The Four Corners 1926

Scarboro High School

The Four Corners

Table of Contents

Advertisements .....

Dedication 1

Directory 2

Editorials 3

Senior Periscope 7

Literary 12

Poets' Corner 21

Athletics 23

Jokes 31

Local Notes 35

Alumni 42

Exchanges 44

Advertisements .....

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Unstinted were your kindly deeds,
Our wishes met with quick response
Whene'er we've voiced to you our needs.

And so, good friend of each and all,
Loyal, ready, kindly, true,
This paper, symbol of our school,
In gratitude we dedicate to you.

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Elwood G. Bessey, A. B., *Principal*
Science and Mathematics

Frances V. Libbey, A. B.
Latin, English

Marjorie Sterling, B. S.
French, History

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Elinor Lary, '26

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Lois Pillsbury, '26

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Clyde Harmon, '26

Athletic Editor (Girls)
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Emma Olesen, '26

Joke Editor
Tena McKinney, '26

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Ruth Hoigman, '26
Virginia Coffin, '26
Elsie Sprague, '28
Norman Morse, '29

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Ira Milliken, '27

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Norman Thurston, '26
Gertrude Soule, '27
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Secretary, Elizabeth Knight
Vice-President, Tena McKinney
Treasurer, Lois F. Pillsbury

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Secretary, Mary Pederson
Vice-President, Herman Ward
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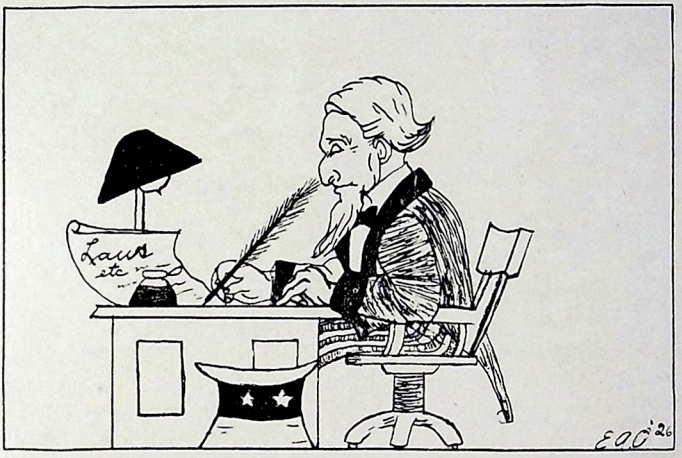
Secretary, Delila Woodward
Vice-President, Gerald Pillsbury
Treasurer, Stanley Harmon

Class of 1929

President, Stanley Pederson
Secretary, Florence Bailey
Vice-President, Ernest Bowley
Treasurer, Almeda Burnham

THE FOUR CORNERS

Vol. X May, 1926 No. 1



Editorials

THE NEW HIGH SCHOOL

This year to Scarboro High School has come the fulfillment of a cherished dream —the promise of a new high school building, for the Town of Scarboro has appropriated the sum of seventy-five thousand dollars for that purpose and Miss Ellen Libby generously deeded a lot on which the building should be erected. The town also purchased an adjoining strip of land so that ample space will be at our disposal for all athletic activities. Scarboro High School has been sadly hampered by a lack of needful facilities and the generous appropriation of the town will place our high school on a footing where we believe it may successfully compete in every respect with any school of its size in New England. Our curriculum fulfills all necessary requirements and our teaching staff have amply demonstrated their ability as instructors as shown by the successful college careers of many of our graduates. Our one weak point has been our inadequate housing, and this will be eliminated.

The new building, as designed by the architect, will consist of a main assembly room with a stage at one end, while the opposite end will make a much-needed home for our school library on the first floor. Three large and three small recitation rooms are also included here, as well as a principal's office and a teachers' room. In the basement will be located a gymnasium, boys' and girls' lockers, a laboratory, and a domestic science room, as well as the necessary space for boiler and coal.

From this meagre description it will be seen that we shall have a high school building of which every student and each citizen of the town may be justly proud. With such an equipment as this, every pupil may secure an education of the highest order.

Scarboro has certainly furnished the means to this end and every member of the high school of the present day and the days to come should show his deep appreciation of the advantages our town is offering us. Better work must of necessity be done by both faculty and students, because of the fine facilities at our disposal and the stimulation of our ambition by our unexcelled advantages. For our high school a new era has dawned, full of the promise of good things to come. Truly, Scarboro has come into her own, and every student should do his best to be worthy of the confidence and generosity of our townspeople.

DAYLIGHT SAVING AND PROHIBITION

During the past few years no problem has demanded more universal attention than has our national prohibition act and our present Congress is vigorously discussing the issue.

The "Wets" are vociferously demanding a repeal of the Volstead Act, apparently on the grounds that it interferes with their private pleasures, privileges, and appetites; and the "Drys" are equally insistent on its retention on the grounds that it is for the public welfare and that better morals, improved financial conditions, and a decreased rate of crime are important factors in the plea for its continuance. They point out that intemperance is decreasing and that another generation will be educated to see the wisdom and benefits of prohibition.

To enforce this law requires an immense army of Federal agents, for rum runners and bootleggers must be taught the error of their ways by the only method which they apparently can understand. Many of these are aliens and should they be deported on the ground that they were habitual law breakers, much of the traffic would be crippled.

One fact stands pre-eminent. The class upon whom the bootlegger depends for the greater portion of his revenue is not the middle class, but the so-called upper strata of society who often break the law as a fad.

Another act has been placed upon our statutes, becoming effective as did the Volstead Act, both by legislation and referendum. This is the so-called anti-daylight saving law and again the same class that

are wilfully violating the dry law is the same class that is most active in the standard time act.

Maine is, first of all, an agricultural state. Historians tell us that ancient kingdoms that neglected to care for the welfare of the agricultural classes have failed to stand the test of time and the best way to boom Maine is as Edward Bok recently said, "Cater first of all to the welfare of our own people instead of pleasing the tourists and a few of the idle rich."

Both the Volstead and the Anti-Daylight Saving Acts are *laws*. No law satisfies every man, but all should obey because it is the law.

* * *

CLUBWORK

This year both a boys' and girls' club were organized under the leadership of our two very competent leaders, Mrs. Libbey and Mr. Heald; and it might be mentioned here that Mr. Heald is the oldest active club leader in the state in point of service.

At the State Contest held at Orono last winter, Scarboro was especially honored when it was announced that it held the record of having the most state champions of any town in Maine, and the work that must be done to win such a championship shows for itself the stick-to-it-iveness and diligent effort made by the winner, and, in fact, all the club members who carry their work through to a finish.

This last year Margaret Urquhart and Stanley Harmon brought back the honors from Orono, just as four other club boys and girls have done before.

The fact that club work is carried on so successfully is due to the efficiency of our club leaders, the enjoyment derived from the work itself, the different meetings, and the contests.

The best example of the loyalty to club work is shown by many of our seniors, who, despite their additional duties as a graduating class, are enrolled as members of the club and are still "carrying on."

To finish as 100 per cent clubs is always our chief ambition in club work.

* * *

SCARBORO HIGH'S PLACE IN THE SUN

Scarboro High School's standard, as we all know, has advanced by bounds these last few years. She has made a good place for herself in the estimation of neighboring communities and in many of the New England colleges. A graduate of S. H. S. is now able to enter almost any college in New England. From several of these colleges our alumni have graduated with high honors. Many are the students who have made for themselves a mark in the communities where they live and who will not easily be forgotten.

Another thing which should be mentioned is the athletic side of school life. Even while working under great disadvantages, we have had several athletes worthy of mention. Where a dozen years ago Scarboro High School was unknown, or simply a name, our track teams have oftentimes come to be feared, as have both the boys' and girls' basketball teams.

In agricultural club work, as well as in speaking contests, Scarboro has made a reputation in which she may justly pride herself.

The end toward which all the high school pupils are now striving is to attain greater excellency in all branches. To gain this end we are each trying to improve in our scholarship, in our athletics, in our speaking contests, in our club work, in our loyalty, and in all activities and phases of life in Scarboro High School. With the help of our parents and friends and the greatly improved facilities which are to be ours, we feel sure this can be accomplished, for we know that all the townspeople are proud of the records which have been made and will willingly aid us in our struggles toward a still higher place in the sun.

* * *

SCARBORO HIGH SCHOOL'S CREED

All institutions, clubs, and organizations have their creed and so have we, the scholars of Scarboro High School. Altho it is neither long nor hard to follow, yet it is on this we intend to mould our high school career.

We pledge ourselves to do whatsoever our faculty desire and command, to obey and to aid, to be loyal to them and our school, to make the standard of our school higher, never to detract honor from the good reputation of our school which our predecessors established, to do our very best and be satisfied with nothing but the best in anything we attempt.

* * *

The students of Scarboro High School wish to thank our friends and advertisers for their hearty co-operation and aid which has made it possible for us to again publish our annual issue of the FOUR CORNERS. We request that all our readers patronize those who have advertised in our columns.

SENIOR PERISCOPE

TENA B. McKINNEY

Salutatorian; Class President (1); Vice-President (2, 4); Basketball (1, 2, 3, 4); Captain (2, 3, 4); Prize Speaking (1, 2, 3, 4); Second Prize (1); Drama (4); Club Work (1, 2, 3).

In spite of Tena's learning,
She's a girl that's all true blue;
A star in each activity;
There's nothing she can't do.

NORMAN B. THURSTON

Drama (4).

That Norman's a fine family man,
I'm sure you'll all agree,
Who saw him in the Senior play,
A twin upon each knee.

MARGARET L. URQUHART

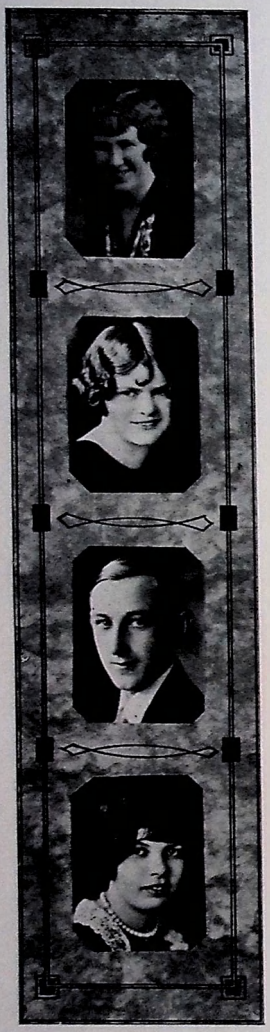
Club Work (1, 2, 3, 4); County Champion (2, 4); State Champion (4); Bread Demonstration Team, representing Maine at Eastern States Exposition (2); Basketball (3, 4); Drama (4).

Before her Art, the warlike flags are furled,
The hand that makes the biscuits rules the world.

RUTH C. HODGMAN

Club Work (1, 2, 3); Prize Speaking (4).

Tho' Science, Math and History
Ruth's waking hours do cumber,
When she becomes a Hello Girl,
She's sure to get your number.



