

*Hazel Richardson*

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# THE METEOR

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APRIL 1924

No. 7

## EDUCATION WEEK CELEBRATED AT H. S. ASSEMBLY

Program Of Music And Lecture  
Staged By Faculty---E. J.  
Clarke Principal Speaker

The week from the 7th to the 11th of April was Education Week in Pocomoke High School. It was celebrated by a special assembly exercise on Wednesday, April 9, at which time Dr. E. J. Clarke, editor of the Worcester Democrat, gave a talk on education, and its value to the student.

He explained that as one advances in learning one advances in ambition, saying that there was an atmosphere of ambition and a general advance in culture in the High school which was lacking in the Elementary grades. He told how some people claim that the modern High school has deteriorated and degenerated, that the High school which existed many years ago was much better than the modern one. But these claims, according to him, are very much exaggerated, for the modern High school has facilities of which the old school would never have dreamed.

Then, leaving High school, he went on to describe the advantages of college. He said that there are wonderful opportunities for the one who is really desirous of getting ahead. There are ways to help the deserving student.

However, some State institutions go wrong, get the wrong idea, and overstress the value

### Worcester County League Standing of the Schools

	W	L	P.C.
Pocomoke High.....	2	0	1000
Stockton High.....	1	1	500
Snow Hill High.....	1	1	500
Berlin High.....	0	2	000

of athletics. As an example of this he mentioned St. John's College and their recent clean-up of that institution in athletics.

Some people, according to Dr. Clarke, argue that mental education is no help to persons who expect to do physical work. But he said that if one had a ditch to dig he could dig it in a way which would add to the beauty of Nature if he had the advantages of higher education because the training which he had received had given him an eye for the beautiful.

As for earning capacity, it has been proved by figures that the educated have a much better chance to earn big salaries than the uneducated.

And, lastly he stressed the importance of learning to speak and write the Mother Tongue correctly, stating that too many think that if they get the thought across they are all right.

His talk was very much enthralling and thought across they are all right.

They had just renewed their acquaintance after he had been abroad for some years.

"Why Miss Matthews," he said you have changed so I should hardly have known you." Oh! he replied gallantly, "you could only change for the better."

## P. H. S. BALL CLUB MAY WIN COUNTY CHAMPIONSHIP

Team Going Strong---Wins First  
Two Games, Defeating Snow  
Hill and Stockton.

### First County Game.

The Pocomoke High Baseball team was victorious in the first County game, defeating Snow Hill to the tune of 14 to 2. The Pocomoke sluggers were on a rampage, — while Snow Hill could only collect four hits off Hayman.

Hayman, the slab artist for Pocomoke was the feature. He hurls the apple from the port side, and surely had Snow Hill guessing. This was his first game.

The line-up for Pocomoke was: W. Bicking, catcher; Landing, 1st base; Thompson, 2d base; Wood, short; Hopkins, 3d base; Outten, left field; Gladding, center field; P. Bicking, right field, Hayman, pitcher.

### The Second Victory.

Stockton proved to be a very easy team for Pocomoke High, the score was 23 to 1, Pocomoke being on the big end. The team this year has proved that they are some sluggers, for they have collected 37 runs in two games.

Capt. Henderson pitched and proved to be very effective,— showing that his arm is just as good this season as last. The only run that Stockton got off him, was a hit over the left field

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*ma*  
*md*

## EXCHANGE COLUMN.

The Berry Blossom—Marion, Maryland.

Keep on holding your head high and you will succeed.

Frederick High Flier—Frederick, Maryland.

This is the first flight of the High Flier to Pocomoke High. It arrived safe and sound and we like it. But why not have an exchange department, before it comes flying again, for we would like to know frankly how you criticize The Meteor?

The Lamp—Huntington, Md.

Your editorials are always interesting. The needs of your school are clearly brought out and we do hope you get the desired fourth year. A few jokes would certainly add to your paper.

St. John's Collegian — St. John's College.

Thanks for coming, St. John's Collegian. We always like to read it.

The High School Times—Easton, Md.

This month's editorial was very good. We are glad that you have an exchange department.

The Owl—Hurlock, Md.

A well balanced magazine. The "Hoots from The Owl" are very clever.

