

1932 PROVINCETOWN HIGH SCHOOL 1933



Dedication

To Miss Phoebe E. Freeman, who, through her unswerving patience, leadership, wholehearted interest and great generosity of time and service, has deserved the profound appreciation of the entire school, we dedicate the Long Pointer of 1933.

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LONG POINTER STAFF



LONG POINTER STAFF

Standing: Veranus Crocker, Clinton Tirrell, Arthur Malchman, Ruth Roberts, Frank Rogers, Joseph O'Brien, Mary Collinson, Ronald Paige, Mildred Thompson, Virginia Corea

First Row: Paul Jason, Genevieve Perry, Thelma Benson, Ethel Jason, Philip Merriss, Herman Rivard

Editor-in-chief

Assistant

Assistant

Literary Board

Sports Editor

Assistant

Alumni Editor

Exchange Editor

Social Editor

Assistant

Humor Editor

Assistant

Art Editor

Assistant

Faculty Advisor

Business Manager

Assistant

Assistant

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Ruth Roberts

Mildred Thompson

Virginia Stahl

Genevieve Perry

Joseph O'Brien

Arthur Malchman

Frank Rogers

Virginia Corea

Mary Collinson

Clinton Tirrell

Herman Rivard

Veranus Crocker

George Rose

Ruth Connor

Paul Jason

Miss Louise B. Finnell

Philip Merriss

Ronald Paige

Thelma Benson

SCHOOL DIRECTORY



FACULTY

Standing: Mr. David Murphy, Mr. George Leyden, Mr. Arthur Perry, Miss Ellen Hourihane, Miss Elizabeth Kelley, Miss Constance Lowney, Miss Madeline Cote, Miss Marjorie Long, Mr. George Clay

First Row: Miss Louise Finnell, Miss Phebe Freeman, Miss Mary Jacobs, Mr. Alton E. Ramey, Principal, Miss Beatrice Welsh, Miss Catherine Jason, Miss Mertie Kelley

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School Board

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Plane Geometry, Trigonometry, Baseball
and Basketball Coach

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Biology, History

MR. DAVID J. MURPHY
Physical Education, Chemistry, Physics,
Football and Track Coach

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Mathematics, Science

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Latin

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Commercial

MISS LOUISE B. FINNELL
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MISS MARJORIE E. LONG
Household Arts

MISS CONSTANCE A. LOWNEY
Physical Education, Business Science,
Basketball Coach

MISS MARY J. JACOBS
English, Drawing

MISS NORA PERRY
History, Civics

MISS MADELINE COTE
Science, Penmanship

MISS CATHERINE B. JASON

Mathematics, Hygiene

MISS MERTIE C. KELLEY

Geography, Spelling

MISS BEATRICE WELSH

Vocal Music

MR. and MRS. THOMAS NASSI

Instrumental Music

CLASS OFFICERS**Class of '33**

Hector L. Allen	President
Ida Roderick	Vice-President
Clara Watson	Secretary
Philip Merriss	Treasurer
Miss Phebe Freeman	Class Advisor

Class of '34

Arthur Malchman	President
LeRoy Bent	Vice-President
Anthony Santos	Secretary
Mildred Thompson	Treasurer
Mr. George Clay	Class Advisor

Class of '35

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Anthony Rhoda	Vice-President
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Class of '36

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Miss Louise B. Finnell	Class Advisor

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Coach	Mr. David J. Murphy
Manager	Ronald Paige
Captain	Hector L. Allen

Basketball

Coach	Mr. Alton E. Ramey
Manager	Ronald Paige
Captain	Clinton Tirrell

Basketball (Girls)

Coach	Miss Constance A. Lowney
Captain	Elizabeth DeRiggs


Baseball

Coach	Mr. Alton E. Ramey
Manager	Thomas Rivard
Captain	Hector L. Allen


Track

Coach	Mr. David J. Murphy
Field Captain	Clinton Tirrell





EDITORIALS



FRIENDS, SCHOOL FELLOWS AND FELLOW CLASSMATES

I know that you will honestly agree with me that publishing a school year book instead of several issues of the Long Pointer during the school year is an ingenious idea—yes, and ingenious idea! And cooperation among the student body that has with real honest-to-goodness school spirit bought and sold this book, cooperation between literary donators and the editors, cooperation from those who have contributed in other than a literary way, is the reason the school has achieved an overwhelming success in this project.

This book, which contains (a great) many group pictures and individual pictures of the right honorable dignified Seniors of '33 with their personalty write-ups, representative works from the four classes, recorded social activities of the school year and other very interesting features, is a book to be cherished by each and every student when in future years he can look back and review with dimmed eyes more fully the memorable events of his past school life which he now (with drooping shoulders and a spirit which reminds one of old Man Depression) calls a weary, monotonous life, but which will in the future seem very dear to him.

It is not an undefinable something that has made this book a success, but it was that ability of the school to work together—COOPERATION!

Now, may I wish the editorial board of next year's class the best of luck, success, and prosperity in their undertaking.—Ethel Jason '33

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN—

We hear a great deal about school spirit among the students, but what does it really mean? That the student supports school projects at any time when it does not require too much effort on his part? No, I think the student with the right kind of school spirit stands by his school at all times.

Each and every pupil should be willing to

participate in school sports, if he is physically fit. If unable to take such an active part, he should attend the games and urge his team on to victory by his cheers.

One of the best ways of showing your class and school spirit is by attending class meetings. Be interested in what your class is doing. Don't leave it to the other fellow! Go yourself and vote. Every vote counts!

Above all, don't be one of that kind who never attend the meetings, yet constantly find fault with the way those who do attend, vote. Just as a citizen of the United States has his chance to change a law by voting, so you, as a member of a class, have your chance to vote on what the class shall do.

You can also show your class spirit by attending the school dances, especially the Junior Prom and the Alumni. Perhaps you don't care to march and maybe you aren't the best dancer in your class, but who cares? It's your class, and you should be proud to be one of those representing it.

After all, what more is there to school spirit than a strong desire to make your school rank first in everything?

Ruth Roberts '34

SUCCESS

Have you ever noticed what sort of people are successful in life? As a rule, I think, they are the people who as boys and girls were successful all the way through school.

Of course, there are exceptions to this rule, as there are to practically every one.

By reading the life of almost any great man or woman I find that he or she was a person who stood among the highest in the class, one who took an active part in school activities, supported athletics, cooperated with the faculty; and, briefly, did all that would give a good name to the school to help raise the school's standard.

I think that it is not necessary to go as far as that; instead, look at the records of pupils who

have graduated from our own high school. I notice that, with few exceptions, those who stood highest in their classes and were the leaders in school activities are the same ones who have sought a higher education and have gone out in life and become successful.

I believe that everyone should be an active member of his class and school. If he is, he is molding himself into a worthy citizen of the United States.

If he does his best with each opportunity, no matter how trivial it may seem, nothing more is expected. Success will be his, for its gates are open only to those who have conquered all possible difficulties, small as well as large.

Mildred Thompson '34

BUY AMERICAN!!

There are a great many American people who would perhaps walk a thousand miles and pay about one-third of their fortunes (which might not be so large these days) for a mere piece of pottery or a silk scarf that has a trademark with a foreign finish to it.

Perhaps they might want some French Revolutionary relics and they do not realize what beautiful antiques they may have in their own attics or store rooms (if they would take the trouble to look for them) and which have been handed down for generations, from the founders of democracy in America.

Those first pioneers in the New World faced the cold, severe hardships of an unbroken country to establish the three motives—free worship, free speech, and free government for themselves and for their descendants. Some of those present descendants just don't seem to appreciate the fact that these establishers founded, at the expense of bloodshed of many brave fearless men, the free nation in which they now live, and instead of adhering strictly to America and buying patriotically from their own country, they persist and insist on buying the imported trademarks.

America, especially at this critical time needs the money just as much as other countries. Think of the multitudes of unemployed and the number of them who might have positions if only every American at heart would be loyal to his own beloved country with the world's most democratic government—"the government of the people, by the people, and for the people"

We think that one great way in which every true citizen can show his loyalty to his native land is to—BUY AMERICAN.—Ethel Jason, '33

* * *

Throughout fourteen long years since the Treaty of Versailles, Germany's nationalism has been steadily decreasing and from that reduced state of nationalism has now sprung an element which will endanger the production of literature from that erstwhile aggressive country.

The Treaty of Versailles, which was made by the Allied Powers as a result of the great World War, which was primarily the result of Germany's monarchical rulers' attempt to not only spread, own, and operate their wordly possessions, but to bring under their political sovereignty their wordly possessions, brought about the reduction of Germany's nationalism from whence has now sprung the Hitler regime which, I think, is a disturbing happening that will mar the cultural life of outstanding German writers.

This straight nationalism which will not allow freedom of thought and speech will not only greatly affect the literature produced by Germany but of the whole world since Germany for the most part has always been one of the greatest creators of the world's cultural knowledge. The intellectual life of Germany will suffer.

The political monarchs of Germany were not satisfied with almost having won over the world trade, skill, education, science, and industrial technique, but they also wished, in effect, to found a world empire and establish it as the sovereign of that empire.

Naturally her three centuries-old enemies, England, France, and Russia, joined arms against Germany, thereby making the first—the pre-war oppression. The second came after the World War in the form of the Treaty of Versailles, which was brought on upon Germany by the Allied Powers including the United States after the great conflict of 1914. From that has sprung still a third oppression, the Hitler regime, the result of decreased nationalism.

Now as the literature of the world and intellectual life of Germany will have to suffer from this Hitler regime, it has, I believe, been all brought on by the first and pre-war oppression made by Germany and Germany alone.—Ethel Jason—'33



LITERARY



MONTE ENTERS THE ANTIQUE BUSINESS

From my cramped position under the Sears Roebuck white pine dresser, whence I had gone in search of an escaped collar button, I listened to Monte as he aired his voluminous vocabulary. For the benefit of those who do not know Monte, I take this opportunity to describe him as a fashion plate, five-ten on his O'Sullivan heels, and an incessant smoker. He has a speaking acquaintance with every officer of the law from Provincetown, Mass. to Carson City, Nevada.

"The Ordinary tourist," he was observing in his careful English—(gleaned from a copy of "Easy Grammar Aide"), considers this spot a haven for rest and healthful recreation midst the beautiful Maine hills—but that is according to the Maine Central R. R. tourist catalogues. To you and me, it represents a choice collection of sojourning currency ready to be packed, wrapped in elastic bands, and put into circulation by one Montague L. Silver and his scrupulous partner. Gullible? Why the chief of police of this town bought twenty shares of Yokal City Amalgamated Platinum Stock from me last year, and I'm afraid to go out in the street now for fear he'll approach me and break open the family sock for more. And the summer people—"

"Yeah", I interrupted, "let's eat".

In using the word scrupulous, Monte had described me accurately, for ever since I had started my profession of grafting, I had observed strict principles of honesty—or to be more explicit, I had always given a sucker something for his money. Monte knew of my honest standards and promised to keep our profession clean in this respect.

At one that afternoon we launched our business enterprise. Monte sauntered out into the nearby summer colony, and by means of his magnetic personality, gained admittance to the grounds of one J. N. Wallace, who, (in spite of his name), was worth a cool million. He returned with a familiar worried look in his eye, a look which indicated that great work was

being done in the nearby cerebellum.

Monte's report, boiled down to my own words, yielded the following facts: that Wallace was an art collector; that among his collection was a certain miniature jade carving known as the Kadat Stone; that the missing mate to this stone was worth \$20,000, payable by J. N. himself to the bearer upon demand.

Morpheus did not visit me or Monte that night, for we both tossed and planned ways to capture the missing miniature, only to be roused by the happy band concert of a family of hungry mosquitoes.

Halfway through breakfast the next morning, Monte dropped his knife (the only culinary utensil he ever used) and gave me a playful pat in the region of my 7-20-4's which smashed them all; thereupon he left me to my thoughts and a scant but costly breakfast. This sudden activity, though unexpected, surprised me not the slightest; it takes a combination of blue coat and brass buttons to arouse emotions in me.

At ten I was in the midst of an interesting discussion with the desk-girl concerning the size, color, and general appearance of her eyes, when my side kick entered and herded me upstairs to our room. By all the symptoms, I judged him to be quite excited. His Dobbs Derby, usually mathematically adjusted, was tipped back to the vicinity of his shoulder-blades. Realizing the best methods of his approach, I sunk onto the protesting bed and watched Monte as he selected one of my cigars from his Prince Albert coat and began firing information at me through a cloud of smoke. After a perfunctory discourse on luck, he drew a small package from his pocket, and tearing off the newspaper wrapper, exposed a little green lady in a shameful state of undress.

"Pardner", he gushed, "here's the miniature." This morning I found it in a pawn shop down town. It was buried up in an antique furniture collection, but I spotted it and paid the pawn broker our last fifty dollars for it."

It took fifteen minutes to calm Monte down. Then we proceeded to outline a plan whereby

we could impress our friend, J. N. Wallace, that he wanted to purchase this miniature, to keep his own company. If we were successful, our fifty dollars would come back with a good many of their friends.

After six more of my 25c panatelas had contributed to the stuffy atmosphere of the room, we decided to take over Wallace's \$20,000. With this thought in mind, I hustled down to a masquerade shop and procured a yard of black hirsute display and a pair of green glasses, while Monte was telephoning an invitation to Wallace to be introduced to Professor Cole B. Hinckley, (yours truly), who was going to make a short stay in Harniss. It seems that Hinckley was an expert in matters of art, thus Monte figured that Wallace would be delighted to meet him. So, at 1:25, I strolled down the tracks to the water tower, stuck on my goggles and beard, and boarded the express when she stopped to quench her thirst. Five minutes later I stepped onto the platform and was promptly seized by Monte and Wallace, was conducted thence to a waiting limousine and all proceeded to the nearest refreshment counter. Here I began haranguing my two hosts on art, ancient and modern, and to illustrate my lecture, produced my newspaper wrapped bundle from an inner pocket and dumped it carelessly on the table. When Wallace glimpsed the Kadat Stone, his eyes doubled in size, but I pretended not to notice his attitude and continued my lecture.

"Now there," I continued in my bass falsetto, "You see a rare example of Egyptian art, probably of the period Ramses 11. I picked that up for a song in an Arabian bazaar, and I've been looking for its mate ever since—it's reputed to be here in the States somewhere.

Wallace swallowed hard; swallowed the whole story, in fact, then began talking money. When he mentioned the figure \$20,000, I weakened, and reluctantly exchanged my miniature for a neat stack of currency, all large bills. Then, with a startled glance at my watch, I terminated the interview with a brusque; "Well Gentlemen, you must excuse me, I must be in Bangor at 3.00 to deliver an address to the S. P. C. A. Good-day." With profuse thanks, Wallace bade me good-bye and I hastily retreated to our room, and proceeded to remove my disguise. I was just stowing away the last gold back when Monte rushed in and ordered me to start packing, further informing

me that we were leaving on the 2.58 for Canada. Something in his manner aroused my suspicion.

"Monte", I barked, "come clean, look me in the eye!" At this point he relaxed to his natural jargon of the street.

"S' help me pal—I uh," here he squared his shoulders and said:

"Well I might as well tell you. We'll have to leave town before Wallace discovers that we've sold him his own Kadat Stone. Yeh, I picked it out of his collection the other day. But Charlie, you can't let me down. I know your scruples and all, but—grab the luggage, we'll make the train if we hustle".

Thomas Kane '33

PYRAMIDS

It seems almost unreal now, almost impossible, as I recall the incident. However, in Egypt anything is possible.

Have you ever had the unpleasant experience of walking through a tomb in which several bodies have been incased? If so, the story which I am about to relate will prove interesting.

