

LONG POINTER



PROVINCETOWN HIGH SCHOOL

1938 - 1939

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LONG POINTER STAFF



LONG POINTER STAFF

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EDITORIALS



EGOISM

There is an Ism in the world today which has been in existence ever since human beings have inhabited this earth and which in past years has gained greatly in its followers. This Ism can do more harm to the individual than any of the other Isms which are so prominent in present world affairs.

As Communism and Fascism will ruin an entire nation, so will Egoism degrade a human being until he is placed lower than the lowest outcast in the eyes of all. He will be shunned by society, at loss for a suitable position, and never, until he denounces this great handicap which he has brought upon himself, will he be able to regain these lost necessities of happy living.

How, you may ask, can Egoism do so much harm to the individual? This question can be answered very simply.

An Egoist thinks that whatever he does, whatever he says, and whatever he thinks should be revered and respected by all.

Society has no use for anyone who, let us say at a club reunion, talks constantly of his great successes, never once mentioning any misfortune that has occurred through his own carelessness. A true Egoist can never through any fault of his own make an error, since in his mind he is superior to all men.

No one will trade at a store where, when they ask for an article the clerk will stop to ask the customer if she thinks that he deserves a raise or a promotion, nor will the manager of that establishment keep such a clerk under his employ.

If you happen to be one of these unfortunate people, of which there are so many, I would suggest that you regard yourself of no greater importance than a beggar when you are in beggar's company and likewise of no greater importance than a king when you are in king's company.

By following this advice I am sure that you once more will be able to enjoy life.

Leo Ferreira, '40.

THE LONG POINTER

The **Long Pointer** staff wishes to take this opportunity to thank every person whose cooperation and contributions to our year book have aided its success.

Most important has been the helpful and willing service of our faculty adviser, Miss Mary Roberts, and since this **Long Pointer** is the last to be issued under her guidance, we shall make it a success to the utmost of our ability.

The ever necessary item in any year book, of course, is the number of its advertisements. If your advertisement appears in this book, you may feel that you have done your part toward the financial success of the **Long Pointer**, and the advertisement in turn will aid in the financial success of your business.

We extend our appreciation to the **Cape Cod Standard Times** for their permission to reproduce several pictures.

Last, but by no means least, the staff thanks each pupil who complied with the requests of the department heads by writing articles for the book. We may say that we expected each senior to contribute in some way his services, since it is primarily a senior project. However, to the underclassmen, your cooperation will be a definite aid to your own **Long Pointer** in 1940.

Now comes the real test. Any pupils who have not yet contributed to the **Long Pointer** may still have a chance to demonstrate cooperation by selling copies throughout the town. Our efforts have been of no avail if the books are not to enter the homes to be read. Then may we be able to truthfully say that no individual has had a lack of interest in the school book, but that every pupil has done his rightful part toward making it a success.

Arline Silva, '39.

SCHOOL SPIRIT

Every good school has noble purposes and high ideals. Service is the highest ideal. Those who belong to a community must be ready to serve the community. "He is the greatest who

serves the best." This is true not only in life, but in school which is an important part of life. The boy or girl is the best member of the school who can do the most for it, who thinks most, not of what he can get out of the school, but of what he can put into it. In this way he will get the most benefit from it. In future years he will think of his old school with gratitude and affection in proportion to his contributions to it in his school days—respect, devotion, and faithful service in helping it live up to its purposes and ideals.

Theresa Tarvis, '39.

AMERICANISM

In this great melting pot of America, people from all nations have become welded into the common brotherhood of **Americanism**. Since we children of these nationalities have played, studied, and worked together, we have come to understand one another's problems and have learned not to express prejudiced hatred toward one because he is a Jew, a German, or an Italian, but to act together maintaining peace among ourselves and for the nation.

Peace and Americanism—do not these two words go hand in hand? How different is this statement, "With the fall of Barcelona the Facists powers passed another milestone in their drive for **world** dominance." We who profess Americanism do not seek the glory of becoming the world's supreme master—no, we seek the glory of peace.

Absolute power given to the ordinary man will make him do rash things for personal glory. We have seen the dictators compel the lives of men to be turned over to the state, to be lost or ruined in useless wars, in order that new lands be attained for the dictator's growth of power and greater glory. Evidently a man's life means nothing under **Fascism**, **Communism**, and the other **isms** except Americanism.

Americanism grants us the opportunity of freedom for the pursuit of happiness and the right to our own opinion. If we were suddenly deprived of the privilege of free speech, press, or assembly, we would indeed be annoyed, but what about those people under the rule of the

menacing dictators? A word spoken or written against the dictator would likely as not cost one's life. However, you might be sent to a concentration camp of torture. Which would you prefer?

You prefer Americanism? Yes, so do I.

Arline Silva, '39.

HONOR ACHIEVEMENT

Not until a few months before graduation do students thoroughly review their past scholastic life. Students elected to the honor societies, friends graduating with high scholastic honors, classmates receiving laudation for class leadership, associates praised for their athletic accomplishments—yes, you think you have not had the chance. If you reason, you will remember that you never strove to do better, to be at the head of your class, or to be outstanding on the field. Your fate might have begun with that first "D".

