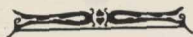


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LONG POINTER STAFF



LONG POINTER STAFF

First row, left to right: Lloyd Jonas, Leland Perry, Margaret Roberts, Remigio Roda, Anna Enos, Doris Ramos, Ruth Jason, Kathleen Medeiros.

Second row, left to right, Miss Louise Finnell, supervisor; Reginald Perry, Vivian Joseph, Lucille Santos, Adeline Reis, Emily Rivers, Arlene Silva, Virginia Roderick.

Last row, left to right: Jane Stahl, Joseph Andrews, Marguerite Caton, Helen Silva, John Snow, Kendall Cass.

Editor-in-Chief

Remigio Roda

Literary

Margaret Roberts, Anna Enos,
Doris Ramos, Arlene Silva

Senior

Leland Perry, Ruth Jason, Kathleen Medeiros

Social

Helen Silva, Virginia Roderick,
Emily Rivers, Arlene Silva

Sports

Joseph Andrews, Jane Stahl

Alumni

Marguerite Caton, Adeline Reis

Humor

Reginald Perry, Vivian Joseph

Art

Lucille Santos

Business Managers

Lloyd Jonas, John Snow, Kendall Cass



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Joseph Roderick

Track

Coach
Mr. David J. Murphy

Girls' Basketball

Coach
Captain
Miss Constance A. Lowney
Vivian Joseph

CLASS OFFICERS

Class of '36

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Leland Perry
Eleanor Burch
Lloyd Jonas
Mr. William Riley
President
Vice-President
Secretary
Treasurer
Class Advisor

Class of '37

Philip Hannum
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President
Vice-President
Secretary
Treasurer
Advisor

Class of '38

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Advisor

STUDENT COUNCIL

Margaret Roberts
Adeline Reis
President
Secretary

*Deceased



EDITORIALS



THE LONG POINTER

The Long Pointer represents the combined efforts of the whole of Provincetown High School in an endeavor to present to the public-at-large a clear conception of the type of training which is given to students of P. H. S. The keynote of the Long Pointer is co-operation—a fine type of co-operation which places the value of the unity a great deal higher than that of individual achievement. This fine feeling pervades the atmosphere of the yearbook and is indispensable in the production of a book of superior quality. The tireless work of teachers and pupils has been solidified into a compact unity, the Long Pointer, to provide a magazine which will delight the hearts of the purchasers in years to come.

The Long Pointer, since its transition from a periodically published book to an annual publication, has progressed in leaps and bounds until now it has the universal commendation of all who read it. It is with great pride that the editorial staff of the 1936 Long Pointer presents its contribution to the world of journalism.

In years to come the Long Pointer will be a treasured source of pleasure to those who have left the comparative joy of high school life to struggle with the trials and tribulations of the outside world.

The beautiful cuts and the cosmopolitan literary section enable practically everyone in the school to have a share in the editing of the Long Pointer, thereby furthering the attempt to reach the goal of perfect co-operation.

If you have not contributed to the Long Pointer, you may do your bit by promoting the sale of it. The extra-large Alumni department will be of interest to all graduates of P. H. S. The Long Pointer staff wishes at this time to give thanks to everyone who has helped in the least way to make this book a success. We wish to extend our best wishes to the 1937 editorial staff and we hope that they will have a fine, prosperous publication.

Remigio Roda, '36.

IN MEMORIAM

The Long Pointer staff tenderly offers this humble paragraph in tribute to our late Superintendent of Schools, Mr. Carlton E. Wheeler. Although Mr. Wheeler had been with us less than a year, his kind words and friendly actions had endeared him to everyone who was brought into contact with him. His unexpected death was a distinct shock to the school. He will not soon be forgotten, for he was dear to the hearts of all who knew him—the late Superintendent of Schools, Mr. Carlton E. Wheeler.

SPORTSMANSHIP

Sportsmanship is an essential factor in a personality nowadays. It reflects your character. Articles have been written on what this word really means, and debates have been held to argue this point. You can look up the word in dictionaries and say to yourself, "Well, I think I have a pretty good idea of what sportsmanship means now;" but you haven't. Print can't tell you what it is. By this I mean it will not really interpret its true meaning. You have to see it in some person. In one way, it means playing every game of life fairly by winning with a good word for the losing side, and losing with a smile. Simply winning the game doesn't count.

Your athletic team will be remembered for the way it played the game. Coaches could talk all the day long to hammer sportsmanship into the players' heads, but you have to practice it to get it in you. Sportsmanship does not end on the athletic field, but goes right through life with you. Every day you have a chance to show that you are a good sport. You usually find that good sports are popular, welcomed by everybody, and respected by older folks. Everybody has the opportunity to become a good sport. Are you a person who exhibits good sportsmanship?

Emily Rivers, '38.

PUBLIC SPEAKING

The art of speaking freely and easily before a cosmopolitan group should be cultivated by every student in the school. In this machine age of bustle and activity there is no place for the shy, retiring, wall-flower type of person. Especially to the young people is proficiency in speech profitable. Young men and women, thrust into the cold, hard surroundings of the business world from a sheltered home cannot all have friends who will make an easy path for them. They must be able to advertise themselves freely.

Practice in public speaking inevitably increases one's working vocabulary—a great asset in itself. The student is given a feeling of self-confidence which will aid him considerably in speaking with prominent people.

No particular course in public speaking is given in the Provincetown High School, but the art is stressed in the English and Social Science courses. The Junior Declamation Contest also is a fine thing because it awakens lively interest in public speaking by offering a tangible reward.

There is an opportunity for every pupil in the high school to engage in this profitable art. If he works persistently, participates in classroom debates, and frequently addresses the school in assembly programs, he will find that the reward will take care of itself.

Remigio Roda, '36.

EDUCATION

In my opinion, education is very advantageous. In any field of business, advancement depends upon the ability of a person to do his work. A competent, well educated man or woman can obtain a promotion by presenting superior service in any position, no matter what it is. Usually, attention is attracted by good work. A person who does his work well demonstrates his ability to handle a better position. Seeing how well he works, the employer, for his own advantage, will give him a better position. People who have developed their talents, taken advantage of their opportunities, and continued their self-education usually receive the reward of leadership, success, and independence.

Emily Rivers, '38.

BASKETBALL CANDIDATES

There is much to be said for the loyalty of the girls in attending the basketball games. There is little, however, to praise in the number of candidates who try out for the team. At the first of the season, there are usually about fifteen girls at practice. As soon as the games begin, however, and some find themselves not on the first team, enthusiasm dies down and the squad is reduced to about ten faithful players. Every girl who enjoys basketball should go to practice. There are very few girls who are selected for the first team the first year. Practically all the players on the first team have been out for practice for at least two years and thus are trained for this position. Even in the smaller schools on the Cape, the squads almost always exceed that of Provincetown in number. That means that each one of their players has competed for her place on the team. It means that each girl on the squad has a loyalty for her school and is proud of being on the squad. This spirit is necessary to the success of any team. I certainly hope that next year will find fewer girls watching the game and more playing it.

Jane Stahl, '36.

AMBITION

Ambition should be unlimited. As one ambition is realized it should be supplanted by another. If one has reached his main ambition and has no other, true, he has attained something, but that attainment should not mean that the rest of his life be devoid of working toward a goal. The goal should be set higher and higher. Suppose the ambition itself is so high as to be unattainable. How much else is attained while trying to reach that goal! Ambition is the most powerful, compelling force in life. It calls forth steady work on a definite plan. Without it, each person would be content in whatever conditions he found himself at the outset of life. There cannot be too much of a good thing, in this case, the will to strive.

Janice Earl, '36.



LITERARY



“THE ESCAPE ARTIST”

Secret Operator Z-29 of the Imperial Japanese army was a captive. Dressed in a well cut evening suit, he sat expressionless in his cell. His immaculate clothing seemed definitely alien in the must and dirt of the wretched prison. The Japanese operator was to be shot as a spy, per order of General Wung Lato, the officer in charge of the Chinese forces defending Kirasho. It had all come about by one little slip when Z-29 entered the Kirasho Hotel. Even he wasn't sure just what that slip had been, but nevertheless, scores of Chinese guards had swarmed over him a minute after his entry. He had put up a grim battle, killing or maiming about a dozen by Jiu-Jitsu. The odds had been too great, however, and he was soon marched to prison where an hour later he was brought his death sentence by an orderly. They were taking no chances, for the Chinese knew his skill at escapes.

Foot-steps in the hall were followed by a rattle of keys at the door and a voice said:

“Come out slowly. The General wishes a word with you before your execution.”

Z-29 moved out to be surrounded by a squad of Chinese soldiers with bayonets “fixed”. They feared him even in their majority against him. They knew the master mind that lay beneath his black, shiny, back-slicked hair. They shuddered when his piercing dark eyes fell upon them, for they had heard tales of this man who could battle a dozen men at once and whom no prison could hold. They knew well the fighting demon that lay within this square-shouldered military man, who walked with all the grace and litheness of a panther. Consequently the Secret Operator stayed within a wall of glistening points, even when brought before Wung Lato.

“It is but customary that you be allowed a final word,” began the General. “I know you have possessed yourself of valuable information regarding our military functions. I realize also that you have still more valuable information concerning the Japanese tactics. However, I

believe that there is no method for extracting information from men of your caliber, especially when one of them is a stubborn Japanese dog. You die in one hour. Have you any remarks?”

This speech was followed by a disgusted snort of disdain from the depths of the General's innards. Meanwhile Z-29 stood motionless, staring the Chinese square in the face until that personage was forced to drop his eyes.

The answer came back to the General in perfect Chinese. “No word, Lato. I only say that I am indebted to you for your bequest of the privilege to die while in the service of the Japanese Imperial Army and in the duty of my country.”

“Pah!” exclaimed the General. “So you sling me your Japanese courtesy in my own tongue. Why I—” He never finished, for he was interrupted by the rattle of the door and all turned to follow his startled gaze. Every one in the room, including Z-29, stared at the creature who stood in the doorway. Hair grimy and muddy, shirt and breeches torn, glaring eyes staring from a red horror-stricken face, it was the wreck of a Chinese private. He staggered a few steps and then choked out, “Gas—gas—poison gas—the—the—the whole town will be—(gulp)—they'll all be killed. It's gas, sir. It's coming from the other side of town, from within our own lines.” There followed a fit of violent coughing, after which he continued, “Green gas—green—green—gas—oooh!” Thereupon the private collapsed on a settee near the door.

“Well?” the Chinese General looked questioningly at the Japanese Agent. “What do you know about this? Tell me. You stubborn Katusha, you will probably keep your uncivil tongue in your head.”

“I am sorry to disappoint you,” spoke the Japanese, “but on the contrary, I know all there is to know about it. In fact it's my idea. It's like this. When I set out across the lines I left certain orders with my men. Previous to my departure, about two weeks to be exact, several tanks of this deadly green gas were

smuggled deep into your territory. Their valves are operated by remote control. I knew there is always a chance of capture and I feared that you would be inquisitive, so I provided a means of sure escape. I was supposed to be back last night. Now if you had been foolish enough to try to torture information out of me, I would only have to hold out until now. The fact that several thousand unarmed citizens are wiped out is insignificant when the Japanese army's success is at stake. The wind is just right and the radio beams have evidently been turned on. The gas is slowly billowing towards us and we shall soon die."

"But the thousands of civilians—must they die? Many are women and children. Can't I do anything?" The General was getting excited.

This was just the question Z-29 had been working towards. His well-formed plan of escape was already fixed in his mind. Slowly he answered, "Yes, I can save them. Release me with a pass to return over my own lines. I will have the gas stopped and telegraph you the whereabouts of the tanks that they may be destroyed. Answer me; do you value the life of one Japanese spy above the lives of thousands of your own people? Is it not your duty to protect the inhabitants of this town?"

The General did not answer, but hastily scribbled a note, handed it to Z-29, gave an order in Chinese to the soldiers, and said, "Hurry. This escort will protect you and deliver you to your own lines. I free you now, but all the gods of heaven and earth won't be able to help you if you ever fall into my hands again."

"Thank you. I give you my word as a Japanese that the gas attack will never reach this town. I also give you best wishes for military success. Again I say 'thank you' for your bounteous generosity." With this the Japanese spy saluted, sharply clicking his heels as he did so, about-faced, and with his escort vanished through the hall door. Thus General Wung Lato released the most clever and most dangerous spy in existence.

A few hours after the spy had left, Wung Lato stood anxiously peering through the window, fearful lest the "gas" be approaching. He whirled at a mumbled curse behind him. The forgotten "gassed" private was sitting up. He coughed twice, the second cough being followed

by a violent hiccough. Then raising himself on one elbow he pulled a whiskey bottle from his pocket, drained a few drops from it, and then promptly keeled over into oblivion again. Lato crossed the room. One inspection confirmed his suspicions. The private was not gassed; he was drunk.

The General was brought out of his mental daze by an orderly:

"Telegram, Sir. From the Japanese lines." The bewildered Chinese read the following: to—

general wung lato,

kirasho c. m. base—4,—china.

my rebukes on your failure to recognize a drunk stop green gas not poison but new type smoke screen released for protection against jap. bombers by your chinese chemists stop your ignorance my blessing stop hearty appreciation of liberation stop cordial wishes for success stop

signed

your japanese friend.

Roaring motors sounded as Japanese bombers attacked the Chinese town. A gust of wind suddenly sent billowing clouds of greenish vapor rolling over the town and the baffled flyers soon vanished after one or two feeble attempts to pierce the screen.

"That new smoke screen came just in time, General," offered the orderly. "It was sure lucky for us."

"Mmm, still more lucky for the clever Japanese dog," mumbled Wung Lato.

"What did you say, sir?"

"Shut up and get out!" shouted the infuriated General as he bent over his desk, sputtering with chagrin.

L. Jonas, '36.

WHITE CAPS

The hospital was on the summit of a hill and the noonday sun poured through the many panes in the sun-room as Betty Whitney pushed her charge through the door. He was a small boy whose gray eyes, in contrast to the sparkling blue ones of Betty Whitney, peered dully from the muffled bandages about his face.

"Why do I have to go back yet? It isn't time to eat, because Miss Miller isn't in the diet kitchen. Anyway, I don't want to eat."

"Why, Donald, you know your tongue would be hanging out if that bandage weren't in the way," said Miss Whitney. "Besides, young man, you've got to have that dressing changed before lunch."

By this time they had arrived at room 217 and Miss Whitney promptly had Donald under the covers. Then she went out with the wheelchair and returned with fresh bandages.

Of course, a freshman could not change a dressing, so Betty was relieved by a senior and went to help serve lunch. It came in steam tables from the main kitchen up to the diet kitchens on each floor. Betty went down the long, white corridor with tray after tray. She moved silently on her rubber-soled shoes. Then she answered bells steadily for about two hours, bringing a hot-water bottle to one patient, an ice-bag to another. At three her eyes didn't sparkle quite so much as they had at twelve, and her feet began to drag.