ELIZABETH F. KNIGHT

Third Honor; Class President (2); Secretary (1, 4); Vice-President (3); Orchestra (1, 2, 3, 4); Senior Drama (2, 4); Club Work (1, 2); Prize Speaking (3); Basketball (3).

In costume and in etiquette.
She knows the latest wrinkle.
And when she draws her practised bow
All feet begin to twinkle.

EMMA A. OLESEN

Art Editor of Four Corners (2, 3, 4); Basketball (2, 3, 4); Senior Drama (4); Club Work (1, 2, 3); Class Treasurer (2).

Tho' Emma's so artistic,
She's such a little mite,
That her present chief ambition
Is to gain six feet of height.

LAWRENCE M. STOREY

Club Work (2, 3, 4).

Oh, Lawrence, in these strenuous days
Of Dr. Lulu's diet,
How can you eat, yet stay so slim,
Just tell us how; we'll try it.

HAZEL M. MORSE

Editorial Board of Four Corners (3, 4).

Demure and quiet tho' she seems,
Trust not this manner shy;
A dancing imp of jolly fun
Lurks in her downcast eye.

ELINOR O. LARY

Valedictorian; Public Speaking (1); Basketball (2, 3, 4); Manager (4); Editorial Board of FOUR CORNERS (2, 3); Editor-in-Chief (4); Class President (3, 4); Treasurer (1); Secretary (2); Drama (4); Club Work (1, 2, 3); State and County Champion (3).

You've done so much in your four years,
We're sure you'll do no less
In future years, where your good traits
Are sure to bring success.

DONALD YORK

Attended Claremont High School, N. H., Deering, South Portland, Thornton Academy; Transferred to S. H. S. in November, 1925. Basketball, S. H. S. (4).

Don has studied in East and West,
And all points of the compass;
But now that he has sampled all,
We're glad he's staying with us.

MARY C. PILLSBURY

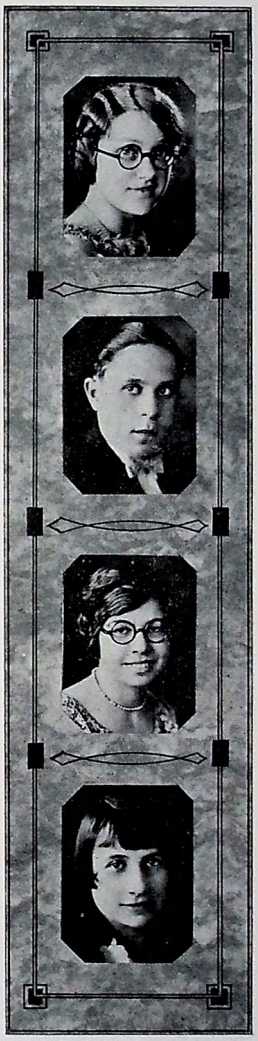
Prize Speaking (2, 3, 4); First Prize (2, 3); Second Prize, County Contest (3); Second Prize of $50 in the Spear State Speaking Contest (4); Basketball (4); Club Work (1, 2, 3, 4); Demonstration Team representing Maine at Eastern States Exposition (2); Senior Drama (4).

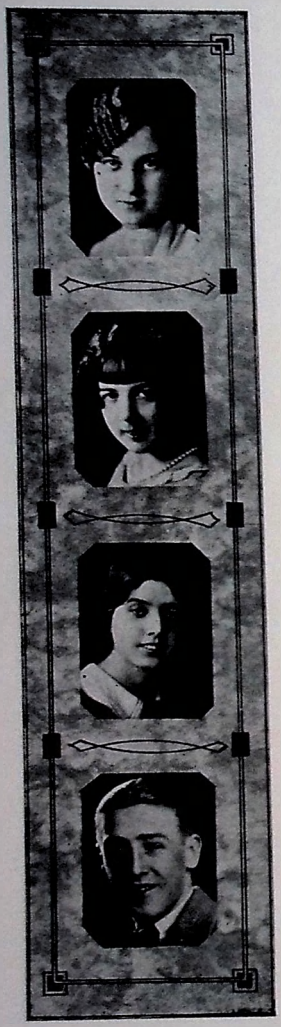
Where shall I begin to rehearse her career?
She can cook; she can sew; she can spin;
And when it comes to dramatic art,
She reaps all the prizes in.

MARION R. PETERSON

Class Secretary (3); Club Work (1, 2, 3); Club Secretary (2).

To us all is some talent given,
To help the weary mile,
No nook so drear, but is brighter made,
By a cheery word and smile.





ADA L. WENTWORTH

Prize Speaking (1, 2, 3, 4); Second Prize (3, 4); Editorial Board of Four Corners (2, 3, 4); Basketball (1, 2, 3, 4); Manager (3); Senior Drama (4); Club Work (1, 2, 3, 4); Club Essay Prize (2).

Across Sebago's lonely shores,
Came the uke's low midnight note.
"How sweet," said Ada, "but 'twould sweeter be,
Were it twenty miles remote."

BERTHA T. WESTMAN

Exchange Editor (4).

Bee-Bee is so generous,
That rather than her chum to rob,
She changed her style of hair cut,
And gave up her "boyish Bob."

LOIS F. PILLSBURY

Prize Speaking (3, 4); Orchestra (1, 2, 3, 4); Editorial Board of Four Corners (3, 4); Club Work (2, 4); Class Treasurer (4).

Say, Lois, does your specimen of the genus canis still harbor those carnivorous parasites, the Ctenocephalus Canis, otherwise known as the Pulex Serraticeps?

MAURICE A. LIBBY

Prize Speaking (1, 2, 3); First Prize Local Contest (1, 2, 3); County Contest, Second Prize (2); Senior Drama (3, 4); Class Vice-President (1).

When Buddy has the wretched luck
To have his Ford break down,
His swell balloons will take him up
Most anywhere in town.

VIRGINIA COFFIN

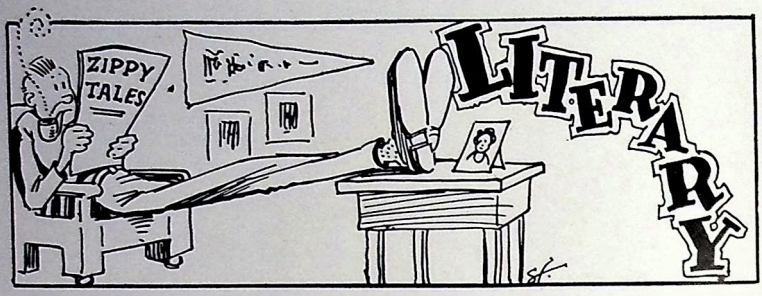
Transferred from Alton, N. H., High School, Senior Year.

Virginia's fond of English Lit.:
She loves to sit and hear
The teacher read from Chaucer's Tales
The fate of Chanticleer.

CLYDE HARMON

Basketball (2, 3, 4); Editorial Board (3, 4); Prize Speaking (3, 4).

We know that Zeke's a man of travel;
We know he's one we can't unravel;
But it's no use to guess, you see,
Because he'll ne'er tell you nor me.



VOICES OF THE NIGHT

What is any pleasanter on a warm summer night than to take a blanket and walk into the woods at about dusk, then make a bed from fragrant fir boughs, spread the blanket on these and recline on this bed and be lulled to sleep by the sweet voices of the night.

Beneath a majestic pine, on one of these couches, let us imagine ourselves with the soft breeze of eventide sweetly singing through the pine needles, and rustling the leaves of a sturdy maple. Softly the breeze sings its song, making us forget worldly troubles and lulls us by the magic enchantment of nature.

Then through the tree tops comes the faint notes of some tiny bird, twittering happily. Suddenly the woods burst into rapturous melody as a shy hermit thrush swells its throat and pours forth his song into the night. Then, as the last sweet notes die out, the faint rippling of a tiny brook, gurgling and tumbling over the stones, comes to our ears. Slowly this sound is drowned by the chirping of crickets which seem to radiate sounds from every path and hollow of the forest. Softly these sounds die out. Their place is taken by the faint barking of a dog in the distance. Then this sound gives way to the faint twinkle and murmur of the little brook, which grows fainter and fainter as we quietly settle down and with a feeling of satisfied contentment fall into peaceful slumber.

I. M. M., '27.

A WONDERFUL DAY

My little grandson came to me one day, just after receiving a hair-brush punishment from his mother for some disobedient trick, and asked me if I was always good. I told him that, indeed, I was not. He then asked me to tell him what I ever did that was naughty, for of course he was surprised that grandmother had ever disobeyed. The story I told him is as follows:

It was a wonderful day, yes, in more ways than one. My parents were gone away and so were my sisters. I was supposed to be at school, but the teacher was sick and went home, thus giving us an unexpected holiday.

I went home and found myself alone. This would never have been allowed if my parents had known. I can't remember exactly how it happened, but I found myself out in our big barn, bent on mischief.

My father owned a horse but never used

him very much. He hadn't been out of the barn all winter and naturally was rather frisky. I don't know why, but my impish inclination seemed to fall on this horse. I managed somehow to get him out of the stall onto the barn floor. I led him back to the end of the stall and then out onto the barn floor. I led him back and forth several times, getting quite a thrill out of it. At last, as the beast seemed so gentle, I wondered why it wouldn't be nice to go for a ride.

The horse was very "high headed," but I managed to get the bits in his mouth and get him harnessed. It was so long ago that I can't remember very clearly how I did it. Let me see now, how did it happen? Oh, I know. When I took off the halter and put on the bridle the horse got away from me and went into his stall. Evidently he did not care for his new master. Somehow I got him back again and harnessed him into the wagon. Then how was I going to get him out of the barn without his getting away from me. I knew that when I opened the door he would go right out in a hurry, and how would I get into the wagon?

Finally by help of a "hitch weight" I did the deed.

At last I was on my way. I was rather shaky, but I didn't know how to get the horse back into the barn now. Where should I go, and what if I should meet an auto? Well, the horse was going then, and I couldn't stop. How terrible he acted! It is as fresh in my memory as though it happened yesterday.

When I tried to make him trot he would go too fast to suit me, and if I would say "whoa" to him, then he would stop still and toss his head from side to side, as if any minute he might jump and run for the ditch.

I reached the village finally, with my uncertain rate of speed—stopping and starting. Then, how should I get back, how should I turn around? These and many other questions ran through my mind. However, the horse decided for me. He started up the main street, but I knew this would never do, so I headed him across the car track, and of course trouble comes in bunches, for the electric car was coming around the turn. The horse was frightened and stood right up straight. Believe me, I wondered if I would ever get home alive. The motorman got off the car and led the horse off the track and headed us for home. That was the last straw, for the horse knew he was headed for home and decided the sooner the quicker. How he did go! I tried to stop him, but I suppose my pulling on the reins was as nothing. I was certainly getting my punishment for doing wrong.

We went into the door yard on two wheels, and into the barn again, and stall. The door bears the marks to this day.

Then your great-uncle Henry came to the rescue and unharnessed the horse for me. My parents didn't inflict any punishment on me whatever.

