

The
Madisonian



Madison High School
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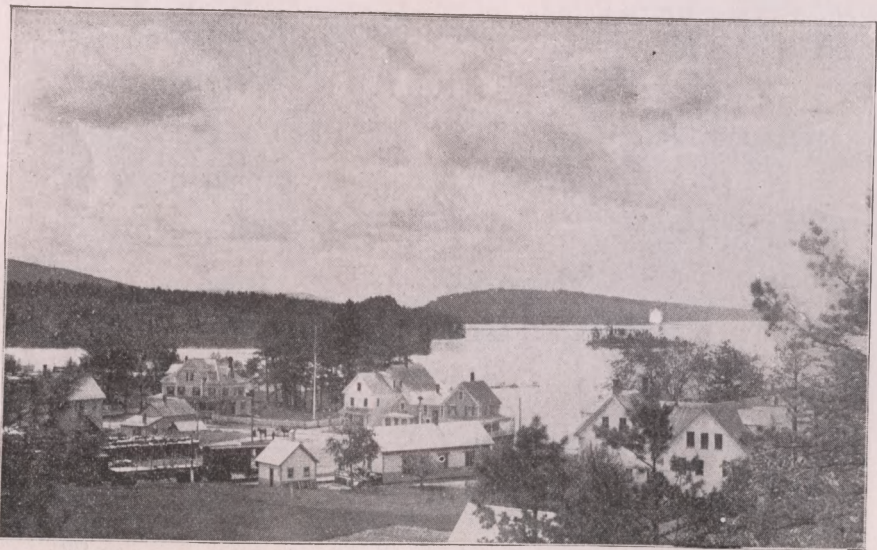
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Street Scene, Silver Lake, N. H.



Silver Lake and Village

EDITORIAL

STARTING THE YEAR RIGHT

We should each one try to make this our best year yet. To do this we must make a good start. We all know that in order to have a good strong building it is necessary to have a good foundation. The same is true of school work. If we are to be satisfied with our year's accomplishment in June, we must have a good foundation. Our work will be much easier if we have a good foundation. We cannot build a permanent building without this preliminary work. Neither can we do our best work if we do not begin to master our studies until the last of the year. We should never be satisfied until we have done our best, whatever the task. Let us then take the following as our motto for the year:

“Good, better, best,
Never let it rest
Until the good is better
And the better is best.”

SCHOOL SPIRIT

A student on entering high school should put away childish things. When you are a child act as a child, but when you become young men and ladies conduct yourselves as such. Now is the time to begin taking a little responsibility. The teachers are willing to spend hour after hour working for our interests. We should be willing, also, to work hours doing our best. The ones who succeed are those who put honest effort into their tasks.

“Somebody said it couldn't be done,
But he with a chuckle replied,
That mabe it couldn't but he
Would be one, who wouldn't
Say so till he tried.”

When asked to do something for the school, it is just as easy to answer with a smile, “I'll try” as it is to frown and

say, "Oh, I can't. I never did such a thing. I don't possibly see how I can do it. You know that I would like to—."

We should each take as much pride in the school as we do in our homes. The first thing we notice as we approach the school is the grounds. From these we can safely judge what the building itself will look like. If the grounds are littered with papers and other debris, the class rooms and hall floors are apt to be resting places for more papers, pieces of chalk and other litter. But if the grounds are proudly kept in good condition, the same school pride will probably hold over to the inside of the building.

Our building is new and we should each do his part in keeping it in good condition. The classes of the future should have this inheritance from us.

Loyalty to the school is another trait which should be mentioned as a part of School Spirit. We should never do anything that will bring discredit on the school. Especially should we be ever courteous not only to those we meet outside the school but to our fellow students as well. We should be zealous for the success of our school. There is no school to us like Madison High School and we should be every ready to stand by it.

* * * *

LITERARY

MY HERO, TEDDY ROOSEVELT

Frank Pearson, '27

I was hurrying along a deserted street in Boston one day in November. I was hurrying as I had been hurrying all day. I was on my way to see the greatest man of the day go by in a parade. My hopes were in a fair way not to be realized for I was late. Therefore I was running up back alleys and across squares in an effort to arrive at the appointed street in time.

