

R Sherwood '22



Four Corners Centennial Number 1920

*Home, son, O wandering son,
Mountain, sea, or plain,
From coast to coast let's ring the toast
Our motherland of Maine.*

*Home, son, O wandering son,
Is other land so dear,
There's fame and gold to win and hold,
But it's home, it's home up here.*

Holman Day.



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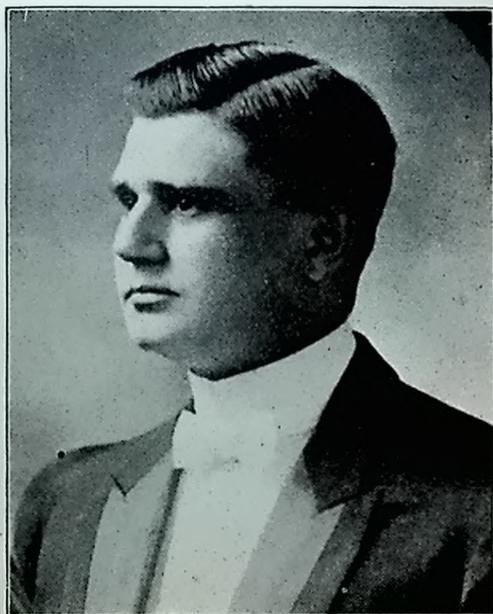
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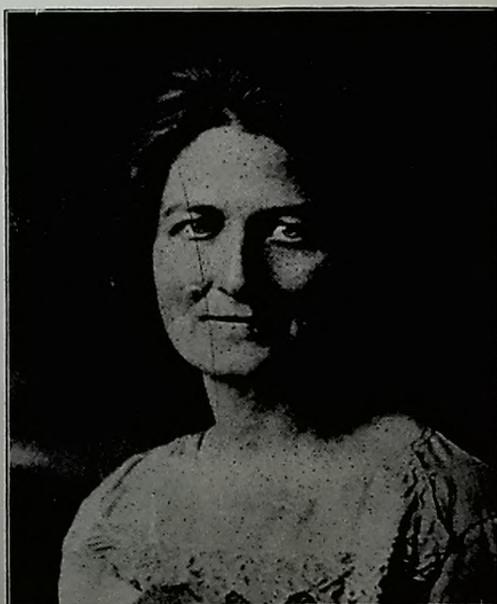
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Front Row: Velma Leonard, Raymond Libby, Ethel Foster, Principal E. G. Bessey,
Mabel Nielson, Philip Bowley, Rachel Scott, Earl: Willman.

Four Corners

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Dedication

To Thee, our Pine Tree State:

A staunch friend to its neighbor; a gracious host to the world; the defense of the weak; the pride of the strong; in peace, our toast; in war, our boast; the hearth of liberty's flame; the torch of freedom; this volume of Four Corners is affectionately dedicated by the students and teachers of Scarborough High School.



EDITORIALS



This year it has been found necessary to increase the price of the school paper from fifteen to twenty-five cents on account of the great leap in the cost of paper and printing. We hope that this will be more than compensated for by the increased number of cuts and general attractiveness of the issue.

The editorial board wishes to express its appreciation for the cooperation of students and faculty in the production of this issue, and for the courtesy and assistance of the business firms without whose financial aid this number of Four Corners would have been impossible.

The school library has been increased this year very materially by gifts from friends. Thru the courtesy of Mr.

James F. Plowman two useful volumes were contributed; Mr. Richard Libby and Mrs. E. P. Bulloch each gave a book of fiction, while the largest single gift was from Miss M. H. Jewell of Boston, a summer resident at Prout's Neck, who gave thirty-five volumes including several valuable lexicons and translations of the classics.

For use in the history department Bryce's American Commonwealth and Hill's Liberty Documents have been purchased. Mr. Heald has also kindly loaned a number of historical works on Maine and Scarboro.

Another book day is planned for soon, and then others who wish to contribute to this very useful branch of our school

work will have ample opportunity to do so.

A welcome sign of the increased interest in our High School has been evidenced since town meeting in the frequent visits of parents and friends during the school sessions. Among those who have called on us recently are Messrs. Nutter, Moulton, and Sherwood of the board of selectmen; Dwight, Libby, Bowdoin '20, Isaac Seavey, Mrs. Gustave Johnson, Mrs. Roger Bennett, Helen Sherman, Raymond and Gerald Sargent, Herbert Wentworth, Lucretia Mitchell, Rev. and Mrs. Wm. C. Baker, Principal F. H. Jewett of Old Orchard, Supt. Fuller of Portland, Principal Wing of Deering High, Elmer Merrill, and Horace Whipple.

Scarboro High School is very fortunate this year in having such an excellent teaching force. Our teaching corps this year consists of Mr. Elwood Bessey, Bates, '13 as Principal, Miss Frances Bryant, Bates, '15 and Mrs. Florence Allen as assistants.

New features have been added in our steps of development; the school library has progressed rapidly; several have received credits for agriculture work; the public speaking has been developed as a permanent feature; also a series of debates have taken place between the Seniors and Juniors and the Sophomores and Freshmen on topics of interest. A very recent feature was the starting of

the Literary Digest Class which takes place once each week, current events, and up-to-date subjects being discussed. Although many improvements have been added there is still room for greater achievements.

In order to correct a mistaken impression which prevails to some extent about the expense of the lunch counter, we take the space to say that it is entirely self-supporting, the town not being called on in anyway to furnish or pay for supplies. The menus served have never exceeded twelve cents in cost, but in spite of this, the girls in charge have saved about forty dollars toward the new High School building, besides buying the large amount of equipment described in a later article. We wish to thank the student body and all of those with whom we have had business dealings for their courtesy, support, and cooperation.

Especial thanks are due Mrs. B. F. Wentworth who loaned us dishes while we were securing our equipment.

THE EDITOR.



JUNIOR-SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL PLAN IS
APPROVED BY EDUCATIONAL LEADERS
OF THE COUNTRY

The junior-senior plan of organization, which our proposed new high school building will make possible in Scarborough, has been growing in steady popularity in all of the important towns and cities of the country and is here to stay, because, with practically the same outlay as formerly, it makes it reasonably possible to aid every child to live best the life for which he is by nature fitted.

Various educational leaders in this part of the country who have seen the proposed plan for reorganizing the Scarborough schools along these lines have given their unqualified approval.

President Sills of Bowdoin College recently wrote, after going over the actual plan we have in mind here in Scarborough:

"The steps you recommend are thoroughly sound and progressive. What you say of the junior-senior high school plan, the need of new buildings, adequate playgrounds and a real program for the future, commands my hearty support, and I hope the ancient town of Scarborough will be true to its traditions by being in the forefront of a movement that is going on all through

the State to make our public schools more effective."

Payson Smith, Commissioner of Education for Massachusetts, who was formerly the head of the Maine Educational Department, went over the recommendations in the last annual school report. He expressed his approval in these words,

"I heartily approve the proposal of the junior-senior high school which is wholly in line with the present educational tendencies. I hope the proposal will have the serious consideration and favorable action of the citizens of Scarborough."

State Superintendent Augustus O. Thomas is so interested in our situation in Scarborough that he took time while at the Convention of the National Educational Association in Cleveland, Ohio, to write concerning it. Among other things, he said:

"The junior-senior high school has become the standard and lends itself to greater efficiency than the old way. Your idea of a memorial to the American Legion is in keeping with the patriotic spirit of the times." He further stated that the school work in Scarborough was connected with the life of the community, which, he said, was the "keynote of the great convention."

While we are celebrating the one hundredth anniversary of the entrance of our State into the Union, let's dedicate ourselves to an educational movement that shall not stop until the historic town

of Scarborough shall assume her proper standing among the towns and cities of the Nation.

FROM A STUDENT'S VIEWPOINT

Citizens of Scarboro. Are you citizens or merely inhabitants? You should be both and look after the interest of your town with the same pride that you look after your personal and national affairs. Would you stand by and hear your country criticised by a foreigner? Certainly not. Why then should you be indifferent when an outsider criticises your town? If you should meet that critic face to face, a spirit of anger would rise within you and impel you to defend your town. Still we must face facts as they are. Scarboro is not holding her own along the line of education, and is not up to other towns of its size.

