

The
Madisonian



Madison High School

March 1927

THE MADISONIAN

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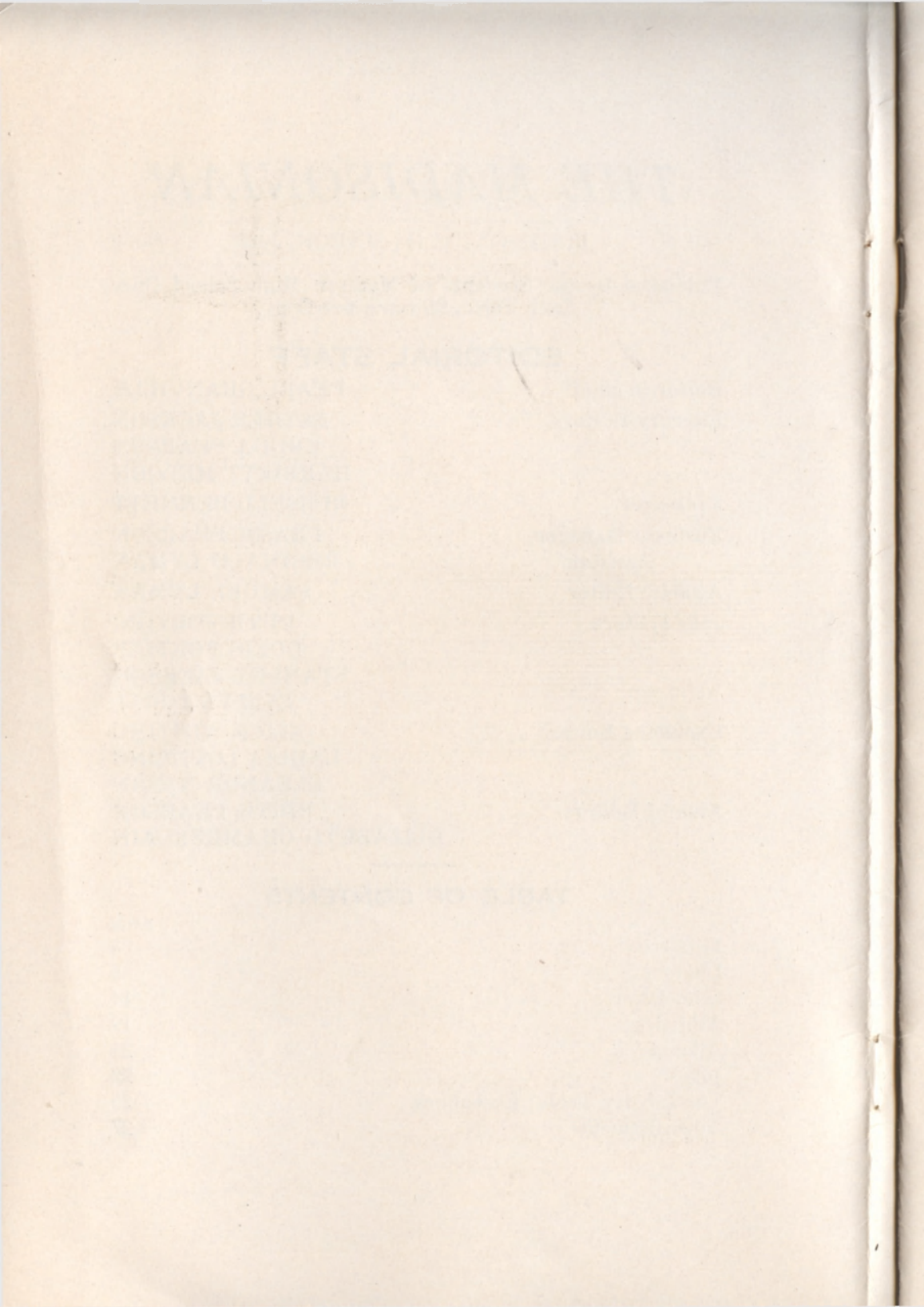
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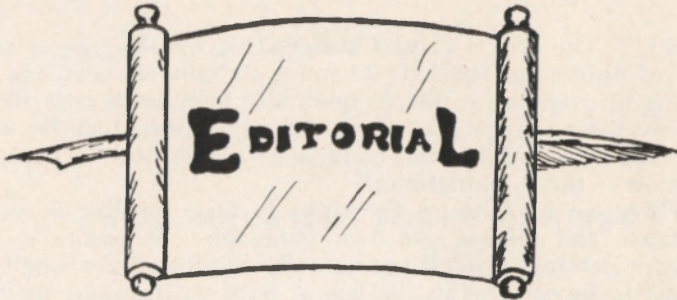
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"Habit is a cable; we weave a thread of it every day, and at last we cannot break it,"—Horace Mann.

TRAINING FOR WORLD PEACE.