Miss Miller, the floor nurse, called her to the desk. "Get 210 ready immediately. There's an emergency coming in. And Miss Whitney, don't let me find a wrinkle in that bed. You haven't had three weeks of bed-making for nothing."

Betty hurried and was just putting on the pillow-case when she saw from the window the long, white ambulance coming swiftly up the hill. She went down to the ambulance entrance to meet the stretcher and incidentally, the patient on it, who was a short woman suffering with acute appendicitis. She smiled wanly at Betty who said, "I'm Miss Whitney and I'm to take care of you until your special nurse arrives."

She had already begun pushing the rubber-tired stretcher to the elevator.

"When are they going to take it out?" the woman asked.

"Just as soon as I get you ready," said Betty.

They arrived at 210 simultaneously with a young interne, Dr. Marsh, who took down the case history of the patient (who turned out to be Mrs. Helen Jackson). As soon as Dr. Marsh had gone, Betty gave Mrs. Jackson a hypodermic. It was the first one she had been allowed to give without supervision and she felt very proud of her careful work for she had seen many older nurses jab a patient carelessly. Mrs. Jackson's special nurse arrived just after Betty had lifted the rather heavy Mrs. Jackson back onto the stretcher. Her arms ached as

did her feet, which had been going steadily ever since she had come on duty.

It was time now to take temperatures and pulses, so Betty made her rounds, marking each temperature and pulse on the chart at the foot of each bed. The fluctuations on some charts showed improvement of the patients, while others showed a loss in strength. After Betty had taken twenty-five temperatures and held twenty-five wrists two minutes each, she answered bells again, squeezed oranges, shook pillows and, more important, cheered each patient by her smile or sympathetic word. "I'd make a fine nurse," she thought, "if I got cross just because I was tired, when the man in 205 can whistle even though he has lost his left hand in a sawing-machine."

At last six o'clock came and Betty Whitney was relieved by her friend, Ruth Allen, a strapping red-haired girl who fairly crackled when she walked, so stiffly starched was her uniform.

"Well, Betty, you look like you'd been through the clothes wringer. Did you have an extra hard day?"

"No worse than usual and I'm not through yet. I've got a lecture on anatomy at seven and then a class in professional ethics."

"Cheer up. There's another day coming."

"Yes, that's what I'm afraid of," Betty said. "It may be another day just like this. If I could do something else, I'd leave this in a minute. At least I think I would."

Betty got through supper somehow. What was harder to do than the physical work was to try to study at the end of a long day—to goad her sleeping brain to action. One couldn't afford to lose a word of a lecture because there would be no repeating.

After class she fell into bed and slept and slept and slept. She would have a day off tomorrow because she was to go on night duty for the next week.

At four o'clock in the afternoon, the recreation room in the student nurses' dormitory was deserted except for a figure at the piano. She played remarkably well. The piece was something low and full of feeling. A couple of the nurses entered and waited until it was finished. Then one of them spoke with surprise. "Why, Betty Whitney, why didn't you tell us you could play like that? It was beautiful, really," she said.

"Did you like it? I'm glad. I didn't think

it was worth mentioning. I'm only an amateur," Betty answered.

"Amateur?" Ann Barrett said. "That gives me a swell idea. You could go on an amateur hour and win honor and glory for yourself and the hospital. That is, if you wanted to."

"I? On the radio? Gee, I certainly would go if I thought I had a chance, but—"

Ann broke in. "You will. You're going to. We're all behind you. You can count on fifty-six votes before you even start."

* * * * *

It seemed stifling in the studio. Betty was in a cold sweat.

Ruth put her hand on her shoulder. "Buck up. You'd think you were about to go through a major operation. You're going to do even better than you did when you were practicing, but you've got to keep those hands from shaking."

Betty smiled. "You're a great help, Ruth."

The program started. Finally the announcer called, "Miss Elizabeth Whitney. What do you do, Miss Whitney?"

"I am a student nurse," Betty answered.

"Well, that's interesting," he said. "I guess you nurses do a full day's hard labor."

Was there anything derogatory in his tone? If there was, what right had he to say anything at all about her hospital? Maybe she had said the work was hard, but—well—that was different.

The announcer continued. "All right, Miss Whitney. You may begin."

Betty played better than she ever had before. She loved to play and her nervousness left her as soon as she sat down at the keyboard. The audience applauded and applauded and Ruth fairly jumped out of her seat. As soon as Betty reached her, she started. "Oh, you were great—fine—even better than I expected. When do they tell you you've won?"

Betty laughed. "I haven't yet, you know, but every contestant gets a letter in a week when all the votes have come in."

At the hospital, everyone congratulated her, even Miss Wilson, the superintendent of nurses. She said warmly, "Miss Whitney, I'm certainly proud of you. You played really well and you ought to come out at the head of the lot in the voting. I know you have been thinking of giving up your training and this may prove to be your chance in another field. If

you should go—and I sincerely hope you don't—this training-school will lose a fine student. You have all the makings of a good nurse."

At last the week was up and the letter came. Betty got it from the mailbox as soon as she came off duty. A crowd of eager nurses surrounded her as she opened it with trembling fingers.

"I did. I got the most votes," Betty cried, "and I can sign a contract for six months as staff pianist at WMNO!"

"Think of it, Betty; no more getting up before dawn when you're still half asleep; no more beds to make. Now you've got your chance," Ann said.

Betty suddenly sobered.

"It's not such a bad life," she said quietly.

"You'll miss it at first, but you'll get over it," Ann answered. "Are you going to see Miss Wilson now or are you decided?"

"I've been thinking all week about what I would do if I should win the contract." She sighed. "I'll go see her now."

"Well, I must say you're pretty calm about it," Ann said, puzzled. "Aren't you glad?"

"Of course I am—very. I guess I'm just rather upset."

Betty walked slowly along the familiar white corridors. She passed door after door with flowers put outside for the night. At last she came to Miss Wilson's desk, but had to wait while Miss Wilson was installing an oxygen tent for a serious pneumonia case. She came soon and, seeing Betty, said at once, "Congratulations, Miss Whitney. I can see you have won. It's written all over your face."

"Miss Wilson, I came here intending to tender my resignation from—"

"Yes, I was expecting it," Miss Wilson interrupted.

"But—I'm not going to do it. I can't, somehow. To leave all this—I can't do it. I know I said the work was hard, but I can't leave it. It's so interesting. Why, I haven't even got inside an operating-room yet except to scrub the floor, but I'm going to. I can't remove surgical stitches yet, but I will learn."

"Miss Whitney, don't you love to play the piano?"

"Yes, I do, and I don't intend to give it up entirely. I can be a nurse and play the piano often, but I can't be a pianist and be a nurse."

"I'm glad you have decided for the hospital,

Miss Whitney," Miss Wilson said, "because not every nurse has what you have, that indefinable something which is so necessary in dealing with the sick."

* * * * *

The great day had come and Betty's heart was swelling with pride as she walked out of the auditorium with her cap, her own cap, set on her head. Her work was still hard, but even more interesting, and in her spare time she sat at the piano in the recreation room. Helping people to get better was not such a very hard job after all.

Janice Earl, '36.

A WINTER MORNING

If you would view a heavy snowfall, before the laborers and their ploughs have cut it up into paths and walks, you should step out of doors in the early morning. At a first glance everything seems to have been wrapped up in a vast sheet of white. Even the air is full of scurrying snow which strikes your face and stings your ears, making you wish for a minute that you were safe in by the fire. Recovering from this feeling, you begin to be more observant and you recognize familiar objects which peer up here and there through the snow. The air is keen and cutting, and, if you are not well protected, the cold is unbearable. A few snowbirds that have defied the cold hop about looking for seeds, and allow you to come very near. The trees are covered with ermine, and a few pickets from a neighboring fence stand up like white-capped sentinels. Smoke is now beginning to appear over the city; the snowplough bells ring out on the still air.

Georgiana Rose, '39.

SUCCESS

To me success is not measured in terms of dollars. I wish not for wealth or social prestige; I want only to understand the great art of living, and master life. I look up to success as a great clear blue cloud that floats high overhead, to be reached if one tries hard enough. When reached, the soft cloud offers peace, complete satisfaction, and contentment.

I have often heard a millionaire remark that he has reached the pinnacle of success. Oh

yes! He is successful in his way of thinking; he has money, social prestige, summer homes, yachts, private railway cars; but with all his wealth and endless pleasures he has no peace of mind; he is never contented, and no one satisfies him. His mind is like a whirl-pool, whirling and swirling. He is always seeking, seeking, seeking, for the great Unknown.

A poor laborer is successful in his way of thinking. He has a home, a wife and children. Luxuries aren't considered necessities to this man's family as they have never had the opportunity to taste the sweetness of luxuries which wealth may afford. Not having experienced the sensation of living luxuriously, they do not know what they are missing. This family has only the necessities of life. But oh, how happy they are! The master comes home at night to a contented wife and satisfied children. All is in perfect harmony.

I would change places with the laborer, but not with the millionaire, as I want contentment and peace of mind. While I remain in this "Valley of Tears" I will have to live with myself, and not all the money in the world could give me peace of mind or contentment.

Ruth Ramos, '36.

THE IRON MAN

As he stood tall, bronzed, and firm as a young oak before the raging crowd of men, it took little imagination to see why he was called "The Man of Iron." Certainly no mere statue of iron could portray such a sense of hidden strength as this man who was warm with life, whose vibrant muscles were quivering with power, and whose rigid square chin gave such a splendid example of power. His very eyes burned dark and deep with an unquenchable fire and his wonderfully formed lips were closed in one determined and unyielding line. He gave the men the impression of being calm and cool, who, knowing that he had the situation entirely in hand, was well aware of his power. But a close observer might get some impression of the conflict waging within, by watching the quivering white nostrils. Assuredly this was a man to be reckoned with, and, if one wished to keep a good hold on life, certainly not one to cross in anything—this "Man of Iron."

Ruth Francis, '38.

CALANDO

(A musical term meaning becoming calm)

The warden raised his eyes and looked around the small gray room that he was wont to call his office. Dim light forced its way past the sooty windows over the drabness of the room, emphasizing the tired silhouettes of the few pieces of furniture that stood in their accustomed places, and revealing the sordid gloom that encompassed even the careworn man who sat in the executive chair behind a battered desk littered with papers. The sad gaze traveled around the room, over the sagging file, the ragged racing prints on the wall, the sheaf of circulars before him, and traced the path worn by tired feet shuffling forth from the dark benches in the waiting room to his desk and back again.

The room out there was gray, too, with gray walls and floor, and gray benches where usually there sat a few men in gray uniforms staring fixedly at the pattern made as the iron bars cast their defiant shadows over the bit of sunlife that seeped in through one small window.

The warden sighed, and his eyes returned to the typewritten sheet that lay on his desk. This was the record of another crime. This one sheet of paper held all the information necessary soon to take a man's life. Often when his tired eyes looked at such sheets, smug in their convictions, the hopefulness of creative energy left him, and he became a mere instrument of fate, dealing out blood for blood and discouragement for hope.

With an effort he tried to divert his mind from this track that led him to despondency. Then he heard the banter and gayety that comprised a reporter's breezy entrance. He caught the steady staccato tread of a glad man, though, and was smiling when Dick Hanlow entered. Hanlow was a clean cut young man with a face devoid of all beauty but frankness and kindness. He had a debonair manner that covered one of the most alert minds journalism had. Of course, as Dick often put it, journalism had not yet recognized this genius, but "give it time."

Hanlow sank into the uncomfortable chair in front of the desk, stamped out his cigarette deliberately, and as he turned to the warden, with an eagerness very unbecoming to a blase reporter, smilingly said, "Warden, you see before you a rising young newspaperman, who

was not so long ago, a cub reporter, but now he is a real, honest to goodness journalist with his own story, his own cut, and his own angle on this Mello case. So, Warden, fire ahead." Hanlow took out his pencil and pad.

The Warden smiled his congratulations, then took up the typewritten sheet he had been contemplating and frowned.

"You haven't a very desirable story, Hanlow. It's the tale of a bum, dragged up in 'Hell's Kitchen' and thrown out to make his own living at the age of eight. This kid didn't have any education, so naturally he drifted into racketeering. He became small fry in a politician's gang, but he thought he was a big shot. The other night he got drunk and bumped off another guy in a brawl. He ran for it, but didn't get away. We picked him up down by the River and brought him to the Station House. He broke down and confessed under third degree. Now, he's waiting for the chair. There's nothing noble in this guy, Hanlow, but somehow I feel sorry for him."

Hanlow looked up quickly as the warden paused. When the reporter noticed a hesitancy in the older man's speech, he was ready to spur him on.

"That's right. Get in the human touch. Why do you feel sorry for Joe Mello?"

"It's hard to say, Dick. Mebbe it's because of his mother. She came in yesterday. We were trying to get Mello to confess to the chaplain because we aren't sure of the third degree any more, and she couldn't see him."

"His mother, you say?" Hanlow was immediately on guard for an element to bring his story to public notice. "What's she like?"

Kreel, the warden's assistant, entered and spoke in a low tone to the warden. He brightened, then turned to Hanlow.

"She's outside now, waiting to see her son. Go over into that chair by the file. It's dark over there, and if you keep quiet, you can get some description for your story." The warden went to his desk and sat waiting for Kreel to bring his visitor.

A stooped old woman entered hesitantly, and stood before the desk, a weary, despondent figure in a dull, black shawl. She seemed to bring with her an air of hopeless resignation. Her whole body drooped in sympathy with her burden. Her mouth twisted with emotion, and her creased hands caught the folds of a dull

shawl closer about her shoulders as she saw the warden ready to receive her.

"Sit down, Mrs. Mello," he said with a kind smile.

Mrs. Mello answered "I—thank" in a low, tragic voice, and sat on the chair before the desk. Her weary, upturned face, furrowed with care, held an eagerness as her eyes searched the warden's for some hint of hope. These eyes seemed to radiate a fierce courage and to light her face with a faint beam of expectancy that held her body tense; but she sat stiffly, uncomfortably. Her gnarled hands kept rising from the folds of the heavy black skirt to a small gold crucifix that lay on the threadbare blouse, its fragile chain extending around the creased neck.

The warden stood still for a second, gazing at the mother. Then he walked to the open door and called to his assistant. "Kreel, I want you to take Mrs. Mello to the jailer. She's to be conducted to her son's cell. They are not to be disturbed. She can stay for ten minutes. At the end of that time she will be escorted from the prison. A guard is to be stationed outside the prisoner's cell until the visitor has left."

Mrs. Mello rose, an exultant cry on her lips—"I go—see my boy?"

"Yes," said the warden, and added as he saw her pass through the door, "—and God help you."

* * * * *

Joe Mello was afraid. He had sat in that cell, day after day, waiting for the time to go by—hours he would never see again. He had raged, sworn, torn his hair, threatened, begged, and cried, but he was still in the same small cell with the same gray walls seven paces apart. He still threw himself in exhaustion upon the damp mattress he detested—and he was still afraid.

