

The Madisonian



Madison High School

June, 1924

THE MADISONIAN

Vol. 2

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Editorials

"This world would be tiresome, we'd all get the blues,
If all the folks in it held just the same views."

SENIOR MOTTO

Every school year with the dawning of every day in that year brings fresh opportunities for wiping out careless mistakes and faults which we have made in the past. Let us not regard these mistakes as obstacles but as stepping stones, resolving that by remembering them we will do better in the future. It is the man with the strong determination who is capable of doing this.

"Life's battles don't always go
To the stronger or faster man;
But soon or late the man who wins
Is the man who thinks he can."

As we learn to conquer ourselves in school and give up our personal desires for school good, thinking of others before self, so we strengthen ourselves for life's experiences. As we conquer now petty trials and vexations, we are preparing ourselves for the bigger trials in life which we shall meet and which we must overcome. We must do our best, then, to conquer so that we may be better able to serve our community, our state and finally our country for today it is the man who conquers and becomes master of himself that our nation needs.

Let us then try to follow our motto as we journey into life and putting forth our best efforts to overcome our faults and subdue our selfish desires, to become truly masters of ourselves.

"HE CONQUERS WHO CONQUERS HIMSELF."

S. C. '24

THE YEAR'S ACCOMPLISHMENTS

As the school year draws to a close, it is a good thing for us to look back over the year's work and try to find

wherein we have succeeded and where we have fallen a little short of our very best.

The boys' basketball team has played many games. Although the team suffered defeat every time, the boys learned to accept defeat with the right spirit. The games afforded fine training in controlling the temper and in rapid thinking. The baseball team is making preparation for the season and it hopes to win some of the games.

To conduct successfully the meetings of "The Knights of Good English" should be considered among the year's accomplishments. Nearly everyone has had a chance to take part in the programs. The debates help to give confidence and aid clear, rapid thinking. Several suppers and entertainments have been given and carried through without a hitch.

It is a great satisfaction to know that we have put out three issues of the Madisonian, our school paper, which, though small, is considered very good.

We are getting ready to put on a play with a cast of sixteen characters. We aim to make this play as great a success as the one we gave last year.

Last, but not least, we should ask ourselves what we have learned from our books. Surely we have learned to apply the knowledge we get from our lessons to our everyday life. We have discovered that concentration is necessary to do anything well. We have learned to stick to our task even if it is difficult; in other words, we have learned, "If at first we don't succeed, to try, try again."

We have sent essays to the "Granite Monthly" contest, to the American Chemistry Society and the contest conducted by the "Highway Magazine." We have also submitted book reviews to that department of "The Scholastic." If we don't win a prize, the experience that we get in writing the essays is well worth while.

Yes, we have accomplished a great deal this year. But, have we derived as much benefit from our opportunities as we should? Sometimes I fear we have fallen short. Only as we put our very best into our tasks does the best of anything come back to us. Next year is coming and with it, a new chance to do our best. Every task we have to do is worthy of our best effort. We will be able to look back upon our high school days with more satisfaction if we are always willing and ready to do a little more than our share.

Program for Commencement Week.

Friday, June 6—Knights of Good English Banquet

Sunday, June 8—Baccalaureate Sunday

Friday, June 13—Commencement in the afternoon
Senior Reception in the evening

COMMENCEMENT PROGRAM

Overture	Orchestra
Singing	School
Invocation	Rev. Carl Allen
Singing	School
Essay, "Luther Burbank," Salutatory	Roland Lyman
Essay, "The Year in Review"	Sarah Chamberlain
Essay, "Forestry in New Hampshire"	Austin Savary
Music	Girls' Chorus
Essay, "Enrichment of Life Through Chemistry"	Phil Angell
Essay, "Scientific Farming in New Hampshire"	Roland Ward
Music	Orchestra
Essay, "Development of American Ideals" ..	Paul Bickford
Essay, "State and Local History," Valedictory	Arthur Gilman
Singing	School
Presentation of Diplomas	Supt. F. W. Jackson
Orchestra	

SENIORS

President	Paul Bickford
Vice President	Roland Ward
Secretary	Arthur Gilman
Marshals—Sewell Kennett, 1925	
Albert Conner, 1925	

Class colors—Green and white

Class motto—"Vincet qui se vincet."

