fearlessly into its gloomy depths. I was instantly attacked by Ivan Hoe, the Russian Behemoth. We struggled desperately in the swollen current which is constantly fed by stories which trickle into it by the millions from the minds (partly vacant) of numerous authors. Ivan seized me

by the neck, pulled me under twice before I managed to kick his teeth in and escape. I also encountered Miles Sarnar and Hilas Lapsam. But my former experience stood me in good stead and I disposed of them quite easily. However, I had not swum two strokes farther when I cracked my cranium against a coral gable which, with six others, was quite an obstacle. After I had detoured around these I encountered two kitties with only one tail. They were arguing about who should wear it in the fifth chapter when I cut it in two for them. They did not seem satisfied but were too small to do anything about it so I kept on, eventually reaching the opposite bank and climbing out, practically dead.

After I had rested awhile I started forth once more, but I soon found myself deep in the poetry belt where progress was slow and difficult. The poetry country was dominated by a superfiend called Willyum Shapesskeer who, with a number of equally fiendish henchmen, attacked me on all sides. After a few minor skirmishes, however, I found that by not bothering with them I could escape their violent anger. But all this was in vain, for as soon as I reached the edge of the English Wilderness I was confronted with a lofty mountain.

#### Climbing the Historic Mountain

It was the Mountain of History, with its broad slopes covered with date trees and ages, dark, light, and indifferent. The first person of importance I met was Cleripes, the goose that laid the golden age. I paused only about ten minutes but it was all week to me. After this incident nothing happened, except a few cheap wars, until the age of Elizabeth when people first contracted the habit of prosperity (obs.). I survived easily and passed into the age of Victoria and hoop skirts. Hurrying from this I became involved in the croquet and lawn tennis era which marks the beginning of the most important era in the history of the world. This period included such

important historical phases as the "mah jong" and crossword puzzle eras. Then came the Coolidge prosperity, bringing bridge and other important advancements for mankind. If the Hoover administration did nothing besides feature miniature golf it was a success, for during the short life of this great social improvement the people revived their hopes for a good five-cent cigar. And now at the very peak of the mountain comes the golden age of all time, the very pinnacle of thousands of years of striving and failure, the jigsaw puzzle era.

#### Flying An Ocean of Mathematics

There is always a great deal of preliminary preparation before a great flight can be done. First of all I had to get a plane. The best planes are found in hardware stores, but I found a very good one in a second-hand geometry book. Then I had to get some lunch, for I would probably never see civilization again until my Aunt Sophie who was twenty-five years of age would be twenty-six, and if you think the answer is one year, you don't know my Aunt Sophie. After I had lunch ready I climbed into my plane and took off, or rather I was taken in.

From the very first I encountered difficulties. The visibility was practically zero and my marks were able to look up and just about see the visibility. This condition prevailed throughout my flight. Even when the visibility was high, the fog of algebra and geometry was so thick that I had to get out and do some homework. Once I became very sleepy and the plane turned around and flew back a whole term without any help from me, and I had a terrible time making it up. But at last I was able to land and, though I was nearly killed, the plane was as good as new.

#### Sailing the Seven Seas of Science

My cruise through the seven seas of science was the closest escape I have ever made. A leaky rowboat was the best means I could afford for the trip. I was constantly beset by wriggly, vicious theories which did not have a leg to stand on. The last event I remembered on this memor-

able voyage was the terrible whirlpool of Molecular theory. Atoms, molecules, electrons, and protons whirled about in swiftly gyrating circles propelled by fiendish, ugly moments of force. Then I kept getting dizzier and dizzier and dizzier and dizzier and that's all I remembered until I drifted ashore, more dead than alive.

My adventures were all over. I had been lost in the English wilderness; I still am. I had climbed the Mountain of History blindly; I haven't stopped yet. I was up in the air over mathematics and am yet, and I am still at sea as far as science is concerned, and so I have spent twelve years in danger and distress, wet and dry, and up and down, and I am still as dumb as ever.

—Ernest Huey, 12A.

## Captain of Industry

He was a captain of industry

With millions in his bank account,  
A big, important man he be,  
A self-made one, no doubt.

His florid face was too well known

On Wall Street and Broadway,  
For high and mighty had he flown  
In days when things were gay.

His money came to him in streams,

All wondered where he got so much.  
It flowed in from his many schemes,  
From railroads, mines, and such.

Upon the streets of Washington

His big and portly form was seen,  
He'd stop and talk with congressmen  
And pump them with an interest keen.

He'd bribe them freely with his gold

And give them lots of railroad stock,  
And then the men were plainly told  
What bills to pass and those to block.

In stock promotion he was great,

As many a holder knew,  
For lots of fools did grab his bait,  
And after caught, did boil and stew.

He bought a huge and splendid bank

With bursting vaults of yellow gold,  
In risky deals the money he sank,  
And all its bonds he promptly sold.

But now he's a captain of kitchen-police

In a prison stern and cold,  
He washes dishes piece by piece  
In payment for his stolen gold.

—E. Edmund Burroughs, 12A.

## The Yellow Vase

Martha sat on the wide window seat and drummed her feet against its wooden panels. Outside a row of cars stood, and every now and then a man would come out from the door below with a picture, or two chairs, or a clock, or a little desk, and pack them into one of the waiting vehicles. Martha knew that the men scurried to and fro downstairs and displayed furniture and ornaments, while the auctioneer, on the little raised platform in the big window, tapped his hammer and said: "Now, gentlemen!"

"Gentlemen!" said Martha bitterly. She wished she had gone away with her mother instead of staying on with old Anna while the sale was in progress. Anna had been her mother's nurse before she was Martha's. Anyway Martha hated staying at Granny Patterson's and that was where mother had gone.

Martha picked up the catalogue of the sale. The little book opened of its own accord. "Lot 72—a yellow vase," Martha read.

Her eyes grew wide. That was her yellow vase, almost the first thing she remembered. The details in the small print underneath made it quite certain.

She had five dollars which Uncle Roger had given her. Martha felt suddenly she could not let that big vase go to strangers. She would buy it for herself. She had to buy it. Something urged her to do so. She went to the head of the carpetless stairs. Suppose they had passed lot seventy-two. She tiptoed down the stairs. They had reached lot seventy. It would only be a minute till they reached the yellow vase. How did one buy at auctions?

The bidding went to two dollars, and Martha had not spoken.

"Any advance on two?" said the auctioneer.

Martha had edged up the room and was close to him. Martha nodded, she could not speak.

"Three?" said the auctioneer. Martha nodded. "Going at three," said the auctioneer.

Martha took out her bills with

shaking fingers, paid, and received the vase.

She went back to the old nursery, where she had been sitting on the window seat, and found Anna.

"Where have you been?" said Anna.

"I've bought the yellow vase," said Martha.

"Oh dear, oh dear!" said Anna. "As though there wasn't enough call for you to save your money."

"I wanted it," said Martha.

"And you, promising your mother to stay here and not bother with the sale."

"I forgot," said Martha. "And I had to have the vase." She turned on the old woman suddenly. "It isn't as though I wasn't going to work and earn money," she said. "I am, you know."

"There's enough money to live on quietly, now that your mother has had the good sense to sell this big place. It's no use living here and starving, better live in a smaller place and have enough."

"There won't be enough," said Martha gloomily. "Mother and I had a long talk about it. She said I must do as I like."

That night, in the new house, which after all wasn't so bad, the yellow vase was the last thing Martha saw before she slept. The house maid, who was Anna's niece, had put the house almost in order. It only remained for Martha and Anna to arrange things exactly as they knew Martha's mother would prefer them.

When her mother came to the new house that evening they had dinner in the new dining room, which gave them a garden view, kept clear of obstacles. Here they could make both ends meet and not worry, and when they wanted to go shopping they only had to jump on a bus, with no expensive train fares.

"And we'll find a good school for you," said the mother.

"A school, you mean a profession," Martha said.

"Not at fifteen," said Martha's mother. "Martha, what do you want to be?"

"I don't know," said Martha gloomily, "I wish I did."



"Then," said mother, "you can go to school while the point clears itself."

"But I wanted you to go to Egypt for the winter," said Martha. "You know you had a silly cough."

"Well, it is only a silly one, Martha. And we may be able to manage it. We shall soon know what our expenses are."

"If," said Martha, "I found I had a talent for something, a really truly talent, you would let me start at once?"

"If you have a really truly talent, the schools and I will not stand in your way."

"Thank you," said Martha gravely.

Martha went that evening to her room, a little earlier than usual, and sat on the side of the bed and gazed at the yellow vase and sought for an inspiration. She took out an old diary which she had omitted to keep up, and tried to compose a poem or a story, but the story or the introduction to a poem flagged. Martha went to bed.

She dreamed about the yellow vase. And an impression that the yellow vase was somehow mixed up in her career remained with her all the next day.