So you see, little boy, you must never do wrong, for in some way you will always be punished.

"Yes," said Bobbie, with a sigh.

E. F. K., '26.

RUNNING FOR A TRAIN

"Now remember to get the 5.10 train for Boston," cautioned my employer. "If you don't get that train, I stand to lose over a thousand dollars, so be careful not to over-sleep. Here are the papers. That will be all now, but send me a telegram from Boston and tell me how you succeed."

I left the office of the Pinkerton Detective Agency with a light heart. I was whistling and I felt like telling the whole world why I was so happy. In the spring of 1919 I returned from abroad without a cent to my name. I had no friends, either. After a time I secured a position with the Pinkertons, a famous detective agency. I didn't have much to do at first, but I had the good luck to save the life of Mr. Crosby, one of the chief officers of the Agency. I was promoted and finally became Mr. Crosby's private secretary.

One day Mr. Crosby gave me his confidence in regard to a secret matter. I won't go into details, but suffice to say that I was to be sent to Boston on very important business, and I was to carry certain papers to the Mayor of Boston. If I succeeded in carrying out Mr. Crosby's instructions, I was to receive a bonus of five hundred dollars.

As I wanted to be sure of getting the train, I set the alarm at four o'clock. I didn't sleep very well that night, but around three o'clock I dropped off. When I awoke I knew at once that I had overslept. The hands of the clock pointed to 3.15, reminding me that I had forgotten to wind it, and consequently it had stopped. I hustled into my clothes, and while I was dressing I heard the station clock strike five. I had ten minutes to get the train. I didn't bother for any breakfast, but grabbed my hat and started. I just got out of the house when I thought of my ticket and the papers for the Mayor. I lost precious seconds trying to open the door. I stumbled upstairs and into my room, grabbed the papers with one hand, and with the ticket in the other, started down the stairs. In my feverish anxiety to hurry I stumbled and rolled the length of the stairs. Now I am what might be termed a fat man, so going downstairs in this fashion didn't hurt me very much. In fact, it was the quickest way for me to get to the bottom. At last I found myself out on the sidewalk, and as there were no cars in sight I started running full speed to the station. It was quite early and no one was on the streets, so I was cheered by the thought that only a very few people would be watching me. Before I had gone very far I began to puff and blow, and my eyes filled with tears. I wasn't used to running and my muscles were soft from idleness. At last I got to the bottom of the hill and I was in sight of the station. I heard the engine steaming and the bell clanging. I knew that the train was about to pull out.

I put on a fresh burst of speed, although I was gasping for breath. I had lost my hat in running and my hair was streaming down over my forehead. I burst into the station, never slacking up speed, but kept on out, onto the tracks only to see the train gathering speed. I made a leap and just

missed the last car. There I stood, shaking my fist at the train. My hair was down over my forehead, my face was red and steaming with perspiration. I was almost ready to collapse from over-exertion. In the excitement of hurrying for the train I had forgot to put on a collar and tie. I certainly was a laughable picture. I made my way to the ticket office and after several efforts I managed to gasp out, "When's the next train for Boston?"

"At 5.10," was the reply.

"What!" I cried, "what train was that, that just left?"

"That was the express to New York."

I looked at the clock and saw it was only quarter past four. I had made a mistake. I thought it had struck five, but it had only struck four.

W. F., '28.

MY FAVORITE HAUNTS

Although I greatly enjoy the winter months with their many lively sports, such as skiing, coasting, skating, and snow-shoeing, with an occasional jolly sleighing party, I find I am beginning to long for the summer months when I can visit my favorite haunts. Chief among these seems to be the seashore, where I can sit on the rocks and watch the waves dash their sprays into the sky as they strike a huge cliff, or to walk along the beach and watch the bathers sporting among the waves. Many enjoy a swim beyond the breakers, while the children are happy to be paddling in the more shallow water near the shore. Another favorite haunt is a lake which is surrounded by the sweet smelling trees; here I can watch the canoers and am sometimes fortunate enough to take part in this delightful pastime, or I can stroll through the woods and watch the birds and squirrels. Once a young doe appeared before me, apparently as much surprised to see me as I was to see her, for she gazed at me for several minutes before bouncing away into the deeper woods. I have often imitated the squirrel's call and he has replied, seeming to think me one of his own kind. I have also imitated the chickadee. I call to them and they return my call, each time sending a different note as though trying to find out if I were really one of their own. One of my most enjoyable haunts on a summer's evening is in the old hammock on the lawn, to watch the moon come up over the tree-tops, and the lights on the swift-moving autos appear in the distance, like some kind of huge fireflies at a game of tag. Then promptly at the same hour every evening comes the whip-poor-will's shrill call.

One of my chief ways of visiting these haunts is by the aid of the old "flivver," which takes us through many unfrequented roads and past many deserted farms that were once the scene of happy homes with the old rambler rosebush still clinging to its rack.

These are only a few of my favorite haunts, but they are the principal ones. The others I do not frequent as often as those above mentioned.

G. P. S., '27.

A FAIRY STORY UP TO DATE

Misses Natalie and Bernice Darling were flappers. They never bothered about how they looked in anything as long as it was in style. They bobbed their hair, rolled their socks, wore skirts brief, almost to the vanishing point, and were otherwise very economical as far as dressing went.

Cinderella, their younger sister, admired and also envied them. Whenever they were out Cinderella went into their room and, seated before their dressing table, would pretend she was a flapper, too. She would dubiously pick up a jar of vanishing cream and read the full directions, then apply it daintily with her finger tips. There was a mole on her neck which she was especially anxious to have vanish, but after she had rubbed the mole for fifteen minutes she was greatly disappointed to find it was always there. After applying a sample dab from several jars her face was smeared with a mixture of Pond's Cold Cream, Three Flowers Vanishing Cream, and Melba Massage Cream. Then she would cover her face with layers of powder from the numerous boxes before her. A few of the shades she put on were: Light, dark, medium, blond, flesh, brunette, and naturelle. She was just as generous with the rouge and lipstick.

After this she would try plucking her eyebrows, and, lastly, curling her hair. This was always the hardest task. She either scorched her fingers, her hair, or her ears. But Cinderella was not one to be bothered by such trifling things as these.

One night Natalie and Bernice were going to a dance. This dance was given by one of the most prominent families in society, in honor of the return from Europe of the only son. Cinderella had begged the whole week to be allowed to go, but Mrs. Darling had said, "No, you are too young, Cinderella," and Cinderella was properly silenced by the ultimatum.

She watched her sisters getting ready with wistful eyes, and each time one of them applied a cosmetic Cinderella sighed deeply. At last they were ready to go, and after throwing a careless good-bye to Cinderella, they set out.

Poor little Cinderella, huddled up in a heap in the large arm-chair before the fireplace, cried as though her heart would break. Suddenly she heard a soft voice say, "Why are you weeping, Cinderella?"

She looked up and saw her fairy godmother. "I am weeping because my sisters have gone to a dance and I can't go. It is in honor of Robert Bruce, who has just returned from Europe. All the girls say that he is simply an eye full and—and—I'd like to see him."

"So you shall," said the fairy godmother.

She waved her wand in the air three times and before her stood a barber, a short, fat, jolly, delicious barber, in a shining white coat and trousers. He radiated a delectable odor of bay rum and shaving cream. In one hand he was holding a comb and brush and in the other a pair of scissors and clippers, which he snipped together seductively.

Next appeared a manicurist, a petite,

brown-haired, almond-eyed miss, wearing a short black dress with Peter Pan collar and cuffs, and a diminutive white apron.

A beauty doctor was the next to materialize. She was a tall, slim, graceful creature, with shining black hair and a face like an Andrea del Sarto.

The last to take shape was the costumer, a small, bustling little French woman, who in a cooing accent, declared she knew just what color suited Mademoiselle best. There never was another blue in the world, she declared, that matched Mademoiselle's eyes as that which she held before her. She smiled happily when the others agreed with her.

Cinderella sat with tense muscles while her long, luxuriant hair was bobbed and waved, her face massaged, powdered and rouged, her eyebrows plucked, her hands made soft and white and her fingernails manicured. Such thrills of daring shook her small body! Then she was clothed in a chic Parisian gown, chiffon hose, and velvet pumps. To complete her attire was a white ermine cloak.

As she gazed into the mirror she hardly knew the lovely vision which met her dancing eyes. Her godmother warned her that she must hurry if she wished to get there before intermission. Cinderella thanked her godmother and started to go out, when her godmother called her back and said, "You must get back before your sisters do, so that they will not know you went." Cinderella promised and ran out the door. Before the house stood a beautiful Rolls-Royce and a chauffeur in a smart uniform tipped his cap as he held the door open for her. Cinderella entered the auto, sank down contentedly among the soft cushions, and was soon taken to the big white house on the hill.

The mansion was all aglow with hundreds of brilliantly colored electric lights. An alluring waltz had just ended when Cinderella entered. All eyes were fastened upon her and a flutter of admiration went around the hall. As the orchestra swung into a Fox Trot Cinderella was immediately surrounded by a bevy of sleekly-groomed, black-clad young gentlemen, pleading for a dance. She shyly promised a few when she saw Robert Bruce coming towards her.

Cinderella thought she had never seen anyone so like the Apollo in her Ancient History as he. He was well-built, of average height, with black hair slicked back until it shone like patent leather, and large, dreamy brown eyes. He pushed his way through the crowd and said in a rich musical voice, "You have this dance with me, I believe, Miss Cinderella."

Cinderella was so confused and amazed that before she knew it he drew her from the crowd of admirers and she was dancing with him. She was wondering how he knew her name when he said, "You seemed just like Cinderella, appearing so beautiful and unexpectedly."

Cinderella felt as though she were dancing on air. How thankful she felt that Natalie had taught her the Charleston only the day before, for Robert did it wonderfully. Everyone remarked what a beautiful couple they made and how nicely they danced together. The rest of the evening

went like a dream. Cinderella danced with many others, but it was quite plain that Robert was infatuated with her.

As the time drew near for the dance to let out, Cinderella began to worry about how she could slip away. She danced the last dance with Robert, and it was then he asked her if he might see her home. Not knowing how to refuse, she said, "Yes."

She put on her cloak and tried to slip out the side door while nobody was looking, but Robert, who had been watching for her, caught her arm and said, "That isn't the way, Cinderella," but she cried, "Oh, please don't hold my arm, I must go alone, I—I—."

"For goodness' sakes, are you having a nightmare, Cinderella? Wake up!" and Miss Natalie shook her sister rudely by the arm until she was awakened.

T. B. M., '26.

A GREAT EVENT

One Saturday morning in September, Mollie Pillsbury and I went to Union Station to take the train for Springfield. We met two girls in the station that were going to take the trip with us. Soon the train came in from Bangor with the State Club assistant and six others who were going on the trip. There were two who got on at Portland that we did not meet in the station. The party now consisted of six girls, four boys, two women, and two men. We arrived in Boston about three-thirty. After crossing the city by the elevated trains, we went to see the capitol, but as we did not have much time we did not stay here long. We then boarded the train for Springfield, and arrived there about nine o'clock. After having supper we started for the Eastern State Exposition Grounds. We got there about eleven o'clock. Every one was in bed, and after registering we went, too. We slept in bunks, about one hundred and eighty girls in one house, which was separated into two rooms. There were about the same number of boys in their bunk house.