Banquet Program

- "The goodness of the night upon you friends."
—*Shakespeare*
- Toast Master Edwin C. Conner
"I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit
is in other men."
—*Shakespeare*
- "The English Club" L. May Quimby
"Look, what is best, that best I wish in thee."
—*Shakespeare*
- "Our Senior Class" Ruth Pearson, 1925
"Go thou forth;
And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm."
—*Shakespeare*
- "M. H. S." Supt. F. W. Jackson
"Fondly we sing of Thee, our Alma Mater."
- "Athletics" Roland Ward, 1924
"Competition is the spirit of Life."
- "The Juniors" Paul Bickford, 1924
"You have deserved
High commendation, true applause and love."
—*Shakespeare*
- "Sophomores and Freshmen" Philip Angell, 1924
"My salad days
When I was green in judgment."
—*Shakespeare*
- "The Alumnae" Austin Savary, 1924
"Let old acquaintance be renewed."
—*Shakespeare*
- Response Florence Pearson, 1923
- "Traditions" Arthur Gilman, 1924
"He was a man of memories."
- "The Future" Roland Lyman, 1924
"Tis not that which we are, but what we shall be, that
seems of moment to us."
- "The Will" Sarah Chamberlain, 1924
"No legacy is so rich as honesty."
—*Shakespeare*

Literary

THE TALE OF A LOST BUTTON

LEAH WIGGIN, 1926

“Great truths are portions of the soul of man.”

Lowell.

I am a large black coat button. Last winter I was worn by a girl in Madison High School. You may think it is pleasant to be a coat button and have nothing to do but ride around all the time, but it isn't. My wearer was a very slack person and many times I have seen my brothers hanging by a thread. At last my turn came. When my wearer was getting out of a sleigh last winter, I dropped off into the snow. I lay there a few days and was picked up in a snowball and thrown at the minister. The snowball did not hit him but did hit a tree. When it struck, it broke and I fell to the ground and stayed there until this spring. I am very happy now because the girl who picked me up liked me so well, she sent away and got more like me. She keeps us sewed on because she is a very neat person.

MOTHER NATURE'S CHILDREN

A Tame Crow

LEON A. WARD, 1927

My brother brought home a baby crow. We thought it would be fun to tame him and named him Jim. He was very wise for a wild bird and learned very quickly. We first taught him to eat. We had to put the food way down his throat so it would catch on the barbs of his tongue. Then he would swallow it. After a while he learned to eat like any grown-up crow. He then learned to fly by getting upon a box or some other high thing and jumping off. Jim had one bad habit which we could not break him of—that was stealing. One day he went to visit a neighboring family and spied a gold watch.

The shiny gold attracted his attention. He was just flying off with it when the owner found him. Jim would hide everything he could get. He would cover the prize, whatever it was, with chips or bits of paper. Then he would go back and look to see if he could see it. If he could, he would hide it all over again until he had it safely covered. We had Jim two years, then he joined his brothers in the woods.

A BUSY WOODCHUCK

CARROLL G. ABBOTT, 1927

One day last spring I was walking in the woods when I heard a noise which sounded to me like hail falling on dry leaves. I looked all around to see what made the noise. Beside a rock a woodchuck was digging a hole under the rock. I stood behind a tree for nearly an hour and watched him. He dug with his front feet and threw the dirt out between his hind legs. He kept digging until he disappeared in the hole under the rock. Even then the dirt kept flying out of the hole. After the hole was finished to his satisfaction he came out and got some dry leaves. These he carried into his home for a bed. To watch a woodchuck was very interesting to me. I had never seen one build a home before.

TAMING SOME WILD RABBITS

PAUL NASON, 1926

As I stood by the window I saw a large grey rabbit steal under the woodpile. In a few minutes she came out and disappeared into some bushes across the street. The rabbit was wild and had very short ears unlike those of the tame rabbits I had seen. Her fur was a soft grey and with the keenest ears you couldn't hear her run. She was on the alert for any enemy who might attack her. She was the prettiest wild rabbit I had ever seen. One day she came out from under the woodpile with five little rabbits. They were also grey and nearly as broad as they were long. I fed them with green things from the garden.