Garfield once said, "Next in importance to freedom and justice is popular education, without which neither justice nor freedom can be permanently maintained." While we are yet training ourselves in the high schools and colleges of the country, we are determining our future attitude toward world peace. Our high school pupils are often given opportunities to get in touch with students of other countries through correspondence. International public speaking contests as well as international college debates have their influence in placing us on friendly terms with the young people in other lands. A country's wars are carried on by means of its common people and if those common people have friendly relationships, the war will end before it starts. There peace begins. Right now we are training ourselves for future thoughts and attitudes. What we shall do when we shall have more direct influence in world affairs is being determined now.

"There is so much good in the worst of us,
And so much bad in the best of us,
That it hardly behooves any of us
To talk about the rest of us."

R.P.

ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKEN

Recently our attention was attracted by the following headlines: "Advertisements in Constantinople to be Letter

Perfect." The article in part stated, "Advertisements or any form of public announcements must contain no mistakes in spelling or grammar.—Shopkeepers also have been ordered to simplify their shop signs, which are notoriously lengthy and elaborate. Individuals and companies are subject to fine for violation of these regulations."

Have we in America the right to take the line of least resistance and misuse our own language? It seems to be almost a national trait, if not actually to misuse the English, at least to be careless in the use of both written and spoken words. Who has not seen signs telling autoists to "run slow?"

We all know that if we do not use good English, in time we fail to recognize it. We become so familiar with vulgar or incorrect terms that they no longer grate on our ears when we hear them. Are we willing that incorrect English should be made standard because the constant use of poor forms have made them so common we accept them? Most of us, I am sure, want the language kept pure. But how to do it? Shall we advocate force to accomplish that which national pride should do? Results would be much more satisfactory if we did it without force. We can each do our part by beginning right now and speaking only good English. Careless talking will act like a boomerang and rob the student or individual who indulges in poor English of one mark of the educated. Let us start now to purge our language of all careless and incorrect forms. Let's be real "Knights of Good English."

P. G.

Literary

"We cannot fail until we try."

AN AGGRAVATING FORTY MINUTES

Edith Pearson, 1929

I seated myself comfortably at my desk, with paint brush in hand and paint box lying open on the desk. Soon I was deep in the art of painting the first letter of "Lady of the Lake." Suddenly bump! Splash! The "L" was nearly ruined. What should I do? Things calmed down again so I concluded that the boy who sits in front of me had simply had to change his position and hoped that he would keep still the rest of the period.

Once more I set to work. I evened the "L" and started on the "A." At a critical place on the curve, the disturber suddenly brought his elbow back—bang against my desk. Then he made a grab for his head. I wonder if it was a flea! I am sorry if it hurt him but not half so sorry as I am about my poor "A." What could I do to fix that? To relieve my feelings a bit, I gave him a slight kick.

All was quiet now and I soon had finished the "D;" but on the "Y," the fleas were at it again. Why didn't they stop biting, if only to help me out?

"Of the" was accomplished with only a few blots, but on the second "L," the boy raised his hand to his head, then almost clapped his hands. He must have had an inspiration and was very happy about it. I was not, I can tell you. I was raving and gave his foot a rough kick, then glanced quickly up to see if Mr. Nelson had been looking. He had not. However, I decided I'd better keep my foot at home in the future.

I thought that kick had done the business for I finished the "L," and "A" and "K" were done without further trouble. "E" was now under way when plump! he went into his seat. He had just returned from getting a piece of paper. That was all but it was enough to ruin my "E." Mr. Nelson saved his life by ringing the bell at that moment.

I banged the cover onto the paint box, gathered up my books and started for English class, thinking how thankful I was that study period was over.

NEW HAMPSHIRE'S NEWEST SPORT

Frank Pearson, 1927

Whips cracked, drivers shouted, dogs whined, and New Hampshire's newest winter sport was under way. Team after team went by us. How handsome they were—tails curled over their backs, heads erect and smiles on their faces. Each team was made up of seven magnificently strong dogs, drawing a long, light wooden sled with the driver now riding, now running beside the sled, now pushing to help the dogs.

Not long ago the world was watching with abated breath each day's journey of just such a team as we have seen. Nome was stricken with that dreaded disease, diphtheria. The doctors needed the life-saving serum, which was absolutely necessary if lives were to be saved. Airplans made the attempt and failed. Then, our hero, Sepalla, the owner and driver of a beautiful team of dogs, came forward. He won, as we know, and Nome was saved. Most of us knew something about dog teams before this incident, but few of us realized how important was the part they played.

Years ago when the north was attracting many adventurous citizens of the United States, one of our New Hampshire men was drawn to it. For many years he drove dog teams in the north country, then he returned to his home in New Hampshire. Mr. Walden, who loves and understands dogs, did not stop driving a dog team when he returned to his native state. He trained a team and won races in Canada and Maine. At first it was an awe-inspiring sight to see his team of beautiful dogs traveling across the country. Now we often see such teams—indeed nearly every boy has a team of his own. We are never too busy, however, to stop and admire them.

