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The
Madisonian



Madison High School

June, 1923

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Faculty

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Head Master

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Assistant



THE MADISONIAN

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Editorial

COMMENCEMENT

Commencement is the time when graduates bid farewell to their school, their teachers and their classmates; when they sever connections with activities which have been dear to them for several years. At this time diplomas are given, signifying that those who receive them have successfully completed a prescribed course of study. Much effort has been put forth to accomplish this end. But are these the only meanings suggested by the word commencement? The word is derived from the French language and means the beginning. Commencement, then, means the beginning. But of what? It is the beginning of real life, a life far different from that to which the student has been accustomed. For some, it means taking up advanced studies to prepare further for life's work; for some, the learning of a trade; and for others earning a living. For all, commencement is the beginning of serious thought regarding the future. It means more than thought, however, for it is the beginning of a bigger life—a life which must be taken seriously if it is to be successful. Grammar and high school days are, in a sense, only a background, a preparation for this life.

Our attitude toward life after graduation will largely determine what that life is to be. Are we to lead useful lives and serve our fellow-men? Or, are we to lead selfish lives? In choosing our life work, shall we think first of the service we can render mankind, or shall we consider the salary we are to receive? How necessary it is that commencement be considered carefully and earnestly! For each of us it is the turning point in life.

THE JOY OF ACCOMPLISHMENT

It is the people who accomplish things who amount to the most in this world. To accomplish a thing means, to me, to finish it and to finish it to the best of one's ability. We are

happy when we have put our best effort into the thing we are trying to do, for then it is well done when it is finally accomplished. Doing makes character. We must not evade doing the hard things, but tackle them with all our might. When the hard thing is done, we feel stronger and are glad that we stuck to it. Once I heard someone say, "I like to wash windows, because they always look so much better when I have finished." So does accomplishment, in its highest meaning, bring joyous satisfaction to the heart of the accomplisher.

THE SENIORS

Madison High School will graduate its first class, June 15, 1923.

If the future of this school depends to any degree upon the standards set by these young ladies—three distinct types of ideal young womanhood—Madison High School will continue to be a beacon light in education for northern New Hampshire.

Madison High! Only three years old, yet it has already established a record for excellent scholarship and high ideals that is attracting the attention of our state officials. When this school was started, there were twelve earnest boys and girls enrolled. Owing to various reasons four have left school. All did most satisfactory work during the first year, but Martha, Mildred and Florence were especially ambitious in Latin and Mathematics, and as a result have completed the state program—and then some—in three years. Their classmates of the first year are now Juniors and can be depended upon to maintain the high standard of the school.

Martha Kennett was born in Madison, May 3, 1905. She attended the Madison Corner grade school, where she acquired a good grammar school education. Her record in High School has been highly creditable, attaining the rank of Honor Pupil every month for the three years. She has been prominent in every school function. She will enter Radcliffe in September.

Mildred Nason was born in Madison, May 14, 1905, just eleven days later than Martha. She also attended the Mad-



MILDRED NASON

She is pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with,
And pleasant, too, to think on. *Milton*



MARTHA KENNETT

The soul of music slumbers in the shell
Till waked and kindled by the master's spell. *Rogers*



FLORENCE PEARSON

Humility, that low, sweet root
From whence all heavenly virtues shoot. *Moore*

BANQUET PROGRAM

- Toast Master - - - - - Edwin C. Conner
 "Let me be privileged by my place and message
 To be a speaker free."
 —*Shakespeare.*
- "The English Club" - - - - - L. May Quimby
 "If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice."
 —*Shakespeare.*
- "Our Senior Class" - - - - - Arthur Gilman, '24
 "Now let me praise you while
 I have a stomach."
- "M. H. S." - - - - - Supt. F. W. Jackson
 "Thy honors shall ever be dear
 The Orange and Black without a peer."
- "Athletics" - - - - - Roland Ward, '24
 "That calling in which valiant youths strive for their Alma Mater."
- "Sophomores and Freshmen" - - - J. Roland Lyman, '24
 "Lovely, fresh and green;
 Some good, some bad,
- "The Juniors" - - - - - Ruth Pearson, '25
 "Good fellows all and Comrades old."
 Some neither one nor t'other."
- "Traditions" - - - - - Martha Kennett, '23
 "A lass she seems of cheerful yesterdays
 And confident tomorrows."
 —*Wordsworth.*
- "The Future" - - - - - Mildred Nason, '23
 "The narrow isthmus 'twixt two boundless seas,
 The past, the future, two eternities."
- "The Will" - - - - - Florence, '23
 "And, departing, leave behind us
 Footprints on the sands of time."
 —*Longfellow.*

L'ENVOI

"Now to Morpheus let us be steered,
 To dream dreams most weirdly weird."