Suddenly three toughs sprang from behind a building. Knowing that a stranger was not safe in that part of the town, I turned to make a dash for the main street. As I turned, I found myself confronted by another man who grabbed me by the arm. Strangely enough my first thought was that now my last chance of seeing Theodore Roosevelt was gone. I wasn't going to give up without a struggle, so I began a hopeless fight for freedom. With much shouting the first three men came forward. I was no match for any one of them alone and knew it. Yelling lustily for help I, nevertheless, fought desperately, determined to fight to the last.

All at once I heard a voice and realized that I was suddenly free, and I sprang to my feet. As I rose I came face to face with a broad-shouldered man. His face was covered with a smile, yet back of the smile I felt there was a stern face. My hero had saved me.

"Rather large odds wasn't it, son?" he boomed.

Much confused and excited, I tried to thank him but with a wave of the hand he stopped me.

"How does it happen that you are in this part of town? and where is the policeman whose duty it is to guard that corner?" asked the President.

I told him how I happened to be there, then shot back, "How do you happen to be here yourself?"

I soon found out that he was making his way to the

wharf where he expected to catch a boat for Portland. Then as his eyes again fell on me, he mused "So! The police are all on the main street to protect one man, while thousands of people are left unprotected. I'll speak to the chief of police about that."

"But they are doing that for you," I protested.

"That makes no difference," he returned. "I need protection no more than anyone else. But, how would you like to go for a ride with me? My car is waiting and we can talk as we ride."

I could hardly believe my ears. I fairly walked on air as I followed my hero. As we rode along together, I discovered that the President was very human. I suddenly realized that I had told him all my history and heard him chuckling over my shyly spoken desire to go hunting with him some day. Most wonderful of all to me, he said I should have the chance.

"You say that you are from New Hampshire?" added the President, "then you can go to Portland on the boat with me. You will be as near home, then, as you are now. Will you?"

I pinched myself to be sure I wasn't dreaming, then hastened to accept his invitation.

When I left Mr. Roosevelt in Portland, a happier boy never walked the streets of any city. I had found my hero all that, and more than I had imagined him to be. I had in my pocket a charm of bear's claws and my hero had shot the bear in the Rockies on his last hunting trip. I rejoiced over an invitation to go hunting with him and also one to visit him at Oyster Bay. I could easily understand why he said, "While I am President, the doors of the White House will open as easily for the labor leaders as for the capitalist and no easier."

STUDENT'S PROGRESS

Dorothy Huckins, '25

Early one morning in September I set out from the City of Ignorance for the Temple of Knowledge. It was a very beautiful morning, such as one often sees in early fall

and great was my delight when I thought that at last I was on my way to the wonderful Golden Temple of Knowledge, of which I had heard so much. Little did I realize the many temptations I would meet, the difficult hills that I must climb and the numerous side paths into which I could easily be led.

As I hastened along the main road, I heard a slight noise behind me and looking around I perceived another girl, who seemed to be going my way. I was more than glad to have company so I waited until she drew near. I asked her name and where she was going. She said her name was Studyless and she was going to the Temple of Knowledge. As she supposed I was going to the same place, she would be glad to accompany me. As we were going along, I noticed a very steep hill ahead. This was the Hill of Study. It was long and steep and at sight of it, my companion said that she believed she would not go farther, it seemed too hard. There was a path at the left which she said she would take, as it would no doubt take her to the desired goal. At first I was inclined to take her advice, which seemed good, but as she talked, I had time to think and when she had finished, I started to climb the hill, while she went her way on the path to the left.

As I said before, the hill was steep and the climbing very difficult. When I was about half way to the top, I noticed a beautiful arbor. Many people were seated outside a very charming cottage. They beckoned for me to join them which I gladly did as I had come a long way and was very tired. When I was comfortably seated, I began to look around me. I soon discovered they were nearly all pilgrims like myself and that this was the Arbor of Courage. Soon a young lady, with a very charming personality, came out. She noticed me and came up to me. She said her name was Encouragement and she kept the Arbor expressly for Pilgrims seeking the Temple of Knowledge. She said that she realized it was a long and tiresome journey but we must not become discouraged. It required a lot of patience and she was sure I must have that or I would not have started out. We must not lose faith in ourselves or our helpers. The few words, which she spoke, gave me courage to continue my climb.

