

The
Madisonian



Madison High School

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THE SECOND MILE

A boy lay on the floor in front of the fireplace studying. He had been at work in the fields all day and although he was weary from his toil, he read on far into the night. Day after day he toiled and night after night he stayed up to study. Neighbors thought this was very foolish but he kept on, paying no attention to sarcasm or discouraging remarks. Days and years passed and in 1860 one of those same neighbors, who knew he would never amount to anything, walked miles to shake hands with the man the boy had become and to congratulate him. Who was this man and what had he done? It was Abraham Lincoln and he owed much of his success to going the second mile. He was made President of the United States because as a boy he had not been satisfied to do merely the things he was asked or hired to do. He wasn't content with the first mile but invariably went the second, also.

Shall we follow his example? Let us not be satisfied with just "getting by" but learn to be second milers. In history or any of the social subjects let us not stop when we have covered the assigned reading; rather let us keep on reading until we have mastered the subject and have deepened our interest because of our knowledge. Let us not be content with merely complying with the rules and regulations of our school but let us take the next step and set an example that will raise the standards of conduct a little higher. Let us not feel we have done our part when we participate in athletics and turn out for practice but be willing also to give up late hours and sweets that we may give

our physical best to the team and school. Let us not be satisfied with anything but our best. Let's go that second mile!

THANKSGIVING

What does Thanksgiving mean to us? Have we allowed the fun and feasting to crowd out its real significance? The Pilgrims enjoyed a feast, to be sure, but the real reason for that first Thanksgiving was that they might count over their blessings and thank God for His goodness.

Let us apply this to our own lives. In our school life do we take as a matter of course all the privileges that are ours? Do we sometimes think of school as a place for fun only? We are cheating ourselves, if we do.

It is right that we enjoy our school life together as the Pilgrims enjoyed their feast. Shall we fail to appreciate what it means to us and not make the most of its privileges? Let us get the most out of school that we can and thus have something to be truly thankful for.

Literary

STORMS

Rhoda Pearson, 1928

'Terror is borne on the wings of the storm
As it sweeps o'er land and sea,
'The world is black and hope is gone
And the light we cannot see.

Where sunshine and laughter reigned before
Shadows and sorrow hold sway;
The heart that was light and full of joy
Lets gloominess have its sway.

But the sun breaks through and clouds depart
And all is happier than ever again,
For things that were tangled and torn before
Are washed away in the rain.

So, when your life seems tangled and dull
And storms of doubt arise,
Think that the things which trouble may bring
Are but blessings in disguise.

ARMISTICE

Russell Bennett, 1927

Alfred, a little Belgian boy about five years old, stood watching a little wooden doll take shape under his father's dexterous fingers. When the doll was done, he ran to tell his mother about it; but as he climbed upon her knee, he noticed there were tears in her eyes. Something was wrong but he didn't know what it was. That night he went to bed with the doll cuddled tightly in his arms.

When he awoke next morning, he saw his mother sobbing bitterly with her head bowed on the table. He climbed upon her knee and gave her a kiss, asking over and over what the trouble was.

"Your father has gone to fight the Germans," was all she would answer.

"He will come home to dinner, won't he?" Alfred asked innocently in his little lisping voice.

"No, dear, he may never come back to us."

"But he won't have anything to eat," Alfred did not at all grasp the situation.

Seeing the forgotten doll on the floor, he slid down and ran across the room. All morning he played with the new toy. Still the question of where his father was bothered his little brain and he asked his mother again where he had gone. For answer she pointed in the direction of a distant hill.

When his mother gave him some black bread and cold meat, he quietly put them in a basket. His father had not come and he must be hungry. He would take him his own dinner. So he started away in the direction which his mother had pointed.

Several hours later his mother was running through the streets hunting for him. Finally she met a boy who told her he had seen Alfred trudging away in the direction of the hill. She started up the road with fear in her heart. Toward night she noticed that the road was cut with deep marks.

"The Germans! Would they kill her baby boy?"

On she traveled but it was in a daze now. It had grown almost dark but she stumbled on. Suddenly she tripped over an object in the road. Stooping she discovered Alfred, his tiny face spattered with blood and rigidly set as if in pain. He was dead and cold but one hand still held out a little wooden doll while the other held a basket behind him as if he offered the doll to save the basket of food.