Would you allow the man from across the road to walk up to your very face and tell you that you were neglecting your children's education. Yet the man from the other town crosses the way into your town and insinuates that the children in Scarboro have not the mental equivalent of those in neighboring towns, and you do nothing. It is not a question of ability. It is opportunity that your child needs, and why not give it to him. The common schools of Scarboro must be standardized before our

schools can come up to those of bordering towns.

The building which the high school occupies now is in no way fit for its purpose. If the town had a building that met all State requirements pupils could be graduated and sent directly to College. As it is now, a pupil must go to a preparatory school before he can enter college. A large percentage of the people in the town find their means inadequate to supply a preparatory school education before entering college. It wastes both time and money.

A few of our citizens may contest that we, of the high school might by studying harder prepare ourselves to enter college but it is impossible to do this without the necessary equipment.

The citizens already have our idea of a high school building. Some of them say it is too large, which is not so. We are not building for today alone, but for the future also. The citizens have already built one building which, although it was large at the time, is now too small. That goes to prove that the population is growing. Will your town grow as much in the next ten years as it has in the last ten? It is up to you. Boom your town. Tell your friends of its achievements. If you already have good schools it will attract people and they will come here, build and populate your town, we must have schools for the children of today are the men and women of tomorrow.

A community center is needed. The soldiers who fought for you and your town need a place to hold their meetings. The high school should have place to hold their entertainments. With a proper building these things would be provided for.

Some narrow minded citizens who live at a great distance, or others who have no children claim that a new building will do them no good. They do not see that it will directly help them, enlarge their town, liven trade and help them to get something in their part of the town.

There are also people who say that

the town would save money by sending their scholars to another town. I make no attempt to refute this statement, but what if all towns looked at the situation that way, where would the children be educated? Would you allow your children to go without an education?

You must not let your town go behind. Make it as good as others around us. Give your children an opportunity to show what they can do. Be a citizen, not an inhabitant. Set an example for the coming generation.

DORIS MITCHELL, '20.

Centennial History

A TOAST

Maine, My State! Not a nest where I may be nourished until I am able to test my wings in more ambitious flight; not a peaceful and attractive field where I may gather the honey and pollen of prosperity to myself; not a drilling ground where I may be trained in tactics which will win me honors in a remote battle-field; but, Maine, My State! An inseparable part of myself for whose interests and future I stand ready to sacrifice my career; My State! An inseparable part of my nation for which my father and yours agonized and died, for which my brother and yours dared

weigh in the uncertain balance of war the prospects of a dawning manhood. My State! An inseparable part of my religion and my God who inspired my forefathers to fight for her freedom, to live for her welfare, and to die for her ideals.

F. V. B.

MAINE AS A PLAYGROUND FOR EVERYONE

The state of Maine situated in the northeastern corner of the United States offers great inducements for everyone. But especially does it give many advantages over other states to those who

wish to find rest, change or pleasure.

The natural amphitheater at Old Orchard cannot be equalled anywhere in this country. Not only is the upgrading itself very remarkable, covered with pine trees which afford ample shade and protection from the sun, but the meetings held there are of nation wide interest as is also the famous beach which thousands of people have visited. However, Old Orchard beach with its many amusements is not alone renowned. There are many others—Mount Desert, a rich people's colony, where inhabitants from all parts of the nation gather, Bar Harbor, Ogunquit, Wells, York, Higgin's Beach, Pine Point and Prouts Neck.

Maine has some forest-covered mountains and very pretty rivers, altho' that which would interest the sportsmen most are the clear lakes which combine the charm of the wild with the thrill of angling.

There are many historic places in this state which are interesting as well as instructive, this state being among the earliest settled in the Union. Scarborough stands out among them being named from Old Scarborough, England the original home of some of its first settlers.

People that enjoy ocean views may find a different island for every day in the year, along the coast. Maine is noted, too, for its long stretches of

woods which afford almost unlimited possibilities for the hunters.

Considering its many attractions and its natural facilities, anyone desiring rest, change or pleasure could find no better location than some part of the Old Pine Tree State.

LAURA K. JOHNSON '22.

A CENTURY'S PROGRESS IN MAINE

The year 1920 marks the one hundredth anniversary of Maine's admission to the Union. Previous to this time Maine was a part of Massachusetts. Several times this province had tried to become a separate state, but such an act was opposed by Massachusetts who did not wish to lose this valuable portion of her territory.

The first thought that would naturally occur to one concerns the conditions which existed one hundred years ago.

There were large forests of white pine and spruce over the greater portion of the state, and lumber was the principal article of commerce. Agriculture was practiced to a small extent only.

Since that time Maine has increased greatly in population, and agriculture has become one of the chief means of livelihood, while a large percentage of

the pulp, which is used in the East for the manufacture of paper, comes from the Maine forests.

Other manufactures have greatly increased, and include cotton goods, boots and shoes, lumber, canned goods, and many other articles of commerce. Manufacturing interests are finding great inducements for location in our state; our excellent harbors, and unexcelled water power, much of which is yet undeveloped, having much attraction for the progressive business man.

Other things which have contributed greatly to Maine's progress are her many miles of steam and electric railroads, which with her constantly improving road conditions, have opened up much territory that formerly was idle land.

Electricity may be said to be in the early stage of its development, and with Maine's wonderful water-power, a marvelous future may be predicted for the state.

But among all other productions of the last century one stands foremost. *Maine "has raised men"*. Among the world's great leaders in literature, art, music, invention, statesmanship and business are many Maine men and women of whom the state is justly proud, and who have proved the truth of our motto, "Dirigo," "I excel."

Certainly the men and women of the coming century have not only a reputa-

tion to gain, but one to maintain, as well; but when we consider the advantages, both natural and educational, that Maine has to offer, it would seem that the next hundred years should see marvelous progress in commerce, the arts and agriculture made by the old "Pine Tree State" and her people.

CLARENCE A. LARY '21.

SOMETHING ABOUT SCARBOROUGH AND ITS EARLY SETTLERS

Scarborough, one of the fine old towns of our state, has always been noted for its long and beautiful seacoast, reaching from Cape Elizabeth to Saco, in York County, at that time.

The original rivers or streams of Scarborough were: Dunstan or New River, the Nonesuch, Libby River, and the Spurwink, which forms a portion of the boundary between Scarborough and Cape Elizabeth. New River had several branches, the chief ones being Oriocoag River and Mill Creek.

The first settler, we are told, in Scarborough was John Statton, for whom Statton Island was named, and from which island he crossed to Scarborough to trade with Indians and to fish. We find no date of this occurrence. It was before the grant of 1500 acres of land

between Black Point and the Spurwink in 1631 to Cammock.

Captain Thomas Cammock was the nephew of the Earl of Warwick and at that time was a leading member in the Council of Plymouth. By nature he was a home loving man, seeming contented to enjoy the beauty of his seaside mansion and the friendship of Henry Jocelyn, his only companion. At his death he gave, to this friend, all his property, with the exception of 500 acres, which he reserved for his wife. At her death, this was added to the original estate. The names of both Cammock and Jocelyn are preserved today at Black Point by their former homes.

Stephen Lathorne and Ambrose Boaden settled at Spurwink in 1640, on the land which Cammock gave Captain Boaden in return for the passage of himself and wife to this country. For many years Boaden was a ferryman on the Spurwink river. The regulation price was two pence, another being added if not paid at the time of crossing.

The next settlement was at Blue Point by Richard Foxwell, and Henry Watt, the latter owning the first mill in this town.

The third principal settlement was at Dunstan, concerning which many facts were given by H. Hight, whose home formerly was the Amos Hight place, which is now owned by Colonel Dow of Portland. The first settlers were Andrew and Arthur Alger, who arrived at

Dunstan Landing in 1651 by following the course of the flood tide. They settled on the land which they bought of an Indian Sagamore, as an Indian Chief was then commonly called, and gave to it the name of Dunstan in honor of their native town of Dunstan in Somersetshire, England. Andrew and Arthur Alger were both killed by the Indians in the war which followed.

The first Indian war was in June, 1675. While King Philip was visiting the nearby tribes, he found willing listeners among those who could remember when they had had the land all to themselves. Captain Wincoll with sixty men went to Dunstan to help save the corn and fight Indians. Soon after, twenty-nine of the inhabitants, while threshing grain, were nearly surrounded by seventy or eighty Indians, and were only relieved by a force under Sergeant Tippin.