I had spent so much time at the Arbor that I was obliged to hurry in order to reach the top before dark. As I was

hurrying along, I met two who said they had been as far as they cared to go. They said that as you went higher, the climb became more difficult. It was almost impossible to get along; that, as far as they could see, it was a continual climb. They said, if I were wise, I would take their advice and go back with them. As I had just rested, I decided I would not be so easily discouraged and continued my way.

Soon I came to what appeared to be the top of the hill. Looking ahead I noticed another hill, however, which appeared to be even more difficult than the first. As I walked along the plain, I noticed several people ahead of me. They soon began to climb the hill and I noticed they often stumbled and fell. Finally I saw one of them fall and when he arose he started down the hill. Soon I met him and recognized him as Unfaithful. He asked why I was so foolish as to go on over such a hard and even dangerous road. He said that I would be much better off to take his advice and go back to my native city. I decided that I had climbed the first hill and was better fitted for the second so I went on my way leaving Unfaithful to retrace his steps.

As I started to climb the hill I almost wished that I had taken the advice of Unfaithful and turned back. Nevertheless I kept on. Sometimes I fell but I always went on. About half way up, I found four paths. One led to the top, one to the right; one to the left and one back down the hill. While I stood wondering what I should do, a woman came out of a house near by. I recognized her as Temptation. She came up to me and told me the path to the left would lead me by an easy way to the Temple I sought. While she was talking, another woman came along and urged me to take the path to the right. Puzzled, I was glad to see another woman coming, whose smiling face told me that she would give me the advice I needed. She told me the path was long and rough but that if I kept on, I would soon be at the top. The first two tried to tell me what a mistake I was making in listening to Help, for that was my friend's name, but the advice seemed good to me so I followed the path to the top.

The farther I went, the more difficult the climbing. Many times I stumbled and fell but each time I got up and went on. At last I raised my eyes toward the top and behold just a few feet ahead was the Gate of Commencement and on the other side the beautiful Temple of Knowledge.

PUZZLE STORIES

Can You Guess the Answers?

1.

I am not very large. My head is dark. Once I lived in the forest where I could see all around. Then my family and I were taken to a factory. My temper is very bad. When anybody strikes me, I flare up. I am very dangerous for people who are not well acquainted with me. Still people would not like to live without me.

WILLIAM KENNETT,
(Freshman)

11.

Oh! dear! how I wish I did not have to travel all those weary black miles this afternoon! I am not lazy, but I do get tired traveling constantly. I wish my guide would choose one of my companions. We are all fresh and clean now.

Here he comes!
Hurrah! We're off!

MAUD MALSBURY,
(Junior)

111.

I am round and flat. In my roundness I am very strong and sustain great weights. However in my flatness I am easily crushed. I am only a skeleton but I am complete. Men would greatly miss me and my large family were we not here. Although I travel swiftly for great distances and wear but one shoe, I never grow weary. Yet when I am at my best people say I am tired.

CARLTON PEARSON,
(Senior)

* * * *

EDUCATION

REGINALD LYMAN, '27

It's mighty fine to have an education
 But it takes a lot of grit to start
 And work your way to eminence
 With all its intrication.

Sometimes I feel my head won't hold
 Such huge conglomerations
 Of Algebra, Geometry and History
 Of all the tribes and nations.

Our teachers labor very hard
 To make us understand
 How much we can accomplish
 If we do the best we can.

I'd like to be a famous man
 But when I get all muddled up
 I lose my faith and say at once
 I know I never can.

Then all at once it comes to me
 "Did any famous man
 Ere reach his lofty height,
 Unless he said, 'I can.' "

So day by day I'll plug along
 And do the best I can
 To make myself some use on earth
 Though not a famous man.

 ABRAHAM LINCOLN, THE MAN WE LOVE

RUTH PEARSON, '25

(This is the prize winning essay in the contest held in the Junior class last spring. Ruth was awarded a Lincoln medal at commencement time.)

What are the thoughts which come to us when we see

the flag floating from the top of our schoolhouses or homes? The stars and stripes are symbolic of many things. So they might suggest the country, fertile and beautiful; the people, who live beneath its folds; its history, with all its great deeds; or the men, who made the nation what it is. The Civil War, that struggle which preserved the nation whole and kept for us the flag minus none of its stars, is often suggested to me, when I see the flag. And always that foremost figure of the war—Abraham Lincoln—is the center of my reflections.