What kind of warfare was this that would murder little children?

It was four long years before the saddened mother heard the good news of the armistice.

AN ESSAY ON ANYTHING

Esther Jackson, 1928

Anything is made up of three syllables, the first two with three letters and the third with five. The first letter, a, is a very important letter. It is a vowel and as there

are only five vowels in the English language, it would be impossible to talk without it. N is not used as often but anyone who has had a head cold and tried to talk without it, must realize how important it is. Y has a special claim to importance, being the only semi-vowel in any language and when there is only one, it is, of necessity, very valuable. Take the syllables as a whole. How unlimited they are! Any! They include everything.

Thing is quite important, also. T seems to be useful and h, especially when combined with t, is important, too. I is used the most of any letter in the alphabet. Some people couldn't live without it. They use it in almost every sentence—often as the beginning or center of the sentence. I comes from the Latin word, ego. To be sure, I is the nominative form and me is the objective form, which is the same as the Latin. This one word shows that our language comes straight from the Latin. G is used constantly. It seems to be especially popular with high school boys and since they are students, they certainly ought to know and use correct English. They do not use it in combination with other letters, either. They use it alone, so it must be correct and proper.

The word as a whole is important, too. It is among the first things mentioned in that large and useful volume, the dictionary. Anything is defined by the dictionary as "any object, act, state, event, or fact, whatever; thing of any kind" and is, as you see, boundless. It includes all the money, resources, animal, fish and bird life—everything. It includes the whole world in its scope. Therefore it is one of the most important, useful and needed words in the English language.

THE CHALLENGE AND THE QUESTION

Frank Pearson, 1927

"United States Declares War on Germany." Thus the headlines of American newspapers heralded the fact that the United States had entered the World War on the side of the allies.

With his trumpet Uncle Sam called for men who were willing to give their lives for him and their fellow men. How quickly they responded! With great pride he re-

viewed them as they marched past him, many thousand strong. He did not see the mothers, with tears in their eyes, as they watched them march away. Is it possible that these men are going so cheerfully to answer Uncle Sam's call, possibly never to return again? Slowly the singing soldiers march out of sight.

It was fully two years later that the true cost of answering this call became apparent to Uncle Sam. Then one evening as he sat before the fire, several vivid pictures came to him.

What a terrible din! What awful desolation surrounds Uncle Sam! He stops short in awe, then goes on, drawing near to a trench in which he sees men wearing the well-known khaki uniform. Around his head the bullets whine and whistle. The men in the trench never flinch but return shot for shot. Suddenly a heavy droning sound is heard. A great shell comes tearing through the air. The men scatter—too late. The shell falls and with a deafening noise explodes in their midst. A cloud of smoke rises slowly, clearing the air which is filled with the groans of dying men. Uncle Sam rubs his eyes. Is it possible that in an instant a score of human beings have thus been hurled into eternity? Seeing a man near him, he hastens to where he lies. Bending over him to catch his last message, he hears, "It's all for the best" and the soul of a real man passes on to the great beyond. Uncle Sam turns away in horror. Is this what he sent his men to?

The picture changes and Uncle Sam sees soldiers throw down their guns. They are laughing and cheering—they are crying all at the same time. Men embrace their neighbors. Some jump to the top of the trench and are running across the shell-torn ground, where they are met by the enemy soldiers. They are shaking hands—even embracing each other. Can this be possible? Is it true that the men were not enemies at heart? No! They were fighting for country not for themselves. Uncle Sam turns thoughtfully away. "Is it right?" he mutters, "for brothers to be compelled to fight and take lives in this way?"