Captain Scottow, commander of the Black Point garrison, was anxious to fight in force against the Indians, but they preferred burning buildings and fighting from ambush. The chief Indian fighter was Mugg. Each time they made peace, it was broken by the Indians in a few months, and in 1690 the settlers abandoned the town.

The second settlement of this town was in 1702 by a small party arriving from Lynn in a sloop. They were John Larrabee, Henry Sibly, his three sons, and men by the name of Pine and Blood.

This small band defended the garrison in face of 500 French, and Indians. They were greatly helped by Captain Larrabee, who was an excellent and brave commander.

Pine Point took its name from a famous Indian fighter, Pine.

The last fight with the Indians was foiled by Nathaniel Dresser, who went out to work on Scottow Hill, and discovered them. He started to flee but was shot in sight of the garrison, then they immediately withdrew to the woods.

One of the interesting facts is that the first Governor of Maine was a native of this town. It has been wrongly stated that Governor King was buried here but, his burial place is at Bath. His parents and some other members of the family are buried at Dunstan on the old King estate, that being the custom then on large estates.

Another event of interest was the entertainment of Lafayette at the old Bacon place at Dunstan, which has been the property of the late Elbridge L. Waterhouse and his father for over seventy years. This was at the time of Lafayette's tour of the United States.

MILLIKEN '22



REV. THOMAS SMITH

Mr. Smith was the first minister of Portland. He was born at Boston, March 10, 1702. He graduated from Harvard College in 1720, coming to Falmouth (now Portland) for the first time in June 1725. The people invited him to settle there as their minister. After nine months' consideration he consented. But he did not confine his ministry to Portland alone. He relates of many trips to Saco, Biddeford, Wells, York, Gorhamtown and Scarboro. He also made many trips to Boston. He records, "I am forty-two years old; in the thirteen months past I have ridden three thousand miles and have been to Boston four times." At different times he writes of going to Black Point to catechize the children there. Every record shows a constantly increasing number of children. The first states, seventy-five, then increasing to two hundred, which shows that almost two centuries ago Scarboro must have been a thriving town.

At a convention he says that he was more greatly blessed by the spirit than was his wont. He prayed an hour and a half in the forenoon and in the afternoon an hour, which undoubtedly makes this generation rejoice that they are living in the twentieth century instead of the eighteenth.

Mr. Smith must have been a very hospitable man for he records a countless number of guests. He must also have been much beloved by his parish for he received many gifts and a raise in salary every few years. His first salary was seventy-five pounds but it was gradually increased to seven hundred, which amounts to approximately thirty-five hundred dollars, a striking contrast to the salaries today.

He writes much of the Indians, of risings and peace treaties. He lived during both the French and English War and the Revolutionary War. There seemed to be no battle in this part of our country but single families and men were massacred one by one. It is hard to realize when driving through Portland today of redskinned savages lurking behind perhaps those very same well trimmed trees we see lining our paved streets.

Mr. Smith was married three times having several children by his first wife. At the age of sixty-eight he writes "Obtaining help from God, I continue, and am this day sixty-eight years old, a wonder to myself and others."

The last seven years he kept no journal being too weak. He lived to be about ninety-three years old, a life of wonderful usefulness and influence.

HELEN E. BAKER '20.

THE EARLY COLONIZATION OF MAINE

On records which relate to the English colonization in America we find that the most prominent man, was Sir Ferdinando Gorges, who was especially interested in Maine. He assisted in many of the settlements like Jamestown and Massachusetts Bay, but Gorges never crossed the ocean to the land to which he devoted so much of his energy and attention.

There is not much of the history of Gorges' life which is known with certainty. He was born in 1566 at Clerkenwell, a suburb of London. The early part of his life was spent in the English army.

The year 1605 a company of English gentlemen, one of whom was Gorges, sent George Weymouth to explore the coast of North Virginia. When Weymouth returned he brought some Indians, from whom Gorges learned much of the soil and climate as well as the inhabitants of the New World.

The desire of Gorges was made more determined by hearing these stories and two companies were formed to settle in America. Gorges company was named the Plymouth. After he had received his charter he sent a ship to the coast of Maine, but it proved a failure.

Shortly after a settlement was made on Sagadahoc near the Kennebec river.

They immediately built houses and established a good little settlement but when the cold weather of our New England States winter came most of the people sailed back to England.

Gorges in succeeding years was still at his post in Plymouth standing high in confidence of the government. Much fishing was now being done along the New England coast. At this time Richard Vines was sent with a ship to Maine where he spent the winter at the mouth of the Saco river.

The persistence with which Gorges tried to make settlements in Maine, seems more remarkable when we consider the trouble he was having at home. It was just when the quarrel between King and Parliament started. There was also trouble with different countries in Europe. Gorges was very active in Parliament. He went into partnership with Captain John Mason. They received a patent for the territory between the Merrimac and the Kennebec rivers. Among the men which they sent to make settlements at this time were Richard Vines and the nephew of the Earl of Warwick. The former was located at Biddeford, the latter obtained fifteen hundred acres at Black Point including Prouts Neck. At this time Gorges was to be made Governor General of New England but the people in Massachusetts were against him and his ship being wrecked he was delayed for a year at

least.

There was trouble started in the church at this time and Gorges was allowed to go to New England to be made Governor General, but he was given free hand in New Somersetshire, which was his land in Maine. He sent his nephew there as Governor, who set up a government in Saco. He had a court in Saco.

After four years' delay the king granted Gorges his charter for his Province of Palatinate of Maine. Gorges was now an old man, altho still possessing the zeal of youth, and with the Puritan Massachusetts he set up his Episcopal Palatinate of Maine, proceeding to establish his idea of a model government. Maine was divided into eight parts or bailiwicks which were subdivided into hundreds and the like. Gorges appointed the clergy and had the privileges of or nearly the same as king possessed.

Proceedings were instituted for taking away Gorges charter. The great Rebellion in England, which caused the change of kings and Parliament, wrecked the Palatinate of Maine.

Gorges was defeated by John Dy and others who claimed a large part of his territory, and Gorges then whose monument stands in Portland on the Eastern Promenade was made Deputy President of the Province.

Many people in Maine remained loyal

to Gorges but he could do nothing for them. He died in 1647, two years after the Parliamentary decision against him, being eighty-one years old. He insisted upon his rights to the end of his life and after his death it was proved that the land did belong to the man who had worked so hard to establish his idea of a good government in our dear Old State of Maine.

ETHEL FOSTER.

~~~~~

O State of Maine, we drink your health,  
With a bumper full of punch;  
For a fine, free state is the Pine Tree State,  
This best old state in the bunch.

~~~~~

Literary

THE RESULT OF AN IMPROVISED RADIO COMPASS

"Fred!" called Mrs. Carson.

"Yes, Mother."

Fred came down stairs with an armful of books and papers which he laid on the table.

"Hi! George."

"Hello Fred, I came over to see if you were going to weather the storm and go down to our 'wireless Bug House' and listen in a while this evening."

"Sure," replied Fred, "I thought perhaps you would be over tonight so I have been boning away at my studies all the afternoon and evening but they are about done."

"That's good, I brought along my Algebra in case we didn't get anything at

first because it's early yet."

Before leaving for the wireless house Fred closed a switch in his barn which allowed the current from the lighting circuit of the house, to pass through the wires which led out to the camp.

It took the boys only a few minutes to reach their destination. They mounted the slippery ladder which led up to the camp which was supported about fifteen feet from the ground between two large trees. They threw their lightning switch which was outside, over to the side that connected the aerial with instruments instead of the ground. Then they removed the padlock from the door, entered the building and switched on the lights. The place seemed very cozy after coming in from the storm. Fred put on the receivers while George started in on his Algebra

examples. While they are thus engaged let us take a glance at their surroundings.

Fred Carson and George Chase lived in a small seaport town on the Atlantic coast. They had saved their money during the war and as soon as the ban was removed from amateur wireless stations they purchased four hundred feet of copper wire for their aerial which they suspended between two tall trees about one hundred and ten feet apart. Attached to this was the lead-in wire which led down to the camp.

The camp was nine feet long and six feet wide with one window under which was a bench two feet wide extending nearly the length of the building. On this the instruments were arranged. They had a one-quarter-kilowatt transmitting set including a rotary spark gap. Their receiving set consisted of a loose coupler, a loading coil, a variable condenser, a fixed condenser, a crystal detector, and a pair of receivers. Also their last and very important addition to the set was an Audion Detector. They had purchased the Audion bulb and had made the cabinet themselves.