The Diamondback — University of Maryland.

It is a newsy magazine and we enjoy receiving it. Come again soon.

The Buckingham Courier—Berlin, Md.

We always like to receive news from our neighbors. A larger exchange department would add to the paper. However we find some of your articles too partisan.

The Representative — Snow Hill, Md.

Another one of our neighbors. The school activities are very cleverly written up. A little

more originalty could be shown. But is it necessary for the printer to fill up so much space with outside material? An eight-page paper should be filled easily.

Laurel School Bellman—Laurel, Del.

We wish you success with your new project. You might watch spelling pretty closely though.

High School Record — Onancock, Va.

A small but rather well balanced magazine. The "Grins and Groans" column is very good.

University of Delaware "Review"—Newark, Del.

Come again "Review". We always like to read your news.

The Trident, Cortez, Colo.

Your paper is very praiseworthy. We like the form of the second issue better than that of the first.

The Spectator — Federalburg, Md.

We wish to say that your last issue is very interesting. It shows more enthusiasm than have the other issues.

## P. H. S. BALL CLUB MAY WIN THE COUNTY CHAMPIONSHIP

(Continued from page 1)

wall for four bases.

The Pocomoke line-up: W. Bicking, catcher; Landing, 1st base; Thompson, 2d base; Wood, short; Hopkins, 3d base; P. Bicking, left field; Outten, center field; Hayman, right field; and Henderson, pitcher. Umpire, "Bill" Hillman.

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## JUNIOR PEP-TONES

The first of September found the lively Sophomores enrolled as Juniors of P. H. S. We were greatly enthused over the idea of being Juniors and started in to work hoping to make the year a credit to both the school and ourselves.

There were many class problems to be faced but these did not discourage us however as we were well aware of the fact that we had a capable adviser who was always ready to assist us.

The first class meeting was called in which the class officers were elected, who with the cooperation of the other members of the class have shown what they really can do. The raising of funds for the Banquet was the greatest problem. But this we meet quite easily by a class play as well as dues and candy sales. The yellow jonquil was chosen as the class flower and the colors, green and gold.

The night of December 11th, "The Arrival of Kitty" was presented by the Juniors. This proved to be one of the most successful entertainments ever presented by the school and we Juniors feel very proud of ourselves. This play was repeated for the benefit of the Soccer team at Crisfield and we were still happier to be of any assistance to the team.

When sufficient funds had been secured for the banquet we began to materialize our plans. The artists of our class immediately went to work on the painting of menu and dance programs. This affair which was given in March, was much enjoyed by all who attended.

The class has shown an active part in various organizations, in and about school. Many of the girls are Girl Scouts, and quite a number of the boys are enrolled as members of the DeMolay and Boy Scout organizations. The French Club and Chi Delta Latin Club also have a large number of Junior members. Not

only did the Juniors take part in the social life of the school, but in the educational as well. This was shown in the annual debate, which consisted of 5 Juniors out of six members who made up the debating teams. They also took leading parts in the operetta *Bulbul*.

We are glad to say that there are many members of our class who participated in Field Ball, Soccer and Baseball activities.

Although the school year is nearing the close, yet we have not brought our activities to a close.—But just look out for the Juniors!

### Special Assembly April 22

Assembly was called from 11 to 12 o'clock on Tuesday morning, April 22. Dr. Parker, the first speaker, gave a very interesting talk concerning Boys' Week, to be observed the week of the 27th. This Friday they have decided to let the boys elect their own Mayor and Councilmen, who will officiate throughout the winter until next Boys' Week. These will select the officers, such as the Chief of Police, the Fire Company, etc.

The sermon by the Rev. E. L. Bunce, at the M.P. Church, Sunday morning, will begin the Week's activities. The first place winners of the County Field Meet to be held at Snow Hill on Monday, the 28th, will be entertained by the Rotary Club, Tuesday evening. Wednesday all boys who are interested will be shown through various places of industry here.

Thursday the regular Fire Drill will take place, but will be under the control of the Junior Fire Company, consisting of members between the ages of 12 and 21.

Friday, being the last day of the eventful Week, will be celebrated by an entertainment in the City Hall at which Mr. Jenkins, of the University of Maryland, will be the principal speaker.

