

*I. C. Forrest*

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The  
Madisonian

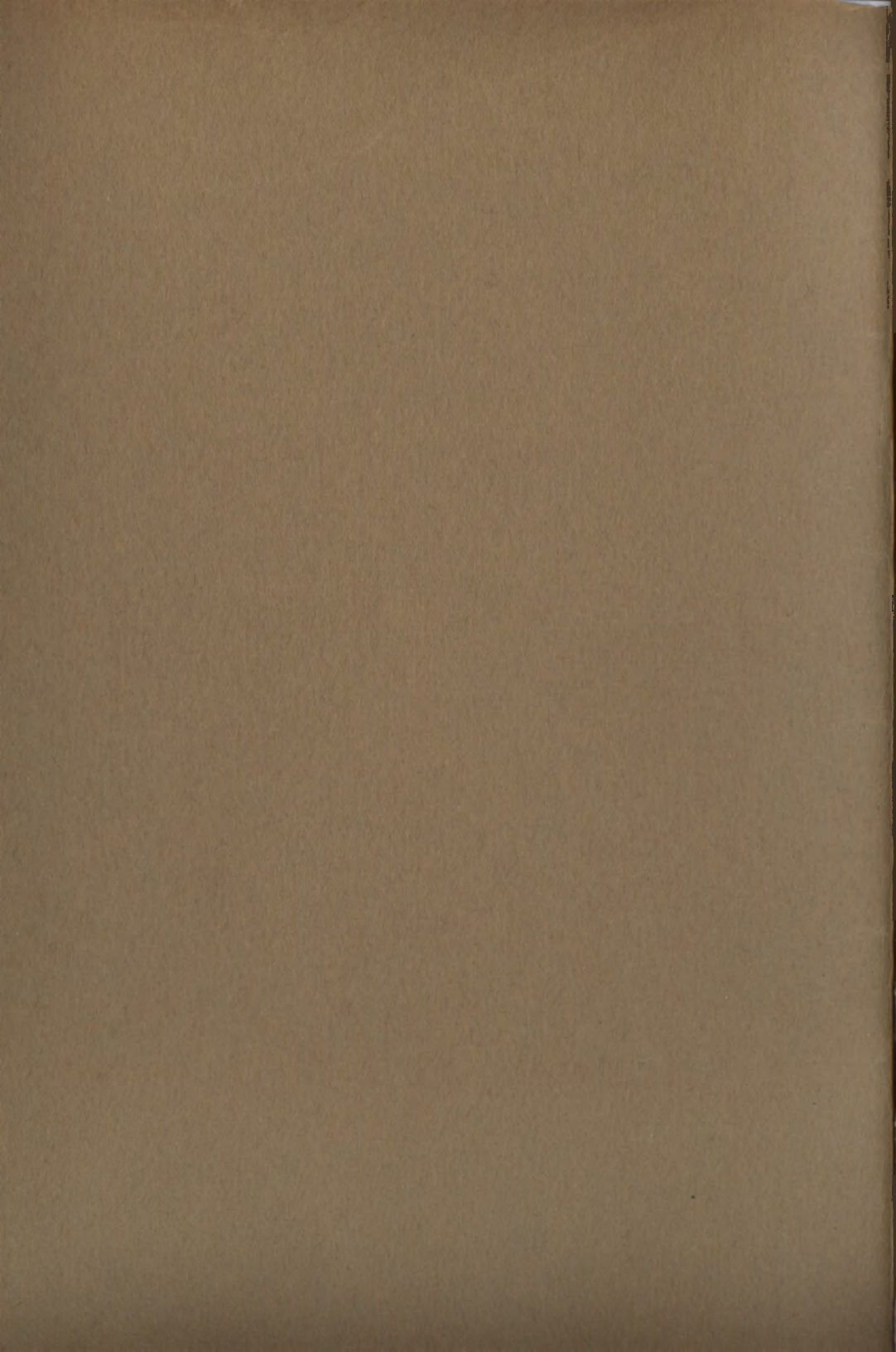


Madison High School

March, 1923

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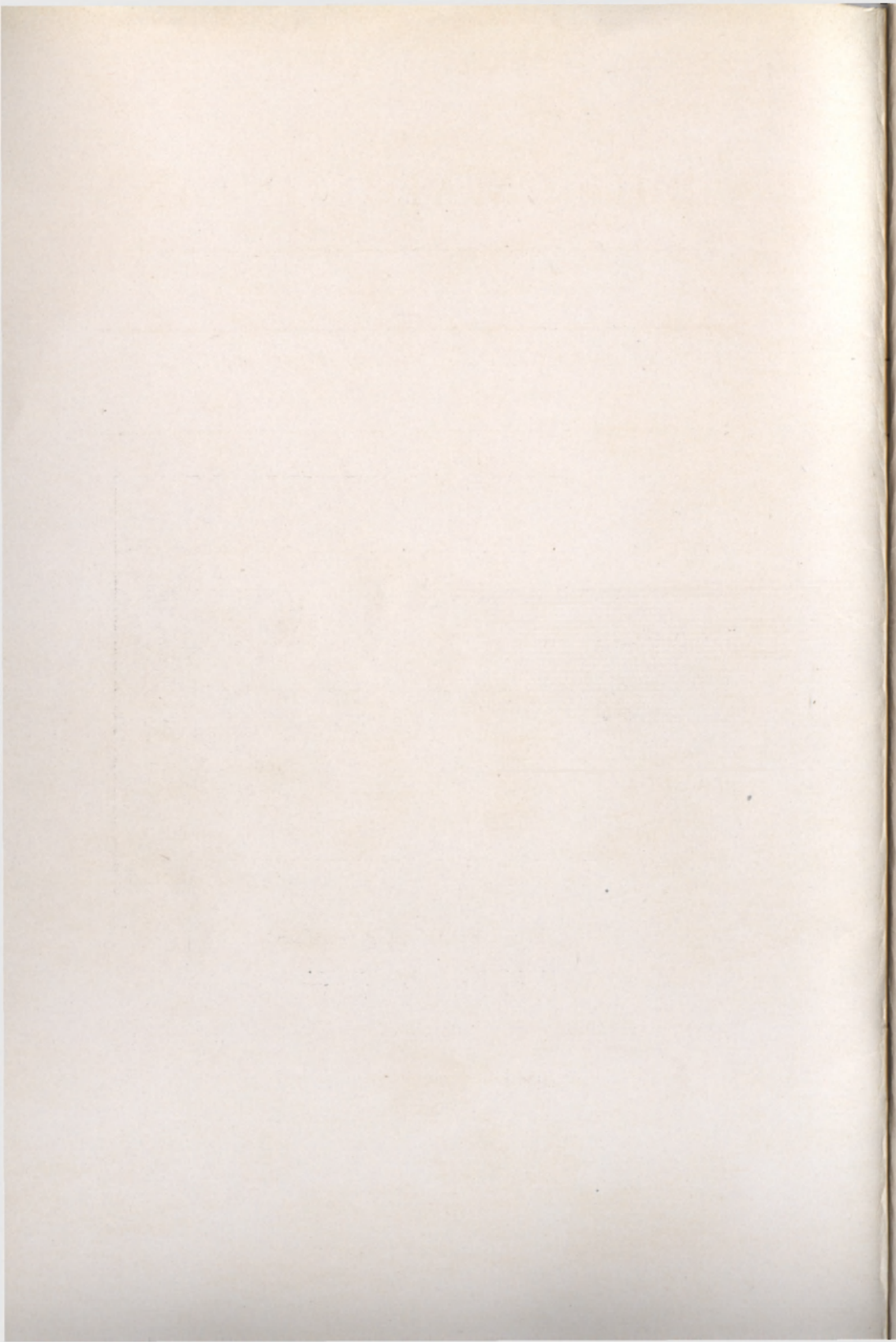
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*MADISON HIGH SCHOOL*





# THE MADISONIAN

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## Editorial

### LOYALTY

Loyalty—how much meaning that word carries with it! Without it this world would be a dreary enough place in which to live. Each one of us possesses some degree of loyalty. It is a many-sided virtue. There is loyalty to the home and parents, to the school and teachers, to one's fellowmen and to the country. Indeed, loyalty includes allegiance as well as a feeling of love and good-will.

The possession of loyalty means that we must sometimes put aside our own desires and pleasures for the good of others. We see a noble example of this in Washington. He was living a comfortable life on his large plantation in Virginia, when he saw his country's great need. He gave up the pleasant life for one of toil and hardships. We all know that, as a result of this great loyalty, our country was given independence and is now a great and prosperous nation. There are many other instances in history of loyalty and the things that have been accomplished through this virtue. Even before man was fully civilized, this quality was prominent. The savage would lose his life before he would permit any calamity to befall his chief.

In our school life we have a splendid chance to apply loyalty: loyalty to our teachers, to our fellow students, to our work and to ourselves. Like Washington and many other great men we must lay aside our personal desires even though it inconveniences us, and do our share—perhaps a little more than our share—to make our school all that it should be. I think that if we are loyal, we shall be careful not to repeat unpleasant remarks made about the teachers or pupils. We shall make our school work entirely our own. This is being loyal to ourselves.