I had been in Egypt for a period of six months, with my father, who was at the time engineering an excavating project. We had planned to return to America as soon as the work was complete. As the time for departure was near, my days were saddened, for I had learned to love this strange country.

The day previous to the strenuous task of crossing the burning desert before reaching Cairo and our railroad, I planned to take my last solitary stroll over the golden desert sands, and for the last time gaze at the pyramids in which my father and his men had been working for the past half year.

I left the camp at dusk (I always found Egypt more enchantingly beautiful just before the full of evening) and walked until I came in full sight of the beloved "Cujius Aravatus". The thing had always caused me to feel under the power of a spell when I came in contact with it. However, this time I was affected in a different manner. I had the strange horrifying urge to enter the tomb of Pharoah. This, of course, was forbidden, as the majestic thing was on the verge of collapse. Nevertheless, I dismissed this thought from my mind and began to search for an entrance. I was soon re-

warded, for upon reaching the north side of the pyramid, I found a little slide door about four feet from the earth. It was getting darker, but still I had no apprehensions as I entered.

The long dark passage which met my eyes nearly caused me to turn back, but with grim determination I made my way down the narrow steps, which led to the chambers of the queens. The mustiness of the place nearly stifled me. I had to advance carefully, feeling my way, for it was very dark in the tomb, and when I reached the bottom, everything was completely in darkness, and an inky blackness surrounded me. I used my little pocket flash and entered the chamber of the dead. I felt weak and nauseated and was about to round a curve when a sound in the opposite direction caused me to turn my head quickly. I heard a soft whirr accompanied by a gentle dripping on the other side of the wall. Horrified, I drew back against the wall and in doing so disarranged a block on the floor at my right. Suddenly, as if the world were crashing about my head, with a threatening, deafening roar, the right wall of the chamber gave way and completely buried the door through which I had made my way. I was petrified with fear. My little flashlight had been smashed when I threw my arm back for protection. I stood there, trembling, not daring to move, hardly able to breathe, the dust from the crumbling rock having filled the room. There was nothing for me to do but try to find a way out of this horrible prison. Stealthily, feeling every inch of the way, I made the rounds, finding nothing to aid me. After long minutes of this wearying task, I became too weak to continue, and slumped to the floor, helplessly trapped in an Egyptian tomb. My hand fell upon something that felt like an iron box. The cover opened easily and I felt pieces of glass run between my fingers as I slid my hand back and forth over the surface. How long I remained in this position I have no way of ascertaining. It couldn't have been long. The air was becoming too thin for me to survive any great length of time.

Suddenly I heard hammerings and shouting—my father's voice calling frantically and I could not answer. The joy of knowing that I was being rescued was too great. I lost consciousness and awoke to find my father bending over me. I had been followed by my servant who informed my father of my entrance to the tomb;

otherwise, my tale might have been different or, who knows, there might have been no tale to tell.

Ruth M. Connor '33

THE ADVENTURES OF STELLA

Stella is a star; no, not a movie star. She is far above that; in fact, she's two hundred and fifty thousand miles above a movie star. A heavenly body, she is, fair reader, a very charming little lady. You have heard of radiant stars like Clara Bow? I can assure you that Stella is at least one thousand times more radiant than any filmland star. She is one of the Seven Sisters in the evening sky, a capricious little girl and the darling pet of her sisters.

On a particular night in January, when the seven sisters took their respective places in the heavens, Stella was a little late. They waited anxiously and impatiently. Presently she arrived, rays of light streaming from her glorious hair, her eyes twinkling brightly, her cheeks flushed rosily. She relished the task of relating her adventures to her sisters. They themselves were far too timid to venture from their places in the heavens.

"Where have you been? We have been anxiously waiting for you," asked Stella's sisters wearily.

"Oh, you never have any fun", replied Stella. "I had great fun teasing the man in the moon, who admired my light and radiant beauty," she twinkled. "As I ran along I became very tired and rested on a chair made by a formation of stars. I chatted with many friendly stars. The bear star frightened me. Later, finding myself hungry, I helped myself to a bit of the milky way, and I was offered a delicious drink of cold water from the big dipper. And I have been up at the North Star, where I nearly froze. Well by that time, I spied Mars and knew I should be twinkling towards home, not wishing to worry you by staying away till it became too dark.

During all this narrative the sisters were as excited as Stella and asked innumerable questions of that vivacious beauty. They were a bit concerned over her flirtation with the man in the moon, but not for long, for they knew that the little sister was of a sprightly, frivolous nature, and would soon forget him.

At this point they noticed that the moon, majestically sailing by, was frowning at their chatter and disorderly conduct. Fearing his anger might be aroused, they became quiet and arranged themselves in order in the velvet sky, smiling serenely down upon a tiny speck of matter called the earth.

Dolores Ferreira '35

BILLY BOY

In a small eastern town lived little Billy Moore with his mother and father. Billy was seven but considered himself to be quite a man. He could run errands for his mother and he could stamp and mail a letter for his father. He was a mischievous child with yellow curly hair and merry gray eyes. He was healthy too. Didn't he eat spinach, which he detested, every day? And didn't he go to bed at seven every night, when he wanted to stay up and listen to his elders?

Billy's house faced the beach, where he spent a large part of his time building sand castles and playing with his sail boats. He always played in his bathing suit, but he never went over his ankles in the water. He was afraid. When it was stormy in winter and he could watch the waves leaping over one another and finally come crashing down on the beach, he thought he could see large sea monsters foaming about on the breakers. And in the summer, no matter how calm and clear the water was, nothing could induce him to go in over his ankles.

One day while he was playing on the beach a well-dressed little boy walked up to him. He was a thin child with large black eyes and black hair carefully groomed.

"Hello," said the strange little boy in a shrill voice. "May I help you build sand castles? My mama says I can make fine ones."

"Sure, you can help," Billy answered. "You make the towers and I'll build a fence around this one."

"What's your name?" inquired the boy, busily piling up sand. "Mine is Charles. Charles Wilson Prescott."

"And mine's Billy," replied Billy, frowning at the fence which would not stay. "Charlie, help me—," but he was interrupted by a haughty "Charles—not Charlie. Mama says 'Charlie' is vulgar."

"All right, then, help me make this fence," Billy replied.

After building sand castles for an hour Charles suggested that they play with the boats in the water. Billy reluctantly agreed. Charles took up the largest boat and waded up to his waist, while Billy toyed with another boat on the edge of the water.

"Come on, Billy," Charles shouted. "Don't stay there; come out here." But Billy remained steadfastly seated. "I don't want to go out there," he cried. "That's too far out."

"Oh, don't be afraid; you are afraid," cried Charles suddenly realizing that Billy was afraid. "Look at me, why don't you be like me?" he bragged, "I'm not afraid. 'Fraidy cat, 'fraidy cat!" he taunted.

Billy frowned fiercely, picked up his boat and walked rapidly away.

These taunts continued from day to day. A group of little boys together with Charles would laugh heartily when Billy, after being teased till he thought he could stand it no longer, would run home or hide himself.

One day while Billy was alone on the beach Charles strolled up to him and said in a boastful tone, "Watch me swim out to that boat," pointing to a little rowboat not far from the shore but far enough for any child to attempt swimming out to. Billy looked up and coolly replied, "Go ahead, smarty." Charles ran down to the water's edge and shouted back, "You just watch me." He flung himself into the water and proceeded to accomplish his feat.

Billy was suddenly roused by a shrill call for help and looking over the water he saw Charles with his arms flung above his head and calling for help in a frightened voice. Even as Billy looked Charles arms disappeared under water, only to appear again. Another cry for help, only this time fainter. Billy however, shrugged his shoulders.

"Good enough, that's what he gets for teasing me," he tried to console himself. But his conscience bothered him. Should he overcome his fear of the water and save Charles or should he let him drown as a way of revenging himself for having been taunted and made the laughing stock?

"No, I won't go after him. I'm afraid to go out there and besides I can't swim," he finished up rather lamely. But a little voice said, "Don't let him drown, he's a little boy like you, he likes

to play. How would you like to drown and never play again, never see mother and dad?"

These thoughts flashed through Billy's head in a second. He could still hear a faint cry for help. With a determined shake of the head Billy closed his eyes and plunged into the water. He put his arms into motion and after much splashing with his feet, found himself near Charles. How he got there he never knew. He flung an arm around Charles's neck just as he was about to go under for the last time.

"Charlie, Charlie," he called, "are you all right?"

But Charles, very white and with his eyes closed, did not answer.

Oh, I must get him ashore," thought Billy. But getting ashore was not so easy. Billy had all he could do to hold Charles up and keep his own head above the water.

"Oh, if I could only get back," thought Billy with a sob rising in his throat. After much splashing with his free hand Billy thought he was a little nearer the shore. But he was nearly exhausted.

He thought, "I can't make it."

Suddenly he heard a shout strangely near.

"Hold on, I'm coming, don't let go. Don't splash, keep still and I'll get you both." Billy did as the voice told him and looking up, saw a man swimming rapidly toward them. Billy thought he would never get there, but at last he felt himself and Charles being taken in strong arms. And soon they were safely on the beach. The man worked rapidly over Charles's limp form. He regained consciousness slowly. He opened his eyes and encountered Billy's eyes full of puzzled wonder and noticed that Billy's hands twitched nervously.

Billy asked anxiously, "Are you all right, Charlie, are you all right?"

"You're a better swimmer than I am," was Charles' somewhat sardonic answer. "Boy, that was some swim, wasn't it, Mister?" turning to the man, who nodded his head and said, "Plucky little devil."

Billy stammered, "But - - - but, I - - - I - - - I - - - c - - can't - - - ." Then he saw the admiration in Charles' face and he gulped down what he was about to say. He was nervous, cold and embarrassed.

Billy looked at Charles, then at the man and thinking of his mother, ran up the beach as fast

as he could. With a backward glance, "See you tomorrow, Charlie," he called.

Over the banking, Billy stopped short, threw out his chest, put his hands in his pockets and whistled happily up the walk and into the house.

Celia Santos '33

A TRIP BENEATH THE OCEAN

From the northwest the wind came moaning and howling, steadily increasing in velocity. The thunder clapped and the lightning flashes, now more frequent, threw a strange radiance on the turbulent waters which rushed up and broke over my helpless ship.

With fear and trembling, I crouched in the bottom of the boat which was pitched and tossed about on the mountainous billows. The boat careened madly and capsized. Unexpectedly and bewildered, I landed on a slippery mass of something.

Down, down with a sickening sensation and with the speed of lightning, I flashed. With a lurch, I went forward straight on to the uncompromising prongs of Father Neptune's trident. Alack-a-day, I had blundered upon the palace of the fierce old King of the Sea. Tiny fish in dazzling array guarded the entrance to the castle, on the turrets of which burnished starfish clung. King Neptune, basking in the sun on the terrace, wore a crown of shells, and a beautiful robe of seaweed and moss.

Very angry at my innocent onslaught upon his domain, his Majesty ordered his cavalry of fish and sea horses at me, but I was very brave. Seizing the King's own horse, I made a quick retreat and whisked off to find more peaceful quarters.

Tiny Kelpies were taking pictures of each other with a camera ten times their size. Their complexions were deep green, the color of the kelps through which they romped. They were clad in jelly fish coats, shell shoes, and scallop hats. The Kelpies laughed to see such sport as my sea horse ran away.

The little fish had gone to Miss Crab's sailing school among the rocks. A swordfish, assistant principal, was giving lessons in fencing to the little pupils. Those who had done good work had golden starfish credited to their names on the blackboards on the rocks. One of the students who had made an exaggerated caricature

of his teacher was reprimanded and punished severely.

A fascinating mermaid was languidly and indifferently preparing her journey to the rocks above for the purpose of luring mariners from their courses. She was combing her long golden hair with a fish bone and making ready for a facial.

I unsuspectingly interrupted a pleasant meeting between an old crab and her courting lordship. She gave me a scornful, insolent look, and taking matters into her own claws, took one haughty step backward and pinched my sensitive toe. Now, thoroughly having wished that I had taken lessons from Mr. Swordfish, I made ready to avenge myself. Miss Crab drew herself up now like a monster looming up before me,—over-bearing, defensive.

I sprang away from her fresh assault, struck my head against something substantial (the bed post), woke up and discovered to my great relief that it was all a dream.

Ethel Jason '33

THE DOCTOR'S RUSE

The early morning sun filtered through the light curtains, flooding the office with a soft warmth. A nurse came in and approached the desk.

"Here are the reports you asked for, Dr. Saunders." She handed two hand-written sheets to the man behind the desk, and went out.

The swivel chair creaked as Dr. Saunders brought himself up to a sitting position. He read both reports thoroughly, and again leaned back in his chair. A smile slowly spread over his face, and had one been looking, one would have termed it a very self-satisfied smile.

The usual morning reports started to come in, and soon Dr. Saunders left the office to make the tiresome rounds of the hospital.

After a quick lunch, Dr. Saunders came back to his office and stood at an open window looking out over the calm waters of the Golden Gate. His thoughts were far removed, to a remote part of Alaska, where he was soon going to send one of his internes to study a curious fever that had broken out among the Indians.

By two o'clock the office was like an oven. The street sounds floating up to the office were muffled by the heat, and not a breath of air

came in from the ocean. Dr. Saunders got up to greet the two doctors as they entered. One was short and fat, sweating profusely, and seemingly in a hurry to get where it was cool.

"Well, Saunders," he said, "We've come to decide whether we'll send Rogers or McDonald up to Alaska. Let's get it over with before I pass out completely."

Again the self-satisfied smile broke out on Dr. Saunders' face. He addressed both men:

"I've already decided. Rogers is going."

"Well now, hold on," the second of the two arrivals protested. "I think we should have some say in the matter. You know that both men have been working hard for this, and they should both receive our full consideration."

Saunders took his customary position, leaning back in his chair. "I'm sure both of you gentlemen will agree with me when I tell you what I've done. You see, last night I called them in here, and gave each a little bottle containing a certain concoction of mine. I told them to take it just before turning in, and warned them that the effects might be rather severe, but not lasting. I told them to write a report of the results taken at different intervals during the night, and give it to Miss Dodd in the morning. Here he passed them the two reports. "See for yourselves how different they are. "MacDonald reports severe pains in chest, stomach ache, and a throbbing headache; Rogers, no effects whatsoever."

The two doctors stared at him blankly.

"Well, can't you see?" Dr. Saunders was exasperated. "The man we send up there must be steady and cool. If he had too much imagination and was naturally a nervous person, he'd go to pieces in a month. You see, that concoction was nothing but plain water with a little coloring and salt."

Joe O'Brien

REFLECTIONS OF A MUSICALE NOTE

My existence began in a cold, dark garret room, as my composer dashed his long hair from his eyes and feverishly placed me on the second space of a music staff. On my right was a G, and on my left a queer, hooked, eight rest; yet we were all brothers of one family. We were taken soon afterwards to a producer, who had us stamped on clean paper.

I shall never forget my first public appearance, when, on the brilliant blare of a trumpet, I rushed from the music sheet and danced out into the world. I paid my first visit to the conductor, who smiled approvingly; for, in my glossy black coat, with its two sharp flags which showed me to be a sixteenth note, I must have presented a pleasing picture. However, I had no time to spare, and rushed into a black object in the center of the room, thence on a thin copper wire to the roof, and out into the night. I decided to stop at a pretty little farmhouse whose lights blinked up at me in a friendly way, and here I met my family inside a shiny wooden box. We all filed into several huge glass towers, in which a faint light was glowing, and here we were sorted and placed in order. Soon we filed up to a huge cone, and danced lightly out into a cozy room. An elderly man with his pipe disregarded me entirely; his wife lost me in a confusion of more serious thoughts; but a youth seated beside his books took me into his heart and whistled my whole family cheerily as he trudged to school the next day. Some might think my story ends here, but I shall live forever in a corner of some music-lover's heart.