A little more than two years ago Mr. Walden organized a Club, which is now known as the New England Sled Dog Club, with the purpose of having races in New England each winter. The club has met with favor and prospered. This section of New England was chosen for the races.

The race is a point to point race and takes three days covering about fifty miles each day. Not only is time taken into consideration but the condition of the dogs also counts. Mr. Walden has shown his interest in and love for dogs by the rules he has backed for these races.

LOOKING UP A WORD

Esther Jackson, 1928

"Mother," I said one day, "What does incompatibility mean?"

"I am not quite sure, my dear," said mother. "You had better look it up in the dictionary and find out for yourself. You would probably remember it longer if you did, anyway."

After long hesitation, I decided it was too much work to get up and go over to the dictionary; so I sat still and kept on reading, which I had been doing when I came across the word. I found that I could not read. I could think of nothing except the possibilities of what that word might mean. It was exasperating! I could get no sense out of what I was reading.

"Oh, dear," I said, "must I go over there to hunt it up before I go on reading?" I discovered that I probably would have to do that very thing. Just then, luckily, or so I thought, my brother, Stanley, came into the room. I grasped at the faint hope that perhaps he would look it up.

"Stanley," I said, "will you look up a word in the dictionary for me? I want to know what 'incompatibility' means."

"Sure," he said, "I'll try. I'm not very good at looking up things, though."

I sat there gazing at the blank wall in wonder that Stanley didn't have some important business out in the other part of the house just then. Presently I heard a snort in Stanley's direction.

"For heaven's sake, Esther, how on earth do you spell the bloomin' word?"

"Oh," I said, relieved that that was all that was the matter, 'i-n-c-o-m-p-a-t-i-b-i-l-i-t-y.'

"If that isn't just like you," he remarked. "Why didn't you tell me before how it was spelled? I was looking in the 'e's.' I thought it began with 'e.' And anyhow, I've forgotten how the rest of it was spelled. You can look it up yourself."

With which parting shot, he left the room and I was obliged to look it up myself.

SOME TASKS WE ADORE OR ABHOR

A vote was recently taken at M. H. S. on the daily task we most enjoy and that, we most detest. Out of the thirty-six

pupils, seven dislike doing dishes most, while three liked that task best. Seven went on record as disliking the woodbox, but not one called it a pleasant job. Other dislikes were "getting up in the morning," "carrying water," "milking," "churning," and "haying." Five readily agreed that "cooking" was their special delight while others expressed preferences for "sewing," "washing," "cleaning," "gardening" and "feeding the animals." A few of the essays follow:

THE WOODBOX

Stanley Jackson, 1929

The filling of the woodbox
Is a task that I abhor,
And when that subject's mentioned
I slip outside the door.

Now to escape the woodbox
'Tis quite unwise to try,
For when there's no wood in it,
Ma can't make any pie.

The woodbox is a terror
And from now till judgment day,
It will haunt the minds of little boys
While they are out to play.

GETTING UP

Elizabeth Chamberlain, 1928

Any fool can go to bed, but getting up takes a man.
In summers getting up early is not so bad for all outdoors calls to me. Birds sing and gentle breezes bring to me the sweet perfume of the many flowers that grow beneath my windows. "Old Sol" too, does his part by sending golden rays across my coverlet. Dreamily watching forms take shape under the sun's guiding rays I leisurely crawl out of bed. Leisurely I dress, planning meanwhile "What I shall do today."

But in winter! Br-r-r-r! but it is cold! I very carefully

put out one hand and cautiously test the air. I wriggle upward a little until the whole of my head and shoulders are visible. Then cuddling back among my pillows, I lazily try to discern many things drawn by Jack Frost's artists on my window pane. There are mountains and valleys; ferns and flowers; dogs and even men and women. I lay and dread getting up a little longer. Finally after putting it off as long as I dare, I muster up courage to get up. I jump out of bed. No leisurely dressing now! I slip into my clothes as hurriedly as possible and race downstairs to muse beside the kitchen fire.

WASHING DISHES

Alice Whiting, 1928

Did I ever get comfortably seated with a nice new book but someone called, "Come on, let's do the dishes now. The water is hot."

As I write I can just see a dishpan full of dishes to be washed. Oh! how I dislike to wash dishes.

When I was considerably younger than I am now, I used to disappear when there were dishes to be washed. Often I ate a little too much dinner and didn't feel very well. (It is to be noticed that I recovered rapidly when the dishes were done.) As I grow older my dislike does not diminish in the least. The worst of it is, that now there is no escape.

Three times a day! Over and over dishes must be washed and rinsed and dried. I never get one panful clean before it seems to be time to wash some more.