We all know the story of Lincoln's boyhood. He was born in a log cabin and brought up in a good family in the midst of poverty. When he became a young man, he kept store for a while, practiced law, served in Congress and finally became President of our country.

In his early youth, Lincoln and a partner bought a store on credit. The store was a failure and Lincoln's partner died, leaving a great debt for him to pay. For many years Lincoln lived in rigid economy until he had paid the whole debt with interest. It was three years of hard work that won him the name, "Honest Abe."

Honesty was only one of the many fine traits of Lincoln's character. He had a strong sense of humor and was very fond of telling funny stories. His stories were always without malice. He never intended to hurt anyone's feelings with his jokes. When he was President, he often used to read a humorous story to his Cabinet before he began the discussion of a serious question. Some people thought it was irrelevant for the President to joke and laugh in the trying days of the Civil War. But it was those moments of rest and change which kept him mentally fit to cope so wisely with the great tasks which were ever before him.

When Abraham Lincoln was elected President of this nation, the country was torn by the question of slavery. Discord and strife ruled everywhere. The great problems which were before the public at that time demanded a wise leader. This leader was realized in Lincoln, who by his virile character, endeared himself to the people of all time. Nearly everyone loved Abraham Lincoln. Even his enemies admired him. In Churchill's "Crisis," a historical novel based on the Civil War, the heroine, a southern girl, hated and scorned the President of the Yankees. One day she met him face to face. After she had talked with him a few

minutes, she discovered that, in the greatness of his heart, he had no hatred against the South. She was amazed at the gentleness and compassion of the great President and her scorn changed to admiration. Thus it was with nearly everyone: Lincoln's kindness and sympathy, his lack of resentment toward those who ill treated him and his forgiving spirit won for him many devoted friends.

A great man is humble. Lincoln showed that he was humble in the choice of his Cabinet. A small man would have chosen his Cabinet from among the men who had no great influence and who could not shine brighter than he. Lincoln humbly realized that he would need the advice of men who had influence and who were well posted in the foremost questions of the day. He chose as his Cabinet many who had been his rivals in the Presidential election. Lincoln showed great tact in the leadership of his Cabinet and of Congress. Many things were done to provoke and insult him. But he kept his temper and showed such a forgiving spirit that those who abused him almost always became his good friends.

Abraham Lincoln was level-headed and could think clearly even when those around him were in a panic. When the Civil War broke out, confusion was in evidence everywhere. Lincoln coolly went to work and organized his forces. The great duties of the war displayed to the best advantage the President's patience and kindness. Always slow to anger, he was even more so in trying to find successful generals. General after General was tried and failed. The Northern cause seemed lost but the President never lost courage. Even though some of the Generals abused the confidence which he placed in them and insulted him, Lincoln was willing to overlook personal affronts for the sake of the common good. He kept on trusting and helping his generals and was finally rewarded by Grant, who led the Northern forces to victory.

Lincoln was tender-hearted and merciful. Many times during the war, he pardoned soldiers who would have been shot under the stern discipline of war.

Abraham Lincoln was very fond of children. He was a good father to his own children and was never too busy

to answer their questions. It was a child, who persuaded Mr. Lincoln to wear a beard.

Among other things the President was intensely human. He was interested in other people and was always ready to listen to their troubles and to lend them a helping hand. Some authorities say that Lincoln was homely; others say he was not. To be sure, he was tall and thin; his face was sallow and deeply lined and his hair, coarse and unruly. He was not graceful nor was he awkward. When a person met him, he didn't think of his appearance. His manner was simple and everyone who came in contact with him was attracted by his winning personality. In "Uncle Joe's Lincoln," a true story written by Edward Steiner, we find a touching example of Abraham Lincoln's influence over the people whom he met. Uncle Joe, an Austrian, who served in the American Army during the Civil War, deserted and was about to be shot. Lincoln came to see him in prison and pardoned him. Lincoln's loving kindness, his gentleness and compassion for such a worthless wretch as Uncle Joe considered himself to be, had a lasting effect upon his character. When the war was over, Uncle Joe, with one leg gone, went back to his native country. Here he organized a group of boys into a Lincoln Army. He would not allow them to do anything which could bring a stain upon the name of Lincoln.