We spent a week there of much excitement and enjoyment along with our few daily tasks. By the last of the week we thought we had visited every nook and corner of that seventy-acre Exposition grounds, but the day before we left we found a place that we had never seen before. There probably were more places into which we had not ventured, but we saw very many places that interested us.

Saturday morning we started home about seven o'clock. We got in Boston just before noon. We crossed the city by the subway. We ate dinner and then went touring. We went from the top to the bottom of Filene's store. We also went through a few more buildings of interest, and then we started for home. The sad moment of the trip came at parting. We got home about four o'clock, while some of the others did not get home until later in the evening. I think the remembrance of this trip will always be with me.

M. L. U., '26.

THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US

When we speak of the world, we instantly visualize people and all the inventions, the result of man's inventive powers, and it is especially these inventions which I think are too much of our everyday life.

When our grandparents were young, times were much harder, much less money was in circulation and for the entertainment they had to invent games and new feats to entertain all who came to see them. Raising bees were very frequent. All the neighbors would gather, and on certain days they would help a new neighbor build his house. Old fashioned husking bees in huge clean barns brought the young and old together on common grounds, and quilting bees were the delight of girls and their mothers, everything was simple and cheerful.

What do we do to entertain ourselves at the present time? Do we resort to our inventive powers to find something to amuse ourselves with? No, everything is furnished, all we have to do is go; that one word *go* covers quite a bit of ground these days. Nobody is a good sport unless he goes; goes to dances and dances till three o'clock in the morning, goes to the theaters, goes to banquets and all kinds of times that imply social life.

How many of us envy the lonely life of a range rider, fire warden of the great woods, and that of fish wardens in the same awesome forests? I, for one, do—it seems as though nothing in the world would delight me more than to have a chance to live such a life as long as I wanted to. To get so close to nature that is very near to that mysterious Something that holds in His power the sway of the whole world.

Nowadays we hear of many people who, unable to keep the pace of social whirl, have nervous breakdowns, and go to quiet country places to regain their health, and, perhaps, to get something which they don't have time to think about in their everyday whirlpools.

How much longer can we keep increasing our pace and still live? Is not America the country noted for its swift life and nervous trials? Paris and Monte Carlo are just as much as ever going their boiling gait, but America is swiftly catching up with them, even the small towns have caught the disease now. I ask, how much longer can we travel?

M. P., '27.

NATURE'S METHOD OF CLEANING HOUSE

Dame Nature is the most capable of housekeepers, yet the sternest, most capricious task mistress known. She believes in a place for everything, and everything in its place. The French, who, it is said, never waste anything, simply emulate her

example—for it is a well known fact that nothing is wasted by nature, who has a myriad of workers always at her command.

Along the shores and waterfronts are the great scavengers, the gulls, which eat the fish and clams and many other such delicacies which are cast up by the sea. Other best known bird helpers on land are the crow, sparrow, and the song birds. The crow eats much flesh food, the sparrow, so humorists tell us, anything and everything, while the song birds make themselves useful, particularly in the orchards and gardens, by eating the worms, which would otherwise harm and possibly ruin the crop. Every bird, insect, and beast has its work to perform in order to keep a perfect balance of the whole.

For every pest there is a parasite. Nature has provided this means for the extermination of harmful insects, and in this respect, man has often found it wise to follow the example she has set. One notable instance of this may be found in the case of the brown tail moth, where a tiny parasite has accomplished more towards its extinction than dozens of poisons conceived by the ingenious brain of man.

Mother Nature has devious ways of housecleaning. Wherever vegetable decay occurs, humus is formed in preparation for the growth of the coming season. When the autumn frosts have cut down all vegetation that has served its purpose through the summer, the freezing temperatures of winter and the rains and melting snows convert all waste into a form available for plant use, to produce a wealth of beauty and color another season. Always the changes wrought create beauty for the eye of man.

Though the daughters of Eve may claim they first originated the modern method of spring and fall cleaning, yet it is an undisputed fact that they but copy the example long ago established by Nature. In the spring the wind and rain transform the world. The wind sweeps unsightly debris to the woods, and the rain washes and cleans the earth, starting the grass and making everything in Nature's huge house fresh and smiling. Nature realizes to the full the value of color combinations. Her successes are the joy and despair of the artist. Every barren spot is promptly covered, and often impure gases from the air cause luxuriant growth. Even an obscure fence corner where rubbish has been deposited becomes glorified by the riot of vegetation which hides an ugly bit of scenery, while we realize still more her effort to conceal man made hurts as we view the scarlet carpet of poppies on Flanders Field, always in evidence following a Titanic struggle on that world-famed battleground. "Dust thou art, and to the dust thou shalt return" is the Divine edict, and though Nature works slowly, she surely and unostentatiously carries out the mandate.

During the later spring and summer, gentle rains refresh and brighten her home, and when some incident occurs which annoys her, she uses her broom, the wind, with great force, then, seeming to realize the disturbance she is causing, she at-

tempts to remedy it in an equally violent, though totally different method, and visits upon her huge domain tremendous cloudbursts to wash the dust from her floors, leaving them green and orderly. Having exhausted her anger, she is a very quiet, agreeable, even-tempered housekeeper.

In autumn she again renews her campaign, aided by her legions of helpers and a vigorous broom she wields during our September gales. The "Old Woman in the Sky" sweeps the tops of skyscrapers, brushes the foliage from trees, and then, to put things in order again, she tosses her sweepings into the woods and leaves them to cover and protect those most delicate of wood flowers.

All Nature's forces and every living thing on the earth, even man himself for his own protection and welfare, contribute to the great work of making this world of ours a clean, healthy place in which to live, and every infraction of Nature's laws meets with swift and certain retribution. The passing centuries, each with its work beautifully and wonderfully accomplished for the good of mankind, show the wisdom and power of the Guiding Hand that rules the universe. Truly, "God's in His heaven, all's right with the world."

E. O. L., '26.

MAINE

Over the sunny hills of green,
Over the lakes of silvery sheen,
Comes now the rugged voice of Maine,
That, ever echoing, calls and calls again.

Maine, with all its wondrous beauty,
Come and see it; 'tis your duty.
Stranger—man, or maid, or child,
Come see my wonders, tame and wild.

Mine are the glories of a nation,
The grace and beauty of all creation;
Come here to spend your vacation time
And boast you've roamed the State of pine.

My produce goes to every clime,
My timbers, staunch, defy the brine,
My motto guides true, loyal bands
To give their best to each demand.

Come, breathe the scent of fragrant pine,
Waft on the breeze; 'tis freely thine,
For life is sweet in vacation land,
Where breathes true welcome on every hand.

You will always be welcome home,
While as nature's beauty I sit on the throne;
Come, spend your life in vacation land,
You'll find a welcome on every hand.

Come, breathe the scent of fragrant pine,
Waft on the breeze; it is freely thine,
Come, spend your life in vacation land,
You'll find a welcome on every hand.

R. A., '29.

THE MOON

The golden moon is shining
O'er the land and o'er the sea,
Its glorious splendor awakening
Both joy and sadness in me.

As I gaze toward the ocean,
Where the moon sheds a pathway of light,
It fills me with new resolutions,
Its beauty so clear and so bright.

I wish I could say to others,
"Be guided by that light,"
For it comes from a place where everyone knows
There is Justice, Love, and Might.

T. B. M., '26.

WAITIN' FOR FATHER

The wind is blowin', snow is driftin',
  Sleigh-bells tinklin' down the lane;
The sun is sinkin', me, I'm thinkin',
  'Bout your comin' back again.
Mother said you went to heaven,
  And its awful far from here.
The snow is fallin', sister's cryin',
  The wind is moanin' in the pine;
The day is dyin', and I'm sighin',
  Hopin' you'll be home by nine.

I go to bed still thinkin'
  'Bout your comin' back to me;
The morning sun is shinin', birds are callin';
  But for one I'll never see.
While I'm eatin', I got a feelin'
  That you're kinder lonesome, too;
Ain't you missin' me a kissin' you,
  Like I used to do?
Days so dreary, I been so weary,
  Ever since you went away;
Just a grievin', 'bout your leavin',
  Wantin' you back each day.

E. A. O., '26.

THE LAND WHERE LOST THINGS GO

I went to sleep a-dreaming
  Of all good things to be,
And I found myself a-wandering
  In a place that was strange to see.

I saw a weird procession
  Passing to and fro,
And I knew that I'd reached in a twinkling
  The land where lost things go.

I found my collar buttons,
  And my marbles, and my dog,
Strings, and gum, and fishhooks,
  A jew's-harp and a knob.

The streets were paved with school books,
  The trees excuses grew,
But no one cared to pluck them,
  And reprimands were few.

I met the missing paddle
  The Sophs had used on me,
When I, an innocent Freshie,
  Was green as green could be.

Ere long, I was astonished
  To see a grand parade
Of lost and found umbrellas,
  That once were used for shade.

I strove to grasp the wanderers,
  But I reached and clasped in vain,
For all those valued possessions
  Could never be mine again.

For my youthful days are over,
  My footsteps, weary and slow,
But I'm sure I saw my treasures
  In the land where lost things go.

E. O. L., '26.

THE SUN CHARIOT

It came in the dusk of dawn,
  R'sing from a mountain wall,
Breaking sleep and night with morn,
  Removing life with its golden call.

It came, as in the years of old,
  Told by a gust of fire,
Riding in a chariot of gold,
  Mounting upward, ever higher.

Until, at last, it sinks in the West,
  Shining banners of royal hue,
Leaving this world to quiet rest,
  Beginning his journey of hope anew.

M. R. P., '26.

WINTER

Down, down, from the darkening heavens,
  The crystal snowflakes fall,
Swiftly they cover the hard brown earth
  With their crystal fairy pall.

The Sparrow and Red-breasted Robin
  Fly to their southern nest;
And the shaggy wandering Bruin
  Curls down for his winter's rest.

The children scamper to get their sleds,
  And down the steep hills they go,
Cheerily tugging them up again
  With their chubby faces aglow.

Soft twilight covers the village,
  O'er the snow comes the window's gleam,
And as evening passes onward
  Silence holds reign Supreme.

R. C. H., '26.

CROSS COUNTRY

At a meeting of the Athletic Association early last fall it was decided to continue cross country as a school sport. Practice was begun the first of October and continued nearly every day for a month with the following men attending: Woodward, '27, Scamman, '28, Harmon, '28, Pillsbury, '28, Laidlaw, '28, Ayer, '29, Bowley, '29, and Lawler, '29. Scamman, the only letterman in this sport in school, was elected captain.

On Nov. 3, Windham High School paid us a return visit, coming prepared to avenge the defeat which we had given them last year at Windham. However, we beat them easily by cleverly bunching our men, although Strout of Windham led the pack home.

