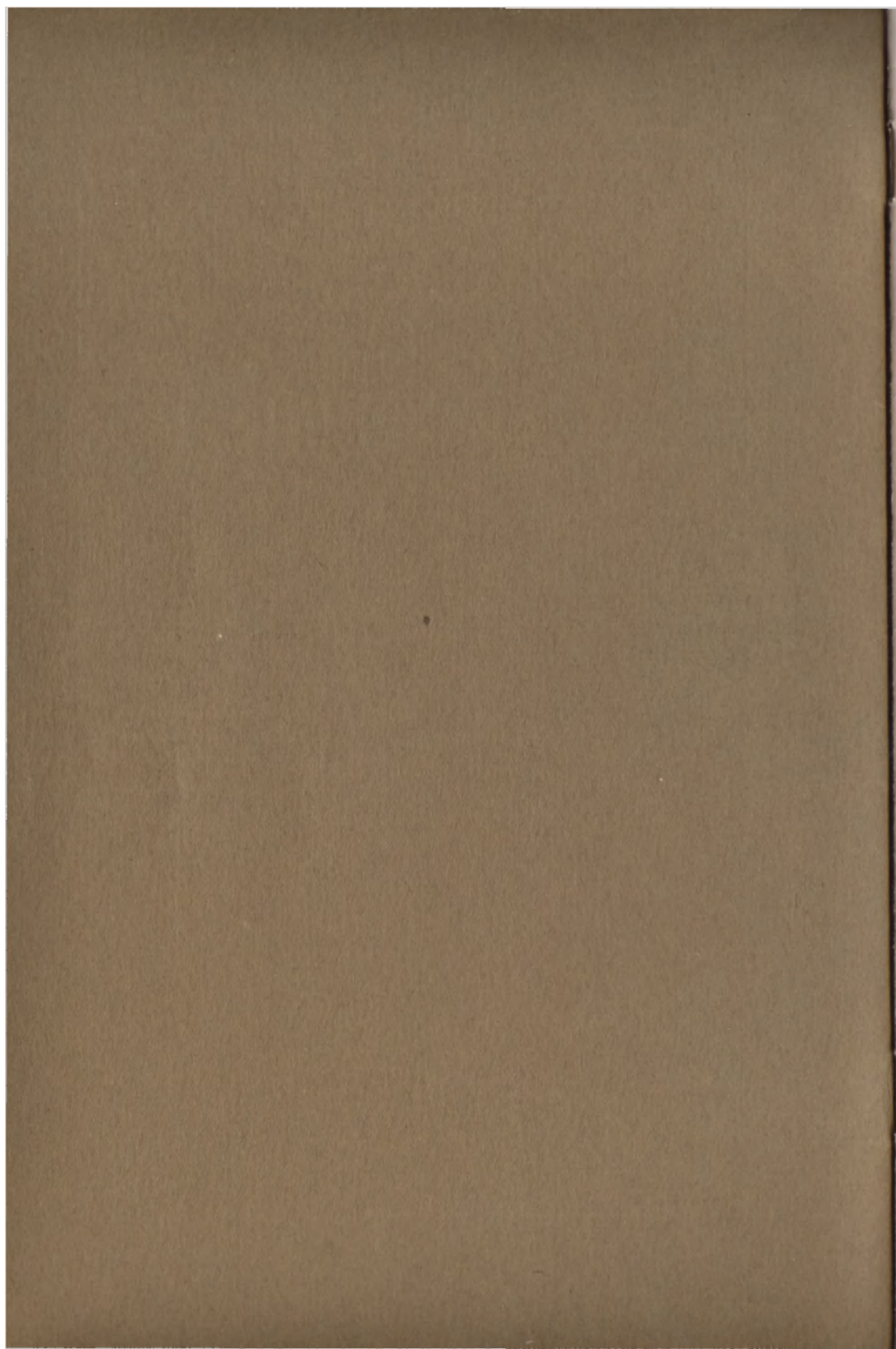


The
Madisonian



Madison High School
March, 1925



The Madisonian

Vol. 3

MADISON, N. H., MARCH 1925

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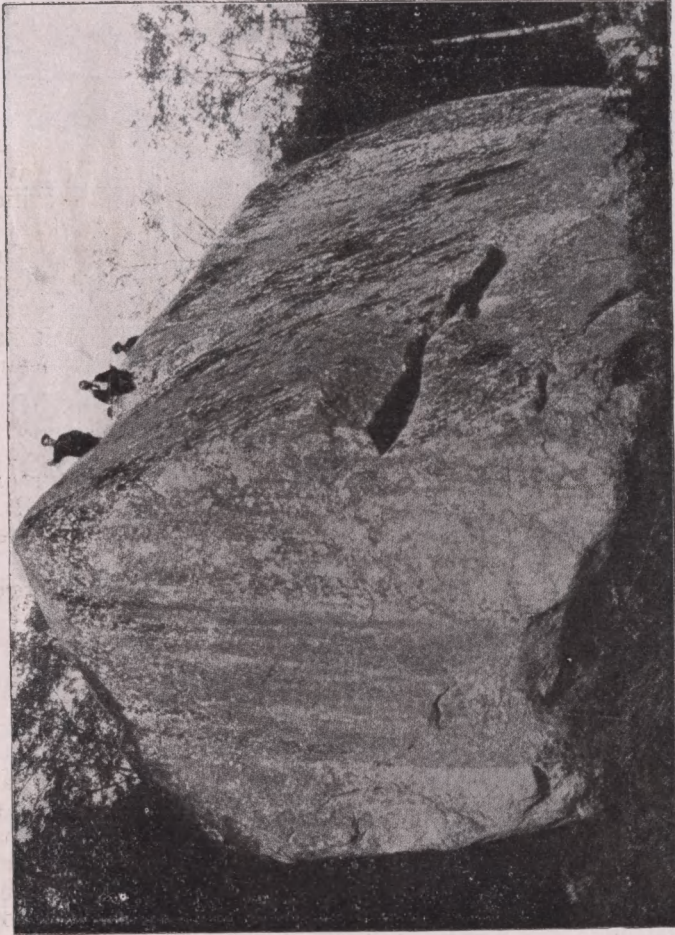
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Madison Boulder.