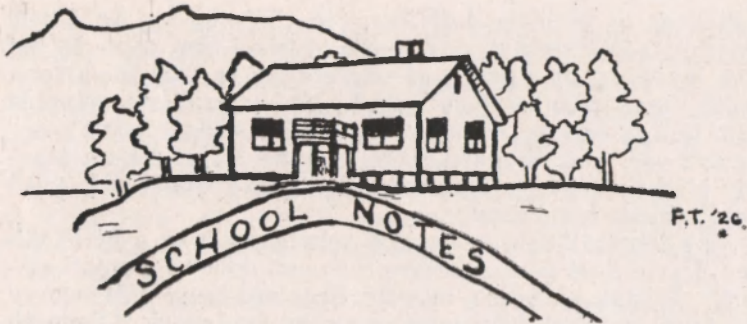
What is this coming? Marching past him is a long line of homeless children. What wretched condition they are in! Clothes in rags, barefooted, their frail bodies and thin faces show the effects of starvation. What a pitiful sight—

thousands of children left alone in the world. As Uncle Sam turns quickly away to hide the tears that come to his eyes, he is met by a group of soldiers. Are they the strong healthy men who went to fight? No! Some are crippled from loss of legs or arms; some are left consumptive; others are pale and haggard from wounds. Uncle Sam staggers slightly. These men must struggle through life with these serious handicaps!

As the sinking sun casts a rosy glow over a little village, Uncle Sam pauses before the open door of a small cottage. Within he sees a mother, her face lined with worry and care, her back bent with unaccustomed work. Beneath a crown of soft white hair, sad kindly eyes smile bravely as she goes about her work. As she passes the window, she pauses and her frail body shakes with a shudder. A messenger comes up the walk. With faltering step she goes to the door. As she receives and opens the message her heart tells her the fateful news before her tear-dimmed eyes can read its words. First her husband, now her only son. Shaking with sobs she sinks into a chair and bows her head on the table. Dashing tears from his eyes with a rough hand, Uncle Sam turns away. No longer is he in doubt.

Uncle Sam wakes with a start. How vivid was his vision! With his hands still clenched and his brow furrowed with thought, he issues a second call.

Representatives from many nations have gathered at the call of Uncle Sam. He tells them of his vision. How plain he makes the sacrifice of the soldiers, the pitiful suffering of the innocent children, the grief and sorrow of the mothers. "Is it right for a nation to ask its men to become murderers? Is it right for a nation to ask its mothers to sacrifice their sons—to ask men and women to give their lives, leaving their children to wander homeless and unguided? Have we the right in the eyes of our Maker to ask our fellow men to sacrifice their all because of the unchristian spirit and greed of a few men? I vow before God, the creator of all things, that I will use my influence and power to bring about a Christian fellowship among nations, making war impossible and this world a beautiful and safe place in which to live."



FRESHMAN WELCOME

The activities of the Knights of Good English began with a welcome program for the Freshmen. This included welcome speeches by Headmaster Nelson and Frank Pearson of the Senior class. Mrs. Stevens kindly consented to lead in some music and a half hour was spent in singing together. After the literary program, refreshments of sandwiches, cake and cocoa were served.

CORN ROAST

One night during the third week of school, the student body accompanied by Mr. Nelson, Miss Quimby and Miss Hall hiked to the shore of Silver Lake, where they had a corn roast. After everyone's appetite was satisfied, there were races and stunts. The party then gathered around the fire and sang songs. The affair was voted a huge success.

TEACHERS

Two changes have been made in the teaching force. Mr. John A. Nelson succeeds Mr. Steele as Headmaster. We feel he is taking considerable interest in the school and as a student body we should try to show our appreciation by cooperating in every way.

Miss Florence Hall of N. H. College is teaching the French in Miss Watson's place and is also showing her interest in our various activities.

NEW STUDENTS

A class of ten Freshmen entered this fall. The Sophomore class received one new student and the Juniors gained

four. It is almost needless to say we are glad to welcome all these students and hope they will enjoy their stay at M. H. S.

SUPPER AND ENTERTAINMENT

A supper and entertainment was given in the Town Hall one Monday evening in October. The program consisted of singing by the Freshmen and Sophomore girls and an illustrated lecture by Supt. Jackson on "The Yosemite Valley."

KNIGHTS OF GOOD ENGLISH

Officers for the first term are as follows:

President—Russell Bennett.

Vice-President—Alice Whiting.

Secretary—Edith Pearson.

Treasurer—Samuel Lyman.

The Club has enjoyed two speakers this fall. Rev. Wilder of North Conway gave us a most interesting account of a trip through Babylon and the East. Headmaster Nelson talked to us one Friday on his experiences in the navy during the World War. Both speeches were instructive as well as interesting.