GETTING DINNER

Rhoda Pearson, 1928

I especially enjoy getting a whole meal. Left to myself once with a dinner to prepare, I began to plan, "I'll have baked potatoes, creamed codfish, squash, and--tomato salad. What shall I have for dessert? I know, I'll have a cottage pudding."

So I stirred up the fire and started to make the cake for the pudding. I was just about to turn the batter into the pan when it occurred to me that I had used all cream tartar and no soda. I had neither time nor material to waste. Finally I

resolved to try adding enough soda to offset the cream tartar. If it wasn't good, we just wouldn't have any dessert. So I popped the cake into the oven and hurried down cellar for the potatoes, squash and codfish.

I was fixing the squash after preparing the potatoes to bake and putting the codfish on to soak when little Nattie appeared. He announced, "I'm going to help you get dinner." I groaned inwardly as I replied, "All right. Suppose you fill up the woodbox to start with. I think I'll need some more wood to finish baking the cake." Much to my surprise he set to work willingly.

Somehow between running to see if the cake was rising properly and rushing to make Nattie put down the wood carefully so the cake wouldnt fall, I fixed the squash and put it on to cook. By that time the cake was done; it seemed to have risen all right in spite of its double dose of soda and cream tartar. Soon I had the potatoes in the oven and the milk heating for the codfish.

Then, while in reply to Nattie's insistent demand I tied his shoestring, I said aloud, "Well, I may as well finish the codfish now. Oh, dear! I used the last egg and I'll have to get one."

But Nattie broke in with, "Let me go out to the henhouse and get it. I know where there is one."

"All right, if you are sure you won't break it. And I'll fix the tomato salad now."

But when I was finally ready for the egg, Nattie hadn't appeared. I looked to see that everything was all right on the stove, and then rushed to the henhouse. Nattie was nowhere to be seen. Suddenly I heard a squalling and scuffling that seemed to come from the loft. I ran up the stairs and there was Nattie in a corner beside a nest full of eggs. He had an egg in one hand. A cross old hen was planted in front of him wings spread, squalling angrily and dashing forward every time he tried to escape. I drove the hen away and persuaded Nattie to put the egg back. After a few minutes' search, I found a good one and reached the house just in time to save the squash from burning on.

When I had finished the codfish, all was ready but the pudding sauce. Five minutes more and that was cooking and I had the dishes warming for the food.

By that time I was ready to give in to Nattie's coaxing and let him ring the dinner bell. The potatoes were just right and I had time to put things on while the folks were sitting

down. As I sank into my chair, I saw with dismay that I had forgotten the salads. I rushed to put them on and as I was hurrying in with the last one, the cat ran in my way and in trying to avoid stepping on her, I dropped the salad and broke the plate. That cleaned up, I dropped into my seat with a sigh of relief and explained that I didn't care for any salad that day.

But after all, that dinner looked pretty good. The white codfish, brown potatoes, rich yellow squash and enticing red tomatoes made an appetizing appearance. Everything was ready on time. Surely there is joy in accomplishment.

DIARY OF A PAIR OF FEET

Lloyd Stevens, 1928

We, a pair of feet, belong to a modern young girl called a "Flapper." She is very popular among her young friends and is always on the "go."

Wednesday—Spent afternoon walking about town with young fellow. She bought new pair of shoes for us and they are at least one whole size too small. In evening we went to dance with our new shoes. They were so tight that we ached and ached until she simply had to go home early and have the shoes removed. Before going to bed we were soaked in hot water with some horrible "foot ease powders" that only made matters worse.

Thursday—Went Shopping. One of us was walked upon in a jam and a corn has started which is bothering a great deal.

Friday—Went to country wearing sporting shoes. They were so large that they allowed us to spread out causing us to ache. We slipped around a lot and raised blisters.

Saturday—Climbed a mountain and nearly died for we wore high healed pumps and they slipped.

Sunday—We went in bathing this afternoon. We were cut on some broken glass, then we sat in the sun and got a burn.

Monday—Got back to town this afternoon in time to get ready for a banquet. Donned our new shoes again which made us ache worse than ever after being allowed so much room. The blisters and burn gave us much pain so that we had to return home and miss the fun. We went to bed im-

mediately. The folks say we are weak, delicate little feet.
Who is to blame?

CHOCORUA MOUNTAIN

Elizabeth Chamberlain, 1928

I can see it from my window
Just one all majestic peak—
See the sunlight gently kiss it
Where the shadows softly creep,

I can see it by the lakeside
When the moon begins to shine.
I can see the peak grow nearer
As when up its sides I climb.

But then it is the prettiest—
Or, at least I think it so—
When its tall peak is glittering,
Sparkling, shining with the snow.

CONTENTMENT

Harriet Meloon, 1927

In the treetops gently swaying
Lives a bird.
Singing softly to her babies,
I have heard.

Soon the father comes a flying,
With a worm.
Breaks it up and feeds it to them
Each in turn.

Soon the babes are fed and sleeping
Gone to rest
All are happy, all contented,
Which is best.