The next day an old friend of Martha's father came to see them. She was an old lady with lovely white hair, and Martha liked her, but she wasn't sympathetic on the subject of Martha's career.

"The more one gets of school the better," she said. "I can tell you I often regretted I didn't learn more in business—"

"Are you in business?" said Martha incredulously.

"Am I?" laughed the old lady. "I'm overwhelmed by it. I have a hat shop in Paris, a hat shop in London—"

"Hats!" said Martha thoughtfully.

"But still I say school is the best preparation for business."

"But if one had a talent for making hats?" said Martha.

"Have you?" said the old lady.

"I don't know," said Martha.

What Martha really thought was that Madame's hair was so white she

must be very old, and that, being so old, she might easily be dead in two or three years' time. What Martha said was: "You see, it's this year that mother has her cough, I mean as soon as winter comes along. And we wanted her to go to Egypt, and if there wasn't the expense of my school and my keep she could go. If—"

"If what?" said Madame.

"If you would take me as an apprentice now," said Martha, "I, I could go to classes or something in the evenings, couldn't I?"

"How do I know you can make hats?" said the old lady.

"You don't," said Martha. She added frankly, "I don't know either, till I try."

"If," she said, "if I could make you up a hat roughly now—that looked—looked promising—"

"Well," said the old woman, "I would take you for the winter anyhow, while your mother went to Egypt."

Martha flew from the room.

Upstairs where the electricians had not finished, there was wire—not millinery wire, of course, but one could make a shape of it. And there was some crinkled paper left over from her party that Martha had turned out of the corner of her drawer that morning. Martha ran to get these materials, and she sat on the side of her bed and bent the wire, and didn't have the least idea what shape to make. The shape she at last evolved was more like a sailor hat skeleton than anything else.

"It's not worth sticking paper on that thing," Martha thought. "It's not going to be as bad as the writing surely?"

She remembered the beginning of her effort—how the yellow vase—

She said softly, "The yellow vase."

An idea had come to her. The vase was empty. Martha turned it upside down and placed it on her head. The whole thing was becoming. Martha took it off again and worked feverishly at the wire, shaping it as nearly as possible to the outline of the vase, and using scissors as pliers to bend the wire. She was naturally deft with her fingers. In half an

hour the pinned and tacked paper hat was on her head.

Martha went downstairs, stepping carefully lest the creation slip. She flung open the sitting room door and entered.

"Behold the hat!" she said.

"Not so bad, turn around, child," said Madame. "I will take you for a month," said the old lady, "while your mother is in Egypt."

Martha took off the hat. "I really copied this from a vase," she said.

"From a vase?" said Madame.

"Well, that shows adaptability."

"Yes," said Martha doubtfully.

Martha left them. She danced upstairs, and in her room she kissed the yellow vase.

"Mother can go to Egypt—Mother can go to Egypt!" she said. "Oh, I'm glad I bought you, yellow vase. You'll come to Paris with me, you'll follow my fortunes."

The pencil and the diary which she had used when she commenced her story lay in Martha's drawer. She tore a page from it and wrote the date. And under this she scrawled, "This day the yellow vase and I commenced to make our fortune."

—Ruth Harrington, 11A-2.



## Sleeping Fever

(With apologies to John Masefield)

I must up to bed again, to the friendly sheets and the spreads,  
And all I ask is a guiding hand when sleep comes o'er my head;  
The springs squeak, the covers fly, and the whole bed shaking,  
And a familiar sneer on the clock's face, and the black night waking.

I must up to bed again, for the call of the sheets and spread,  
Is a low call and a drowsy call that can't pass o'er my head;  
And all I ask is a peaceful room, no mosquitoes biting,  
And a warm night, an open window, and no cats fighting.

I must up to bed again, to a peaceful quiet sleep,  
To the pillow's way, and the mattress's way, which can only lure me to sleep;  
And all I ask is a cool drink from the bathroom faucet nearby,  
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the stars are in the sky.

—Roberta Leck, 11A-5.

## Motoring Across Africa

Accompanied by a burst of hand-clapping that came from the entire body of students, immediately attracted by his sparkling personality, Mr. James Wilson, the first man to cross the "dark continent" by any motor vehicle, rose and walked to the front of the stage.

He is slightly over medium height, with curly hair and sandy complexion. His most noticeable feature besides his catching personality was his huge and winning smile.

He was the third of three paid speakers this term. The audience agreed that because of his humorous and instructive way of talking, coupled with his splendid dramatic ability, he was one of the best of the three.

Starting off immediately on his talk, he told how, from boyhood up, he had dreamed of traveling, especially to Africa. Through an indescribable turn of events, he and his college chum, Mr. Francis Flood, started off for entirely new and mysterious adventures on the continent of Africa. Traveling by boat from New York to the eastern tip of Africa, they stopped a few days for repairs and then went on. A week later he and his partner, both tired of a boat for an environment, were left on the shore of the world's least explored territory.

Although previously they had planned only to procure a few magazine ads and a limited supply of pictures, the lust for adventure crept into their veins, and within the next week they had bought two motorcycles, capable of making seventy miles an hour; completely stocked up with bare necessities only a (jack-knife, fork, spoon, banjo, a small supply of mosquito netting, more valuable than all the guns, and a first-aid kit, being considered their only "luxuries"); stored extra gas tanks on their machines (gas stations were only a mere 2400 miles apart in Africa); and started on the most complicated journey ever undertaken by man.

One of the chief difficulties of their journey was that they could obtain no information concerning the route they intended to take in spanning Africa. Fearing nothing, however, they left the small native village amid the procession of natives and with hopes for a "bon voyage" from the villagers.

Roads were very few and far between in Africa, and after a few days' travel there were no roads at all. Mr. Wilson comically remarked that after getting up at five o'clock in the morning and struggling through sand and brush 'till six at night, they could turn around and "spit to the spot" from which they had started.

Occasionally they passed through small native villages, and one day they ran across a British explorer who was intending to construct a "short cut" through the jungle with natives who were paid the enormous price of four and one-half to ten cents a day as his employees. Being a month early, they were not able to take advantage of this project.

Finally the dim and brush-grown path that they had been following ended at the banks of a river one quarter of a mile wide. Deciding to stay there for the night, they prepared their small repast and then made ready to sleep.

As Mr. Wilson was less fatigued than his companion, he heard a faint sound in the distance, undeniably from a drum. Taking his banjo he followed the beatings until he came into a clearing where a native ceremony was being held with a python as chief guest of honor. Upon spying him, the blacks broke all of Eddie Tolan's speed records with a dash to the jungle, leaving their playmate python behind. Sitting a respectable distance away, Mr. Wilson began to play on his banjo, thereby soothing the python and causing the natives to come back. After a long and enjoyable evening, featured by native dancers, and a rumba dance with a native lass by himself, he returned to camp accompanied by the chief's

son, he promising to transport them across the river in the morning.

True to their word, the natives appeared at prompt seven o'clock, and our travellers continued their journey on the other side.

Throughout the rest of the trip they entered several more native villages, in all of which the natives were pleasant, kind, and helpful to them.

Mr. Wilson expressed his sincerest desire that the moral that would be taken from his talk was that more things are wrought by goodwill and friendliness than by force and disagreeableness. If one shows the other fellow that he expects him to be, as he said, "a good egg," the other fellow will try his best to they emerged upon the western coast of Africa, victorious in their experiment.

There is no doubt in the mind of the author that Madison's students will always remember Wednesday, March 22, 1933, as the day when that excellent speaker, Mr. James be so.

Four and one-half months after they started their 3899 mile trek, Wilson, kept them five minutes late for their next classes.

—Kenneth Mason, 11A-2

## Hidden Treasure

A myriad colors, undimmed by a wall  
Of restless green water. It seems that

To my heart, and I answer by diving to  
see they call

What the colors on bottom will look like  
to me.

The bright waters close o'er my body  
and bathe

My eyes in a cool, quiet, comforting  
wave.

The pebbles seem brighter as I swim  
down near;

How shiny the white, and the orange  
how clear!

Here is one which resembles a frog's  
mottled back

With grey and brown spots on a back-  
ground of black.

Here another whose crimson and orange  
and pink

Make an orchid seem dull, and I only  
can think

Of the Almighty Maker, whose infinite  
care

Doth paint even these with his colors  
most rare. —Robert Shaw, 10A-7.

## Musings Before Beginning a Story

Just as I started to clear off the table, in preparation for doing the evening dishes, the thought of my original story, which had previously cuddled in the corner of my brain, advanced a little. Well, no use to worry about that now; these dishes have got to be done first. Anyway on what topic should I write? I don't see any sense in trying to write a story. (Here, I am rudely interrupted by my sister, asking why I am putting the sugar bowl in the oven.) After rescuing the sugar bowl, I continue my musings on the plot for a story. I could have a heroine go to boarding school and get into difficulties. No, I don't like that; it's too overdone. (That "overdone" sounds like cooking, but that's rather appropriate considering that I am doing the dishes.) Maybe I could have a girl pilot rescue some people. Only how could I get these people in such a predicament that they would need to be rescued.