"How are you coming with your Algebra," asked Fred who had been carefully trying to tune in some one.

"Why I'm coming pretty well," replied George. "But can you explain the Binomial Ther—"

"Hark"! said Fred, "someone has started up at last." After listening a

few minutes he decided that it was the naval station at Salem about fifty miles away. They listened a few minutes and George said, "Let's connect up the Audion and see if we can get some distant station." They connected it up and Fred began carefully tuning again and in a few minutes he said:

"There! I hear something although it is rather faint." Then he began writing rapidly on the pad before him, George looked over his shoulder and this is what he saw:

Westward with the wind for two
days do not know our location
M. A.

He paused a few seconds and then continued writing.

SOS Mary Ann Bound for New
York from Liverpool rudder
damaged by storm have been
drifting westward with wind—

Fred stopped writing and exclaimed, "This is the first of the message which I got before only they are sending it over again and I got the last first."

"Say," said George, "Let's see if we can find their direction from here with that loop aerial we rigged up the other day, using it for a radio compass."

The loop aerial consisted of a large coil of wire suspended from one of the rafters so it was free to turn. As soon as it was connected with the receiving instruments, George turned it slowly while Fred listened to see when the signals came in the loudest. They knew

that at the loudest point the ship must be somewhere in a line drawn at right angles to the coil. So when they found the loudest point they took the reading on a small compass which they had there, and carefully traced it on a map of the coast which was tacked to the wall.

"The line comes pretty close to Promontory Point in one place," said George. This was a rocky and ragged point on the coast where many ships had completed their last voyage by being dashed to pieces on the rocks.

"But we don't know where in this line the ship is," said Fred. "It may be ten or it may be a hundred miles from shore."

"Say, Fred, I've got an idea. Let's see if we can get Joe Sherman and have him tell us the direction of the ship from him, then we can plot another line on the map from his station running in the direction which he gives us, where they intersect will be the position of the ship."

"That is a good idea," said Fred.

Joe Sherman's station was about ten miles up the coast.

Accordingly George threw the aerial switch over to sending and worked the key vigorously for a few seconds. He sent J. E. S., Joe's call letters, three times, and then signed their own call. This was repeated several times and at last an answer was received.

George explained the situation and asked him to send them the direction of the ship from him. After about ten

minutes Joe sent, "The Mary Ann is north-east-by-north from here."

They plotted in this line and were terrified to find that the ship was within five miles of Promontory Point and they knew that it was rapidly drifting nearer. George called up Joe again and told him the danger of the ship and also the location by latitude and longitude as they had found it on their map. As their transmitting set was small he told Joe to call the naval station at Salem and tell them the danger of the Mary Ann, also the location as they had found it, and if right to send it to the Mary Ann.

Joe sent O. K. and then the boys listened. They heard him call the naval station and explain to them about the ship, then they heard the naval station at Salem call a New York station and ask for the direction of the Mary Ann from there. A few minutes after the reply from New York the Salem station called the Mary Ann and told her her location, which was practically the same as Fred and George had found it.

The Mary Ann replied that after receiving her location she had started the engines and although her rudder was damaged had succeeded in getting out of danger of the rocks.

When Fred and George left the "Wireless Bug House" that night they felt as though they had done a very useful evening's work although neither of them had been outside the camp.

CHESTER A. BAKER '20.

LLOYD'S TRICK

Lloyd Bedford, a young American son of Harry Bedford, the great magician, had been traveling in the European states, since he left college a year ago. A while after he arrived "over there" the great European war started, but, like every one else, he did not think seriously of it and remained in the old country.

On the evening of January 15, 1915, Lloyd found himself on a train bound for Berlin. As he only had a small traveling bag containing his money and passports with him he laid it on the seat beside him and settled down for the short trip.

While going thru a tunnel at the edge of the city his bag was snatched from his side by a hand from some mysterious source. As they emerged from darkness Lloyd went at once to report his loss for no American money could now be had and he had no friends in that section of the country. The conductor being a German, also reported to a German general—who with his company was on the train, as noticing the English accent which Lloyd had picked up while traveling, that there was a young Britisher who told him that he had been robbed by someone while going thru the tunnel. Since nothing could be done about the bag during a time of war Lloyd left the train and was won-

dering where to go next when two soldiers with the German uniform stepped up to him, and, placing him under arrest, took him to the lockup and placed him under the guard of two men.

He was told by them that he was to be shot at sunrise for being a spy and without any trial. Lloyd realized if he was to get away he must do it at once, so concealing some paper which he had in his pocket about his person he called to the guards and asked them what made the paper fly around the room. They said they did not see any paper and were about to leave when Lloyd suddenly put his hand into the air and a piece of paper slowly crept into it, he did this a number of times while the guards gazed with opened mouths at him.

Suddenly Lloyd ran out of the cell and shut the door thus locking them in his cell. He had tried one of his father's tricks on them and succeeded.

He got out of the building and crept on his hands and knees until he reached a place where he could hide in safety until the next night. After a few days he reached an English camp where he enlisted and trimmed the Germans in an entirely different way.

ALICE L. DYER '22.



THE HOUSE OF DREAMS

When Robert Simpson and Dorothy Larkin were married, there were "wars and rumors of wars", yet no one in this country imagined that, in the course of time, we should be drawn into the gigantic struggle being waged across the Atlantic.

The young couple were married in June and went to live with Dorothy's parents until they could build the little house which they had planned.

The chosen site was a short distance up the side of a mountain on a shelf-like projection. In front, the ground sloped gently down to the edge of a lake, known as Crystal Lake, on which they anticipated having many delightful sails. Behind the buildings, the mountain rose steeply, towering into the clouds.

The house was to be in the form of a bungalow and painted with such a color that it would blend wonderfully with its majestic background. Although in so rural looking surroundings, the bungalow must have all modern conveniences, Robert said, for he did not want Dorothy to lose all her beauty by drudgery.

And so it was to be an ideal home in every way. The "House of Dreams", Dorothy called it, and indeed many rosy dreams were indulged in by the happy couple while it was under process of construction.

Then suddenly, as a flash out of the clear sky, came the "Call to Arms". America, at last becoming aroused by Germany's war methods, issued the call and every red-blooded American felt that it meant him.

Robert was by no means a slacker and, at the first call for volunteers, he consulted with his young wife and, with her reluctant approval, marched away with his company. For some months he was in camp on this side of the Atlantic, and then his regiment was ordered abroad, where, after more months of arduous training, he at last went "over the top."

During this time Dorothy made daily pilgrimages to the "House of Dreams", sometimes superintending the carpenters in regard to small details, such as placing a closet here and a cupboard there, but more often she lingered on the front porch; gazing out over Crystal Lake, she dreamed, or reviewed in her mind the contents of his last letter.

At last the house was finished but she remained at her father's, because, she said, "I want Robert to share with me the first day in our 'House of Dreams'." She frequently visited it, however, and took much pleasure in going through it and moving the lighter furniture "to get the effect."

One day while on one of these tidying journeys, someone knocked at the door. Dorothy hastened down stairs, feeling that something dreadful had happened.

Opening the door, she discovered a messenger boy holding the well-known yellow envelope, which he gave her, saying, "Sign here, please."

With shaking fingers she wrote her name and then, when he had gone after what seemed to her an age, she tore open the telegram. For an instant everything turned black before her eyes, and then her one thought was to get home.

How she got there she never knew, but her parents still tell of her wild flight. For many days she lay in a stupor and the neighboring village-folk had much to tell of how "Dot Simpson's husband is dead in France and she is nigh dead up to her pa's."

When at last her mind returned to the normal, her one idea was to keep away from the "House of Dreams", for she felt a great dread of ever again entering its portals.

One day, however, about two months later, an overpowering desire to revisit the bungalow seized her and, hastily arraying herself, she walked along the formerly well-trodden path leading to the house on the side of the mountain. On her arrival, she entered very hesitatingly and slowly made her way from room to room.

When she came to the "den", as Robert had insisted on calling it, she pulled a couch up before the fireplace and, dropping on her knees in front of it, she wept (as though her heart would

break). At last her grief was partly assuaged and, leaning her head against the couch, she fell into a fitful slumber.