He sat now, his elbows on his knees, his fists digging into his eyes, trying to hurt himself, trying to take his mind from the maddening flow of time that would soon stop—for him.

It was thus that his mother found him. He didn't even look up when she entered. But at that familiar cry—"Joey, my boy!" and when he felt her arms around him, he rose and stood towering over her while she clung madly to him.

Incredulity filled his heart, but soon he was crying on her shoulder, pouring out all his

pent-up hurt as he had so often done when a boy, and receiving comfort from the warmth of her arms around him. She gently pushed him to the cot and sat beside him. Joey raised his haggard face; words and feelings were now an incoherent jumble of guttural words. She sat in silence while her son calmed himself. When he was quiet, she started to lay her cool hands on his feverish brow.

"I'm afraid, Mother—I don't want to die. Take me away with you. I'll do anything to get away from this gray—everywhere you look, gray!" He was sobbing hysterically and his breath seemed to tear at his throat.

"Joey—" anger and distress sounded in his mother's voice—"You are like your father. He was not afraid—never—. He go up to da high place on buildings. Evraday he go—he know, somaday, he fall. But he never was afraid. Onaday—he fall, but I know he not afraid—never. Say you be like him, my boy. I'm proud o' him."

"I'm not like him, Mother. Can't you see? I'm yellow!" he started to laugh. "Yes, yellow!"

Mrs. Mello rose from the cot, her horror-stricken eyes fastened on her boy—looking deeper and deeper into his heart, piercing his very soul. Suddenly her voice was very low and tragic, as it had been in the warden's office, but there was an undercurrent of some indescribable tenseness.

"You are not my son. Do not tell anyone you have a mother. She is ashamed. She hide her head to have a boy like you."

With a reproachful glance at the boy she passed to the bars and called the guard. In a few seconds she had passed out of her son's life.

Joe stood up when she was gone. A white rage seemed to envelop him. He stood in the middle of the cell. His soul seemed to cry out within him. A great voice rose, battling against the injustice that had made even his mother turn from him. A wave of wonderful strength swept over him, and he looked around the cell for anything to throw—anywhere. His eyes lit on a small gold crucifix lying on the mattress. His hand was on it in a minute and his arm flung wide to vent his passion on the bleak gray wall.

There was a pause as he was held motionless in a void, suspended above a great current swirling by, but he didn't move. Slowly his

tension relaxed and his arm dropped to his side. After a minute his palm opened and he looked at the tiny cross. Then he held it by the fragile gold chain, and watched it catch all light to it, and blaze forth in luminous glory, casting a warm glow over his body.

After a second he walked to the bars. "Guard, tell the Chaplain I'll confess now."

He turned back to stand, his body bathed in the one ray of sunlight entering through the high window.

Dazedly his right hand, with the Cross, traveled to his forehead—"In the name of the Father"—his heart—"and of the Son"—his left shoulder—"The Holy—his right—"Ghost. Amen."

Margaret Roberts, '36.

SPARED

"Walter Shaw," announced the judge, "the jury finds you guilty of the murder of Ellen Wood, and I sentence you to die in the electric chair on the night of April 11."

These words condemning me to die like a rat, without a chance to show my innocence! It's pretty hard, as you know, to convince the people in the jury of your innocence when murder is involved. Even with my weak alibi, which they didn't believe, they canned me. To beat a murder charge I should have had a better and much stronger alibi to fall back on, but since I did not have one, they accused me. Why, I had even admitted that I had been in the vicinity at the time of the murder. That is why I was brought in—because a witness said he had seen me. But couldn't he have murdered her? He was there. All these thoughts ran through my mind as I heard the verdict. I was to die an innocent man. Just think,—an innocent man dying for a murder!

My thoughts were interrupted by a grouchy officer who put handcuffs on me and led me out to my cell where I was to wait twenty-five days to die for another. This queer thought ran through my mind hour after hour, day after day, until the night of April 11. That night I was to walk my last mile to the electric chair. From my cell the distance was only thirty or forty feet away, but really it seemed like a mile. My last step had been taken. I was in

the electric chair being strapped by the electrocutioner. Not only had my last step been taken, but also my last sight of the world, as the hood came down over my eyes. Now all there was to do was to wait—to wait for the final act of destruction, the switch that would burn my body with thousands of volts of electricity. Five minutes passed. I was still sitting there. I was still in the same room, with the same men present—all but one. The man who was to take my life died from a heart attack during the time that I had been waiting.

As there was no other electrocutioner present, I was given twenty-four more hours to live. But those twenty-four hours were sufficient to snare me from death's grip. The true murderer confessed. I was set free with a pardon from the state of New Jersey. No one knows what I went through, but I am proud to say I am one of the few who have been strapped to the chair but have not died.

Lawrence Weed, '36.

TRURO HILLS

How often we hear the sighs of some people as they pour over travelogs! "How I wish I could spend a winter in Bermuda with nothing to do but bask in the tropical sun and gaze out over the blue Atlantic!" they say. Or maybe it's California, where the sun never stops shining, or Florida, Haiti, or Capri that they long for. It is human nature always to want something that is out of reach. The happiest man, however, is the one who makes the most of what he has. Many fortunate people, who can afford to go to the ideal summer resorts, come to Truro for their summer vacations. Why?

Perhaps it is the massive beauty of the rolling Truro hills with their windswept tops, blanketed with poverty grass and moss, held high above the miniature town which is nestled at their foot. It may be the natural splendor of Cape Cod Bay, which every day brings forth a new kind of beauty. Some say it is the clear salt air often tinged with the pleasing odor of the pine groves. Cape Cod has an unduplicated beauty all its own. That is why naturalists, poets, artists, and writers make Truro their summer homes.

Cleveland Woodward, '38.



POETRY



RAIN

I woke up in the morning,
And on my window pane
I heard the pattering symphony
Of an early summer's rain.

Although the skies were dark and drear
And the grass was beaten wet,
From my garden just beneath
Came the scent of mignonette.

K. Medeiros, '36.

STINGY

Some people are so stingy
With blessings that are free
They seem to think that charity
Should learn to pay a fee.

So miserably they live their lives
A penny at a time,
They seldom take a nickel's worth,
And never dare a dime.

Charlotte Merrill, '37.

MAY

May comes stealing through the grass;
Can't you see her as you pass?
She scatters buds on all the trees,
And with her comes a warm spring breeze.
Of winter grass she makes the new,
All young and green and bright with dew.
Sweet apple blossoms toss around;
They flutter gently to the ground.
To birds she gives a sweeter song,
And they sing it all day long.
She makes the violets grow up tall;
Forsythia forms a golden wall;
Bright tulips gay and pansies grow,
But daffodils no longer blow.
The brooklet sings so merrily—
The sky is blue as it can be!
Oh, May has brought a thousand things,
And I love everything she brings!

Florinda Santos, '38.

THE STREAMLET

Yonder little streamlet rises
Where the early violet grows;
Over the moss-grown stone it ripples
Sweetly murmuring as it flows.

Is the gliding streamlet sighing
For the forest far away—
For the greenwood, where the lilies
On its silvery bosom lay?

Does the merry dancing streamlet
Ever linger on its way,
Dimpling 'neath the graceful willow
With its swaying boughs to play?

Nay, the streamlet lingers never;
Onward its sweet waters glide;
Ever singing in the greenwood,
Or the dusty way beside.

Ruth Jason, '36.

SUNSET IN MAINE

High above mountains of grandeur,
Which lie 'neath a sky, azure blue,
One finds the fiery sun-ball,
Reflecting magnificent hue.

The stream at the base of the mountains,
Gliding o'er rocks and stone,
Reflects the luminous splendor
Superior to that of its own.

Then a rainbow is seen in the brooklet,
Which flows on away from the lea,
Passing quiet and noiseless before us
On its way to the great, wide sea.

Eleanor Burch, '36.

GRADUATION NIGHT

Oh, night of happiness, pride, and exultancy—
And yet a night of sadness, regret and parting!
For from carefree, joyous high school days,
We plunge into the seriousness of life
With only those who, while in high school
Achieved success, content.

Leland Perry, '36.

A CLASS SONG

Now that high school days are over,
Our hearts are full of joy;
For we've reached the worthwhile goal
Set for every girl and boy.

But though we are so happy,
Still we feel regret
That it is the time of parting
From friends we can't forget.

May the future bring reunions!
And we'll hope for them tonight.
May we go forth with fortitude
To strive for what is right!

Doris Ramos, '36.

FAREWELL P. H. S.

The months are quickly flying;
The weeks are flying too;
In a month or two I will graduate,
And say good bye to you.

My thoughts for the future are many;
To be a success I'll try;
I'll strive for a goal, and I'll reach one,
If I have to live or die.

If I succeed at what I try;
If I'm a great success;
I'll not forget I learned the most
At Dear Old P. H. S.

Francelina S. Coelho, '36.

OLD CHURCH

Silent, stately—staring toward the sea,
Careworn, furrowed—simple symmetry
Still is not marred by any outward force.
But now—serene, sphinx-like in its place,
Time, not sand, nor water wears its course
Down her hard sides to spoil her clumsy grace.
Those rough hands that hewed her planks
Are clasped again in ever reverent thanks
For those who slaved to make their church
so grand.

Those who needed her and blessed her most,
To see her now—dusty monarch of that last
grassy cliff of land—
Would know their labor was not lost.

Margaret Roberts, '36.

DESPAIR

Geometry—Geometry!
Why hast thou forsaken me?
I read and read your so-called book,
But knew as much without a look
At circles, triangles, and arcs,
That keep on pulling down my marks.
I go to the board and stutter and stammer—
Shake my head, for I need a hammer
To help me learn that I may know
Why "A" and "C" are in a row.
Side angle side-no-angle side angle—
My, how I'd like to simply strangle
The man who's caused this agony—
The founder of Geometry!

Ruth Francis, '38.

WITH APOLOGIES TO T. A. DALY

You ask me what I tink, you say,
Of dese America—
Of President, and Cabinet,
And all dese A. A. A.

I tell you what I tink of dem, and
take dem—one, two, three,
And den you gon to know de truth
How much dey mean to me.

America is great big land
An' stronger dan de rest,
An' everyting das in it
Is better dan de best.

Our President is good an' jus'
In everyting he does,
An' all de bills dat he push trou'
Is for de good of us.

De cabinet is made of men
Who Roosevelt he choose,
An' dese are bes' within dis lan'
For do de work dey do.

De A. A. A. an' N. R. A.
An' all dis alphabetion
Is tings de President has made
For bring us from depression.

So now you know jus' what I tink,
An' why I am content;
For Liberty an' right to vote
Is come from government.

Reginald Perry, '36.

★ P. H. S. HALL OF FAME ★

We recommend to the P. H. S. Hall of Fame the following members of the class of 1936:

JOSEPH ANDREWS—because he is not only one of the most cheerful boys of P. H. S., but he has done much to make the school year successful athletically, as a member of the football and track teams. Joe wants to be an admiral and is taking a big step towards his goal by planning to attend one of Uncle Sam's aquatic schools next year.

ELEANOR W. BURCH—because "Ella" has rounded out four years of excellent work as class secretary, leader of P. H. S. Orchestra and Band, and as chairman of many committees. She has done her work efficiently and served successfully in many capacities. Her musical talent, we know, will carry her far in the Hall of Fame.

PATRICIA CASS—who has remarkable business ability and an outstanding school record. Pat has been a member of the Student Council, National Honor Society, Long Pointer Staff, and in the cast of several plays. She is noted also for her extraordinary knitting ability, and has added several handsome sweaters to her extensive wardrobe—we suppose to be displayed at Wheaton next year.

FRANCELINA COELHO—because she is, and always will be, gay, good-natured "Frenchie" to us. "Frenchie" seems to find time to do everything—work in the office or library, or type and mimeograph for the school, all the while being faithful to her studies. She is bound to succeed in life because of her perseverance.

MARY CRUZ—because although reserved, she is never at a loss for words in recitation periods. Mary has secretarial ability, and is a most efficient member of the office staff. Her many fortunate friends will tell you that she is as kind as she is attractive, and always to be relied upon in time of need.



JAN EARL—because of her outstanding scholastic and musical ability. She is a member of the P. H. S. Band and Orchestra, the National Honor Society and Student Council. Active in class affairs, she has won the affection of all her classmates by her tactful personality and trustworthiness. Jan's wish to be a surgeon will surely be realized if her high school record is repeated at Hunter.

ANNA ENOS—because of her reliability. Anna has served as student librarian for the past three years. She is very active in social affairs and her piano selections have often changed a dull moment into a happy one. In the Senior Play Anna's interpretation of a frivolous flirt was both amusing and convincing.

ROBERT HANNUM—because of his fine personality, his work on the football, basketball, and baseball teams, and his perpetual willingness to help on any committee to which he was appointed, whether it was to decorate Town Hall for the Junior Prom, or to solicit advertisements for the "Long Pointer."

RUTH JASON—because our own vivacious Ruthie has carried off the laurels in many shorthand and typing contests and Oratorical Declamation; and for being elected to the National Honor Society as a reward for her remarkable talent. Her sincere friendly manner assures her friends that their interests are her interests and they value her friendship accordingly.

LLOYD P. JONAS—because he has efficiently shouldered this past year the position of class treasurer and was largely responsible for the success of our financial affairs. "Static" has many interests, ranging from science to clam digging. We feel sure that his versatile talents will carry him to the place we have affectionately set aside for him in the journalistic field.

NOBERT MACARA—because he has done much for the school as an athlete and as manager of the Baseball Varsity Squad of 1934. He has also served conscientiously and enthusiastically on numerous committees. Due to his pleasing personality, Norbert is a great attraction to the undergraduates.





VIVIAN JOSEPH MALAQUIAS—our dynamic little chatter-box, because she has been playing such remarkable basketball for three years, receiving “All Cape” honors in her junior year. Showing an inexhaustible source of energy, “Viv” has driven numerous committees to success. She deserves praise too, for her skillful tap-dancing with which she has entertained us on many occasions.



MARY MARSHALL—because of her uncanny success at ticket selling, and her remarkable executive ability at school banquets. Mary is considered a very efficient young lady by all her classmates and will go far with her pleasant manner.



LOUISE MEADS—whose remarkable mimeographing ability has been of inestimable value to the faculty the past two years. Lou mimeographs programs, announcements, and examinations with accuracy and speed. Her “coast guard romance” prompts us to think that Louise will be our “first to be married.”



KATHLEEN MEDEIROS—because she has proven herself to be a most capable school treasurer the past year. She brought honor to herself and her school by winning the first prize in the Junior Declamations, and repeated her success at Barnstable in 1936. Kathleen has one aim in life—to be a school teacher. We know she will make a successful one.



CHARLOTTE PERRY—because she is one of the most polite and charming girls we have ever known. Her gentle smile and refined manner add to Charlotte’s natural charm. Her prolonged absence from school because of illness has been the lament of all her classmates, who miss her encouraging, helpful words.