"Over what station do you get such-and-such a program, Ann?" Another interruption, but then I want to listen to that program, too. Maybe I could have an animal story. (Diable, that cup almost slipped. I'll have to pay more attention to the dishes for a while.) Perhaps I could write a poem. No, I'm sure that's impossible. I think I'd better get my algebra and Latin done now and think about this story later. I'm glad that oral report is over with finally. That's one load off my chest. But this magazine test! What kind of questions could one possibly ask on magazines? It takes me about a week to read one magazine for pleasure, much less to acquaint myself with ten magazines in two weeks for school. This story again. Why does it have to come into my mind so often? I even dreamed about it the other night, but I can't use the dream as any idea for a story. But that is an idea; perhaps I could make up a dream wherein my story is almost written, and suddenly I would wake up, or something. I wonder how Miss Cosgrove thinks I can make nice ellipses and hyperboles, if this

story is going to come into my mind every other second. I hope my Latin goes better than this algebra. It's a good thing I have no physics homework, since I wouldn't be able to even get into my head the laws of intensities and illumination, etc. Dear me, I'm glad Easter vacation is coming, since, for a week at least, there will be no homework that has to be done. I wish that radio could be shut off; but even if I attempted to turn it off, Virginia would find some reason for my not doing so. Incidentally, I like that program myself.

"Ann, when are you going to bed? It's after eleven o'clock now." Just my mother hinting that it's time to go to bed. Oh, oh! I just saw my Latin book, and I just remembered that I still have a Latin sentence to do. I guess I better set the alarm and do something (although I don't know what) with an original story. Now to go back to the times of Cicero and Sallust.

—Ann Kelly, 11A-2.

## Lété

L'hiver a passé comme un voleur dans la nuit,  
Et l'été s'avance  
Dans tout le silence  
Et porte les jours jolis.  
Les jours froids ont passé  
Et les jours chauds sont venus.  
Les flocons de neige sont retournés  
Et le gazon est revenu.  
Le soleil reluit dans le ciel gris,  
Et les fleurs grandissent encore.  
Les arbres portent toutes sortes de fruits  
Qui sont meilleurs que de l'or.  
Aussi les oiseaux siffleurs  
Qui chantent dans le bois,  
Chantent et parlent aux fleurs.  
Les animaux sautent aussi de joie.  
Et l'onde qui serpente encore,  
S'éveille comme une ombre morte  
Pour dire  
Que tout le monde éclate de rire.  
Le soleil reluit comme de l'or  
Et fait les fleurs fortes.  
Vive Pété!  
Car les jours froids ont passé  
Vive Pété!  
Parce qu'il porte les chauds jours  
Et les signes de joie et d'amour.

—William J. Cavalcanti, 11A-5.

## On Chivalry in General

On several occasions during the past few months I have been brought into contact with a vague rumor, in general circulation throughout our

fair country. To be sure, the nature of this rumor would tend to confine it principally to the fair sex, but when one learns that the rumor pertains to chivalry, the fact is not surprising. By chivalry I do not mean the mediæval order of knighthood; rather do I speak of the term as pertaining to our modern social etiquette.

To begin with, the rumor rather vaguely hints that the chivalrous actions, so common among our ancestors, are much less in evidence in our modern life. Now I do not pretend to be an authority on the actions of our ancestors, but my personal feelings, prejudiced as they may be, tend to take an opposite viewpoint. I have seen numerous actions recently, of a chivalrous nature, and, strange to say, they were all made by members of the rising generation. This may or may not prove anything, but it seems to show that if chivalry had died out in the past generation, it is being reborn in the rising one. But that is beside the point.

The fact remains that the female folk of our nation are bemoaning the absence of those numerous deeds which formerly distinguished the so-called gentleman from the proletarian. I say so-called because I do not believe there is a man who wholly lives up to the standard of gentlemanliness at all times. The man who only partly lives up to them and poses as a gentleman is nothing but a hypocrite; but that, also, is beside the point. These petty customs of politeness toward women sprang up in a period when women were bashful and retiring and whom it was necessary to entice from their obscurity by such deeds.

I have already registered a protest against the rumor of the death of chivalry. But supposing the rumor were correct, what of it? I believe conditions have sufficiently changed to warrant such a reaction. For instance a few years ago, to find a man who swore in the presence of ladies was a difficult task indeed, but now it is not an uncommon occurrence to find a woman who can ably compete with any man in the field of expressing uncomplimentary epithets. A few years ago also, a woman would

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THE JUNIOR HIGH GRADUATING CLASS—JUNE, 1933

# Junior High Class

June, 1933

## CLASS OFFICERS

President, RICHARD HALSEY  
Vice-president, GEORGE LEVY

Secretary, HELEN LOUISE GRAHAM  
Treasurer, LAWRENCE HOLLIS

## THE SENIOR CLASS

Jean Allen  
Elaine Arthur  
Mae Apfel  
Martha Atwood  
Harriet Baker  
Elizabeth Ballew  
Grace Beard  
Helen Beatty  
Anne Becker  
Alicia Bellocchi  
Theodosia Berman  
Shirley Berghash  
Dorothy Bertrand  
Virginia Betts  
Marjorie Bock  
Marion Bohlman  
Julia Brandon  
Sylvia Brown  
Grace Burkley  
Marion Burkhardt  
Dorothea Bush  
Katherine Bushnell  
Beatrice Carey  
Ethel Carlson  
Margaret Castagnetto  
Annette Conchelos  
Jeannette Converse  
Italia Coridli  
Agnes Cosco  
Josephine Cosco  
Nina Cupero  
Dorothy Day  
Jane DeGennaro  
Mary DeSisti  
Irene Dewar  
Clara DiLorenzi  
Sara Dispenza  
Anna Dittritz  
Virginia Dugan  
Isabella Eaton  
Evelyn Ehart  
Jean Evans  
Lorraine Ey  
Catherine Fanning  
Ruth Ferguson  
Helen Ferkanin  
Geraldine Ford  
Jane Forella  
Mary Fornataro  
Edna Friedberg  
Florence Gell  
Helen Graham  
Hazel Greene  
Lois Groat  
Jessie Handy  
Bettie Hassett  
Norrine Hennik  
Margaret Howland  
Esther Imfeld  
Katherine Inglis  
Ruth Jardine

Lina Lou Kellogg  
Irma Kerr  
Christine Kimball  
Gail Kingsley  
Thelma Koehler  
Hazel Kunkle  
Betty Lamb  
Jean Livingston  
Eileen Lopez  
Janet Lyons  
Marion Mackie  
Pauline Mastrodonato  
Beatrice McCombs  
Mildred McCrossen  
Betsy McMillan  
Dorothy Meredith  
June Mersdorf  
Sylvia Mesiano  
Dorothy Mickel  
Ruby Minwell  
Adeline Miraglia  
Thelma Morris  
Leona Motz  
Barbara Munger  
Mary Jane Neal  
Evelyn Newman  
Velora Noble  
Marian Palmer  
Marian Parsons  
Elinor Pfaff  
Janet Phillips  
Patricia Pritchard  
Viola Pullman  
Dorothy Rankin  
Margaret Reddy  
Mary Reed  
Priscilla Reed  
Fern Reichold  
Norene Reid  
Marion Richardson  
Frances Rinaldi  
Veronica Roach  
Fern Rodda  
Bernice Rogers  
Claudia Rotondi  
Angeline Rouso  
Althea Schmidt  
Dorothy Seely  
Maxine Seaman  
Edna Shewman  
Eleanor Sill  
Rhea Siple  
Betty Smelcer  
Mabel Stauffer  
Ruth Stith  
Mary Taddeo  
Mary Tarlton  
Marie Teresi  
Evelyn Templeton  
Eloise Tetlow  
Iola Thompson

Alice Thoresen  
Hannah Unger  
Louise Vail  
Antoinette Vita  
Bernice Walker  
Leah Wallace  
Delores Weber  
Florence Weden  
Elizabeth Welch  
Ruth Welch  
Marie Weston  
Doris Willey  
Theresa Zampatori  
Ethel Zempel  
Olive Ziegler  
Geraldine Zuch  
Ferman Adams  
Clarence Allen  
Edward Altavella  
Elmer Apfel  
Michael Argento  
Donald Auten  
Robert Baker  
William Baker  
John Barbero  
Edwin Barrons  
John Barth  
Robert Bartholomew  
Domenick Bernardo  
Michael Billiski  
Robert Bitetti  
Kenneth Bloss  
Robert Brandow  
Gordon Brewster  
Milton Brown  
Burdette Brownlee  
Bruce Burke  
John Burke  
Owen Burroughs  
Kenneth Butters  
William Byers  
Wiley Cable  
Thomas Cambisi  
Lorin Carson  
Anthony Cervini  
Anthony Chiappone  
Wm. Ciccarelli  
John Cioffi  
Duncan Cleaves  
Raymond Clifford  
Robert Coyle  
Milfred Craft  
Donald Crawford  
George Dawson  
Alphonse DeCaro  
Anthony DeRomanis  
Luther Dey  
Fred DiCesare  
Donald DiLorenzi  
Douglas Donnan  
Roy Dranklin

