

The  
Madisonian



Madison High School

November 1925



# THE MADISONIAN

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## EDITORIAL STAFF

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Literary Editors	Esther Gilman
	Pearl Granville
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IN MEMORIAM



This issue is lovingly dedicated to our former headmaster  
and friend, E. C. Conner.

## IN LOVING MEMORY

REGINALD LYMAN, 1927

Our dear Headmaster's gone to rest,  
His labors here are o'er,  
His welcome voice in Madison High  
Will never be heard more.

He's journeyed on to lands unknown.  
How quick the summons came!  
How sad we feel when'er we think  
He'll ne'er return again!

He wished our school to rank as high  
As any in the State;  
And did his best to reach that goal  
By working hard and late.

In all our work and all our sports  
He placed the standards high.  
And nothing that was for our good  
Escaped his watchful eye.

For when we needed discipline  
We got it full and free,  
But in a way so kind and wise  
Our faults we'd quickly see.

And feel no tinge of bitterness  
But one of guilt and shame.  
We'd go to work with all our might  
His favor to regain.

He gave to us his very best  
And spared no strength or time,  
To lead us on to victory  
As Wisdom's Hill we climbed.

And now we'll try to do our best  
High honors to attain;  
And prove that all he did for us  
He did not do in vain.

We'll ne'er forget his precepts  
As the years go fleeting by.  
But his memory will be cherished  
Evermore in Madison High.

# Editorials

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## “CARRY ON”

America's motive for entering the World War was her desire to help make the world safe for democracy. That the sacrifice of our boys, who gave their all, may not have been in vain, we, the living, must carry on the work from where they left it. The poet has beautifully expressed this thought in "In Flanders' Fields" when in imagination he has the soldiers say,

"To you from failing hands we throw  
The torch; be yours to hold it high."

We believe that if Mr. Conner had left us a message, it would have been this same one—to carry on. In no way can we better express our appreciation of his work and our love for him, than by realizing the ideals which he had for us.

The boys who have participated in athletics under his coaching know that he believed in clean sport and fair play. Let us "carry on" in our games with this same spirit. His standards for scholarship were always high and we may honor his memory by striving to reach his ideal for us along scholastic lines. He always believed that we should be in our places daily and on time. Let us, therefore, strive to keep our attendance record as near the hundred mark as possible. In short, in all our work and play may we strive to profit by the example set us. Let us "carry on!"

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"Build thee more stately mansions, oh, my soul,  
As the swift seasons roll!  
Leave thy low-vaulted past!  
Let each new temple, nobler than the last  
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast  
Till thou at length art free,  
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresisting sea."

In the poem the last verse of which is quoted, Holmes describes a shell which is built cell by cell. Each year the patient insect builder, adds a larger cell, sealing the old as he leaves it. He is making a larger and more spacious dwelling for himself.

Is there not a thought here for high school students? Each year as we travel through the four years we may strive for higher, better things. As freshmen we find everything new and strange. We are getting acquainted. But this is the nucleus of the shell. We should strive to make a good beginning. As sophomores we find things somewhat easier. We are better acquainted and have a wider outlook. Our cell may broaden out, however. To the juniors a new significance comes as upper classmen. The goal is in sight. Tasks become more varied and worthwhile. To the seniors is given the attainment of the goal. They round out the work of the four years.

Each student must decide for himself whether or not each year will be better than the ones before. Shall the accomplishments be bigger and finer? The horizon broader? The cell a more spacious one? Or will he be content to grovel in a narrow cell, shut in by meager accomplishment and narrow views? It is our privilege to make the most of the opportunities each year offers and come to the end of the course with high courage and hopes.