HENRIETTA PERRY—because she has shown her pride in P. H. S. by her work in the A. A. Minstrel Show, Freshman Reception, and Senior Supper. The only Truro representative for our class, she leaves a high standard of friendliness and cheerfulness for those who follow to live up to.

LELAND PERRY—because of his literary and scholastic ability. Lee has served faithfully as vice president of the class, as editor of the senior department of the Long Pointer, and as a member of the Honor Society. A history shark as well as a recognized master of the modern short story, Lee is sure to blaze a path for himself in the outer world.

MARY ELLEN PERRY—because of her remarkable work in the difficult position of guard on the girls' basketball team, and her valuable assistance on many committees. In the play "Abraham Lincoln" we glimpsed Mary Ellen's dramatic talent, but we saw an even greater demonstration of it in the Senior Play.

REGINALD PERRY—because our ingenious and original "shrimp" was proclaimed winner of the declamations held at Provincetown and Barnstable. He is also noted for skillfully managing the basketball team, magazine drives, and P. H. S. concerts. His one desire is to become a chemist. We know that "Reg" will climb to great heights in the field of science.

VIRGINIA PHILLIPS—because of her eagerness to help everyone, and her ability to keep people happy. Virginia has done office work faithfully for four years, and played intramural basketball. She was an enthusiastic supporter of the A. A. Minstrel Show and an ardent worker for the Senior Supper.

DORIS RAMOS—because of her constant diligence in supporting all P. H. S. activities. On many occasions she has given us a demonstration of what co-operation can accomplish in a business undertaking. An able member of the Long Pointer Staff and Junior Prom Committee, she is also a snappy saxophonist that our orchestra and band could not well do without.

RUTH RAMOS—who is admired by all for her acting ability, grand personality, and unceasing charm. Ruth is very sensitive and tragic, and could succeed in either of two fields—writing or acting. Her wish is to be a second Garbo, so may she become a great actress and use her literary talents in writing a great autobiography.





ALBERT REGO—because of his marvelous gymnastic talents. Albert's perfect form and excellent sense of equilibrium have made him one of the feature attractions of the annual physical education exhibitions. A good athlete and a fine fellow, "Wells" will surely find a place for himself in the world.

MARGARET ROBERTS—because of her achievements in executive, dramatic, musical, and literary fields. Her versatility is exemplified by the fact that one moment she is working strenuously as literary editor of the Long Pointer and the next she is vividly portraying the character of a flirtatious old maid in the Senior Play. She concludes her high school career by being elected to the coveted position of President of the National Honor Society.

CATHERINE ROCK—whose amazing culinary skill has been demonstrated at many socials and parties. Catherine has none of her sister's musical aspirations, but wishes to become a nurse and show herself to be a second Florence Nightingale by performing great deeds for suffering humanity.

DOROTHY ROCK—because she has extraordinary musical talent and, in our opinion, is the Paderewski of the future. Her intention to go to a musical academy to study the piano is certainly to be encouraged. Dot is human, however, with all her talent. Her giggling is constantly causing the class to roar contagiously at her sudden outbursts.

REMIGIO RODA—because of his great executive ability, evidenced in his election as class president for four years. A member of the National Honor Society, Editor-in-Chief of the Long Pointer, member of the football team, and winner in the Junior Declamations, Roda has figured prominently in all class activities, while his fine acting in "Comin' Thru the Rye," revealed his dramatic ability.

VIRGINIA RODERICK—for "Jean" is a success both scholastically and socially. Although an honor roll student, Jean is, to use an old but fitting expression, the life of the party. This seemingly shy girl has well proven the fallacy of the old adage "beautiful but dumb."

LUCILLE SANTOS—the class artist, who is known throughout the town connoisseur of fine art. Lou, the perfect private secretary, has done her share toward aiding the welfare of the school by working in the principal's office and by helping on many committees. May she reach her goal as an Artiste Parisienne!

KENNETH SIMMONS—whom the class voted the most bashful, because of his nonchalance and very quiet manner. "Kenny" is a faithful reader of the sports columns and likes nothing better than to get together with his gang and talk "shop", which is the latest baseball, track, or fighting news of the day.

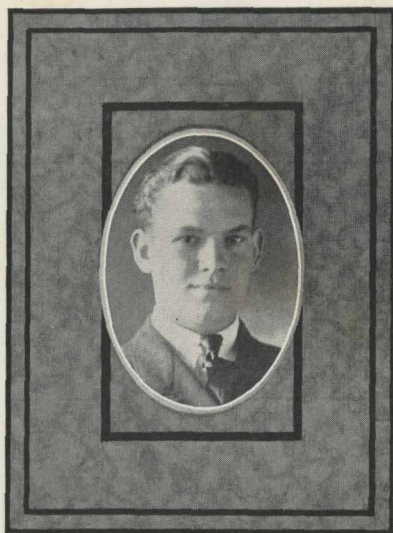
DOROTHY SMALL—because of her all 'round ability, from music to athletics. Dot's sunny disposition and cheery smile have endeared her to all her classmates. We will not be surprised some day to hear of Dorothy's prowess as a swimmer carrying her to Olympic fame.

JANE STAHL—who in spite of her youth is one of United States leading ping-pong players. Jane has not neglected her school work for ping-pong, however, but is a member of the National Honor Society, Long Pointer staff, and plays the lead in the senior play. As chairman of many committees she has done much for the class and is headed for success at Pembroke.

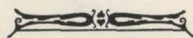
FLORA THOMAS—who has great dramatic ability, successfully portrayed in the senior English assembly, in "Abraham Lincoln", and the A. A. Minstrel Show. Though Flora is our class red-head, she has not the traditional fiery temper; on the contrary, she has a sunny and lovable disposition that makes her welcome everywhere.

ARTHUR VENTURA—because "Toofy" was named honorary class poet. He has shown perseverance and talent in Varsity Football, the A. A. Minstrel Show, intramural basketball, and the senior history play. Although out of school he seems to be quiet, one's opinion changes in a jiffy when this hilarious lad is viewed within the walls of P. H. S.





LAWRENCE WEED—whose blonde, tall handsomeness has made the girls sigh whenever he passed them on the street. Weedy has participated in sports and has contributed many worthwhile opinions to history class discussions. Surprisingly enough, “Weedy’s” popularity has not affected his naturalness. We hope it never will.



WHO'S WHO IN THE SENIOR CLASS

Most likely to succeed	Jan Earl	Most bashful	Kenneth Simmons
Class actor	Remigio Roda	Most popular girl	Vivian Joseph
Class actress	Ruth Ramos	Most popular boy	Robert Hannum
Most dignified	Margaret Roberts	Most virtuous	Eleanor Burch
Wittiest	Lloyd Jonas	Most conceited	Remigio Roda
Best looking girl	Jane Stahl	Class baby	Reginald Perry
Best looking boy	Lawrence Weed	Class poet	Arthur Ventura
Most courteous	Leland Perry	Most tactful	Jan Earl and Margaret Roberts
Best dressed girl	Patricia Cass	Best dancer (boy)	Albert Rego
Best dressed boy	Joseph Andrews	Best dancer (girl)	Vivian Joseph
Most sophisticated	Patricia Cass	Class musician	Eleanor Burch
Most original	Lloyd Jonas	Class Favorites—	
Class orator	Reginald Perry	Actress	Greta Garbo
Class shiek	Robert Hannum	Actor	Robert Taylor
Most versatile	Vivian Joseph	Orchestra	Guy Lombardo
Most athletic girl	Mary Ellen Perry	Teachers	Mr. Arthur Perry
Most athletic boy	Albert Rego		Miss Louise Finnell
Class pest	Reginald Perry	Radio Personality	Eddie Cantor
Class vamp	Jan Earl	Song	Night and Day
Most studious	Jan Earl	Book	Anthony Adverse
Class artist	Lucille Santos	Author	Shakespeare
Girl with most personality	Margaret Roberts	Sport	Basketball
Boy with most personality	Remigio Roda	Color	Blue
Best physique	Lawrence Weed	Class Colors	Purple and Gold
Best figure	Flora Thomas	Motto	Scientia est Potentia

HONOR ROLL—1935-1936

SENIORS

Patricia Cass
Jan Earl (high)
Ruth Jason (high)
Lloyd Jonas
Kathleen Medeiros
Leland Perry (high)

Reginald Perry (high)
Margaret Roberts
Remigio Roda (high)
Virginia Roderick
Dorothy Small
Jane Stahl

JUNIORS

Marguerite Caton
Robert Collinson
William Dignes
Philip Hannum
Elinor Perry (high)

Genevieve Perry
Adeline Reis
Donald Rivard (high)
Helen Silva (high)

SOPHOMORES

Elsie Brown
Kendall Cass
Rosa DeRiggs
Mildred Gibbs
Nancy Merrill

Marguerite Mooney
Mildred O'Neil
Emily Rivers
Marjorie Stalker
Nika Stepanoff (high)

FRESHMEN

Zana Crawley
Ruth Hiebert
Jack Rivers
Joseph Roderick

Arlene Silva (high)
Marjorie Stahl (high)
Isaura Sylvester

GRADE EIGHT

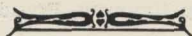
Barbara Cabral
Jane Cabral
Lucien Cross
Mary Cruz
Leo Ferriera

Marilyn Raymond
Leona Silva
Antone Sylvia
Anna Turner
Charles Westcott

GRADE SEVEN

Virginia Carter
Marguerite Cook
Barbara Cross
John Farroba
Frank Parsons

Eugene Perry
Warren Roderick
James Sants
John Silva



TOMBSTONES

Grim tombstones stand in long and weary file,
Records of death's grim advance,
Records of trav'lers who climbed the last stile—
Men pierc'd by death's poisoned lance.

Some tombstones a sad story tell
Of some who died in pain,
But others show humorous things that befell
Those who did not die in vain.

Here are a few of the many I find;
Some I picked up here and there.
Providing you like reading of this kind,
You'll find humor that's rare.

"Here lies the body of Solomon Peas,
Under the daisies and under the trees.
Peas is not here—only the pod;
Peas shelled out; went home to God."

These odd words, you may be sure,
Were written for an English brewer.

"Poor John Scott lies buried here
Although he was both 'ale and stout;
Death stretched him on the bitter bier;
In another world he hops about."

Here are two funny verses
Written for those who ride the hearses.

"Here lies Ann Mann;
She lived an Old Maid,
But died an Old Mann."

"Here lies in silent clay
Miss Annabelle Young,
Who on the 21st of May
Began to hold her tongue."

Nearing the end of the line
Is this epitaph so fine—
"Finnis—
Maginnis."

Lastly, showing that death gives no fear
I give these lines to an auctioneer.

"Good Knight—
Going,
Going,
Gone,
1868."

NOTE: Epitaphs in quotation are taken from
the "BELIEVE IT OR NOT OMNIBUS," with
apologies to BOB RIPLEY.

Lloyd P. Jonas, '36.



JUNIOR CLASS

Front row, left to right: Manuel Goveia, Vice-President; Helen Silva, Treasurer; Mary Martin, Secretary; Philip Hannum, President.



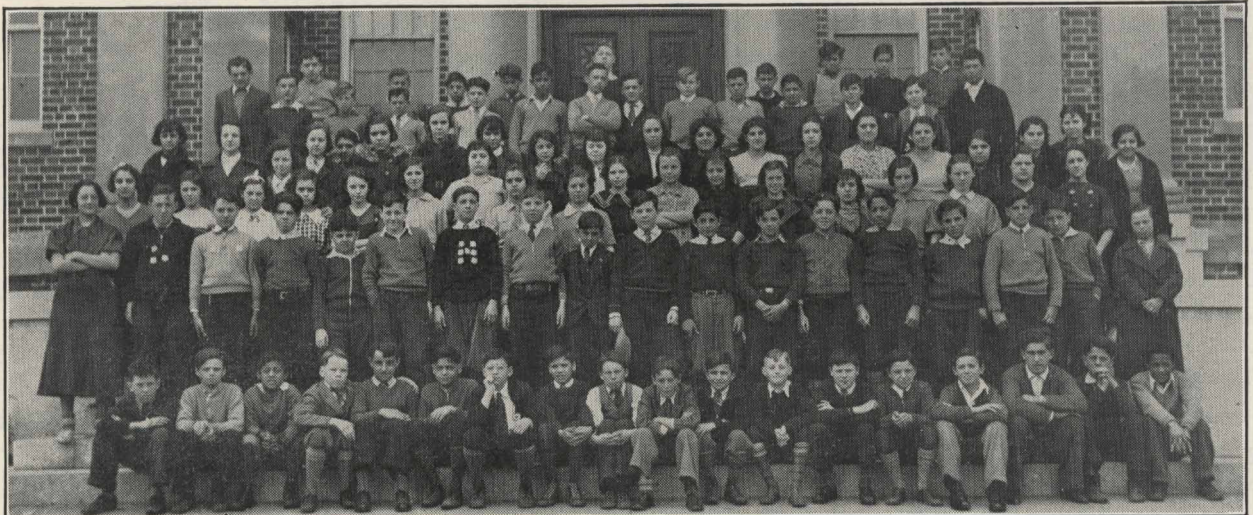
SOPHOMORE CLASS

Front row, left to right: Kendall Cass, President; Louise Lewis, Secretary; Jennie Captiva, Vice-President; Ethel Bickers, Treasurer.



FRESHMAN CLASS

Front row, left to right: Joseph Roderick, Vice-President; Arlene Silva, President; Jean Allen, Treasurer; Margery Stahl, Secretary.



JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL



ACTIVITIES



NATIONAL HONOR SOCIETY

First row, left to right: Jane Stahl, Patricia Cass, Remigio Roda, Reginald Perry.
Second row, left to right: Margaret Roberts, Leland Perry, Ruth Jason, Lloyd Jonas.

NATIONAL HONOR SOCIETY

Provincetown High School has now held a charter in the National Honor Society of Secondary Education for four years. A moment's reflection will disclose to us the tremendous importance of this fact. It means that for four years Provincetown High has been classified with the largest and best high schools in America, one of the greatest honors which can be accorded a small town of but four thousand inhabitants. Following in the footsteps of F. H. S., Yarmouth High School and Barnstable High of Hyannis have recently applied for charters, thus disclosing the desirability of Honor Society grants.

Membership in the National Honor Society is awarded to those pupils who prove themselves to be outstanding in scholarship, leadership, character, and service. It is the most coveted honor to be achieved in high school.

This society, since its organization, has had a marked influence on the undergraduates. It has inspired them to do their best to have a firm, noble, and honorable character, to develop an ability for leadership, to strive to serve others willingly, and to work for a high scholastic standing.

The members of the graduating class who have been named to the Honor Society are: Remigio Roda, Lloyd Jonas, Jane Stahl, Margaret Roberts, Leland Perry, Reginald Perry, Patricia Cass, Janice Earl, and Ruth Jason.

The members of the junior class have not yet been chosen.

THE STUDENT COUNCIL

The Student Council, the law-making body of the Provincetown High School, formed in the school year of 1931-1932, has proved to be an

efficient organization to both the school and the classes.