We should support our ball team. We should conduct ourselves in school and outside, so that no reproach can fall on Madison High School. If, by our loyalty, we can make our school a power for good in the community, we shall be well repaid for our efforts.

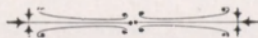


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## TEAMWORK

Teamwork is sacrificing personal glory for the good of the team. Suppose you and I are on the floor playing basketball. You are right forward and I am center. You get the ball. It is your business to make a basket if you can and you try to do it, but you are so closely guarded that you cannot shoot at the basket. I am standing nearby, unguarded. You know that you have a chance to dodge your guard, but you know also that you may fail and that in either event you will delay the game. You pass the ball to me and I, seeing another guard bearing down on me, snap it to the left forward, who makes a basket. That is teamwork. Anyone of us alone might have failed, but together we made a point for the team.

But teamwork should not stop with basketball and other games at school. We must carry it with us in all our work. We should like to direct things in our corner of the world, perhaps, but someone else is better fitted for the position. Then, for the greater good to the larger number of people, we step aside and let the man who is better prepared have the position we coveted. A good public officer selects capable advisers to make up his team. When he was president, Roosevelt chose a very strong cabinet. Among those chosen were political enemies as well as friends, but they were men of ability and Roosevelt thought that the welfare of the nation demanded the best, regardless of personal feelings. This is in contrast to another of our presidents, who wished to have the honor of doing all the worth-while things during his term. As might be expected, this president laid the blame for mistakes on others. Which of these two men showed the greater public spirit? the best teamwork? Which was of the greater value to his country and was the better loved by the people? There can be but one answer—Roosevelt. May the lesson of his life be our inspiration and our guide throughout our schooldays, and, what is more important, our whole lives!