She was suddenly awakened by a deep voice close behind her and strong arms around her. When the first glad meeting was over, all difficulties were cleared away, and once more the sun seemed to shine.

Robert explained the false telegram, saying that someone saw him fall out in No Man's Land and believed him fatally wounded, but in reality he only received a slight scratch. On his return to his company it was thought unnecessary to send another telegram correcting the mistake in consideration of the fact that they soon should be at home.

Shortly after this reunion, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Simpson removed to their new home where they have since resided and in the House of Dreams their fondest hopes bid fair to be realized.

ABBIE SMALL.

CHARLES M. HAY PAINT COMPANY

8-12 Free Street,
Portland, Maine

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES

"See here, you may mean all right and all that, but what good would a dog be to me, especially when I'm trapping? He'd eat his head off and be a nuisance in the bargain. Besides, if I did get one, it would be something a little more attractive than an old fox-hound," and with a scornful glance at the dog in question, a really fine animal, Phil Nelson walked off, leaving Fred Bowley to stare after him, and then, with a short laugh, turn and lead away the hound that he had offered to sell to Nelson.

Early the next morning, Phil started off to tend his traps, three of which were for fox, though the most were for muskrats.

The first that he reached was a fox-trap, and as he carefully approached the spot, it did not take a second look to see that he had had a "bite".

The ground was torn and scattered for several feet about the bed where the trap had been, and leading away from this was a faint trail. It was very indistinct, there being only a bunch of grass here, and a torn-up bush there, but it told its story very plainly.

"By cracky," said Phil to himself, "I've got a fox this time for sure," and making certain that his rifle was loaded he set out, following the trail that the clog had left.

This led to a neighboring gully and

for nearly a quarter of a mile showed very plainly, but, at the end of the gully, the soil was rocky, and when Phil reached this point, he could see neither the marks of the grapnel nor the foot-prints of the fox.

He circled around the spot, hoping to find some trace, but after hunting for nearly two hours, gave up the quest.

"Guess it's no use," he muttered as he headed for his other traps. "Well, there's twenty-five dollars that went quick; and I lost the trap besides."

The next trap that he reached had not been disturbed, but as he neared the third he gave a sudden start.

"There he is now or I miss my guess," he muttered, and had started toward it before he realized his folly.

"Aw, Gee, nothing but Fred Bowley's old hound," he growled, and was about to turn his back when he saw that the dog's position did not appear natural.

"Wonder what ails him?" thought the young fellow. "Say! Yes sir, he's caught in my trap!"

He approached the dog cautiously, but the animal, after looking at him a moment, raised his trapped paw and whined.

"You poor fellow, it hurts, doesn't it?" said Phil, forgetting his ill luck at the sight of the suffering animal. "Hold still now and—there! That feels better, eh?" as the dog, freed of the trap, gave another low whine.

Since the dog was in no condition to

be left alone in the woods, Phil decided to take him with him and leave him at Bowley's house on the way home.

As they approached the place where the trail of the fox had been lost, the dog gave vent to a low growl and ran limping ahead. He ran a few feet and then looked back as if wishing the boy to follow, but with the memory of his loss again upon him, Nelson was in no mood for foolishness.

"Come back here, or you can go home alone, for all of me," he shouted, but the dog merely looked back and barked again.

"By cracky," said Phil, a sudden idea striking him, "I'll bet he smells that fox. Go to it, old boy! go to it!" and with this he ran after the dog.

As the hound drew near a small patch of underbrush, he half-halted and then rushed into the thickest growth, where for a moment a great uproar ensued.

Nelson rushed forward, but before he could reach the spot the dog appeared, dragging a dark shape after him.

As he straightened up from admiring the fox, Phil saw the dog looking at him in a manner that strengthened a decision he had arrived at during the last few moments.

"See here old chap," he said. "I guess I'll stop in and see Bowley tonight. Maybe we can talk business after all."

Five minutes later, Phil was on his way home with a fine, full-grown fox across his shoulders, while at his heels

trotted a dog who now and then glanced up at the young fellow *who had decided to buy a dog.*

R. LEON LARY '21.

DEEP SEA FISHING

One stormy, winter day of December in the year of 1895, a trim little fishing schooner named, "The Sea Gull" Captain McVain commanding, hoisted her sails, cast off her moorings and stood out of the harbor of Portland, Maine.

She first sailed out by Cape Elizabeth then shaped her course for Jeffery's fishing grounds for a day's fishing.

She had a fair wind, making about ten knots an hour; arriving at the fishing grounds just at break of day, Captain McVain, then, got out his deep sea lead; hove the schooner to, and took soundings; finding that he was at the northeasterly edge of the fishing grounds which always proves a good place to set fishing gear, he decided to put out the small fishing boats and set his trolls for haddock and cod-fish, but, while they were setting their gear, the wind kept breezing up stronger so they decided to go on board the vessel, eat their dinner and then go out to haul their gear.

However they found good fishing for there was a fish on almost every hook. Altogether they caught that day about

20,000 pounds of mixed fish. Then they hoisted aboard the small boats and shaped her course back for Portland.

During this time the wind had been increasing in strength, but as it was a fair wind they all looked forward to a speedy passage home. In an hour's time it began to snow and before they could make the Cape Elizabeth light the wind was blowing a gale and the snow was falling fast blotting everything out of sight.

Captain McVain shortened the sails and stood close in towards the shore. Two men were at the wheel and all the rest on lookout ready for any emergency. In this way they sailed along for an hour expecting every minute to hear the whistling buoy ring out a warning signal for the shoals off Cape Elizabeth, but instead of that the "Look Out" cried out, "Breakers ahead".

Captain McVain standing on the after deck, ordered the men at the wheel to put down the helm and bring the vessel up in the wind; that gave the great waves a good chance at the vessel and

they swept overboard almost everything movable on the decks. The captain was a good sailor and handed the little schooner skilfully so she stood along by the wind under a presser canvas, when suddenly the breakers loomed up ahead again hardly visible through the driving snow.

The captain put the schooner on the other tack and sailed along perhaps twenty minutes and again the breakers loomed up ahead of the schooner this time she hardly cleared the rocks.

A big wave swept over her, but she came up again and gathered headway. Now they stood along that tack until they were clear of the coast and finally they heard the whistling buoy off Cape Elizabeth then they knew where they were, and shaped their course for Portland head-light arriving at Portland harbor at two o'clock in the morning.

The sailors were all thankful to be in port once more after having escaped being washed ashore by the breakers.

AGNES G. LUND.

School Notes

Sept. 24. Since the members of the Freshman class were as bashful as usual this year, the upper classes had to do something to introduce the "Freshies", and so they decided to give a hare and hound chase. Four trails were laid

(yellow, blue, white and red) thru woods, over brooks and fences, leading to the Shore line at Prout's Neck. A very happy day was spent there ending with games, played on the beach. A very good clam bake was prepared by

members of the Senior class. We all had to roast our own corn and marshmallows, also our "hot-dogs". Some very fascinating pictures were taken; e. g., Mr. Bessey eating clams, Miss Bryant eating corn from the cob. Those that got cold gathered around the fire and either sung, or tried to see who could tell the biggest lies. This was told by Mr. Bessey. It turned out to be a happy day for all except for Miss Leonard, who in showing her wonderful athletic propensities, sprained her arm. Perhaps she was lucky as *she*, at least, didn't have to walk home.

Sept. 22-26. Everybody up! Three cheers for Miss Bryant and the Lunch Counter! Hip, hip, hooray! Do we like it? Just come around at 12 M. any day and see how busy and contented we are. We work harder during lunch hour than any other period in the day.

Sept. 26. Another event that was arranged to get the "Freshies" acquainted with High School ways, was the reception given Friday night by the Sophomores. All present had an enjoyable time and a suitable lunch, consisting of soap-candy, bell-pepper sandwiches, and a nursing bottle full of red pepper and milk was served the class of 1923. They all managed to live thru it and since then have shown lots of "pep" in our school activities. Many games were played during the evening. Music (?) being furnished by a Victrola and Earle Willman.

Oct. 27. This is our late ex-president Roosevelt's birthday, and all schools observed the day. The High School opened with the singing of patriotic songs, followed by essays on Roosevelt by speakers from the Senior Class. Then came the presentation of Roosevelt's picture to the High School by Fred Richardson, president of the Senior class, as a gift from the class of 1920. The exercises ended with the singing of the Star Spangled Banner.