EDITORIAL

MADISON

It is seldom that we think of the debt we owe our ancestors. A few minutes' reflection, however, will reveal many things which are ours today because of the sacrifices which they made for us. Theirs was the difficult task of clearing the forests and building new settlements. They endured many hardships and uncomplainingly performed their arduous tasks. Not only have we a prosperous nation today as their gift but those finer things which are a part of our race—love of freedom, courage to face new issues, perseverance in the face of hardships.

A very valuable heritage has been intrusted to us of Madison by our forefathers. Like many another town in New Hampshire, Madison has a very interesting history. The seniors have enjoyed hunting up stories and bits of information about its early days. A few of the old citizens are still living and their tales have interested us much. It is our privilege to keep these stories in mind and to cherish the memory of the early days.

LAW OBSERVANCE

Law observance is a timely topic at present. Many people thoughtlessly disregard the laws which have been passed by our Legislature. If they think about the matter at all, they regard "auto speeding," "spitting on sidewalks" and "catching underweight fish" as harmless. They do not stop to consider that all laws are made for the common good and that the breaking of any leads to the breaking of others. None of us would enjoy living in a land that had no laws, yet we help to undermine our Constitution when we thoughtlessly break any law.

We seldom think that this applies to school as well as to national problems. Every school has laws or rules many of which are unwritten. These are made for the good of the student body and should be cheerfully observed. We weaken the morale of the school when we keep the letter

of the law and fail to appreciate its spirit. We may show our school spirit best by whole-heartedly working for its best interests and first of all we need to understand and keep its rules, unwritten as well as written.

An unwritten law in every school is that there shall be no cheating. I believe this is often thoughtlessly broken. When a student cheats, he doesn't seem to realize that it is not his teacher he is cheating but himself. He is depriving himself of the thing which supposedly he is attending school to obtain. The student who cheats is likely to lose his own self-respect as well as that of his fellow students and teachers. He is learning habits of idleness and dishonesty instead of industry and integrity. He is learning to put the wrong values on his work and on its reward—accomplishment. He soon comes to distrust his own ability. If only we would realize that in breaking this one school law we are lessening our future chances of success, we would not do it.

LITERARY

THE SELF MADE PRESIDENT

Marion Lyman, 1925

Abraham Lincoln was born in a log cabin in Kentucky. He lived in utter poverty and attended school less than one year, yet he finally became President.

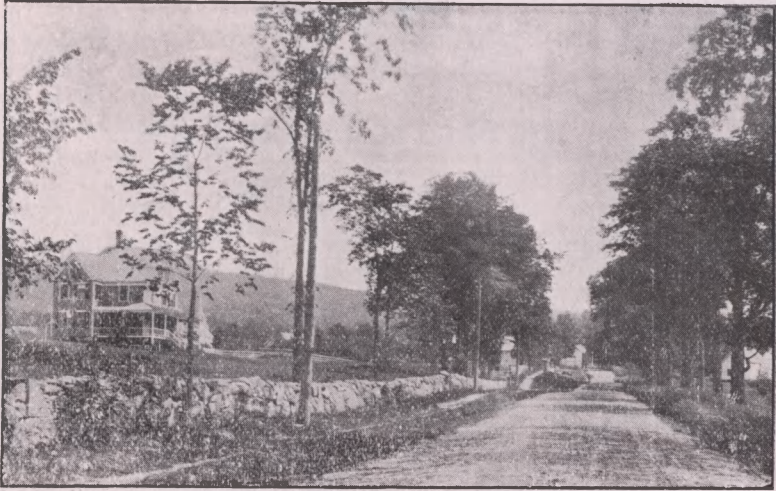
This great man did not spring suddenly from obscurity to fame. He labored at the humbler tasks of life, such as being postmaster in a small town, storekeeper and lawyer. In his growing greatness he served in the Illinois legislature and later as a member of Congress. In his governmental work he obtained a better knowledge of the great government of the United States, a foundation for his future Presidency.

Lincoln's ambitious rise would seem almost impossible today. His great determination enabled him to become an exceptional statesman. Abraham Lincoln's life was filled with disappointments. Often he seemed defeated but like the hero that he was, he overcame every obstacle that confronted him.

When he was nominated for the Presidency, he considered it a great compliment but he said modestly, "I must in candor, say that I do not consider myself fit for the Presidency." He was the man the people wanted and was elected. A great task lay before him. The slavery question was of growing importance. When Lincoln took the chair, he took the responsibility almost of a dictator in a wide war-torn country. At this time the cotton states one after another seceded.

Abraham Lincoln did all in his power to prevent the Civil War but it came and had to be fought. For four years the war went on while a sad-faced man sat in the White House sighing and wondering if it would never end.

In this war men had to be chosen and President Lincoln, upon whom everyone seemed to depend, studied the question of war until people wondered at the skill of his genius. For like an expert he guided the entire nation onward. The war ended and Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation freed the slaves forever.