# Literary

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## MY TRIP TO CAMP VAIL

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Camp Vail is a special feature of the Eastern States Exposition for Club boys and girls. This camp was founded by Theodore Newton Vail, who established this for the following reasons: (1) To serve as a training school for rural leadership. (2) To exemplify the better demonstration practices in agriculture and home economics. (3) Through the co-ordination of educational exhibits, team demonstrations, judging work and camp activities to present junior extension work in a manner to attract favorable attention from the public. (4) Through the proper selection of materials for the exhibition, and club members for the encampment, to establish higher standards for accomplishments in the various committees. Each of the thirteen eastern states is entitled to send six boys, six girls and six leaders or agents to take charge of them. The delegates are chosen by the state, according to character and the work they are doing in club work.

The Exposition started Sunday, September twentieth. For that reason we had to leave home Saturday morning at five o'clock. Miss Fried, our County Agent, took us to Rochester, where we took the 8.20 train. We changed at Worcester and arrived at the Exposition grounds about 4.30. We had to sign up at the office and a pass and meal tickets were given each of us. On previous years, the delegates had to camp out. This year, Horace A. Moses of Springfield erected a Junior Achievement Building to accommodate the delegates. We were all too tired, after our long trip, to look around much that night.

The next day being Sunday, we attended church in the morning and in the afternoon we went to the Coliseum Building, the grand stand of which will seat 10,000 people. There we had the opportunity of hearing a seventy-five piece orchestra which we all enjoyed. In the evening we went to the Governor's Reception and all the New Hampshire delegates shook hands with the governor of each of the thirteen states. After the reception we heard some



wonderful music and singing given by the Scotch Highlander's Band.

As there were so many things to see and only a week in which to see them, we had to have a special schedule, so after breakfast each morning we went on tours to special places. Monday we visited the Industrial Building, which covers eight acres. Special care has been given to the exhibits this year and every exhibit in the building represented some industry. Some of these exhibits were put on by states and others by companies. For example, the Kibbe Candy Company had an exhibit as an advertisement for their company, which showed every step in the making and packing of their many kinds of candy. Connecticut had the largest exhibit of all, advertising the state along agricultural lines. It cost \$5,000 to have this exhibit arranged, and there were hundreds of others almost as wonderful as that.

Demonstrations were going on in many of the booths in the Junior Exhibition Building at all times of day. Tuesday, Edith and I gave our demonstration on "Cold Pack Methods of Canning Fruits and Vegetables." This took about twenty minutes. We explained the advantages and disadvantages of cold and hot packs and showed the finished products. We prepared and canned peaches and carrots. During the week we saw demonstrations given by teams from every state and we got many ideas from them. In the evening we saw the greatest spectacle of the week, the well-known play, "Rome Under Nero," which was presented out of doors by 500 players. This was given in acting not in words. Before the play there were many vaudeville acts, such as acrobats, toe dancers, elephants, and horse performances. After the play we saw wonderful fireworks which represented well-known things such as the "Wreck of the Hesperus."

Thursday we visited the Girl Scouts' Quarters, and they gave us a demonstration on "First Aid and Preparedness." In the afternoon we saw these girls do many wonderful stunts in the water, which showed what practice will do under good supervision. In the evening were vesper services and following that a regular Indian Council Fire which was interesting. This was held on the banks of the Agawam river.

Friday we visited the Hampden County Building which

was erected by the same Horace Moses, in honor of the Exposition which is in Hampden County. Besides erecting these buildings, Mr. Moses is paying for a Ladies' Training School, which is held on the Exposition ground the week before the fair. Each state is entitled to send two delegates to this school. In the evening vesper services were held and also a candle lighting ceremony. This helped the delegates more than anything else to really get the spirit of Camp Vail. From there we went to the Exhibition Hall where farewell speeches were delivered, also the ribbons for demonstrations and judging were awarded. At the time Edith and I each received a blue ribbon for our canning demonstration. Following this came the worst, saying "Goodbye" to all the Camp Vail friends as some were leaving that night and others the next morning. We all came home feeling that we had a lot to bring back to our club and communities and thoroughly convinced that,

"It's the songs you sing  
And the smiles you wear  
That makes the sunshine everywhere."

## EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

### A Grammar School Recollection

MADELINE GILES, 1926

As an eighth grader, I was very proud and dignified (?). Wasn't my class to graduate in June? Wasn't my class the oldest in school? An incident occurred, however, during this year which for a time made me feel very humble.

One morning I overslept and had to hurry in order not to be late for school. Breathless, I arrived at school just as the bell was ringing. My schoolmates all seemed to be very hilarious about something. I looked about to find the joke but could discover nothing unusual. When the teacher called my class to recite, the giggles were audible. The teacher then inquired as to the cause of the merriment and in answer they pointed at my feet. I looked down quickly to discover, much to my amazement, that I was wearing one black shoe and one brown shoe. I was much embarrassed and failed to see the joke but my classmates seemed to find it very amusing.

## When I Fell Into the Garbage Can

RUTH FORTIER, 1927

When I was about ten years old, my father kept some twenty pigs. One night my sister and I went to Chocorua Inn with him to get the garbage. We started about six o'clock.

When we were returning, we saw some distance ahead of us, a car which was coming toward us. We turned out on the right side of the road to let the car pass, as we were near a very narrow corner. The car came around the corner so fast that they did not see us until too late, so they ran into us. The first thing I remember was of my being in one of the garbage cans instead of on the seat. I began to kick and squirm around. At that minute the horse began to kick so the garbage can, with me still in it, went out into the road. The can was still over my head. Someone pulled it off, picked me up and took me home. My mother thought I must be dead but she put me in the sink and began to pump water on me. Except for our feelings, none of us were hurt.

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## When the Paper Burst

ESTHER GILMAN, 1926

One day, while I was visiting my cousin, we decided to go shopping. I hope never again to experience as embarrassing a moment as I had that day. After making several purchases we each bought a new hat. We asked for bags to put our old hats in, but the clerk wrapped them in paper because they were out of bags. My cousin wanted to do a few more errands so we took the elevator to the fourth floor. We soon discovered that we were on the wrong floor and had to hunt for the goods we wanted. While we were doing this, the feather on my cousin's hat had worked a hole in the paper. As I was walking down an aisle, someone crowded by me, knocking me against the counter. I dropped the paper containing the hats and when I stooped to pick it up, the paper burst. Both hats went rolling down the aisle, one of them striking a man in the heels. The man picked up the hats and handed them to

me. The people standing near began to laugh. I snatched up the paper, wrapped it around the hats and departed as soon as I could.

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### A Freshman Tale

BEATRICE GILES, 1926

When I entered high school three years ago, school was held in the Town Hall. We did not have regular desks but sat at long benches. I did not know what to do with my many books, so when I went into English or History class, I carried all the heavy, burdensome load with me and held it carefully in my lap. I noticed that everyone smiled, but although I was nervous and embarrassed, I did not know why they smiled. After I had been in high school a week and became better acquainted, I understood that I should not carry all my books to class with me but only those that I should need in the class.

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### "THE BETTER WAY" HOW CAME

STANLEY JACKSON, 1929

How came the ink spots on the floor?  
How came the gum there, too?  
And how the paper, high and low,—  
I know such things are true.

Gum comes from people's mouths, I'm told,  
And ink from pens they say,  
But nobody ever told me yet,  
How the paper gets there every day.

Where is the pride of Madison High?  
Is it lost and gone forever?  
Oh no, all it needs is waking.  
Will you be the waking lever?

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### THE FLOOR TALKS

FRANK PEARSON, 1927

Students, please have pity on me. I am the floor.

You run and jump on me, you walk on me. I like to have you do that. Sometimes, however, you treat me very disrespectfully. One day one of you dropped some gum on me. The next moment another one of you stepped on the gum and fastened it harder than ever to me. Another day one of you dropped some chocolate on me and this became attached to me by the same process. You often drop ink on me. I don't like this because it spoils my complexion. Please remember that I like to look well as much as you do. Have mercy on me!