T. Kane '33

TO THE LIFEBOATS

Confusion. Voices. Running.

I thought I was falling—falling—falling.

I opened my eyes. I was clinging tightly to the railing of the bed. The ship was listing terrifically.

I ran to the door. In the corridor I saw standing tense and whitefaced the night watchman and the woman who had the cabin next to mine.

"Is the ship going to sink?" I asked.

"I think we'd better dress," said the woman with a chill in her voice. With some vague thought that one should dress warm for a wreck I put on a wool dress. I looked at my watch. One minute to twelve.

Every day since I boarded the ship in New York I had read as I closed my door: "In case of emergency your lifeboat is Number 1."

I jerked at the life-preserver on the shelf above the bed and felt that I was being unduly hysterical. It toppled down heavily. I picked it up wondering if my life was actually to depend on that band of canvas and cork.

I snatched up my purse, wondering if I would ever need any money again, and ran down the corridor dragging my life-preserver apologetically behind me. After all, I thought, ships don't really sink.

The stairs were perpendicular, but I managed to climb up them. The lifeboats were swinging out from the boat deck. The COLOMBIA'S whistle was crying the most forsaken, hopeless cry I had ever heard.

The passengers were all on deck in various stages of attire, from pajamas and negligees to complete street dress.

The captain appeared. "Everybody get life-preservers and warm coats. It will be cold out there." Out there. The words sank into my brain like cold steel. I looked out there. Even blacker than the night and ominously close, rose rocky cliffs.

I saw the purser, his face chalk white, dragging the mail sacks across the deck.

Creaking of winches. Grinding of ropes. The first lifeboat was at the rail. The chief steward was supervising the loading of the boat. I looked at my watch. Twelve twenty-five.

"Woman and children first," the captain's order was hoarse and staccato. A young sailor standing in the boat took my hand and dragged me in, then started to give me the babies the steward was handing him. Babies. Babies. Babies. I had never seen them on the ship before. The boat was crowded. I put the babies on the floor.

Creaking of winches. Grinding of ropes.

The boat was tipping and jerking, sinking down into black emptiness. Then it caught on the side of the listing COLOMBIA.

The ship's lights went out.

The sailors were struggling with the oars trying to pry the boat away from the ship. It swung out and the bow dropped several feet below the stern. We hung tilted in midair expecting to be dumped out into the blackness.

"Hold everything! Hold everything." shrieked a sailor, waving a flashlight. Then somehow the boat touched the water.

I looked up. Over our heads was a descending lifeboat. In sudden flashes of torchlight I saw rather than heard women shriek. Our young sailor was on his feet, shrieking wildly:

"Hold that boat! Hold that boat!"

I'm going to die tonight, I thought, but I don't want to be crushed under a boat.

Somehow we cleared the ship. I looked back at it. It was listing woefully. Lifeboats were sailing out from the port side, their lanterns flickering pathetically in the black immensity of sky and sea.

"Get these babies out of the way, somebody. I've got to have room here." The young sailor beside me was struggling to get the heavy oar in place.

A ride in a lifeboat is unlike any other ride in the world. It is a fiendish combination of all the giddy torments of a carnival. It is being set on an infinitesimal, fragile splinter of wood and mocked and laughed at, and tortured by all the gods of the sea.

Waves battered and buffeted the boat. The sailors were rowing desperately to keep off the rocks. We were thrown up into the air, then suddenly dropped down into an abyss.

Everyone was hanging over the side of the boat vomiting agonizingly.

The boat bounced up and down as if it were suspended on springs. It tipped, tilted, rocked, dipped, lurched, swayed, pitched, performed every acrobatic feat known to a boat except to capsize.

A sudden flash of red enveloped the COLOMBIA. Was it going over now? It was lit up, lurid, ghostly, a phantom ship.

"They're trying to signal a passing ship," explained a sailor. A woman had fainted, struck by an oar. Some one had brought some brandy.

"O my God."

I had been unconscious. I lifted my head at the cry.

"The boat's leaking—"

"Bail it out."

The boat's going to flounder, I thought. In a few minutes we will be in the water—but it won't hurt—I won't be conscious. I was dully aware that far, far away, back in the world—the world of light and warmth and safety—where one was not tortured and churned and flung about perpetually, there would be tears, because I had died.

"What time is it?" some one said.

"Three o'clock."

The sea was calmer. The sailors rested their oars and lit cigarettes. There were ominous floppings in the water.

"Sharks," some one breathed.

Sharks, I thought. I don't mind being

drowned but I object to being eaten by a shark.

The east grew gray and pink and white. Then through the western mists we saw lights, lights in the outline of a ship—

It was ten minutes to five.

"Row, Row, come on, Row."

"Let's get together, now row."

But our exhausted sailors could make little impression on the distance between us and the ship. And the current was against them. We threw our life-preservers away to lighten the boat. Finally, the SAN MATEO, taking soundings as it came, sailed toward us.

At six we were dragged up the steps of the ship, a freighter of the United Fruit Company. The purser of the COLOMBIA was bustling around, listing names and addresses as we stepped on deck. We, all the women and children of the COLOMBIA, were in the last lifeboat to be picked up.

Someone thrust a cup of coffee into my hands. I couldn't drink it. Some one else spread a handkerchief on a pipe for me to sit on. This attention was pathetic—my once white dress was black. Every one was smeared from hair to heels with grease and dirt.

But we could stand up. We could walk. We were alive—every one.

Dorothy Tarvers '35

A MOTHER'S FAITH

In a certain small village every evening for many years, a white-haired woman met the train from the east.

To those who came and went regularly, her figure became a familiar one, and her story, simple and pathetic, was often related to strangers.

This woman's son, a wondering boy, had left home when only fourteen years of age, and had never been heard from again.

The mother, with unwavering faith, never ceased to watch for his return. When evening's shadows began to fall, she would step out of her little white cottage nestling among its vines, and look far up and down the road that led out into the world. Then, as the shadows grew darker and a faint rumbling in the distance proclaimed the coming of the train, she would walk to the station and gaze eagerly into the face of each passenger that alighted. This,

through all the years, she had not once failed to do, although never a letter, never a sign came to feed the hungry heart or to whisper a hope that unceasing faith was to be rewarded.

"He always returned in the evening," she would say, with a brave smile to those who questioned her. "No matter how far he wandered, or what trouble he got into, as night drew on he would come home. He has been away a good many years now, but I am sure he will feel the call of home and that some evening I shall hear his step on the path, just as I used to hear it when he was a boy."

A mother's faith! How strong it remains when all other hopes and visions fail!

Mildred Burch '33

TWICE IN A NIGHT

I sat up, tenderly rubbed my poor head, and considered my surroundings. To say that I had not the slightest idea where I was or how I got there was nothing less than levity, but it was true.

I was enveloped in a gloomy, gray haze which hovered over the subterranean passages that seemed to have no termination. Wandering around these dank tunnels had not satisfied my hunger nor curiosity, so I yielded to a most feminine desire to weep.

After snivelling for what seem to be hours, I began to lose all hope of finding my way out when I noticed a vaulted doorway, which I entered. As I stepped through the archway, I was struck down by many writhing bodies.

When I became conscious I found myself securely bound on an elevated altar. A multitude of curious people, curious in both attitude and appearance, gaped up at me. I was in a large hall that had the aspect of a court, and I knew that I was the object of their excitement. The people, if one might call brutish beasts such, had abnormally large heads, supported by shrunk, grayish-white bodies, resembling earth grubs. Both sexes had black hairy chests and twisted limbs. They cast furtive, stealthy glances at me and frantically waved their arms. Everyone was either quarreling with his neighbor or slinking away from him.

Finally they came to an agreement, for the noise died down and from far away came the

muffled beats of tom-toms which gradually increased in volume.

One of the creatures came and stood behind the altar. He muttered a few unintelligible words as he slowly raised a cruel-looking dagger high above me. As the sacrificial knife slowly descended, the noise of the drums became more deafening. I struggled to break my bonds and lost all consciousness.

Crash! I had fallen out of bed again. Between gruesome dreams and a narrow bed, my night was a harrowing experience.

Phyllis Burhoe '33

WILLIE'S REVENGE

Sergeant Murphy was a man of action, schooled in the hard old Army doctrine that the fist was mightier than the sword. An entirely different period introduced Private Willie Troy's entry into the service; a period when the rule of the fist had been supplanted by the theory of discipline, "Tis better far to rule by love than fear."

If Willie had ever heard of the old Army rule, he never gave it a thought, as thinking to him was more or less of an effort, and for that reason he would settle upon one thought and cling to it ignoring all others with supreme contempt.

It occurred to him one day, that since he reported for duty thirty minutes earlier than did the others, he should leave thirty minutes earlier, but in this belief Sergeant Murphy did not concur. Willie held stubbornly to his idea until the sergeant dug up the law about the fist, and proceeded to dislodge the idea from Willie's mind, whereupon Willie gave birth to a solitary brainchild which he named Revenge, and nourished with much dark brooding. While at camp Willie spent much of his time at a small town near his post, in the company of a swarthy looking Italian. Suddenly Willie's brooding manner changed and he began to go around with a smile on his face and a song on his lips, while strangely enough he became great friends with Sergeant Murphy and even went out of his way to do him many favors.

One day, shortly after noon, he eagerly drew the sergeant aside. "I want to put you wise to something I saw in the woods last night, something that'll please you fine."

Murphy viewed him surprisingly. "And what did you see?" he inquired?

"A tree full of honey."

Sergeant Murphy's beady eyes widened with pleasure and he smacked his lips, for he had almost a feminine craving for sweets. Convinced of Willie's friendliness, Sergeant Murphy received full directions to the tree of honey and as soon as his duties for the day were over, set out with two sizable pails, in search of the treasure. In the very heart of the woods he came upon the tree literally oozing amber sweetness.

Murphy set to work to salvage the sticky treasure. He had just filled one of his pails, when the movement of a heavy body in the bushes caused him to turn around with a grunt of annoyance. In the next second his annoyance turned to horror and his blood to ice, for facing him was the biggest, blackest bear he had ever seen. For a second, Murphy stared, too frightened to move; then, with a wild yell, he whirled around, only to step into the pail of honey, but he didn't let that detain him, and clumping along as best he could, he fought his way through the underbrush with the bear lumbering after him.

Trailing vines sent Murphy sprawling headlong, lowhanging branches cut his face and hands, while every second lessened the distance between him and his pursuer. When the bear was but a foot behind him, he managed to free his foot, and with his last ounce of strength, leap forward. When he reached the main post road he was a sorry wreck, his breath coming in great, painful gasps, while his clothing was snagged and torn, and plastered with honey and dirt.

Suddenly from the heart of the woods floated a low piercing whistle. Sergeant Murphy, intent upon escape did not hear it, but the bear did, and with a grunt of displeasure turned slowly around and waddled off in the direction from whence the whistle had sounded.

Late that evening, Willie could have been seen conversing with an Italian peddler, while a big black bear lay sprawled at their feet, contentedly lapping honey from an up-turned pail. "He's sure a good old bear, Tony, he sure is," said Willie. "That's why I brought him some honey."

"An you have something for his master too?" asked Tony. Willie placed a crumpled ten dol-

lar bill in the Italian's hand and grinning said, "Any old bear what can make a sergeant run like he did is some bear."

Tony shrugged his shoulders remorsefully. "Oh, that bear, he is one scamp, one naughty rascal. How was I to know when I let him loose in the woods that he would smell the Sarg's honey and make for to chase him?" He prodded the bear with the toe of his shoe and addressed him. "You are bad you honey-peege vurr' vurr' bad and make the poor Sarg run so m't fright. I am so ashamed of you vurr' vurr' much shamed." And to prove how much ashamed he was, Tony looked full into Willie's twinkling eyes and winked shamelessly.

Catherine Chapman '35

PROVINCETOWN

Provincetown is built on a sandy half moon of harbor with its old wharves piled high with rotting oil barrels and flanked by empty warehouses. Behind are gray roofed houses squatting in a tangle of streets, with here and there a white church spire tipped with a restless weather vane.

On the far point of the half-moon stands Long Point Light, built of brick, but painted snow white, with a copper lattern at the top. It throws a steady ray of light at night over a radius of ten miles. Not far away is a little building hiding a great fog-horn, which bellows out its welcome to Provincetown.

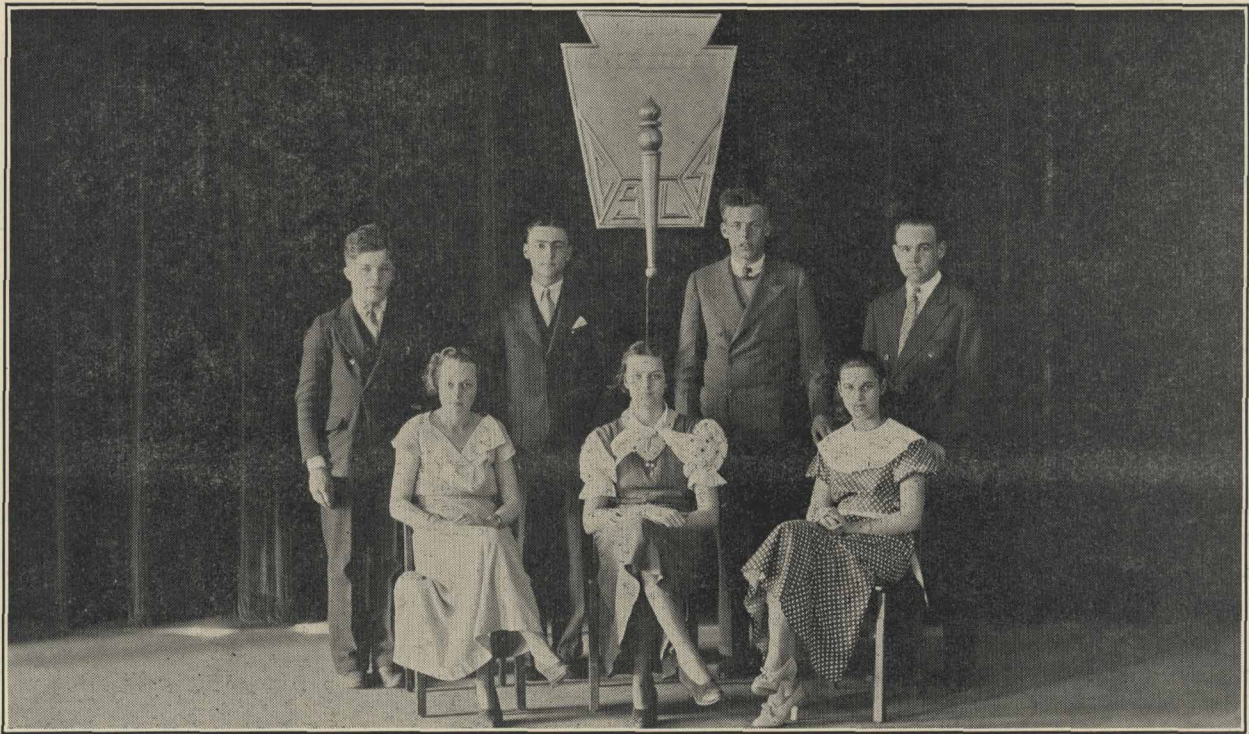
Albert Avellar '35

SUNSET

The sun, as it was beginning to set, filtered its gold and scarlet hues through the branches of the tall, stately, trees, which swayed in rhythmic motion to the melody of the breeze. The ground was covered with a velvet carpet of moss, wet with sparkling dew. The whole place was alive with flowers—roses, violets, buttercups—which blended in perfect harmony. Their exuberant and luxurious odors wafted like incense upon the air. All was quiet and peaceful, while at one end a rippling brook raced merrily along with gurgling sounds among the rocks in the pool below, shaded and guarded by cool, graceful, overhanging willows.

