

The Madisonian



Madison High School

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Editorial

A new school year has begun bringing with it both joys and cares. We are very glad to welcome so many new pupils into our midst. There is inspiration in numbers. It is to you, the Freshmen, that these few words are addressed. You have the privilege of becoming a student of Madison High School. I say privilege because it is a privilege to enter a school that has such high standards of scholarship and such ideals. To these you must strive to attain. You will learn that you must put your school work before your personal pleasure. From the moment that you registered you have been a member of our English Club, "The Knights of Good English." Here new and different duties will fall upon you. You will be asked to take part in the meetings and you will be given an opportunity to learn Parliamentary Law. Please don't think that high school means all work and no play. You all have an equal chance to participate in athletics. You will enjoy our parties and good times.

THOUGHTS FOR THE NEW YEAR

High School days should be the happiest days in our lives. We are young and have no burdens to bear. Our only responsibility is in doing our lessons and helping keep up the standards of the school. Since these ought not to be a burden but a joy, we have no burdens at all.

In high school life we first venture out into the world to meet problems which we must settle for ourselves. Whether or not these days are happy days will depend upon whether we make the most of the opportunities offered us.

Right now at the beginning of the school year, we should make some resolutions. First of all we should resolve to prepare our lessons every day to the best of our ability. We cannot lock the doors of our mind and sit back and expect wisdom and understanding to come rushing in. To get the most out of our four years, we must put our best into these years.

All knowledge cannot be obtained from books. We learn many things from observation. One of the most important lessons in life is to learn how to get along with folks. We have a fine opportunity to learn that in our

school. We must learn to co-operate. Being on different committees is excellent practice. Let us study our fellow students and become acquainted with human nature. We must keep our eyes open, see every opportunity and use it to develop mind and body.

Literary

COUNTRY SOUNDS

ARTHUR GILMAN, '24

I stirred lazily as something awakened me in the early morning. I listened for a moment trying to collect my senses and also to discover what had broken my sleep. The rooster crowed. His claxon call reverberated across the hillsides and back to me. I then realized that his "cock-a-doodle-doo" had aroused me from dreamland. I yawned sleepily and arose. As I was dressing, a robin flew into a maple tree nearby. He was calling to his mate with a sharp, irregular "chip, chip, chip." Across the brook came back an answer in a musical "cheerup, cheerup." Hardly was the robin on his way to join his mate than a downy woodpecker began a monotonous rat-a-tat-tat on an old oak a short distance from the maple. By this time I was dressed. I hastened downstairs to be greeted with a coaxing whine from Carlo, our dog, signifying his desire to be out in the open air. I opened the door and he bounded out, jumping and frolicking about in ecstasies of delight. The gentle south wind was rustling the leaves in the treetops. The tinkle of a distant cowbell fell upon my ears as I made my way to the barn. When I opened the barn door, the horses neighed a quivering yet firm demand for their oats and hay. The cow beside me hummed a low caress to her calf probably explaining what the commotion was all about. As I did the usual chores, the piercing squeal of the pig reminded me of one task, at least, unfinished. I hastened to procure his breakfast. As I was on my way to find it, the early morning train was heard. It sounded like the rush of waters as it sped over the iron rails. A sharp whistle was

heard as it drew into the station. A moment of panting and puffing, then it was on its way to Boston. I finished feeding the pig. The hens were cackling and strutting about looking for worms. I heard the rumble of an automobile as Albert Clayton sped by on his way to work. The dog began to bark at a bluejay which flew screaming into the top of a pine tree. The chitter of a squirrel reminded me of his nest at the foot of the oak. A few crows flew over cawing and threatening some farmer's corn crop with destruction. I hastily ate my breakfast and started for school. All along the way I heard birds singing. Some bird songs were sweet and others were harsher. I arrived at school and was soon engrossed in my lessons. The hum of the student reminded me of a honey bee's nest. Having finished our tasks we were dismissed. The shout of the Grammar school children was next heard and the whistle in the mill blew a sharp blast. Work was suspended and the rattle of dinner pails became evident. As I went home, the same familiar sounds greeted me—the low tinkle of a cowbell, the ripple of the brook, the chirp of the birds. The afternoon was very quiet. The rumble of some cart or automobile occasionally broke the silence. About five-thirty, the sound of the distant cowbell grew louder. The herd of cows was slowly winding its way homeward. After the evening chores were done, I sat down on the piazza to rest. Hardly had I become comfortable when z-z-z-z-zip! a mosquito made his presence known. Other mosquitoes soon arrived to add their buzz to his. A whip-poor-will flew onto a rock and proceeded to pour forth his beautiful song. On the distant hills a hedgehog squeaked and squealed. An owl's hoot was heard across the pond. In a short time a fox yelped on the meadow. The peeping of the frogs, the chirping of the crickets and the rustle of our friend, the wind, all added to the evening chorus.