---

## APPRECIATION

RHODA PEARSON, 1928

M. H. S. Rah! Rah! Rah!

M. H. S. Rah! Rah! Rah!

M. H. S. Rah! Rah! Rah!

'Tis an exciting moment in the basketball game. The score stands at a tie, and only a few minutes are left in which to play. Suddenly one in orange and black makes a basket, and the game is won for M. H. S. Then the cheers ring out. We are proud of our team!

The program committee has planned and carried through an especially good program. Why not cheer them? The last number of the "Madisonian" was particularly good. It was well arranged and each department was planned to make a well-balanced magazine. You think so; tell the editors. Maybe their work is appreciated but they will never know it, unless you tell them so. When we appreciate our athletic teams, we tell them so. We are equally proud of some of our other organizations. Why not say so? A little appreciation will not hurt the one who expresses it and may help the one to whom it is given.

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## THE DREAM

A Play in One Act by STANLEY JACKSON, 1929

Characters:

John

Henry

John's Books

Henry's Books

Time: Afternoon.

Place: Library in boys' home.

Henry (entering and sending his books flying into a corner of the room): "Two pages of my Math. book were gone today and the teacher gave me zero. There are the pages now." (Stooping to pick them up from under the table.)

John comes in and lays his books carefully on the table.

Henry: "How do you keep your books so clean and not have the leaves come out? What is the matter with mine?"

John: "One trouble is that you strap your books so tightly that their backs are broken and you throw them around so that the leaves come out."

Henry: "I don't believe it. I believe they give you better books and then blame me because the leaves come out of mine."

John: "Think as you like. I am going to study out of doors today."

Henry: "I'll study here."

John selects one of his books and goes out. Henry sits down in the easy chair and soon falls asleep.

John's books: "Why doesn't Henry treat you better?"

Henry's books: "He thinks we are no good because our leaves come out. It is his own fault. He breaks our back by strapping us too tightly and throws us around as if we were made of iron."

John's books: "John always treats us well. If we get torn, he mends us and he pastes in the leaves that come out."

Henry's books: "I wish Henry would treat us that way."

John's books: "Sh! Henry is waking up."

Henry (yawning): "Was it a dream or was it true what I heard those books say? I guess it was true whether it was a dream or not. I think I'll paste in those two leaves that came out and patch up the torn places."

He is busy mending when John comes in.

Henry: "John, you were right and I was wrong about those books."

John: "I am glad you think so and I think you will find that if you are a better master your books will be better servants."

## BOOKS THAT TALK

FRANCES THOMPSON, 1926

I walked hurriedly past the library. There was no one in there. My father and mother were away and I was hurrying to the kitchen to see if all was well there. The large oak table was just visible to me and I glimpsed several books on this table which I had placed there myself. My English Grammar was beside "The Story of My Life" by Helen Keller. "The Winning of Barbara Worth" and "Penrod" were also on the table. The dictionary in its stand looked majestically down on the others.

As I approached the library on my return from the kitchen, I thought I could hear voices. This seemed strange to me for there had not been time for anyone to enter. I stealthily crept up to the door and peeked in. Not a living person was within the range of my vision. I stood still, dumfounded.

Presently another sound came to my ears. I thought that surely my eyes or ears were deceiving me. But no, it was neither. The noise is heard again. It comes from the library table. Can it be?—No—but it is! The books! They are talking!

Fearing to break the spell, I crouched back behind the drapery and listened attentively.

"I say I consider myself most important. Without me, you others could not have been correctly written," boasted the English Grammar.

"Yes, that last is true," responded 'The Story of My Life,' "but people read you only because they have to and they read me voluntarily because I tell about the life and usefulness of a very famous person."

"I agree with both of you," volunteered 'The Winning of Barbara Worth,' "but I and my type of book give pleasure mixed with information."