## School News

### THE ENGLISH CLUB

Many have been the activities of the "Knights of Good English" during the past few months. The club has met every week and has enjoyed some excellent programs. There have been several debates and spelling matches, which are not only excellent practice but which afford us a great deal of fun. One week we had a musical program made up of songs, a piano duet and a piano solo. Several short talks by members on the lives of great composers and an inspiring history of music added to the interest of the program.

At the request of the Flower Mission in Boston, we gathered and sent to the city branches of evergreen to be used in decorating the Christmas and Thanksgiving baskets for the shut-ins. These were greatly appreciated. The club also helped by selling Red Cross seals at Christmas time.

We have been asked to furnish programs for a number of Community socials and have much enjoyed helping out in this way. At the Christmas tree, given the children of Madison by the Woman's Club, we sang Christmas Carols and dramatized a scene from Kate Douglas Wiggin's "The Birds' Christmas Carol." On Christmas Sunday we furnished the music for the church service, singing Christmas carols and helping the choir with the anthems. At the donation and also at the supper given by Mr. Chick, after his election to the House of Representatives, the school sang several songs.

The Men's Club invited us to furnish the program for their regular March meeting and we gave the following:

Singing, "New Hampshire" .....	School!
Current Events .....	Roland Ward
"The Quilting Party" .....	Girls' Quintet
Essay, "Conquering the Sahara Desert" .....	Ruth Pearson
Solo .....	Martha Kennett

Debate: *Resolved*, "That Lincoln was a greater man than Washington." Affirmative: Florence Pearson, Martha Kennett, Mildred Nason. Negative: Arthur Gilman, Roland Lyman, Philip Angell.

Although the program was all interesting, the debate was the chief event of the evening and aroused much interest. The affirmative side won. Judges: Messrs. Henry Carlton, William Manly, George Chick.



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### SPECIAL SPEAKERS

The Friday before the Christmas vacation our superintendent, Mr. Jackson, gave a stereopticon lecture at the regular meeting of the English Club. The subject was "Health." Mr. Jackson told us that our lives to be complete must be four-square, or that we should develop well-rounded lives. He illustrated this idea by drawing an imperfect square on the board, marking the sides education, health, service and citizenship and showing that when any one side was shortened, it drew the whole square out of proportion. He then drew a perfect square with each side well developed. The talk was well illustrated with stereopticon slides and stories were frequently introduced, adding much to the interest.

We were very fortunate to have Mr. William Manly give us a talk on the "History of English" at one of our Friday afternoon club meetings. He traced the development of man from the beginning to the present time, showing how it took millions of years to develop a language. From the spoken language the written language was developed taking millions of years longer. Gradually the development became more rapid. Until 1800, however, the world had progressed very slowly. There were few tools, no telephones, telegraphs, wireless or radio, few printed books and little scientific knowledge. But with the heredity of all the past, the world has advanced rapidly during the past few hundred years. With the heritage, which is ours from the past, we have many opportunities for personal advancement. In conclusion, Mr. Manly gave us some valuable hints on the choice of good reading.

Mr. G. C. Loud, Cable and Telegraph Editor of the New York *Times*, gave us a most interesting and instructive address on "Editing a Big Paper." He described very clearly the N. Y. *Times'* Building, also the marvelous way in which the news is assembled and distributed. The mechanism of editing a newspaper, he explained at some length. The whole of New York is divided into districts, with a district reporter for each section. News is sent into the central office by telephone or cabled from foreign countries. The syndicate (Associated Press) has its center in the New York *Times'* Office.

### NOTES

The "Scholastic" for February 17, contains a story of the "Legend of Chocorua," written by Florence Pearson of the class of 1923. The "Scholastic" is a magazine for high school pupils printed in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. We are proud of the recognition which has thus come to one of our students. In accepting the story, the "Scholastic" wrote that the "story was interesting and well written."

Six essays on "The Road Past My Door" have been sent to the Highway Magazine in Chicago. We do not know that any of these will be accepted, but we enjoyed writing them.

Because of the impossibility of reaching, within a reasonable time, the places where we were scheduled to debate, we were obliged to withdraw from the New Hampshire Interscholastic Debating League. We very much regretted having to do this, for we believe that the training we should have received by participation in the debates would have been most valuable. Under the circumstances, however, it was impossible to take part.

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### GIFTS

Madison High School has been the recipient of several useful and much appreciated gifts, for which we all unite in thanking the donors.

The Womans Club and the Mothers' Club together gave us a beautiful piano, which we very much enjoy. These two clubs also made us a gift of two large clocks, one for each recitation room, and the Mothers' Club presented us with an oil stove, which will be especially helpful when we have social gatherings and wish to serve cocoa or other hot dishes.

The school library has been enlarged through the generosity of Mr. John Chick, who has added a large number of valuable reference books to it during the past few months, and by the addition of a set of Encyclopedia Britannica, which is the gift of Professor George Chase, one of our summer friends.

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## Literary

### COURTESY

RUTH A. PEARSON, 1925

One dark, rainy night my father and I were riding home from a trip to a neighboring town. The road was narrow and in bad condition. Suddenly we heard a car coming behind us. We hurried the horse and drove into the yard of a house nearby, in order that the car might pass us without turning out into the ditch. As it passed slowly by, someone called out, "Thank you." Just two words, but they carried a world of meaning! A warm feeling crept into my heart in spite of the cold rain. Courtesy is a little act of thoughtfulness and kindness like that. It makes people feel happier. It is not necessary to be well dressed, nor to know an elaborate set of rules in order to observe this kind of courtesy. Beneath a threadbare coat may rest the kindest of hearts. From a kind heart comes many an act of thoughtfulness which contributes to the happiness of others.