James Edwards  
Raymond Ey  
Grant Fischer  
Donald Fisher  
Dale Fisher  
James Foote  
Howard Ford  
Edward Fromen  
George Gates  
William Gay  
Burt Graham  
Jack Greene  
William Grey  
Joseph Grippo  
Frank Guidici  
Wm. Guyette  
Laird Haase  
Farced Hadeed  
Kaleel Hadeed  
Wm. Hale  
Richard Halsey  
Marvin Hauck  
Arlie Hazzard  
Lawrence Hollis  
Gerald Holloway  
Jack Holton  
Robert Hudson  
Alfred Irving  
Robert JaFray  
Harold Jones  
Henry Jones  
Raymond Kearns  
Erwin Keiser  
John Kelley  
Ernest Kelly  
Glen Kerr  
Edward King  
Albert Kingsley  
John Kinyon  
Raymond Kretschmer  
John Lamblase  
Anthony Lasaparnaro  
Albert LaVilla  
Angelo LaVilla  
John Lembach  
William Leonard  
Joe Leonardo  
Alfred Lewis  
George L. Levy  
Louis Lombardi  
Wm. Ludwig  
Arthur Maid  
Frank Marafino  
Gordon Martin  
Frank Martone  
Richard Masterman  
Donald McCormick  
John McGuire  
Fred McMurdy  
Charles Miller  
Louis Miraglia

George Moker  
Edward Munger  
Paul Murray  
Paul Nachtwey  
William Nash  
Donald Northern  
Lloyd Olson  
James O'Neil  
Elbert Outermans  
Michael Panichshyn  
Norman Parkhill  
Franklyn Percy  
Albert Perna  
Harry Phillips  
Charles Pier  
James Pollock  
Quentin Polsinelli  
Richard Pomeroy  
Howard Pulver  
Woodrow Rankin  
Wm. Rapp  
Ellsworth Richards  
Walter Roberts  
Donald Robertson  
James Robertson  
Nicholas Rouse  
George Sabel  
Chester Saczalski  
Kenneth Sanger  
Leonard Schantz  
Dominic Schiano  
Walter Seiler  
Harry Servis  
Herbert Sextone  
Robert Shackelford  
Robert Shepard  
Robert Smiley  
Charles Smith  
Kenneth Smith  
Donald Spencer  
Frank Spagnetto  
Richard Steeger  
Robert Stone  
George Streeter  
Wilbert Stubella  
Donald Swanson  
Cosmos Taglimonte  
Dominic Tarantello  
Jerry Tobacco  
Robert Ulrich  
Anthony Valentine  
William Van Horn  
Thomas Vose  
John Wallace  
Harley Watson  
Willard West  
Robert Williams  
Harry Willis  
William Wilson  
Robert Wolfe  
Harold Yandow

## MADISON'S MIRROR

Hazel Green will be heard from in the musical world some day.

Lina Lou Kellogg, our giggling girl, is the world's best depression chaser.

Thelma Kochler is the girl with the fraternity pin. Ask her where she got it. She might tell you.

Janet Lyons is a vivacious girl, studious at times, and always looking for some new adventure—and M. H.

Elsie Maxson is care free and nonchalant. She needs to be. J. B. sits near her.

Edith Moody is a good sport, always looking for the sunny side of life.

Leona Motz will become the leading American designer. Paris, watch out.

Iola Thompson is the girl with the world-wide knowledge. Where does a little girl store so much learning?

Florence Weden has a little shadow that goes through the halls with her. Guess who.

Theresa Zampatore loves German. Wonder why.

Dorothy Belt is our choice for the next Olympic. She surely can swim.

Doris Curry certainly believes in the maxim, "Be seen and not heard." How happy she would be in a whispering gallery.

John Burke might not be *seen* in a crowd, but he is sure to be *heard*.

Marvin Hauck knows the answer to the question, "Do ladies prefer blondes?"

William Ludwig is a second Bob Stewart; at least, he will be if home work doesn't wear him out.

William Rapp is a bit shy. His favorite question is, "Is my face red?"

Thomas Vose has the world's largest collection of alibis.

Arlie Hazzard, the good-natured boy, is always ready to try anything.

Walter Roberts is learning to be a wrestler, but he doesn't know which foot to get the toe-hold on.

John Kelly—will be useful to the city. One of his chief and outstanding worries is getting his homework done.

Delores Weber—a very quiet and gentle girl.

Harriet Baker—has a nice smile and is friendly.

Dorothy Rankin—has auburn hair and a ready smile.

Mabel Staufer—a very earnest girl with a contagious smile.

Irma Kerr—is kind-hearted and generous but has a quiet temper. Keeps her ideas to herself.

Charles Pier—a strong, determined boy. If you don't know him, you surely are missing much.

Dorothy Sealy—very shy and never likes to be called on because she's afraid she doesn't know the answer.

Claudia Rotondi—she's sweet and charming and understanding. When things go wrong, she's always ready to help.

Thelma Morris—colds hands, warm heart. My, what a time she has with her French lessons!

Dorothy Bertrand—a quiet, studious girl. Always on hand.

Lois Groat—always looking for the bright side of life.

Agnes Cosco—smiling and happy. Never a worry for her marks.

Jack Kenyon of the golden tones and wavy hair plans to take a course on how to yodel through a cornet.

Lloyd Olson, the boy with the blonde wavy hair, can wiggle his ears and sing bass at the same time.

Don Fisher, the boy who is always looking in his dictionary for some new words, is also the fellow who owns an ink bottle and a vest.

Wilesey Cable, the short person with red hair and freckles, reads all he can about plant life. Will he be a farmer?

She's rather small and shy, yet very bright and nice. Her name is Jean Evans.

Gail Kingsley—a quiet person, always looking for the sunny side of life.

Eileen Lopez—a vivacious, happy-go-lucky girl. A fun lover, yet studious at times.

Veronica Roach—usually quiet and shy but sometimes very lively. She often wears a bored expression.

Betty Smelcer—pleasant and rather studious. Always looking for some new excitement.

Mae Apfel—a very sweet girl who likes chocolates and can tell a good story.

Fern Rodda is always buying candy to make herself fat. So far she hasn't succeeded.

Esther Infeld—a little girl in size, a big girl in brains, a naughty girl in temper, a good girl in studies.

What a nice girl Mary Taddeo is! She is attractive, pretty, and has a nice smile.

Maxine Seaman—a friendly girl who is attentive and intelligent in school.

Dorothy Micket—nearly always cheerful. Her happiness depends upon her marks.

Angeline Rousos—an attractive girl and very studious. She makes a good friend.

Jean Livingston loves to laugh. Maybe some day she'll let us in on one of her jokes so we can laugh too.

You all must know Jean Allen. She's the girl with the happy smile and the pleasant ways.

Bernice Rogers is known to all her friends as "Sis." She's a good athlete, a studious pupil, and a fine friend to have.

June Mersdorf draws well and loves to make poems which sometimes don't rhyme.

Elinor Pfaff is an attractive girl with many pretty clothes and a big smile.

Ernest Kelly is always drawing pictures of prize fighters on his notebook paper. Which will he be, a fighter or a cartoonist?

Janet Phillips seems to be taking quite an interest in her dramatic club lately.



Shirley Berghash is a dark-haired girl who likes a good time.

Why should Frank Stagnitto have curly hair that he doesn't want, while we, girls, who do want curls can't have them?

Ruth Stith's agility in jumping over seats makes us believe she could qualify for the Olympic hurdling team.

We hear that Virginia Dugan still considers ankle socks the latest style for women. We wonder when she will change to "knee" socks.

Don't be alarmed if you see Peggy Howland with her contagious smile which makes the dark side of the world sunny.

Robert Ulrich thought he could ski. On the way down hill he broke his knee,  
Now he can ski like a chimpanzee.

Notice—1945: Mary Jane Neal, professional tap dancer, is now with the Hill Billy Band. Miss Neal was formerly one of the Gypsy Trio.

William Baker's smile ought to win him a place in the movies. His laugh alone would make him a great comedian.

Annette Conchelos, with a short, chubby figure and a tiny little nose,  
Loves to laugh and joke but hates to write prose.

How would Burt Graham get his English lessons if Evelyn Ehart didn't have a sash for him to pull?  
What's that throbbing in my ears  
(so loud)?

What's that dazzle in my eye?  
Why, it's only Robert Brandon  
In his sweater going by.