Catherine Chapman '35

ORGANIZATIONS



NATIONAL HONOR SOCIETY

Standing: Philip Merriss, Ronald Paige, Hector Allen, Thomas Rivard

First Row: Genevieve Perry, Ruth Roberts, Ida Roderick

NATIONAL HONOR SOCIETY

During the past year Provincetown High School was granted a charter by the National Honor Society. This distinction may well be the source of considerable pride to students and faculty members alike, since it is an implied recognition of Provincetown High's standing among secondary schools. Founded by leading American educators, the National Honor Society bears the same relation to high school boys and girls that the Phi Beta Kappa Society bears to college men and women, and exacts identical standards of scholarship and character for admission to its ranks. Membership in this society is the highest honor that high school students may attain. The presence of such an organization at P. H. S. will undoubtedly stimulate the entire student body toward superior scholarship, citizenship, leadership, character, and service.

Rigid rules governing admission limit membership to fifteen per cent of the Seniors and five per cent of the Junior Class. Charter members from the class of '33 are Genevieve Perry, Ida Roderick, Philip Merriss, Thomas Rivard, and Hector Allen. From the class of '34 Ruth Roberts and Ronald Paige were elected.

STUDENT COUNCIL

The personnel of the Student Council was chosen in a different manner this year, it being necessary for those nominated by the different classes to have fifteen members of their classes endorse them before they could take part in the final elections.

Besides carrying on their usual duties, the Student Council included in their activities an entirely new element in the Lost and Found de-



ORCHESTRA

Standing at the Rear: Thomas Kane, John Edwards

Standing: Ralph Fields, John Atkins, Marjorie Stalker, Jane Stahl, Kendall Cass, Marion Gibbs, Dorothy Small, Gerard Lowther, Richard Santos, Joseph Steele, Raymond Gaspie, Eleanor Burch, Mr. Thomas Nassi, Orchestra Instructor

First Row: Dorothy Rock, Clinton Tirrell, Carol Thompson, Patricia Cass, Patricia Parmenter, Robert Collinson, Curtis Johnson, Rebecca Comee, Ruth Connor, John Snow, Agnes Rego

partment of which Miss Gwendolyn Edwards has charge. Any lost article may be returned to its owner upon payment of the sum of five cents. The school having appropriated sufficient money, the Student Council purchased new popular records to add to the enjoyment of social gatherings and assemblies.

The members of the Student Council are: Seniors, Clara Watson, president, and Veranus Crocker, secretary; Juniors, Gwendolyn Edwards and Joseph Gregory; Sophomore, Herman Rivard; Freshman, Janice Earl; Junior High School, Madeleine Reed.

PROVINCETOWN HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

A new organization showing great promise for the future is the High School Orchestra, under the able supervision of Mr. Thomas Nassi, leader of several musical associations in neighboring towns.

Mr. Nassi has developed the orchestra from a small group of experienced players into a really proficient body of musicians. After many strenuous Thursday afternoon rehearsals,

the orchestra made its debut in the school auditorium on May 12 and acquitted itself in a decidedly satisfactory manner. On various occasions since then it has entertained and added to the attraction of many Provincetown entertainment programs.

Members of the orchestra are:

Violins—

Carol Thompson
Ruth Connor
Rebecca Comee
Agnes Rego
Patricia Cass
John Snow
Curtis Johnson
Robert Collinson
Clinton Tirrell

Oboe—

Marjorie Stalker

Accompanist—

Dorothy Rock

Trumpets—

John Atkins
Charles Hayward
Gerard Lowther

Cello—

Patricia Parmenter

Saxaphones—

Richard Santos
Joseph Steele

Bells—

Eleanor Burch

Flute—

Jane Stahl

Clarinets—

Marian Gibbs
Dorothy Small

Drums—

John Gaspa

Tubas—

Thomas Kane
John Edwards

SOCIAL ACTIVITIES

FRESHMAN RECEPTION

The Senior class introduced a new element to the social calendar of Provincetown High School this year, by welcoming the freshmen formally to the school activities with a reception given in their honor in the gymnasium, on October 7.

The large group of parents and students who gathered for this affair pronounced it a remarkable social success. Everyone found enjoyment in the varied program of novelty dancing, games, stunts and formal entertainment arranged by the committee.

Veranus Crocker, as Master of Ceremonies, kept the spirit of the party lively with his humorous antics and individual introductions. The ever-popular Vivian Joseph, Anthony Perry, Earl Cabral, Jimmie Wilson, Billy Tasha and George Silva, who entertained with dances and musical selections, were received with great enthusiasm.

During an intermission refreshments were served in the cafeteria under the supervision of Marjorie Ford and Margaret Souza, assisted by Helen Ellis.

The faculty-student committee in charge of the reception were: Miss Louise B. Finnell, Miss Constance A. Lowney, Miss Ellen Hourihane, Clara Watson, Chairman, Virginia Stahl, and Lawrence Caton.

The Senior Class hopes the "Freshman Reception" will become a tradition at Provincetown High School, so successful in every way was the first one, sponsored by the class of 1933.

JUNIOR HALLOWE'EN DANCE

On the 28th of October, the Juniors gave a very enjoyable Hallowe'en Dance in the high school gymnasium. The guests danced to victrola and radio music. They were entertained by local talent in the form of novelty dancing and singing between dances. In order to keep in mind the fact that it was a Hallowe'en dance, appropriate and amusing hats and horns were

distributed to the dancers, causing much merriment. The whole affair was declared a success and it was a hilarious but regretful crowd of pupils who went home at twelve o'clock.

SENIOR PLAY

"Girl Shy," a breezy comedy by Katherine Kavanaugh, was selected for the annual senior class dramatic production which was held this year in the school auditorium, on the evening of April 21. The play, one of the high lights of the year, was a tremendous triumph, holding from the beginning to the end, the interest of an enthusiastic audience that filled the auditorium.

Seldom does one see in scholastic dramatics as finished a performance as that given by this group of talented Thespians. The ease, intelligence, and subtly clever interpretations of the actors were truly remarkable. Not one of them missed a single opportunity to attract the audience, provoking irrepressible laughter and appreciative applause almost constantly.

Much credit for this overwhelming success belongs to Miss Louise B. Finnell, under whose splendid coaching the members of the cast were prompted to do their best acting, portraying their roles with keen intelligence, yet not obscuring their individual personalities.

The cast:

Tom Arsdale, who is girl shy	Clinton Tirrell
Oke Stimson, who isn't	Philip Merriss
Caroline, Tom's Aunt	Rebecca Comee
Anthony Arsdale, Tom's father	Lawrence Caton
Sylvia Webster, Tom's pet aversion	Ida Roderick
Dean Marlow, dean of college	Joseph Colliinson
Peaches Carter, Oke's present weakness	

	Carol Thompson
Asma, a colored "wash lady"	Marion Gibbs
Eirdie Laverne, a movie aspirant	June LeClair
Barbara Sanford, 'Babs' herself	Alice Oliver
Alfred Tennyson Murgatoyd, the college poet	

Thomas Kane

Chuck Mayo, Birdie's late affinity

Thomas Rivard

The play was followed by dancing in the school gymnasium. Music for this occasion was furnished by "Kookie's Serenaders" who also offered musical selections between the acts of the play.

JUNIOR PROM

One of the largest social events of the year was the annual Junior Prom, held in the Town Hall on Friday evening, May 26. Dancing, the music for which was supplied by Jimmie Mc-hale and his Cascade Roof Garden Orchestra, was preceded by a colorful grand march by the juniors.

The girls in their graceful gowns in the new summer hues, and the boys in their white flannels and dark coats, presented a colorful picture as they wound in and out of the intricate figures of the grand march, which was staged against an artistic background of blue and white decorations.

As the clock on the old Town Hall steeple struck the solitary hour of one, the orchestra swung into "Good Night Ladies" and the juniors and their guests regretfully left the scene of a memorable Junior Prom—now, a pleasant memory.

Mr. George Clay, the class advisor, aided the class greatly—especially with the decorations. Miss Constance A. Lowney arranged and directed the grand march.

The committees for the event were:

Ticket committee: Joseph Gregory, Catherine Avellar, Robert Slade, and Thelma Benson.

Checking committee: Manuel Lewis.

Prom committees committee: Ruth Roberts, Ronald Paige, Anthony Santos, Virginia Corea.

Decoration Committee: John Edwards, Theodora Lopes, John Atkins, and Mildred Thompson.

JUNIOR DECLAMATION

On Thursday and Friday, during the week of April 7, the preliminaries of the Junior Declamation contest were held in the auditorium. Every Junior contributed some form of recitation. Seven of the faculty members acted as judges.

Ten students were chosen for the final con-

test, which is to be held publicly on June 9, at 8 o'clock, in the auditorium. The following list is composed of the students who will compete, and the subjects they have chosen.

Theodora Lopes	"What Price Peace"
Virginia Corea	"The Path to Peace"
Thelma Benson	"The Supreme Menace"
Ruth Roberts	"The House in Order"
Dorothy Alexander	"The Unknown Speaker"
"Philip Swords	"Farewell Address"
Richard Joseph	"Personal Liberty"
Arthur Malchman	"Master Man of the Ages"
Anthony Santos	"All-Embracing Americanism"
Frank Rogers	"The Constitution"

The Lion's Club will present two gold medals and two silver medals to the four best speakers, two girls and two boys.

Mr. Ramey has chosen out-of-town judges to decide the winners of the contest.

The students competing are being coached by Mr. George Leyden, who was also in charge of the preliminaries.

Mildred Thompson '34

ASSEMBLIES

September 23: The first assembly of the year was held in the auditorium. Coach David J. Murphy gave a stirring talk on sports and co-operation of the students. He urged the students to work together and make the football season a successful one.

October 7: Dr. Percival Eaton entertained us with a fascinating account of his trip to South America. We hope to have the pleasure of listening to more of his interesting lectures next year.

October 21: An advertising salesman from the Curtis Publishing Company introduced a money making drive. The student body, responding to his convincing lecture, sold quantities of subscriptions to help purchase football equipment.

November 18: Miss Harriet Newhall gave a very interesting lecture on "The Origin of the American Indian" and illustrated the talk by exhibiting pictures of Indian habitations and various types of Indian pottery. She was ably assisted by Mrs. Lucille Hughes, who played a number of selections on the violin. This program was sponsored by Miss Phoebe Freeman.

December 11: George Bruce, a contemporary novelist, lectured on the vital topic of Disarm-

ament. This program proved both instructive and entertaining. Mr. Ramey arranged the program.

December 16: Doctor Hammett told us of his adventures through the microscope in his cancer research laboratory in Truro. In closing, his advice to those who had intentions of becoming scientists was that this kind of work requires a great amount of patience and study.

January 13: Coach David J. Murphy presented football letters and certificates to the football squad, each member of which was given a rousing cheer by the student body.

January 20: Miss Marjorie Long presented a charming and amusing play entitled "Aunt Mary's Birthday Party." The characters were June Le Clair, Genevieve Perry, Ida Roderick, Elizabeth Hill, Marion Gibbs, Vivian Joseph, Dorothy Small, Carol Thompson and Clara Watson. The music was furnished by Mr. George Lelden, accompanied by Ruth Connor and Rebecca Comee on their violins, and Elizabeth Hill, on the piano.

February 10: A very interesting four act French play, "Mademoiselle de La Seigliere" was presented under the direction of Miss Ellen Hourihane. The play was translated by members of the French C class. The characters were as follows:

Mademoiselle de La Seigliere . . .	Clara Watson
Marquis de La Seigliere	Thomas Kane
Bernard Stamply	Philip Swords
Raoul de Vaubert	Lawrence Caton
Baraness de Vaubert	Alice Oliver
Jasmin	Arthur Malchman
Destournelles	Philip Merriss

March 10: Two short plays, "Our Own George Washington" and "The Rescue of Princess Fair Speech" were presented under the direction of Miss Nora Perry. Both plays were enjoyed and heartily applauded.

March 17: Miss Madeline Cote arranged a program of motion pictures on "The Growth of Cotton in the South" and "The Orange Business in California." Music was furnished throughout the program by the radio.

March 24: Mr. Ralph Carpenter gave a very fascinating and thrilling talk about Cuba and his experiences there. So vivid were his descriptions that one could well imagine himself right there with him, going through his exciting adventures. A cheer, led by the ever ready Veranus Crocker, was given to Mr. Carpenter after his remarkable lecture.

March 31: The students enjoyed some very interesting and educational motion pictures on health and posture. The program was arranged by Miss Catherine Jason.

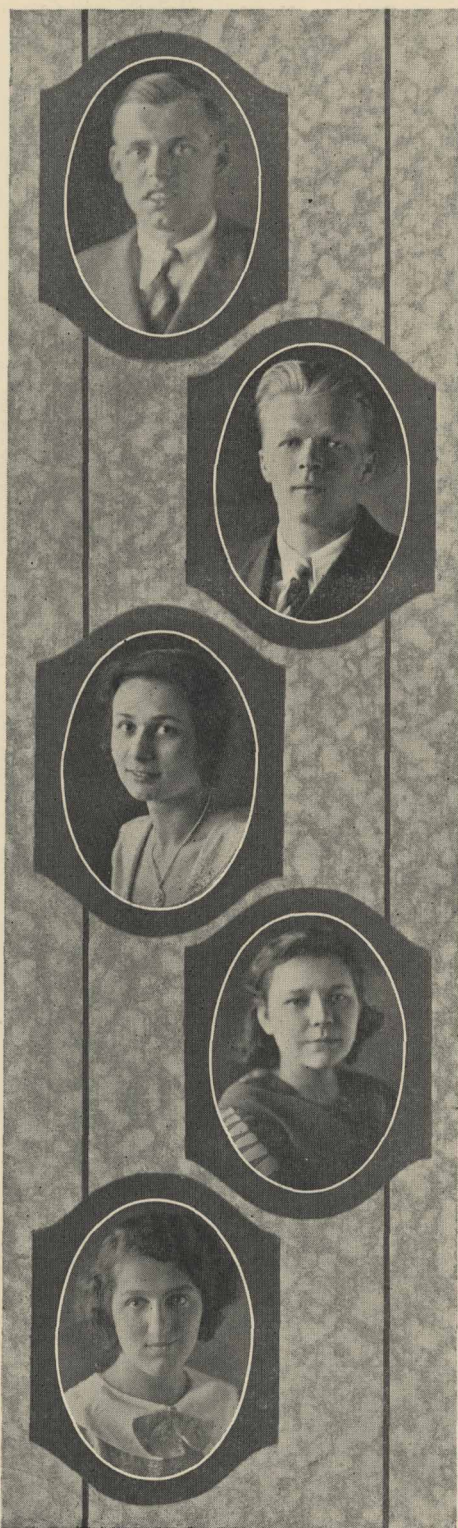
April 7: Miss Constance Lowney awarded letters to the members of the varsity basketball squad, namely: Captain Elizabeth DeRiggs, Zilpha Nelson, Mildred Thompson, Dolores Rogers, Mary Pires, Eleanor Batt, Marion Gibbs, Ruth Roberts, and Phyllis Burhoe.

Principal Alton E. Ramey presented letters to the following boys on the basketball squad: Captain Clinton Willis Tirrell, Anthony Santos, William Tasha, John Atkins, Joseph Collinson, Leonard Tarvers, Hector Allen, and Arthur Malchman.