Recently I attended a lecture at the hall. The speaker had come a long way to give us the pleasure of listening to him. A group of young people back of me began to whisper and giggle soon after the lecturer began his address. They kept it up during the entire lecture, spoiling the evening for those who sat near them and for the speaker. Everyone wants a good time, but I doubt whether we can have a really good time when we are making the people around us uncomfortable or unhappy. Respect the happiness of others and you will be happy yourself.

There are many ways in which we can exercise courtesy. We should begin at home. A time will come when home will be nothing but a memory. We want that memory to be a happy one. So we must be considerate of the feelings of our parents and brothers and sisters. At school we should be thoughtful of our teachers and fellow students.

Old folks love to have little courtesies paid them, especially by young people. Pay some thoughtful little attention to an old lady



and watch the smile of pleasure which lights up her face. One Sunday I noticed a little old lady standing at the back of the church. People passed her—laughing, chatting, and exchanging greetings. She was watching the crowd wistfully. Soon a girl came along. She turned, saw the old lady and stepped up to her with a pleasant “Good morning. I am glad to see you out today.” The girl passed on but she left the little old lady smiling and happy because of the greeting.

All of us cannot do big things. Our lives are made up of little things and these are often overlooked in the desire to do something big. How necessary it is that we put our best efforts into the little things which mean so much to us and those with whom we come in contact; for after all it is the little things which determine one's greatness. No person can be truly great unless he masters the beautiful act of courtesy.

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## MADISON DONATION

ROLAND R. LYMAN, 1924

One of the most interesting things in Madison is the annual Donation, which is held either in the church or in the town hall. A few days before the fixed date an unusual bustle is noticeable in all the kitchens. Whenever two women chance to meet, tales of marvelous creations in the pastry line are told.

Finally the long awaited evening arrives. Then “Old Dobbin” is hitched up and we set out for the hall. On the way we pass and are passed by sleighs which are fairly loaded with bells. At last we arrive. When we enter the hall, there is such a wonderful array of cakes and other goodies that we are actually dazzled. There are many cakes which are creations. One in particular, that I noticed, was shaped like a log-cabin. This was a fruit cake, covered with chocolate frosting put on so as to look like logs. Another angel cake, trimmed with pink and white frosting, was crowned with a Statue of Liberty, which had been sent all the way from New York for that express purpose.

There are many speakers present and an enjoyable program is always arranged. After the program everyone buys a plate of cake and gives himself up to the joy of "good eats." Needless to say there is always a great sufficiency. After things have quieted down somewhat, the fancy cakes are sold at auction, often at a very high price. When the last cake is sold, the people scatter to their homes, each declaring that he has had a splendid time.

### THE MADISON DONATION

MARTHA KENNETT, 1923

Many years ago in the town of Madison the people had "donation parties." These parties were for the benefit of the minister. Cakes and all kinds of food were carried to the minister's home. These donations were part of his salary.

An interesting bit of information comes to us from the old "donation parties." The cakes were not flavored with extracts, as they are today, but were flavored with spices. Frostings were made of coarse sugar and the whites of eggs, instead of soft confectioner's sugar. A pleasant evening was enjoyed; but I fear, that sometimes the donors helped eat the cakes and other goodies. These parties were similar to the old pound parties of which we hear so much.

One winter, about the year 1868, it was planned to have the donation party in the church because the minister's home was not large enough. Many people came from the neighboring towns. Ice cream was first introduced into Madison at this party.

Almira Harmon, while visiting friends in Chocorua, had learned to make ice cream. She borrowed an ice cream freezer from her friends and made some for the donation party. This was a great treat! She sold her ice cream and received twelve dollars for it. It had been decided to sell the cakes, too, and give the money to the minister, instead of food as in former years. From that time to the present they have had a donation party in the church or

town hall every year. In the early days fifty dollars was considered a big sum to receive at one of these parties. Today this custom, with slight changes, is still kept up. Similar parties were held in the towns of Effingham, Eaton, Freedom, East Madison and Chocorua, as well as in Madison, years ago. Now Chocorua and Madison are the only towns which have them.

The cakes are beautifully decorated in fancy ways. Each woman tries to think of some new decoration or shape. One fruit cake was shaped like a log cabin with chocolate frosting shaped into logs and on the roof a little blue bird was perched, also made of frosting. A large angel cake had the Statue of Liberty on it, holding a small candle for the light. A round cake had a nest with four little eggs in it and a small bird perched on the side. It seems a shame to cut up the beautiful cakes and eat them. All these cakes are arranged prettily on tables, and everyone has a chance to look at them. A short entertainment is given, then some of the cakes are cut and sold with ice cream, sandwiches, coffee, oyster stew, oranges and homemade candies. The most elaborate cakes are sold at auction after the other food is sold. The auction is an exciting time and often some of the large cakes are sold for twelve or fifteen dollars apiece. The best part of it is that the cakes are as delicious as they are good to look at. Everyone who once comes to the Madison Donation is sure to want to come again the next year.

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### THE MADISON DONATION

FLORENCE PEARSON, 1923

“Donation” is an institution peculiar to Madison. I believe that there is only one town which has anything like it for many miles around. The original purpose of our annual donation was to raise funds for supporting the church. But that was not the only or most important reason for which such an institution was started. It is a gathering together of former residents, of neighbors from nearby towns, of old friends. It is a time when people



put away their troubles and dwell on the pleasant memories of their lives. From great distances the joyous people come to the town hall on the night of the Donation—some in large teams, some in small teams and some just walking, but they all get there. The townspeople come laden with boxes and baskets, for everyone has been asked to contribute something to make the gathering a success.