One day my sister and I caught two of them. The other three went with their mother. We put the two into a pen which frightened them at first. But they soon grew tame and we kept them until they were quite large. One morning when I went to the pen, I found no rabbits. Whether they joined their brothers and sisters or not, I do not know. I hope they weren't killed.

THE BOOB

CARLTON PEARSON, 1925

"Say, what in time do you think I am?" ejaculated Bill Smith. Then as he returned with the ball he had just retrieved, "If you can't throw straighter than that, you'd better stop throwing. Here, Lefty, want to pass? I'm not going to fool around here, chasing wild balls for that boob."

Jack Kay, the object of Bill's scorn, stood a moment watching Bill and Lefty pass. He knew he could not play ball. He never could. And it looked as though he never would, if the boys were going to refuse to play with him.

"Oh, what's the use!" he thought bitterly. "It's not only that they won't play with me, they won't even associate with me. I am out of their plans, their conversations and their games. They think I am good for nothing. And I guess I am."

Brought up with a life full of disappointments, Jack had learned to hide his feelings. So it was with almost a cheerful face that he tossed down his glove, entered the Merrill High School and took his seat. If anyone had asked him why he took his seat, he could not have answered. There seemed to be nothing else to do. He opened his French but he could not study. Visions of his classmates jeering at him kept blotting out the pages. He closed the book. A wave of hot rebellion swept over him. He wanted to smash something, to yell, to do something, anything so long as it was violent. His fists clenched. The sweat started on his forehead. He was fighting himself.

The spasm passed. He wiped the sweat from his face. Then quietly he took his books and left the school. In those few moments Jack had made a resolution. It was

more than that. It was almost an oath. He would learn to play ball. He would make himself acceptable in the school. Jack was no fool and he saw very clearly that he had an uphill fight before him. He realized that he would have many disappointments and heartaches, but they would not be new to him. He had experienced them before. He would win. He would show them.

Jack was a good student. He stood near the head of his class. But he was not a good social mixer. He seemed out of tune with all the young people around him. He understood this and took it into consideration as he made his plans. He realized progress must be slow. He might learn to play ball with diligent practice but to win the confidence of the students was another thing. This depended entirely upon himself or what he could make of himself. Was it worth the effort?

Jack bought a baseball and mitt, recruited his younger brother and went at it. Every spare moment at home he spent in throwing the ball. When his brother, Ben, tired of the routine of catching and throwing, he encouraged him by telling him he was improving all the time and would perhaps make the team when he entered high school. Jack kept at it steadily and soon surprised himself. He was acquiring control and speed. He procured instructions for pitching curve balls and worked them out. Soon he was pitching difficult balls and his control was improving all the time. He swore his brother to secrecy and kept on training.

Meanwhile his progress in a social way had been slow. It was very hard for Jack to overcome his natural reticence and to force himself in where he was obviously not wanted. But Jack was determined and he persisted. The result was that he was gradually making a place for himself.

Thus a year passed. The big baseball game of the season was to be played. It was bound to be a close game and on its outcome depended the state championship. Bill was to pitch. He had done well all season and everyone was looking to him to pitch his best.

"Play ball."

The game was on. Bill had need of pitching his best for he was up against hard and sure hitters. But something seemed to be wrong. His first two throws were balls, his third barely passed and his fourth was knocked out for

a three bagger. His pitching did not improve. On the contrary it grew worse. At the end of the inning, the coach called Bill to him and tried to brace him up, but it was no use. Bill could not pitch that day. The coach would have put in Parker, the substitute, but his wrist was lame. At the end of the third inning the score was 7 to 0 against Merrill.

Bill came to the bench and sat down. "I can't do a thing, boys. You'll have to get another pitcher."

"But who can we get? None of us can pitch against that team."

No one could answer. Their spirits were low as well they might be. The outlook was extremely discouraging.

Suddenly a voice spoke from their midst, "I will pitch."

Everyone turned. There stood Jack Kay with his glove on his hand and a confident look on his face.

"This is no time for joking, young fellow," snapped the coach.

"But I mean it," said Jack. "Let me show you."

"Play ball," came from the umpire.

The coach looked into Jack's steady eyes for a moment, then turning shortly said, "Go ahead."