Presentations of membership cards for the National Honor Society were also made to Genevieve Perry, Ida Roderick, Philip Merriss, Hector Allen, Thomas Rivard, Seniors, and Ruth Roberts and Ronald Paige, Juniors. The school orchestra furnished music with Thomas Kane conducting.

April 20: Commander Donald B. MacMillan entertained us with an illustrated lecture on his sixteenth trip to the Arctic. Commander MacMillan's pleasant personality and absorbing lecture combined to make this one of the most enjoyable of all assemblies.

INTRODUCING THE SENIORS



HECTOR ALLEN

Varsity football 4, varsity baseball 2, 3, 4, varsity basketball 4, Track 2, 3, 4, Captain 1932 football team, Captain 1933 baseball team, National Honor Society 4, Class president 1, 3, 4, vice president 2, business manager Senior Play 4, intramural basketball 3, class basketball 4.

Here's to the versatile "Skeeter," the star pitcher of the baseball nine. His abilities are not confined to baseball, however, for this lad is equally brilliant in other sports and in the scholastic field. And does he know his history!—we consider him to be a second Muzzey. We expect great things from you, "Skeeter."

LLOYD C. ATWOOD

Varsity football 4; Track 3, 4; Intramural basketball 3, 4; class basketball 4, Junior Prom Committee 3.

This handsome youth is our version of the modern Adonis. Modesty and bashfulness in the presence of the fairer sex are his greatest setbacks, or perhaps, charms. "Bullet" is one of those boys who say little but think profoundly. He is bound to succeed in life.

FLORENCE BENSON

Sewing Club 4, Junior Prom Committee 3, Student Patrol 3, Senior Play Usher 4.

Florence is a good-natured person who always has a sewing basket or a cook book under her arm. Keep at the domestic idea, Florence, and the lucky man will never go hungry or need buttons sewed on his shirts.

MILDRED BURCH

Junior Prom Decorating Committee 3, Usher for Senior Play 4.

"Millie" is a quiet, conscientious, and truly sincere person, whom one can honestly count as a loyal friend. "Millie's" cooking is steadily improving from her experiences in the bakery shop. This ought to be good news for a certain nice young man.

PHYLLIS BURHOE

Transferred from Wellfleet High School

Basketball 3, 4.

A quiet laugh in the corner will lead you to "Sook" our pleasant, enthusiastic fellow-student. Our champion All-Cape Guard is certainly a whiz at basketball. She is a decided man-hater and vehemently declares she will never acquire the "boy friend" craze. Our best wishes, "Sook".

LAWRENCE W. CATON

Senior play 4, Freshman Reception committee 4, intramural baseball 3.

Notice that deep look of contemplation upon this young man's features, and then reconcile yourself to the fact that Lawrence does not intend to be a philosopher, but an M. D. Well, Lawrence has had some experience concocting evil-smelling compounds in Chemistry, and dissecting pigs in Biology. We're right here, routin' for you, Lawrence.

JOSEPH A. COLLINSON

Varsity Football 4, Varsity basketball 4, intramural basketball 3, Class basketball 4, Intramural Baseball 3, Senior Play 4.

Mahomet once said: "Above all things I like perfumes, and above all things I like women." Substitute Joseph for Mahomet and we have "Sitly", a six-foot-twoer, of necessity looked up to, a Clark Gable type, with a pair of feet that would shame "Suit-case Simpson" of Toonerville Trolley fame, but which will certainly carry him on to success.

REBECCA COMEE

Senior Play 4; Junior Prom Decorating Committee 3, Social editor of "Fungus", 4; Ass't Business Editor of Long Pointer 3.

Gay youth and frivolity bubble over in our "Becky". Frequently we see her chinning frantically in vain, to cope with the inexhaustive line of a prattling youth from Truro, or peering guiltily through horn-rimmed spectacles at the glaring eyes of some instructor.

RUTH CONNOR

Orchestra 4, Art Editor of Long Pointer 4, Editor of Fungus 4, Junior Prom Committee 3, Senior Play Usher 4.

"Ruthie" is the champion artist of P. H. S. and is also a very accomplished violinist. She has a violent temper which cools, however, as quickly as it explodes. Her one ambition is to be "une grande artiste". Judging from your work now Ruthie, we are sure you will succeed.

JOHN F. COREA

Varsity baseball 2, 3, 4; Varsity basketball 3; Class basketball 4.

"Little Rabbit" is one of those easy-going lads who are always "there" in a pinch, whether it be on the diamond, gridiron, basketball court, or in the class-room. If he crystallizes his intention to become a mechanical engineer we know he'll be a good one. Here's to bigger and better engines, "Johnnie."

VERANUS H. CROCKER

Cheer leader 3, 4, Joke Editor of Long Pointer 2, 3, Joke Editor of Senior Year Book 4, Student Council 4.

For four years "Corry" has served as jester, cheer leader, and nightmare for his class, school and teachers, respectively. His lungs were sturdy, his pranks unnumbered-but his days as "dog-robber" and hearty toughman for Mr. Gilgan will be the best remembered of his scintillating career. A wit and a gloom-dispeller, his classmates will always think of him as their Touchstone.





ISABEL D'ENTREMONT

Junior Prom Decorating Committee 3, Assistant Humor Editor of Fungus.

"Issy" is so quiet that you hardly know she is in the room until you hear a low giggle at your elbow. It is fortunate for her classmates that "Issy" is good natured for she is the subject of much teasing. We sometimes wonder if "Issy" can become angry. The class voted her the best natured one in their midst.

WILLIAM FRATUS

Baseball 4.

It is really remarkable—the brilliant personages we have in our class. Bill knows his American History from Columbus down. His forensic ability, moreover, is amazing. He will argue any side of any question against all comers, and as an extemporaneous composer of songs, "Sweet" knows no equal. Talk about versatility!!

MARION GIBBS

Senior Play 4, Basketball 4, Orchestra 4, Senior Play Committee 4, Junior Prom Committee 4.

Follow the sound of a loud chuckle from any part of dear old P. H. S. and you will find carefree, lively "Cleo". She is energetic as well as talented. Her antics in the locker room are constantly throwing the whole gym class into uproarious laughter. She'd bring happiness to the gloomiest.

ELIZABETH HILL

Transferred from Manning High School, Ipswich

Lizzie is a quiet, studious girl, who has the distinction of being the shortest person in the class. Her cheery smile has brightened the spirits of many a gloomy person who has just heard the sad news of a test failure, and many times during the year she has lightened our hearts with her gay piano melodies.

ETHEL MAE JASON

Transferred from Wellfleet High School

Editor-in-chief of Fungus 4, Prompter of Senior Play 4, Editor-in-chief of Long Pointer 4.

Presenting '33's Salutatorian. Not content with knocking studies for a loop at Wellfleet High for three years, "Pat" proceeded to employ her honor-corralling tactics this year at P. H. S. Winner of the 1932 100% Shorthand contest, Pat has been consistently brilliant in her line and the happy source of much sunshine for her teachers as well as her classmates.

THOMAS KANE

Transferred from Wellfleet High School

Senior Play 4, Editor of Bro-Sul 4, French Play 4.

Do not be cursory in classifying this distinctive looking gentleman. He is not a statesman, but P. H. S.'s star trombone player. Thomas produced a riot of laughter in his humorous interpretation of the class poet in the Senior Play. Intelligent and witty, we expect Thomas to succeed in whatever he desires to accomplish.

JUNE LECLAIRE

Junior Prom Committee 3, Cast of Senior Play 4.

"Junie" is a vivacious person, whose slang keeps everyone in hilarious uproar wherever she goes. Her favorite expression is "Ain't that awful!" She has more dates than any girl in school and is the belle of the evening at dances. Need we say that people like to have Junie around? She is welcome everywhere.

LEONA W. LEONARD

Assistant Editor of "Fungus" 4.

"Lee" is always ready to help those in need of her deep understanding and cooperative ways. She will, perhaps; some day be Buddy's snappy secretary*.

"Lee" Leonard, the modest, demure,
Looks like a homemaker sure.

Her affections tend toward a Coastguardsman fair,
Who patrols the beach, wishing her there.

*—We wonder!??

CATHERINE MacFARLANE

"Kay" appears to be quiet but you should see her throwing her classmates into fits of uncontrollable laughter with her theatrical demonstrations! But, oh, those deep sighs! We must advise you, "Kay", that they are hard on the heart. Here are hearty wishes that you go through life as happily as you have romped through P. H. S., "Kay."

PHILIP MERRISS

Senior Play 4, Class Treasurer 3, 4, Business Manager Senior Year Book 4, National Honor Society 4.

To hear Phil's brilliant class recitations one would never guess that he was the real class baby. Energetic and capable, he can always be counted upon to put over—and very enthusiastically—any school activity. Keep up the good work, Phil. We are proud of you.

LOUISE MOORE

Junior Prom Committee 3, Usher for Senior Play 4.

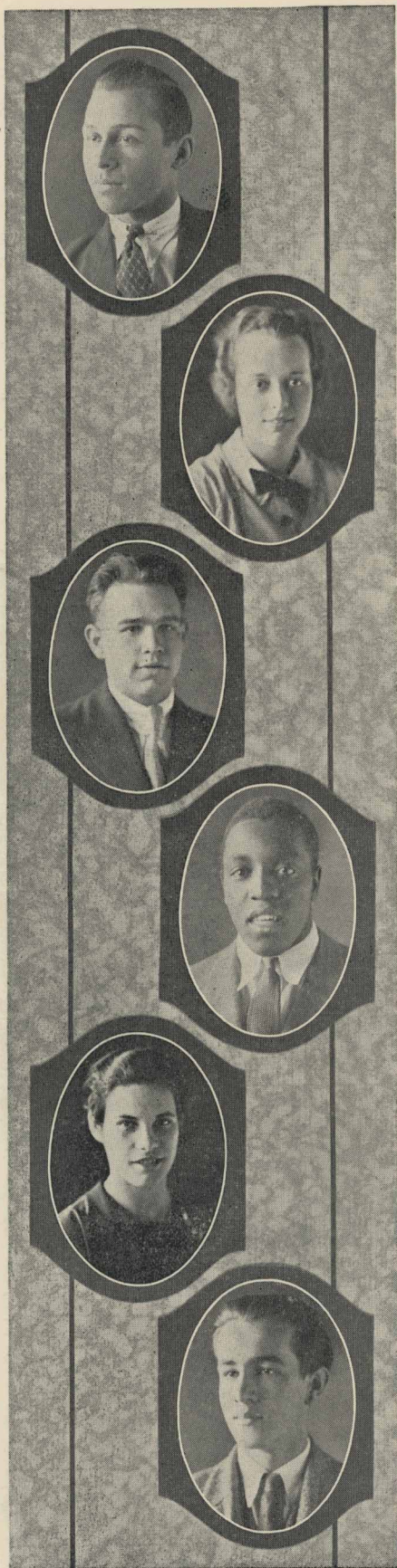
"Lou", a sport through and through, is a valuable friend, for her words and actions are full of sincerity and cheerfulness. She is as good-natured a person as you would want to know, grinning at jokes at her expense with the same jollity with which she plays her own pranks.

ALICE OLIVER

Senior Play 4, French 4, Student Patrol 3, Program Committee 3.

Alice of the pleasant personality is full of fun, but sympathetic and always willing to help a less fortunate classmate. We wonder if Alice was inspired to such fine acting in the Senior Play by the presence of "Professor." Alice can do most anything well. Need we say more?



**ANTHONY PERRY**

Junior Prom Committee 3.

Drop around the Bowling Alley any quiet afternoon and you will see "Hop," a good natured sort of fellow who has a mania for slamming "grappler's holds" on unsuspecting victims. A veritable fanatic at the Niponese art of Jiu-Jitsu, Hop has applied the same methods—maximum results with a minimum of effort—to his studies, and made a success of it. And can he croon!

GENEVIEVE PERRY

Promptor of Senior Play 4, Literary Board of Long Pointer 4, Secretary 1, Treasurer 2, Secretary 3, National Honor Society 4, Chairman of Decorating Committee, Junior Prom.

"Neeke" breezes through the hall in a continuous whirlwind always in a hurry. Her favorite line, "I wish I could get to Providence for a week," makes us curious about that Brown man, whose fraternity pin she is wearing. Who knows but that thence come the inspiration for "Neeke's fine scholastic work?"

THOMAS RIVARD

National Honor Society 4, Senior Play 4, Student Council 3, Intramural basketball 3, Intramural baseball 3.

Every morning we find this classmate of ours busily engaged at his desk with Physics problems—a very industrious personality. He is seldom seen alone and is usually entertaining his comrades with pantomime speeches and his ostentatious laugh. As the villian in "Girl Shy" he made a startling reputation for himself in the dramatic line.

EDWARD STILLMEN ROACH

Varsity Football 1, 2, 4; Varsity baseball 2, 3; Track 2, 3; Captain 1931, 1932 Track Teams.

The fastest trackman on Cape Cod needs no introduction, either here or anywhere else in Barnstable County. Besides being the speediest, "Barb" is the hardest-hitting back P. H. S. ever produced. Rival Track and Football Teams fear him as his school-mates admire him. This answer to a Coach's prayer is going places and he's going there fast.

IDA RODERICK

Senior play 4, National Honor Society 4, Vice-president 1, 3, 4, President 2, Student Patrol 3, Junior Prom Committees' Chairman 3, Assistant Sport editor of Fungus 4.

Here's '33's Valedictorian, the girl whose career has been a steady succession of conquests of A's and male hearts. She is a feminine volcano of energy, for despite her victories on those difficult and diverse fronts, Ida has been prominent in all her class activities. Looks like Bryant Stratton's getting a lucky break, next fall.

JOSEPH RODERICK

Class secretary 1, Junior Prom Committee 3, Intramural baseball 3, intramural basketball 3, 4, class basketball 4.

Encountering "Hotty" here or anywhere—there are some of us who will pause and wonder—wonder how such a small frame could contain so much intestinal fortitude (if we may appropriate that apt phrase). His battle for a place on the '32 varsity football team was a truly unbelievable exhibition of tenacity and courage—but he came through—and brilliantly!

CECELIA SANTOS

Junior Prom Program Committee 3, Head Usher for Senior Play 4.

"Ce" is the girl who is always ready to assume her share of class duties. Her deep-rooted sense of humor is hidden under a dignified reserve which indicates a studious nature. That certain "blond" (still a mystery to us) should beware. There are many nice young men who would like to take his place!!

ETTA SOUZA

Long Pointer Staff 3, Usher for Senior Play 4, Student Council.

Etta is one of the quietest girls in the class. Studious, yet always ready to join in a good joke, we're sure she will make a very efficient and entirely satisfactory wife for a certain A & P clerk (initials—L R.)

MARGARET SOUZA

Usher for Senior Play 4, Junior Prom 4, 3.

For Margaret, the good old scout, we predict a bright future. You will easily win your way to anyone's heart via his stomach, Margaret. Just serve him some of the sweet things you prepare so deliciously.

CAROL THOMPSON

Senior Play 4.

Carol is a jolly person whose merry chuckle can be heard in various parts of the school at any time of the day. Her impertinent retorts knock all the boys cold only to have them once more prostrate at her feet. She has the magic power of making you forget your troubles by winking her eye wickedly and grinning broadly at you.

CLINTON TIRRELL

Varsity football 1, 4, varsity baseball 1, 2, 3, 4, varsity basketball 3, 4, Track 2, 3, 4, Captain 1933 basketball team, Class basketball 4, vice-president 1, class treasurer 2, Sport editor, Long Pointer 3, Social editor, Long Pointer, Senior Play 3, 4, school orchestra 4, Student Council 3.