PRIZE SPEAKING CONTEST

Reginald Lyman, 1927

The prize speaking contest is over
And my nerves are quieting down.
But "yours truly" didn't take any prizes
Or gain for himself much renown.

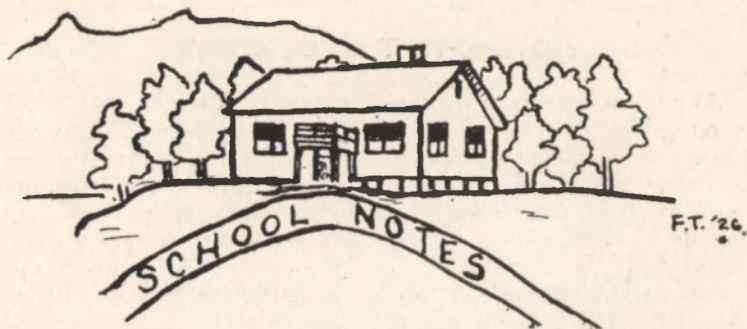
The Woman's Club surely is thoughtful
To sponsor this speaking contest
And get us all to speak pieces
To prove who can do it the best.

It's no fun for me to memorize
A score or more pages of prose
But it's easier, far than reciting,
And keeping my head and my poise.

While a roomful of people sit watching
To see if I make a mistake,
I try to keep calm and act natural
When my knees are beginning to shake.

And my heart gets to beating so wildly
I feel they can all see it beat.
My face gets as red as a lobster,
I feel as though I had prickly heat.

Then the audience seem to be whirling
And everything fades from my view,
While I go faster and faster
Till somehow that piece I get through.



“For you we’d live, for you we’d die,
Madison High, our Madison High.”

CHRISTMAS TREE

The annual Christmas tree was enjoyed on the last afternoon of school before the holidays. Before Santa Claus, in the person of Headmaster Nelson, distributed the gifts from the well-loaded tree, a short program was given. Carols were sung by the school and the Freshmen and Sophomore classes presented in entertaining fashion the troubles of the Ruggles family from Mrs. Wiggin’s “Christmas Carol.” Refreshments were served by the losing side in the Madisonian contest following the distribution of gifts.

MADISONIAN CONTEST

In order to secure annual subscriptions, a contest was arranged by the Business Manager of the Madisonian. The school was divided into two teams with Alice Whiting as captain of one group and Eleanor Nason of the second group. The contest was very close and resulted in a goodly number of subscriptions. Alice Whiting’s side won with a point or two to the good.

OFFICERS

English Club officers for the present term are:

President,	Frank Pearson
Vice-President,	Doris Fortier
Secretary,	Lahlia Lovering
Treasurer,	Samuel Lyman

OUTSIDE SPEAKERS

We have had several very interesting talks by visitors to the Knights of Good English. Miss Hobbs, who taught for several years in the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia, told us many interesting things about her work there. Rev. Adams talked on "Historic Geology," tracing in a clear and interesting way the growth of the world from its earliest stages to the present. Mr. Boomer gave us an instructive talk on the White Pine Blister Rust, which was illustrated with stereoptican slides.

TEACHERS

Miss Learned of the State University has taken the place of Miss Hall, who returned to college the first of the term, and is teaching the French. We are enjoying her work with us.

DEBATING LEAGUE

We were obliged to withdraw from the Debating League because the schedule submitted was such we could not participate without great expense and the loss of much school time. Much interest had been shown in debating so we regret the necessity of giving up our membership in the League.

ENGLISH PROJECT

The English classes have been editing some special magazines this term. Each pupil has constituted a staff of one doing all the work from cover design to advertising lines, on one paper. Some very attractive papers, dealing with a variety of subjects, are the result.

CORRESPONDENCE CLUB

Recently addresses of high school pupils in other lands were received from the N. H. Peace Society and a number of M. H. S. students availed themselves of this opportunity to write to "friends" in other lands. We are anxiously awaiting replies from Chile and Japan, England and India. We hope to have some letters to print in the June issue.

JUNIOR PROJECT

Recently the Junior class submitted a folder, which they had designed to advertise Madison, to the Board of Trade. The cover was made by Alice Whiting and each Junior had a special topic to look up and write about.

K. G. E. ACTIVITY

The English Club undertook to clean the schoolhouse after the Christmas holidays. Cleaning squads were organized and all worked with such a will that the building was cleaned in one afternoon. The money earned was used for athletics.