Road from Madison Corner to Silver Lake



The Majors.

Mr. Lincoln was elected for the second term. His inauguration took place at the appointed time.

Lincoln had done the people of the United States a greater service than could be fully appreciated at the time. He had preserved the Union.

His character was so broad that the "men in blue" and the "men in grey" were all the same to him and he had no hatred for anyone. They were all his people and he worked patiently and long for them.

Lincoln's personality held the people spellbound. They had come to love him and trust him. His superb and irrepressible spirit extended to those about him, tending to make them pattern their lives after his. The versatility and many-sidedness of his mind enabled him to understand every phase of the movement for more equal rights, and to fix by a sort of instinct on the highest achievement possible to be obtained by it.

True he was not considered handsome but what are beauty of face and form compared with such beauty of the soul?

Often after those stirring addresses, of which we are so proud today, not a hand was lifted in applause. The reason for this, however, was not that they were not fully appreciated. The people were thrilled by the beautiful, sympathetic words he spoke. They seemed chiselled from rocks of sincerity.

Abraham Lincoln had made this great land of Liberty a land toward which men of every continent and race should turn their steps that they might share the liberty for which he fought. He did not desire selfish fame, he sought only to eradicate a nation's sin, that his countrymen should not see the color of men's faces but instead the worth of human personality.

There is only left to us the historical knowledge of this great man. We cannot know him personally. His portrait, however, leaves a deep impression upon us. As we look at it, we see the man best loved by Americans. Written in every line is the thing for which he stood, "democracy."

Lincoln, "Savior of his Country," could not remain with the people for whom he had so valiantly struggled. While attending the theater he was shot by the insane John Booth. The next morning without regaining consciousness, he died.

Abraham Lincoln, the poor, homely backwoods boy.

rose to the highest position possible in the United States, his country.

Lincoln had many of those fine traits which made everyone love him. Honesty was a strong characteristic as was also a never failing courtesy for everyone. A stern and noble nature was his, yet he could joke and tell stories. His life was far from pleasant and it was revealed on his tired, haggard face. When his elevation came, the humble tasks that he had performed seemed dignified, even glorified. He saw men at their human worth stripped of veneer. He understood both common people and cultured. His great understanding of the human race helped to make him the ideal of a nation.

As we look at the flag, let us think of Abraham Lincoln who made that flag possible with all its forty-eight stars. Let us think of him who justly deserved the title "A Masterpiece of God" and although "he now belongs to the ages" let us strive to remember what he did for you and me.

"As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm;
Tho round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

—Oliver Goldsmith

M. H. S. FROM THE AFFECTIONATE VIEW-SEAT

Style — 1925

Our girls are just as pretty
As they ever were. I guess.
What makes them look so silly
Is their style and mode of dress.

If they have a skin so lovely
That it's simply pink and white,
They will daub on paint and powder
Until they are a sight.

If their hair is thick and handsome—
 A pretty sight to see—
 They will bob it just the same,
 For in style, they're bound to be.

They won't wear the pretty dresses
 That the maidens used to wear;
 But get a pair of knickers
 And wear them everywhere.

They chew their gum in company,
 And think it is all right;
 But when their mas were their age
 It was very impolite.

Not all the girls in Madison High,
 We are very glad to know,
 Keep up the style and wear the pants
 Wherever they may go.

A few are still old-fashioned.
 No paint on them is seen.
 And though a nose has freckles,
 It surely does look clean.
 A Sophomore Boy.

THE PROFESSOR'S DREAM

"Well today wasn't such a very bad day. The seniors came through pretty well on that state examination; Guilmet got one example right in algebra. Things look pretty encouraging. Well I suppose tomorrow will be j——"

"What on earth is that? Why, it looks like 'Work for the Night is Coming.' What's he here for? And there's 'Onward, Christian Soldiers,' 'Come, Thou Almighty King' and 'Rejoice, Ye Pure in Heart.'"

"What's 'Onward, Christian Soldiers' going to do?"

"Get up and sing me."

"What for?"

"Never mind what for, sing me."

That sung, up marches "Work for the Night is Coming." Then in come "Rejoice, Ye Pure in Heart" and "Come, Thou Almighty King." Then up comes "Onward, Christian Soldiers" again.

"I sang you once."

"Never mind, sing me again."

All four are sung again. Comes "Onward, Christian Soldiers" a third time. When "Work for the Night is Coming" appears again, he sinks onto the bed crying, "Don't make me sing you again, I'm tired of you."

"That doesn't make any difference. Sing me. Get up."

He starts and opens his eyes. His wife is calling that it is time to get up.

"Say, those scholars must be getting sick of those songs I'll see if I can find a new one this morning."

A Freshman

WHERE ARE THEY?

Lost, Strayed or Stolen: the Gumchewers of Madison High. All school activities will be suspended until they can be found. Reward offered. For further information apply at the English room, M. H. S.

It is sincerely hoped that information will be received concerning the lost gumchewers of Madison High. Miss Quimby goes around wearing a bewildered expression; Mr. Conner forgets to scold his Latin classes. "Variety is the spice of life." Madison is a humdrum place without Miss Quimby's, "Put that gum in the wastebasket. How many times have I told you not to come to my classes chewing gum?" And Madison High awaits with saddened hearts the return of the wanderers.

A Freshman

NOON HOUR IN THE ENGLISH ROOM

"All right, Dorothy, I am ready to have my conference with you," says Miss Quimby. They just have time to discuss the title of the essay, when in pops a disgruntled Junior.