"Granted, granted," came from 'Penrod,' "but I and the books which have my characteristics of humor and human interest in them are the ones to which people turn after a hard day's work. They appeal strongly to children, also."

A voice from the shelves was heard to exclaim, "I share that popularity with you, my worthy friend. A tired

business man also turns to a good wholesome western or detective story."

A deep voice broke the silence that followed this statement, "The English Grammar has said that without it you others could never be correctly written. Without my invaluable aid, none of you would have been written at all. Ask any author if the Dictionary has not been an indispensable help."

Thus they argued. Finally the argument was closed with this bit of philosophy, "Just as it takes all kinds of people to make the world, so does it take all kinds of books also."

Amazed and interested, I started to leave thinking this to be the end when another voice interrupted me.

"Yes, it takes all kinds of people to make a world; but I wish that all people were considerate of us. They think that we have no feelings and that we don't or can't care how we are treated. A thoughtful person never would do the things to his friends he does to us. We are his friends. Why does he mistreat us? We give him many things—amusement, instruction, health guides and innumerable other things. I only wish we could be better treated."

I walked hastily away, feeling that these accusations were all too true.

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## MR. CONNER

ESTHER GILMAN, 1925

Edwin C. Conner was born on June 9, 1873. He was the son of Charles E. and Sarah M. (Garland) Conner. After attending the public schools, he commenced to teach at the age of seventeen. He first taught at Tamworth and Duncan Lake. A new school building was built in Freedom and he became the first teacher. After teaching for several years, he entered Phillips-Exeter Academy from which he graduated in 1899. After graduating he took a post-graduate course and remained as tutor for six years.

In 1898 he married Miss Mary E. Blake of Lowell. Five children were born to them: Helen M., Charles, Jr., John B., Albert H., who graduated from Madison High in June, 1925, and Harlan.

Mr. Conner was teacher of a private school in Center



Ossipee for several years. From there he came to Madison High as Headmaster. During the last five years he has worked to build Madison High up to its present standard. It is as a teacher that he is best known and will be longest remembered. Professor Tufts of Exeter says of him, "I consider him the best tutor we ever had at Exeter and one of the best teachers in New Hampshire, if not the best."

Although teaching was his profession, he was a musician, sportsman and lover of nature. He was untiring in his efforts to help the Madison boys build up a successful baseball and basketball team.

On August 17, he passed away very suddenly at his home in Moultonville—the home in which he was born. Not only will this talented man be missed by his family and friends but by his pupils and those who labored with him in making Madison High one of the best schools in the state.

# Alumni

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Dear Friends of M. H. S.:

Great changes have come to the class of 1923 since its graduation from Madison High.

Mildred Nason Frost is doing her bit to "Keep the Home Fires Burning" right here in Madison. She lives on a farm some distance from the village and is one of our real homemakers. At the Grange Fair she had a fine exhibit of her own work.

Martha Kennett, after attending Wheaton College for two years, has decided that she prefers to give her entire time to obtaining a musical education. This year she is attending the Boston Conservatory of Music. She plans to teach music in the public schools. We think that Martha is particularly well fitted for work of this kind and wish her all kinds of success.

Florence Pearson completed her Normal School course last spring and is now teaching in the Silver Lake School.

As we were the first class to graduate from M. H. S., we feel that we knew and, in a sense, "owned" Mr. Conner in a way that none else could. So in this paper dedicated to him, we bring our tribute to one who was a great teacher and true friend.

As ever, your well wishers,

THE CLASS OF 1923.

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## CLASS OF 1924

Madison High is proud of the fact that so many of the class of 1924 are attending higher institutions.

Austin Savary has returned to his studies at Wentworth Institute, Boston.

Paul Bickford is a sophomore at the University of New Hampshire this year and Sarah Chamberlain has resumed her studies at Boston University.

Roland Lyman entered Bates College, Lewiston, Maine, in September and Arthur Gilman is taking a business course at the McIntosh School in Dover.