This body consists of six members: two seniors, Margaret Roberts and Reginald Perry; two juniors, John Snow and Adeline Reis; one sophomore, William Hutchins; one freshman, Joseph Roderick. These were elected by their classes. The group is under the presidency of Margaret Roberts and is sponsored by Mr. Ramey, our principal.

Its members, assembling once a week, make the school laws, provide means of making money for the Athletic Association, and furnish the school with speakers for the assemblies. The Council has done much work this year. Among their successes were the organization of plans for a banking system for students individually, which will be put into practice next year, and a drive for new books and periodicals which has added considerably to our library collection.

This union, having fulfilled its cause of existence, deserves much credit and acclaim for its splendid work.

Virginia Roderick, '36.

SOCIAL EVENTS

The school year 1935-1936 has been extremely successful socially, in that many new and startling innovations have been added to our list of social functions. The Minstrel Show, Barn Dance, Donkey Basketball game and many other fine entertainments have proved themselves to be worthwhile establishments and will no doubt be added to our list of annual institutions. May the social events of future years be as successful as those of the present one! The students of Provincetown High School wish to express their appreciation to all who have helped to make these affairs the success that they have been.

STEEL PIER EXCURSION

In September, 1935, the Cape Cod Steamship Company invited the students of Provincetown schools, with many friends and relatives, to be their guests on an excursion through the Cape Cod Canal. The trip followed the coastline and continued up through almost the entire length of the Canal. This rare treat gave all of us an

opportunity to see the new Sagamore and Bourne bridges—fine examples of the beauty of modern architecture.

Through the generosity of the Steamship Company, refreshments were served to all the guests, and the ship's orchestra furnished music for dancing.

The students of Provincetown High School wish to extend their thanks to the Cape Cod Steamship Company for making possible such an enjoyable afternoon.

Helen Silva, '38.

THE FRESHMAN RECEPTION

It is a tradition in P. H. S. for the seniors to welcome the freshmen formally to the school by having a dance in their honor.

This year the fete was held on October 24. All the freshmen garbed in their Sunday best assembled in the gymnasium for the occasion.

At the request of the guests the seniors relinquished entertainment so as to have the entire evening devoted to dancing. The only interruption came when the dancers paused to partake of refreshments in the cafeteria. As the clock rounded to eleven-thirty, thus announcing the finale of this reception to the dancers, the freshmen regretfully left the scene of their Freshman Reception—now just a pleasant memory.

Virginia Roderick, '36.

ORCHESTRA FESTIVAL

On Friday evening, November 1, at the Provincetown Town Hall, a music and dance festival was sponsored by the Lower Cape and Monomausett combined Orchestras, under the personal direction of Mr. Thomas G. Nassi of Orleans.

The program consisted of selections by the combined orchestra, presenting the works of Strauss, Handel, Verdi, and other well-known composers.

There were also two solos, on an extraordinary instrument, the Xylo-Rimba, offered by Kenneth Eldredge and Billy Surprise, both of Orleans.

As a special feature of the evening, there was an exhibition by a Boston dance group conducted by Dorothy Thuringer and Harriette

Blake. This group furnished many interesting dances and gave clever imitations. As this was an entirely new feature, it received much favorable comment from the audience.

The concert was followed by a dance with music furnished by "Pat and his Pals."

The following evening the same concert was repeated at Exchange Hall in Harwich. There also the members were received with much enthusiasm.

The concert was such a great success that everyone is looking forward to a similar one next year.

Eleanor Burch, '36.

HALLOWE'EN DANCE

In the early part of November a very enjoyable Hallowe'en dance was given in the high school gymnasium by the junior class. The hall was appropriately decorated with orange and black streamers, cats, and witches, and was effectively illuminated by spotlights. Novelty numbers of dancing and singing were rendered by talented pupils. "Pat and his Pals" furnished excellent music, to which the crowd danced from eight to twelve. Later in the evening refreshments consisting of doughnuts and cider were served. The affair was a marked success both socially and financially.

Adeline Reis, '37.

BARN DANCE

Students and guests entering the school gymnasium on the evening of November 22 hardly recognized it as the spacious, modern school-room that it is, for a diligent decorating committee, headed by Jane Stahl, had transformed the hall into a realistic old farm. Corn husks, pumpkins, and clever lighting effects created a rural atmosphere that was most fitting for the rustic costumes of the dancers.

During the evening the refreshment committee served appropriate refreshments of cider, doughnuts, and apples. The chairman of this committee was Eleanor Burch.

The senior class hopes that this new type of social dancing will become a tradition at the Provincetown High School.

Virginia Roderick, '36.

A. A. MINSTREL SHOW

On Friday evening, December 6, the Athletic Association staged a gigantic minstrel show under the direction of Mr. Antone Dennis, of Provincetown. The show was excellently presented by the amateur players and was well received by the large and appreciative audience.

The stage setting was made to resemble a southern levee where a large side-wheeler, the "Robert E. Lee," was loading a cargo of cotton. Bales of cotton, on which sat the end men, were strewn about the pier. The interlocutor was seated on a tree stump. The chorus, made up as mulatto and creole men and women, were seated on the deck of the "Lee" behind the rail. The soloists, talented students, rendered beautiful vocalizations while the ludicrous antics and exceedingly funny jokes of the end men kept the audience in fits of laughter.

Remigio Roda served well as the interlocutor while the end men, Reginald Perry, Ernest Ford, Joseph Steele, Joseph Andrews, Lloyd Jonas, Norbert Macara, John Snow, and Lawrence Weed, portrayed realistically the parts of lazy colored men.

The stage setting was arranged by Mr. Riley, Ernest Irmer, Jack Joseph, and Reginald Perry, while Philip Hannum acted as business manager.

The vocalists were accompanied by "Pat and his Pals," with Mrs. Nellie Cook, pianist.

Remigio Roda, '36

OLDER BOYS' CONFERENCE

The Ninth Annual Cape Cod Older Boys' Conference was held in Hyannis on March 14, 1936, the theme of the Conference being "Youth at the Helm." The meeting opened with Leonard Costa, last year's president, presiding. After announcements had been made concerning nominations, the boys joined in a devotional song service led by Rev. Charles X. Hutchinson of Sagamore. Next came an excellent address on the conference theme delivered by Stacey B. Southworth, Headmaster of Thayer Academy, Braintree. The boys were then free to partake of lunch in the cafeteria or to stroll about Hyannis for an hour.

The opening of the afternoon session was fol-



ORCHESTRA AND BAND

lowed by the election of officers and group discussion on various topics of common interest to the boys. The delegates then relaxed during a basketball game between the Upper and Lower Cape teams. The Upper Cape won, 37-17. There were gymnastics and volley ball for those not interested in the basketball game.

The delegates were next assembled for the introduction of the new officers. The Hyannis candidate, Charles Cross, was elected president of the Older Boys' Conference for 1937. The introduction was followed by some fine talking sports reels given by the Goodyear Rubber Company.

The excellent turkey banquet was enjoyably concluded by speeches from the guests of honor, among whom was Emile Dubiel, Captain of the 1936 Harvard University Football Team. Mr. Kempton J. Coady, Principal of Bourne High School, generously invited the boys to the 1937 conference in Bourne after which the Conference adjourned with the new president's official closing speech.

Lloyd Jonas, '36.

FOURTH ANNUAL DEMONSTRATION CONCERT

On Friday, March 27, 1936, the Provincetown High School Orchestra and Band, assisted by the Junior High School Orchestra and Bradford School Elementary Orchestra, held its fourth

annual demonstration concert in the high school auditorium for the benefit of the instrumental fund.

The program was enjoyed immensely by all who attended. Albert Fields played a saxophone solo; Irving Malchman, a clarinet solo, and Albert Loring and Doris Enos favored the audience with a trumpet duet. The brightest feature of the program was a trumpet solo by Miss Phyllis Sampson, whose unusual skill delighted the audience.

The personnel of the P. H. S. Orchestra is as follows:

Violins: Nika Stepanoff, Margaret Roberts, Patricia Cass, Agnes Rego, Zana Crawley, William Dignes, Mary Martin, Veronica Deluze, Donald Rock, Ruth Sylver, Augustine Edwards, and Arthur Patrick.

Oboe: Marjorie Stalker.

Clarinets: Janice Earl, Mildred Gibbs, Robert Brown, Joseph Martin, Clinton Patterson.

Saxophones: Kendall Cass, Joseph Steele.

Cornets: Lewis Eaton, Leona Silva.

Melophone: Joseph Taves.

Trombones: Eleanor Burch, Robert Stalker.

Bass: Richard Taves.

Piano: Dorothy Rock.

Drums: Patricia Hallett, Raymond Gaspie, John White.

Honorary Members: John Edwards, bass; Charles Hayward, cornet.



JUNIOR DECLAMATION WINNERS

Left to right: Mary Martin, John Snow, Helen Silva, Walter Turner, Marjorie Stalker, Philip Hannum, Robert Collinson, Clinton Rogers.

DONKEY BASKETBALL GAME

On April 24, 1936, an unusual and heretofore unheard of activity was introduced into our social calendar by the Athletic Association. This was the donkey basketball game, the most hilarious entertainment of the season. This side-splitting spectacle threw everyone into gales of laughter.

The Provincetown High School faculty played against the Lions Club. The players, mounted on donkeys, had a difficult and amusing task in making the stubborn animals move, frequently falling from their mounts in their excess enthusiasm.

The proceeds of this merry event will be used to buy sweaters and letters for the boys' basketball team.

Helen M. Silva, '38.

JUNIOR DECLAMATIONS

The Annual Junior Declamation contest was held on April 27 and 28. This contest, a regular part of the junior English course, besides aiding greatly in the speaking of English, gives

every pupil who takes part in it the idea of proper stage deportment which may be greatly beneficial to him in later life. This contest, instituted during the school year of 1932-1933, has been greatly praised by Cape schools as an ideal means of promoting better public speaking ability.

This year the judges selected the following students as finalists: Marjorie Stalker, Helen Silver, Irma Batt, Marguerite Caton, Mary Martin, Philip Hannum, John Snow, Robert Collinson, Clinton Rogers, and Walter Turner.

These contestants, judged on voice, memory, enunciation, and interpretation, will compete in the finals to be held in June, the winners of which will be given medals by the Lions Club.

Reginald Perry, '36.

GIRLS' CONFERENCE

On Saturday, May 2, 1936, the second annual Cape Cod Older Girls' Conference was held at the Provincetown High School. About one hundred and sixty girls, representatives of nine Cape schools, attended.

Following the registration and the greetings from the president, Margaret Roberts, Mrs. Nancy Paine Smith, the noted historian of Provincetown, spoke on the topic "For Us." Mrs. Smith made us realize some beauties of Cape Cod of which we were previously unaware.

Later in the morning a basketball game between two teams composed of representatives from Upper and Lower Cape schools was held in the gymnasium, the Upper Cape winning the close battle, 30-27.

After lunch a business meeting was held, at which Irma Batt of Provincetown was elected president, Katherine Eldredge of Orleans, vice-president, and Cynthia Haskell of Yarmouth, secretary of the third annual conference, which will be held in Falmouth.

Mrs. Albertine McKellar of Boston delivered an interesting lecture "Still Charming," on the problems of high school girls. Mrs. McKellar gave the girls some very helpful information.

Following Mrs. McKellar's speech was an amusing comedy, "Three's a Crowd," given under the direction of Miss Louise Finnell. The play was very well done and the players and coach need to be congratulated for their work.

An amateur hour was the next feature. Talented students from all Cape schools participated in this, and appropriate souvenirs of Provincetown were presented to the winners.

A fine opportunity was afforded the girls to inspect the famous Pilgrim Memorial Monument. The students greatly enjoyed the climb and the view from the top, 320 feet above sea level.

Under the direction of Miss Smith, an excellent banquet was held in the early evening, at which Miss Constance A. Lowney presided as toastmistress. Miss Patch of Harwich and Anna Enos played the piano while the delegates indulged in group singing and cheering.

As the closing feature of the day Commander Donald B. MacMillan, famous explorer and lecturer, delivered an illustrated lecture on "Life in the Arctic." Commander MacMillan, a professional lecturer, held the girls spell-bound by his breath-taking pictures of Arctic scenery and his thrilling verbal accounts of the North. His lectures are always interesting and educational and he well deserves the grateful appreciation which the high school students extend to him for his frequent visits to P. H. S.

Doris Ramos, '36.

THE JUNIOR PROM

The Junior Prom, an annual festival at which the juniors make their "debuts" will be held this year on May 15—a red letter day for members of this year's class. Plans are in full sway for decorating and ticket selling, and attractive posters are already announcing the dance to the townspeople.

The class colors, blue and gold, will prevail in transforming the Town Hall into a May-time ballroom. Tom Hoye's orchestra will no doubt delight everyone who attends.

The students will array themselves in the customary apparel, the boys wearing white flannels and the girls wearing evening gowns.

The chairmen of the various committees are: tickets, John Thomas; music, Irene Patrick; decorating, Marguerite Caton; advertising, Donald Rivard.

Jane Stahl, '36.

THE SENIOR PLAY

"Coming Thru The Rye," a three-act comedy written by Charles George, is to be presented by the senior class on May 29, in the high school auditorium.

A synopsis of the play is as follows:

A bus enroute to the west coast is stalled in the small western town of Rye. James Kearney, a light-hearted ex-sailor; Rosamond Mearson, a scheming young damsel; and her fussy mother, Mrs. Humphrey Mearson; Rosalie Reed and Monica Morrison, college girls on their way home for the Christmas holiday; Trixie Angel, a rather childish girl who is very fond of her pets, and Robert Tanner, a nervous-acting young man, are the passengers who are forced "to put up" for a short time at the town's only hotel, operated by Silas Stonebraker and his daughter Libby.

Harvey Keyser, a stalwart young gentleman of Rye, having helped Stonebraker in his financial difficulties, feels that he holds a claim on Libby's affections. However, Kearney tries to win Libby's affection and in doing so becomes an enemy of Keyser.

Moments of laughter are captured in the scenes when old Silas quarrels with Miss Jessie Weatherby, an old village maid who hopes eventually to become Mrs. Stonebraker, and when Miss Angel asks her dog's advice on various problems that confront her.



SENIOR PLAY CAST

First row, left to right: Anna Enos, Patricia Cass, Jane Stahl, Dorothy Rock, Reginald Perry, Lloyd Jonas, Remigio Roda.
Second row, left to right: Margaret Roberts, Mary Ellen Perry, Ruth Ramos, Miss Ellen Hourihane (director), Leland Perry, Joseph Andrews.

This play illustrates how a small incident, such as a bus stalling in a small town, can affect the uninteresting, and non-eventful lives of a few small town people.