SCHOOL PLAY

Rehearsals for the Annual play have begun. This year the play is to be "Believe Me, Xantippe" and the cast is as follows:

George MacFarland,
"Wren,"
Thornton Brown,
Arthur Sole,
"Buck" Kamman,
"Simp" Kalloway,
Dolly Kamman,
Martha,
Violet,

Frank Pearson
Reginald Lyman
Stanley Jackson
Samuel Lyman
James St. Pierre
Russell Bennett
Alice Whiting
Edith Pearson
Pearl Granville

FRENCH NOTES

The Senior French Class has organized as a club which meets each Monday, Wednesday and Friday afternoons at the regular class period. The aim of the club is to speak French accurately and fluently. The class has chosen for a motto, "Aucun chemin de fleurs ne conduit a la gloire" (There is no pathway of flowers leading to glory.) Russell Bennett presides during the first part of the class period when the meetings are held. Reports or selections are given by the members of the class, all speaking being in French.

The Elementary French Class recently held a "Verb contest" between the girls and boys. There was much friendly rivalry but the girls won by a large score.

Some interesting compositions have been written in French by the Juniors. Among the subjects chosen were "Winter," "Winter Sports," and "Dog Racing."

TOWN MEETING

The Knights of Good English held their annual Town Meeting Friday afternoon, March 4. There was little opposition to the raising of sums as proposed by the selectmen except that for a plow. Debate was lively on this article, but those in favor of buying a snowplow and bonding the Town carried the vote.

WASHINGTON PARTY

The Knights of Good English entertained the grade school children at a Washington Party held in the town hall, February 22. A program consisting of patriotic songs, exercises and recitations by the different grade schools and a play, "The Soldier's Angel" dramatized by the seniors, was enjoyed. Ice cream cones were served after the program.

HEADINGS—A GIFT

The Madisonian staff is rejoicing over a gift of money from the Silver Lake Woman's Club which will enable them to have heading plates made for those departments which are not already provided with one. The first of these plates, heads the Athletic Section of this issue. We are sure these cuts will add much to the attractiveness of our paper and we appreciate the gift very much.

PUBLIC SPEAKING

Public Speaking has held the center of the stage during this term. Try-outs were given each of the classes in turn on Friday afternoons, Rev. Adams, Mrs. George Chick and Mrs. Gyle Kennett acting as judges. The finals were held in the Town Hall on February 9, under the auspices of the Woman's Club who offered the prizes. Judges were Rev. Wilder of North Conway, Mrs. Ladd of Ossipee and Mrs. Lane of Conway. We all feel that this second annual contest was a huge success.

Program

Duet,

Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Gilman

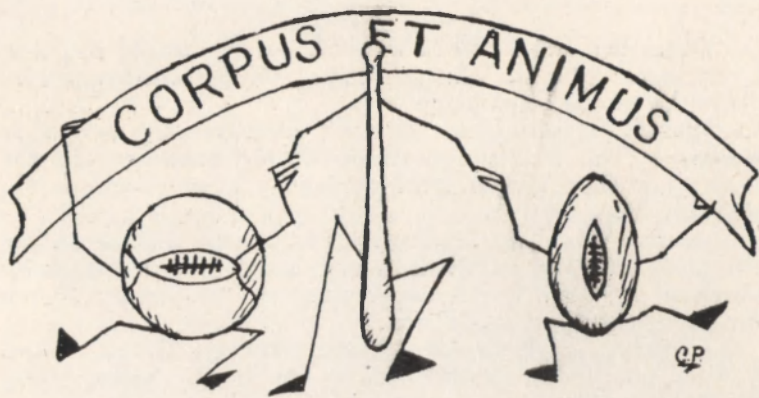
Recitation, "The Stolen Christmas Tree,"	Rhoda Pearson
" " "The Swan Song,"	Edith Pearson
" " "The Lost Word,"	Esther Jackson
Solo,	Mrs. James Ridgway
Recitation, "The Lie,"	Lahlia Lovering
" " "The Honorable Ransom Peabody,"	Elizabeth Chamberlain
" " "Our Guide in Genoa and Rome,"	Alice Whiting
Cornet Duet,	Mr. James Ridgway and Mrs. Gilman
Recitation, "Horatius,"	Stanley Jackson
" " "The Conversion of Hetherington,"	James St. Pierre
Awarding of Lincoln Medal,	Supt. F. W. Jackson
Music,	Mrs. Gilman
Judges' Decision.	

Prizes went to Edith Pearson, first; James St. Pierre, second; and Lahlia Lovering, third.

Esther Jackson represented the school at the Interscholastic Public Speaking Contest at Durham, where she did a very creditable piece of work although she won no prize.

LINCOLN ESSAYS

Following the plan of the last few years, the Juniors and Seniors all wrote essays on Abraham Lincoln which were submitted to a committee of Judges who decided on the best one. The judges selected Ruth Fortier's essay and she was awarded the Lincoln medal, offered by the Illinois Watch Company. The compositions were all unusually good this year.



“Clean sportsmanship makes a clean game.”

Basket ball has been the chief athletic interest during the winter months. The team opened the season by defeating Quimby High at Sandwich. The boys had had little practice and the slippery floor made the game somewhat rough. Score, M. H. S. 36; Q. H. S. 10.