Jack went amid doubtful cheers from the Merrill rooters. Their hopes soon revived, however. Never had they seen better pitching on that diamond. Three men struck out in succession. The bleachers were in an uproar. The opponents had not fully recovered from their surprise when Merrill came to bat. The whole team had received new courage and from that time the game was won. Run after run was made and Jack struck out every man who faced him. Merrill won 11 to 7.

The crowd surged out onto the field, calling and cheering for Jack. So in his efforts for the school Jack found the realization of his hopes. He could play ball but better still he had learned to give of himself to his fellow students.

WATER SECRETS

RUTH PEARSON, 1925

I heard the rip, rip, ripple,
Of the water at its play,
And the tinkle, tinkle, tinkle
Of a stream at break of day.

Above, the azure heavens,
Were streaked with rosy dawn.
The breezes frolicked gaily
In the fragrant scented morn.

As I listened to the murmur
Of the happy sparkling stream,
It seemed to whisper secrets
Of the things that it had seen.

The breezes ceased their chatter,
And leaned down low to see
What the gentle tinkle, tinkle
Of the stream was telling me.

“My life is just a play time,
With no trouble to haress—
And, oh, the marvelous wonders
And the glorious sights I pass.

“One day, when gliding slowly
Through a meadow, green and fair,
A violet gazed shyly
From her tiny hidden lair.

“When down a hill I tumbled,
A friendly columbine
Looked up and nodded gently
From its slowly tossing vine.

“I met Mr. Jack-in-the-pulpit,
In a leafy rustling wood,
He was preaching a little sermon
Which I thought was very good.

“Some ladies’ slippers lovely
In dresses pink and white,
I passed in a gloomy forest—
They made it almost bright.

“Sometimes I catch the fragrance,
As it’s wafted by the breeze,
Of the mayflowers, sweet and dainty,
And the blooming apple trees.

“When on my back I’m lying,
I gaze at the blue, blue sky
While the birds sing to me softly.”
The voice died away with a sigh.

I bent o’er the stream to listen.
But nothing could I hear
Save the ripple, ripple, ripple
Of the water in my ear.

THE WILLEY SLIDE

LUTHER HILL, 1925

Many interesting events have occurred in the White Mountains of New Hampshire. Among them was a tragedy which is of peculiar interest to me because my ancestors were intimately concerned in it. Mr. Willey was my grandmother’s great uncle and I have often heard her tell the story which follows:

Among the early settlers in New Hampshire was a family by the name of Willey, who settled in a beautiful little valley which separates Mount Nancy and Mount Willey. When the family settled there, there were no neighbors nearer than Bartlett fifteen or twenty miles distant.

Together the Willey family built a rude but comfortable home. Mr. Willey prospered in his farming and in a few years he decided that he wanted better farm buildings and a new home. In those days there were no stages running past his door to bring him lumber and other necessities. By his own hard labor and with help from members of his family he hauled the necessary lumber many miles to his farm.

After many weeks of hard labor he finished his new home and moved his furniture into it. At last everything was ready for him to occupy his new home.

The exact date of his moving is unknown, but the going was most unfortunate for him.

During the morning hours Mr. Willey heard a rolling, thundering sound, and, looking up to the top of Mount Willey, he saw a slide had started. His old home was in direct line with this slide. He and his family rushed into

the new house leaving their dog behind. By this time the slide had reached a point near the foot of the Mountain and to their great surprise it split, one half going on one side of the old house and the other half crushing the new house as if it were a mere egg shell. The family, who had taken refuge in the building, were, of course, unable to escape. When the man, who helped about the farm, returned from the village, where he had gone on an errand, he found only ruins.

Later; buried members of the family were found many feet under the rocks and sand. If they had stayed in their old home, they would have been safe, for the dog, who had taken shelter in there, was uninjured.

A trip through Crawford Notch today shows where the Great Landslide took place and travellers often go out of their way to see the deep ravine, now grown up to rugged forest, which was cut into the mountain side at that time.



Class of 1924

“The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight.
But they while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.”

PHILIP A. ANGELL, “Phil”

Phil came to Madison in his sophomore year. Since then he has held the honor of being the official question asker for the class.

Honor pupil, '20-'21, '22-'23.

Baseball and Basketball, '22-'23.

“Turning the Trick,” 1922.