The next speaker was Miss Julia Robertson, who gave a well delivered speech about the situation and advantages of Normal School. She was followed by Miss Helen Hancock, who continued the talk. They told about educational, social and athletic activities in the school.

These talks were enjoyed very much by the whole student body.

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## THE EASTERN SHORE LOSES AN HONORED SON

Maryland, and particularly the Eastern Shore, has lost a great son and lover of education in the passing of John S. McMaster. With the consent of the author, Dr. L. P. Bowen, of Berlin, Md., we publish the following appropriate poem to this well-loved friend:—

### LOVER OF THE HOMELAND

By DR. L. P. BOWEN

Our Johnny Mac—no finer growth  
Has graced our Eastern Shore;  
His cherished Land of Evergreens,  
No heart has loved it more;  
From Chesapeake to Ocean strand.  
His Paradise of Maryland.

No blooms for him like Laurel blooms,  
And lillies in her streams;  
Her forest birds and azure skies,  
Illumined all his dreams;  
The graceful cypress, sturdy oak,  
The Poesey of Pocomoke.

When he would calm his busy life,  
And claim his own good times,  
He'd hasten with his soul aglow  
Back to his native climes.  
Where filially his bosom blends  
With hand-shakes of a thousand friends.

The Old Home Prize—there bloomed in his heart,  
That growing girls and boys  
Might reverence the Old Homeland,  
And treasure up its joys—  
To stand as their Forefathers stood,  
True Manhood and true Womanhood.

A worthy scion of Great-Grandsire,  
The Preacher-Patriot Clan,  
To stand erect in God's own mould,  
A wonderful, strong man;  
Would that we had full many a score  
Of John McMasters on our Shore.

And can it be that he has passed,  
To tread these fields no more—  
McMaster gone, our splendid John,  
The pride of Eastern Shore?  
A soul unique of generous worth,  
Blest of the Land that gave him birth.

Ye Sainted of Manokin Shrine,  
Now take him to your breast;  
Beneath bright stars he loved so well,  
Sweet be his peaceful rest;  
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Did you ever watch a Captain Ball game,—well if you never you haven't missed much.

Maybe you have seen a game, and thought they were only practicing,—you couldn't tell the difference.

The other day someone yelled "Snap it up, and play faster;"—this was some joke.

You sure got to be slow to play this game, it is doubtful whether a player could even go fast to sleep.

No kiddin' it is worse than Mah Jong, instead of yelling Pung, you have to yell to a player to keep him awake.

The players should be equipped with alarm clocks..

When the referee heard an alarm, he should run up and throw water into the player's face, so as to get his eyes open.

Chinks could play better than us anyway because their feet are smaller, they could keep theirs in the baseman's circle.

They should have a dance orchestra at the games to keep the spectators from going to sleep. Maybe the players would kick about this, because it would not be as much fun then,—they couldn't go to sleep either.

The only reason they change sides between halves, is to give the players exercise.

Only four players can play at a time, the others watch, and try to look tired.

It is funny that you don't sit down and play anyway.

You could ply just as good if you were dead, there is nothing to it anyway.

But it does count 10 points in the Field Meet, so why not win it.

Girl's this is the first chance you have to make that first ten points. Just think if you did win, and made the game just a little interesting, you would not only have the honors of winning—but of doing something wonderful, that has never before been heard of.—Think it over!

**Elementary Operetta  
Given Creditable Showing**

The operetta given by the Elementary grades in the Empire Theatre on Tuesday, April 1st, was a success. Coming as it did, right at the time when illness was prevalent among the lower grades, it was handicapped very much by the absence of some of its star performers. Owing to this, one of the biggest attractions, a duet featuring Emily Ross and Richard Venable, had to be omitted.

This is the first time in the history of Pocomoke school, in so far as we know, that the Elementary grades have attempted an entire evening's musical program. The children in spite of their lack of former experience, rendered their parts very creditably. The house was filled and the audience responsive.

Altogether it was a thoroughly enjoyable program, and its director, Miss Knight, and all other teachers justly deserved the praise which they received. Let us hope that such presentations will continue thru following years.