November 2. The Quimby boys came to Madison for the return game which ended in a second victory for Madison. Score, M. H. S., 57; Q. H. S., 21.

November 18. Par. Sem. was defeated at Madison after a hard fought game. This game was the fastest of the season. Score, M. H. S. 28; P. S., 26.

November 19. Madison met Porter High at Kezar Falls and was defeated. The game with Par. Sem. the night before helped to bring about this defeat. Score, P. H. S., 41; M. H. S., 26.

November 23. Madison played the return game with Par. Sem. The teams were evenly matched. Score, P. H. S., 21; M. H. S., 21.

November 26. Madison defeated Nute at Milton in an overtime game. Score, M. H. S., 47; N. H. S., 44.

December 3. Madison vs. Alumni. Score, M. H. S., 66; Alumni, 38.

December 17. The second game with Nute at Madison showed that the Nute boys were no match for Madison on the home floor. Score, M. H. S., 62; N. H. S., 22.

December 21. Madison met Ossipee at Ossipee and won by a score of 24 to 11. Ossipee was somewhat handicapped by the injury of one of its players.

Jan 11. Madison met its rival, Kennett High School at Madison. The Madison boys could not seem to find the basket but they fought until the end. Score, Kennett, 31; Madison, 23.

January 14. The Madison team went to Alton on the afternoon train and returned the next noon. Score, Alton, 42; Madison, 18. We greatly appreciate the hospitality shown our boys by the people of Alton.

January 28. The second game between M. H. S. and A. H. S. resulted in another victory for Alton. Score, Alton, 48; Madison, 21.

February 4. Madison boys went to Bartlett on the night train. Score: Bartlett, 43; Madison, 15.

February 18. Madison defeated Bartlett on the home floor with a score of 31 to 19.

February 22. Madison was badly defeated by Kennett at Conway. Score, K. H. S., 52; M. H. S., 12.

Girls' Team

The girls organized two teams this winter and have played several games between the two teams. They have not tried to schedule games with other schools as yet but hope that by another year they will be strong enough to try their luck against the girls of other schools.

Alumni

We are disappointed in not having more letters from the Alumni to print in this issue.

1926. Henry Hobbs is in Laconia Hospital where he underwent an operation. We are glad to know he is getting along well.

West Somerville, Mass.
February 17, 1927.

Hello Folks:

I'm just starting to school and will be glad to take you with me. We take the Cambridge subway and change at Park Street for a Kenmore car. The school is on Boylston Street, as you probably know. Here we are. Our school occupies the entire top floor of the large building, known as the Mahady Building.

Well, let's go up. Let me warn you that you will probably see things which will seem strange to you. Art is a subject which cannot be treated like an assignment in Physics or submitted to the rule of a divider, else it would defeat its own purpose and artists would cease to create. For this reason students are allowed much freedom and a chance to utilize original ideas.

In the first year room about fifty pupils are seated before their desks, busily sketching with charcoal, from a group of of still life. Later they will do these sketches over in water color.

In the second year room, the students are sketching from a real live model. These sketches are made in charcoal and will be done over in oil paint. This is the sort of thing that is adapted to colored advertisements and magazine covers. The third and fourth years in the next room are working on the same project. If they do well enough their work will be sold.

The training received here is practical and very thorough as you can see by the bits hung on the wall. Here is a newspaper clipping, showing a comic strip done by a last year's graduate; there a fine oil painting also done by a former graduate, etc.

With best wishes,
Carlton Pearson, 1925.

Jokes

"It is to laugh."

* * * *

Mr. N., impressively, "And this man went to church every Sunday with a long face and a big Bible under his arm."

* * * *

Mr. N.: "How old was Barbara Frietchie, who lived to be four score years and ten?"

N. D.: "She was 410 years old."

* * * *

E. T. (in English): "He had a disease of the teeth that left him so he couldn't walk."

* * * *

R. B. (in English): "The snakes were not really harmful so all the snake trainers had to wear was gloves and gaiters."

* * * *

1st Student: "I hope you don't do your magazine cover any better than I did mine."

2nd Student: "Oh, don't say that."

* * * *

Presiding Officer, K. G. E.: "I'll let you know after the meeting who you are."

* * * *

R. B. in business meeting: "I move we drop the jello."

* * * *

Miss Q. (explaining problem): "Now do you see why you haven't any cents?"

We wonder how she spells that last word!

* * * *

The Constitutional History class was making out a budget.

F. P.: "I have only allowed 12 per cent for clothing."

H. M.: "Why, you don't wear much do you?"

* * * *

S. L., impressively speaking of Clara Barton, "She soothed the dead, buried the w—"

* * * *

Mr. N. (in economics): "There is always something the matter when a man dies under thirty."

Found on a History paper: "Martin Luther was hired to teach the children of Aristotle."

* * * *

Heard in English: "He always wore a gay nose in his coat lapel."