Oct. 31. As this was Hallowe'en night, the Junior Class gave a Hallowe'en dance and social. This turned out to be an enjoyable evening, but would have been better had it not been for the rain. Among the interesting features of the evening's entertainment were the fortunes told by Madame Waneta, who was Miss Harriet Knight.

Nov. 11. This is one of the greatest days in the year which we all celebrate. It was celebrated this year by a large parade in Portland, fire-works, flying circus and a chance to visit the inside of a submarine and a battleship at Grand Trunk wharf. Many other things went on to help celebrate the day.

Nov. 21. On the evening of November twenty-first the Senior Class gave a box-supper, at Good Templars Hall, Dunstan. All girls brot boxes, some full others empty. An apple was auctioned off for sixty-five cents, and an empty box for over three dollars. All enjoyed the evening. Games were played

after supper. The Seniors cleared about thirty-five dollars.

Dec. 11 and 12. On the evenings of December 11 and 12, the Senior Class held a fair at the K. of P. hall. There were several attractive booths where fancy articles, aprons, preserves, candy and ice cream were on sale. A booth which attracted much attention was one where cakes, doughnuts, and puddings were sold. These were all made at school by members of the Domestic Science Class, under the supervision of Miss Bryant.

On Thursday evening the three-act comedy, "A Little Savage" was presented. The drama was funny as could be and by many was considered the best ever given by the High School. The cast was coached by Principal Bessey and was as follows:

The Little Savage,	Ruth Churchill
	Ethel Foster
Georgie Sherwood.....	Helen Baker
Lady Agnes Southerland...	Abbie Small
May Churchill.....	Rachel Scott
Lord Cecil Staunton	Southerland
	Earle Willman
Capt. Donald Churchill	
	Fred Richardson
Lieut. Arthur Laughton	
	Raymond Libby
John Woodruff.....	Philip Bowley

The playing of Earle Willman and Philip Bowley in the comedy roles brought forth much applause and the parts of Lady Agnes and The Little

Savage were cleverly acted by Miss Small and Miss Foster. All in the cast took their part well and deserve much credit.

The following night a very large crowd attended a Confetti Ball (please notice, confetti is spelled with a capital C)—you would know why had you been there—This ended the fair. About two hundred dollars was cleared during the two nights.

Dec. 12. Miss Bean, a Y. W. C. A. worker, and a former college classmate and roommate of Miss Bryant, came to the school to speak about her experiences in France during the war and after. She told many interesting stories about the women in France and how they do their work. One story she told us was how the French women do their washing. They take all their clothes and carry them to a large round pool of water, which is usually located in the middle of the city. There they break the ice and do their washing, not considering how dirty the water is or how many family washings have been done in the same spot. We hope that Miss Bean visits us again.

Dec. 19. Last day of fall term. Last payment on our piano, paid today. "Merry Xmas."

Jan. 16. First Trials for Prize Speaking Contest. The lucky (?) ones chosen were:

Ruth Heald	Philip Bowley
Helen Libby	Harold Bennett.

Dorothy Plummer Clarence Lary
 Isabel Plummer Leon Lary
 Abbie Small Norman Laughton
 Gladys Higgins Fred Richardson
 Ethel Foster, Alt. Carl Nielsen, Alt.

Jan. 16. The High School gave a reception to the members of the American Legion. The program consisted of selections by an orchestra, address of welcome by Mr. Bessey, readings by Mrs. Allen, vocal and instrumental music by High School students and speeches by Supt. Heald. Mr. Harmon of Old Orchard, and other ex-service men. Refreshments of ice cream and cake were served after which a social dance was enjoyed by many.

March 5-22. Spring vacation.

March 29. At the opening exercises of school Principal Bessey announced the Honor parts for Senior Class for commencement. The following won honors for their four years' work in Scarborough High: Abbie B. Small, Valedictory, with the average of 96.1%, Helen E. Baker, salutatory; next three ranking students were Mabel Nielsen, Rachel Scott, and Ethel Foster. Carl Nielsen was given the oration for having the highest four years' average among the boys. The graduation exercise will feature the State of Maine as all of the High Schools in the State are requested to do.

April 1. All fool's day! Today is the day when we were trying to fool the teachers into thinking we had good les-

sons when we hadn't looked at them, when lo! in walked our three honored selectmen. How we wished we had studied harder! However, after lunch they visited the Junior-Senior current events class where a mock town meeting was held. A feature was the excellent "moderating" by Miss Muriel Ploughman, who certainly can wield the hammer. One would have thought himself at the regular Scarborough town meeting except for the absence of usual sawdust and the impenetrable tobacco smoke. We voted unanimously to have a new High School building.

LUNCH COUNTER

At the beginning of the Fall Term of 1919 it was thought advisable to start supplying dinners to the High School scholars at a minimum cost so those coming from a distance need not eat a cold lunch. As soon as we could collect a few dishes, we started to make and sell cocoa which was all we attempted at first; but as soon as we could, we saved money enough to buy some dishes.

We have prepared different menus such as: Mashed potato, meat, gravy, bread and butter with doughnuts; hot beef sandwich; corn chowder; mashed potato, frankforts, pickles, and bread and butter; clam and fish chowder and various others. These menus have cost

from six to twelve cents according to the price of the ingredients. In after-school hours the girls who have charge of the cooking have made hundreds of doughnuts to sell for the school fund.

The Grammar and Primary scholars came up for their dinners which, of course, made it harder at first but we soon arranged to accommodate them.

The only thing that hinders us from doing better work is the lack of room, and better equipment. A three burner oil stove to cook for fifty people is all the stove space we have. There is not room enough; so that the students getting their dinners, are very liable to spill or upset their dinner; this is unavoidable for the seats take up so much room. We have now besides paying all grocery bills, bills for dishes, and various other supplies, an equipment worth thirty dollars (\$30.00) and nearly \$40.00 in the bank to be used toward a new High School. The town supplied us with \$3.66 worth of material at the start but has not been obliged to assist us in any way since.

A. E. W. '22.

SENIOR IMPRESSIONS OF THE TOWN

MEETING

Town Meeting consists of tobacco, smoke, sawdust and contrary minds with a few humorous things to make it

bearable.

R. L. S.

The dudes of the town were very much impressed with their own importance while casting their ballot.

A good moderator is of importance as it takes a man of ability and firmness to keep order at such a meeting.

H. E. B.

As the girls of our class went to the hall together it was very interesting to observe the looks of the men on their first sight of us. Some joked about Woman Suffrage, but many more looked rather disgusted.

A. B. S.

Anyone who does not smoke will need a gas mask, for the mustard gas used by the Germans had nothing on the pipes of our townsmen.

There are a few men in every town who will agree with no one no matter what the argument may be.

C. M. N.

Before the opening of the meeting the noise sounded very much like a fox in a henyard.

There must be a fallacy in the statement that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach, at least the good dinner provided did not make the nature of the citizens sunny enough to vote for our new high school building.

D. M.



Several of the Scarborough High School boys have been prominent in the County Agricultural Club work during the past year. Three of our boys won County Championships and one a State Championship. The County Convention was held in Portland in November. At this time the County Champions were announced, among them being the following from our High School:

County and State Champion—Pig Club—R. Leon Lary '21.

County Champion—Small Garden Club—Fourth prize in State Club—Leonard Emmons '22.

County Champion—Flint Corn Club—Benjamin Seavey '22.

Sweet Corn Club—3rd Prize—Clarence Lary '21.

R. Leon Lary also attended the State Agricultural Club Convention held at the University of Maine in December and won the State Championship in Pig Club work. Three cheers for Leon! The following essay was written by him as a part of the requirements for the project and was also delivered before the Rotary Club of Portland.

* * * *

MY SEASON'S WORK

Last spring found me putting up a strong fight with second year's algebra in old Scarborough High School and having succeeded very well with this, I determined to try something harder, and settled upon a problem which has taken

me nearly seven months to solve.

The problem was this: If on May first a boy received a little white pig weighing fifteen pounds, what would be the weight of that pig on November eleventh, providing that he was well fed and properly cared for. Let X equal the weight of the pig at that time.

I soon found that there were many unexpected catches in this problem, one being that the other members of his family had April-fooled him by biting off part of his tail and just how much this detracted from his final weight has been to me a serious question.