This performance emphasizes the needs for new schools, for children in the first and second grades are so crowded during these two years that it is impossible for them to take part in such entertainments. When they reach the higher elementary grades, therefore, they lack the poise that should have been acquired before. If these pupils had the benefit of more commodious buildings they would also have an added incentive for staying in school, for it is a well-known fact that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

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# THE METEOR

APRIL ISSUE 1924

Published by the Seniors of Pocomoke High School

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## EDITORIAL.

The early days of Spring were not days which contained much of a promise of what was to follow. But now, when the baby green of leaves and the baby blue of sky are balanced by the fluffy white of cloud masses, when all Nature is pushing and hurrying, when that balmy air blows from the Southland, bringing with it hints of undiscovered life, illusory phantoms of palm and orange groves, whispering into the ear of the schoolboy that the life outside the window is infinitely more interesting than the life inside and tempting him with promises of something which is never fulfilled, of adventures abroad, we too, although we are (un)dignified Seniors, feel that urge and stirring of the imaginative powers, and feel that we can truly sing a poem to the coming of Spring. Winter is over.—Spring is here, just as, for countless ages, it has happened, just as, for centuries to come, it may be, it will happen again.

"Man may come and man may go," but the seasons go on forever, just as Tennyson's brook goes. The air is filled with the heavy, cloving fragrance of blooming flowers, the freshness of dewy grass, and the hum of busy insect life. On the orchard tree perches a bluebird and, as he swings back and forth, he pours out on the warm air, his expression of the delight which he cannot down. Why even the

hens in the barnyard sing outrageously as they busily hunt for food, and over there in the corner old Jerry, the horse, is rubbing against a post in an attempt to rid himself of his heavy winter coat. Yes, Spring is here, with all its mystery, all its charm.

\* \* \* \*

A word can cut deeper than a razor. Worse still, it often leaves no outward mark of the wound it makes. A careless word, flung out in a moment of exasperation, may alter the conduct of anyone, may even alter one's whole life. On the other hand, a word can soothe better than some patent medicines are supposed to do. It all depends on the way in which a word is used.

\* \* \* \*

Did you ever stand under the silent night sky and look toward those other worlds which whirl so silently and so far away? Did you ever feel the sense of awe, the presence of the infinite, boundless space under which we sweat and toil, the sweetness of the night sounds, softened by distance, the peace of the night air, the twinkling stars, the velvet blackness which surrounds you? Then you have come pretty close to the same thoughts which actuated the great men of the Bible. David owed his keen perceptive thoughts to his early nomadic life, and the lonely vigil beside the flocks at night must have put much of the poe-

try and philosophy of life into his nature. And our Saviour, when He was in His darkest hour, didn't seek the crowded habitations of men, but wandered out alone under the night sky, where the peace which he sought could most readily be found. It would be a good plan for you to seek the night and the silence sometimes, for the vastness of the spaces seems to clear the thoughts and leave the mind refreshed and strengthened.

## TOLERATION.

In days of old, Sparta, Athens, and other cities of Greece were continually at war with one another. In the breast of each member of each city was nourished an abiding hate of the others which found expression in fighting with them. As a consequence the Greek civilization finally fell before the superior organization of the Roman armies, whereas they might have continued to be masters of the then known world had they only paused to think and realize that "in union there is strength." The Roman, with his broader outlook, recognized the value of this motto and governed the provinces over which he was lord with moderation and with a lenient hand, save where these provinces were troublesome, and it was this quality of firmness, coupled with wonderful organizing ability which enabled him to keep for so long his hold on the world.

Thus it is with the school. If one has the broader mind with which to view the efforts of others in an unbiased and unprejudiced way one can vastly improve one's own efforts to make his school the best on the Shore. Toleration should be practiced in all things, whether on the field in athletics or on the platform in contests of wit and learning. When we have visitors they need not worry about being treated with every courtesy and if, for any reason, they are not treated with courtesy

Continued on Page 9.

## POCOMOKE WINS AGAIN

Once more Pocomoke High School boasts of a winner. Miss Wanda Veasey has won the Historical Prize for the best essay written about the Eastern Shore from the time of the Revolution to the War of 1812. Last year Miss Julia Robinson won the prize in Worcester county and this latest addition to the laurels of P. H. S., gives us cause for self-congratulation. The prize was offered by the Maryland Historical Society. Miss Veasey goes to Baltimore on Friday, April 25, and will be entertained there at the expense of the Society.