"Oh, Miss Quimby, you know you told us to find out how high, how wide and how heavy Winthrop was and what was the color of his eyes, hair and complexion. I have looked through every book in that library and haven't found a thing about it."

Miss Quimby explains that she doesn't expect them to get an exact description, etc., etc. The poor Junior departs, relieved and happy.

"Now, Dorothy, we'll come back to your essay. This introduction needs to be improved. It—"

The doleful voice of a worried Freshman breaks in, "I have forgotten what Monday's assignment in History is. Did you tell us to find out if Nero sat in a sycamore tree and watched Rome burn?"

"No! No! Find out what Nero did while Rome was burning." She turns back to Dorothy. "Where were we? Oh, yes, as I was saying—"

"Miss Quimby, will you please tell me if this sentence is right. Should there be a semicolon or a colon after 'follows'?" This from a student at her elbow.

"Yes, that is all right. Now, as to that opening paragraph, you need to make it more—"

"Oh, Miss Quimby," cries a happy-go-lucky Sophomore, "I want to tell you that I haven't quite finished my essay. I will pass it in on Monday."

"Monday! But it's due today."

"I know, but you said you would excuse us, if we told you about it," and out he breezes, perfectly contented with himself and the world.

"Huh! I expect folks to have a better excuse than that before I excuse them from getting their work in on time. That introduction is far-fetched. Stick a little more closely to—"

"Excuse me. May I take the library keys?" asks a Senior librarian. "One of those Freshmen wants a book."

"Here they are. What was I saying? Oh, yes, stick a little more—"

"Oh, Miss Quimby, are you busy? I want to ask you

about my commencement essay. When can I see you about it?" comes from an ambitious Senior.

"Just as soon as I get through with Dorothy, I will see you. Rewrite this introduction, sticking a little—"

"What shall I do?" interrupts the worried voice of the chairman of the supper committee. "Three of the students have just told me that they can't bring the pies I asked them to bring for the supper."

"Oh, dear! A few students need to have a little more school spirit. Come in in a few minutes and we'll see what we can do. Please rewrite—"

"May I borrow your scissors? I want to cut out some articles for my English notebook." This from a Sophomore who nervously twists around while Miss Quimby makes a hurried search for the elusive article and finally remembers that she lent them to someone else a few minutes before.

"Now, Dorothy, you can make this introductory paragraph a great deal—"

"Do you want any supplies for next week?" asks Headmaster Conner from the doorway.

"Yes, I want both white and yellow paper. That is all, I believe. That paragraph would be greatly improved if—"

"Here is my notebook. Where shall I put it? There doesn't seem to be much room on your desk."

"I don't care where you put it if you only won't bother me, again."

In desperation she writes a huge sign, "STAY OUT," puts it on the outside of the door and resumes her seat.

"Write this paragraph over again and try to—"

The bell rings. "It's no use. We can't finish it now. Come back after English Club and we'll see if we can avoid interruptions."

A SENIOR.

**TRUE STORIES OF EARLY DAYS IN MADISON
BY THE SENIORS****A PRACTICAL JOKE**

Ruth Pearson

Singing schools used to be one of the most popular source of amusement during the early days in Madison. All the young folks attended these, some of them going more for the social part than for the musical instruction.

One night when singing school was being held at the Nickerson School House, a resident of the town was driving up the hill near the school when suddely a terrified shout of "Fire! Fire! Fire! Fire!" came to his ears. He seized a pail which he had with him and dashed toward the school house, thinking he could help put out the fire. A few mighty leaps brought him to the door. He knocked it open and burst into a roomful of astonished people who were lustily singing,

"Scotland's burning, Scotland's burning,
Cry out! Cry out!
Fire! Fire! Fire! Fire!
Pour on water, pour on water."

OAK PLANKS

Carleton Pearson

This may not have happened in Madison. Uncle Danny has heard his mother tell how "Uncle Abram" told the story, however, and if it did not actually happen in our town, it probably occured near by.

Uncle Abram was splitting planks for the new house he was building. The process was slow. He would fell a good straight oak, chop off the desired length, then split it in two with wedges. After that the two halves were hewed to the proper thickness, making two planks from each log.

He had just driven a wedge into the end of a log when six Indians sprang out of the woods and seized him. He saw it was useless to resist, so he gave up peacefully.

They said they were going to take him to Canada where there was a bounty for Englishmen who had been captured by Indians.

"That's all right," said Uncle Abram. "I'd just as soon live in Canada as anywhere. But I would like to finish splitting this log. My people don't know how to split them very well."

After a moment's consideration, the Indians decided to let him do it. They considered their number sufficient to hold him in any event.

He drove his second wedge into the other end of the log, but took care to place it at one side so that the crack would not meet the crack from the other end.

"This seems to be a tough log. Guess I'll have to use another wedge," he said and drove a third into the middle of the log, halfway between the first two cracks.

The log did not split. He looked at it disgustedly a moment, then turned to the Indians. "If you will all take hold of this log, three on each side, and pull, when I hit the wedge, I think we can split it."

The Indians obligingly placed their fingers in the crack and began to pull, three pulling each way.

"Now," said Uncle Abram and struck at the wedge. He hit it on the side instead of on the top and the wedge flew out. The crack closed. The Indians were prisoners.

Dropping his mallet, Uncle Abram ran for home, followed by the angry cries of the tricked Indians. As soon as possible he returned with a party of armed men, but the Indians had pulled their hands from the crack and escaped, leaving the bloody marks on the log to show where they had been imprisoned.

THE MAJOR

Leda Eldridge

Shoes in the olden days were made by a cobbler who went from house to house, taking his tools with him. He lived with the family for whom he was working until he finished the work.