He had an aunt, who, during her lifetime weighed nearly six hundred pounds, but as she had a whole tail, I had many doubts about his ever attaining this size.

My pig came on April first and on May first I took him in charge, "for better or for worse, for richer or for poorer, through sickness and through health," till the contest should close.

I at first gave him a little grain, mixed with skim-milk, three times a day, and as he grew, I gradually increased his grain, changing the proportion as he grew larger, but as I began fattening him I fed him only twice a day. During this time he was very hearty, and never to my knowledge was he sick.

As I have already said, he weighed fifteen pounds on May first. On May twenty-eighth he weighed thirty-four pounds and on June sixteenth, tipped the scales at fifty-four and three-fourths

pounds, thereby averaging nearly one pound per day up to this time.

On November eleventh I found that X or the weight of my pig was three hundred and thirty pounds, and this was, of course, without the missing part of the tail.

He did, to my way of thinking, do very well, for despite the high cost of living he never once "struck" during the entire summer, as did so many of his "two-legged brothers."

The following editorial board has been elected for the years 1920-1921:

Editor-in-chief—Norman Laughton '21
Business Manager—R. Leon Lary '21

Leonard Emmons '22

Literary Editors—Agnes Seavey '21, Alberta McCain '22, Gladys Higgins '23.

Joke Editors—Clarence Lary '21, Albert Libby '21, Helen Libby '22, Ruth Heald '22, Harold Bennett '23, Hazel Merry '23.

Alumni Editor—Elizabeth Newcomb '20.

Athletic Editor—Clarence Lary '21.

Exchange Editor—Harriet Knight '21.

Artistic Editor—Ruth Sherwood '22.

Athletics

The outlook for a good basket-ball team seemed very dark when a meeting of the Athletic Association was held during the fall term and it was discovered that we had lost three of our best players in the graduating class, but despite this heavy blow we determined to do our best in building up a new team and with this point in view, elected Richardson as manager and Bowley as captain of the new team.

After several weeks of practice, a lineup was decided upon and the team played their first game which was with the Scarborough Athletic Association. This was soon followed by games with Gorham High, Forest City Club, Greeley In-

stitute, and the Rovers of Portland.

Besides these were several class games which not only decided which classes had the strongest teams, but also gave the regular team a chance to acquire practice which otherwise would not have been possible.

The members of the regular team were:

Richardson c	C. Lary rb
Bowley rf	E. Willman lb
Lund lf	L. Lary sub
	A. Libby sub

BASEBALL

As it is now too early for baseball it is hard to say how the team will fare, but it is believed that the prospects are fairly bright.

Losing four of the last year's players by graduation is a setback which will be hard to overcome, but as several substitutes have been trained and the original players are older and more experienced it is hoped that the team will win a good percentage of its games.

Bowley was elected captain and Richardson manager and though it is still rather early, a good schedule is being arranged.

One of the greatest drawbacks of the team is that the school does not possess grounds of sufficient size upon which to practice. Several citizens have kindly offered the use of their fields, but as these have not met the requirements of the game, the players have been obliged to take the trolley to a distant section of the town and then walk a considerable distance in order to have the use of a proper field.

However, none of the players are complaining, though all look forward to the time when the school will have an athletic field of its own, and with this in mind, they will do their best, for their team and for their school.

GIRLS' BASKET BALL

The officers of the team were elected last year as follows: Elizabeth Newcomb, Captain; Helen Baker, Manager.

Our manager arranged an excellent schedule for us, but, due to the severe storms, necessitating the closing of our school during the height of the season, we were able to play only two games of our intended schedule; Greeley Institute and South Portland, two of the heaviest teams we had to meet.

Miss Ruth Allen of Portland High School coached the team; bringing with her three Portland High School girls to practice with us. By this means we learned more than we did at any practice that we could have had by ourselves.

The line up and scores were:

March 27, 1920, at Scarboro, Me.

Scarboro High School

	Points
H. Baker 1 f	8
M. Plowman r f	10
E. Newcomb j c	
R. Heald s c	
C. Newcomb r g	
R. Scott 1 g	

18

Greeley Institute

Points

K. Doughty 1 f	
C. Porter, r f	21

O. Nelson, j c
 V. Brydon s c
 A. Packard l g
 R. Kemp r g

21

Returned game played at Cumberland Center, Jan. 9. Score 41-5 in their favor.

Feb. 10, 1920, at South Portland, Me.
 Scarborough High

Points

E. Foster r f
 H. Baker l f
 E. Newcomb, j c
 R. Heald, s c
 C. Newcomb r g
 R. Scott l g

3

3

So. Portland High

Points

Studley r f
 Campbell l f
 Peables j c

12

4

Clark s c
 Bell r g
 Rowe l g
 Woodbury l f

2

18

Returned game played at Scarborough, Mar. 30. Score 18-8 in their favor.

ELIZABETH F. NEWCOMB,
 Captain.

TENNIS

At the close of the basket ball season the girls were left without any sport, so it was suggested by Miss Bryant that we have a tennis court.

The basket ball girls purchased a regulation size grass court which the boys helped us lay out.

Almost every one learned to play and it was greatly enjoyed by the school as a whole and is looked forward to with the same spirit this spring.

Alumni

1914

Raymond Leary, Conductor,
 P. R. R. Co.
 Ruth Scammons, Mrs. Ber-
 ley Witham

Scarboro
 Scarboro

1915

Helen Leonard, Mrs. C. N.
 Hazlett
 Otis Leary, U. S. N., at
 home
 Ernest Libby, at home

Scarboro
 West Scarboro
 Scarboro

Myron Libby, at home	Scarboro	Adelaide Temm, student
Bertha Merserve, at home	Scarboro	Gorham Normal
Bessie Myers, clerk	Saco	Gladys Willman, student
Lucretia Sargent, teacher	North Saco	Wash. College, Wash., D. C.
Elsie Spear	Boston	
Gladys Urqhart, stenographer	Scarboro	

1918

1916		Otho Baker, trackman, B. & M. R. R.	Scarboro
Nellie Hudson, at home	Scarboro	Doris Fogg, stenographer	Scarboro
Elinor Harmon, teacher, Scottows Hill	Scarboro	Ruth Lincoln, stenographer	Scarboro
Richard Libby, at home	Scarboro	Clara Seavey, waitress	Lynn, Mass.
Raymond Lee Sargent, at home	Scarboro	Elmer Merrill, at home	Scarboro
Herbert Wentworth, at home	Scarboro		

1919

1917		Charles Seavey, student	Gray's Business College, Portland
Ruth Bowley, stenographer	Scarboro	Alma Seavey, at home	Scarboro
Carl Carter, at home	Scarboro	Elmer Rounds, Maine Central R. R. Office	Scarboro
Dorothy (Googins) Tolin, clerk	Portland	Herman Rounds, trackman, B. & M. R. R.	Scarboro
*Millard Gower		Rudolph Douglas, employed in box factory	Westbrook
Paul Higgins, at home	Scarboro	Melville Johnson, Portland Terminal Office	Scarboro
Vida (Higgins) Libby	Scarboro	Elden Merrill, Stockroom, P. R. R. Co.	Scarboro
Mildred (Hudson) Crosby	Bridgton		
Fuller Merry, at home	Gorham		
Mildred Richardson (J. R. Libby's)	Scarboro	*Deceased in France.	





Mumps !!

"Pleathed to thee you. Thee the point?"

Mr. B. in General Science, "Lincoln name the three parts of the ear."

Lincoln. "The external ear, the middle ear and the-er-the- the eternal ear."

Perhaps that is the reason why some people are forever hearing things.

Mrs. A. "Spell mouse trap"

C. H. P. 23' "C-a-t".

Heard in French 1.

D. M. '22, translating, "My father is the uncle of my brother."

Mrs. A. "That's correct, go on."

"Some girls have no fellows,
Others have only one;
But Stubbie's are so plenty
She spoils all of our fun."

S. H. S. girls.

Pet expressions of the Juniors.

A. E. S. "Oh my stars!"

N. W. L. "By chowder!"

R. L. L. "Cracky!"

A. W. L. "Well, I'll be cow kicked!"

H. E. K. "P'raps never."

C. A. L. "Jiminy!"

H. E. K. '21 to M. E. P. '20 in French

"Etes-vous allees la derniere nuit?"

"Non, madame, et vous"?

"Non, mlle, pas une madame encore."