As one enters the hall, what a sight meets his eyes! Chairs and settees are crowded into the hall, with just enough room left for the most important part of the occasion. There are the tables laden with cakes. As one of the speakers said, "I was wondering about the meaning of Donation and I have come to the conclusion that a Do-nation is a nation full of cakes."

Cakes, cakes, cakes everywhere—cakes and tarts and luscious cream-puffs; so many that the tables can scarcely be seen. Square cakes, round cakes, cakes with two layers, pyramid cakes, angel and sunshine cakes, log-cabin cakes—all combine to make the tables a delightful sight. Many cakes are cut and arranged on plates, but the best are left whole to be sold at auction after everything else has been disposed of. These cakes are wonderfully decorated with different colored frostings and flowers. Under the tables are boxes full of delicious sandwiches and empty boxes in which goodies are taken home to anxiously awaiting children and old people who could not come.

Near the cakes on a table are piles of yellow oranges and different kinds of candy. Other good things are being prepared in the kitchen—oyster stew and ice cream.

Before the food is sold, there is an entertainment, consisting of singing and speaking. In former years the speeches were rather long for such an occasion, with the people waiting eagerly for a taste of those cakes. Of late years the talks have been short and to the point.

After the entertainment the hall is filled with a talking, laughing throng of friends, buying and eating cake, ice cream and oyster stew as fast as they can. When the large store of food has almost disappeared, a man with a large voice mounts a table and after proclaiming the unusual qualities of one of the cakes, offers it for sale. The auction is lively. Cakes go at very high prices.

When the auction is over, there is not much left worth taking home except the empty dishes.

Each one leaves this annual Donation with a feeling that he has had a splendid time.

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### SEEING THE PRESIDENT

PHILIP A. ANGELL, 1924

In Williamstown, not many years ago, I first saw a President of the United States. I do not remember the day, month nor year, because dates meant nothing to me then. I just remember being told in the morning that the President would pass through the town. Of course I was on the street corner very early. When I saw the President, I was somewhat disappointed. I had expected him to be different somehow. And—he was just a man! He was big and jolly, though. His car was driven by a big man, dressed in blue, and there were more big men, also dressed in blue in the car with him. At the time their suits looked like band uniforms to me, because I did not understand that they were bodyguards. The President made a speech, but I do not remember a word he said. I remember only how proud and happy I was to have seen a President of the United States.

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### A MODEST OFFICE SEEKER

MARTHA KENNETT, 1923

After the French and Indian War many people chose pieces of land, which they cleared so that they could build homes on them. Among these settlers was a man named Thomas Burnside. Burnside had come from England, where he had been a servant to one of the English nobles. He had always desired independence. Hearing from one of his friends of the freedom in America, he had decided to come to America where he could be his own master.

He landed in this country at the time of the French and Indian War. During the war he was one of Rogers' Rangers. When the war was over, he decided to build himself a home and to settle down and enjoy the freedom he had so long craved. He settled on a piece of land where the town of Stratford now stands. He built his home of rude logs and had a large fireplace. During the cold winter nights he sat before this open fireplace, smoking his clay pipe and thinking of his old friends in England and of the life he had led there. He thought of the office holders in England. How he had envied them! But he never expected to hold office himself. Still in America all things seemed possible. Gradually a strong desire to hold an office took possession of him. It was the only thing lacking. He decided that he wanted to become a justice of the peace and, since America was a free country, he decided to try to secure the office. But how should he attain it? He decided to go to the next town and ask Colonel Barr's advice. Colonel Barr advised him to go to Governor Wentworth, who lived at Portsmouth, taking him gifts, and ask him for the position. Burnside was very much pleased with the suggestion. He took a firkin of butter and a piece of linen to give the Governor and started at once for Portsmouth. He travelled all day and when night came he lay down where he happened to be and slept until morning. He continued in this way for many days, until at last he reached his destination. He inquired his way to the Governor's house. He found the Governor at home and busy with his work. He presented his gifts and then told him the purpose of his visit, stating that the inhabitants of his town could not live peaceably any longer without a magistrate. The Governor asked him how many inhabitants belonged to the town and who was the best man for the office. Burnside answered modestly that he and his neighbor were the only inhabitants and that he himself was the only man fitted for the office. The Governor gave him his commission, and was greatly amused with the singularity of the request. Burnside went back home very happy over his success. At last he was an office holder! He lived a long time, and according to all reports was ever faithful to his office.

(From a true incident.)



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**A BACKWOODSMAN**

ARTHUR GILMAN, 1924

My life as a backwoodsman has been varied and thrilling. I have had many close escapes from death. My home is made of logs. I built it myself, cutting and dragging the logs to the spot where my home was to be. The logs are notched at the corners of the house and are fastened with mud and stout vines. There are two windows in the house with panes of oiled paper. The door is on the south side as that is the warmer side. The interior of the house is very plain. I made two rooms, one for sleeping and the other for living. I have made me a wooden table and several chairs. These are in the living room. There is also a large fireplace, over which we do our cooking.

My clothes are made of fur and are very warm. I have snowshoes made of deerskin. My gun is a flintlock.