Major Jackson, who lived where the Majors now is, was a cobbler of some renown. He once made a bet that he could

drive sixty pegs into a boot quicker than a chicken could eat sixty kernels of corn. Everyone knew his ability to make shoes but it was deemed impossible for him to perform this feat.

However, a rooster was secured and great preparations made for the contest. When the appointed time came, Major Jackson and the rooster began the race. It was a close contest but Major Jackson won out by two pegs for when he had driven his last peg, the rooster still had two kernels to eat.

SALT

Edith Gilman

In the early days Madison produced nearly all of her own supplies. Farming was then the principal industry. Beside food stuffs, flax was raised and made into clotting. Candles were dipped at home and fuel chopped from the forests. Wooden pegs were used instead of nails because of the scarcity of iron and the difficulty of making them.

One thing, however, which could not be obtained was salt. As there was no railroad, the people were obliged to go to Portland or Portsmouth (either by foot or ox cart) to get this article.

A stage coach route through Madison ran from Portland to Conway. But it was a long way to Portland and required three days to go by team. A trail marked by spotted trees through the forests shortened the trip and often tempted the settlers to make the trip on foot.

At one time a man who lived in East Madison walked all the way from Saco to his home in a single night carrying a half bushel of salt on his back. He had been working for several weeks in Saco. One Saturday night about six o'clock he started for home. He knew salt was needed so he carried it with him. He walked all night following the spotted trees and arrived at East Madison about six on Sunday morning.

A TRUE INDIAN STORY

Dorothy Huckins

There was a time when the Redmen roamed the forests of Madison, fishing in Silver Lake, hunting the bear and deer and holding council meetings in the Rock Barn. It was not strange for a group of Indians to stop at a white man's house and ask for food and lodging.

When Madison was first settled, a house was built by a Mr. Lary across the road from where Mrs. Amy Ambrose now lives. There were very few neighbors and the women were afraid to stay alone.

One day Mr. Lary was obliged to go away, leaving his wife and children alone. In the middle of the afternoon as she sat in front of the fireplace, knitting socks for winter, a knock was heard at the door. Thinking that some neighbor had come to spend the afternoon and evening, she hastened to the door and opened it with a friendly smile. Her expression quickly changed for there stood seven stalwart Indians. They asked to stay there that night and as it was bitterly cold, Mrs. Lary invited them in. Although she feared her dark-skinned visitors, she made them welcome and when bedtime came, she retired to her room leaving the Indians by the fireplace. She had been in bed only a short time when she heard a noise under the bed. Of course it was Indians! She at once called to the chief but he counted his men and reported all sleeping. A second time the noise was heard and again the chief reported all his men present. The third time it happened, the chief roused his men and they entered Mrs. Lary's room. A glance under the bed showed a negro hiding there.

The Indians chased him out of the house and after a short absence returned minus the negro. The rest of the night was spent in peace. When dawn came, the Indians went their way.

When Mr. Lary returned, his wife told him what had happened. He at once began a search for the negro. He did not find him but he discovered a well across the road was partly filled with stones. Believing that the negro was in this well, he finished filling it up. Later it was found out that he was a notorious criminal. Without the friendliness of the Indian guests Mrs. Lary might have been less fortunate.

A BEAR HUNT

Maynard Hilton

Early one morning in the spring when the snow was still deep, two boys started on snowshoes for Chocorua with a bag of corn. They had gone a mile or so from East Madison, where they lived, when they saw a dark object in the road ahead of them. When they came nearer, they saw it was a small bear.

They forgot all about the corn and started after the bear. They soon caught him. They decided to lead him home but the bear woke up and showed fight. One of the boys therefore decided to stay with the bear while the other went home for an ax with which to kill it. The bear went to sleep again and soon the boy who was guarding it decided to try once more to lead him. This time he awoke in earnest and was so mad that he started after the boy who ran around a tree. The bear followed. Soon the bear was in the lead and the boy grabbed hold of his tail. Round and round they went. When the brother returned with the ax, they killed the bear. When the the boy who stayed with the bear asked why his brother had been gone so long, he was told that a hot breakfast of pancakes and syrup was waiting when the brother reached home and tempted him to stop and eat.

THE FLANDERS FAMILY

Carroll Welch

There are many interesting stories of the early settlers. One I enjoyed is about a man who came to Madison from Hampton. He had a wife and four children. They came in 1787 and settled on the place now owned by T. C. Pearson which is on a steep hill about a mile east of the village. In the course of time a new road was built which avoided the hill. Mr. Flanders was bitterly opposed to the building of this road and was so stubborn that he refused to use the new road although it would have been much easier for him.

Mr. Flanders' chief business was farming. He had

a son, Shepherd, who helped him run the farm. Shepherd was known to be very absent-minded. At one time he was seen carrying a bag of salt on one of his shoulders and leading a donkey. Someone asked him why he didn't put the donkey on the other shoulder.

FIRST TOWN MEETING IN MADISON

Albert Conner

The first town meeting was held, not in the town hall, but at the home of Samuel Banfield in 1774. This was before Madison was chartered as a separate town and was in the town of Eaton, so called, which included the present Eaton and Madison. They had no warrants to post. A man called "The Town Crier" notified the inhabitants, going from house to house and giving the notice. This was the colonial way of notifying the voters.

We know very little about the business transacted at this first meeting. No doubt the necessary officers were elected and such other business attended to as was necessary. From the earliest days the New England town-meeting, that most democratic form of government, has been enjoyed by the settlers.