There follows a copy of the winning essay:

"Charming lands, like charming women excite enthusiastic love and loyalty." and surely of all the charming spots of our Country, not any is more fascinating than the County of Worcester. Even strangers who visit us declare the Eastern Shore glorious! And the unswerving and loyalty of its native sons and daughters perhaps make it better known than any other one thing.

It has been truly called "The Land of the Evergreens." Anyone who has ever visited the County knows of its majestic forests of pine and cedar—its holly, mistletoe and evergreen trees—its rivers winding their way in and out, flowing silently onward, bounded on one side by the magnificent forests, and on the other by beautiful old homesteads whose lawns slope down to their banks.

And best of all Worcester county can boast of many celebrities whose lives were closely associated with the building up and the furthering of the growth of that land. Perhaps one of the best known, and one whose name is always associated with that of the Eastern Shore is Rev. Samuel McMaster, born in 1744, on the tenth of September, in Scotland. Probably at Ardgour, in Argyllshire, which was the first home of the

McMasters. He came to America in 1765, and remained here until his death. The first record we have of him in Maryland was when in April 24 1778, he acted as clerk, protem, of the Session of the Snow Hill Presbyterian Church, and preached from March 27, 1776, to April 20, 1779 as a supply for the "Presbyterian Dissenting Congregation, near Snow Hill Town. On April 20, 1779 he was ordained at the Buckingham Presbyterian Church, at Berlin, Maryland, as pastor over the "United Congregations of Snow Hill and Pitts Creek," in which connection and as pastor of the church at Rehoboth, Maryland, he remained thirty-one years. When thirty-seven years of age he married Nancy Gillet, aged 18, who died twenty years later. On July 22, 1802 "Parson" McMaster, as he was generally known, married Sarah Ayres, he then being fifty-eight years old. They lived at the Homestead Farm near Pocomoke. At the time of his death 'Parson' McMaster left a number of writings and sermons, but these writings were destroyed by fire unfortunately. The only writings of his known to be in existence are certain extracts in the minutes of the churches at Lewes and Snow Hill, and certain legal documents, connected with the settlements of certain estates in the offices of the county clerks at Snow Hill and Accomac. All books seem to be lost except the family Bible, which is owned by Edgar W. McMaster, of Worcester county.

In politics the "Parson" was a strong Whig, and preached some vigorous sermons during the Revolution, denouncing the British and the American Tories. "Parson" McMaster sat in Synod in Philadelphia in 1783 and 1787. His absence in the meantime was due to the unsettled state of the Country at the time. He was a member of the General Assembly in 1794 and 1806, and each time served on the Committee of Bills and Ordinances.

He has been well described as a writer of "good sermons," a psalm singer, and a pleasant and forcible speaker, and in personal appearance and manner was something over medium height and weight, with smooth face and bald head, bright, kind, laughing eyes, soft voice, sprightly and gentle manner, good natured and jovial. No picture of him is known to be in existence.

He owned one of the first gigs of the County, and once upon passing thru Poplartown, and doubtless on his way to see Rev. John Rankin, of Berlin, some boys jumped on the rear of the gig, upset it and the "Parson" in puddle of water—whereupon the "Parson" good naturedly remarked, "Well boys, you are trying to make a Baptist of me!"

Like the Scotch preachers of the day, he had his toddy for Christmas and other great days, and without bringing reproach on the church or the ministry, played upon the flute and violin notwithstanding the existing prejudice against "Fiddling."

In May, 1811 at his farm near Pocomoke, "Parson" McMaster died at the age of sixty-seven.

In strong contrast with the old feudal display of Bohemia Manor and such homesteads as Beverly and its neighbors beyond the Virginia line, in Accomac, was the far smaller plantation of Major Joshua Prideaux, in Worcester county. Born in 1767, he must have been at his death, seventy years later, a curious blend of the two centuries which had shared his life. Major Prideaux' title may have been won in the War of 1812, but it was more probably an honor that went with his membership in the Governor's Council.