I rise every morning with the sun—we do not have any time-pieces—and build the fire. This I do with the help of a tinder box. By the time I have the water drawn and the day's wood split, my wife has breakfast ready. This consists of cornbread and some game. After breakfast I generally take my gun and hunt until dinner time. One day I chased a deer until dark. Then I discovered that I had lost my way. I decided to camp in the woods and wait until morning before I tried to find my way back. In the night I was captured by a band of Indians, who were going to kill me. I was rescued by an Indian friend, White Cloud, however. Both my wife and I feel very grateful to this friend.

We are looking forward to the time when neighbors will come and build near us. At present we are several miles from the nearest settlement, but we do not fear the Indians because we are not living near any of the main trails. Also, we have a good hiding place in the mountains nearby.

I have never regretted coming to America to live.

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**"ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL"**

MILDRED NASON, 1923

One hot day my playmates and I were sitting on our front piazza, trying to think of some game sufficiently exciting to please all of us. We had almost exhausted our supply of games and

things to do. For a time we each tried to think of something. Then I had an idea.

"Let's dam up the brook, by the store, and go paddling," I suggested.

This plan met with instant approval. I quickly hushed my playmates, though, when they became too noisy in their approval. Somehow I felt that mother wouldn't understand.

"We mustn't let the folks know what we are going to do because they won't like it," I told them.

So we decided that we would play in the barn for a few minutes, just long enough to find boards, shovels and other things which we might need. After we had the necessary implements ready, we went out one by one, each carrying some tool. When we reached the brook, we didn't know what to do first, but the water looked so very inviting that we couldn't refrain from stripping our feet before we began work. And we really could work better standing in the water. So the work and fun began. We found a good place to build a dam and put our boards down into the water, propping them up with stones and mud. That made the water deeper and it was necessary to have a wider and longer board for the top. One of the boys was sent after a board. While he was gone, we had a beautiful time splashing water all over each other. The water was rising steadily all the time, and was nearly up to our waists as we stood in it.

Soon the boy returned with the board and we went to work again, building it higher this time. We fastened the boards as securely as we could. After we had completed our work to our satisfaction, we stepped back and watched the water rising higher and higher. Just then my father came along. I hadn't realized it before, but we were all drenched. He was quick to notice, however, and lost no time in hurrying me home, where my mother was waiting. My playmates scurried home, too. (I imagine a similar scene was taking place in a number of homes about the same time that evening.)

I was put into the bath first and almost immediately afterwards was popped into bed. Everything was done very quickly, it seemed to me. Part of my punishment was to go to bed before dark without any supper. The rest was to come in the morning. Although I cried at first, I was not long in going to sleep. It seemed as if I had hardly been asleep five minutes when I awoke and heard cries of "Fire! Fire!"

Everyone was running through the house. I jumped out of bed and hurried into some clothes. I had forgotten that I had been told not to leave my room. I ran downstairs. There every-

thing was confusion. I thought at first that our house was on fire, but soon learned that it was a neighbor's house across the road. The residence was but a few rods from the store. The flames were already streaming high and the air was full of smoke. It was surprising how quickly a force of men had collected. They were all running to and fro, carrying out furniture and trying to put out the flames. Sparks were flying everywhere, and some were lighting on the roof of the store. Everyone was calling for water. Up to that time I had been standing quietly by, awed into speechlessness by the thrilling sight. Now I remembered the dam which had caused me so much trouble. In our village we have no fire department and water is often scarce. I told the men they could get all the water they wanted from the dam across the road. They looked as if they didn't believe me, but they started towards the dam with pails.

All hopes of saving the store had been lost and neighbors had begun to move out the supplies. That was something we children could do to help, and rushing in we began to carry out things which the men passed to us. One of the men had reached the ridgepole of the store roof, and now a human chain was formed and passed him pail after pail of water. Wet blankets were thrown over the side of the store nearest the burning house.

The supply of water from the dam was holding out wonderfully. The flames were dying down and it was hoped that the store might be saved after all. The house had fallen in and lay in black ruins on the ground. Much of the furniture had been saved, however. Then the men declared the store was out of danger, but they would watch it for awhile. They began to wonder who had dammed up the brook. They said if it hadn't been for that deep hole they could never have saved the store. Someone told them that we children had done it the afternoon before. Many of the men came up to us, as we stood in a little group looking at the ruins, and told us what a big thing we had done. You can imagine how delighted we were at the praise. Our parents, too, told us they were glad we had done it and were proud of us. Nothing further was ever said of the promised punishment.



## THE LONE INDIAN

CARLETON PEARSON, 1925

"Mother," I said as I came into the house, "can you pack lunch enough to last me two days?"

"Why, son, what are you going to do?" exclaimed mother in surprise.

"I don't just know," I replied slowly, "but I feel as though I must take a trip into the north woods tomorrow."

"But, Harry, if-if-if—you know, Harry, it is just a year since your father went into those woods and—." She broke off with a catch in her voice.

How well I remembered! Father had not been heard from since. Searching parties had scoured the woods in vain. We were forced to accept the scantily comforting hope that he might yet be alive and in the hands of the Indians.

"There, there, mother," I said, let us not worry about that any more. I shall be all right in the woods and I shall not go far. I have a little plan, which, if all goes well, will be worth while."