Roland Ward is working in Madison and has helped the school in its athletics this fall.

Philip Angell's whereabouts are unknown but we hope he is in college.

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Plymouth, N. H.,  
October 15, 1925.

Dear Friends:

It is rather hard for me to tell what each member of the class of '25 is doing, as I have not heard from some of them since we graduated in June.

Carlton Pearson is attending an Art School in Boston. Luther Hill is working in the Independent Office at Center Ossipee. Carroll Welch is helping his father in the store. Albert Conner, Albert Fortier, Maynard Hilton and Sewall Kennett are all working.

The five girls are attending the State Normal School at Plymouth. We find the work very interesting but many are the times when we think of M. H. S. and our sorrow is renewed as we think of the loss that has come in the death of its able Headmaster, Mr. Conner.

Words are insufficient to express our appreciation for the work Mr. Conner did for us. He was untiring in his efforts to make the school one of the best in the state. It might be fitting to erect a memorial to the first Headmaster; but the best memorial we can erect is one of love for him and the carrying on of his ideals under the efficient guidance of the new Headmaster.

Sincerely yours,

DOROTHY HUCKINS, 1925.

# School Notes

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Boost your school, boost, my friend,  
Boost the classes you attend.  
Boost the efforts you are making,  
Boost the sports you're undertaking.  
Boost for every good advance,  
Boost for every lucky chance.  
Boost the students with whom you work,  
Boost the school and never shirk.  
Boost its every enterprise.  
Boost for everyone who tries.  
Boost the things for you provided,  
Boost that we be not divided.  
Boost at every time of year,  
Boost till everyone shall hear.  
Boost your school and be not weary,  
Boost it when the world seems dreary.  
Boost it when it's down and out,  
Boost it till it's up about.  
Boost it to the very sky,  
Boost it that it may not die.  
Boost it with your might and main.  
Boost and boost, then boost again.

F. T., '26.

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## Freshmen Welcome

The activities of the English Club began with a welcome program to the Freshmen which included speeches by Headmaster Edgerly and Frances Thompson of the Senior class. Special music was enjoyed and refreshments were served after the program.

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## Outside Speakers

We have been very fortunate in having had several fine speakers for the English Club. One was Professor Daly of Harvard University, who gave us a very clear and interesting talk on "The Cause of Earthquakes." Miss Judith Fried, Carroll County Club Agent, visited the Club

one Friday afternoon and talked to us about Forestry. Another speaker was Dr. Carlton, who gave us a vivid description of the Imperial Valley in Southern California. We welcome these special programs not only because of their interesting nature but because of the information they give us.

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### **Weenie Roast**

One night during the second week of school, the student body accompanied by Mr. Edgerly and Miss Quimby, hiked to the shore of Silver Lake where they had a corn and weenie roast. After everyone's appetite was satisfied, the party gathered about the fire and sang songs and told stories. Mr. Edgerly accompanied the singers on his "Sweet Potato" and several ukeleles also added to the music. All voted the affair a success.

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### **Assemblies**

Both morning and afternoon classes are organized this year so that they have an assembly period at the beginning of the session. In addition to the devotional exercises with which the period opens each day, some splendid five-minute features have been given, including readings, demonstrations, drills, etc.

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### **Entertainments**

The first entertainment of the year was given at the Town Hall, Friday night, November 13. As this was book week, the program used books as its central theme. After a program which consisted of essays, poems, an original play, and music and charades, refreshments of cocoa and sandwiches were served and a social hour enjoyed.

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### **Headmaster**

The school feels they are very fortunate to have Mr. Edgerly to take Mr. Conner's place. We regret the loss of Mr. Conner but are glad to welcome Mr. Edgerly to the school.

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### **Hiking Club**

A Girls' Hiking Club has been organized this fall. We plan to walk fifty miles and hope to be awarded M's when we have reached the goal.