GOING TO RECITATION

RUTH A. PEARSON, '25

The bell rang. Everybody snapped their books shut, jerked up their desk covers and put away their books. Snatching out another one, they slammed the covers down and sat waiting impatiently for the other class to come in.

Soon they came, a long line of students with books and pencils in their hands. Some were smiling, others scowling as if they had received a reproof for unprepared lessons. Here and there in the room the waiting class rose quickly amid the shuffle of feet and general din. Everyone hurried toward the door, some crowding in an undignified way, others waiting their turn in a more civilized manner. All at once two far from thin pupils reached the door at the same time, started through and stuck. Someone behind gave them a push which dislodged them and caused a ripple of merriment from the others. A boy pulled a stray wisp of hair belonging to a girl in front of him. She turned her head and scowled at him while he gazed into space with a far too innocent look upon his face. A clumsy pupil stumbled over a pencil on the floor and bumped into the principal's desk. A final scrape of feet and the door banged. Silence reigned once more.

AN INTERESTING SIGHT

PAUL NASON, '26

One day I went for a walk in the woods. It was in the early spring but was warm and sunshiny. While I was wandering along, I heard a noise which sounded like a baby crying. At first it startled me, then I became curious and started to hunt for its cause. As I drew closer, I discovered that it was a hawk. She was building a nest on the top of a high ledge. I watched her for nearly an hour. Again and again she flew away and returned with a dry twig in her beak. When she had a good-sized pile of twigs, she began laying them in a circle building row upon row until her nest reminded me of a round basket. When this was done, she flew away again, soon returning with her beak full of mud. She used the mud for plaster to hold the twigs together. She continued this work until her nest was complete. Watching her was very interesting. It was a great opportunity for me as I had never seen a bird build a nest before.

Alumnae Notes

Plymouth Normal School,
Plymouth, N. H.
October 22, 1923.

Dear Madison High:

I received a letter recently from a member of the "MADISONIAN" staff, asking me to write a letter for publication in that paper. She stated very emphatically that it should be in her hands soon, as the material must be sent to the printers without delay. It reminded me of the time when I, too, was saying those same words to various members of the school. Those were times never to be forgotten, just as these times will be in after years, even though I am just one student in two hundred and twenty-five students.

The first days after arriving at Plymouth Normal School, everything was in a big jumble. There were corridors and corridors, numberless doors numbered systematically. There were flights of stairs upon flights of stairs, which, if you survived the shock of gazing to such dizzy heights, surely made your legs feel weak after climbing the number necessary to reach the desired room. All the doors in the recitation building looked alike. I found myself entering the library instead of the classroom, going to the wrong class or not going at all. Now things are different. All the girls no longer look alike. The recitation rooms are numbered, I have discovered, and there is a schedule which tells us when to go and to what classes.

Plymouth Normal School is a little state by itself. Its government is modelled after the national government, having a governor, the three departments of government, and all the necessary officers. Elections and meetings are conducted in the proper manner. I think I may say that we have more to do with the sheriff or cop, as we call her, than with any other officer. Every school night at 7.30, we hear a cop say, "Be quiet, girls. Study Hours," and later in the evening, "Ten o'clock. Lights out." Any disturbance after this hour brings a rap on your door. Enough raps bring an arrest and a session of the court. You cannot run in the corridors even if someone tells you of a big plump letter over in Mary Lyon Hall or of some visitors in the parlor.

Did you ever hear of a chapel speech? Probably not, so I will try to tell you what it is, though a short time ago I was as completely in the dark as you are. Each school morning two girls give speeches in chapel. The subject is of their own selection and the speech cannot be more than three minutes in length. The seniors and middlers take their turn first, then the freshmen take theirs. It is a big undertaking but one which none of us would really want to avoid, even though there is much talk to the contrary.