If all went well! What hope had I that it would? Only a fancy, to be sure, but one which I could not get rid of. That afternoon, as I had been seated on a pine-wooded embankment of the lake, a sudden storm came up. A fierce wind lashed the little lake into a fury, caught up the miniature waves and dashed them into spray on the rocks at my feet. The wind roared about me. I reveled and gloried in the power, the rush, the spirit of the storm. Then the storm lessened and I was lulled to sleep. The scene changed. I seemed to be standing on the wooded slope of a mountain. Suddenly in the mouth of a great cave a man appeared and beckoned to me. It was my father. He signed for me to come quickly and secretly. I am not naturally superstitious, nor given to seeing things. But this dream made a deep impression on me. It seemed to impel me on. Because it was father, who beckoned, I wanted to answer more than anything else. I could not tell mother for I did not want to raise her hopes with so little to build on.

Before eight the next morning I set out on horseback with a

lunch and my ever present bugle hanging at my side. Though I had my rifle, I did not shoot at any of the game, which was plentiful. I did not want to take any chance of being discovered. Somehow I felt uneasy and as though danger were near. I had traveled some twenty miles when I came into a beautiful valley. Almost immediately I noticed a lack of game. I stopped. This meant Indians had recently passed. It would not be safe to travel in the valley.

Turning to the left I struck up over a steep hill. Hardly had I reached the top when a lone Indian rode across the clearing below. He rode straight toward me. At the edge of the woods, however, he turned to the right and went up over a mountain. Barely had he disappeared, when a band of Indians, in full war-paint, rode into the clearing. They stopped a moment as if to consider, then started up the mountain on the trail of the lone Indian.

What was a band of Indians doing here in war regalia? They must be on the way to attack the settlement! There was only one thing to do. I must find out their plans, if possible. I took a course about one-fourth mile from theirs and parallel to it. I hoped to be able to decide, by the course they took, what they were intending to do. I went about three miles and then circled in toward the place where I thought the Indians would be. I could find no trail. They had not passed that way. I turned and with the utmost care made my way slowly back to the eastward, expecting to find them at any moment. I had traveled in this direction some distance when I found myself standing on the edge of a cliff, looking down on the valley that I had left in the first place. I had missed them somewhere. Or had they stopped at all? Might they not even now be ravaging the settlement?

Suddenly I heard a voice directly under my feet. It seemed to come from the earth. I shrank back into the bushes and listened, my ear close to the ground. An Indian was speaking. Joyfully I recognized the tongue as that of the tribe of Passaconway. The voice went on. I learned that they were expecting another tribe to join them the next day and they would then wipe out the settlement. Meanwhile they would dispose of their prisoner, "the spying white man, in Indian clothing." He should be burned at the stake. My heart leaped into my mouth. Tomorrow the settle-

ment would be destroyed and today a white man, who might be my father, would be killed. They must not! I must not let them, I told myself fiercely. But what could I do alone against a band of Indians?

My glance fell on my bugle and an idea came to me. I might be able to make them think an army was coming. With their small band they would not dare resist. Creeping back a short distance, I blew a call on the bugle. Then rushing forward with all the noise possible I cried, "Both ways, boys. We've got them, and shoot to kill."

A great yell rose from the Indians. Rushing out they fled in a panic for the horses which they had picketed nearby. In an incredibly short time not an Indian was in sight or hearing. I had emptied my rifle after them as fast as I could shoot.

I now rushed to find the prisoner. There, under the cliff, was a great cave room, the roof of which was about twenty feet high. In the rear of this cave was someone who was struggling with his bonds. Hurrying forward I called out that I would help him. It was the lone Indian. The man rose to his feet and stared at me. "My son!" he cried.

"Father," I rushed to him. O, the joy of that meeting!

When his bonds were off and he had rested a bit, he told me his story. He had been captured a year ago by a band of Indians from Canada and been kept their prisoner until about a week before, when he had escaped. He had nearly reached home when he was captured by this band. They believed him to be a spy and were going to kill him.

We rode back, reaching home that evening just as the sun was setting, casting a rosy glow over the calm and peaceful lake. A fitting reflection of the joy in our hearts!

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## Athletics

M. H. S. opened its basketball season in the Town Hall, December 5, 1922, when it lost to Porter High School by a score of 22-13. The score was close up to the last period. M. H. S. had had no practice before this game, which was a great disadvantage to the team.

PORTER H. S.	G. F. TP.		MADISON H. S.	G. F. TP.	
Merrifield, rg			Nason, rg		
Stocks, lg			Ward, lg		
Edgcombe, c	4	8	Savory, c	1	2
Hadlock, rf	6	12	Lyman, rf	3	6
Elliott, lf	1	2	Gilman, lf	2	5
	<hr/>	<hr/>		<hr/>	<hr/>
	11	22		6	13

Our next game was played December 21, with Fryeburg. M. H. S. met another defeat, 46-9. Fryeburg presented a strong lineup. They were superior in size and weight. Davidson was their star, making 16 baskets.

MADISON H. S.	G. F. TP.		FRYEBURG H. S.	G. F. TP.	
Savory, rg			Burnell, rg	1	2
Ward, lg			Buzzell, lg	1	2
Conner, c	2	4	Davidson, c	16	32
Pearson, rf			Grey, rf	6	6
Gilman, lf	5	5	Allard, lf	1	2
			Warren, lf	1	2
	<hr/>	<hr/>		<hr/>	<hr/>
	2	9		20	46

There was a game January 23 at Bartlett, the team going up on the train at night and returning the next morning in time for school. The score was 9-6 in favor of Bartlett. The Bartlett boys played a good clean game; in fact the game was one of the best of the season. We greatly appreciate the hospitality shown our boys by the people of Bartlett.



February 16, M. H. S. played its second game on the home floor and won, 30-23. North Conway High School was their opponent. This was a rough game as well as a fast one.