Pauline Mastrodonato took the part of Rosalind in the play "As You Like It". At times it was quite embarrassing to read. Was her face red!

Raymond Kretchmer is one of the boys in this school who is making a collection of girls' powder compacts to remember them by.

Olive Zeigler, the girl who has a deep interest in "saxophones".

Mary Di Sisti will surely be a millionaire if silence is golden.

Grace Beard does love her music. Every other night after school she practices with Mr. Casad.

Sara Dispenza, our curly-headed girl, is Orphan Annie's double. Won't someone provide her with a *Sandy*?

Lorraine Ey hopes to be a secretary, but just now she needs one to keep track of her books and homework.

Joseph Grippo works hard in English and likes nothing better than a good test.

William Gray—not a strong boy, but he is a good friend and likes to play with the rest.

Anthony De Romanis is good in gym and is one of Mr. Remington's best pupils.

Leonard Miraglia, another fine fellow, is silent and tries to do his best in his studies.

Raymond Ey, who does not like to go to school on sunny days, would like to have a motorcycle. He tinkers with motors in his spare time.

Michael Billiski enjoys a good game of baseball.

Miss Edna Friedberg is a caretaker of little children while their mothers go shopping.

Kenneth Sanger is a good artist. You also may see him on the stage.

Ten years from now you'll see Dick Pomeroy on the American Airway payroll.

Bob Coyle was recently seen trying to pull a hexagon kite out of a spin. Which was the kite, and which was Coyle? That's the question.

Woodrow Rankin, the boy in 9A-8, who has a wisecrack for every class.

Charles Miller—that expert back-seat driver in science.

We all expect to see Barbara Munger on the stage for she is always being in a play at school, church, or elsewhere.

Who will be a second "Sir Thomas Lipton"? He is our very esteemed boat builder, Milfred Craft.

Harry Servis is one of these up-to-date men. He knows something about every current event that's going. You should hear him rattle it off in English class.

Priscilla Reed's egotism is quite hard to cope with these days.

Good news for the doctors! W. Wilson is supposed to be sick. Time to take your iron, Willie.

Prepositions, nouns, and objects are going to Jeanette Converse's head these days.

Why does Ruth Welch always get sleepy in algebra?

Here's hoping that Fern Reichbold makes good in her attempt to declaim.

There is a boy whose head—it whirls;  
He's in the 9A class.

He goes around with all the girls,  
His name is William Nash.

Eleanor Sill seems to be licking her lips a lot lately. Do they taste good, or is she trying to chew off her freckles?

Italia Corridi with her black hair, brown eyes, and a disposition that is seldom "blue", would make most people "green" with envy.

George L. Levy,  
Boy with one-man mustache,  
He eats ice cream daily,  
"It's good for his adenoids," he says.

Virginia Bettys always has a big smile for everyone, makes friends easily, and never gets embarrassed.

John Lembock, "The Lamp King" of Art Craft Shop, has just finished his latest gift to the modernistic world.

George Streeter really is getting quite popular with that bird whistle of his. You can't tell the bird from George (unless you see George first).

Harley Watson, the blond playboy, manages to find the right place in any lesson the minute he's called on, even if his thoughts are outside on the ball game.

Laird Haase loves to play ball even though he endangers the lives of passing people. You should see him hit that ball.

Nicholas Rouse, a fine friendly fellow with the nicknames of "Mickey Mouse" and the "Cave Man".

Douglas Donnon is the future star auto mechanic of 9A-7.

Donald Auten is a good basketball player and mathematician.

Jack Greene, the bookworm, has almost vanished into a pile of books for the summer.

Quentin Polsinelli goes in hard for boxing. He is an excellent swimmer and an honor student in all subjects.

Georges Gates is the lad who can tell all kinds of adventurous stories, especially the "haunted house" type.

Paul Nachtwey—the ceaseless worker. It won't be long before Paul will own Wegman's. You should see that boy work.

Dominic Bernardo would make a good cheer leader. Oh, that voice! Look to your laurels, Mason.

Raymond Kearns—an industrious, laboring man. His hands are full of blisters from the hard work he does in shop.

Anthony Chiappone is the boy who is little in a big way.

What would Grace Burkey do if Eloise Tetlow moved out of town and could not buy her candy?

Evelyn Templeton giggles so much that her companions have given her the name "Giggles".

What would Geraldine Zuck do if she couldn't smile at everyone she spoke to?

What is Donald Swanson of 9A-7 doing these days? Is Robert Wolfe still tagging him?

We were always wondering why Gordon Brewster never wore long pants. We've figured it out that he wants to show his shapely calves.

Jack Holton is wearing himself out trying to find ways to get out of studying. Don't take your lessons so seriously, ol' man!

Tender-hearted Elizabeth Welch is always writing heart-breaking stories about destitute families and homeless dogs.

Bill Gay holds up the stairs with two other confederates, after lunch until he is scolded by a passing teacher. Glen Kerr, Beau Brummel of 9A-1, uses Palmolive soap. Why—The school-girl complexion.

Duran Cleaves—the boy who puts too many illustrations in his compositions.

The super-mathematician has succeeded in overcoming a few math problems. His name is Luther Dye.

What is Donald Swanson of 9A-7 doing these days? Is Robert Wolfe still tagging him?

Marion Palmer is one of those blond, witty girls, who does her Latin homework in the most inappropriate places.

Michael Argento—a high scorer on the Madison team. He is a good sport, but hates to have a referee call a foul on him.

Burdette Brownlee—a lanky, light-haired boy who likes airplanes and tries to play a banjo in his spare time.

Frederick Di Caesare—a short, stocky, curly-headed individual who can whistle like a bird and can make his face look like "Pop-Eye."

Gerald Halloway is a lover of horses, and in his spare time tries to pick out a few songs on his banjo.

James O'Neill—a tall, slim boy. He makes very good jig-saw puzzles.

Extra! Extra! Frank Guidici has joined the Navy. He is an all-around athlete, but especially good in baseball.

Michael Panchyshym, a big fellow, likes good books and is the best shot-put in the Junior High.

Donald Northem—a small boy who is always getting into trouble, but somehow always gets out. He is good when he feels like it.

William Circarelli may take up the pen business. He has had plenty of experience furnishing his class with pens.

Robert Baker reminds us of "The Ancient Mariner". He holds people with his glittering eye.

Angelo Lavilla—Romco, Dempsey, and Babe Ruth have nothing on "Ace".

Paul Murray is a baseball star. You should see him play second base.

Donald McCormick prefers having company when he goes riding in his canoe.

James Edwards is the smiling boy whose face always drops when a teacher mentions homework.

Ellsworth Richards would rather fish than play ball. Just give him a fishpole and some worms and he is satisfied.

Norinne Hennik is another one of those girls who always has a supply of pencils, erasers, and paper for forgetful pupils to borrow.

Mary Reed is the girl who always has her nose in a book. She never needs to worry about book reports.

Whenever you see a girl chattering so fast and furiously that she hasn't time to take a breath, you'll know it's Katherine Inglis.

Marjory Bock is the young lady who was winning around school the day before vacation. The reason? Roller skating!

Helen Ferkanin is the girl who can write such wonderful stories, etc. We expect to read books, articles, and reviews of hers in a few years from now.

Katherine Bushnell is a regular water dog. She is an expert yachtsman and swimmer, and she should be a future olympic champion.

Albert La Villa is a good commercial artist and swings a fine brush. He is also a good fellow.

Frank Marafino and Harold Jones would undoubtedly make a good pair of grease throwers; but Frank likes to read, and Harold is a good friend to have.

Raymond Clifford is good in science and likes to play with radios in his spare time.

Alphonse De Caro is a good athlete, and also a good sport in everything he does.

John Lambiase is good in math, but likes to argue with the teacher.

Anthony Lasapanaro can play an accordion and enjoys good reading.

Louis Lombardi plays the French horn and is good in baseball and basketball.

Alecia Bellocchi got a new hair cut. We wonder what she did with the old one.

Don Robertson, a good lacrosse player, has as many sweaters as he has girls.

Irene Dewar is a little red head, but she hasn't the temper that goes with red hair. Quite the contrary.

Betty Lamb, the girl of few words, sometimes, and many dreams unknown to most of us.



Rhea Siple—brown hair, brown eyes, hobby—pinochle, sport—baseball.

Spring has come with freshening showers,

Hill and plain smile with flowers,  
Asters, bright-red roses, and violets  
Lively grow for Beatrice Carey.

If you want to go skating next year, go before Geraldine Ford goes, or you're likely to get wet. (The ice might break through.)

It is a known fact that Bill Leonard stood for two hours in the rain in front of the Madison Theatre. Who is she?

Jerry Tobacco is a quiet, dark-eyed boy, who spends his spare time in the library reading the "Odyssey".