“Professor Pepp,” 1924.

Vice-President Knights of Good English, Exchange Editor of the Madisonian, Senior year.

Phil intends to go to Durham.

“I have immortal longings in me.”



PAUL P. BICKFORD

Paul entered the Junior class in April. We sometimes wonder how we managed to get along without his sunny smile before that time.

President of the Knights of Good English, '23.

"Professor Pepp," 1924.

Literary Editor of the Madisonian, President of the Senior Class, 1923-24.

Paul intends to become a farmer and will train at Durham.

"He sits high in all the people's hearts."



SARAH CHAMBERLAIN

She absolutely refuses to disclose her nickname for fear we will call her by it. She has the distinction of being the only girl in the class. Although she has been with us only one year, she is well liked by her fellow students

Exchange Editor of the Madisonian.

“Professor Pepp.”

Honor Pupil.

Sarah wants to be a nurse and will attend Simmons.

“And she is fair, and, fairer than that word, Of wondrous virtues.”



ARTHUR R. GILMAN, "Rip"

Valedictorian

Arthur has always been interested in all school activities. In athletics he has played on the baseball and basketball teams ever since they were organized in his sophomore year. He was president of the Athletic Association in 1921-22, and captain of the Baseball team.

"Deacon's Second Wife,"
1921.

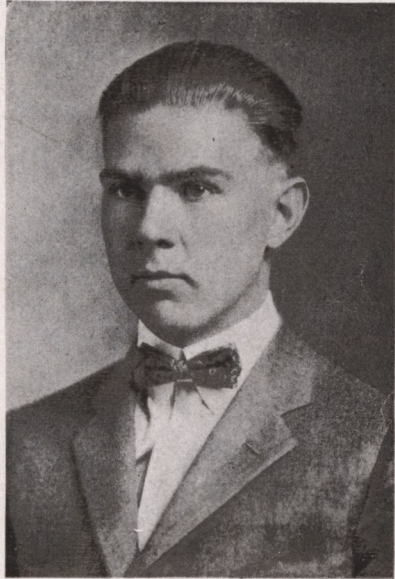
"Turning the Trick,"
1922.

"Professor Pepp," 1924.
Manager of Madisonian,
1922-23.

Joke Editor, 1923-24.

Marshal, 1923.

President of Knights of
Good English, 1924.



Arthur plans to enter N. H. State in the fall.

"To be merry best becomes you; for, out of question,
you were born in a merry hour."—*Shakespeare*.

ROLAND LYMAN, "Joe"

Salutatorian

"Joe" won the enviable title of "Biggest Prep in School" during his senior year. He is quite proud of the distinction.

Joe has always been interested in Athletics having played on both basketball and baseball teams since his Sophomore year. He was Treasurer of the Athletic Association in 1921-22.

In his Junior year Roland was President of the "English Club, Treasurer of the Madisonian.

"Turning the Trick," 1922.

Professor Pepp," 1924.

Treasurer of the English Club, 1923-24.

Marshal, 1923.



"Joe" plans to go to Durham next year with the other boys.

"Of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage."—*Henry IV.*

AUSTIN SAVARY

Austin is interested in Forestry. If his plans materialize he will train for that work next year.

Athletics are one of Austin's interests and he has served on the basketball and baseball teams since they were organized in 1921.

"Turning the Trick," 1922.

"Professor Pepp," 1924.

President of the English Club during his Senior year.

"With many a social virtue graced."



ROLAND WARD, "Nellie"

Nellie is quiet and does not say a great deal but he is always to be depended upon to do his share of whatever project the school undertakes.

Roland is one of our best in Athletics and has not only played on the teams every year but has served as captain on the basketball team during the past two years. He has acted as Athletic Editor for the Madisonian the present year.

"Deacon's Second Wife,"
1921.

"Turning the Trick,"
1922.

"Professor Pepp," 1924.
Treasurer Madisonian,
1923-24.



Roland will go to N. H. State University in the fall.

"Men of few words are the best man."—*Henry V.*

Sarah Chamberlain
Philip Angell
Roland Lyman
Arthur Gilman
Roland Ward
Paul Bickford
Austin Savary

School Notes

“And when in days of toil and strife,
We view with joy our high school life
May truth and right still be our light,
Madison High, Madison High.”