"Mitchell, describe the taste of a strawberry."

"Tastes like more to me."

"Little drops of knowledge

Little grains of sense'

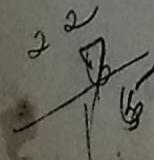
Make a mighty difference

When the tests commence."

Ex.

The Sophomores

Name	Known in 1922 as	Appearance	Hobby	Favorite Expression	Resort
C. Pillsbury	Tart	Mile a minute	Making all the girls miserable	"that so"	Among the girls
R. Heald	Babe <i>Richardson</i>	Just Me	Drinking washing fluid for cider	"Oh say-er"	Holding down my corner
C. Newcomb	Kitty	Nobody but Kitty	Being Chaperoned	"See?"	Corner back seat
T. Seavey	Tom	"See that hump?"	Telling stories	"That there-er"	The land of nod
V. Roberts	Vi	"it"	Dressing Dolls	"Well I should say that"	Photographers
A. L. Dyer	—	A Little Devil	Sucking her thumb	"Oh Slush"	At home with Mitter
L. Emmons	Pat	Bashful	Throwing kisses	"Well I reckon"	Away from the girls
L. Johnson	Laurie K.	Stately	Studying Caesar	"Yeps me dear"	With Alberta
A. McLain	Berta	Terrifying	Hooking apples	"Didn't we Laura?"	With Laura
A. Wentworth	Reelia	Sugar itself	Cooking	"Oh no!"	At the lunch counter
R. Meserve	Romeo	A second Romeo	Collecting goats	"Oh move"	Driving Shanks mare on the
M. Merry	Marshy	Sleepy	Eating cabbage leaves	"I'll say so"	Home sweet home
E. Emmons	Ernie	Even the dogs bark	Drinking water by the barrel	"So help me over this fence"	Any old place I can hang my hat
R. Sherwood	Rufus	Queenly	Growing wings	"Oh dear!"	Basketball games
E. Milliken	Bub	Infantile	Reading notes	"Nope"	Where the news is
J. Lund	Jean	Ready to collapse	Wearing silk stockings	"Yes, dear"	Not mentioned, even by request
B. Seavey	Ben	Striking	Gazing at the steps of the 7.39	"Say-I I-wish"	Dog corner
V. Urquhart	Vilola	Keep your distance	Smiling	"Aw gee"	Room C
H. Richardson	Nothin' doin'	Willowy	Her feller	"Darn it"	Give it up
D. Mitchell	Dot	Freezing	Reading the Bible	"Get out"	In her shoes
I. Plummer	Bid	Dear	Dancing	"He haw and her name was Maud"	Under wings
H. Libby	Stubby	I'm pretty nearly all here	Taking pictures	"Well-well-well"	"She's not here"

22


The Seniors

Name	Nickname	Appearance	Favorite Expressions	Hobby	Resort
Baker	Heien	Girlish	Oh mercy	Latin	Dunstan
Baker	Chet	Tease	Goodness	Wireless bug	Dunstan
Bowley	Phil	Handsome	I'll say so	B. ball	Oak Hill
Emmons	Shelly	Lanky	I dunno	Driving the fliver	Black Point
Foster	Etto	Tres Petite	Why 'no'!	Following latest inventions	Theater
Libby	Lib	Bashful	Of course not	Bicycling	Black Point
Libby	Kelly	Wise	How improbable	Mowing lawns	Peterson's store
Mitchell	Dod	Consumptive	I don't care	Walking	Portland
Nielson	Meb	Cute	Well I guess not	Reading accts of Wilson	On the lawn
Nielson	Carl	Stubby	Get out	Bossing Meb	Beech Ridge
Newcomb	Liz	Piery	Why not?	Auto riding	In the hammock
Plowman	Mickie	Guilty	Well I shan't	Auto riding	On K. of P. Hall steps
Plowman	Mand	Rather thin	All right	Show	Parlor
Richardson	Freddie	Dignified	Well, I guess yes	Calling	Newcomb's store
Small	Ab	Very important	The very Idea	Mayflowering	Maple avenue
Scott	Scotty	Quiet	I wouldn't	Entertaining	Chases
Willman	Willie	Shy	Get away closer	Pestering people	Under the fliver
Leonard	Shells	Happy Go-Lucky	Why "sure"	Watching submarines	Stroudwater

Favorite (?) Songs.

Daddy Longlegs—C Newcomb.

Slow and Easy—M. Merry.

I'd like to be a Monkey in the Zoo—
E. Willman.

Baby Days—C. Baker, A. Libby, F.
Mitchell, and C. Libby.

They go wild, simply wild over me,—
H. Libby.

Pretty little Cinderella,—N. Laughton.
You have to get out and get under to
fix an automobile—J. Lund.

Can't you take it back and change it
for a boy?—A. Dyer.

I'm a Jazz Baby—P. Bowley.

Oh, by Jingo, oh by gee, you're the
only girl for me—F. Richardson.

Mr. B. (talking about the equator) "Of
course you all know where the warmest
place is, dont you?"

Heard in English History class.

Mrs. A. "Do we have to cross the
water to get coffee?"

Mr. Lund "No."

Mrs. A. "Where can we get it?"

Lund. "At a store."

Mrs. A. in English class, "Write all
you can about manners."

A. W. L. '21, "I don't know nothing
about manners."

Echo from class, "Correct."

Mary had a little lamb

Its fleece was far from pink,

But Mary's lamb that went behind

Had nothing on Earle's ink.

Mr. B. in Math. I, explaining the
Greek formula for 3.1416 which is Π (π)
Miss Lund, "Where do we get the pie?"
"Why we make it."

SENIOR STUDIES

It seems to me that History
Gets harder every day,
So I've given up all plugging,
It really doesn't pay.

And as for Mathematics
It haunts me in my sleep,
Those theorems and originals
Would make the angels weep.

I guess my doom's decided
For English is just as bad,
And Latin is the hardest dose
A fellow ever had.

But when school days are over
Oh, then, won't I be glad,
For I can fold my arms and say
"Oh, no, it wasn't bad."

M. D. N. '20.

Mabel's sentiment on graduation, "Vox
faucibus haesit."

Have you noticed that P. B. '20, like
many others, has been hard hit by the
H. C. L. this past year.

Exchanges

AS WE SEE OTHERS

The Maple Leaf—Your paper is well arranged, the literary department very interesting, but why such fine print?

The Oceanic—The history of your town, with the pictures to illustrate the growth since the fire, is very interesting.

The Echo—The new arrangement in the exchange department is very clever. Won't a few cuts and photographs add to your paper?

The Clarion—We were greatly entertained by your stories, poems and jokes.

The Signet Your poems, with the stories, gives the paper an added attraction. The paper gives the idea of "co-operation" as your school motto.

AS OTHER PAPERS SEE US

Your "Victory" issue reflects much credit on the editors and on the three soldier lads, destined never to return from France, to whom it was dedicated.

Maple Leaf.

The other guests were very much entertained by "Four Corners" from Scarborough, Maine.

Her gown of dark blue on light blue, was remarked as clever and unique. We were delightfully entertained by her stories and jokes.

The Folio.

Your paper is very interesting, indeed. Why not have a few cuts and photographs? Your advertising manager is a good worker.

The Tripod.

The exchange editor invites free criticism of our paper, so that we may see ourselves as others see us.

EXCHANGES

Academy Review, Foxcroft Academy, Foxcroft, Maine.

Clarion, Freeport High School, Freeport, Maine.

The Echo, So. Portland High School, So. Portland, Maine.

The Folio, Jordan High school, Lewiston, Maine.

The Outlook, Porter High School Porter, Maine.

The Oceanic, Old Orchard High school, Old Orchard, Maine.

The Maple Leaf, Mapleton High School, Mapleton, Maine.

The Racquet, Portland High School, Portland, Maine.

Signet, Dexter High School, Dexter, Maine.

The Tripod, Thornton Academy, Saco Maine.

The Maine Campus, University of
Maine.

Oh, that some brainy person,
Would patent, make, and sell,
An onion with an onion taste,
And with a violet smell.

Exchange.

The Freshman are certainly smart,
The Sophs are all right, you know,
The Juniors don't know half as much
As the Seniors think they do.

Seniors were born for great things,
The Juniors were born for small,
But we cant 'zactly understand
Why the Sophomores were born at all.

Exchange.

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