In spite of the cops and chapel speeches, life at Plymouth Normal is real life. The teachers and matrons work for the good of the girls, not to carry out some fixed plan. One girl is no better than another. Each goes for what she is worth. To quote Abraham Lincoln, "You can fool part of the people all the time and all the people part of the time, but you can't fool all the people all the time." So it is here. Your true worth is soon discovered and henceforth you are known by that worth, great or small, as it may be.

Always remembering what Madison High School has done for me, and with best wishes for its continued high standing in all things, I am,

Your grateful friend and well-wisher.

FLORENCE W. PEARSON.

Wheaton College,
Norton, Mass.
October 21, 1923.

Dear Madison High:

I am sure I do not know what would be interesting to all of you but I will tell you a few of the things that are interesting to me.

When I first arrived, one of the older girls came to welcome me before I had even got out of the car. She was so pleasant that she made me feel at home at once. She led me to the Dean's Office and helped me register, then showed me to my room. Some of the Juniors helped me straighten out my room, which seemed like an endless task to me.

The first few days were spent in arranging our schedules and buying our books. The first Saturday night there was a Reception for the Freshmen. Each upper classman

drew the name of the Freshman she was to take. My partner was a sophomore from New York. When we arrived, we went "down the receiving line" to meet the Faculty. My partner introduced me to each of them. After a dance, each of the Faculty made a speech and welcomed the Freshmen. There was more dancing and a funny pantomime. After refreshments of ice-cream and cookies, our partners went home with us.

College life is entirely different from that of High School. In high school the teachers remind you of your lessons and make you study, while in college you have to depend upon yourself. No one tells you you must study. If you don't, when you take your examinations you are simply "kicked out." The classes in college are different, too. We have a great many lectures and have to take notes. I think we don't take notes enough in high school and it takes us some time to get used to doing it. At the end of the week we ask whatever questions we wish on the lectures and outside reading which we have had during the week. Then we are given short tests on the week's work. We have a great deal of reference work and do most of our studying in the library, which is a lovely new building. I think I can do more in it than I can alone in my room. When I am alone, I am tempted to do something else, such as writing letters; but when I study in the library, I see every one else studying and it makes me want to work, too.

It is very hard to find time to study as there are so many social affairs and sports. We are obliged to have a certain amount of exercise every week. It is required as much as any subject.

I like college life very well. It is so pleasant to meet girls who come from all parts of the United States and other countries, too. There is one Japanese girl here. We feel so sorry for her as her home and relatives were all destroyed in the terrible earthquake.

Each Freshman has a Junior sister who is ready at all times to do whatever she can. She often helps us out when anything comes up in college life that we don't understand.

Your friend,

MARTHA KENNETT.

Madison, N. H.,
October 26, 1923.

Dear Madison High Friends:

While passing through Franklin, N. H., last week, I saw a sign by the side of the road which read, "One and one-half miles to Daniel Webster's Birthplace." In an instant the thought came to me that a description of this place might interest you.

Daniel Webster was born in 1782 and died in 1852. Most of his life was spent in the small house which I shall try to describe.

The house in which Webster was born is very small and humble. It is about twenty feet long and half as many feet wide. There is only one door and four windows. It consists of one good-sized room and a very small room in which Webster was born. In the center of the large room is a huge stone fireplace, with a large stone mantle over it. Large brick ovens are built in the side of the fireplace. All of Webster's tools and boyhood possessions are on the floor. Over the mantle on two large brackets is a fine gun which used to belong to Webster. There are also two axes, saws, kettles, bellows, foot warmers, and many other interesting things lying around. The house was never painted inside or out and is the color of natural wood. Attached to the house is a small shed with an arched doorway, inside of which stands an old well with a huge wooden bucket setting on its corner.

I also went to a Grange meeting in a large brick building, where Webster made his maiden speech.

This may give you a little idea of Webster's early surroundings.

I wish every student of Madison High the greatest success, and hope their years in high school may be as pleasant and happy as mine were.

Very sincerely,

MILDRED NASON FROST.

School Notes

The High School opened September 10, with an enrollment of forty-seven pupils. Again we were delighted to have with us our former teachers, Mr. Conner and Miss Quimby.

On Friday, the fourteenth, the "Knights of Good English" held their first meeting and gave a little party for the Freshmen. After a short business meeting the following program was given:

Song School
Welcome address Mr. Conner for the Teachers
Solo Martha Kennett
Welcome address Carlton Pearson for the Students
Song School

After the program the Senior and Junior classes served cocoa and cake. This gave the new students a chance to meet and get acquainted with the upper classmen.