The cast under the able supervision of Miss Hourihane, director, consists of the following:

Silas Stonebraker	Reginald Perry
Libby Stonebraker	Jane Stahl
James Kearney	Remigio Roda
Harvey Keyser	Lloyd Jonas
Lily Turner	Anna Enos
Jessie Weatherby	Margaret Roberts
Ronald Tanner	Leland Perry
Sheriff Haskins	Joseph Andrews
Mrs. Humphrey Mearson	Patricia Cass
Rosamond Mearson	Ruth Jason
Trixie Angel	Mary E. Perry
Rosalie Reed	Ruth Ramos
Monica Morrison	Dorothy Rock

Prompters: Eleanor Burch and Catherine Rock.

Business manager: Joseph Andrews.

Virginia Roderick, '36.

ASSEMBLIES

We have been very fortunate this year in having such varied educational and entertaining assemblies. Lectures by well-known speakers and instructive "movies" have constituted the educational program, while dramatic assemblies under the direction of several members of the faculty have supplied fine entertainment.

A series of educational assemblies was made possible by the courtesy of Dr. Eaton, who lent us his motion picture machine. These instructive films on the topics, "Steel Bodies of Cars," "Dangers of Carbon Monoxide Gas," "Sulphur," and "Books," were very enjoyable.

One of our most interesting speakers was Mr. Talbot, of the Audubon Society, who gave us an illustrated talk on birds. He explained how to distinguish the animals of the air by their sounds and habits.

Miss Hourihane presented an amusing play, "Poudre Aux Yeux," depicting the foolish pretensions of middle class people. An English version of the play, translated in French class, was used. The parts were ably interpreted by

Jane Stahl, Philip Hannum, Patricia Cass, Joseph Andrews, Janice Earl, Leland Perry, Kathleen Medeiros, Eleanor Burch, and Robert Collinson.

"Three's a Crowd," a one-act play, was presented by members of the senior English class under the guidance of Miss Louise Finnell. The cast was composed of Remigio Roda, Ruth Jason, Flora Thomas, Joseph Andrews, and Robert Hannum. The play was well presented and applauded with enthusiasm by the audience. The same play later served as entertainment at the Older Girls' Conference held at the Provincetown High School.

Another most enjoyable program which Miss Finnell presented was one composed of selections from "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Pupils of the sophomore English class interpreted Shakespeare's amusing characters with remarkable skill and appreciation.

The players were: Hermia, Rosa DeRiggs; Helena, Jennie Captiva; Lysander, Cleveland Woodward; Demetrius, William Hutchins; Puck, Helen Pacellini; Oberon, Elsie Brown.

The stage committee was composed of Kendall Cass, Louise Lewis, Emily Rivers, and Lewis Eaton.

After a month of research work, the senior class, under the direction of Mr. Perry, wrote and presented a play, "Abraham Lincoln." The play consisted of six scenes portraying crucial moments in the life of Lincoln. The chief character, "Honest Abe," himself, was effectively portrayed by Remigio Roda. Flora Thomas and Vivian Joseph did fine bits of acting as the two women in Lincoln's life, Ann Rutledge and Mary Todd. Reginald Perry, as Secretary of State Seward, and Joseph Andrews, as old Tom Lincoln, also deserve special commendation.

On May 8, the boys of the physical education classes presented their annual exhibition under the supervision of Mr. Murphy, physical education instructor. The large audience of students and guests was given remarkable dem-

onstration of perfect form and muscular coordination on the parallel bars, balance beams, and in the forming of pyramids, and a squad of forty boys presented an exhibition of marching tactics for which they were roundly applauded. The program ended with a dumb-bell drill and the forming of the work "end." All the floor commands were given by Remigio Roda, '36, Richard Santos, '37, and Francis Souza, '38.

For a Thanksgiving assembly, "Turkey Red" was well presented by the following members of the junior high: Anna Turner, Margaret Avila, Marie Rosa, and Mary Andrews. Following this play John Farroba, introduced by the announcers, Jayne Atkins and Marilyn Raymond, recited "A Good Thanksgiving." After this another play was presented, entitled "The Little Red," the cast of which consisted of Leona Silva, Helen Marshall, Mary Rogers, Arthur Patrick, Francis Steele, and Lucien Cross. This program was under the direction of Miss Jason.

Before the Christmas holidays Miss Mary Roberts presented an unusual and artistic assembly in tableau form, entitled "Living Madonnas." The following masterpieces were shown: Sistine, Madonna of the Chair, Madonna del Granduca, Madonna of the Veil, and the Blue Madonna. The following junior high pupils—Margaret Avila, Anna Turner, Virginia Carter, Adeline Santos, Leona Silva, Anna Corea, and Mary Rogers—portrayed the madonnas.

Under the supervision of Miss Mary Lewis, students of the 7A social science class observed Washington's birthday in a very fitting manner by depicting various scenes from the life of George Washington. Those participating in the assembly program were Barbara Cross, Marguerite Cook, Elizabeth Martin, Frank Parsons, James Sants, John Farroba, Warren Roderick, Arthur Roderick, John Silva, Joseph Souza, and Eugene Perry.



SPORTS



FOOTBALL TEAM

Back row, left to right: Coach George Leyden, Arthur Ventura, Albert Rego, Herman Janard (Capt.) Remigio Roda, Wallace Bent, Stephen Roderick, Lloyd Jonas (Manager).

Front row, left to right: Ernest Ford, Joseph Andrews, Leonard Enos, Robert Hannum, Clinton Rogers, Kenneth Simmons, Walter Turner.

FOOTBALL

This year the P. H. S. football team passed through a disastrous season, as far as games won were concerned. The light, inexperienced team struggled in vain to chalk up a win. Although we lost every game and scored only in one, never did we leave our opponents with the impression that we were unsportsmanlike and couldn't take a beating.

The schedule and scores are as follows:

Oct. 5	Bourne	6	P. H. S.	0
Oct. 12	Yarmouth	14	P. H. S.	0
Oct. 19	Falmouth	31	P. H. S.	0
Oct. 26	Barnstable	28	P. H. S.	0
Nov. 2	Wareham	12	P. H. S.	0
Nov. 11	Bourne	20	P. H. S.	13
Nov. 16	Falmouth	28	P. H. S.	0
Nov. 23	Barnstable	22	P. H. S.	0
Nov. 28	Yarmouth	14	P. H. S.	0

Besides having a light, inexperienced team, we had the misfortune of playing three of our games on a muddy field. The Wareham game

was played in a raging torrent, which covered the field area with mud ankle deep, thus slowing down our fast backs considerably.

The opening game of the season was a closely centered affair. Most of the eleven men on the field played their first game as regulars, and of course were very nervous. Their game showed that P. H. S. had a good line, for several times during the game Bourne threatened the goal line, but every time they were repulsed. Bourne scored on a long pass which caught our backfield flatfooted.

This year the team was captained by Janard. This chunky lad was converted from a sprinting, pass-snaring end to a plunging fullback. Janard worked like a Trojan in every game and it was not his fault that we did not emerge victorious in any contest.

Coach Leyden deserves a great deal of praise for his work with the squad. He showed that he had much patience and interest by going out to the field day after day with a team that didn't win any ball games.

When Bourne visited Provincetown, the Orange and the Black put on great offensive power. Hardly had the opening whistle been blown when the home team crashed over for a touchdown. But Bourne retaliated with three, making the score 20-7. In the last quarter P. H. S. put on another spurt and crossed the goal line, but Bourne stiffened until the final whistle blew.

The hardest fought battle was that played at Barnstable. The Red and White started out very strongly, scoring twenty-two in the first quarter. Then the Orange and the Black suddenly came to life and didn't allow the Upper-Cape team to come anywhere near the goal line.

Provincetown placed two men on the mythical All-Cape Team. Filling one of the guard positions was Clinton Rogers. This little lad was very aggressive and his ability to tear holes in the opponents' line was amazing. Captain Janard was given the full-back berth on the second team. This boy is another of the small plucky type, and he was a consistent ground-gainer for the Orange and the Black.

The team of 1936 is bound to go places, because there are only five seniors graduating from the squad, and Mr. Leyden has shaped up a group of sophomores and juniors who will take their positions and handle them very well. Janard has been re-elected captain, and together with Rogers and the rest of the squad, they should make next season a very successful one.

The members of the varsity squad are as follows:

Ends	Turner and Ford
Tackles	Souza, Silva and Andrews
Guards	Rogers, Enos and Simmons
Center	Hannum
Quarterback	Roda
Halfbacks	Rego, Santos, Bent and Ventura
Fullback	Janard

Joseph Andrews, '36.

BOYS' BASKETBALL

The P. H. S. boys' basketball team recently completed a very successful season, having won twelve out of the sixteen games played.

At the beginning of the season, the future looked very dark, for every first-team man and every substitute had graduated the previous

year. Working with a new and green team, Coach Ramey worked the quintet into shape for their first game of the season, which was with Chatham.

Showing remarkable speed and shiftiness in their first big game, the Orange and Black out-pointed the taller and heavier Chatham boys and chalked up their first victory. In that game Roderick acclaimed himself to be the most promising forward on the lower Cape. His speed and accurate long shots clinched the game for Provincetown.

The second game of the season, the first out of town, marked the first defeat. On a strange floor and before a strange crowd, the team fought vainly to hold down the experienced Harwich team, but the long shots from the center of the floor by their forwards gave them a two-point victory.

Once again the P. H. S. boys proved their mettle by taking Hyannis State Teachers' College by ten points. This was a remarkable feat, considering that every H. T. C. player towered above the town boys.

The next game with Harwich gave Provincetown its revenge for the earlier defeat. Successful covering of Harwich's flashing, long-shooting forwards by the guards enabled P. H. S. to win by seven points.

Barnstable upset the boys with their fast attack and crushed them under an eighteen point defeat.

After this defeat the Orange and Black spirit tightened a bit and Wellfleet fell before them, 51-29.

In the next game P. H. S. chalked up its fifth victory by defeating Yarmouth. Hannum and Souza led the attack with five points apiece. Wellfleet was then defeated a second time, 66-13.

Again Marblehead traveled down the Cape to meet the local team for the fourth year in succession, and went back easily defeated, 40-21.

Playing the Brewster C. C. C. Reserves, the high school team won its ninth victory, quelling them 43 to 11.

In a thrilling game the Orange and Black showed true grit and power in defeating a strong Barrington, Rhode Island team, 31-28.

In an overtime game the local boys scored a victory over Orleans in a fast and heartening



BOYS VARSITY BASKETBALL

Left to right: Francis Souza (Capt.) Richard Tarvers, Remigio Roda, Walter Turner, Robert Hannum, Nobert Macara, Steven Roderick, Herman Janard, Manuel Goveia, Victor Santos, John Thomas, Coach Ramey, Regina'd Perry, Mgr.

tussle. Behind twenty to ten at the half, Provincetown forged ahead to tie as the final whistle blew. An overtime period gave the necessary points to win.

The Junior Varsity, because of a conflict in schedule with the Brockton Tournament, played Yarmouth and lost by eight points.

At the Brockton Tournament the P. H. S. boys played one of their greatest and hardest fought games. In spite of superior height and weight, they won a decision over Marshfield High, the South Shore champions, by one point in the preliminary round of the tournament.

In the semi-final round the boys succumbed to Harwich's long shots by three points. In spite of grueling attacks, the chance shots caused their defeat.

In the final game of the season, and certainly the hardest fought and most beautiful, from the standpoint of passwork and shooting, Provincetown lost the decision and championship of the Cape to Barnstable High, 34-32. In spite of Barnstable's win, they were outpointed

in many respects. The boys' attack left them always on the defensive, trying to keep the local forwards, Roderick and Goveia, from scoring. Leading most of the way and tying the game up close to the end, Provincetown succumbed to the first, last, and only attack made by Barnstable during the course of the game.

For the first time in four years the team lost the Cape Championship.

The chances of Provincetown's winning the Cape Championship next year are the highest ever. Hannum, one of the forwards, is the only one who is graduating. Next year's team will rank well with the team of 1935, one of the strongest the Cape has seen in years. The probable line-up will be: S. Roderick, M. Goveia, and R. Santos, forwards; F. Souza and J. Steele, centers; and H. Janard, W. Turner, V. Santos, and J. Thomas, guards.

The "All Cape" list recently published showed that Provincetown had placed three men on the mythical team. They were F.



GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Left to right: Jane Stahl, Dorothy Silva, Ethleon Chapman, Irma Batt., Eunice Cordeiro, Mary Ellen Perry, Frances Avellar, Vivian Joseph, Coach Constance Lowney.

Souza, center; W. Turner, guard, and S. Rod-
erick, forward.

The summary of the games played:

	Provincetown	Opponents
Chatham	19	15
Harwich	26	30
Hyannis Teachers' College	34	24
Harwich	24	17
Barnstable	14	32
Yarmouth	45	20
Wellfleet	51	29
Orleans	27	24
Wellfleet	66	13
Brewster CCC Reserves	43	11
Orleans	30	26
Barrington, R. I.	31	28
Marblehead	40	21
Barnstable	32	34

Brockton Tournament

Marshfield High	23	22
Harwich	24	27
Total	529	373

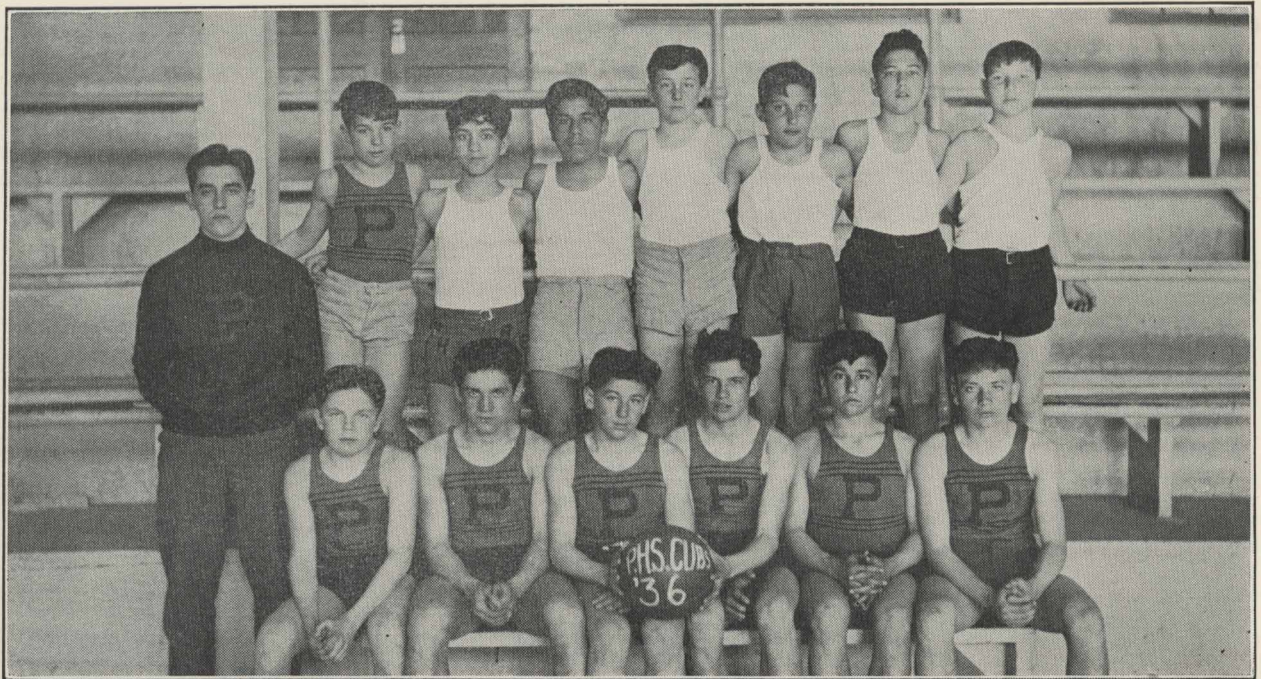
Reginald Perry, '36.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

The team of '36 completed a successful season on the twentieth of March. Of the twelve games played, the girls won six, lost five, and tied one.