We cannot meet Lincoln face to face and feel the grip of his personality. But through the stories of his noble life, we can get as much inspiration as though we had met him personally. So when we see our flag waving in the breeze, let us think of Abraham Lincoln, the man who had "malice toward none and charity for all."

THE HISTORY OF MADISON

Carlton Pearson, '25

The territory of which Madison now consists was formerly a part of Eaton. It was made up of grants to five men: Daniel McNeal, John Martin, Alexander Blair, John

Caldwell and Nathanel Martin in payment for services during the French and Indian War. There was also a governor's grant of five hundred acres in the northwestern part of the town. This is a part of North Division.

Records are vague as to the first settler here, but the first frame house was built in 1785 by Samuel or John Banfield. This was on the road between the Corner and Conway and may have been the first place settled. In 1787 there were eleven families here, all getting their living from the land.

Madison did her part in the War of 1812, as she has done in every war since. John March who kept the village store, and incidentally, was a giant among men, weighing three hundred and fifty pounds, raised a company and did good service in the field.

On December 17, 1852 Madison was incorporated as a town. It consisted of sixty square miles and is in the foothills of the White Mountains. It includes a number of picturesque hills and mountains. On the eastern side of the Paul Bickford Mountain is a large natural cave which was used as a council room by the Indians. Among the hills are many beautiful lakes and ponds. Six Mile Pond, now known as Silver Lake is the largest and most beautiful.

The formation of Madison's physical features is due to glacial action. When the ice receded, it deposited many boulders about the land. Chief among these in Madison Boulder, the largest known in America. This boulder is ninety feet long, thirty-eight feet high and forty feet wide.

In the early days of the town most of the teaming was done by oxen. Men drove one hundred miles to Portland, carrying farm produce, butter, beef, shooks, maple sugar and such things to barter for groceries and supplies. With oxen this trip required a week each way but with horses it could be done in two or three days.

Madison was on the direct stage route from Merideth and Center Harbor to North Conway, Bartlett and Gorham. A stage coach also ran from here to Saco. There were two stables at the Corner where the stages changed horses. All this was changed when the railroad came through in 1870. New Industries sprang up and old ones received a boom.

In 1826 the lead mine was discovered by a man named Tibbets. This gave great promise but the promise has

never been realized. Although much money has gone into the mine no paying quantity of lead has ever been mined.

Nathaniel Nason conducted a trouser factory where he did good business for a long time. People used to sew and press the trousers, which were furnished them cut out, for twenty-five cents a pair. Some people earned as much as two dollars a day. Mr. Fickett ran a blacksmith shop opposite the old Burke place. He was noted as a fine workman. Among other early industries were cobbler shops, gristmills and a shoe shop. Chick's Mill was established in 1883.

Silver Lake Library was organized in 1885 and was kept in the Silver Lake House. A library was established at the Corner about 1900 when the state offered to meet the town on a fifty-fifty basis.

In 1853 the town planned to build a town hall, but there was so much difference of opinion that it was not until 1884 that eight hundred dollars was appropriated and the Town Hall built.

The church was established about 1853—the exact date is unknown as the records were lost when the first church was burned.

Madison has always been an agricultural town and is largely so now. However, when the railroad came, lumbering and the summer business came into prominence.

Schools have always been of great concern to the people of Madison. At first the town was divided into six districts. Now that number has dwindled to four. Madison High School was started as a private school in the fall of 1920. This was supported by a number of the parent citizens and the town officials of whom Samuel Brooks, Superintendent of Schools, was the head. As a private school it was conducted only one year, then the town took it over. The next year it was kept in the kitchen of the Town Hall. After a bitter struggle, the town voted to build a high school building. This was completed in time so the first class graduated from it in 1923.

In 1860 the population of the town was 826. In 1870 it had fallen to 646 due to the Civil War. Since then it has steadily decreased until in 1920 the population was 482. This decrease is due largely to the fact that the young people have gone elsewhere to find work. Since there is no large industry here, few people have been attracted to the town except summer visitors.

ALUMNI

The Alumni of Madison High School now number ten. We have heard from a few of those who are away to school and are hoping to have letters from the rest for the next issue.

Mildred Nason Frost, 1923, is at home this year.