Friday, March 14, Miss Ruth Hurder, the Carroll County Club Leader, and Mr. C. B. Wadleigh, the State Club Leader, visited the Knights of Good English. Mr. Wadleigh explained the new forestry project. As a result, a few of the boys have decided to take up this project.

Great interest was aroused among the students by the arrival of Mrs. Bradley's "Candy Cook Book" which was sent us to review by "The Scholastic." All the students, who wished, chose a recipe and tried it. Afterward each one wrote about his experience in making the candy. Monday night, March 17, four of the high school girls, with Miss Quimby as advisor, met to review the book. Some of the material sent in by those who had tried the candy recipes was used. This review was sent to "The Scholastic." Recently the school received a check for five dollars and a copy of Mowat's "History of Britain" as a reward for originality in reviewing this book. We all feel quite delighted to think we were fortunate enough to receive a prize. We have enjoyed writing the reviews for "The Scholastic" and appreciate the opportunity which they offer us to do this class of work. The money received for our last review is to be spent for books to add to our library.

Friday, March 14, the Knights of Good English enjoyed one hundred and twenty colored stereopticon slides on Brazil. These were accompanied by an interesting lecture read by Arthur Gilman. The natural scenery of Brazil was pictured to us, as well as the beautiful buildings, the modern cities and the life of the people in Brazil.

In the business meeting of March 14, the officers of the English Club for the spring term were elected as follows:

President	Arthur Gilman, '24
Vice President	Philip Angell, '24
Secretary	Dorothy Huckins, '25

March 21, the Knights of Good English enjoyed a very instructive lecture on forestry by Mr. Boomer, the Carroll County Pine Blister Rust Agent. He briefly outlined the distribution of timber in the United States and the effect of this distribution on our country. He stated that two-fifths of the lumber in the world is used by the United States. Going back to colonial days, he traced the destruction of the forests from that time up to the present day. Now over fifty percent of the timber in the United States is on the Pacific Coast. Mr. Boomer closed his address with an appeal to each one to do his best to help preserve the forests.

In place of the regular meeting, the Knights of Good English organized themselves Thursday afternoon, March 6, into a mock town meeting with President Austin Savory as moderator and Secretary Francis Thompson as clerk. The articles in the Town Warrant were taken up in order and officers for the ensuing year were duly elected. Several of the articles elicited much discussion. Articles three and four, which have to do with appropriating funds for the building of bridges on Deer Hill, were passed after a lively debate. The "selectmen" were called upon several times to furnish information regarding the bridges.

The article which aroused the most opposition was Article 8 on the Pine Blister Rust which called for the appropriation of \$400. This motion was finally nullified by the carrying of an amendment to the effect that the sum of one cent be raised to carry on the Pine Blister Rust work.

This proved to be one of the most interesting meetings we have had and much interest was manifested by the voters.

April 11. Mrs. Hattie Chick gave a talk to the English Club on her trip to Florida. She told about the wonderful fruits, trees, birds and climate of the South. She described at length Fort Marian at St. Augustine. Mrs. Chick had with her a great many cards of places of interest which were passed around and admired by the students. A sample of the long spilled pine tree were examined with great interest as well as a basket which Mrs. Chick had made from the spills. A piece of rock made entirely of shells, some beads and other souvenirs from the South added to the interest of the talk.

After the fine talk which Dr. Carlton of Iowa gave to the Knights of Good English last fall, the news that he was to address them again was greeted with delight. Their anticipations were fully realized in the talk which Dr. Carlton gave them May 2 on "The Seven Wonders of the West." These seven wonders are Pike's Peak, the Petrified Forest of Arizona, the Grand Canyon, Mohave Desert in California, Big Tree Forest, Yosemite Valley, and Yellowstone Park. The scholars were very much interested in his description of the trees in Big Tree Forest. One tree is over 330 feet high. Another one is 105 feet in circumference and high enough so, if it were to be cut down, it would yield 1,000,000 feet of lumber. Dr. Carlton told the club that there were 100 different flowers blooming in Yellowstone Park when he visited it. Dr. Carlton has a way of describing things which he has seen so that his listeners can see them, too, and his talk on "The Seven Wonders of the West" will not soon be forgotten.