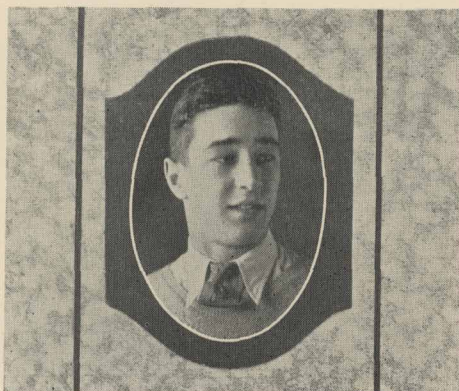
"Goldie" is P. H. S's fiddling scintillanting half-back. Ever see him round an end? Man, oh Man, Happy-go-lucky everybody's friend, active in all school musical affairs, this lad may find fame and success in athletics, aesthetics, or both. Good luck, Rubinoff.

CLARA WATSON

Student Council 4, Usher for Senior Play 4, French Play 4.

You will always find Clara in the midst of a group of boys—boys being her weakness. The boys' weakness is Clara. They show good taste in having such a one, for Clara is considered to be one of the cutest girls in school. But Clara has other accomplishments, also. Her remarkable executive ability prompted the student body to select her as their leader in the Student Council.





JOHN F. WILLIAMS

Varsity football 4, intramural basketball 3, 4, class basketball 4, Senior play 3, intramural basketball 3.

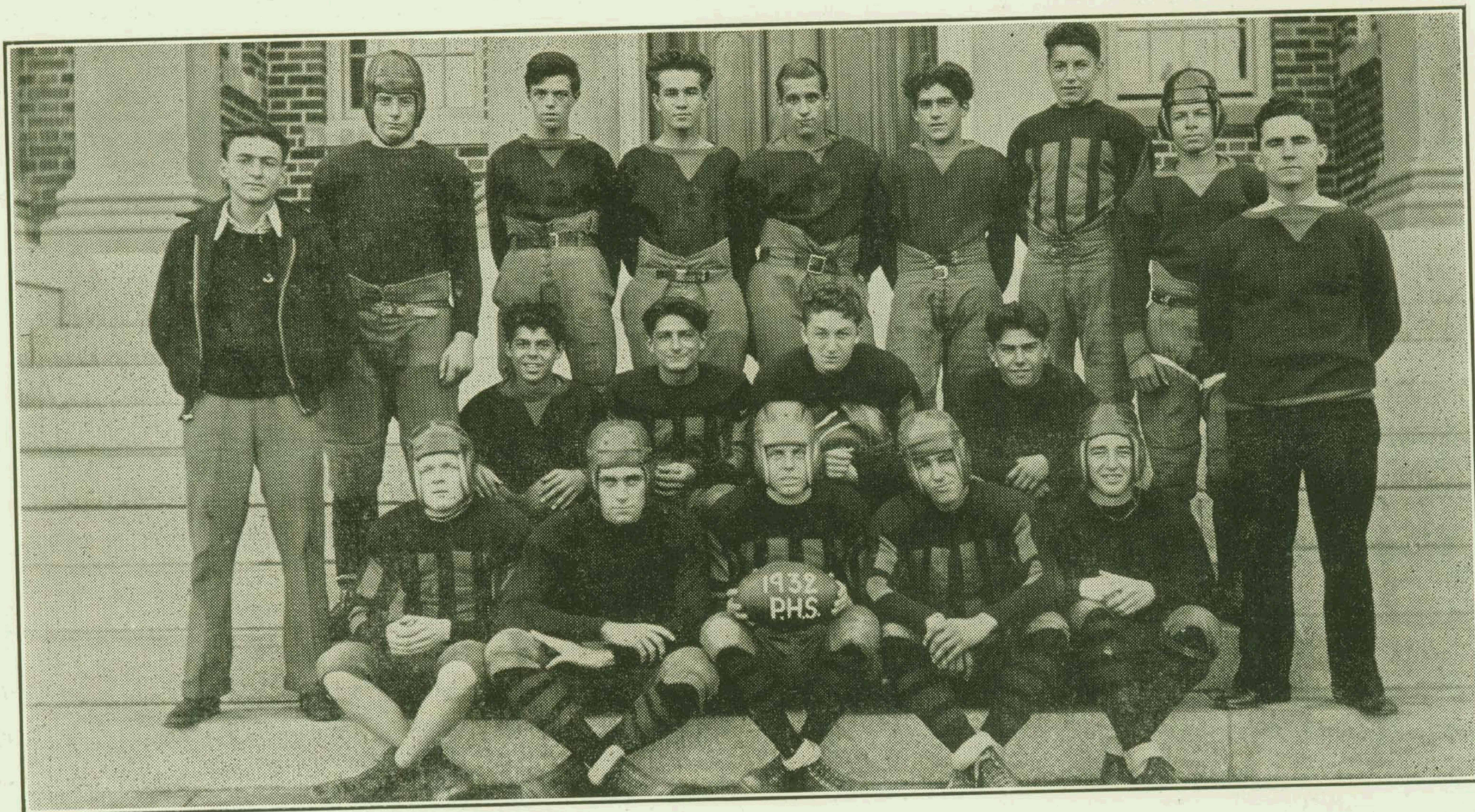
This remarkable youth has an enviable number of accomplishments to his credit, which we cannot begin to name, because of lack of space. But scanning the list for the most distinctive position, we find that he is a staunch supporter of Technocracy, i. e. two days of school weekly and five days to recuperate.



HOW THE CLASS VOTED

1. Done most for P. H. S.	Hector Allen	20. Most Winsome	Ethel Jason
2. Most popular girls	Ida Roderick	21. Most Loquacious	Marion Gibbs
	Clara Watson	22. Biggest grind	Philip Merriss
3. Most popular boy	Clinton Tirrell	23. Class Pollyanna	Marion Gibbs
4. Prettiest girl	Ethel Jason	24. Class Egotist	Thomas Kane
5. Handsomest boy	Clinton Tirrell	26. Shiek	Clinton Tirrel
6. Best dancer	Ruth Connor	27. Heartbreaker	Thomas Kane
7. Best dressed girl	Clara Watson	28. Worst Woman Hater	Lloyd Atwood
8. Cutest	Carol Thompson	29. Most likely to succeed 'girl)	Ethel Jason
9. Wittiest	Veranus Crocker	30. Most likely to succeed (boy)	Hector Allen
10. Most dignified	Ida Roderick	31. Has the biggest drag with the faculty	
11. Most gentlemanly	Hector Allen		Clara Watson
12. Most energetic	Marion Gibbs	32. Favorite indoor sport	Basketball
13. Most tactful girl	Ethel Jason	33. Favorite movie actor	Lionel Barrymore
14. Most tactful boy	Hector Allen	34. Favorite movie actress	Joan Crawford
15. Best Natured	Isabel D'Entremont	35. Favorite teacher	Miss Elizabeth L. Kelley
16. Most Original	Thomas Kane	We prophecy:	
17. Brightest	Ethel Jason	The first to be married will be	Leona Leonard.
18. Jolliest girl	Carol Thompson	The first to have a bay window will be	Thomas
19. Jolliest boy	John Williams	Rivard.	

ATHLETICS



FOOTBALL TEAM

Standing: Ronald Paige, Manager, Gerard Lowther, Anthony Rhoda, Joseph Roderick, William Silva, Joseph Gregory, Francis Segura, John Edwards, Mr. David J. Murphy, Coach

Second Row: Manuel Medeiros, Anthony Costa, Joseph Ramos, John Corea

First Row: Lloyd Atwood, Joseph Collinson, Hector Allen, Captain, Leonard Tarvis, John Williams

FOOTBALL

For the past three years, it has been necessary to omit football from the athletic program of the school since the equipment was burned with the old high school building. Fortunately, however, football was again introduced to the sports curricular of the school this year, the necessary funds having been raised to purchase equipment.

The players who were on Provincetown High School's 1932-33 team under the leadership of Coach David J. Murphy were: Captain Allen, S. Roach, L. Atwood, C. Tirrell, L. Tarvers, J. Ramos, Captain-elect Segura, J. Gregory, J. Williams, J. Collinson, E. Watson, A. Costa, A. Roda, M. Medeiros, J. Cabral, J. Roderick, P. Croteau, G. Lowther, J. Corea and W. Silva.

Provincetown High School Schedule:

September 24	Barnstable at Provincetown
October 22	Falmouth at Provincetown
October 28	Yarmouth at Provincetown
November 5	Yarmouth at Yarmouth
November 19	Falmouth at Falmouth
November 24	Barnstable at Barnstable

Barnstable 13

Provincetown 6

Barnstable High defeated Provincetown at Evans Field in a spectacular, hard-fought game. Provincetown held the lead in the first half, but weakened considerably in the second half, and the Upper Cape team succeeded in pushing across two touchdowns. Alvezi pushed across the first touchdown and Cross, a quick second. This took the heart out of Provincetown as they realized the substitutes Hyannis put in were fresh, while Provincetown had very few to put in.

Captain Lane and Alvezi played well for Barnstable while Roach, Tirrell, Segura, and Cabral starred for Provincetown.

Falmouth 14**Provincetown 0**

Lawrence High of Falmouth defeated the Provincetown High School eleven at Evans Field by a score of 14-0, Falmouth displaying the strongest line any high school has shown here this season. A hard plunging fullback in Dufur enabled Falmouth to score a clean decisive victory.

Yarmouth 21**Provincetown 14**

Yarmouth High defeated Provincetown High at Evans Field in one of the biggest grid upsets of years on Cape Cod. Ryder, Bearse, and Gill plunged across for the Yarmouth scores and an extra point was added on a pass from Wade to Ryder. Tirrell, the best back on the field, scored the two touchdowns for Provincetown, besides accounting for two extra points via a pass.

Halmen, Bearse, and Ryder were the stars for Yarmouth; Tirrell, Allen, and Costa, for Provincetown.

Yarmouth 0**Provincetown 0**

Yarmouth and Provincetown battled to a scoreless tie in a spectacular game on Joshua Sears Field.

The ball see-sawed up and down the field. Both teams were in scoring position several times but lacked the punch. In the early part of the second quarter, Kenneth Wade, Yarmouth fullback, fractured his right leg in a line smash, and was taken to Cape Cod Hospital.

During the fourth quarter Provincetown continually threatened the Yarmouth goal.

Yarmouth		Provincetown	
Bearse	R. End		Costa
Homer	R. Tackle		Lowther
A. Baker, P. Bacon	R. Guard		Williams
Halmen	Center		Collinson
Bacon, Baker	L. Guard		Cabral
Turner	L. Tackle		Watson
Kelley	L. End		Segura, Silva
Ryder	Q. Back		Allen
Dan	R. H. B.		Taves
W. Kelley	L. H. B.		Tirrell
Wade, Richardson	F. Back		Ramos

Falmouth 2**Provincetown 0**

An automatic safety in the fourth period gave Lawrence High of Falmouth a 2-0 victory over

Provincetown High. At the conclusion of the third period, Dufur, Falmouth back, plunged over from the two yard line; but the play was nullified, as the officials ruled that the period had ended before the play started. Starting the final quarter from this spot, there was a scramble for a free ball, and a Provincetown player knocked the ball into the end zone, giving Falmouth their margin of victory.

Dufur starred for Falmouth, both on the offence and defense, while Tirrell was the best for Provincetown.

Falmouth		Provincetown	
Gifford	R. End		Silva
Griffin	R. Tackle		Collinson
Perry	R. Guard		Williams
Conant	Center		Costa
Swain	L. Guard		Cabral
Lyons, Peters	L. Tackle		Corea, Lowther
Rogers, Johnson	L. End		Allen
Sheehan	R. H. B.		Tirrell
Ingram	L. H. B.		Ramos
Dufur, Ellery	F. Back		Roach
Barnstable 43			Provincetown 6

Barnstable proved to be too experienced and too heavy for Provincetown, in this game. Barnstable played well in every point of the game, keeping Provincetown backs well bottled up.

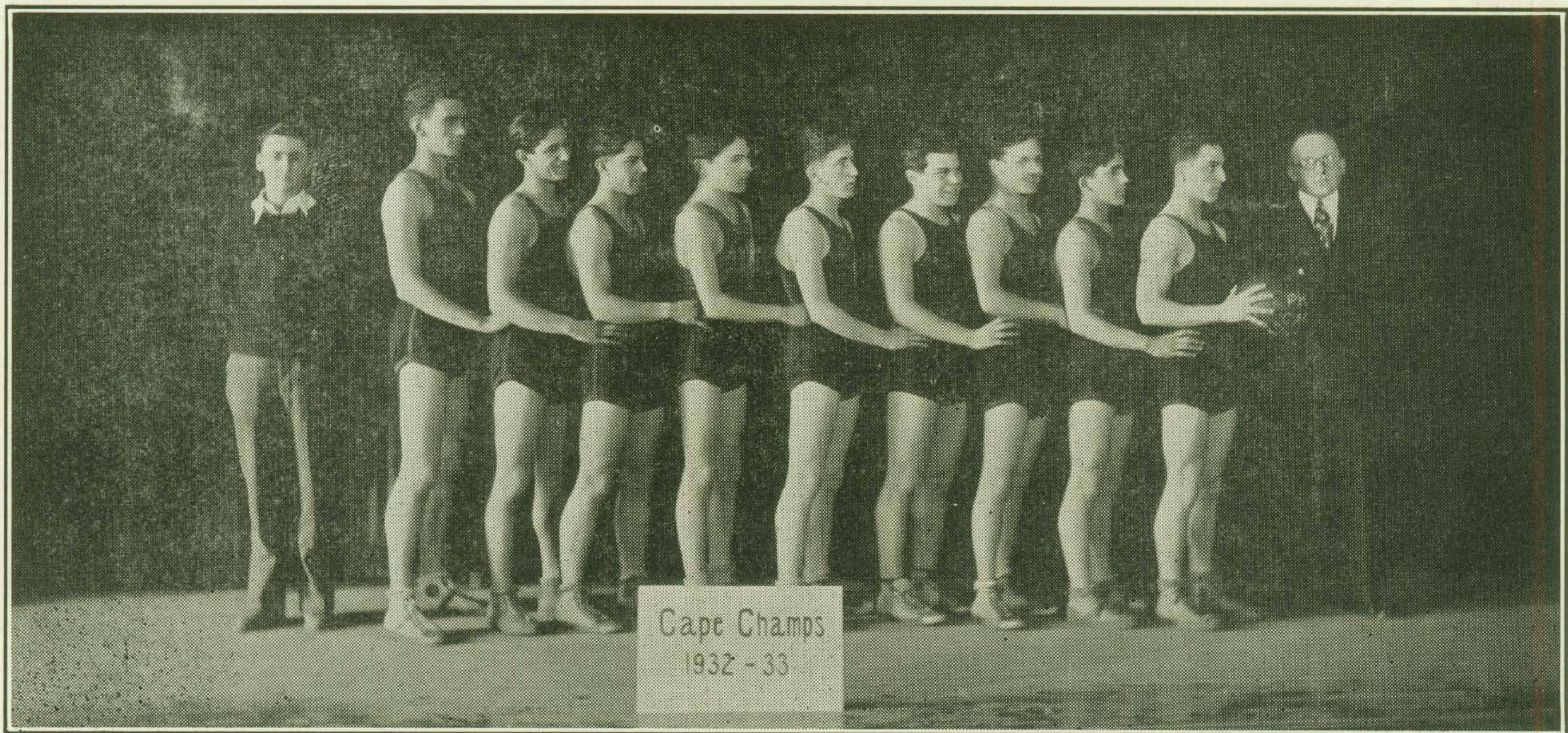
Captain Lane, Fratus, Fermino, and Alvezi played well for Barnstable. Captain Allen, Roach, Tirrell, and Costa were outstanding for Provincetown.