Portsmouth, N. H., Oct. 20, 1924

Dear Madison High,

Doubtless you know that I am at Plymouth Normal School for my last year. Because of the size of my class, which will be the largest which has ever graduated from P. N. S., the system of practice teaching has been changed. Half the class trains for nine weeks while the other part attends school. The divisions alternate until each has had eighteen weeks of training and eighteen weeks of schooling. I happen to be in the division which trains first. I used to think that teaching was much easier than most lines of work. Not so now. More and more, I am coming to realize that teaching is one of the finest types of work. The bigness of the task makes one feel very insignificant. At the same time, it urges one to grow bigger and broader for the sake of the children who will be under his care.

The senior year is not all seriousness and work, however. The annual trip to Lost River is one of the biggest events of the year. Then there is the Dramatic Club or Panathenian Society for seniors only. Each week a small play is given to the members of the society. During the year two or three plays are given to the public.

Volley Ball, track, basket ball, hiking and baseball offer opportunities for recreation to everyone. These things and many more contribute their bit toward making our last year at P. N. S. very enjoyable.

Best wishes for the success of all your undertakings,
Florence Pearson, 1923

Martha Kennett, 1923, is a Sophomore this year at Wheaton.

Of the class of 1924, Philip Angell is working in Dover and Arthur Gilman, Roland Lyman and Roland Ward are at home.

Arlington, Mass., Oct. 18, 1924

To the Editor of the Madisonian and the School,

My story will be a short one. I didn't realize what high school life meant until I had been in Wentworth Institute about a month, then I began to realize that the happiest days of my life were spent in dear old Madison High School.

I like Wentworth Institute but it is different. Here I know only the boys in my class. In High school I knew everyone. As far as the work is concerned, it is twice as hard and there is twice as much of it.

I am taking the course called "Machine Construction and Tool Design," which means (here's hoping) that when I get through, I shall be a first class machinest.

Here's wishing the school the best of luck in everything it undertakes. I wish that I was back with my old pals and friends. I am trying to do four years work in two.

As ever,
A. Duane Savery, 1924

Durham, N. H., Oct. 20, 1924

I am going to try to tell you something about the University of New Hampshire. Of course you know it is one of the best colleges in New England at the present time.

The course which I am taking is the "General Agricultural Course." One might think from the title of this course that all the studies would be in the agricultural line. This is not so, because out of the ten subjects taken in the freshman year, only three pertain directly to agriculture. The other seven are general and of such a character that everyone should know them.

There is one thing that everyone coming to college should keep in mind, namely that he or she must study harder than he has ever done before if he intends to stay. Another thing you will find different from high school. There is no one here to look after you and see that you do your work. You must do it yourself if you wish to succeed.

Best wishes for the High School at Madison,

Paul Bickford, 1924

Boston University

Dear Friends in Madison High School,

I have been asked to tell you what I am doing. From the time I left you last June until this fall I have been very busy getting ready for college. Now, I am settled in Boston University and work has begun in earnest. My studies are all very interesting and so far I have not found them too hard, thanks to my former preparations, a good portion of which I obtained at Madison High School. As for what I am doing now, I am doing practically the same as I suppose all of you are doing— studying and enjoying all school activities. Just at present we are getting ready for Volley ball and Basket ball games and I presume you will soon be doing the same.

Although I said the studies are not very hard, there is very much to do and I suggest that each of you make the very best of your opportunities now, for every bit helps when you are about to enter college. I wish you all the greatest of success in your school and in later life.

Sincerely,
Sarah Chamberlain, 1924



SCHOOL NOTES

School opened September 8, 1924 with an enrollment of forty-five students. We were sorry to lose several students who are attending school in other towns but we are glad to welcome the thirteen new students. We are also fortunate to have with us again our former teachers, Mr. E. C. Conner, Headmaster, and Miss L. May Quimby, English Department. For the past few years they have worked hard for our interests.

The first English Club meeting was a welcome party for the new students. Welcome speeches were made by Headmaster, E. C. Conner and Dorothy Huckins of the Senior class. Refreshments were served after the program and short business meeting.

Madison High has always been very fortunate in its outside speakers. Mrs. Louise Daly of South Carolina was our first speaker for this year and she gave us a delightful talk on "Reconstruction and Home Life in the South." The speech was very much enjoyed not only because of the charming way in which Mrs. Daly presented her information but also because of the very interesting things she had to tell.