The season started late in December with a victory over the Alumni, a team largely composed of last year's stars. Then followed a tie game with Chatham, the Cape Champs. The next two games were easy victories over Harwich, but then the first defeat came at the hands of the Yarmouth sextet. With two of the regular team unable to play because of sickness, the team played Barnstable and met defeat by six points. On the Wellfleet floor the girls won easily, but were defeated by one point on their home floor. Two wins over Orleans rounded out the score, but the girls again met defeat from Yarmouth. The final game of the season was played against Barnstable and although it was a victory for the upper Cape rivals, the girls fought hard and played well.

The team loses three of its first string players



CUBS BASKETBALL

Seated, left to right: Kendall Cass, John Gregory, Emanuel Gaspa, Joseph Roderick, Warren Alexander, Earl Cabral.
 Standing, left to right: Francis Souza, Coach; Jack Rivers, Ralph Andrews, James Souza, Lucien Cross, Frank Parsons, Raymond Souza, Frank Perry.

by graduation: its captain, Vivian Joseph, one of the best forwards ever to represent Provincetown, and Mary Ellen Perry and Jane Stahl, competent guards of the past two seasons. However, with Irma Batt, Ethleon Chapman, Dorothy Silva, and Frances Avellar and the coaching of Miss Constance Lowney, next year's team looks very promising.

The schedule for this year was as follows:

22	P. H. S.	(home)	Alumni	10
25	P. H. S.	(home)	Chatham	25
44	P. H. S.	(away)	Harwich	4
60	P. H. S.	(home)	Harwich	22
20	P. H. S.	(home)	Yarmouth	38
23	P. H. S.	(home)	Wellfleet	24
26	P. H. S.	(away)	Wellfleet	20
19	P. H. S.	(away)	Hyannis	25
42	P. H. S.	(home)	Orleans	24
40	P. H. S.	(away)	Orleans	18
32	P. H. S.	(away)	Yarmouth	40
24	P. H. S.	(away)	Hyannis	32

Jane Stahl, '36.

P. H. S. CUBS

This year the Provincetown High School Cubs played a very successful season, winning all but two of their games. The team was composed of small boys, but they completely outclassed their larger rivals.

Those who saw a great deal of service in games were J. Roderick, A. Avila, E. Gaspa, W. Alexander, E. Cabral, J. Gregory, J. Rivers and K. Cass.

Avila and Roderick were high scorers and both these boys will be contenders for varsity berths next year.

Capt. Francis Souza of the varsity was the coach and he helped the Cubs greatly by teaching them the same plays that are used by the varsity.

The summary of games played:

	Provincetown	Opponents
Wellfleet Cubs	23	8
Orleans Cubs	10	13
Wellfleet Cubs	25	17
Orleans Cubs	13	12
Harwich Cubs	19	23
Harwich Cubs	32	18

Joseph Andrews, '36.

PROVINCETOWN REPRESENTED ON ALL-CAPE TEAM

As has been the custom of the past, the Standard-Times has picked the outstanding players on the Cape to form a mythical All-Cape Basket Ball Team.

This year, the small, inexperienced team placed three players on the mythical team. Captain Francis Souza was the most outstanding player from Provincetown. Although only a freshman, the rangy center outplayed all of his opponents in regard to defense work and scoring. All coaches of the Cape proclaim that Souza will develop into the best center that ever represented the Orange and the Black.

Filling one of the forward positions was little Stephen Roderick. Although the smallest player on the team and probably the smallest on the Cape, this plucky lad was very aggressive and his timely shots often put Provincetown on the long end of the score.

Walter Turner was the "Dark Horse" of the team. When the season opened Turner was a substitute guard, but after a few games Coach Ramey found that Turner belonged in the lineup. He won his place on the All-Cape team because of his great defense work and his ability to take rebounds from the backboard. Souza, Roderick, and Turner will be back next year and this trio will provide a nucleus about which will form a promising Cape Championship Team.

In the girls division Irma Batt was selected as forward and Ethleon Chapman as guard. Miss Batt was an exceptionally high scoring forward, making as many as thirty points in one game and scoring on an average of fourteen points a game.

Miss Chapman was a very dependable guard and her defense work was outstanding. Both of these girls will be back next year and should help to build a very strong team.

J. Andrews, '36.

SPRING FOOTBALL

In the first spring football game ever to be played on Cape Cod, Barnstable High defeated Provincetown High by a score of 20-0. The game was played at Hyannis.

Both teams were the victims of many fumbles and penalties, but the Red and the White were the more aggressive and scored three times. The high spot of the game was a 5 yard dash by Walsh of Barnstable, who intercepted a pass with only five seconds left to play. Rego and Silva played well for Provincetown in the backfield, while Turner was the outstanding figure in the line.

Had Captain Janard been able to play, the result of the game might have been greatly changed, but much to the disappointment of the team and to himself, the plunging fullback was kept from the game on account of illness.

The lineups were as follows:

Barnstable	Provincetown
Hopkins, le	Turner, le
Williams, lt	Andrews, lt
Johnson, lg	Rogers, lg
Bacon, c	Hannum, c
Starch, rg	Enos, rg
Drew, rt	Steele, rt
Mahi, re	Ford, re
Anderson, qb	Roda, qb
Walsh, lhb	Bent, lhb
Weigert, rhb	Rego, rhb
Burke, fb	Silva, fb

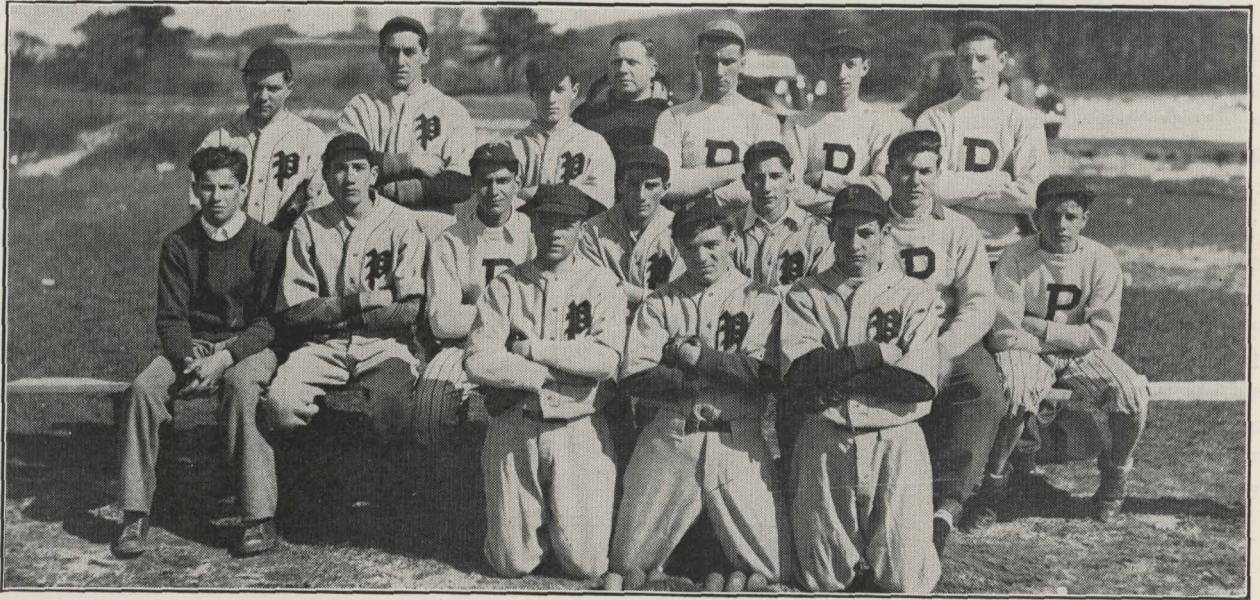
J. Andrews, '36.

BASEBALL

Due to the early date at which the year book was sent to press, it was impossible to give an account of the baseball season of 1935. Last year the team did not experience so successful a season as it did in the year past because Coach Leyden was unable to find a dependable pitcher.

The varsity members were as follows:

- Capt. "Briar" Silva—Catcher, Pitcher
- "Barsh" Santos—Pitcher, Second Base
- "Red" Croteau—Third Base
- "Fat" Burch—First Base
- "Bill" Tasha—Shortstop
- "Honka" Santos—Right Field
- "Alec" Roach—Center Field, Right Field
- "Moose" Roda—Left Field
- "Nobbie" Macara—Center Field
- "Lit" Collinson—Infield Utility



BASEBALL TEAM

Left to right, front row: Dennis Encarnacion, Marion Taves, Nobert Macara.

Second row: Joseph Roderick, Manager; Robert Collinson, Arthur Avellar, Herman Janard, Manuel Goveia, Anthony Bent, Stephen Roderick.

Third row: Leonard Enos, Francis Scuza, Victor Santos, Sherman Silva, William Hutchins, Walter Turner.

Rear row: Coach George W. Leyden.

The games and scores are as follows:

P. H. S.	11	Harwich	10
P. H. S.	11	Barnstable	14
P. H. S.	11	Wellfleet	4
P. H. S.	5	Orleans	3
P. H. S.	7	Barnstable	12
P. H. S.	10	Wellfleet	7
P. H. S.	8	Yarmouth	9
P. H. S.	4	Orleans	5
P. H. S.	13	Harwich	11
P. H. S.	6	Yarmouth	7

Those making the varsity squad this year are: Taves, Santos, Souza, Rego, Incarnation, Collinson, Macara, Roderick, Avellar, Enos, Turner, and Bent. As you can see by the names listed above, Provincetown is playing a very green team, but you can be assured that those

representing the Orange and the Black will try their hardest to have the Cape Cod Championship in their grasp when the season ends.

The schedule for 1936 is as follows:

April 28	Yarmouth at Provincetown
May 2	Harwich at Provincetown
May 6	Provincetown at Hyannis
May 9	Provincetown at Chatham
May 13	Orleans at Provincetown
May 16	Provincetown at Harwich
May 18	Provincetown at Orleans
May 22	Wellfleet at Provincetown
May 29	Provincetown at Wellfleet
May 30	Hyannis at Provincetown
June 2	Provincetown at Yarmouth
June 4	Chatham at Provincetown

Joseph Andrews, '36.



ALUMNI



As you know, the purpose of this section is to acquaint the reader with the accomplishments and the whereabouts of the graduates. Looking back over the past few years, we find that many have continued to increase their education, while others remained in Provincetown. Of the latter group a large number are married and others have obtained positions in the business establishments of the town. May this account bring back memories of the first class to graduate from the new high school, of another possessing an excellent basketball team, and of friends who made those school days happy ones.

CLASS OF 1935

Albert Avellar is a clerk at the First National Store in the center of the town.

Howard Burch works at his father's bakery. Robert Stalker is employed at Cutler's Pharmacy.

Mary Collinson is attending Westfield State Teachers' College.

Frederick Comee is a freshman at Harvard University.

Bernard Days and Anthony Roda are employed by Uncle Sam at the Provincetown Post Office.

Dorothy Enos is working at her father's garage in the west end of the town.

Vanessa MacFarlane is a waitress at the Harbor Lunch Room.

Clifton Nelson is employed at Nelson's Market on Commercial Street.

Laura MacClure is a maid in a private home in New York.

Harold Paige has just returned from a trip to Florida.

Herman Rivard is working at Rivard's Electrical Shop.

Maribeth Paige has completed her first year at Regis College, Weston, Mass.

Hubert Summers is employed at the Atlantic Coast Fisheries.

Mary Viegas is a telephone operator in Provincetown.

Lloyd Rose is attending an art school in New Bedford.

William Tasha is working at the First National Store in the east end of town.

Paul Jason is a mechanic at Jason's Garage in Wareham.

Elaine Claxton has just returned from Florida.

Louise Silva is getting quite an amount of training in being an A1 housekeeper, keeping house for her father.

Ruth Sylver, Howard Burch, Robert Stalker, and Hubert Summers are taking post graduate courses at P. H. S.

Ida Williams is working at the Provincetown Laundry.

Charles Hayward is a plumber. Here is a tip for you girls who get romantic over icemen and plumbers; Charley was voted the "Woman hater" of his class.

Anthony Souza, following the tradition of the town, has taken to the sea.

John Alexander will not leave nature alone; at present he is a gardener.

Philip Croteau and George Silva still come back to P. H. S. to practice their favorite sports.

Catherine Chapman is a stenographer at the Provincetown Light and Power Company.

CLASS OF 1934

Dorothy Alexander and Lawrence Caton, '33, were married in April and are living in the east end of town.

Thelma Benson is working in her father's insurance office.

Leroy Bent is employed at the Halibut Liver Oil Factory.

Elizabeth DeRiggs is at present attending her second year at Sargent's School of Physical Education, Boston.

Gwendolyn Edwards was recently married to Loring Ventura, and is living in town.

John Edwards, the class musician, is blowing a bass horn in "Pat & His Pals Orchestra."

Marjorie Ferranti is employed at the Seamen's Savings Bank.

Joseph Gregory is a clerk at an A. & P. store in Provincetown.

Arthur Malchman is a freshman at Boston University.

Dolores Rogers has been working in Hyannis.

Robert Slade is a clerk at Slade's Gift Shop, Provincetown.

Frank Rogers has a position as mail carrier.

Philip Swords is still obtaining military training at Annapolis, Maryland. We were proud and pleased to hear of his appointment.

Mildred Thompson is in training for a nurse at Truesdale Hospital, Fall River.

Zilpha Nelson is working in a beauty parlor in Boston.

Theda Rogers is training to be a nurse at Boston Memorial Hospital, Boston.

Virginia Corea is engaged to a young man from Gloucester. When will the wedding bells be ringing, Virginia?

Ronald Paige is attending Boston University.

Ruth Roberts is a sophomore at Portia Law School, Boston.

Franklin Young is designing airplane motors in Los Angeles.

CLASS OF 1933

Hector Allen and Philip Merriss are attending Columbia University.

Lawrence Caton is a chemist at the Liver Shed connected with the Colonial Cold Storage.

Ida Roderick is secretary to Judge Robert Welsh.