Order of finish:—Strout, W. H. S.; Ayer, S. H. S.; Laidlaw, S. H. S.; Douglas, W. H. S.; Eastup, W. H. S.; Cook, W. H. S.; Lawler, S. H. S.; Forbes, W. H. S.; Powley, S. H. S.; Pillsbury, S. H. S.

Scarboro, 2-3-4-5-9,	23
Windham, 1-6-7-8-10,	32

Encouraged by this victory, we went to Waterville the following Saturday to compete in the Colby Interscholastic Run. Here we were sadly outclassed by our larger and older opponents. However, we finished in seventh place ahead of Colburn Classical Institute—Lee Academy, 1924 champions, again won the meet. Our boys were royally entertained at fraternity houses.

As all the members of our team were Sophomores and Freshmen, we are anticipating a much better team next year.

BOYS' BASKETBALL

Basketball practice began Thanksgiving week. We did not expect to have a winning team this year as only one letterman remained from last year's team. This was Clyde Harmon, '26, and he was elected captain and the players are unanimous in saying that he has proved a fine leader and a good sportsman.

After several practice sessions, the following were picked for the first team: C. Harmon, '26, York, '26, Ward, '27, E. Harmon, '27, Woodward, '27, Ayer, '29, Bowley, '29. The following have composed the second team: Larfano, '28, Woodward, '28, Laidlaw, '28, Harmon, '28, Libby, '29, Sawyer, '29, Urquhart, '29.

Class games were played at the beginning of the season in which the Seniors were victors. The Freshmen and Sophomores in particular had two hard-fought battles, the Sophomores winning 10-8 and 17-12. Larfano and Scamman, the two Sophomore midget forwards, and Ayer and Bowley, subs on the first team, excelled for their sides.

SUMMARY OF GAMES

December 7—Scarboro, 22; Windham, 27.
December 12—Scarboro, 76; Buxton, 8.
December 18—Scarboro, 21; Alumni, 19.
January 8—Scarboro, 40; Windham, 13.
January 15—Scarboro, 29; Buxton, 4.
January 22—Scarboro, 10; Waterboro, 29.
January 29—Scarboro, 28; Alumni, 21.
February 5—Scarboro, 13; Waterboro, 51.
February 19—Scarboro, 17; Freeport, 21.
February 22—Scarboro, 9; Wells, 26.
Mar. 5—Scarboro, 16; Wells, 20.
Mar. 12—Scarboro, 7; Portland Y. M. C. A., 20.
Scarboro, 288; Opponents, 259.

INDIVIDUAL SCORING

	Games	Goals	Fouls	Points
C. Harmon, rf	12	56	9	121
York, c	12	42	6	90
E. Harmon, lf	12	27	2	56
Ward, lb	10	3	6	12
Woodward, rb	12	0	1	1
Ayer, sub.	8	0	0	0
Bowley, sub.	9	1	2	4
Winship, sub.	1	2	0	4

Our first game was at Windham. Here we were defeated 27-22 in the last minute of play when Wescott of Windham shot five points in the few moments after we had tied the game, 22-22.

We played Buxton High at home the following week. We succeeded in rolling up the largest score of the year, 76-8, "Zeke" Harmon shooting twenty-one baskets from the floor.

E. Harmon, York
Ayer, Bowley, C. Harmon, Ward, Woodward

Our third game was played with the Alumni, the High School winning after a thrilling three-minute overtime period, in which E. Harmon shot the winning goal, making the score 21-19.

The first game after the Christmas recess was against Windham. Our boys played their best game of the season, passing and shooting par excellence.

SCARBORO (40)

E. Harmon, lf	4	0	8
Bowley	0	0	0
C. Harmon, rf	9	0	18
York, c	6	0	12
Ward, lb	1	0	2
Woodward, rb	0	0	0
Ayer	0	0	0
	20	0	40

WINDHAM (13)

Strout, lf	2	1	5
Wescott, rf	1	1	3
Eastup, c	2	0	4
Smith, lb	0	0	0
Cook, rb	0	1	1
	5	3	13

On Jan. 15 we played a return game with Buxton High, winning 29-4 in a rough game, due largely to the small playing space. York was high scorer, with six baskets.

Waterboro High, with a veteran outfit of three years, succeeded in beating us 29-10 on January 22. This was the first game in which their school has beaten us for four years, and they certainly had a fast, clean-playing team.

Again we played the Alumni January 29. Their team consisted of three of our last year's team. Plowman showed that he had lost none of his old-time form and was the star of the contest until removed on fouls.

SCARBORO (28)

E. Harmon, lf	3	0	6
C. Harmon, rf	1	1	3
Bowley	0	1	1
York, c	5	3	13
Ward, lb	1	2	4
Woodward, rb	0	1	1
Ayer	0	0	0
	10	8	28

ALUMNI (21)

Skillings, lf	1	1	3
Lavigne	0	2	2
Plowman, rf	4	0	8
Babb	0	0	0
Bowley, c	2	0	4
Merrill, lb	1	0	2
Emmons, rb	1	0	2
	9	3	21

In our return game with Waterboro, we were snowed under 51-13, but enjoyed a good trip.

Freeport High next won from us 21-17, but only after the hardest kind of a battle, as the score was tied in the last period.

SCARBORO (17)

E. Harmon, lf	2	0	4
C. Harmon, rf	4	1	9
York, c	2	0	4
Ward, lb	0	0	0
Ayer, rb	0	0	0
Woodward	0	0	0
	8	1	17

FREEPORT (21)

Small, lf	4	4	12
Libby, rf	1	1	3
Marston, c	3	0	6
Soule, lb	0	0	0
Miller, rb	0	0	0
	8	5	21

Wells High trimmed us 26-9 at Wells, but we gave them a much better game at home, leading 13-8 at the half, but losing out in the last period as we have done so many times this season.

CAPTAIN "ZEKE"

Scarboro (16)			
E. Harmon, lf	3	0	6
C. Harmon, rf	3	1	7
York, c	1	1	3
Ayer, lb	0	0	0
Woodward, rb	0	0	0
	7	2	16
Wells (20)			
Moody, lf	4	1	9
Henderson, rf	1	0	2
Freeman, c	3	0	6
Spalding, lb	0	0	0
Hatch, rb	1	1	3
	9	2	20

Our last game was with a team from the Portland Y. M. C. A., on which Leigh Stevens, Deering captain, starred, although C. Harmon, of our team, was high scorer.

C. Harmon, our captain, has been the mainstay of both our defense and offense.

York, a transfer from Thornton Academy, has played center and has scored many timely baskets.

Ward and E. Harmon, captain and manager-elect, have shown a great improvement in their first year as regulars and should prove invaluable assets to next year's team.

Woodward, our stationary guard, has shown a good defensive game in his first year of basketball.

Our subs, Ayer and Bowley, Freshmen, have played in parts of nearly all our games and should soon win regular berths.

Our most promising material from the second team consist of Larfano, '28, Woodward, '28, and Libby, '29.

Wearers of the "S" in Scarboro High School are:

Cross Country	
Scamman,	'28
S. Harmon,	'28
Laidlaw,	'28
Ayer,	'29
Lawler,	'29
Basketball (Boys')	
C. Harmon,	'26
York,	'26
E. Harmon,	'27
Ward,	'27
Woodward,	'27
Basketball (Girls')	
McKinney,	'26
Lary,	'26
Wentworth,	'26
E. Olesen,	'26
Knight,	'26
M. Pillsbury,	'26
D. Olesen,	'28
Urquhart,	'26
H. Bowley,	'27

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Scarboro High has again closed its doors on a very successful basketball season. It has been the most successful for the girls in the history of the school.

Out of thirteen games only five have been lost, and the highest scores on record have been surpassed.

As usual the first game of the season was with the Alumnæ. The score was 15-8 in favor of the High School.

The third game was with our best rival, Old Orchard High. We were very well satisfied with our victory, the score being 35-7 in favor of Scarboro.

Later in the season we played them on their home floor and ran up the highest score on record for our school. It was 42-10, Scarboro's favor.

The results of our games are as follows:

	Scarboro	Opp.
Dec. 12, 1925—Alumnae	15	8
Jan. 1, 1926—Windham	24	23
Jan. 1, 1926—Old Orchard	35	7
Jan. 18, 1926—Windham	20	27
Jan. 22, 1926—Greeley Institute	35	8
Jan. 29, 1926—North Berwick	28	9
Jan. 30, 1926—Kennebunk	10	35
Feb. 5, 1926—North Berwick	19	12
Feb. 12, 1926—Waterboro	20	25
Feb. 19, 1926—Kennebunk	16	20
Feb. 26, 1926—Old Orchard	42	10
Mar. 3, 1926—Greeley Institute	17	7
Mar. 12, 1926—Waterboro	9	35
Total Points	290	226

New teams for us this year were Windham, Greeley Institute and North Berwick.

A novelty for the girls this year was a two-day trip. January 29, they played North Berwick, and were entertained by the North Berwick girls at their homes that night. The next day they went to Kennebunk and played rather a hard game there in the afternoon, returning home that night. The accounts of the most interesting games are as follows:

SCARBORO (24)

T. McKinney, f	6	1	13
D. Olesen, f	5	1	11
H. Bowley, c	0	0	0
A. Wentworth, sc	0	0	0
E. Lary, g	0	0	0
E. Olesen, g	0	0	0
	11	2	24

WINDHAM (23)

Wescott	11	1	23
Rogers, f	0	0	0
Lord, c	0	0	0
Stone, sc	0	0	0
Freeman, g	0	0	0
Fogg, g	0	0	0
	11	1	23

SCARBORO (35)

D. Olesen, f	10	1	21
T. McKinney, f	7	0	14
H. Bowley, c	0	0	0
A. Wentworth, sc	0	0	0
E. Lary, g	0	0	0
E. Olesen, g	0	0	0
	17	1	35

OLD ORCHARD (7)

Ross, f	2	1	5
Eldridge, f	1	0	2
Jeffries, c	0	0	0
Gray, sc	0	0	0
Day, g	0	0	0
Staples, g	0	0	0
	3	1	7

SCARBORO (35)

D. Olesen, f	8	2	18
T. McKinney, f	8	1	17
H. Bowley, c	0	0	0
A. Wentworth, sc	0	0	0
E. Lary, g	0	0	0
E. Olesen, g	0	0	0
	16	3	35

GREELEY INSTITUTE (8)

E. Shaw, f	1	0	2
Strout, f	3	0	6
Porter, c	0	0	0
Taine, sc	0	0	0
Winslow, g	0	0	0
Libby, g	0	0	0
	4	0	8

SCARBORO (28)

D. Olesen, f	11	0	22
T. McKinney, f	2	2	6
H. Bowley, c	0	0	0
A. Wentworth, sc	0	0	0
E. Lary, g	0	0	0
E. Olesen, g	0	0	0
	13	2	28

NORTH BERWICK (9)

Sykes, f	0	1	1
Littlefield, f	0	0	0
Grant, c	4	0	8
Randall, sc	0	0	0
Estes, g	0	0	0
Johnson, g	0	0	0
	4	1	9

SCARBORO (16)

D. Olesen, f	1	2	4
T. McKinney, f	6	0	12
H. Bowley, c	0	0	0
A. Wentworth, sc	0	0	0
E. Lary, g	0	0	0
E. Olesen, g	0	0	0
M. Sillsbury, g	0	0	0
	7	2	16

KENNEBUNK (20)

Whittier, f	1	0	2
Hayward, f	5	0	10
H. Littlefield, f	4	0	8
E. Littlefield, c	0	0	0
Brand, sc	0	0	0
Johnson, g	0	0	0
Surette, g	0	0	0
	10	0	20

SCARBORO (42)

T. McKinney, f	13	2	28
D. Olesen, f	7	0	14
H. Bowley, c	0	0	0
A. Wentworth, sc	0	0	0
M. Urquhart, g	0	0	0
E. Olesen, g	0	0	0
	20	2	42

OLD ORCHARD (10)

Ross, f	2	0	4
Eldridge, f	2	2	6
Dolbier, c	0	0	0
Cleaves, sc	0	0	0
Staples, g	0	0	0
Day, g	0	0	0
	4	2	10

Tena McKinney, senior, and Dagna Olesen, sophomore, have played forwards this year. Tena has made a record of thirteen baskets and two fouls in the Old Orchard game. This is the highest number of baskets that has ever been made by any girl in Scarboro High. Dagna follows her very closely, having made eleven baskets in the North Berwick game. No doubt Dagna will beat all records if she continues to play like she has played this year.