The High School had some very interesting exhibits at the Grange Fair held October 13 in the Town Hall. The History and English Notebooks of the Senior Class were especially good. Among other things of interest which they contained were Census Charts of Madison, maps of Madison and graphs of the town government. The Commercial Geography Class also contributed by displaying the Commercial Exhibits which they have been collecting from various firms in the country.

On October 25 Madison High School gave an oyster supper and entertainment which consisted of the following program:

Song School
Talk Supt. Jackson
Song School
Reading Mrs. Louise Reynolds
Song High School Girls
"America" School and Audience

After the program Mrs. Reynolds took charge and everyone enjoyed games for a short time. The evening closed with a dance.

Hallowe'en night the Woman's Club and High School held a joint Hallowe'en party, at I. O. O. F. Hall. A grand march in which all those in costume participated was the first thing on the program. Sarah Chamberlain was awarded first prize for the best girl's costume and Carlton Pearson for the best boy's costume. After an attempt to pin a tail onto a black cat, delicious refreshments were served by the Woman's Club. A short program was given and a pleasant social hour enjoyed by those present.

The English Club enjoyed as their first speaker for the year, Mrs. Liford Merrow, who read a very fine paper on "New England's Part in Americanization." Before starting she asked the club members to take notes and promised a prize to the one who took the best notes. Mrs. Merrow's paper was very instructive and interesting. Arthur Gilman was awarded the prize, a book on Americanization, for having the best notes.

Dr. Carlton from Iowa gave a delightful Travel Talk on his Trip to Europe and Africa before the "Knights of Good English" Friday, October 26. His descriptions were so vivid that we could almost imagine we had seen the various places ourselves.



Athletics

Madison High School played eight games of baseball last spring with the following results:

Date	Played with	Score	M. H. S. Score
May 5	Mountainview	15	15
May 9	Nute	11	5
May 18	Conway	9	10
May 19	Nute	8	4
May 23	Parsonsfield	3	2
May 25	Conway	8	7
May 26	Parsonsfield	0	3
May 28	Porter	11	12

The prospects of the Basketball team for the coming season are even better than they were two years ago when Madison High School won the County Championship. The players are all older and more experienced. Henry Hobbs has been elected manager for the 1923-24 Basketball team and Roland Ward has been chosen Captain again. The team consists of the following players: Roland Ward and Austin Savary, guards; Albert Conner, center; Arthur Gilman and Roland Lyman, forwards; Philip Ward, Paul Nason, Sewell Kennett and Carlton Pearson, substitutes.

Jokes

S. K. (in Physics): "Most of our accurate knowledge about pneumonia (phenomena) has been acquired through measurements."

C. W. (in English, reading from Parkman's "Oregon Trail"): "'We must ride for it!' shouted Shaw, rushing by at full speed, his led horse snoring (snorting) by his side."

Description in Current Topics: "The dinners were all well dressed."

Mr. C. (in French): "Paul, read without translating."

C. W. to Mr. C. (in Physics): "Do you want to see our notebooks after we get our experience in them?"

From Test Papers:

"A triangle is a quadrilateral of three sides."

"A rectangle is a quadrilateral who has a right angle."

"The plural of man-servant is maid-servant."

"The Fish I Didn't Caught."

A. G. (drawing map of Madison): "Wait, I can show you where I live. Where's the cemetery?"

Exchanges

We are glad to welcome a few new friends among our exchanges this fall.

"The Pennell Whirlpool," Pennell Institute, Gray, Me. A good paper, but could be made better by more literature.

"The High School Herald," Westfield High School. We liked your paper very much. Come again.

"The Red and White," Rochester High School. Your paper is very good but a few cuts would improve it.

"The White Mountain Breeze," North Conway High School. You have an excellent paper and it is well arranged.

"The Hamptonia," New Hampton. We enjoy your paper very much. The editorial section is particularly interesting.

"The Meteor," Berlin High School. Your paper is splendid but why not put your poetry all in one section?

"The Larcasterian," Lancaster High School and Academy. Very good arrangement and very interesting.

"Red and Black," Stevens High School, Claremont, N. H. We find your paper interesting. You have a strong Athletic Department.



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