SENIOR MOTTO

"Be good, do good, make good!"

SENIOR COLORS

Gold and blue

School Notes

OUR SPEAKERS

Friday, May 4, Mr Carleton, a writer of plays, gave a talk on "Writing Fiction for Sale." He showed us very clearly how to begin writing a story. One must first have a theme, something definite to write about. Then characters and a setting must be found. With a theme, characters and a setting as a foundation, the story is ready to be written. This is by no means the easiest part, as anyone, who has tried story-writing, knows. Mr. Carleton illustrated the different points by showing how several stories were written. The talk was interesting and very practical. We all received some help from it.

THE ENGLISH CLUB

The "Knights of Good English" Club is still alive and thriving. Besides the regular meetings, which have included special music and recitations, there have been other activities. The Club gave a supper and entertainment at I. O. O. F. hall, the proceeds to help maintain the school paper. After a good supper, which was enjoyed by a large number of people, the following program was given:

Singing	School
Duet, "May Breezes"	Martha Kennett, Mildred Nason
Reading	Miss Tingley
Solo	Mrs. Conner
Violin solo, "Berceuse"	Anna Dell Quimby
Song	Girls' Quintet
Reading	Miss Tingley
Singing	School

The boys who won letters in baseball and basketball last year were presented with these symbols by the English Club. Monograms were given the basketball team and an M to each of the baseball players.

The Club plans to plant some lilac bushes by the side of the building. A special Arbor Day program was to have been given the ninth of May but had to be given up because of the illness of Carleton Pearson, who had arrangements in charge.

Many of the members have written letters which were sent to students in England.

Madison High School entered the Prize Speaking Contest which was held at Durham, May 11. Florence Pearson went to represent our Club. Although she did not win a prize, we feel that the experience was good for her and that it was well for our school to make the effort.



Literary

LITERARY

Every word that man may utter,
There's another so construes it,
So distorts it, so does use it,
As to suit his private purpose.

FANCIES

CARLTON PEARSON, '25

As I lie on the ground in a sunny spot
Watching the clouds go by,
I see sights of a wonderful sort;
As the clouds go floating by.

Here is a castle of glimmering white
Its ramparts all shining in gold.
Forth there rides a wonderful knight
With features both noble and bold.

A maiden fair, in the distant air
Awaiting her lover of cloudland,
Combs her hair with a lover's care
In a beautiful soft silken band.

Here are fair countries and cities of cloud,
Peopled with men of great stature
Great mountains rise from the plain, and are proud
That their sides are clothed in such verdure.

To one who is able to understand,
The sights in the blue summer sky
Are truly the beauties of fairyland;
As the clouds float lazily by.

THE MUSIC OF THE NIGHT

RUTH PEARSON, '25

The earth was filled with glory,
By the rays of the setting sun.
Then twilight, mystic twilight,
Told me the day was done.

Through the happy, peaceful silence,
That fell o'er the sleepy land,
Came a burst of joyful music,
Unsurpassed by voice or hand.

It was the song of a woodthrush,
Whose notes, like a silver bell,
Filled with sweeter melody
The air and hills and dell.

A robin joined the chorus,
With his merry evening song.
From his home in the leafy branches
A treetoad trilled loud and long.

The frogs, awaked from their slumbers,
Raised their voices in delight,
Till the hills threw back the echo
Of the music in the night.

LIFE.

Life is full of discord and strife
When viewed from many angles,
As days go by, it may appear
Just full of snarls and tangles.

But life has other things, besides,
For those who grasp and take them,
It's full of things both pure and good
Our lives are what we make them.

SPRING

EDITH GILMAN, '25

When peeping frogs begin to pipe,
And robins chirp and sing,
When drifting snow has taken flight,
Then it is spring.

When smiling skies are blue o'erhead,
And grass doth upward spring,
When brooks and rivers overspread,
Then it is spring.

When sun gets higher in the sky,
And buds come bursting forth,
When the insects come flitting by,
Then it is spring.