Elinor Lary and Emma Olesen, seniors, have played as guards this year. Elinor has made herself famous as one who cannot be moved. Emma's motto must be "to the front," for she is always in front of the girl that she is guarding.

Helen Bowley and Ada Wentworth have played in the center.

This is Helen's first year at basketball, and the only thing that we regret is that

MARATHONERS

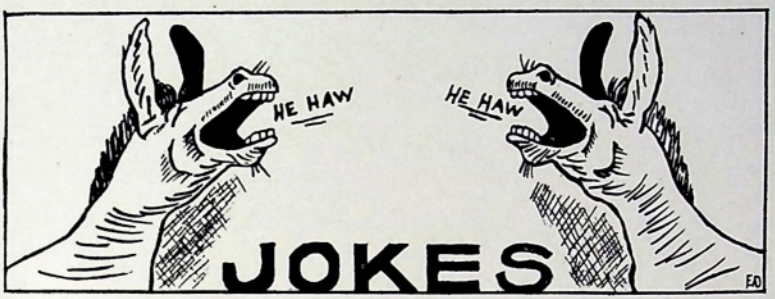
she didn't start in sooner. With her long arms and high jump, it is hard to beat her. Ada has the nickname of "Hoppy," and anyone who has ever watched her play would certainly see the reason for this. Ada is always hopping after the ball. Molly Pillsbury and Margaret Urquhart have both won letters as subs, having played in nearly all the games and attended practices regularly.

Miss Marjorie Sterling, assistant teacher in Scarboro High, has coached the team this year, and has been very faithful. She has accompanied the girls on all of their trips away from home and has also refereed many of their games.

Although nearly all the girls on the team this year are seniors, there are several who played as substitutes that are very capable of taking their places.

When we get in our new high school, with a gymnasium to practice in, we are confident that we will surpass all other high school teams in our class.

THE END OF A PERFECT DAY



"A joke a day
Keeps gloom away."

Brilliant Scholar

Mrs. L. (Eng. IV): "One shouldn't say 'pair of twins' because twins means two and pair means two."

L. Storey: "Pair of twins would mean four, wouldn't it?"

Really?

R. A., '27: "You know, they are looking for a woman with long trestles (tresses)."

H. W., '27: "Shakespeare's play, 'Hamlet,' is being played now with the characters dressed in modern speech (dress)."

He: "Would you accept a pet monkey?"
She: "Oh, this is so sudden!"

? Questions ?

There are a number of questions
That I would like to ask
About the scholars in the High School,
Who give us all a laugh.

The first is of a boy
Who for Virginia's charms fell fast;
When Winship goes to a masquerade
Does he need to wear a mask?

The second is of a lad
Who with Geometry has a task;
When Norman starts in talking
Why doesn't he run out of gas?

When the teacher catches Buddy
Acting bad in History class,
And tells him he may be excused—
Does he answer, "Applesass!"?

When Stanley calls on Bertha,
And Bertha isn't at home,
Does he sit out on her doorsteps
And groan and groan and groan?

With this fifth and last question
I beg you do your best—
When Bobby Winship proposes
Will Virginia's answer be "Yes"?

A Nervous Makeup

Madge: "Why did you kiss me in that awkward way?"

Ted: "It wasn't my fault. You haven't your lips on straight."

Scarboro High Zoo!

Parrot—Norman Thurston.
Peacock—Richard Ayer.
Camel—Maurice Libbey.
Frog—Stanley Harmon.
Squirrel—Chester Seamman.
Ostrich—Stanley Hillock.
Giraffe—Pete Storey.
Elephant—Florence Bailey.
Bear—Donald York.
Deer—Emma Olesen.
Ant-Eater—Bobby Googins.
Monkey—Robert Winship.
Laughing Hyena—Gerald Pillsbury.

Not Loud Enough

"Jack's got a new siren for his car."

"Really. What became of the blonde one?"

The Favorite Song of:—

Robert Winship—"Oh Gee! Oh Gosh! Oh Golly, I'm in Love."

Virginia Coffin—"Thanks for the Buggy Ride."

Jimmy Lawler—"The daughter of Roy Kelley."

Anna Kelley—"Who Takes Care of the Caretaker's Son While the Caretaker's Busy Taking Care."

Lois Pillsbury—"My Dog Has Fleas."

Mr. Bessey—"Let It Rain, Let It Pour."

Miss Sterling—"Oh, How I Miss You Tonight."

Buddy Libby—"Jingle Bells."

Bertha Westman—"How I Love Him and He Loves Me. It's Nobody's Business!"

Donald York—"Yes, Sir, She's My Baby."

Eddie Nielsen—"Oh Boy! What a Girl!"

Mrs. Libbey—"Tea for Two and Two for Tea."

Richard Ayer—"Jealous."

Ruth Hodgman—"I'm Knee-Deep in Daisies and Head-Over-Heels in Love."

Pete Storey—"If I Only Had a Girl."

Fellow (who makes his dates by telephone): "Old Pal. Why Don't You Answer Me?"

Nuf: "Ford made the most of his fortune out of bolts and nuts."

Sed: "I didn't know about the bolts before."

Oyez! Oyez! Oyez!

We predict a wonderful future for a certain member of our Freshman Class—we know that he would make a good trombone player, as he is so full of ordinary Ayer that he likes to blow; as a janitor he could send forth some of his hot Ayer for the comfort (?) of his tenants; as an aviator in his Ayer plane he would *naturally* feel that he is above all in body as well as in mind; as an inventor he has already won fame, as he blushingly admitted that the westinghouse Ayer brake was named after him. All Hail! King Richard!

L. Storey: "When I went to Scottows Hill School, every time a scholar said 'ain't' he had to put a cent in a box."

Mrs. L. (laughing): "You would have been broke."

C. Harmon: "He was."

Mr. B.'s Opinion of Dunstan

R. H., '26: "There wasn't a single person on that car."

E. K., '26: "Oh, it's running wild."

Mr. B.: "What a terrible country out here, even the cars run wild."

S. H. S. Freshman	S. H. S. Sophomore
Funny	Silly
Refractory	Obstinate
Evergreen	Painful
Shy	Hopeless
Helpless	Overbearing
Modest	Moody
Abstract	Ostentatious
Numb	Restless
	Egotistical

S. H. S. Junior	S. H. S. Senior
Jolly	Superior
Useful	Energetic
Nice	Noble
Industrious	Incomparable
Obedient	Oratorical
Refined	Regal

Mrs. L. (Eng. IV): "Choler refers to what?"

H. M., '26: "Your bowels."

I wish I were a little egg
  Away up in a tree—
I wish I were a little egg
  As bad as bad could be!

I wish a little boy would come
  And climb up in that tree
And then I'd bust my little self
  And cover him with me.

Explain the Difference

Mr. B. (Science): "Name the musical instruments that work on the principle of the vibrating strings."

A. Kelley, '29: "There's the violin, the fiddle, —."

A New Definition

From Freshman Science Paper: "A foot-pound of work is when you raise your foot a foot."

We Wonder:

When Almeda makes biscuits does she always Burnham?

Why Virginia is always Coffin?

Is Knight a good name for Elizabeth?

Is Norman Thurston for love?

Does Bertha want a Westman for a husband?

Are De-li-lah notes of the scale?

If Elmer would Sawyer wood or Wood-Ward?

If Virginia will Win-Ship?

If Henry-ett-a Preserve?

Which of the two Storeys has the most love in it, the long Storey or the short Storey?

Tuff Luck

Teacher: "Some terrible things can be caught from kissing."

Bobby: "That's the truth. You ought to see the poor fish my sister caught that way."

Spring This One

"Do you know it's better to be alone than in bad company?"

"Yes. Good-bye."

Go to It, Boys!

(Ass. Press): Robert Winship has recently been decorated with a V. C. (Victoria Cross) which he proudly wears on his left breast. This was given him for his recent achievements in this War of Love. We hope that the great heroism which he has shown in his recent conquests may be an incentive for other young men to emulate.

S. Harmon (Eng. II): "The chandelier (chanticleer) crowed."

T. Woodard (Eng. II): "The doctor gave an antidope for the poison."

M. U., '26 (giving speech): "A demonstration was given by two careless (Calais) girls."

M. P., '26 (Eng. IV): "Tonsilitis is information (inflammation) of the tonsils."

The Basic Element

"Tough luck, old man. I heard all about the breaking off of your engagement to Pearl. What was the trouble, George—the diamond?"

"No," sighed George. "The diamond was all right."

"Then was it Pearl's fault?" asked his friend.

"No," said George, glumly.

"Neither Pearl nor diamond?"

"Naw," said George, with disgust, "it was the mother-of-pearl."

Miss Sterling: "What was going on in Chile at that time?"

C. S.: "Getting cold."

R. Ayer: "Whenever I see a little red schoolhouse in a certain locality, I know which road to take."

Miss Sterling: "Show me the way to go home."

Miss Sterling: "What is a tort?"

Libby: "A small child."

Miss Sterling: "What was the Era of Good Feeling?"

N. B. T., '26: "The Whiskey Rebellion."

Miss Sterling: "Do you play the piano by ear?"

Mr. Bessey: "No, my neck isn't long enough."

Friend: "Gee, Tena, I feel big and strong!"

Tena: "So's your old man!"

Teacher: "Why are you late this morning?"

W., '27: "I saw a sign."