F. Rogers '34

BOYS' BASKETBALL

Playing fast aggressive basketball to win 10 out of 12 games, the Provincetown High School basketball players completed one of their most successful seasons on the court. Only one of the losses was to a Cape Cod opponent.

The debut of Alton E. Ramey as coach was made in a businesslike way. Paying no attention to veterans, he proceeded to pick his squad from the candidates as he saw them, regardless of previous experience, amateur, or otherwise. All candidates had an equal opportunity to make the grade. Coach Ramey succeeded in discovering several men who had heretofore been little known as basketball players. His



BOYS' VARSITY BASKETBALL

Ronald Paige, Manager, Joseph Collinson, Leonard Tarvers, John Corea, Anthony Santos, William Tasha, Arthur Malchman, John Atkins, Joseph Gregory, Clinton Tirrell, Captain, Mr. Alton E. Ramey, Coach

best find was Anthony Santos, who won a forward position. Santos teamed up with Tasha to score between them 150 points. These two were the fastest pair of forwards on the Cape.

Another man whose light had been hiding under the proverbial bushel was Joseph Collinson. This rangy boy was the keynote of the Provincetown defence. He and Captain Tirrell comprised a stonewall defence. Tirrell stood out with a keen eye for long shots, several of these coming at opportune moments to turn the tide of victory in Provincetown's direction.

Provincetown opened the season by swamping Wellfleet High, 67-6. In their second game they ran up against stronger opposition in the alumni team. The Orange and Black quintet managed to nose out the stars of other years in a close game, 25-21.

Provincetown next journeyed to Hyannis to meet their traditional opponents. Hyannis, having the advantage of playing on their own court, won the game, 33-19.

Improving as the season grew older, Provincetown next defeated Chatham, Wellfleet, Harwich, and Orleans, in order. Then Hyannis came to town for their return game. Taking the floor with revenge in their hearts, Provincetown outplayed the Hyannis club to win, 21-15.

Provincetown's sixth successive victory was against Chatham. The final score read 15-12.

In their next game the team went completely out of their class when they played Marblehead on the home court. Marblehead came to town with one of the strongest teams on the North Shore, but left town considerably deflated after losing one of the closest battles ever played by a Provincetown High team. At the end of the game the score was deadlocked at 15-15. Two overtime periods accomplished little except to prostrate the spectators. In the third overtime period Santos flashed a burst of reserve strength and scored three baskets. The final score was Provincetown, 23, Marblehead, 15.

The team closed the regular season by defeating Harwich with the score 33-17.

In a post-season game against the New Bedford Junior Colored champions, Provincetown ran into defeat after eight straight victories. The New Bedford team, featuring George Grace, Bristol County's scoring sensation, and several other stars of New Bedford Vocational High, proved to be a bigger bite than the Orange and Black could conveniently chew. They were defeated, 32-27.

Next year's outlook is even brighter with Tasha, Santos, Gregory, and Atkins back as



GIRLS' VARSITY

Standing: Miss Constance A. Lowney, Coach, Mary Pires, Marion Gibbs, Ruth Roberts, Mildred Thompson

First Row: Eleanor Batt, Dorothy Tarvers, Elizabeth DeRiggs, Captain, Delores Rogers, Phyllis Burhoe

forwards. Malchman and Tarvers will be available, along with Bent, who is being groomed for the center berth. The loss of Captain Tirrell will be felt keenly. He has been the outstanding Cape guard this season, due to his teamwork, speed, and shiftiness.

Tasha led the scoring with 79 points for the year, and was the outstanding offensive threat. Close on his heels came Santos, with 73. Collinson scored 56, Tirrell 22, and Malchman 33. The rest of the squad followed with Tarvers 37, Atkins 20, Allen 17, Gregory 10, and Corea 9, making a total of 358 points against the 216 for opponents.

Letters were awarded to eight men. The players who won the varsity insignia are: Captain Tirrell, Santos, Tasha, Malchman, Tarvers, Atkins, Collinson, and Allen.

Arthur Malchman has been elected Captain for the next season.

Provincetown's record:

Provincetown	Opponents
67	Wellfleet 6
25	Alumni 21
19	Barnstable 33
26	Chatham 9
25	Wellfleet 10
42	Harwich 7

26	Orleans	14
21	Barnstable	15
15	Chatham	12
23	Marblehead	15
33	Harwich	17
27	Junior Colored Champs	32

Malchman '34

"LOWER CAPE CHAMP HOOPSTERS"

From the ambitious girls who, full of vim and vigor, thronged the gymnasium to make the varsity, Coach Constance A. Lowney discovered the excellent material with which to form the outstanding basketball squad which was to fight for victories in the name of good old P. H. S.

Although many times the fight was hard, our girls through fine passwork and coolheadedness always managed to come out on top, with the exception of the two games played with Hyannis

The season began very well with the game at Colonial Hall, Wellfleet, on December 16, which was fast and exciting. Very good pass work was displayed. This game indicated that a successful season was to ensue. The lineup was as follows:

Captain Elizabeth "Betty" DeRiggs
 Dolores "Dodo" Rogers
 Ruth "Ruthie" Roberts
 Mary "Pee Wee" Pires
 Phyllis "Phyllie" Burhoe
 Zelpha "Swede" Nelson
 Mildred "Millie" Thompson
 Subs: Eleanor Batt, Ida Roderick, Katherine MacFarlane, Vivian Joseph, Dorothy Tarvers, and Marion Gibbs.

R. F.
 L. F.
 C.
 S. C.
 R. G.
 L. G.
 L. G.

The game ended after a hard struggle, with the score 20-19 in Provincetown's favor.

Our next game on January 6, held at Hyannis engaged the attention of all. It was a fight against a stronger opponent which finally defeated the Cape Tippers with the score 19-5.

Chatham was the next opponent. Being the first game of the season held in our gymnasium, the fight attracted a great crowd. The game was played on January 13, with the usual line up. The score at the end of the game was 19-12 in favor of the Orange and Black.

The next victory was displayed in the return game with Wellfleet on January 20. Although the Wellfleeters put up a struggle, they scored only four points, while Provincetown scored 22 points. "Swede" was substituted as forward for the first time. She celebrated her birthday in high style by making basket after basket.

Harwich was the next adversary. We played there on the night of January 27. The game was very stirring. Everyone was given a chance to play and displayed the best of her ability. The game ended with the score 38-8 in favor of Provincetown.

Orleans came to Provincetown on the night of February 1, only to be defeated for the first time in the season. The girls of Provincetown played a very rousing game, the score being 11-4 in our favor.

On February 10, the Orange and Black were defeated at Hyannis, but, not until a hard-fought game had been played, leaving the score 17-6.

Excellent pass work was displayed in the return Chatham game, held at Chatham on February 16. This proved to be very lively. The Cape Tippers doubled the score of their opponents, making it 30-15.

The basketball season ended with the home game with Harwich, on March 10. This was a very fast game indeed! To celebrate the clos-

ing of the season, the score was raised to the high point of 35, while that of their opponent stopped at 6.

The "Lower Cape Champ Hoopsters" are greatly indebted to the patience and good counsel of their Coach, Miss Constance Lowney for their successful season. At the basketball banquet given by the captain, Elizabeth DeRiggs, Coach Lowney was presented with a vanity case with her name engraved on the cover, the gift of the girl's varsity team.

Unfortunately, we are losing our "all Cape Guard," Phyllis Burhoe, this year. Her presence along with that of Ida Roderick, Marion Gibbs, Katherine MacFarlane will be missed.

Elizabeth DeRiggs has been re-elected captain of the varsity of the coming year. Her success as a player was due to her speed and shiftiness. Many of the victories can be traced to her cool-headed generalship when the struggle was hard. Keep it up, "Betty!"

Dolores Rogers '34

BASEBALL

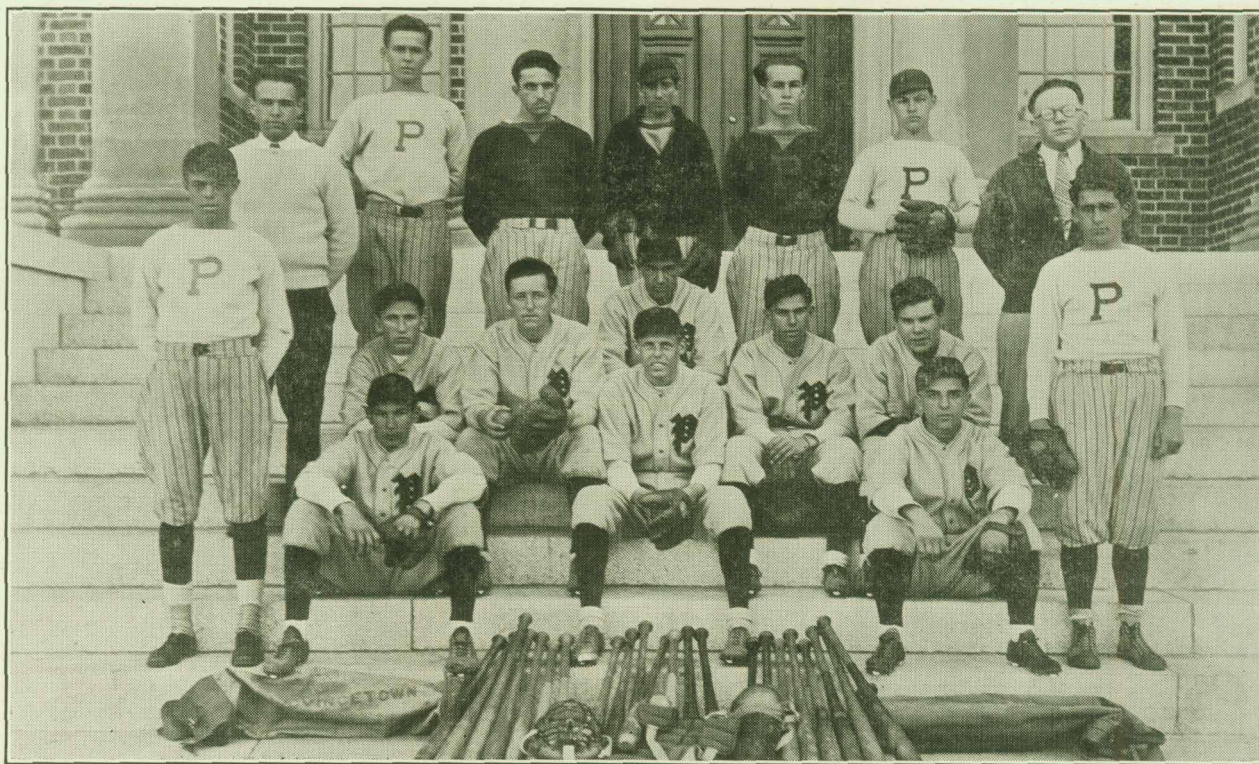
Provincetown High's baseball team, winners of the lower Cape Cod championship last season, return to the diamond wars this spring with strong aggregation of veteran ball players, fortified with a goodly amount of new material from which Coach Ramey, will be able to build a club that will undoubtedly make a strong bid for another championship.

Thirty candidates answered the initial call for practice. All the varsity men of the 1932 club were on hand, together with men of less experience. Coach Ramey, looking for hitters with which to build a slugging team, concentrated on batting practice at the first few sessions.

Battery men worked out indoors for the first two weeks under the tutelage of Coach Ramey, who has turned out several star pitchers in other schools where he has coached.

Hector Allen, captain of this year's team and ace hurler for the past two seasons, is the most promising candidate for the pitcher's job. Malchman also tried for a pitcher's berth, having the advantage of being a left-hander.

Bent and Silva caught the pitchers in the gym. These two promise to wage a merry battle for the job behind the plate.



BASEBALL

Standing: Anthony Rhoda, Thomas Rivard, Hubert Summers, William Fratus, Herman Janard, Joseph Roderick, Hernaldo Kelley, Mr. Alton E. Ramey, Coach, Joseph Gregory

Second Row: William Tasha, LeRoy Bent, Leonard Tavers, John Corea, Arthur Malchman

First Row: Anthony Santos, Hector Allen, Captain, Clinton Tirrell

Provincetown got off to a flying start in their first encounter, journeying to Wellfleet to trounce the home team, 21-2. The game was called off after seven innings of play when the Wellfleet coach realized the strength of the Provincetown aggregation. Bent led the attack with three hits, with Tasha, Tirrell, and Malchman getting two apiece. Malchman started on the mound for Provincetown with Bent finishing the last three innings in commendable style.

Provincetown next met Brewster playing again on foreign soil. Allen on the mound was superb for Coach Ramey's boys, hooking up in what looked like a pitcher's duel. This view was speedily changed, however, when the Provincetown boys broke out with a barrage of hits to sew up the ball game in the fourth inning. Tirrell and George Silva cracked out three hits each, with two of Tirrell's going for extra bases. Malchman finished up the hurling

duties for Provincetown pitching the last three innings. The final score read, 12-2.

We can foretell confidently that the coming baseball season will be as successful as that of last year's for the prospects of the future are certainly bright for Provincetown High School!

A. Malchman '34

TRACK

Those who competed in the track meet at Hyannis on May 27 threw themselves into the events with the same zest and spirit which brought them second place in the meet last year.

Sorely missing Stillman Roach, Cape Cod's "fastest human", who was forced to the side lines by the age restriction, Provincetown High School nevertheless gave a very creditable account of itself, taking second place in a field of six teams, with twelve points.

Roach, who in the two preceding years had

been a veritable one-man track team, was in a measure replaced by Clinton Tirrell, who tied Roach's record in the one hundred dash with 10 3-5 seconds.

Besides winning the hundred yard event in record time, Tirrell took a second in the 220 yard race, and a second for his team in the relay

The duel between Tirrell and Ungerman, Barnstable High's entry in the sprints, was one of the high lights of the afternoon. On the hundred yard dash, Tirrell forced his rival to take second place. In the 220 yard run Ungerman reversed the situation and forced Provincetown's man to take second.

The two met again in the relay race. Both were running anchor for their respective teams. Tirrell took the baton from his number three man about a half-dozen strides behind Ungerman, who was given this substantial lead by his

teammates in the event. Tirrell showed a burst of speed and passed the leader. Coming into the home stretch, Ungerman, showing his superior experience, cut in front of Tirrell and held the position until he had crossed the line—a winner.

Leroy Bent took second place in the discus throwing contest. His performance is noteworthy since it was the first time he had ever tried to throw the heavy disc.

The other Provincetown point-winner was John Williams, who finished third in the grueling 440 yard race.

Hernaldo Kelley, running in the hundred yard dash, took two second places in the trials and semi-finals. In the finals, he did not have enough reserve strength left to place. Kelley, only a sophomore, will bear watching next year.

A. Malchman '34



SUMMER

See the glory of the sunshine!
Hear the singing of the robin—
See the wild flowers in their beauty—
Hear the brooks so gaily singing!
Soon will come the balmy summer,
Come the hot, the sultry summer,
And the world will then be happy,
For the fragrance of the flowers,
For the singing of the songbirds,
Crowds will throng the beach and seashore
To enjoy the cool sea-breezes.
Crowds will throng the woods and forests
To escape the scorching heat rays
And the world will all rejoice in
Glory of the heat of summer.

Anthony Roda '35

* * * *

Mary had a mule
It followed her to school
The teacher, like a fool
Went up behind the mule
And hit it with a rule—
And there wasn't any school!