Friday, May 9, the Knights of Good English held their meeting at the church to demonstrate its work before the Teachers' Convention which was being held at Madison. During the business meeting, reports of the year's work were given by the different committees. Under new business, the club voted to buy books for the high school library with its prize money. This five dollar prize was awarded the pupils by the Scholastic. Then the following program was given:

Song	School
Current Events	Paul Bickford
Recitation	Ruth Pearson
Song	Girls
Reading, "Old Stagecoach Days"	Rupert Loring
Talk, "Seven Ages of a Trout"	Arthur Gilman
Song, "America"	All

Immediately after the English Club meeting, the first year French class gave a demonstration in sight reading.

The club also furnished dinner for those attending the convention.

May 22, the high school is to give a play entitled "Professor Pepp." Since the story of the play centers about school life, it is very well adapted to high school production. The parts are well taken and the play gives promise of being the best one ever given by Madison High School.

Athletics

“And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.”

Longfellow.

The first week of the spring term found eighteen candidates at Madison High School ready and eager for the coming baseball season. All of last year's team was there with the idea of taking up the season where last year's ended. The weather prevented immediate action but new bats, balls, etc. were ordered so that when the grounds were ready we could begin practicing at once.

Hill, '25, is the shortstop at present, having been changed from second. And when “Lute” starts for the ball, it means the finish of the batter.

Lyman, '24, is playing second and generally stops the ball in time to get the batter.

Gilman, '24, is our star third baseman and also one of our heavy hitters. “Rip” can surely rip the balls.

Conner, '25, is at present alternating between first and the box. “Al” is Madison's best on first and when it comes to pitching is so fast that the opposing team cannot see his steam.

Savary, '24, is Madison's backstop and is doing excellent work. When “Savary” whips to the bases, the runner needs wings if he thinks to arrive safe.

Ward, '24, our old pitcher, is working well and will win his share of the games this year. “Nellie” has plenty of speed and is very heady.

Nason, '26, Kennett, '25, and Welch, '25, our fielders, do good work when it comes to catching flies. Paul, “Suzie” and “Cappy” also do much to our batting strength.

For subs we have Moody, '26, Ward, '26, and Hobbs, '26,—all good men who will all make next year's team.

Madison opened the season by attempting to play Kennett April 24th in a blizzard. The game was called in the fifth inning. The Kennett boys seemed to be superior in the snow and ran to shelter with the score 9 to 1 in their favor. Batteries: Ward and Lyman, Hamilton and Kenerson.



1923-24 BASEBALL TEAM

April 25th Par. Sem came to Madison for a game. Conner pitched well and the Madison boys hit the ball hard, winning the game by the score 21 to 6. Batteries: Conner and Savary, Evans and McCaffery.

May 3rd Madison played Nute at Madison. Again M. I. S. was victorious by the score of 5 to 1. Good battery work by Conner and Savary and sharp infield work did the trick. Batteries: Conner and Savary, Abbott and Carpenter.



Alumnae

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot."

Class of 1924:

I can best express what I wish to say in these words, "Be true to your home." When you leave home and its influences, you will be able to realize what this means. Most of the good in our lives originated at home. Take from our lives home influences and what would they be? I should not want to. Neither would you. If you will let them, they can be the most powerful faction for good in your life.

Be true to your home, be true to your name,
And you'll give and get most, of you don't win fame.

Florence Pearson, 1923.

Dear Class of Nineteen Twenty-four:
Although the miles divide,
I have you in my mind these days
And would like to be by your side.

The good old times at Madison High
Will ne'er forgotten be
By one who cherishes every day
In her book of memory.

My kindest thoughts and fondest hopes
Will follow where'er you go.
May your pathways lead to happiness
And the spark of friendship ever glow.

Martha Kennett, 1923.

To the Members of the Graduating Class:

My heartiest wish is that you may remember all that has been good and beneficial during your four years in Madison High, and these may help you to become honorable and successful men and women.

Very sincerely,

Mildred Nason Frost, 1923.

Jokes

“Laugh and the would laughs with you.”