A volume of Shakespeare's complete works has been offered that student who makes the best progress in English during the year, especially in spoken or oral English. This should prove an incentive for all of us to try to improve our English.

EXTRA ACTIVITIES

Public Speaking

The first round of Public Speaking is well under way. This is good practice and we hope everyone will do his part to make the contest even a bigger success than it was last year.

Debating League

M. H. S. is trying an entirely new project this year by joining the Interscholastic Debating League. Already several debates have been held at the regular English Club meetings and the school is showing much interest in this work.

Athletics

“When the Great Recorder goes to mark against your name, It isn't whether you have lost or won but the way you have played the game.’

On Columbus Day the School held its second Interclass Field Day. Quite a bit of competition was shown between the Junior and Senior classes but the Juniors won with 56 points. The Senior class scored 47 points; the Freshmen, 18 points; and the Sophomores, 13 points. Individuals who scored highest were William Kennett, Samuel Lyman and Elizabeth Chamberlain. The Knights of Good English presented the winners with Letters.

EVENTS

- 40-yd. dash for girls. Won by Elizabeth Chamberlain.
- 40-yd. dash for boys. Won by William Kennett.
- Baseball throw—girls. Won by Eleanor Nason.
- Baseball throw—boys. Won by William Kennett.
- Running high jump—girls. Won by Harriett Meloon.
- Running high jump—boys. Won by Franklin Kennett.
- Standing broad jump—girls. Won by Elizabeth Chamberlain.
- Standing broad jump—boys. Won by Samuel Lyman.
- Tug-of-war. Won by Seniors and Freshmen.
- Running broad jump—girls. Won by Elizabeth Chamberlain.
- Running broad jump—boys. Won by Reginald Lyman.
- Three legged race. Won by Juniors.
- 100-yd. dash—boys. Won by William Kennett.
- Long distance relay—boys. Won by Juniors.

BASKET BALL

The basket ball team has been organized and is showing up well. Frank Pearson was elected captain and Samuel Lyman, manager. The line-up is as follows:
Guards—Frank Pearson, Samuel Lyman.
Center—Franklin Kennett.

Forwards—William Kennett, Leonard Bickford.

Subs.—Edson Kennett, Harry Ward.

The schedule as far as it has been arranged is as follows:

Nov. 5 Sandwich at Sandwich.

Nov. 11 Sandwich at Madison.

Nov. 19 Porter at Kezar Falls.

Nov. 26 Nute at Milton.

Dec. 10 Porter at Madison.

Dec. 17 Nute at Madison.

Jan. 8 Ossipee at Ossipee.

Jan. 21 Ossipee at Madison.

Games with Alton, Kennett, Bartlett and Parsonsfield have not as yet been definitely scheduled.

GIRLS' TEAM

The girls have organized a basket ball team this year and are practicing each week. Eleanor Nason was elected captain and Pearl Granville manager for the girls.

HIKING CLUB

The Hiking Club was organized again this fall and several hikes were enjoyed before the basket ball practice began.

Alumni

Our Alumni now numbers thirty of which thirty-six per cent. are at present in higher institutions of learning.

CLASS OF 1923

We have one graduate, Florence Pearson, who has completed Normal School work and is teaching at Silver Lake.

Another graduate, Martha Kennett, is at the New England Conservatory of Music.

Mildred Nason Frost lives at Madison where she and her husband are active in Grange work.

CLASS OF 1924

Arthur Gilman is working in Chick's office at Silver Lake.

As a sophomore at Bates, Roland Lyman is doing good work.

The first news to reach us concerning Phil Angell came from a lawyer in Vermont who has Phil as an apprentice in his office.

Roland Ward is doing carpenter work about Madison.

We are represented at Boston University by Sarah Chamberlain who is a Junior there.

Another of the Alumni, Paul Bickford, is a Junior at the University of New Hampshire.

This fall Austin Savary has been working with his brother in Andover, Mass.

CLASS OF 1925

Four girls of our Quintette have returned to Plymouth Normal School: Edith Gilman, Dorothy Huckins, Ruth Pearson and Marion Lyman.

Leda Eldridge, the fifth member, is teaching in Union District for Supt. Landman.

Carlton Pearson is attending Art School in Boston.