To the Major the "home place" was one of many duties and preoccupations. He not only grew crops and managed the mill, but kept, or at least owned, a country store, where he sold whiskey by the gallon. He also

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## POCOMOKE WINS AGAIN

(Continued from Page 7.)

built ships, bred Muscovy ducks and fancy cattle, and had his share in the local administration of church and state.

Major Prideaux was not a hard taskmaster, but like other slave holders, he sometimes hired out his human chattels, taking pay for their sweat.

Life at the plantation was perhaps not intellectually stimulating. There was the drive to church, and now and then a ministerial guest, almost certainly "Parson" McMaster of Rehoboth. Chance visitors often dropped in for the midday dinner or the ample evening supper, for the abundance of the Major's table and his hospitality was known all over the county.

Although Major Prideaux was said to have married two fortunes, and seemed to have busied himself in many occupations, he did not die rich, the main reason for this being his open hospitality.

Another celebrity is Col. Purnell Postley, an Elder in the Buckingham Church at Berlin. At his death in 1815, he left a fund of about Four Thousand Dollars (\$4000.00) for the education of poor children, and this fund is still doing its beneficent work. Many of the children of Maryland owe great thanks to this fund. Rev. L. P. Bowen brought about the erection of granite monument to his name in 1709, and delivered the dedication address.

Another famous man of Worcester county was General John Gunby, buried to our shame, in an unmarked grave near Snow Hill. He was one of the most brilliant Revolutionary officers, and belonged to the famous "Old Maryland Line." Our county ought to be very proud of him, and so erect a monument to his worthy name.

Last but not least, there is Stephen Decatur, born in '79, on January 5th. The building is still standing, although during the last few years it has rapidly

decayed. He left Maryland at a very early age and went to Philadelphia where he received his education. He achieved great fame in the naay because of his noted work on behalf of the United States against Algiers, Tripoli, Tunis and Morocco. Altho' most of his life was spent outside of Maryland, to Worcester was given the honor of being the deliberately selected birthplace of this most distinguished citizen.

It is unfortunate that we cannot follow Decatur into the War of 1812. For now the colonies were greatly excited in preparing for the second war with the Mother Country. Worcester was as much interested in this coming conflict as any other part of the land. Here on the coast she would be exposed to the fleets of England, the grandest navy in the world! One would have thought England had learned enough of the powers of her young colonies, but it seemed not, and again she forced them into war. All over America the men and boys were drilling to the sound of the fife and drum, and the heartbeats of Patriotism were resounding from shore to shore.

## Sophomore Reminiscences

By Virginia Merrill.

The time is drawing nigh when we shall say farewell to old "Poky High" until we return next September as Juniors. Juniors! The very word has in it something magic, something thrilling! At the sound of it we are inspired to higher and better things. Already, with the ending of our Sophomore year, our thoughts are turning to the coming year, full of wonderful plans, joyful activities, and brilliant successes.

It seems like only yesterday, almost, when we first entered High School as "Freshies" or, to use a common term by which the greenhorns are often desig-

(Continued on page 11)

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**TOLERATION**

Continued from page 6

due them they can rest assured that the offender is made to suffer in some way. We desire the same treatment when we go away for any contests. But example is the best teacher of this principle. Laud your school, boost her with all your might and main, but don't condescend to say catty things about the members of other schools. Remember that they think just as much of their own schools as you do of yours.

Boosting one's school is the thing to do, we all know that. There are few schools who do not have loyal adherents who seize every occasion to help their particular Alma Mater to the skies. But there is a certain radical minority which can make things very troublesome for others by their habit of saying depreciatory things about those with whom they come in contact. If they could only see this they would realize that instead of helping to hold their school banner high they are actually dragging it down. It should be remembered when one is boosting one's school that the way to do it is not to say slanderous things about rivals. That hurts more than it helps one's school. An honest opinion, honestly expressed, can easily be recognized as such. But it is not always wise to give voice to an opinion. The best way, the real way, the way which cannot prove a boomerang to hurt the sender, is to make one's school so much superior of the others that one can say without fear of successful contradiction that his school is the best of any neighboring ones. That is the whole thing in a nutshell.