MADISON'S FIRST FOURTH OF JULY

Luther F. Hill

The first Fourth of July celebration in Madison was held about the year 1875 at the Pearson place. This is on a steep hill a few miles outside of the village. The spot selected for the celebration was a hillside in front of the house. The people began to gather in the early forenoon. The day was very hot and the shade of the large maples on the hill was most welcome.

While the older people visited, the children played games and even a few pranks as is the custom on the fourth. The forenoon passed quickly and when noon came, large pans of fish chowder were served. Bread, crackers and

doughnuts were also a part of the feast. Much of the pastry was made by kind neighbors.

A few of the men had built a grand stand. During the afternoon the people listened to speeches given from this grandstand by some of the citizens. A gathering like this would be dull without any music. There was no band anywhere near Madison. However, Madison boys formed a band, gathered together what musical instruments they could find and supplied the deficiency.

At the close of the day the people were invited to remain until evening and see the display of fireworks. A few remained but most of them expressed their thanks and returned home to attend to the evening chores. Those who remained had a good time, however.

AN OLD TIME STORY (CHOCORUA)

Albert Fortier

Before steam engines began to be used in this part of the state, there was a tannery and peg mill at Chocorua. This was run by water power. Soon the owner of the mill heard how much better steam would run machinery than water. So he sent to one of the big cities and bought a steam engine. When this arrived at Mount Whittier, a curious throng were waiting to see it. It was then hauled to Chocorua by an ox team.

The steam engine was set up and ran the mill all day. That night at just midnight, the owner blew the steam whistle. That was the first steam whistle ever heard in Carroll County. At the time people were very religious and Seth Perkins, one of the deacons, ran around crying that it was Gabriel's trumpet and that the world was coming to an end.

ALUMNI

Plymouth, N. H., February 1, 1925.

Dear Madison High:

I am very busy with school work just now, as you probably are. I still have time to think of M. H. S. frequently. When I told a friend about Madison High, she said, "Why, that school does everything that a large high school does. The pupils must be wide-awake. I'd like to visit it."

The best of wishes to the little big High School in Madison.

Sincerely,
Florence Pearson

Durham, N. H., February 1, 1925.

Dear Madison High,

Every time I think of Madison High, I think of the good times I had there. I hope each of you realizes what good times you are having now. I hope you will get the most out of your work while in school.

I was glad to hear that the basketball team is doing so well. I hope that they will keep up the good work and that each member of the student body will back them up for all they are worth. All of us can cheer when the team is winning, but the time when cheering is needed most is when the team is losing. Therefore, if the team loses a game, don't find fault with the players but cheer them up. They fought hard to win even though they didn't happen to be on the big end of the score.

With best wishes,
Paul Bickford.

SCHOOL NOTES

We wish to express our appreciation to all the friends who have so kindly supported us with advertisements and financial aid. We urge that as far as possible the school support the advertisers by trading with them.

Madison High School has been the recipient of eleven beautiful pictures. The prints are the gift of Mrs. James Meloon of Brookline and are beautiful sepia copies of such subjects as the Roman Forum, Venice and the Rialto, the Lion of Lucerne and St. Petersburg. Through the kindness of the Silver Lake Woman's Club these have been beautifully framed in brown frames which harmonize nicely with the prints. The pictures add much to the appearance of the school and are being much enjoyed.

The sign for Madison High School has been completed and placed over the front porch of the building. It has an orange background on which is painted in black letters "Madison High School."

Preparations are being made for the school play, "Daddy Long-Legs," which will be given sometime in the spring term.

Several interesting outside speakers have been heard at the English Club during the past few months. Mr. Jackson is always a welcome visitor. Rev. T. H. Scammon gave us an interesting talk on Literature which was well illustrated by selections from the poets. William Manley also entertained us with an account of the modern theater.

Following the plan started in the fall term, the boys arranged the Christmas party and the girls gave for their program a meeting of "The Know-it-all Club."

Two entertainments for money have been given by the club. The first was a program which incorporated the best from each of the class programs as given at the regular meetings of the English Club. The second was a supper given at I. O. O. F. Hall, which was followed by Educational pictures, "King of the Rails" from the General Electric Co., and "Preventing Diphtheria" from the John Hancock Insurance Co.

We have had some very interesting and instructive pictures as part of the regular work during the term. Pictures on Winter Wheat and Transportation were much enjoyed by the Commercial Geography Class and pictures on Rome by the History Classes.

Many of the students entered the Carroll County Farm Bureau Essay Contest and several of the students were fortunate enough to win prizes.

In the Senior Class essays were written for the Lincoln medal again this year. Albert Fortier was awarded the medal by the Judges. Marion Lyman, whose essay is printed in this issue, was a close second.

The Junior class has been receiving some very interesting letters from the Walla Walla (Washington) High School. After reading the "Oregon Trail" and dramatizing the story of Marcus Whitman, they wrote to Walla Walla, asking for the story of Whitman in which they had become interested.

The following letter was received from Barbara Reynolds, who was a student with us last year but who left this fall for the Pacific Coast.

Magnolia Beach, Vashon Island, Wash.,
February 20, 1925.

Dear Friends of Madison High,

Do not writers sometimes say, "Space does not permit enlargement upon this theme?" In my case it is my vocabulary that does not permit description of the wonders of our trip from coast to coast.

Just the treat of riding (by auto) day after day was a pleasure to me, and the four thousand miles were covered all too quickly.

The weather was very kind to us, at least in the day time, but when at night Virginia and I crawled to our cot bed stretched across the car seats, we thought that July would have been a better month for camping. Only once did we travel through snow and that was when we crossed the Continental Divide, at an elevation of 8835 feet above sea level.