Madison High is also very glad to add to its library several very helpful books which Mrs. Daly kindly sent us after her visit. We thank her for her interest in us.

The student body has put in some time this fall in improving the school yard. Two flower gardens have been planted with bulbs and the yard has been raked and cleaned. A sign, "Madison High School," is being painted for the front of the building. Plans are to plant a row of evergreens along the driveway and to erect a flag pole in the center of the plot.

The first supper and entertainment was given Friday evening, October 24. Following the supper there was a program which consisted of two well-rendered readings by Mrs. Carl Allen and an illustrated lecture, "A Preacher Who Rode for an Empire" by Supt. F. W. Jackson besides music and recitations by members of the school.

Immediately after school on October 14, a group of girls with Miss Quimby started on a hike for Madison Boulder,

the largest known boulder in America. One of the girls had a camera and several pictures were "snapped" before they started. The scenery was beautiful all the way. In several places views of the distant mountains were unusually fine in their autumn splendor. Although the group had to hurry to reach their destination before dark, they found time to tell funny stories and sing school songs. The boulder is situated in a tiny clearing in the midst of a forest. When the last corner was turned and the immense rock towered above the girls, they could hardly help being deeply impressed. A climb to the top was made where a picture long to be remembered was seen in the dark forests with the sky in the background, faintly illuminated by the afterglow of the sunset. More songs were sung on the way home and the expedition ended with a hearty serenade for the superintendent of Schools.

We are rejoicing because so many of the Freshmen and Sophomores won prizes in the County Farm Bureau Contest. Especially are we pleased because the first prize went to a Madison Student, Frank Pearson.

The English Club has been having some extremely interesting programs during the past month. The first, which was planned by the Seniors, was reminiscent of early days in Madison and was a happy combination of anecdotes and facts from its early history. The program was fittingly closed by "Uncle Danny" Harmon who gave us some very interesting stories and a poem which he had written for the occasion.

The Juniors followed with the dramatization of "How Oregon was saved for the United States," or the story of Mark Whitman.

The Sophomores were somewhat limited because they had the Thanksgiving program but they surprised the club by serving refreshments after their very happy Thanksgiving program.

The Freshmen planned a patriotic program, writing programs for each member of the club which were appropriately decorated with pictures of President Coolidge. Supt. Jackson gave his pictures on the life of Coolidge and a special feature was the charades which the class had planned.

These programs have been so excellent that the plan is

to be continued, giving first the girls and then the boys a chance to plan a special entertainment.

Another very interesting program this fall was the mock election and party rallies which were held just before the real election. Campaign notebooks, which had been kept by the students, furnishing most of the material for this impromptu meeting.

A new service is being rendered the school this year by the Senior girls who are acting as librarians. The filed magazines are being catalogued for reference work and regular library methods are being employed in the loaning of books and material.

ATHLETICS

In spite of the fact that the Basket Ball Team last year met so many defeats, a new team has been organized for this year. We are handicapped to a certain extent by the loss of some of the old players. The ones who have taken their places have good courage and will try to follow the example set the first year and win the championship of Carroll County.

The line-up is expected to be as follows:

Albert Conner, Center
Frank Pearson, Right Guard
Carlton Pearson, Left Guard
Luther Hill, Right Forward
Paul Nason, Left Forward

The substitutes are Sewell Kennett, Franklin Kennett and William Kennett.

The Base Ball team showed their ability to play last year. The players all did their best to win every game. Although some games were lost, they never lost courage. The scores for the year were:

First Game of Season, April 24, 1924
Madison at Conway—Madison, one; Conway nine.

Second game, April 26, 1924

Parsonsfield Seminary at Madison—Madison, twenty-one; Parsonsfield, six.

Third game, May 3, 1924

Nute High at Madison—Madison, five; Nute, one.

Fourth game, May 14, 1924

Porter High at Madison—Madison, eleven; Porter, nine.

Fifth game, May 16, 1924

Madison at Nute—Madison, twelve; Nute, seven.

Sixth Game, May 17, 1924

Madison at Kezar Falls—Madison, three, Kezar Falls, ten.

Seventh Game, May 24, 1924

Madison at Manchester—Manchester, five; Madison, three.

Eighth Game, June 6, 1924

Kennett at Madison—Madison, four; Kennett three.

Fall Games

September 12, 1924 Madison won from Parsonsfield at Madison, 14-9.