Ethel Jason is a bookkeeper at the Colonial Cold Storage.

Genevieve Perry is secretary to Mr. George Chapman Sr., Treasurer of the Town.

John Williams is employed at the Liver Shed, Colonial Cold Storage.

William Fratus is working in a C. C. C. Camp.

Mildred Burch is married and is living in California.

Ruth Connor recently returned from Boston to work at Mitchell's Dry Goods Store, Provincetown.

Lenora Leonard is married to Stanley Batt.

Florence Benson is a clerk at Burch's Bakery.

Alice Oliver is married and is living in Springfield.

Etta Souza is working at the home of Mr. Horace Watson.

Clinton Terrill is attending Northwestern University.

Clara Watson is training to be a nurse in Ohio.

Joseph Collinson is attending Bryant's Business College, Providence.

Catherine MacFarlane is employed at the Provincetown Light and Power Company, as bookkeeper.

Thomas Rivard is working at Rivard's Electrical Shop, Provincetown.

CLASS OF 1932

Mary Amaral is a telephone operator in Provincetown. She is married to Joquin Russe, '31.

Florence Avellar is now the wife of Mr. James Hancock.

Herman Bent is married to Mary Louise Avellar, and they are the proud parents of a small daughter. Herman is a bookkeeper at Paige's Garage.

Esther Collinson is employed at Burch's Market as bookkeeper.

Clifton Crawley works with his brothers at the Crawley's Ice Company.

Margaret Croteau is married to Frank Aresta. They have a young son.

Carmina Cruz is employed at a beauty parlor in Somerville.

Mary Days is a hairdresser at the Harbor Vanity Beauty Shop, Provincetown.

Thomas Edwards is attending Catholic University, Washington, D. C.

Margaret Enos is employed on a P. W. A. project in the Town Hall.

Eleanor Gracie is married to Mr. Anthony Souza and they are the parents of a little girl.

Irene Lewis is in her last year at Hyannis Teachers' College.

Frances Perry is a bookkeeper at the Happy Home Furniture Company, Provincetown.

Emily Prada is married and living in Boston.

Helen Rogers is married and is making her home in New Hampshire.

Mary Sears is the bookkeeper at Rich's Chevrolet Garage, Provincetown.

CLASS OF 1931

Stanley Batt is a surfman at the Wood End Coast Guard Station, Provincetown.

Stanley Chapman is taking up farming.

Emily Dearborn is the superintendent's secretary.

Jocelyn Lewis is a telephone operator in town.

Lawrence Malchman is attending Boston University.

Loring Ventura is working for the Street Department of Provincetown.

Helen O'Rork is the wife of Ernest Meads. They are making their home on Commercial Street.

James Perry was recently married and is working for his father.

Mary Ramos is a nurse in a hospital in Roxbury.

Mary Roberts is teaching science and penmanship at the Provincetown Junior High School.

Joaquin Russe is employed at one of the A. & P. establishments in town.

Churchill Smith is a bookkeeper at the Colonial Cold Storage.

Christine Souza is the bookkeeper at the Cape Cod Garage. Miss Souza will soon be married.

Richard Slade is a clerk at Slade's Gift Shop.

Francis Burch is attending the Ithica College of Physical Education, New York.

Priscilla Steele is married to Mr. Edward Salvador. They are the parents of one child.

Leroy O'Donnell is working at B. H. Dyer Company.

CLASS OF 1930

Frederick Chapman is taking up nursing at a hospital in Providence.

Mabel Chapman is married and is living in Providence.

Melissa Connor is married to Morris Snow of Provincetown.

Herbert Wood is working in Maine.

James Cordiero is the manager of the First National store in the east end of town.

Edith Costa is the bookkeeper at Sklaroff's Wharf.

Anna Days is at a convent in Rhode Island.

Lawrence Days is working at a hotel in Boston.

Delphine Dennis is married and is living in Provincetown.

Bertha Edwards is a dietitian at Wellesley College.

Albert Fields is married and living in New Bedford.

Adeline Joseph is a nurse at the Massachusetts General Hospital.

Mathew Joseph is married and living in town. He is employed as clerk at the Bradford Market, Provincetown.

Olive Marsh is married to Arthur Brown, '29, and is living in Boston.

William Marsh is married and is working at Washington.

Anna Meads is now Mrs. John Oliver. Their family has been increased by two little girls.

Raphael Perry has joined the big group of married men and he and the Mrs. are living in Provincetown.

Ephraim Rivard is working with his brothers at Rivard's Electrical Shop.

Robert Rogers died this past year after an attack of scarlet fever. His sudden death was a great shock and a sad one to his countless friends in Provincetown and elsewhere.

Madelyn Santos is married and is living in the Bronx, New York.

Barbara Taylor is the wife of Mr. Luther Howes and they are the proud parents of a baby girl.

Joseph Sears is a nurse in a hospital at Providence, Rhode Island.

CLASS OF 1929

Myrtle Adams is married to Mr. Daniel Rollins.

Richardson Atkins is working at a garage in Boston.

Arthur Brown is a clerk at Jordan Marsh Company, Boston.

Inez Chapman is the wife of Mr. Manuel Macara. They are the parents of three children.

Florence Cook is the wife of Mr. Stuart Joseph, '29. Mr. Joseph is working at Sklaroff's Wharf.

Leonard Days is an interne at the Massachusetts General Hospital.

Helen Freeman is married and is living in San Diego.

Mary Lewis is teaching the Rugg Series at the Provincetown Junior High School.

Joseph Lema is a clerk at Nelson's Grocery Store, Provincetown.

Nathan Malchman is employed at his father's clothing store.

Helen Marshall is the wife of Mr. William McCaffrey, Selectman of Provincetown.

Margaret O'Donnell is married to Mr. Walter Avellar.

Edmund Silva is married and is a surfman at the Wood End Coast Guard Station, Provincetown.

Florence Silva is taking private nursing cases in New Bedford.

Marion Smith, Louise Silva, and Florence Volton are all married.

Alphonia Wager is a clerk at Marshall's Grocery Store, Provincetown.

Arthur Williams is married and is working in New York.

Marguerite Caton, '37.

P. H. S. ALUMNI CAPE COD AMATEUR BASKETBALL CHAMPIONS

The P. H. S. Alumni basketball team finished its first season by winning the Cape Cod Amateur Championship. The team showed great class in winning 23 out of 25 games played.

This team was backed by the P. H. S. Alumni Association who purchased their uniforms and took care of all the finances. All home games were played at the high school gym.

The team that started most of the games was composed of Silva and Burch, guards; Oliver, center; and Tasha, Santos or Croteau, forwards. One of the secrets of the team's success was the ability of the substitutes. There were always boys ready to take positions in the lineup, each one capable of being in the starting lineup. Thus the team was able to complete an excellent season in spite of the loss of several players because of injuries and sickness.

The first game that the Alumni lost was at Orleans, when it was defeated by a close score of 44-40. Then after winning four more consecutive games, Provincetown went down to defeat at the hands of Barnstable, by a score of 59-34. These were the only defeats suffered by the Alumni. When the season ended, Provincetown and Barnstable were tied for the championship of the Lower Cape. A play-off game was held at Orleans, where the locals won in a tight game of 27-25. During the last few minutes of play of that game Silva sank a sensational goal from the middle of the floor. This made Provincetown the Lower Cape Champions.

Wareham had won first place honors for the

Upper Cape and a playoff series was arranged. The team winning two out of three games was to be awarded the trophy. In the first game, which was played at Provincetown, the locals easily won by a score of 44-26. In the second game, however, played at Wareham, a much harder fought game was witnessed with Provincetown winning after coming from behind in the third period. The score was 28-23. The defense work of L. Bent and the scoring of A. Santos and F. Souza enabled Provincetown to win the Championship of Cape Cod.

Going out of their class, Provincetown defeated the Cape Verdeans of New Bedford in a great defensive game, the score being 13-12.

It is a difficult assignment to pick an outstanding player on the team because they were all outstanding. Anthony Santos, who was a star in his high school days, carried off the honor of being high scorer. Croteau, Burch, Silva, and Thomas contributed many points throughout the season.

Much credit for the successful season goes to Coaches Ramey and Rogers and to Manager Browne, who showed great interest in the team.

The summary of the scores is as follows:

Opponent	Opponents' Score	Provincetown Score
P. H. S.	12	27
U. S. S. Falcon	16	27
Wellfleet	28	43
Wareham	17	30
Wareham	27	42
Bourne	33	40
Yarmouth	30	40
Mashpee	31	34
Orleans	29	45
Falmouth	33	65
Barnstable	30	37
Yarmouth	30	44
Sandwich	39	55
Orleans	44	40
Brewster CCC	39	51
Sandwich	13	33
Mashpee	18	56
Bourne	30	63
Barnstable	59	34
Falmouth	50	54
Cape Verdeans	12	13
Barnstable	25	27
Wareham	26	44
Wareham	23	28
Total	734	1,015



HUMOR



SHAKESPEARE AT P. H. S.

A Midsummer Night's Dream
 The night before graduation
 Love's Labor Lost
 When Sherman tried to make Nika
 Comedy of Errors Any Freshman class
 Two Gentlemen of Verona
 Simmons and Janard
 Taming of the Shrew
 Mr. Leyden calling down V. Joseph
 Merchant of Venice
 Lloyd Jonas (Senior class treasurer)
 Merry Wives of Windsor
 Jan, Margaret, Pat, and Jane
 Much Ado about Nothing Corridor prattle
 As you Like It Hash in the Lunch Room
 Venus and Adonis Frances and Albert
 Romeo and Juliet Robert and Rosa
 Romeo and Juliet Norbert and Dorothy
 Romeo and Juliet Leland and Jan
 Romeo and Juliet Reginald and Celeste
 Romeo and Juliet Lloyd and Virginia
 Romeo and Juliet Leo and Charlotte
 Romeo and Juliet Joe and Charlotte
 All's Well that Ends Well Graduation Day
 The Tempest When Mr. Leyden gets angry
 Measure for Measure Chemistry Class
 A Lover's Complaint Robert about Rosa

* * * *

Mr. Roda: I hear Remigio made a 98-yard run in the big football game.

Andrews: Yes, but did you hear that he didn't catch the man ahead of him?

* * * *

Helen Silva: How much are those apples?

Arnold Oliver: 30 cents a peck.

Helen Silva: Say, what do you think I am; a bird?

* * * *

Mr. Perry, in biology class: The reptile I refer to strikes with mathematical precision.

Ethel: Oh, it must be an adder.

* * * *

Mr. Perry: What do you understand by foreign entanglements?

Reginald: Spaghetti.

BRIGHT ANSWERS

What is White Man's Burden? Woman.
 What is a catacomb? That thing on top of a rooster's head.
 Define anthology. Study of ants.
 Define plagiarism. Going around for pledges.
 What is a symposium? Something like a symphony, but not so bad.
 What is a metaphor? A place to keep the cows in.
 Define predilection. Something that takes place before an election.

* * * *

Mr. Murphy: What's the difference between ammonia and pneumonia?

Margaret Roberts: Ammonia comes in bottles and pneumonia comes in chests.

* * * *

Vivian: I suppose your home town is one of those places where everyone goes down to meet the train.

Ruth Jason: What train?

* * * *

Miss Hourihane: It seems necessary that I should see your father about your low marks.

Patricia: You'd better not. My dad charges three dollars a visit.

* * * *

The freshman class in English was given the task of writing four lines of dramatic poetry.

Theresa Tarvis wrote:

"A boy was walking down the track;

The train was coming fast;

The boy stepped off the railroad track

To let the train go past."

Miss Finnell said, "It lacks dramatic quality;" so Theresa wrote:

"A boy was walking down the track;

The train was coming fast;

The train jumped off the railroad track

To let the boy go past."

* * * *

Rego: You look like a nice sensible girl. Let's get married.

Frances: No. I'm just as nice and sensible as I look.

Miss Finnell: Define "group."

Jonas: A group is a bunch of people containing a few more than several.

* * * *

Victor, entering his first concert: What's that they're playing now?

Usher: Beethoven's Ninth Symphony.

Victor: Say, that's too bad! I missed the other eight.

* * * *

Mr. Perry: Who's the greatest inventor the world has ever known?

Ventura: An Irishman by the name of Pat Pending.

* * * *

Longfellow in 1936:

Under the spreading chestnut tree,
The smith works like the deuce;
For now he's selling gasoline,
Hot dogs, and orange juice.

* * * *

Margaret: He cleaned up a fortune in crooked dough.

Pat: Counterfeiter?

Margaret: No, pretzel manufacturer.

* * * *

Doctor: Your pulse is as regular as a clock.

Kathleen: Oh, it ought to be; you have your hand on my wrist watch.

* * * *

Steele: I graduated from a correspondence school in playing the saxophone.

Cass: Yea? Well you must've lost a lot of your mail.

* * * *

Who's very smart? The undertaker!!

He'll never need the dole,

For he gets rich, when other folks

Are going in the hole.

* * * *

Indignant waiter: What, no tip? Why, the champion miser of this town always gives me a dime.

Snow: Does he? Well, have a look at the new champion!

* * * *

Jan, at a baseball game: I don't see how that umpire can keep so cool.

Leland: That's easy. Look at all the fans around him.

* * * *

Miss Finnell: Burns wrote "To a Mouse."

Jonas: Did he receive an answer?

Mr. Murphy: I would like a pint of phenylisothiocyanate.

Norman Cook: Do you mean mustard oil?

Mr. Murphy: Yes, I can never think of that name.

* * * *

Simmons: I'm not going to school any more.

Weed: Why not?

Simmons: I can't learn anything. The teachers keep changing the lessons every day.

* * * *

Enos: That's funny.

Miss Hourihane: What?

Enos: Oh, I was just thinking.

Miss Hourihane: That's funny!

* * * *

Dot: A little bird told me that you were going to give me a diamond bracelet for my birthday.

Norbert: Yea? Well, it must have been a little cuckoo.

* * * *

Andrews, in Nelson's grocery store: Do you keep joints to suit all purses?

Macara: Sure!

Andrews: Well, what have you got for an empty one?

Macara: Cold shoulder!

* * * *

C. Rogers: Over where I live we grew a pumpkin so big that when we cut it my mother used one half of it as a cradle.

Rollins: Oh, that's nothing. A few days ago, right here, two full-grown policemen were found asleep on a beat.

* * * *

Robert: Would you like to go to the Senior Play?

Rosa: Oh, Robert! I'd love to!

Robert: Well, be sure to buy your ticket from me.

* * * *

Simmons: I am indebted to you for all I know.

Miss Finnell: Don't mention such trifles.

* * * *

Mr. Nassi: I'm going to give you this old Stradivarius of mine.

Margaret: What? An out-and-out gift?

Mr. Nassi: Absolutely! No strings to it.

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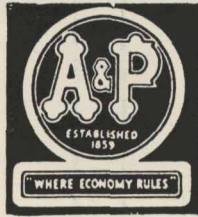
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