Can you imagine grapes sold by the ton? We saw such a sign in Michigan.

Through the State of Iowa were continuous fields of corn, and in Nebraska alfalfa fields. In both of these states immense herds of cows and horses grazed on the plains. But the most beautiful sight to me was the flocks of sheep in Wyoming. We talked with one shephard who said there were thirty-four hundred in his flock. The sheep are about the color of sage brush upon which they feed when grass is not

to be found. Such numbers of sheep make the whole mountain side look as though it were moving.

We traveled for miles along a plateau, and then by a steep and winding road climbed over a mountain range to the next plateau. In passing over some of these ranges the roads were so very narrow and steep that sometimes two of the men had to walk ahead to see if a car were coming, for to pass would have been impossible, except at certain places.

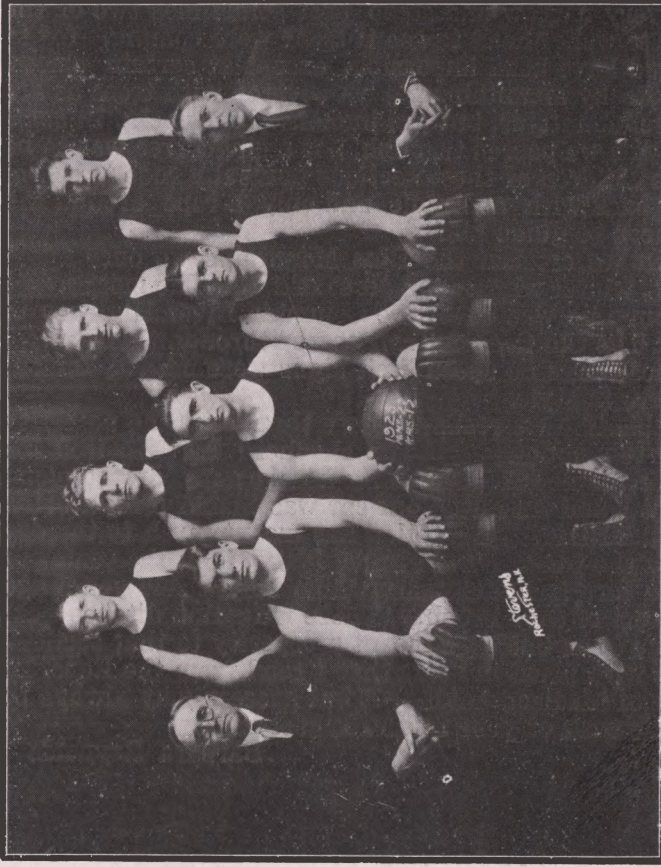
The Rocky Mountains are not covered with trees as are the White Mountains, but are immense bare rocks. In some of the towns we passed through, not a single tree was to be seen. The children of these sections generally rode to school on horse back with no saddle and only a rope around the horse's neck to guide him.

When we crossed the Blue Mountains we once again saw trees, winter wheat and acres of fruit. The most scenic part of our trip was down the Columbia River Highway to Portland. The Old Oregon Trail passed through this section, but in those days no speed limit signs were needed, for ox-teams were in style.

On this trip we realized more than ever the necessity of water to a country. The shepherd had to look for brooks for his flocks. The early immigrants camped along river banks, and once even our car was thankful for a drink from Snake River. Irrigation has meant much to the dry section of the west. Twin Falls, Idaho, is in the center of a 500,000 acre irrigated tract which only a few years ago was a desert of sage brush. Those irrigation ditches looked strange to us but they meant prosperity to that section.

It is with great interest that I read from the Reporter the news of Madison High. That success may always be hers is the wish of your former school-mate.

Barbara Reynolds



Front row: Principal E. C. Conner, Luther Hill, Al Conner, Paul Nason, and Coach Gilman; back row, Franklin Kennett, Frank Pearson, Carleton Pearson and Robert Granville.

ATHLETICS

Athletics at Madison High during the winter term center around basketball. As Madison has no football, the basketball team got busy during the last half of October.

With the class of 1924 three veteran players graduated; Arthur Gilman, Roland Ward, and Roland Lyman. These three boys had been instrumental in bringing the County Championship to Madison at least once, and their graduation seemed a calamity so far as future success in basketball at Madison was concerned. When the season opened ten determined boys under the leadership of Capt. Al Conner, and the coaching of John Pond of the Independent, brought about a different aspect. The first game was at Par. Sem. October 30th. This contest was more football than basketball, and Madison lost by the score 25 to 23. A fine spirit of good sportsmanship, supplemented with sandwiches and coffee by the Par. Sem. boys, took away any sting that occasionally comes from defeat.

At Madison, Nov. 7th., the Madison outfit began to show power and Par. Sem. was decisively beaten, 26 to 14.

Porter High of Kezar Falls came to Madison, Nov. 12th. Roy Pierce of Kezar Falls handled the game as referee. Madison won 36 to 23.

Nov. 14th. Bartlett High for the first time played on the Madison floor. Half a hundred or more fans came down from the north country with a fast, ambitious outfit to put a crimp in the Madison program, but Paul Nason, Lute Hill, and Al Conner couldn't be stopped and Bartlett took the count 28 to 12. The two Pearsons in this game began to be much in evidence, and gave promise of a powerful defense for the later games.

Nov. 21st., Madison played a return game at Kezar Falls and won after a close contest, 32 to 30.

The last game before Christmas vacation was at Bartlett Nov. 25th and Bartlett won, 31 to 18. The game was closely contested during the first half, but in the second half the Madison boys became disgusted with the conditions under which they were playing and their team work went to pieces.

