

**THE CHUMS OF  
SCRANTON HIGH  
OR HUGH  
MORGAN'S UPHILL FIGHTH**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649549207

The Chums of Scranton High or Hugh Morgan's Uphill Fighth by Donald Ferguson

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
Cover @ 2017

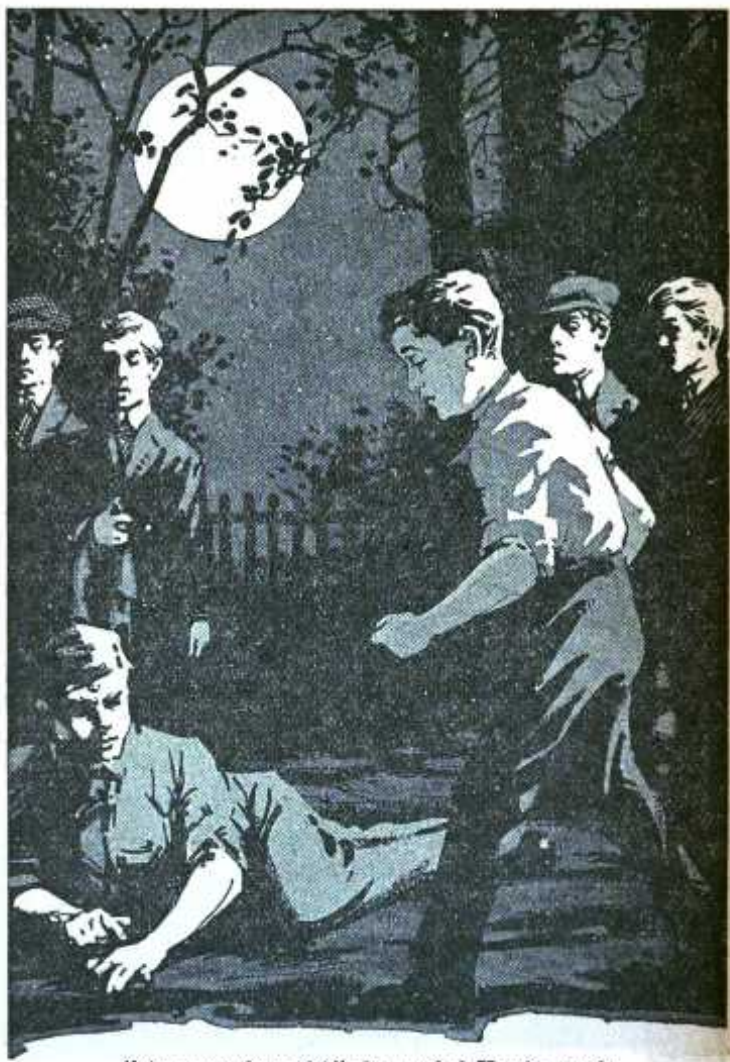
This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

[www.triestepublishing.com](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**DONALD FERGUSON**

**THE CHUMS OF  
SCRANTON HIGH  
OR HUGH  
MORGAN'S UPHILL FIGHTH**





*"Are you through?" demanded Hugh sternly*

# THE CHUMS OF SCRANTON HIGH

OR

## Hugh Morgan's Uphill Fight

BY

DONALD FERGUSON



THE WORLD SYNDICATE PUBLISHING CO.  
CLEVELAND, O.                      NEW YORK, N. Y.

## CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. A FENCE WITH A HISTORY.....	7
II. THE BOYS OF OLD SCRANTON.....	15
III. HUGH SHOULDERS A HEAVY TASK.....	24
IV. IN FOR A FROLIC.....	32
V. THE TRAGIC AFFAIR ON THE ROAD.....	41
VI. MAKING A GOOD JOB OF IT.....	50
VII. CALLED OUT FOR PRACTICE.....	59
VIII. THAD MAKES A DISCOVERY.....	68
IX. JUST BETWEEN CHUMS.....	77
X. A VISITOR FROM BELLEVILLE HIGH.....	86
XI. HUGH'S PETS IN DANGER.....	95
XII. THE TRAP.....	104
XIII. A COLD RECEPTION.....	112
XIV. NICK AS A GAP-STOPPER.....	120
XV. PRETTY POLLY UNDER SUSPICION.....	129
XVI. THE RESCUE AT HOBSON'S MILL-POND....	138
XVII. LITTLE BRUTUS AND HIS "COLLECTION" ..	146
XVIII. A STRAIGHT DRIVE FOR THE TRUTH.....	155
XIX. HUGH REACHES HIS GOAL.....	164
XX. LOOKING FORWARD—CONCLUSION.....	173





# THE CHUMS OF SCRANTON HIGH

## CHAPTER I

### A FENCE WITH A HISTORY

"The best day so far this spring, fellows!"

"It feels mighty much like baseball weather, for a fact, Otto!"

"True for you, K. K., though there's still just a little tang to this April air."

"What of that, Eli? The big leagues have opened shop all over the land, and the city papers are already full of baseball scores, and diamond lore. We ought to be getting busy ourselves in little old Scranton."

"Allandale High is practicing. Sandy Dowd and I saw a bunch of the boys out on their field after school yesterday, didn't we, Sandy?"

"That's right, we did. And I understand Belleville expects to put an extra hard-hitting nine in the game this season. They're still sore over the terrible drubbing Allandale gave them last summer."

"Since Scranton has now become a member of the Three-Town League, taking the place of Lawrence when that nine dropped out, seems to me we ought to lose no time if we expect to commence

practicing. That same Allandale team swept the circuit, you remember, like a hurricane."

"We've plenty of good material, fellows, believe me, right here in Scranton High. And somehow I've got a hunch that we're going to make even mighty Allandale take a tumble before the season gets old."

"Don't boast too soon, Eli Griffin. That's a wee Yankee trick you must have inherited from your forebears."

"Easy for you to say that, Andy McGuffey. Why, you're a regular old pessimist, like all your canny Scotch ancestors were. You love to look at the world through smoked glasses. On my part, I prefer to use rose-colored ones, and expect the best sort of things to happen, even if I do get fooled lots of times."

A number of well-grown lads were perched in all sorts of grotesque attitudes along the top rail of the campus fence. That same fence of Scranton High was almost as famous, in its modest way, as the one at Yale known throughout the length and breadth of the whole land.

It had stood there, repaired at stated and frequent intervals, for at least two score of years. Hundreds upon hundreds of Scranton lads, long since grown to manhood, and many of them gone forth to take their appointed places in the busy marts of the world, kept a warm corner in their hearts for sacred memories of that dear old fence.

Many a glorious campaign of sport or mischief

had been talked over by a line of students perched along the flat rail at the summit of that same fence. More than one contemplated school mutiny had been hatched in excited whispers amidst those never-to-be-forgotten historic surroundings.

Why, when a few years back the unthinking and officious School Directors voted to have that fence demolished, simply because it seemed to be out of keeping with the grand new building that had been erected, a storm of angry protest arose from students and parents; while letters arrived from a score and more of eminent men who were proud to call Scranton their birthplace. So overwhelming was the flood, that a hurry call for an extra meeting of the Board went out, at which their former ill-advised decision was rescinded.

And so there that fence remained, beloved of every boy in Scranton, the younger fry only longing for the day to come when passing for the high school they, too, might have the proud privilege of "roosting" on its well-worn rails. Possibly it will still be in existence when some of their sons also reach the dignity of wearing the freshman class colors, and of battling on gridiron and diamond for the honor of Old Scranton.

As to the identity of the boys in question, from whom those remarks proceeded, they might just as well be briefly introduced here as later, as all of them are destined to take part in the lively doings that will be recorded in this and in other volumes of this series.