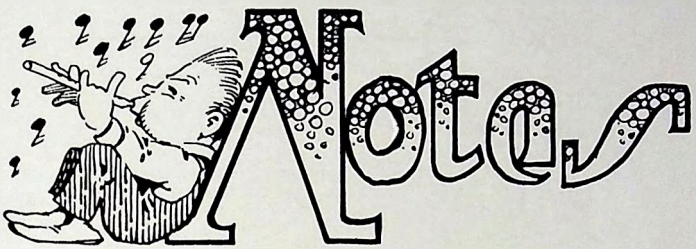
Teacher: "What has the sign to do with it?"

W., '27: "It said, 'School Ahead—Go Slow'."

D. Y., '26: "What are you going to do when you get your diploma?"

L. M. S., '26: "Wonder how I got it."

R. C. H., '26: "She was only a poor telephone girl, but she kept plugging along."



Sept. 14.—The Old Orchard and Scarboro corps of teachers met at the high school building at Oak Hill. Roland Stevens, principal of the Junior High School at Deering, delivered an interesting address to them.

Sept. 22-29.—The Country Gentleman drive began today. The school was divided into three parts, each competing against the other. The "Rockets" obtained the largest number of subscriptions. The money gained, amounting to $75.00, was divided between the girls' and boys' athletic teams.

Sept. 24.—School Picnic! We went in cars to Bonny Eagle Pond. The afternoon was spent in playing games, after which a delicious supper of baked beans was served. Some of the people were late in returning home, but were happy in the fact that there were only five flat tires instead of ten.

Sept. 30.—One *big* day for Scarboro! SCARBORO FAIR!!

Oct. 5-10.—Miss Sterling ill. Mr. Colby substituted during the last part of the week.

Oct. 12.—Columbus Day.

Oct. 15.—Substitute teacher from Portland, Mrs. Strickland.

Oct. 15-16-17.—Senior house party at Little Sebago Lake.

I'm just a flapper, yet have seen
  Full many a chill September,
But while I was a senior, then
  One trip I well remember.

It came as good times often do,
  When one school week was done,
We just packed up some eats, a few,
  Then hustled off for fun.

Our class, in number seventeen,
  Started out for Sebago;
'Twas Thornton Woodward, who, I ween,
  Had said with him we may go.

'Twas seven when we reached the camps,
  And we were all a hungered,
Corn chowder looked good to our lamps,
  We made 'nuff for a hundred.

But, oh, 'twas very uphill work,
  For how that stove it trembled,
It took us all, not one could shirk,
  To keep its parts assembled.

The evening sure was nearly past
  Ere hunger did abate,
But all were satisfied at last,
  For each had cleaned his plate.

When bed-time came, we ghost tales told,
  'Til our flesh did prickle queerly,
A dead man with an arm of gold
  Had got our goats—or nearly.

When all at once a shot rang out,
  Our hearts did beat most wildly,
For all were sure the man was about,
  We were scared, to put it mildly.

Soon our alarm was laid to rest,
  'Twas nothing, only boys
Shooting at the onion scent,
  That made an awful noise.

They came right in before our eyes
  And made a rousing fire,
They ate our cocoanut cakes and pies,
  Or I'm an awful liar.

They gave us girls a serenade,
  Thornton played the little uke,
While Buddy sang of jingle bells,
  Pete drummed till wits forsook.

Next day was busy for us all.
  With gunning and canoeing.
Too swiftly, far, the night did fall
  For us, pleasures pursuing.

Oh! Buddy's prowess I must tell!
  He shot, I guess—a chicken.
Now, don't you think that he did well?
  And still the girls were kicking.

They gave that lad an icy bath,
  When he was unsuspecting.
As he came in from up the path
  His safety all neglecting! !

Lois suffered from that deluge, too,
  She got her clothes all soaking,
But Buddy thought that that was huge,
  There are two sides to joking!

A show with many strong man's stunts
  One night the girls were giving,
And Tena fell so hard that once
  Seemed she would give up living.

The marshmallows traveled forth and back
  From one camp to another,
They made a well-worn, beaten path
  'Till we put them under cover.

We put them underneath our belts,
  The boys were awful greedy,
They ate enough to raise great welts
  And made themselves feel seedy.

But good times, all, must have an end,
  And Sunday came too soon.
Then we home our way did wend
  Before the rising moon.

Oh! but we had a gorgeous time,
  Although you might not think so
To read this labored little rhyme,
  But rhyming's hard work, though.

L. F. P., '26.

Oct. 20.—Local club contest held Tuesday, with the following program and list of prizes:

History of our Clubs. Edward Nielsen
Songs and Cheers. Clubs
Soil Test Demonstration.
Walter Sargent and Ira Milliken

Emma Olesen—1st, hat; 1st, dress; 1st, apron; 1st, child's garment.

Mary Pillsbury—1st, canning; 1st, tarts; 1st, fancy cake; 1st, dessert; 2nd, bread; 3rd, rolls; 3rd, pie.

Marion Peterson—2nd, meat dish; 2nd, layer cake; 3rd, iced cake.

Gertrude Soule—1st, meat dish; 2nd, tarts; 3rd, dessert; 3rd, layer cake.

Dagna Olesen — 2nd, hat; 2nd, dress; 3rd, apron; 3rd, patch.

Ruth Hodgman—1st, layer cake; 1st, rolls; 1st, pie; 3rd, fancy cake; 3rd, white bread.

Tena McKinney—1st, novelty.

Margaret Urquhart—1st, 2nd, 3rd, dark bread; 1st, white bread; 1st, 2nd, iced cake; 2nd, rolls; 2nd, fancy cake; 2nd, pie; 2nd, dessert; 3rd, canning.

Reading of some of the best stories.

Sewing Club Demonstration. All the members
Sandwich Demonstration.
Mary Pillsbury and Margaret Urquhart
Speaker, Mr. W. S. Rowe
Speaker, Mr. Lester H. Shibles

PRIZES

Gertrude Pooler—1st, nightgown; 2nd, embroidered piece; 2nd, sewing notebook.

Ruth Ahlquist—1st, buttonhole; 2nd, patch; 2nd, darn; 2nd, child's garment; 3rd, nightgown.

Elsie Sprague—1st, 2nd, 3rd, centerpiece; 3rd, embroidered piece; 1st, 2nd, yoke.

Elinor Lary—2nd, nightgown; 3rd, novelty; 2nd, canning.

Ada Wentworth — 1st, notebook; 1st, darn; 1st, patch; 2nd, apron; 3rd, dress.

Constance Higgins—1st, embroidered piece.

Lucretia Mitchell—2nd, novelty; 3rd, notebook.

Oct. 23-24. — County Contest held in Portland. We did equally well this year in "canning" championships as last year. The following were chosen county champions of their respective clubs:

Erwin Woodward—Pig.

Stanley Harmon—Garden.

Mary Pederson—Canning.

Margaret Urquhart—Cooking.

Walter Nielsen, one of our alumni, gave the response to the address of welcome. Ernest Bowley read the story of his pig, "Leaping Lena," at the banquet, and was vociferously applauded for his witty story. All in all, we felt other towns knew of Scarboro's close proximity by the large part we took in the program.

Oct. 29-30.—Teachers' Convention.

Nov. 3.—Our boys' cross-country team competed against Windham at Scarboro. The results were that Scarboro won by a score of 23-32.

Nov. 11.—Armistice Day.

"DRAMATICKS"

Nov. 13.—Freshman Reception! No doubt the Freshmen girls will well remember that it rained where they were, at least a part of the time. In the macaroni eating contest, Stanley Pederson ate miles and miles of it, winning by 200 yards.

Nov. 26-30.—Thanksgiving Recess.

Dec. 4.—The characters in the drama went on a theater party to the Jefferson, where "Little Old New York" was being played.

Dec. 11.—Annual Senior fair and drama. The cast of the play "Mammy's Lil' Wild Rose," was as follows:

Daniel French, from the city. Maurice Libby
Lester Van, Daniel's chum. Edward Nielsen
Wade Carver, an unwelcome suitor. Herman Ward
Orpheus Jackson, a native Romeo. Norman Thurston
Old Joe, "dat's a fac'." Lois Pillsbury
Rose O'May. Tena McKinney
Mammy Celie, a black treasure. Mary Pillsbury
Hester O'May, Rose's maiden aunt. Margaret Urquhart
Peggy French, Daniel's sister. Ada Wentworth
Letty Van, Peggy's chum. Elizabeth Knight
Babe Joan, a mountain charmer. Emma Olesen
Mrs. Courtvane, a lonely woman. Elinor Lary

Scene: Dooryard in front of Mammy Celie's cabin in the Virginian mountains.

Fancy work, cooked foods, and candy were on sale.

Dec. 12.—Both of our teams won a victory tonight—Girls vs. Alumnæ and the Boys vs. Buxton High. The members of the girls' basketball team were very kindly invited to supper with Mr. Tibbetts. We went to his home in a body. When we reached there we found he had prepared a lovely chicken supper. This so appealed to us that we took a long time before we could be persuaded to leave the table. After our meal was finally finished, he told us many of his interesting experiences in the Spanish War. All of us had an unusually pleasant evening.

Dec. 15-16.—Have pity! Final exams.

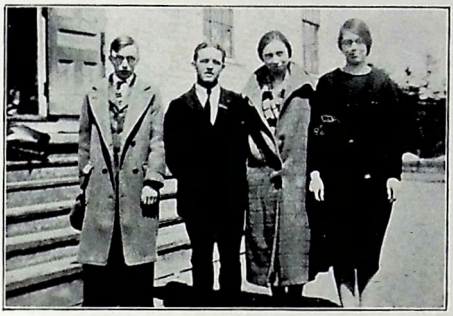
Dec. 17.—Juniors gave an entertainment and Christmas tree at the schoolhouse.

Dec. 11 - Jan. 4.—Xmas vacation. During the Christmas recess the annual State Club Contest was held at the University of Maine. Three of our county champions attended, the fourth being unable to go. We were very glad to hear that Stanley Harmon was one of the few speakers at the banquet. We were overjoyed to learn that we had two State champions, Margaret Urquhart and Stanley Harmon.

Jan. 15.—We were all glad tonight when our girls rolled over Old Orchard a score of 35-7. Our boys also won from Buxton High with a score of 29-4.

Jan. 25. Some of our most talented readers and musicians went into the Marine Hospital, where they gave an entertainment. Mr. Bessey led the high school orchestra, assisted by Lois Pillsbury, Elizabeth Knight, and Chester Seamman. Clarence Lary kindly assisted them with his cornet, which was much appreciated. Mary Pillsbury and Gertrude Soule read a number of selections. Lois Pillsbury played several pieces on her violin, accompanied by her sister Ruth on the piano, and Marion Peterson and Lois Pillsbury sang "Whispering Hope."

Jan. 29-30—The girls' basketball team went to North Berwick this afternoon, where they defeated the North Berwick High team. Returning to Kennebunk the next day, they were defeated by Kennebunk High.