During the first week of the winter term Oscar W. Pearson, head coach of the basketball teams at Phillips Exeter Academy came to Madison to help the team out. It is not often that rural high school boys have the oppor-

tunity of being coached by a man of Mr. Pearson's reputation and the Madison boys showed their appreciation by absorbing as much basketball as possible during Mr. Pearson's short stay.

Jan. 13th., Madison met its rival, Kennett High, on the Kennett floor, and after a heartbreaking struggle, Madison won 21 to 19. In this game team work began to be evident.

Jan. 23rd. Nute High was beaten at Madison 56 to 14 and the Madison team began to get into trim for the second Kennett game at Madison, Jan. 30th.; when again Madison won, this time decisively, 27 to 12.

Nute was beaten after a hard game, Feb. 6th., 14 to 13, and Madison's preliminary schedule was completed with a record of eight victories and two defeats.

The team is scheduled to meet West Side High of Manchester at Manchester, Feb. 27th. Mr. Pearson has kindly invited the team to work out under his coaching on the large Exeter floor the evening before the Manchester game. This will be a great help to the team and Madison is very grateful to the Exeter Athletic Department for this concession to a small rural high school team.

The successful season is due to several reasons. First of all, there has been a fine spirit of harmony and cooperation among the players. John Pond laid the foundation for a strong offense which Mr. Pearson brought to a high degree of efficiency, while Cecil Gilman in his easy way has kept the team on its toes. As to the individual players, it would be unfair to single out one for distinction. With the clean shooting of Capt. Conner, Nason, and Hill, combined with the powerful defense of the two Pearsons, the coaches turned out a team that has been hard to beat. Another factor in the successful season is the second team that has taken its regular battering as a matter of duty to the school.

With the present class, Al Conner, "Lute" Hill, Carleton Pearson, and Sewell Kennett will graduate, but Paul Nason and Frank Pearson, one brilliant on offense, and the other a whole team on defense, may be counted upon to bring home the bacon again in 1926. The second team will furnish excellent material, so the outlook is not so bad as it appears at first.

The scores to date are as follows:

Madison, 23; Par Sem., 25
Madison, 26; Par Sem., 14.
Madison, 36; Porter High, 23.
Madison, 32; Porter High, 30.
Madison, 28; Bartlett High, 12.
Madison, 18; Bartlett High, 31.
Madison, 21; Kennett High, 19.
Madison, 56; Nute High, 14.
Madison, 27; Kennett High, 12.
Madison, 14; Nute High, 13.

BASE BALL

In base ball Madison ought to be fairly successful. Henry Hobbs will fill Austin Savary's place behind the bat, Luther Hill will play third, while Al. Conner and Paul Nason will alternate between first base and the rubber. Al ought to be better than last year and should do the heavy work, while Paul must be groomed for the school's mainstay as pitcher in 1926. With Sewell Kennett, Carroll Welch, Alfred Moody and several promising freshmen, a good team should be developed.

Games with Kennett, Porter, Par Sem., and West Side High of Manchester have been arranged with other games pending.

JOKES

M. M. (asking for a blotter), "Mr. Blotter, have you a conner?"

* * * *

Heard in the laboratory, "Are you coming to my wedding when I am an old maid?"

* * * *

Latin II. Mr. C., "When Caesar reached the Rhine, what did he do?"

No answer.

Mr. C., "He proposed to Bridget." (bridge it)

* * * *

History Recitation: "President Coolidge took his hands right in his life by riding on a common train."

* * * *

In Commercial Geography: "We know that all our soles (souls) are made of paper board."

* * * *

Mr. C., picking up his red ink bottle, "I thought it was strange where all those flies had gone. I have them all in my red ink."

* * * *

Miss Q. "Marion, how may the President be removed from office?"

M. L. "By impeachment, when he is physically unable to do his duties and—and—when he dies."

* * * *

Miss Q., showing pictures of State Prison to Seniors, "I suppose none of you have had the good fortune to get into the State's Prison."

* * * *

Mr. C. "Has anyone an eraser with a rubber on it?"

* * * *

Ask Charley what the name of Pope Pius XI is.

* * * *

Can anyone translate without reading?

* * * *

When bracelets are found, do they always belong to the boys? Ask Lute.

* * * *

We wonder if H. H. still thinks that a poll tax applies to telegraph poles?

If things were as they seem would Suzie, Allie and Polly be girls?

* * * *

The main room is nine feet and thirteen inches high according to a freshman's measurement.

EXCHANGES

We are glad to acknowledge the following exchanges:

"The Western Star" Western Junior High School, West Somerville, Mass. We find your paper an excellent one for a Junior High School. All the departments seem well balanced.

"The Hanoverian", Hanover High School, Hanover, Mass. The departments are well arranged. The paper shows a good school spirit.

"The Red and Black," Stevens High School, Claremont, N. H., Very good editorials. The paper would be stronger if it had a larger literary department.

"The Leavitt Angus," Turner Center, Maine, Headings for the departments would improve the appearance of the paper.

"The Red and White," Rochester High School, Rochester, N. H. This paper has very good editorials and a very good literary department.

"The Academy Herald," Gould Academy, Bethel, Maine. The paper is well arranged and your department headings are especially attractive.

"The Profile," Plymouth High School, Plymouth, N. H. We like your literary department.

"The Brewster," Brewster Free Academy, Wolfeboro, N. H. Why not enlarge your literary department.

We were also much interested in a copy of the "Broadcaster" published by the Alton High School. This seems to be an excellent project and one worthy of commendation.

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