William Van Horn is the student whose hobby is conjugating Latin verbs in class.

Willard West plays basketball and is the center on 9A-3 basketball team.

Edward King, the judge in "The Copper Kettle," is as sober as a judge in English class, and collects stamps as a hobby.

Franklyn Percy is one of Mr. Casad's tenors who helps make the chorus a success.

Did Leonard Schantz learn boxing in a cigar factory? He punches the boys in Mr. Geddes' shop quite playfully.

Why does John McGuire sleep in class? Is it so he can have another extra period after school to sleep? Maybe!

Robert Shackelford thinks he is a tap dancer, but he isn't; he's a toe dancer. (When he dances, he steps on everybody's toes.)

Viola Pullman needs an escort to see her to English class.

Helen Beatty will be our all-around Olympic star in 1938.

Marion Parsons is sure to be in some dramatic class with the teacher calling her name every two minutes.

Maybe Frances Rinaldi will take us through her gum factory some day. We're sure she has one.

It took Beatrice McCombs a long time to learn *case* and *reason* but now she knows all about it.

Clarence Allen—President of the Rinky Dink Stamp Club.

Edward Altavella—The wonder of commercial art.

John Barth—Still telling "big" fish stories.

Kenneth Butters—The machinists' king.

William Byers—Successor to the "Lone Mountaineer".

Lorin Carson—The man of the stone age.

Donald Di Lorenzi—The man with "hook, line, and sinker".

Roy Drankhan—Gas engine expert. (Let's hope they don't explode.)

James Foote—Rabbit king.

Edward Fromen—The "Rip Van Winkle" of the age.

Alfred Lewis—Scenic artist.

Gordon Martin—Future "Steinmetz".

Albert Perna—Still looking for rock bottom.

James Pollock—Operator of Station W8—?

James Robertson—Serving chicken dinners.

Dominic Schiano—Still salvaging Model T's.

Robert Shepard—Around the world on "short waves".

Charles Smith—The "Johnny Weismiller" of 1943.

Wilbert Stubella—His name on every bird-house.

Cosimo Tagliamonti—You can hear his tunes over the air.

Dominic Tarantello—Pitcher for the "Yanks".

George Moker—Let George do it.

Anthony Valentine—Still entering "Skeeter" in the Kentucky Derby.

John Wallace—Keeping step with Bill Robertson.

Harry Willis—Paul Whiteman's successor.

Ruth Ferguson got all the points in "As You Like It." Is she the only one?

Professor Bill Geyette may be very brilliant, but without those valuable spectacles of his, his light is rather dim.

Dorothy Meredith wonders why red hair and freckles must always be pals. The rust spots annoy her.

Owen Burroughs is becoming an auto mechanic in Mr. Selden's shop. Boy, you should see him when he goes into a huddle with a motor.

Quiet, fat, not so tall,  
Has a brushcut,  
Is not bald,  
When you look at him some day  
Remember Howard Pulver is that way.

Will Jane DiGenuaro ever get a low mark in English?

After Mary Fornataro leaves school she will be known as the world's greatest comedian.

Maybe if we stay on the right side of Nina Cupero she'll give us a couple of A's in Algebra.

If Norene Reid doesn't start growing we won't be able to find her.

Marie Weston's ability to recite English may find her in Miss Biesenbach's place when she retires.

Ruth Jardine has adopted the name "Sunny"; we hope she lives up to the title.

When we are sending our children to school they will probably be having the "Marion Richardson Writing System."

We ought to invent for Julia Brandon a machine that will get her to lunch in time after gym.

Richard Stegar has bought a bicycle so he will have something to fix on Saturdays.

What would Isabelle Eaton do if she didn't sit erect and if she lost her posture?

Why does Millie McCrossen come to school so early in the morning? What attraction can the school have? (Is it the school?)

Josephine Casco, the dark-haired girl whom we believe will never let up on the "Bud" theory.

Grant Fisher, the brown headed boy, who likes to get his answers by asking questions.

Robert Bartholomew is a great electrician. Just ask him anything about radios.

*Continued on page 25*

## The Madigraph

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## Going, Going, Gone

The lively, crafty-faced auctioneer holds aloft in his hand an article and bellows with a coaxing voice: "How much am I bid?" and then a hesitating voice comes out of the crowd, naming a price. After a number of bids the auctioneer, hearing no further voices, booms out:

"Going, going, gone!" The article is gone; gone out to live a new life in a new environment.

How like each and every one of us. Our life is like an auctioneer's article with a new adventure, a new life facing us at each turn and each bend.

Youth, with life ahead of us; everything to live for; carefree days; wild, exuberant living; happiness and "devil may care" attitude prevailing. Then age starts creeping on you; you mature as the days go by; business worries and responsibilities

take their toll on you. You're going! Old age creeps upon you; you are no longer able to take care of your business. You are forced to hand it over to young associates. You're slipping; you're going! Then one day you feel all worn out; a very tired feeling possesses you; you feel racking pains throughout your body; something seems to be compressing your heart; you feel faint; you become alarmed; you scream out; you hear running footsteps; and then—darkness!

You're gone!

Life is like an auction block for the great majority of people. They sell themselves for material things. In the business world, selling their good name, their honesty for a dollar. They live their lives without heeding those ominous words which ring out for everyone:

"Going, going, gone!"

—Donald Witmeyer, 12A.

## Chivalry in General

*Continued from page 17*

be disgraced if seen publicly partaking of tobacco. Today many men do not smoke because it is too effeminate. A few years ago a woman's place was in the home. Today we find she has invaded the ancient strongholds of mankind and conquered the barber shop and politics in her mad quest for independence. How long this quest will continue is still a problem, but the fact that ancient customs have changed proves that the custom of chivalry can change also, while the fact that women have nearly attained equality with men relieves the necessity of having chivalry. Surely the ladies cannot expect to change conditions so radically and still retain their former rights and favors. Such a condition is deplorable.

Here is the situation in a nutshell. Man has been forced to give up many ancient rights and has received no new ones in return; whereas, women have gained many new rights and still retain the old ones. In self-defense man must cut down a few of the older rights of women to equalize the situation.

Down with chivalry!

—Lenard A. Griffen, 12A.

## Madison's Senior Play

On April seventh, the senior classes of Madison Junior-Senior High School presented their school play.

The program consisted of two plays, "The Copper Kettle" and the "Romantic Youth." The first play, "The Copper Kettle," with a ninth grade cast, featured a gypsy dance with a chorus of singing girls, presenting violin and vocal solos by members of the senior high department. The audience received this picturesque play with loud applause.

While the stage was being set for the "Romantic Youth," a chorus of dancing girls entertained the audience with other students offering specialty dances, saxophone solos, and other novelty acts.

The "Romantic Youth" with a twelfth grade cast was the hit of Madison's senior plays. In the words of an old show person, "It laid 'em in the aisles." Arthur Roach certainly was "at his best" as was advertised before the gala night. Anice Ives played the modern Juliet. A new type of novelty in school plays entered into the abduction scene, which was set to music.

A large crowd attended and apparently all were pleased with the show.

—Gordon E. Bach, 11A-4.

## Conviction

"Eyes are the windows of the soul." You softly quoted and asked me to believe.  
I laughed aloud.  
You could not guess what I so readily perceive.

If, my dear, your eyes reveal your sacred thoughts  
And show the curious what is in your heart,  
Then you are one whom all the world should know—  
And yet I want you for myself apart.

Your eyes show love and kindness and a depth of mind  
That will remain unmeasured to the end  
And prove to me and all that loving come  
That truly you are one whom He did send.

—Martha Bradford, 11A-2.

## Student Union

By Edmund Burroughs, Secretary

The meetings of the Cabinet of the Student Union this term have been unusually interesting and worthwhile. Since the Cabinet is a much smaller body than the Student Council, it naturally is able to accomplish more than the latter. The meetings of the Cabinet present a complete picture of student activities as all matters brought up in the Council or committees must be submitted to this body for final action.

At a meeting of the Cabinet on March 20th several matters of interest to the entire school were acted upon. It was decided that new pep songs should be composed and set to music taken from other school and college songs. The final report on basketball was submitted. The Athletic Committee's list of candidates for M's was approved and initial appropriations for track and baseball granted. The problem of stolen private and school property was discussed, and the Madison Secret Service was organized with Mr. Newhall as faculty advisor to meet the situation.

The Cabinet meeting of May 22nd was devoted largely to the discussion of school athletics and the Madigraph. The question of awarding M's to members of the swimming team who earned them in the Charlotte meet was brought up and discussed. The sentiment of the Cabinet was in favor of awarding the M's, and President Kester took it upon himself to see what could be done about this matter. A report on athletic finances was submitted by Miss Lamoree. The report led to a discussion of ways and means of increasing the sale of tickets to baseball games and of decreasing the cost of transportation of the teams.