MY SEARCH FOR A PRIZE PIECE

FLORENCE PEARSON, '23

Upon a chair, to shelf I go,
I hunt for books both high and low,
I look in dark cupboards, webby and musty,
I delve in deep boxes, close covered and dusty.

Then with old books piled high around,
I sit me down to see what I have found.
I read and I read late into the night,
Till courage and patience are quite gone from my sight.

As I turn the leaves slowly o'er and o'er,
The following words I repeat once more:
"That's too solid for an affair of this kind,
A piece with a story I surely must find."

"No, that's too long and this much too short,
 The last piece I found has too deep a plot,
 An oration, or speech I'm sure wouldn't be right,
 This recitation is interesting but far too light."

At last, in disgust, these books from sight I throw,
 For the rules, you see, said it must be "just so,"
 With fire in my eye and with lowering looks,
 I write numerous orders for some modern books.

Each day, the mail with careful eyes I scan,
 And each new arrival I search with well-formed plan.
 Till, much to my joy and great amazement,
 I find a piece that meets every requirement.

So, thankful but weary, I end my search
 For a recitation in up-to-date verse.
 Henceforth, when for a reading I have need,
 To the works of modern writers I'll go with all speed.

EARLY DAYS IN MADISON

MARTHA KENNETT, '23

I live in a small town which is situated among the White Mountains. In the olden days it was a stretch of forest lands.

The first settlers came from Massachusetts on horseback with their few belongings strapped on pack horses. The path which they followed was only a bridle path which probably had been an Indian trail. Some of them cleared the land for their homes near a lake in the southeastern part of what is now the town of Madison. The first year they spent building their homes and clearing the land so they could plant their grains and vegetables. One man built a small mill where his neighbors could bring their wheat to be thrashed and made into coarse flour.

The fall after they had planted their seeds, they had a very good crop. The neighbors helped each other harvest. One

man had raised a large amount of corn so his neighbors all went to his barn on a lovely moonlight night to help him husk it. The old and young people all worked until the corn was all husked, then spent the rest of the time till midnight playing games and eating. This was called a corn husking party. They had similar parties every year for many years. When a community had grown up, they had several public buildings. They found it rather hard to pay their minister although his pay was small. They gave him provisions for his pay. They decided to have parties and have each one bring his donation to the party. These parties were called "donation parties" and they have been held annually in the town ever since, with numerous changes.

The schools were altogether different from what they are today. Often the pupils were older than the teachers. The children were not compelled to go to school, consequently many did not go long enough to be able to read and write.

The women helped the men with their work, when help was lacking. Usually the women made clothes which were called sale work. They sold these clothes to help pay for the necessities they had to buy at the stores. Often one woman would take her sale work and go to visit a friend of hers. They would sit and sew sometimes all day, stopping only to eat their meals. Today woman do not visit so much because they talk over the telephone and send letters.

THE ROCK HOUSE

CARLTON PEARSON, '25

Let us take a trip together to this natural house. We shall meet at the turn by the Mason School and start from there. The guideboard here says, "Rock House, one and one-half miles." We shall find it all of that. We must go north about a mile until we come to an old tumble-down house known as the "Paul Bickford place." Here we turn to the east toward the Paul Bickford Mountain. We climb to the very top of the

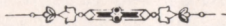
ridge on this mountain. But before we go on, let us look about us. We are on a very small plateau, ledgy and thinly timbered with mountain pine. The rocks in some places are blackened and cracked as though with great heat. Near the center is a cup-like hollow, some forty feet across. It requires but little imagination to imagine a baby volcano here in pre-historic times.

But let us continue our quest. If I had not already been there, we might not find the Rock House so easily. No small number of parties have returned from similar quests with only wild tales of where it was not. We travel south along the eastern edge of the ridge until we come to a cliff. Step carefully here for a slip will mean broken bones. We climb down by some natural steps and we are at our destination.

Before us is a great cave in the cliff which is about twenty feet high, twenty feet deep and twenty feet wide. On the right as we enter is the "Fireplace." This is a depression in the ledge on one side with a hole up through the roof of the cave. The charcoal and soot in this chimney show that it has often been used.

On one side there is a ledge formed like a platform which is called the "Pulpit." On this ledge there is a large chair. On the other sides of the room are ledge seats called the pews. The floor is flat and comparatively smooth but the sides are rough with large blocks of granite piled up in irregular formations, as though some gigantic force had violently torn this hole and left the sides rough and jagged.