"AGGIE" CHAMPS

Feb. 17.—Prize Speaking Division announced today. They were:

Mary Pillsbury, '26	Edward Nielsen, '27
Gertrude Soule, '27	Herman Ward, '27
Elizabeth Knight, '26	Joseph Libby, '29
Tena McKinney, '26	Clyde Harmon, '26
Ada Wentworth, '26	Richard Ayer, '29
Lois Pillsbury, '26	Willie Faulkner, '28

The alternates were:

Ruth Hodgman, '26	Stanley Harmon, '28
Almeda Burnham, '29	Walter Douglas, '29

Feb. 22.—Washington's Birthday.

Feb. 26.—Senior Class intended to go for a sleigh ride to the Tarry-A-While, but as it rained we went on the electric car. We enjoyed a shore dinner with *hot* clams, after which games were played.

Mar. 1.—Seniors *enjoyed* a half-holiday today. They all went to town meeting. Weren't we pleased when the town voted for the new high school!

Mar. 2.—Friday morning assembly was held this morning. The speakers were Mr. Heald, Mr. Bessey, Mrs. Libbey and Miss Sterling. Mary Pillsbury, representing the student body, made an impromptu speech.

Mar. 22-23.—Final exams.

Mar. 26.—School closed today. Hurrah!!! Mr. Bessey, this morning in assembly, announced the honor parts of the graduating class. Elinor Lary earned the Valedictory with a rank of 94 per cent; Tena McKinney received the Salutatory, having the rank of 93-4 per cent, and Elizabeth Knight was awarded third honor, having a rank of 92 per cent. The annual prize speaking contest held tonight, with a program as follows:

Music

Prayer, Rev. R. L. Bailey

1. The Unknown Speaker, *Anonymous*
   Edward Nielsen
2. Boots, *Adapted*
   Ruth Hodgman
3. The Rider of the Black Horse, *Lippard*
   Richard Ayer
4. The Littlest Rebel, *People*
   Gertrude Soule

Music

LOUD SPEAKERS

5. Sunday Fishin', *Robertson*
Herman Ward
6. Bud's Fairy Tale. *Riley*
Tena McKinney
7. A Message to Garc.a. *Hubbard*
Joseph Libby
8. The Taming of the Shrew, Act. I. Scene 1, *Shakespeare*
Mary Pillsbury
Music
9. Lincoln, the Great Commoner, *Markham*
Clyde Harmon
10. A Christmas Present for a Lady, *Kelley*
Lois F. Pillsbury
11. The American Flag, *Beecher*
Willie Faulkner
12. A Chapter in Revelations. *Odlin*
Ada Wentworth

Decision of Judges

First prize for the girls was awarded to Gertrude Soule, second to Ada Wentworth. Willie Faulkner was awarded first prize for boys, while Herman Ward earned second prize. Miss Soule was chosen to represent the school in the Cumberland County Speaking Contest.

Apr. 23.—The State Speaking Contest was held tonight in City Hall, Portland, through the courtesy of Hon. Arthur G. Spear. There were two prizes awarded, the first, of one hundred dollars, was awarded to Miss Normina Mackinnon of Brunswick. The second prize of fifty dollars was awarded to Miss Mary Pillsbury of Scarboro. We were very much pleased to have this to add to our list of honors. We are all extending to Molly our congratulations.

Forty-five schools were represented in the contest. Eliminations were held at Portland High School in the afternoon, ten speakers were chosen to compete in the evening.

These speakers rendered the following program:

PROGRAM.

Music—Lincoln Junior High School Orchestra
Miss Emily Chase, Director

1. Howard Gerrish, Lisbon Falls
"Old Grand Army Men"—*A. G. Staples*

2. Christine Graham, Kittery
"A Model Letter to a Friend"

3. Linwood Lagerson, Westbrook
"I Am An American"

4. Harold Lamoine, Kennebunk
"The Unknown Speaker"

5. Marguerite Loveitt, Portland
"Ballads of East and West"—*Kipling*

Orchestra

6. Mary McDonald, Bath
"The Tell Tale Heart"

7. Normina Mackinnon (1st Prize), Brunswick
"Selection From Shakespeare"

8. John P. O'Sullivan, Biddeford
"Jean Val Jean Reveals Himself"—*Hugo*

9. Mary Pillsbury (2nd Prize), Scarboro
"Spinster Therber's Carpet"

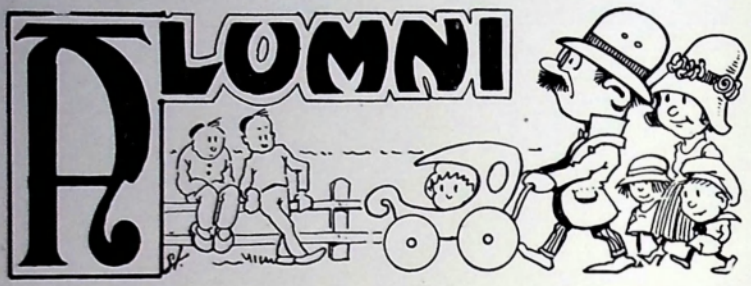
10. Joseph Thompson, Sanford
"England and the World War"

Orchestra

Judges' Decision—Hon. Neal W. Allen

Presentation of Awards—Hon. Arthur G. Spear

First Prize, $100; Second Prize, $50



1919

Melville Johnson, principal of Buxton High School.

Eldon Merrill, Caso Lunch, Portland.

Rudolph Douglas, Hupmobile Co., Portland.

Philip Leonard, Minott's, Portland.

Herman Rounds, Scarboro.

Elmer Rounds, M. C. R. R. offices, Portland.

Charles Seavey, Standard Oil Company.

Alma Seavey, head nurse of the operating room at St. Barnabas Hospital, Portland.

1920

Chester A. Baker, American Bell Telephone Co., New York City, N. Y.

Rachel Scott, nurse at Lewiston, Me.

Helen Baker, teaching in Massachusetts.

Doris Mitchell, Enemark & Hodgkins, Portland.

Harold Emmons, employed by ice company, Massachusetts.

Robert Libby, painting and papering with his father, Scarboro.

Raymond Libby, General Electric School, Lynn, Mass.

Fred Richardson, Emery Moody, Florist, Scarboro.

Elizabeth Newcomb, at home, Scarboro.

Earle Willman, New England Telephone & Telegraph Co., Portland.

Philip Bowley, C. H. Farley, Portland.

Velma (Leonard) Dow, Massachusetts.

Ethel (Foster) Golden, Thomas Smiley Co., Portland.

Abbie Small, Latin teacher, Chelmsford, Mass.

Carl Nielsen, deceased.

Mabel Nielsen, stenographer at Willman's Paint Store, Oak Street, Portland.

Maude (Plowman) Libby, Scarboro, two sons.

Muriel (Plowman) Nichols, J. R. Libby's, Portland.

1921

Harriet (Knight) Delaware, Scarboro, one son.

Agnes Seavey, stenographer at Casco Building and Loan Association, Portland.

Clarence Lary, at home, Scarboro.

R. Leon Lary, poultryman, at home, Scarboro.

Albert Libby, Hupmobile Co., Portland.

1922

Ernest Emmons, Massachusetts.

Charlotte (Googins) Swinborn, Scarboro, one son.

Alice D. Johnson, stenographer, Portland.

Leonard Emmons, Massachusetts.

Helen Libby, Dupont Co.

Laura Johnson, teacher at Buxton High School.

Edgar Milliken, at home, Scarboro.

Ruth Heald, student at Bates.

Arthur Pillsbury, Northeastern University.

Hazel (Richardson) Howard, Boston, Mass.

Ruth (Sherwood) Seavey, Old Orchard, one daughter.

Thomas Seavey, Detroit, Mich.

Violet Roberts, piano instructor, Woodfords.

Viola Urquhart, Dupont Co.

Aurelia Wentworth, student at Bates.

1923

Christian Anderson, at home, Scarboro.

Gladys (Douglas) Pooler, Scarboro.

Agnes Lund, New England Telephone & Telegraph Office, Portland.

Hazel Merry, at home, Scarboro.

Frank Mitchell, General Electric School, Lynn, Mass.

Clayton Sargent, Dow Farm, Scarboro.

Aubrey Lincoln, Plummer's Insurance Agency, Portland.

Clark Libby, at home, Scarboro.

Harold Bennett, Fidelity Trust Co., Portland.

Clarence Peterson, Wittenberg College, Springfield, Ohio.

Martha Pillsbury, at home, Scarboro.

1924

Stephen Larrabee, Bentilyd College, Boston, Mass.

Priscilla Googins, Federal Spa, Portland.

J. Ross Sherwood, Old Orchard.

Clarence Nielsen, Hannaford Bros., Portland.

Mabel Libby, University of California.

Ina Sampson, Gray's Business College, Portland.

1925

Amy Willman, Gray's Business College, Portland.

Helen Fenderson, at home, Scarboro.

Maurice Plowman, at home, Scarboro.

Walter Sargent, at home, Scarboro.

Walter Nielsen, at home, Scarboro.

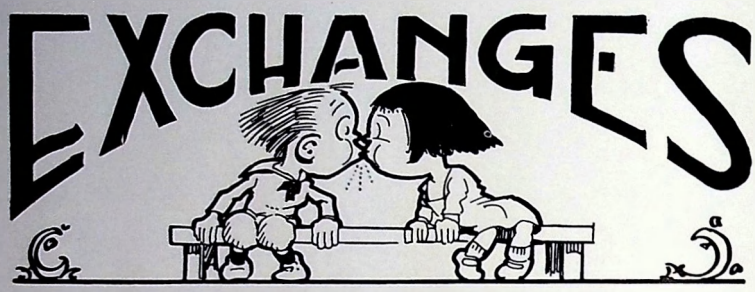
Fred Skillings, Fred M. Newcomb & Sons' Store, Scarboro.

Myrtle Hanscom, at home, Scarboro.

Dorothy Shaw, at home, Scarboro.

Max Emmons, Gray's Business College, Portland.

Clyde Harmon, at home, Scarboro.



Although we have sent out over fifty copies of THE FOUR CORNERS to different high schools throughout the State, we have only the following on our Exchange List. We sincerely hope that all who receive our copy this year will exchange and comment, as we gladly welcome criticisms.

Emerson College News, Emerson College, Boston, Mass. An excellent paper.

The Waterborian, Waterboro High School, Waterboro, Me.

The Signet, Dexter High School Dexter, Me. An excellent paper, fine exchange department.

The Messenger, Westbrook Seminary, Portland, Me. We are always glad to receive your paper. Have a larger literary department.

P. H. S. Chronicle, Paris High School, Paris, Me. A well arranged paper, with an original exchange department.

The Oceanic, Old Orchard High School, Old Orchard, Me. A paper worthy of much praise.

The Maine Campus, University of Maine, Orono, Me.

The Echo, South Portland High School, South Portland, Me. An excellent paper.

Orange and Black, Brunswick High School, Brunswick, Me. We enjoyed your Poets' Corner.

The Windonian, Windham High School, Windham, Me. A very interesting paper. Each department well developed.

The Ranger, Chelmsford High School, Chelmsford, Mass. A splendid paper.

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