# Athletics

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The School Slogan: "Clean Athletics."

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:

1st game of season, April 25, 1925 Par-Sem at Madison,  
M. H. S.—9; Par-Sem—8.

2nd game, April 29, 1925 Cornish at Madison,  
M. H. S.—9; Cornish—11.

3rd game, May 6, 1925 Conway at Madison,  
M. H. S.—9; Conway—0.

4th game, May 9, 1925 Madison at Kezar Falls,  
M. H. S.—1; Kezar Falls—16.

5th game, Madison at Par-Sem,  
M. H. S.—9; Par-Sem—2.

6th game, Madison at Cornish,  
M. H. S.—11; Cornish—7.

7th game, Kezar Falls at Madison,  
M. H. S.—0; Kezar Falls—2.

8th game, West Side High at Madison,  
M. H. S.—3; W. S. H.—10.

9th game, Madison at Conway,  
M. H. S.—3; K. H. S.—4.

Fall game—Madison won from Ossipee High, 5-4.

The 1924-25 Basket Ball team was most satisfactory. This fall we are handicapped to a certain extent by the loss of some of the old players, only two of last year's men being back. A new team has been organized for this year. The new players have good courage and will try to follow the example set by the first team and win the championship of Carroll County.

The team played their first game with Par-Sem at Madison, October 21, 1925, winning by the close score of 22 to 18. The game was one of the fastest and cleanest that we ever played. M. H. S. returned the game November 5 but were defeated 29 to 23. We appreciate very much the way in which the students greeted us and made us feel

at home. We expect to play the rubber game in the near future on a neutral floor.

The present line-up is:

Henry Hobbs, Center.

Frank Pearson, Right Guard.

William Kennett, Left Guard.

Franklin Kennett, Right Forward.

Paul Nason, Left Forward.

The substitutes are Alfred Moody, Robert Granville and Edson Kennett.

We play to win but believe that defeat is better than unfair victory.



# Jokes

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Mr. E.: "King Charles was reading with his eyes shut."

Miss Q.: "Give me an example of a sentence with a compound predicate."

F. K.: "The boy went to school and stayed at home."

Heard in Math. II: "Study proposition 11 and tomorrow I shall ask one of you to get onto the board and prove it."

E. F. (in Commercial Geography): "Russia first became known to Europe because of the sea routes through it."

We wonder why Russell started to his seat after spelling "interfere" correctly in the spelling match.

Worried Sophomore: "I can't find Sidney in the Encyclopedia."

Helpful Senior: "Here it is—Sir Philip Sidney, the poet."

Worried Sophomore: "No that isn't the one. Miss Q. said he was an author."

Heard in the Girls' Dressing Room: "It's colder than Icey's Greenland Mountains."

C. C. (starting up as he hears a car in the yard): "Here comes the schoolma'am." (Mr. E.)

Ask the Senior girls if an oil stove works all right with the oil tank in upside down.

E. K. to F. T.: "We have to look up the medical (mediaeval) church for history tomorrow."

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## A True Story

"Miss Q. that oil stove simply *won't* burn," said a worried looking Sophomore girl as she appeared suddenly at the door of the English room.

It was the first Friday afternoon of the school year.



The English Club program that day had been a welcome for the freshmen and refreshments of cocoa, cake and sandwiches had been served. The sophomore girls were trying to heat water to wash dishes but the oil stove, which went out while the cocoa was being made and had had to be coaxed to burn long enough to finish heating that beverage, refused to be coaxed any longer.

Now in reply to the sophomore's statement, Miss Q. said, "What's the matter with it? Is there plenty of oil in the tank?"

"Yes, it's full."

"Are the feed pipes working all right? Perhaps the wicks need trimming."

"I think they are all right but I'll see," and the sophomore withdrew to try again.

The feed pipes were apparently all right, the tank was full of oil but even with freshly trimmed wicks, the stove refused to respond with even a feeble flicker of flame. At last the girls gave up in despair, washed the dishes in cold water and put the basement to rights.