Remember that if you hate now, you will hate later. And a nation filled with hate is a nation on the road to chaos. One has only to point to Europe to emphasize this. Be friendly rivals—be broadminded rivals, don't be enemies. We are Americans after all, and, whether we win or lose, let us be sports in the truest sense of the word.

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## Senior Girls Sightseeing Trip To Washington

At last our Senior girls have sold enough angel food cakes for our trip to Washington.

Since the beginning of school we have been looking forward to a trip to Washington. And the eventful Thursday, March 20th, dawned clear and bright. At six o'clock eleven girls and Miss Dix were waiting very patiently at the station.

The train rolled away and our trip had begun.

At Salisbury we met Mr. Humphreys who was going to Annapolis to help plead for our new high schools.

As soon as we arrived in Annapolis Mr. Humphreys took us directly to the State House. Here we met Mr. Lednum, our own representative, and Clara Coston, Senator Harrison's secretary, who took us up to Senator Harrison's private office. Then he left us with Clara to show us through the State House. We were interested in seeing all the many products of Maryland, on exhibition in one part of the State House, and in another the portraits of all the governors of Maryland and the famous spot where General George Washington resigned his position as Commander-in-Chief of the American army. That afternoon we visited the two houses of General Assembly while they were in session.

After seeing all the wonders of the State House Mr. Lednum went with us to St. John's College. Here we met President Gary and our old friend Taylor Johnston. Taylor and one of his fellow schoolmates kindly conducted to conduct us through St. John's, and thence to the Naval Academy.

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! the boys are marching—some of the two thousand fellows that attend the Naval Academy marched by in a never-ending line, going from their classes to dormitories. Of course the girls wished to see them all.

When we had seen all the fel-

lows and all other such interesting things in Annapolis we were ready to leave for Washington.

We stayed at the "No Man's Land" of Washington, the Government Hotels.

That night, accompanied by Miss McNaughton, the head of the Department of Home Economics at the University of Maryland, we dined at the Grace Dodge Hotel and went to see the celebrated Russian play, "The Cherry Orchard."

All Thursday night the white snow had been softly floating down and it was necessary that we go to a department store to be fitted up with twelve pairs of nice, new, and shining overshoes. Then we were ready to plunge thru the deepest snow and hunt a trolley for College Park.

After securing lunch at the Dining Hall of the University of Maryland, we were shown thru the buildings, laboratories and the rooms. At 4.30 in the afternoon we were delightfully entertained at a tea by the University Home Economics Club.

Friday night we supped in Washington at a Chinese restaurant on Chop Suey, without the chopsticks (ask some of the girls about Chop Suey). Afterwards we saw a movie

Saturday was the real sight-seeing day. Early in the morning we took a Green Line Bus and began to tour thru Washington. The points of National interest which we visited were: The Capitol Building, New National Museum, White House, Lincoln Memorial, Congressional Library, and the Pan-American Building. In the afternoon we toured through the residential section of Washington, seeing the Henderson Castle, the home of the late Ex-President Wilson and several of the Embassies.

About 4 o'clock we caught the train for Baltimore, arriving there, we registered at the Renert, then we immediately took a trolley to the Maryland State Normal School. We were gleefully met by a large crowd of

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## Flashes From The Freshman Past

By RUTH STEVENSON

This year, our first year in High school, has been, undoubtedly, an eventful one. Possibly for this very reason it has sped by as if on wings. Let us review some of the happenings which have made this year a memorable one.

The first occurrence of importance was our entrance into High school ceremonials, as they might be called. I shall never forget the awful minutes we spent while we were waiting for our first performance in Assembly. But when it was over we felt ourselves duly initiated into the real Life. That was our official beginning of a "Freshie's" existence, but our social side of the thing was opened to us by a movie party given by the Sophomores in honor of and as a welcome to, the newly christened 'Freshies.'