MADISON H. S.	G.	F.	TP.	NO. CONWAY H. S.	G.	F.	TP.
Mahoney, rg				Angell, rg			
Kenerson, rg				Ward, lg			
Twombly, c	3		6	Savory, rg and lg	2		4
James, rf	5	3	13	Pearson, c	3		6
Allard, lf	2		4	Conner, c	2		4
				Gilman, rf	5	2	12
				Lyman, lf	2		4
	10	3	23		14	2	30



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## Jokes

Miss Q.: "Is there a First Aid Kit in the high school?"

P. A.: "Here is a Physics Book."

---

F. P.: "Ruth, who wrote Helen Keller's 'Story of My Life'?"

Ruth: "I don't know. I haven't looked to see."

---

Comparison of sweet, found on a Senior paper: "Sweet, sweeter, sweeterest."

---

"Il faisait grand vent ce jour-la."

Translation: "He had good wind that day."

---

### IN COMMERCIAL GEOGRAPHY

Q.: "What kind of a store have we at the corner?"

A.: "Post-office."

---

F. P. (in Physics, drawing a horse shoe magnet): "These don't look like magnets, do they?"

---

Chief editor, to one of the literary editors, trying to get a definition for school spirit, "What is school spirit?"

Literary Editor: "Oh, something that walks around with a sheet over its head."

---

Soph.: "Arthur surely is a graceful dancer."

Fresh.: "Why?"

Soph.: "Oh, he always dances with Grace."

---

What makes Arthur say, "My Godfrey?"

---



Does anyone know what gum factory M. G. is working for?

---

Ask R. L. if he has a patent on his new pencil holder.

---

Senior translation: "Ses yeux oscillèrent dans leurs orbites."  
"His eyes turned in their orbits."

---

From a Freshman paper: "Machines are as follows: planers, sawing machines, and men that build things."

---

Soph.: "Do you know why they took your class picture last?"

Fresh.: "Why?"

Soph.: "They wanted to be sure that the camera would hold out for the rest of us."

Fresh.: "Yes, you think you're smart."

Soph.: "I'm sorry. I take it back. They took your picture last so that after the hard time we gave the camera, it would be rested by your greenness."

---

#### BEING A PARABLE

Every week do I work in the Laboratory. Now one day as I worked, there arose a need for string. But though I did hunt, I could find no string and I thought to myself: "Behold, there is the Principal of the school. He worketh for my sake so that I shall not toil in vain." So I hied me to him and asked him for a piece of string. And he knew not that the string needed to be cut, for he thought that I would use it without cutting it. So he did loan me a piece. Now, in my experiment needed I to cut the string, so I did take a pair of sharp scissors and cut it. Then did my companions begin to chide me, and to say, that the Principal did use that string when he went fishing. And perchance he would not like for me to cut it. And I considered, as I worked, how that string might be useful to him and I began to fear. Nor did my companions help me in my distress, for loudly they wailed

and much did they say about the cost of fishlines. When my work was done and the noon hour had arrived, I sat me down to eat my lunch and ponder on the predicament into which I had fallen. And behold the Principal came by my way and I did ask him what I must do. Now he was angry and told me that good fishlines were hard to get, and that this one had cost him two dollars. This worried me not a little.

But when I found that it was after all but a common string and that my companions had been "stringing" me, I was thankful to have escaped. I will remember in the future, however, that one cannot believe all one is told, for even Juniors and Seniors are not above lie-ing.

F. P.

---

Ask A. P. whether 2 and 3 are 6, or 2 and 3 is 6.

---

**M**—erit  
**A**—thletics  
**D**—ebates  
**I**—ndustry  
**S**—chool Spirit  
**O**—ptimism  
**N**—eighborliness.



## Exchanges

The MADISONIAN wishes to express thanks for the following exchanges:

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

We like your paper. The Editorial section is especially strong. We found the Literary department good, also. Our chief criticism is that the Editorial department should start on a new page.

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

You have a good Literary department.

*The Red and White*, Rochester High School, Rochester, N. H.

Your magazine seems well balanced, and we are glad to add it to our exchanges.

*The Hamptonian*, New Hampton High School, Hampton, N. H.

We found many excellent features in your paper. We enjoyed especially the poems. We rather think your cover design has too many things in it to be effective.

*The Leavitt Angels*, Turner Center High School, Turner Center, Maine. Your class notes are very good. We suggest that you have your Literary department marked.

*The Red and Black*, Stevens High School, Claremont, N. H.

The contents of your paper are well balanced and interesting. We suggest that you head your Literary department.





ARTHUR W. TYLER

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

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N. H.

---

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THE CONWAY NATIONAL BANK  
CONWAY N. H.

---

**Laughing at Noah**

You may remember that when Noah was building his ark the neighbors laughed at him. They were quite sure that something had gone wrong in his head.

But, as you will also remember, Noah paid little attention to his critics, he went right on with the job of building the ark.

Later, when it rained for 40 days and 40 nights, Noah was able to say "I should worry."

Modern men and women who have the wisdom of Noah are the ones who save money. In spite of the laughter and jeers of their friends who call them tightwads and who point to them how much fun they are losing, they go ahead calmly saving money that will be of use to them when old age creeps in upon them or some great emergency arises.

Don't be afraid to be a Noah.

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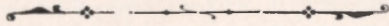
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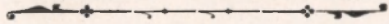
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Optician

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of ten have defective eyes. The need of glasses causes nervous strain,  
headache, backward and stupid scholars, making the child put forth an  
unnecessary effort to accomplish a given task. Remember, glasses are not  
expensive.

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