Bro and Sul

Did you ever stop to think
When the world looks blue
And all your thoughts are black as ink
And no one seems kind to you
When petty phrases irritate
And all benevolence turns to hate
That after all, as like as not
It's probably you that's not so hot?

Joe O'Brien

* * * *

By the time you say you're his
Shivering and sighing,
And he vows his passion is
Infinite, undying,
Lady, make a note of this
One of you is lying.

Thomas Kane '33

* * * *

"Now", said the super salesman, "this instrument will turn green if the liquor is good red if it's bad."
"Sorry, but I'm color blind," apologized the prospect. "Got anything with a gong on it?"



ALUMNI



1928

Elizabeth Meads is a graduate nurse at Whidden Memorial Hospital, Everett.

Grace Goveia graduated from the Women's Institute at Springfield, June 1932.

Viola Silva is teaching in Provincetown.

Anna Boatman has completed a course in nursing at St. Luke's Hospital, New Bedford.

Morris Snow is employed at The First National Bank.

Charles Mayo graduated from Dartmouth College, June 1932.

1929

Richard Atkins is a mechanic at Cornell Garage.

Leonard Days is continuing his studies at the Massachusetts General Hospital.

Joseph Lema has a position at Nelson's Market, Provincetown.

Mary C. Lewis will graduate in June from Bridgewater State Teachers' College.

Isaiah Turner is attending Rhode Island State College.

Alphonso Wager is employed at the Fisherman's Market, Provincetown.

Arthur Brown, Eleanor Johnson, Nathan Malchman, and Margaret O'Neill are studying at Boston University.

1930

Anna M. Days will graduate this June from Hyannis Teachers' College.

Katherine E. Young is at home this year after graduating from Mt. Ida School, Newton.

Barbara Taylor is studying at Hyannis Teacher's College.

Joseph Sears has completed a course in nursing at Massachusetts General Hospital.

James Corderio is employed at Nelson's Grocery Store, Provincetown.

Madelyn C. Sants is employed in New York City.

Adeline C. Joseph is training at Massachusetts General Hospital.

Bertha D. Edwards is employed at Wellesley College as an assistant dietitian.

Cora Francis has recently completed a course at Bryant and Stratton Business College.

1931

Stanley Batt is in the service of the Coast Guard at Cahoon's Hollow, Wellfleet.

Robert Cabeen is a freshman at the University of Maine.

Stanley Chapman is employed at the Western Union office, Provincetown.

Emily Dearborn has just completed a course at Bryant and Stratton Business College.

Alice Lewis is taking a course in nursing at St. Luke's Hospital, New Bedford.

Lawrence Malchman is attending Boston University Business School.

Mary Ramos is training at the New England Hospital in Roxbury.

Mary Roberts is a sophomore at Bridgewater State Teachers' College.

Churchill Smith is attending Bryant and Stratton Business College.

Christina Souza has a position as bookkeeper at Cape Cod Garage, Provincetown.

Richard H. Slade has completed his studies at Kent Hill Academy, Maine.

1932

Mary Ameral is a telephone operator in Provincetown.

Dorothy Andrews is employed as bookkeeper at the Chevrolet Garage of this town.

Manuel Coelho is a clerk in the local A & P Store.

Margaret Croteau is employed at the Advocate Gift Shop.

Mary Days has become a first class beauty culturist at the Harbor Vanity Shop.

Thomas Edwards is continuing his studies at St. Francis College, in Loretto, Pa.

Mary Ferreira is working at the Highland House, North Truro.

Irene Lewis is a freshman at Hyannis Teacher's College.

Mildred O'Neill is attending Boston University.

Mary L. Santos is a freshman at Bridgewater State Teacher's College.

Barbara Wolff is a freshman at Simmons College.

Virginia Corea '34



EXCHANGE



"The Sea Chest"

Nantucket High School,
Nantucket Island, Massachusetts

"The Log" is a most interesting and brilliant idea. Your literary department and editorials are almost fascinating and show hard work and concentration.

"The Killonian"

Kellingly High School,
Danielson, Connecticut

Your book, which is well arranged, contains good material throughout. We especially liked your amusing school history. Your "Corridor Chatter" was also prominent in the talent exhibited.

"Blue and White Banner"

Putnam High School
Putnam, Connecticut

Your Spring Issue shows remarkable improvement over your November number. "A Tale of the Frozen North" was a great story. We were sorry when we came to the last paragraph.

"The Centralite"

South Huntington, N. Y.

Your interesting editorial department must have encouraged the students to try more literary work, for it had exceptionally fine qualities. The cartoons in the joke department gave us good ideas for future use.

"The Reflector"

Lennant, Iowa

For a small group of students your book contained excellent material. The "Class Prophecy" was especially enjoyable.

"The Salt Shaker"

Saltsburg High School
Saltsburg, Pennsylvania

Your students should feel rewarded for their efforts when they read the results in their book. The article on "Christmas Thoughts" was deeply impressive.

"Oxon Life"

Cambridge, Massachusetts

Your magazine as a whole was very interesting and certainly worth while reading, being instructive as well as entertaining.

"The Exponent"

Greenfield High School
Greenfield, Massachusetts

"The Exponent" contains many original and interesting ideas and shows the effort and time put into the writing up of the material.

"The Signboard-Bay Institute"

Springfield, Massachusetts

Your book is very appropriately named, for it is certainly a symbol which illustrates the talent of your student body.



It is not required of every man and woman to be or do something great. Most of us must content ourselves with taking small parts in the chorus as far as possible without discord.

It is the little bits of things that fret and worry us; we can dodge an elephant, but we can't a fly.

He kept his tears to himself, but shared his laughter.

OPPORTUNITY—thinks the lazy man—is like fishing. The big ones always get away.

A man's wealth is the good he does in the world to his fellowmen. When he dies people ask; "What property has he left behind? But the angels who examine him will ask: "What good deeds hast thou sent before thee?"

The best way to look at life is with a little humor, a lot of pity, a ceaseless curiosity, a love of beauty and a sense of comradeship with all men.

Henry Van Dyke
Doris Ferreira '35



HUMOR



I can't imagine:—

Cecelia Santos as a school teacher
Skeeter Allen in love
Ethel Jason boy-crazy
Barb Roach studying
Goldie Tirrell unpopular
Rebecca Comee as an old maid
Virginia Stahl as a taxi-dancer
Alice Oliver acting unsophisticated
Johnnie Corea putting on the Ritz
Tommie Kane loving anyone but himself
Philip Merriss with his hair slicked back
June LeClair as a nun
Catherine MacFarlane looking sophisticated
Anthony Perry with a dirty face
Johnnie Williams taking a girl to a dance
Joe Collinson in the movies
Nicky Swords as president
Curtis Johnson serenading under a balcony
Genevieve Perry being boisterous
Leona Leonard without Stanley (Buddy)
Batt
Etta Souza wearing a hair ribbon
Rene Crocker not laughing
Lawrence Caton growing tall
Joseph Roderick as a famous orator
Margaret Souza running wild
Clara Watson disliking the opposite sex
Carol Thompson acting dignified
Mildred Burch flirting
Phyllis Burhoe as a ballet dancer
Ruth Connor coming to school more than
twice a week
Marion Gibbs being quiet for five minutes
Ida Roderick without Genevieve Perry
Louise Moore without glasses
Isabel D'Entremont with straight hair
Joe O'Brien in church (or school)
Thomas Rivard doing the dance of the Seven
Veils
Bill Fratus stealing Rudy Vallee's admirers
Lloyd Atwood reciting in class.

June LeClair '33
Catherine MacFarlane '33

* * * *

No rewards are offered for finding fault.

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

Dear Dr. Heartbalm:

I am attempting to cop all the boys in my class, but I lose them as fast as I get them. I am considered (by a few) to be the most popular girl in school. I have tried to rope in a cute little red-headed boy by the name of Snicky Mords. I pronounce French perfectly; therefore, I am perfectly set socially. How can I attain more appeal?

Blara Wartson

Dear Miss Wartson:

Pink tooth brush is a nasty word on the end of your cigarette. Throw it away and get a green one.

Dr. Heartbalm

Dear Dr. Heartbalm:

I am confronted with a most perplexing problem. I am in love with the star athlete named Boldie in our class, and, although I am young and sweet, he seems to shun my inconspicuous approaches.

I am considered by my friends to be really good looking and I consider my resemblance to a certain actress very significant. Now tell me faithfully, my dear Dr. Heartbalm, what are my deficiencies? I am waiting patiently.

Ida Rockbound

Dear Miss Rockbound:

First of all, may I ask you freely, have you considered your adam's apple?

Dr. Heartbalm

Dear Dr. Heartbalm:

I can't get around fast enough when out of town boys arrive. Although I am superior in the application of cosmetics, and wash my face daily with Drano instead of Lifebuoy and am very modern in my choice of apparel, I am for some reason or other ignored by the opposite sex. Could you please explain this coldness?

June La Chair

Dear Miss La Chair:

I interpret your cause to laxness. You probably need a tensile stimulant. I suggest rock lime diluted in the drainings from a 1923 Model "T".

Dr. Heartbalm

To be, or not to be: That is the question:
Whether t'is nobler for the feet to suffer
The pains of walking to Algebra class,
Or to arm against biology books of trouble,
And by opposing, end them. To die: to sleep;
Once more; and by sleep to say we don't end
The heart-aches and thousand natural shocks
The teachers give us. To die, to sleep;
To sleep in study hall. Ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may
come,

When we have gathered our thoughts of school,
And end them in the fire: There's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life;
For who would bear the tangled ropes and cross-
eyed bars of gym,

The instructor's wrong, the proud lady's com-
mand,

The verb forms of French, the key board of
typewriters,

The patience of studying the Dictionary,
When he himself knows more than them all?
And when he might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
(Perhaps the study of physiology or zoology)
The undiscovered country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to oologies that we know not of?

Doris Ferreira '35

* * * *

FOR FRESHMAN ONLY

Can't you think:

What handsome male teacher Jan Earle
admires?

Whose hero Robert Hannum is?

What teacher is loved by the Truro girls?

Who Vivian Joseph's ardent senior admirer
is?

Whom Dorothy Small misses in orchestra
practice?

What girl has Leland Perry's admiration?

Why Patricia Cass likes her fourth period
class?

What sophomore more than likes Margaret
Roberts?

Why Arch Johnston pines so much?

What boy is excited over Jean Roderick?

Why Mr. Leyden is liked by all the freshman?

Jane V. Stahl '36

What would happen if:—

Reginald Perry grew.

Frances Veara didn't roll her eyes

Nobody liked Clara Watson

Phil Merriss missed the bus.

Kelly got another girl.

Mr. Perry fell off his chair again.

Four Flee-footed Freshmen didn't go together

Genevieve Perry became unsophisticated.

Ida Roderick forgot to cheer at games.

Tarvers reformed.

Patricia Cass ever ran out of alibis

Rebecca Comee possessed dignity.

Ethel Jason accepts this.

Anyone reads this.

"The Four Fleet-Footed Freshmen"

* * * *

SCHOOLBOY BLUES

Algebra gives me a pain,

The tax is too great on my brain.

When PI-R-Square-Z

Equals X minus T

It's enough to drive me insane.

Latin I do not adore,

English I find quite a bore.

French is a curse,

Spanish is worse,

And Greek makes me sink through the floor.

At History I'm very annoyed,

Physics I try to avoid.

At spelling I'm rotten,

My Trig, I've forgotten,

And Chem. I have never enjoyed.

Joe O'Brien

* * * *

HOW TO BEGIN A NEW DAY

Never mind what has been, remember that
every morning begins a new day—a day of fresh
endeavor, a day that may and should be filled
with hope and gladness. Don't add to your
blunders by condemning yourself too harshly
for your errors and short-comings. Better folks
than you have made worse mistakes and bigger
failures. Forgive yourself as fully and freely
as you would forgive someone else and go
cheerfully, leaving the shadows of regret behind

* * * *

Lucas: "Ma, what's the idea makin' me sleep
on the mantelpiece every night?"

Mrs. Lucas: "Hush, sonny, you only have to
sleep there two more weeks and then
your picture will be in "Believe it or not."

Wouldn't it be Strange if:—

Cecilia were **Sanheels** instead of Santos.
 Marion were **Takes** instead of **Gibbs** (gives)
 June were **LeFonce** instead of Le **Claire**
 Catherine were **MacNearlane** instead of Mac-
Farlane
 Isabel were **D'Ouvremont** instead of **D'En-**
tremont
 Ida were **Polerick** instead of **Roderick**
 Elizabeth were **Valley** instead of **Hill**
 Joe were **Shoutinmoon** instead of **Collinson**
 Lloyd were **Towood** instead of **Atwood**.
 Rene were **Jugger** instead of **Crocker**.
 John were **Won'tiams** instead of **Williams**.
 Clara were **Moleson** instead of **Watson**.
 Carol were **Thompdaughter** instead of
Thompson.
 Lawrence were **Caounce** instead of **Caton**.
 Ruth were **Pronor** instead of **Connor**.
 Alice were **Noniver** instead of **Oliver**.
 "Barb" were **Beetle** instead of **Roach**.
 Mildred were **Pine** instead of **Burch**.
 John were **Seedea** instead of **Corea**.
 "Bill" were **Peacetus** instead of **Fratius**.
 "Nicky" were **Daggers** instead of **Swords**.
 Louise were **Meadow** instead of **Moore**.
 Phyllis were **Briarspade** instead of **Burhoe**.
 Virginia were **Stable** instead of **Stahl**.

Leona Leonard '33

Ethel Jason '33

* * * *

Mr. Perry: (Examining Atwood's thesis paper):
 "If you put a personal touch in it, your
 paper would be better."

Atwood's next thesis ended as follows: And
 by the way, teacher, could you lend me two
 bits?"

* * * *

HERE'S A TIP FOR YOU

We all have friends whom we love dearly and
 endeavor to impress. By the following sayings
 that I have either read or learned from experi-
 ence, you may be helped as I have in making
 new friends and keeping the old.

* * * *

Mr. Nassi: "Your son is making good progress
 with his violin. He is beginning to play
 quite nicely."

Goldie's mother: "Do you really think so? We
 were afraid we'd merely gotten used to
 it."

I can't see why a hist'ry class
 Is started in the fall
 And kept thru ten long winter months
 When it's no use at all!
 Who cares if old Balboa
 First saw the Western coast
 I'd give more praise to the guy who thought
 Of having a hot dog roast.
 I know about one hist'ry date;
 I know who won the war.
 The rest I'd better not relate,
 'Cause I don't know much more.
 The Civil War was not so bad—
 At least there was some action—
 But there seem to be just years and years
 That offer no attraction.
 The hist'ry course could be much worse
 With outlines, maps and things,
 So let's just struggle thru this year,
 And see what next year brings.

Virginia Lee Stahl

* * * *

Miss Kelley (to Carol): "Carol, I don't want
 to be harsh—"

Carol: "Yes, Miss Kelley?"

Miss Kelley: "I wish you would not write letters
 to your boy friend when you are working
 in the principal's office. Last week,
 Wright and Ditson received love and
 kisses instead of the check for baseball
 uniforms."

* * * *

Clara: (at first football game) "What are they
 going to do now?"

Caton: "The halfback is going to kick off."

Clara: "My goodness, why don't they call a
 doctor?"

* * * *

The freshman stood on the burning deck
 Without the least concern.
 For the heat he didn't care a heck;
 He was too green to burn.

* * * *

Joan: "I was in a terrible fix yesterday."

John: "Yeah, how was that?"

Joan: "I had to save O'Brien from drowning
 when he was teaching me how to swim."

* * * *

Mr. Leyden: "Who broke the window, Days?"
 Days: "Tarvers—but it was Silva's fault—he
 ducked."

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