“Tell me not in careless numbers
High school work is but a dream;
He who cuts for lengthened slumbers,
Finds things are not as they seem.
No! 'tis real; and in earnest
Thou must struggle toward the goal.
'Honor Rank,' for which thou yearnest,
Is not gained without the toll.”
“I hold it true, whate'er befall,
I feel it when I sorrow most;
'Tis better to have plugged and flunked,
Than never to have plugged at all.”

Phil, who is trying to find out what the word “Humerus” means, suddenly inspired, “Oh, yes, that’s the funny bone.”

From a Freshman paper regarding Theodore Roosevelt as a boy, “His rooms and his brothers were full of bottles and cans.”

A Junior is responsible for the following recipe for making a Daniell Cell: “To make a Daniell Cell, you take a battery jar and put a little acid in it, then take a porous cup and put some acid in that and then sit inside the battery jar.”

We wonder whether the Juniors and Seniors have really overcome their aversion to writing poetry or whether “Prose” proved their Waterloo.

BUMSKI!

Ask Ruth Pearson her opinion of Clyde Gilman.
Listen, dear classmates, and you shall hear
Of my trips to the dentistry office this year.

Few are the people who do not mind
The terrible pain and the horrible grind.
The dentist said as I sat in the chair
With my head tipped back and my feet in the air
"If I hurt you severely, you mustn't care."
"It's all for your own good," he continued to say—
A statement I doubt to this very day.
Then he turned on his heel and selected a pick
Which appeared to me like a round pointed stick.
He pulled open my mouth and began to dig
Till I felt I must squeal like a pig.
The moments passed by as he dug away—
To tell of it gives me a shudder today.
At last he paused and dropped in a chair
Then went to the door to get some fresh air.
Toward the windows I looked with a desperate air.
Alas! they were closed and locked! Despair!
And back came the dentist with a buoyant air—
As he pulled up his drill and pushed back a chair,
"This won't hurt much," he hastened to add.
To me, however, it seemed pretty bad.
I survived, of course, but still I can feel
That pain which made my blood congeal.
Just then my nerves received a new shock—
"Some teeth to be pulled—" as he looked at the clock—
"Ten minutes from now you'll have fewer teeth,
But that," he opined, "will be a relief."
He produced a pump and forced into my gum
Two gallons of something that tasted just bum.
Next the tongs he brought, with a grin took his place—
I'm sure the color all left my face—
And onto my tooth those tongs he placed,
Then he pulled and he strained and he pried and he braced.
The tooth came at last but it came not alone
For with it, I'm sure came a piece of jawbone.
It's all over now and I'm glad that it's done
For it's best for my teeth though it did hurt some.

—F. P.

We wonder if *Frances ever did get straightened round?*

Look not on the Madisonian when it is brown or any other color; for its pages are empty, editorials lacking, proof-sheets awful, and contributors few.

Lift not thy hand unto the work when it is offered thee; say not unto thyself, "Behold I will be editor of the Madisonian."

Who hath sorrow? Who hath nerves? Who hath headaches without cause? Who hath redness of eyes?

She who hath labored sore on the Madisonian; she who hath sought fame as its editor-in-chief.

For in vacations doth the Madisonian revenge itself upon the ex-editor; and the doctor sayeth unto her "Thou fool!"

Exchanges

“Oh wad some power the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as ithers see us.”

“The Brewster,” Wolfeboro, N. H. Why not enlarge the literary department. A few editorials would also improve your paper.

“The Meteor,” Berlin, N. H. You have an especially fine paper. It is well arranged and very interesting. The departments are all well planned.

“The Red and White,” Rochester, N. H. A well written paper, expressing fine school spirit.

“The Nameless,” Plymouth, N. H. You have certainly succeeded in making your paper a good one for the first edition. We wish you further success.

“The Whipplewill, Portsmouth, N. H. A very good paper for such a small one.

Two Junior High School papers have also come to our attention which we are much interested in. The North Star from North Street School, Claremont, N. H., is an excellent paper for grammar school work. The boys printed the paper themselves.

“The Western Star,” Somerville, Mass., is also a very creditable paper. We suggest, however, that you print more of your own work.

“A pretty good firm is Watch & Waite,
And another is Attit, Early & Layte;
And still another is Doo & Dairet;
But the best is probably Grin & Barret.” —Ex.

The editorial staff wishes to express its thanks to all those who have advertised in the Madisonian during the year. We appreciate your help and cooperation.

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