Ted Martens was approved as track manager and Albert Morlante as baseball manager for this term. The Madigraph was discussed as to its content, its sale, and the possibility of its being changed into a school paper next year. The Cabinet favored the plan of having a bi-weekly school paper and a Senior Annual. It was tentatively decided to have bulletin boards for student announcements placed at various parts of the

building as soon as possible.

The members of the Cabinet and a good many members of the Council have served the Student Union faithfully and well. Their interest and whole-hearted participation in the student organization should be recognized and appreciated by the entire school.

## "Checkmate"

Under the new "Constitution and By-laws," approved by Mr. Zornow and unanimously passed by the chess club, the following Senior division officers were elected on Tuesday, March 21, 1933: Lenard B. Griffen, president; Leo J. Goldman, senior vice-president; F. Glenn Griffen, secretary-treasurer. Elections for next term will take place some time this month.

Lenard B. Griffen represented Madison at a chess meeting on Saturday evening, March 18, on Beverley Street, for the purpose of discussing the possibilities of a chess column in a local paper. Owing to the absence of Benjamin Franklin's representative very little was accomplished. Petitions have been signed and presented to the "Democrat and Chronicle" with action expected very soon.

The Madison chess team suffered a severe setback at the hands of Benjamin Franklin on Wednesday, March 29, by the score of 24 to 8. Lenard B. Griffen and Harold Harnish were the only Madison players to win points, each taking two games. The team was composed of the following players: Lenard B. Griffen, Leo J. Goldman, F. Donald Spencer, Jacob Gaudino, F. Glenn Griffen, Herman Folker, Harold Harnish, and Edmund Burroughs.

Boosting at least six points over their nearest rivals, James Looney and Francis Shevlin are, at the present time, staging a merry race for the supremacy of the beginners' division. Francis burned a blazing trail at the beginning of the tournament but James kept right on his heels, finally going out in front. These two boys are expected to be the backbone of next term's team, with such strong rivals as David Goldstein, Gustave Becker, and Henry Melino.

The Junior division installed the following officers for this term: Robert Looney, junior vice-president; William Gray, secretary; Tony Siriana, assistant secretary.

—F. Glenn Griffen, secretary.

## Madison's Mirror

*Continued from page 23*

Betty Ballew, triumphant leader of the Hilly Billy Band, received many congratulations on her splendid work in the senior play.

Althea Schmidt, our petite blond classmate, nicknamed "Sunny", is always looking at the sunny side of everything. Her smile soon chases the clouds away from any downcast face.

Clara DiLorenzi, a quiet little miss who always minds her own affairs and, as a result, always earns good marks.

Catherine Fanning, studious at times and very fond of animals.

Sylvia Mesiano is our baseball fan. She even has a team of girls in the summer.

Antoinette Vita, so tiny she always gets lost in corridor crowds; however, she manages to reach her classes on time.

Evelyn Newman must have a wardrobe like Connie Bennett's by the looks of things. Not bad for a start.

Robert Wolfe, a short blond boy with good-looking clear-cut features and fine personality, is very studious.

Arthur Maid, who has for his hobby electricity, is very studious and shy.

Harry Phillips, the plump boy with hair combed straight back, is good natured, and a true friend.

Hazel Kunkle is short, has reddish hair, is very sweet and pleasant, and can always be depended upon.

George Sabel, a quiet, wise-looking gentleman, is following in the footsteps of his older brother.

William Hale, a tall, dark, solemn-looking fellow, is known to have a good sense of humor.

Donald Crawford is a real student with a twinkle in his eye, denoting a keen sense of humor.

Leah Wallace is one of the many girls who loves riding on horseback.

## CLUBS



## The Debating Club

The recent formation of a Senior High Debating Club saw the advent in Madison of one of the oldest forms of interscholastic competition.

The club's activities were confined to two public appearances, the first of which was made on April 25 in the Junior and Senior Assemblies. The question debated—"Resolved: that football should be re-introduced into Rochester high schools. Four teams participated, two in each assembly, with the negative returned victor in the Junior assembly, the affirmative victor in the Senior assembly.

In the only interscholastic debate—that with West High School, May 16, Madison finished on the short end of the judges' decision, after an interesting debate. The question—"Assuming that Japan has not used force, Resolved, that Japan's case in Manchuria is stronger than that of China."

Another year should find the Debating Club making an earlier start during the winter months, the real debating season. With many of the present group to return as a nucleus, and the addition of a few more members, this aggregation should be capable of holding its own in any further competition of this nature.

The members of the Debating Club are: Pauline Copeland, Rose Marie Frank, Catherine Kuslik, Barbara Stebbins, Edmund Burroughs, Edward Downey, Jacob Frieda, Albert Gilbert, Lenard Griffen, Charles Higbie, Ernest Huey, Edward Jackson, Francis Mastone, and James Peck.

## The Optimates

The Delta chapter of the Latin Honor Society, the Optimates, had a dinner May 8. Mr. Zornow was the guest of honor and was made honorary member of the society. Miss Jennings, Miss Moore, Miss Durnin, and Miss Donnelly were chaperons.

The dinner was served at 6:15. The table was attractively decorated with purple and white, the Roman colors. In the crystal bowl, adorning the center, were purple iris and narcissus—the four brass candlesticks with pure white candles made a very pretty setting. The place cards, purple and white, were made by Mr. Vialls. The welcome to Mr. Zornow and the club was given in Latin by Consul Peggy Rathbun.

After the dinner the club adjourned to another room for the initiation and recreation. The Latin oath was taken by each member as he

or she stood under crossed swords. Interesting accounts of the Roman female dress and the Roman male dress were given by Catherine West and Edward Heilgenthaler. The entertainment program was in charge of Consul Doris Ulp assisted by Ethel Whaley. Several games were played, such as a Latin crossword puzzle, a verb contest, and jig saw sentence puzzles. A copy of the June issue of the Madigraph was offered as a prize for the sentence puzzles and it was proudly won by the writer of this article.

The club members and officers are: Consul Peggy Rathbun, Consul Doris Ulp, Aedile, Edward Heilgenthaler, Nuntius Marjorie Parker, Scriba Vivian Barbour, Ethel Whaley, Marjorie Parker, Catherine West, Marion Sisson, Ann Kelley, Barbara Stebbins, Martha Bradford, Donald McCowen, and Eddy Smythe.

—Barbara Stebbins, 10A-5.

## Les Babillards

Les Babillards, an honorary French society for pupils who have had three or more terms of French, held a supper meeting at a church near Monroe High School on Saturday, April 8. At this meeting our chapter, which is called Mu, the first or Alpha chapter being at Monroe, was formally inducted into the society.

Our school was well represented by Mr. Newhall, who gave a short speech, Miss Lauderdale, Miss Watkins, Rosemary Seiler, who is the president of our chapter and who responded for us, and ten or eleven other pupils.

After the induction ceremony a short program was put on by each school represented. The standard or emblem of the society, in the shape of a shield, which on a smaller scale is also the pin, was presented to us. The standard of the society is painted in red, white, and blue, but ours is painted in the school colors, purple and gold. Lenard Griffen, Betty Mutch, and Robert Shaw took part in the skit by our school which was partly in French and partly in English.

After each school had taken its part in the program, we all took part in the dancing. By the way, they wanted ten cents to let you in where



they were dancing so don't go next time without your dix sous.

The members of the Les Babilards are: Theresa Cottone, Lenard Griffen, Ruth Harrington, Jane Kelley, Ann Kelly, Betty Mutch, George Mutch, Alexander Nelson, Elsa Reith, Fred Rice, Janet Rosenthal, Clare Russell, Rosemary Seiler, Robert Shaw, and Catherine West.

—Jane Kelley, 11A-2.

## The Girl Reserves

The Girl Reserves closed a most successful season with a Memorial Day program at Highland Park after school, Monday, May 29.

Olive Wiggington and Louise Proseus were in charge and selected the topic, "Service", as their theme.

After the business meeting, the girls placed flowers upon the graves of several Rochesterians who best exemplified the type of service for which the club stands. They then returned to the park to join with 9A-16 for a picnic supper. Edith Mae Moody, Sara Dispenza, and Julia Brandon assisted Helen Fiser and her committee of 9A-16 in preparing the supper.

A new type of program is being planned for next year and a committee will meet with Miss Thurston during the vacation to plan activities which club members may carry on individually, thereby doing away with weekly meetings as they are held under the present plan. It is hoped that this new type of program will meet the needs of the newer viewpoints in club activities and will tend to develop initiative, originality, and self-reliance on the part of each individual.

## Library Club

The following have received honorable mention for distinguished achievement in Library Service this term: Jean Better, Lorraine Furlong, Jane Kelley, Mae Measday, Dominic Nazzaro, Phyllis Paige, Bernice Schmitt, and Geraldine Schmitt.