Somewhat later a sophomore again appeared at the English room door and with a somewhat sheepish look on her face explained, "We found why the oil stove wouldn't burn. The oil tank was in upside down."

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## The Classes As Seen By Their Fellow Classes

### FRESHMEN

Wanted quickly a dictionary of names! From time to time papers have been passed in by members of the Freshman class minus a name. It seems strange that anyone should have been slighted to such a degree as to be left nameless. Possibly that is not the case but some tragic event has occurred somewhere in the dim past which has caused the luckless ones to become oblivious that they possess one. We must, therefore, have a list at once from which we can supply the deficiency.

Another serious affliction of this class is the "dropsy." Here is a well-meaning Freshman, all ready to recite. The first word is uttered when—bang! a book, carelessly held, finds its way to the floor. The book is hastily retrieved only to be followed by a slippery pencil. Only after books, pencils and papers are securely moored, is Freshman able

to continue his recitation. It is thought a pot of glue may be an aid in overcoming this affliction.

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### THE SOPHOMORES

Can the Sophomores whistle? The best way to answer this question is to visit the morning French class. The pupils of this class had so much difficulty in pronouncing the French articles that they were taught to whistle as well as pronounce the words. In spite of this difficulty, however, there are some words which they have always found it easy to say—*Je ne sais pas*, *Je ne comprends pas*, and *Qu'est que c'est que ça*.

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### THE JUNIORS

Who hath boasted of their class?  
 Who is puffed up without cause?  
 Who hath gigglers?  
 What class has much joy?  
 What class hath no worries?  
 What class hath childish people?

They that tarry long at playing.  
 They that never go to seek their books.

Be thou not envious of the Seniors,  
 They are older and more learned.  
 It was meant to be thus and it will always be so.

---

### THE SENIORS

The Seniors! They excel, yea in many things. In the making of noise as well as the making of ranks they lead the list of the classes. Not only are they 100 per cent. in attendance but they make sure the rest of the school know of their arrival, each day.

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## THE LIBRARY TABLE

### Nature Magazine

What student is not immediately seized with a great eagerness to read the articles after seeing the challenging pictures which liven up the accounts in the "Nature Magazine?" The article and accompanying pictures on "Dogs

of the Arctic Frontier" were especially interesting to the students of Madison High after the entertaining address on the subject which Mr. Walden gave us last spring. When we were teething many of us had a string of Job's tears to chew on. Of course, we were interested in the story about them given in the October number. In the issue for August, the circus month, there is an account of "The Circus Elephant" which excited our interest because of the way the habits, and method of training are described.

Each month this magazine has a page where a Nature Calendar is kept. Various nature things which we may expect to find in the month are given here.

Attractively bound and pleasingly written, this magazine is one to invite inspection. We are glad that it is one of the magazines and periodicals on our table.

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# Exchanges

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## The Table's Exchanges

As good a list as you'll ever spy  
Is the one we have at Madison High,  
For what it lacks in quantity  
It makes up in its quality.

Our exchanges come from far and wide,  
Both news and fun they do provide.  
We welcome each as it arrives  
And put it in our school archives.

The "Red and White," the "Red and Black"  
Seem to nothing want or lack.  
The "Record," "Kommett" and "North Star"—  
All three are surely up to par.

The "Star" which hails from Somerville,  
Together with the "Whipplewill"  
The "Meteor" and "Outlook," too  
Are good to read and fair to view.

Both the Heralds which we scan  
As well as the "Lancastrian"  
The "Nameless," "Konah" and "Whirlpool"  
All bespeak a worthy school.

The "Leavitt Angelus" is fine  
In every happy page and line.  
While from New Hampton comes a gem  
Comparing well with the "Par Sem."

Now from this list I'm sure you'll see  
How very fortunate we be.  
We feel there's little we can say  
To make them better in any way.

---

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