Old folks tell how the Indians had a pony trail down the cliff on the south side of the Rock House and used it as a council hall. I like to picture the Indians sitting silently in their blankets around a fire near the mouth of the cave, smoking their pipes, deliberating over plans for the hunt or for war.





1922-3 BASKET-BALL TEAM

Athletics

BASEBALL

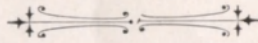
Madison High met its first defeat at the hands of Nute High on the Madison grounds, May 9, 1923. The game was played in a rainstorm and neither team could show what it knew about the national pastime. Both pitchers did good work under the circumstances. Hayes fanned 20 Madison boys while Nason, Madison's Freshman hurler, struck out 12 Milton players.

The game is very encouraging from Madison's point of view. The infield is well balanced and fast. If the battery comes through as it should, Madison will win its share of the school games. The score:

Madison High							
	AB	R	H	TB	PO	A	E
Hill, 2b	3	1	0	0	0	3	0
Savary, ss	4	1	1	1	0	1	2
Ward, cf	4	0	1	1	0	0	0
Gilman, ss	4	1	1	1	1	1	0
Conner, lb	3	2	2	4	15	0	2
Lyman, c	4	0	0	0	9	5	0
Kennett, rf	4	0	1	1	0	0	0
Welch, lf	2	0	0	0	0	0	0
Nason, p	3	0	0	0	0	5	0
Hobbs, lf	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
	32	5	6	8	25	15	4
Nute High							
	AB	R	H	TB	PO	A	E
Hayes, p	5	0	0	0	0	1	0
Bickford, 2b	5	3	4	4	0	1	0
Abbott, c	5	2	2	3	20	1	0
Bruce, ss	5	4	4	5	1	1	0
Saggell, 3	5	1	2	2	0	1	0
Regan, 1	5	0	0	0	6	0	0
Dixon, lf	4	0	0	0	0	0	0
Herron, cf	5	1	0	0	0	0	0
Carpenter, rf	4	0	1	1	0	0	0
Morrison, lf	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
	44	11	13	15	27	5	0

SCHEDULE

- May 5—Mountainview at Madison.
May 9—Nute at Madison.
May 18—Conway at Madison.
May 19—Nute at Milton.
May 23—Parsonsfield at Madison.
May 25—Conway at Conway.
May 26—Parsonsfield at Parsonsfield.
May 28—Porter at Kezar Falls.
May 30—Porter at Madison.
June 2—North Conway at Madison.
June 9—North Conway at North Conway.



Jokes

E. G. (in history): "Quite a number of slaves were taken apart and sold."

A. G. (giving principal parts of raise): "Raise, raised, raisen."

After Mr. Allan's talk, we learned that he measured (majored) in English while in college.

Can you compare full? Ask F. P.

Senior (in French III): "Does that word mean cleared or clouded?"

Mr. C.: "Yes."

A Junior's definition of life insurance: "It's a guarantee against dying before you want to."

Gleaned from an English paper: "Luther Burbank was born in Massachusetts when he was a boy."

Sophomore trying to write about the French monarchy: "France wanted to be a monkey."

Vice-President, Albert Fortier, presiding. A motion to adjourn in order. Voice from the seats: "Madam President."

Mr. C. (in French): "As the time is short, read without translating."

LATIN

Everyone is dead who wrote it,
 Everyone is dead who spoke it,
 Everyone will die who learns it,
 Blessed death, I'm sure they'll earn it.

Latin translation: "The consuls were surrounded with so many enemies that they sought aid from the college."

Exchanges

The MADISONIAN wishes to express thanks for the following exchanges :

The Lancastrian, Lancaster High School, Lancaster, N. H.

The Hamptonia, Hampton High School, Hampton, N. H.

The Red and White, Rochester High School, Rochester, N. H.
We enjoyed especially your Literary Department.

The Leavitt Angelus, Turner Center High School, Turner Center, Maine. We are glad to welcome your paper again.

The Red and Black, Stevens High School, Claremont, N. H.
Your magazine is always interesting.

The Brewster, Brewster High School, Wolfboro, N. H. Your paper seems well balanced.

The Record, Littleton High School, Littleton, N. H. We are glad to add your paper to our exchange list.

The Meteor, Berlin High School, Berlin, N. H. Your Athletic Department seems very good.

The Outlook, Porter High School, Kezar Falls, Maine.



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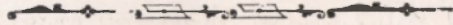
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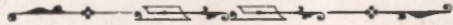
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