The officers are: President, Reynolds Denning; Vice-president, Robert Graby; Secretary, Blanche Kolb; Treasurer, Gordon Updike; Chairmen of Committees, Bernice Schmitt, Margaret Dowling, Frances Draude, and Robert Burr.

## Things You Didn't Know

By A. Snooper

Our hero, the big boy from Manlius, better known as the Hercules of Madison, has to make another hurry trip to Auburn. He has forgotten his toothbrush again.

Here's one for you to think about. Cy Patter, our beloved woman hater, has been seen in the company of Una Paige quite frequently. Eventually Cy will fall prey to the wiles of this fair maiden.

It has been rumored that Art Roach, that little fellow who haunts the Windsor Dance Hall during the summer months, has already started in where he left off last fall.

That piquant little beauty, better known as Eddie Weller, says he obtained his lovely pink skin by using Lydia Pinkam's gargle for athlete's foot thrice daily. (Advertisement.)

George Sitzler, one of our prominent afternoon tea boys, has left school to take up an extended course in tea tipping.

Boy, is Red Kester giving Betty Wallace the goo-goo eyes these days, "Darn these Presidents"? But you can't blame Betty for making goo-goo eyes back at Red. Can you? You know every girl can't have a President for a boy friend.

Do you know that if Inez Lyddon doesn't hurry back to Madison there will be many a shattered heart at dear old Madison?

Of course you all know Blanche, Kolb, but here's something you don't know about her. She has a mania for borrowing wrist watches. She thinks nothing of wearing six at one time.

Ah! here's one hot from the grid-dle. There's a new Frat in Madison. Keep your eyes open, girls. You'll get their pins if you work it right.

Sometime when you have time ask Al Triest what he knows about mice. He's quite an authority on the subject. One night, March seventh, to be exact, I caught him catching mice with his fair hands. Listen Al, old boy, will you please stay out of the school basement and leave the mice for the cat?

## Around Madison's Corridors

He was only six weeks old—and did he love carrots!—Mr. Woolston looks rather bothered lately. Maybe he has a study hall as bad as the one last term.—Justine Ulp adores anything French—Leland White seems to pride himself on being the last word in frankness.

Loren is becoming quite an expert (?) English teacher—thanks to Miss Jessie Cosgrove . . . and she has also inspired Ralph to make very impromptu speeches in assembly . . . Kenneth loves to tell how he helped the milkman bring in the (milk) bottles the morning after Memorial Day—the original man-about-town! . . . we wonder? . . . Overheard the other day—"I don't know what the young man's intentions are, father, he's been keeping me pretty much in the dark." . . . Tsk! . . . Something ought to be done, really, about a Board of Education that makes us come back for one day between a week-end and a holiday . . . That's school for you! . . . Belated orchids to the faculty for that marvelous play. . . Let's have more of them! . . . Miss Cosgrove doesn't approve of gossip columns . . . Miss Donnelly hates—or should I say doesn't like?—slang . . . Mr. Droman is very fond of sarcasm . . . ditto for Miss Clancy . . . Miss O'Donnell likes—er—various things . . . Miss Bidelman used to like ice cream—also Miss Weidert . . . Gracie Allen has lost her brother—but Mr. Voss has lost his sense of humor—he no longer appreciates people who throw papers in the lunch room . . . Albert Gilbert has developed a decided complex for small red-headed things—as perhaps you've noticed . . . Helen Jenner and Ruth Vrooman are our present candidates for an absent-mindedness prize . . . if you know what we mean . . . Next time you see a toy dog on Miss Clancy's desk . . . it probably belongs to either Ruth, Helen, or Martha . . . just to keep her from getting lonesome . . . "Gotta go 'way now" . . . Here's for happy landings on exams!—and a gorgeous vacation!

—Martha Bradford, 11A-2.

## ATHLETICS

### Girls' Gym Meet

The girls of Madison Junior-Senior High School held their annual "gym" meet on May 25, 1933. 230 girls participated.

The opening event was a posture contest with all the classes marching. Then came the gymnastic drills with the groups in ascending order, seventh grades first. Stunts by each class completed the strenuous part of the meet. At the close of the stunts Mr. Zornow gave the awards. The silver cup for first place went to Eileen Rooney, who had a total of 18 points. Rosemary Seiler was second with 17, and Doris Burnes third with 15 points.

The judges were: Miss Ashley, Miss Davis, Miss Gaffney, Mrs. Gilpin, Miss Page, Miss Van de Walle, Miss E. Walker, Miss N. Walker, and Mrs. Yost. Miss Morrissey and Miss Watkins were scorers.

The following girls won places in the meet:

Seventh Grade: Drill—first, Margaret Griffith, 8; second, Regina Boguska, 7; third, Dorothy Hurley, 6. Posture—first, Patricia Pressley, 9; second, Frances King, 7; third, Elvira Miraglia, 5. Stunts—first, Ruth Emery, 9; second, Gertrude McLauchlin, 8.5; third, Frances King, 7. Eighth Grade: Drill—first, Marion Lamb, 9; second, Ann Martin, 8; third, Doris Burnes, 7. Posture—first, Mary Ann Foley, 9; second, Doris Burnes, 8; third, Jane Wadd, 7. Stunts—first, Betty Kellogg, 10; second, Helen Reilly, 8; third, Thelma Devine, 7.

Ninth Grade: Drill—first, Olive Ziegler, 9; second, Nina Cupeno, 7; third, Elaine Anthes, 6. Posture—first, Thelma Morris, 9; second, Jeanne Wells, 8; third, Esther Infield, 7.6. Stunts—first, Katherine Inglis, 10; second, Katherine Bushnell, 9; third, Thelma Harden, 8.

Senior High: Drill—first, Eileen Rooney, 9; second, Catherine West, 8; third, Jennie Everitt, 7. Posture—first, Rosemary Seiler, 9; second, Mary D'Amico, 6; third, Catherine West, 5. Stunts—first, Eileen Ro-

ney, 9; second, Rosemary Seiler, 8; third, Theda Gerard, 7.

—Peggy Rathbun.

### The Girls' Athletic Banquet

The Girls' Athletic Banquet was held April 11, 1933, in the students' lunch room. The girls first gathered in the gymnasium where Miss Stafford played for dancing and a short entertainment was given.

Miss Pettingill, one of the guests, who is interested in the promotion of girls' athletics, gave a very entertaining talk. Mr. Zornow also spoke to the girls and congratulated them on the success of their first banquet.

The banquet was very much of a success, and we hope to have many more. We also hope that this will be an inspiration for the girls to come out for the after school sports.

—Freda Gerard, 11A-2.

### Baseball

Madison's first baseball team has made quite an impression upon its supporters by taking quite a few of its games. The prospects at the beginning of the season were not especially favorable to the on-looker, however under the careful and expert supervision of Coach Murray the team has pulled together and has already aroused no little disturbance and interest in the league.

Although all of the games were interesting and exciting, probably the most heralded and most talked about of them all was the game with West High. This game was given quite a bit of attention in the local newspapers, and the rivalry between the two student bodies became intense. The day of the game found a large crowd assembled at the field long before the game commenced. Both teams seemed confident of winning and seemed to be in excellent condition. Then the game started. Both teams were held scoreless during the first inning, however West's power with the stick became evident during the second inning as they gained their first run after a volley of hits. They took a still larger lead in the

three following innings holding Madison scoreless at the same time, but Madison was not to remain in its lowly position forever. At the beginning of the inning George Reisinger, who received four hits out of four times at bat, made a single, this was followed by another single by Tuscong, sending Reisinger to second; and then came the hit of the game. Little "Tony" Destino, the stubby right fielder, walloped a mighty three bagger, making the score 2 to 4 in favor of West. From then on West easily took the game, however, not without a severe struggle on Madison's part. Thus ended the first Madison-West game with Madison defeated but not conquered.

The members of this year's baseball squad are the following: Walther, Bell, Reisinger, Tuscong, Schaler, Penna, Destino, Stewart, Deitrich, Watt, Taylor, Herring, Izzo, and Houck.

### Track

The call for trackmen was eagerly responded to at the beginning of the track season, by a large number of enthusiastic students. However, the interest dwindled after a few days of much needed exercise had broken many a spirit and back. The remains of the once healthy students are now upholding the honor of Madison on the track.

The team as a whole has done fairly well this year and has defeated many more experienced teams such as Charlotte, West, and John Marshal.

A few of the men made a showing in the interscholastic meet by taking places. They were: Taylor, first in shot put; Ash, third in the same; Folker, second in high jump; Cleveland, first in pole vault; Fisher, third in dash.

The coaches of the team were: Mr. Remington, Mr. White, and Mr. Halblieb.

It might be interesting to know that Earl Persse, one of the trackmen, was the winner of the boys' posture contest. The other winners were: Seventh grade, Joe Capino; Eighth grade, Ray Love; Ninth grade, Thomas Christy; Senior High, Earl Persse.—Robert Burr, 11B-1.