The boys of this class are mostly working. Albert

Fortier helped his father on the roads near Chocorua last summer; Maynard Hilton, Albert Conner and Carroll Welch are all working in Ossipee; Luther Hill, who is still with the Carroll County Independent, recently passed the Civil Service examinations.

CLASS OF 1925-26

Wedding bells rang for two of our number when Sewell Kennett, 1925, and Florence Gilman, 1926, were married on August 17, 1926.

CLASS OF 1926

The first graduate of M. H. S. to attend Keene Normal is Frances Thompson.

According to last reports Madeline and Beatrice Giles are at their home in Freedom.

Alfred Moody is working in a shop in Milton.

Being unable to attend college this year, Esther Gilman is studying music at home.

Paul Nason is painting with his father.

We understand that Henry Hobbs, who is working at Pike's Store, is still planning to go to college next year.

To all our Alumni we wish success during the coming year.

Jokes

Then shall the kingdom of success be likened unto ten students who took their talents and went forth to meet their examinations. And five of them were foolish and five were wise. For the wise had added knowledge to their talents, but the foolish had added no knowledge to their talents. Now while the day of examinations tarried, they all slumbered and slept. But at the end of the term, there came a cry, "Behold the hour of examinations! Come ye forth to take them." Then all those students arose and prepared their talents. And the foolish said unto the wise, "Give us of your knowledge for our talents are failing." But the wise answered and said, "Peradventure there will not be enough for us and you. Go ye rather to them that teach and get for yourselves." And while they went to cram, the hour of reckoning came and they that were ready went in to success but the door of success was closed to the five foolish students. Afterward came those students to the teacher saying, "Teacher, teacher, give us a passing mark." But the teacher answered and said, "Verily I say unto you, I cannot." Prepare yourselves therefore, for ye know not the time of testing. E. J.

* * * *

Found on a Sophomore essay: "He caught a wild parrot and tamed it. It was the only human voice he had heard since he landed on the island."

* * * *

Miss H.: "Where does the gravy (grave e) come?"

* * * *

President of K. G. E.: "I'll put up a notice on the bulletin board and let you know who you are."

* * * *

L. B., reporting on life of Edgar A. Poe: "Both his parents were actresses."

* * * *

Found on Sophomore paper: "He ran for a fire extinguisher to put out the fire."

* * * *

Queer translations: "One day a friend came in the window where the old woman was sitting."

"The dog remained motionless, licking his chops and looking at his master."

* * * *

What means this dreadful silence,
From the youngest to the old?
What calamity has befallen
That quiets all the bold?

They tell of awful hap'nings,
Of calamities profound;
Foretold by dreadful silence
With all devoid of sound.

The cause of this dread silence,
We may easily propound.
The silence is oppressive
For the "eats have gone around."

R. P.

* * * *

We wonder if:

R. B. intends to let us know who we are.

C. C. entertains himself with the harmonica.

E. C. enjoys debating.

Anyone of the Freshman class ever forgets.

E. K. gets up before breakfast—else why should he go to sleep while watching the furnace.

Mr. N. really thought that Sophomore theme was a love letter.

There is a reason for the boys in the afternoon classes sitting so far apart.

The "Freshies" will have to come back afternoons for math.

* * * *

E. E. (reading in history): "He ruled like an ornamental (oriental) monarch."

From quotations given in the Morning Exercises:

E. D.: "There were 90 forest fires in the U. S. in 1924."

B. B.: "There were 92,000 forest fires in the U. S. in 1924." We suggest the Freshmen compare notes before they give statistics.

* * * *

OUR LIBRARY TABLE

Because we publish but one copy of the "Madisonian" each term, we have found it a bit difficult to make our exchange list as long as we wish. The staff hopes, however, to make this department bigger and better this year. Exchanging papers with other schools helps us in many ways. Not only do we enjoy reading the papers for news of our neighbors and fellow students but we glean many new ideas from the excellent publications which from time to time find their way to our table.

With the hope of extending our acquaintance, the staff has decided to join the N. H. Press Association.

SCHOOL PRESS REVIEW

An interesting magazine has been added to those on the table in the School Press Review. One of the best features of this publication is that many of the articles, stories and other contributions are student work. With the best before us from many school papers, we have an incentive to improve our own work.

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