* * * *

Mr. N. (Physics): "How big is your block—your wooden one, I mean."

* * * *

Mr. N.: "Any of the rest of you want your blocks bored?"

* * * *

E. K. (giving principal parts of verbs): "Hang, hang, hanged! Hang, hanged, hung! Oh! hang it all, I can't give them."

* * * *

Freshman, reading Charlemagne!: "Charlemagne Prime." We're glad math functions so well.

* * * *

R. B. suggests to all pupils who have trouble in reading their notes when they get cold, that they try using a thermos bottle.

* * * *

Easter gifts wanted at M. H. S.:

1. A new sash for Baby Larry.
2. A new pair of trousers for Clem.
3. A better memory for Sarah Maud.
4. Mannerses for the Ruggles family.
5. A lost and found department.
6. Names for unfortunate pupils who have none.
7. Authors for some magazine articles.
8. Violet ray window panes to make the "thick" students grow long and the long ones to grow thick.
9. An atlas.
10. Information regarding the location of Chicago.
11. A new harmonica for Charlie.
12. Jewelry for the boys.

* * * *

We wonder if:

"Speech is silence" in France.

The Freshmen know the difference between a footnote and the prime of a number.

R. L. really thinks a telescope brings forest fires nearer.
 The Freshmen know how to pronounce Coos.
 How soon Lloyd will be able to tell his own horse.
 Benedict Arnold really is a character in "Evangeline."
 R. P. is always anxious to study. "Atta boy!"
 The Juniors took their cows to school.

* * * *

MATH. PROBLEMS

Problem in Proof:

Given—The French Class with varied noises traceable to that source.

To prove—The French Class does not behave properly.

Proof(indirect method)—Assume that the French Class does behave properly. Then it makes no noise, for a well-behaved class makes no noise (previous theorem). But it does make a noise (hypothesis). Therefore the assumption that the French I Class behaves properly is wrong and the French I Class does not behave properly.

* * * *

Problem in Construction:

To construct from a new magazine a wreck resembling some of the relics which appear on the magazine table after brief sojourns with some people in M. H. S.:

1. The first step is to tear off the cover.
2. Roll it up in such a way that the binding will be crushed and place heavy weights on it.
3. Dip your fingers in the ink and decorate each page with finger marks.
4. Go through the magazine and faithfully dog-ear each third page.
5. Go through it again and tear each fifth page.
6. Make pencil marks and notes in the margin at frequent intervals throughout the magazine.
7. Lastly, place it in a hog-pen for half a day and allow the hog to use it for a plaything.

If you have been careful in constructions, the result will be nearly satisfactory.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

"Of the making of many books there is no end."

"Popular Science Monthly."

"Crystals of Fire," "Forty Thousand People within Four Walls!," "Now—Baked and Poured Houses." Whose curiosity would not be aroused by such interesting titles? Who could glance through a magazine with such captions without feeling their interest challenged? These subjects and many more of equal attraction are treated in the March number of "Popular Science Monthly," now on our library table. This magazine is interesting not alone to those who enjoy reading about scientific discoveries, but to anyone who is interested in topics of general information. It is freely illustrated with pictures. Frequently diagrams are added to make the articles clearer.

EXCHANGES

We have enjoyed the excellent school papers and magazines which have been received by the Exchange Department during the past term. We wish to congratulate the schools from which these papers come and to wish them continued success with their publication.

"Seekon," Quimby High School, Sandwich, N. H. We like your paper and have enjoyed reading it. We think your illustrations are particularly good and add much to the attractiveness of the magazine. We suggest that you have a few long articles in your literary section.

"Red and Black," Stevens High School, Claremont, N. H. Your Literary Department is very good—especially the stories.

"The Record," Littleton High School, Littleton, N. H. Your stories are interesting.

"The High School Herald," Westfield High School, Westfield, Mass. We enjoyed your paper. Your jokes were excellent. Come again.

"The Brewster," Brewster Academy, Wolfeboro, N. H. Why not have more jokes? A few cuts would help also.

"The Angelus," Turner Center High School, Turner Center, Me. A few more illustrations would make your interesting paper more interesting.

"Par Sem," Parsonsfield Seminary, Parsonsfield, Me. Why not add poetry to your splendid Literary Department?

"Radiator," Somerville High School, Somerville, Mass. A stronger Literary Department would add to your paper. We like your "Poet's Corner."

"Jabberwock," Girls' Latin School, Boston, Mass. Yours is an interesting paper with good illustrations. Why not add a few poems?

"The Signboard," Bay Path Institute, Springfield, Mass. Why not have a Literary Department?

"The Red and White," Rochester High School, Rochester, N. H. Your departments are well balanced.

"Waxa Beacon," Waxahachie High School, Waxahachie, Texas. We envy the schools that can print a weekly paper. Yours is very good.

"Rostrum News," Guilford High School, Guilford, Maine. We have found your paper interesting.

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