September 27, 1924 Madison won from Parsonsfield at Parsonsfield, 6-3.

Basket Ball Schedule

October 30—Parsonsfield at Parsonsfield.

November 7—Parsonsfield at Madison.

November 12—Kezar Falls at Madison.

November 21—Kezar Falls at Kezar Falls.

January 13—Kennett High at Conway.

January 30—Kennett High at Madison.

December 19—Nute at Madison.

January 23—Nute at Nute.

November 14—Bartlett at Madison.

December 5—Bartlett at Bartlett.

February ?—West Side Manchester at Manchester

JOKES

A. C. to S. K. "I've got to go down in the basement and wash my hands because my face feels dirty."

* * * *

Mr. C. (in French) "What is the French word for Red? All you girls know." (Rouge).

* * * *

Found on a senior paper "I noticed your ad for a fertilized salesman."

* * * *

Freshman earnestly in Ancient History, "Do Chinese women still wear small feet?"

* * * *

From a Junior Composition "He was a beautiful little boy with dreamy blue eyes and lovely brown eyes."

* * * *

Miss Q., opening door into hall, "Let's have some fresh air." In walked a freshman.

* * * *

Was R. P. thinking of Charlie when she said she had a picture of crabtrees in blossom?

* * * *

What a funny world this would be if

Al was a street instead of a Conner.

Charles was a Peachtree instead of a Crabtree

Frank was a Pearddaughter instead of a Pearson

Leda was a Youngridge instead of an Eldridge

Marion was a Truwoman instead of a Lyman

Pearl was a Littleville instead of a Granville

Roy was a Fill River instead of a Philbrook.

* * * *

Miss Q. in Junior English, "How many of you take Science?"

Long silence then someone hopefully, "I don't take science but I take physics."

* * * *

S. K. (Commercial Geography) "A baker is in a hot oven all the time."

Miss Q. "I am receiving some rare work from the freshmen this year."

Bright pupil, "You mean half done, don't you?"

Miss Q., "Yes, that's it."

* * * *

Mr. Conner (after long winded proof), "And now we get X equals O."

Voice from rear of room, "Gee, all that work for nothing."

* * * *

Faculty Pass Words

Mr. Conner, "Al, push that clock along."

Miss Quimby, "Have some school spirit."

* * * *

Class Characteristics

Freshmen—The Question Marks

Sophomores—The Exclamation Marks

Juniors—The Gigglers

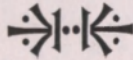
Seniors—Privileged Beings.

* * * *

Heard in Geometry: Mr. C. "Well, Sam, what are adjacent angles?"

Poor Sam didn't know and grew redder and redder in the oppressive silence.

Mr. C., "Pardon me, Sam, I shouldn't have asked you. I didn't mean to cause you any embarrassment."



EXCHANGES

The Madisonian Staff wishes to build up their Exchange Department this year. With that in view we have sent copies to the following asking them to exchange with us:

"The Lancasterian," Lancaster High School, Lancaster, N. H.

"The Hamptonia," Hampton High School, Hampton, N. H.

"The Leavitt Angelus," Turner Center High School, Turner Center, Maine.

"Red and Black," Stevens High School, Claremont, N. H.

"Record," Littleton High School, Littleton, N. H.

"Meteor," Berlin High School, Berlin, N. H.

"Outlook," Porter High School, Kezar Falls, Maine.

Nameless, Plymouth, N. H.

"Whipplewill," Portsmouth, N. H.

"Western Star," Somerville, N. H.

"Pennell Whirlpool," Pennell Institute, Gray, Maine.

"Academy Herald," Bethel, Maine.

"High School Herald," Westfield High School, Westfield, N. H.

"Brewster," Brewster Free Academy, Wolfeboro, N. H.

Kennett High School, Conway, N. H.

Bartlett High School, Bartlett, N. H.

"Red and White," Rochester High School, Rochester, N. H.

"Par Sem," Parsonsfield, Maine.

Several commencement numbers came to the desk this fall.

"Leavitt Angelus," Turner High School, Turner Center, Maine, We are very glad to welcome your paper again. This is a very good issue.

"North Star," North Street School, Claremont, N. H.: We are glad to see your paper and congratulate you on the June issue. We suggest that a few jokes would improve the paper.

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