Shortly after, the Glee Club and the Health Council were organized and each began an excellent work although along different lines. The Glee Club, composed of stringed instrument players, it has been said, has progressed more in music than any other High school orchestra in the county. While on the other hand, the other institution, the Health Council, is placing old P. H. S. at the top in regard to sanitation, although of course we think it is already there in everything else. As the end of the first half of our term (sounds like a prison sentence) approached, we began to work like Trojans to keep the Freshman class together through the ordeal of examinations, and we traveled through it triumphantly—united. For the first part of our last half of school we were so busily occupied with studies and recovery from trials of "exams," that the lull which came was very welcome. But these last few months have been the busiest we have ever known, I do verily believe. These days certainly carry out the

truth of that old, old saying, "It never rains, but it pours." That great culmination of all High school athletic aspirations, Field Day, is almost here. The baseball season has also just opened and again we all cherish the belief that Pocomoke has a winning team.

The operetta, "Bulbul," for which practice has long been on foot, has been presented, and met with profound approval, and we are preparing once more, for "exams" and then, at last, "Vacation." Oh! the wonder and joy of the word. There has been much discussion among great men as to the most beautiful and symbolic word in the English language, but in the minds of the average school boys there is no doubt whatsoever. Nothing, in his estimation could equal the beauty of the word, "Vacation."

## Senior Girls Sightseeing Trip To Washington

(Continued from page 10)

our old "Pocomokians" and conducted to the Normal School Dining Hall. After seeing every one's room and roommate we were told that it was time to go back to Baltimore.

That evening some of the crowd went to the theatre and others visited the market while some of the poor, tired, footsore creatures went to the room and to bed.

At 8 o'clock Sunday morning, a sleepy bunch of girls were waiting on the street corner for a Union Station bus which never came. But we finally caught a trolley and got to the station just in time to buy our tickets and go tearing down to the train.

Sunday afternoon at 2.30 o'clock "Puffing Billy" stopped at Pocomoke City and left the travel-worn "we saw some-things."

Julia — James clapped his hands when I was singing.

Wanda—Over his ears?

## Sophomore Reminiscences

(Continued from Page 8)

nated, "Rats." As we look back upon those days it is amusing to recall the tremors with which we entered the big Assembly room for the first time. There was a confusing scuffle for seats, while every eye in the room was turned in our direction, and everyone looked upon our embarrassment with smiling condescension, for they had all been through the mill, but the most terrible moment had yet to come, when the diplomas were given out and we waited with our hearts in our throats, for Professor Eutsler to call out our names. There were some who were actually so bashful that they would almost rather not receive a diploma than to have to walk all the way across the room (such a great distance) to get it. Most of this shyness has worn off by this time however, and we no longer tremble at such an awful prospect. (But wasn't it pretty dreadful, anyhow?)

Our Freshman year passed serenely enough and we became Sophomores. This year has passed all too quickly for everything we intended to do, but as we look back over it thus far, we think that we have accomplished very much and feel satisfied that it has not been a year wasted. Wait until we are Juniors and then we will show what we really can do, for we intend to make next year better than any in our school career yet.

But to come back to the present. Field Day activities are engrossing most of our time now. Everyone is working hard to make some team, or at least to help put out winning teams. We all want Pocomoke High School to carry off the County Championship this year and not be satisfied with second place only. If everyone will work hard and show the right spirit—not get angry at every little thing—we surely ought to be able to do this.

### Next Issue Of "The Meteor" Will Be Unusually Large

Our next and last issue of The Meteor will be unusual and unique. There will be several pictures of interest to the whole school contained therein, some cartoons and poetry. It will be attractively bound, and all this may be obtained with the regular subscription. But for those who have not taken the paper throughout the school year this unusual issue will be only 10c per copy. See our circulation manager and get this last issue.

**BULBUL, H. S. OPERETTA,  
A SUCCESS.**

The operetta, Bulbul, presented on April 16th and 17th, was a success, playing to a good house both nights. Miss Dix and everyone deserve great credit for the labor spent on it. A full account will be contained in our next issue.

### Flashes From "The Meteor"

Mother—Did I hear you say darn?

Janet B.—No, Mother, I don't use baby talk.

"I think the baby has your hair Ma'am, said the new nurse, looking pleasantly at her mistress.

"You don't mean it, exclaimed the woman glancing up from her book. Run into the nursery and take it away from her."

Mrs. Eutsler—Yes, as I was saying, Miss Banks has no manners. Why, while I was talking to her this morning, she yawned eleven times.

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