Those receiving honors began in their freshman year. They are the ones who have made the honor roll every term, practiced class spirit, displayed leadership, been outstanding in athletics. You had the same chance. Did you make the most of it? With all earnestness, you wish you had, but it is too late for repentance.

Are your younger brothers, sisters and friends beginning on the right foot? Are they faithful in studying? Do they try to participate in extra curricula activities? You are familiar with school life. Make them develop an interest in it. Make them strive for the highest.

A child needs both sympathy and guidance. Help him choose his subjects and always remember that his future is dependent on the effectiveness of the curriculum. However, do not hinder the child by imposing upon him a course which he has no ambition to follow. Consult him, and let him consult you.

Above all, remember that you are trying to give him everything you have missed, and maybe your brother, sister, or friend, with a chance, upon graduating, may receive the honors which you had to forego.

Clayton Snow, '39.

knew it was imperative that he play perfectly. This was his only chance. He whispered a prayer under his breath and began.

"Very good, Mr. Martin. Will you give me your address, so that you may know the final results after everyone has tried out?"

"You may address the letter to John Martin, Poorhouse," he answered meekly.

"Poorhouse?" Mr. Carmini asked incredulously. "Why, such a violinist as you should be playing in great halls before crowds of brilliant people. I had you definitely decided upon when I saw you hold your violin and play your first few notes. I saw you feel every tone as you drew your bow. I merely asked your address as a matter of form, so that I could at least grant the other applicants try-outs.

Tears welled in the old man's eyes. His gratitude was overwhelming.

"Come, you shall stay at our house tonight, Mr. Martin, and I shall explain all the necessary details which you may want to know. We shall begin rehearsals tomorrow morning."

Mr. Martin was driven to the Carmini home, a cozy-looking house surrounded by a huge lawn with little circles of flower gardens scattered through it. Mr. Martin marvelled at the neatness and beautiful arrangement of every room. It seemed to revive in his memory his childhood days when he lived in one such home, when he had all that money could buy.

Mrs. Carmini begged to hear a selection from Mr. Martin. After his recital, the main topic of conversation was the concert. However, through all the conversation and with the excitement of a new position and the expectancy of the concert, still, the innermost joy of John Martin was the thought of going to tell his son that all would be well.

At the breakfast table the next morning, he told them of his plans to see his son before going to the rehearsal. Mr. Carmini drove him to Johnny's home and offered to wait in order to take him to the hall for the rehearsal.

Mr. Martin climbed the stairs slowly, making as little noise as possible and trying to imagine the surprise on Johnny's face when he would enter and the joy when he would tell him of his good fortune.

He was at the door now. It was early. Johnny would surely be at home—most likely

in bed. He placed his hand on the knob and opened the door quickly.

There, on the floor—a lifeless form, a gun beside it—and on the table, a note. "Don't feel sorry for me. Just don't let my father know. If he should ever want to know about me, tell him I'm no good. I don't deserve to be his son. I was despondent. This was the only way out."

Mr. Carmini saw coming toward him a man seemingly to have aged instantly—a heart-broken man, and the only explanation, the note passed to him to read.

Arline Silva, '39.

PATRIOT

Maudeline leaned weakly against the door, her mind refusing to accept what had just been told to her.

France! How she hated that country now! The country she had lived in so long, and dreamed for and worked for. Oh, true, she had left it ten years before, and gone to Germany, with—Don, her Don! And now he was dead. Dead! And France had helped to kill him. Had helped kill thousands of other Germans, Germans that had never harmed anyone, didn't deserve to die. Oh God, how she hated France!

Her mind flashed back to that time ten years before, when she had first met him. How tall and handsome he was. How kind and gentle. He had swept the fair Maudeline off her feet, and literally whisked her away to his humble cottage in this small town in Germany.

Oh, what happy years those were! Full of sunshine and laughter and love.

And then war was declared. War! And Don was snatched away. Now he would never return. Never! And his cheerful smile and gay laugh would no longer fill the house. It would be empty and dark,—for always.

Somehow she passed the day, and the shadows of dusk began seeping in the windows and under the door. There was a booming of guns from the distance, and every once in a while, the whistle of a shell.

Maudeline saw the red flashes against the quickly dimming sunset. How near it all seemed.

She sat in the dark for ten, fifteen, maybe one hundred minutes, and then gradually realized that there was a faint tapping at the door.

The door! Don! Oh my God, hurry, maybe he's not dead. She wrenched the door back, and a body stumbled over the sill and onto the floor. He lay there without moving, while she looked in horror. Blood was creeping on the floor and making a pool around him.

Her muscles suddenly came to life, and she turned him over. A medal was pinned on his breast with "Vive La France" sprawled across it. A Frenchman! Her pity and horror turned to disgust, then hate. Well, let him die, why should she care? Maybe he was the very one that had shot Don. Yes, let him die! Let everything to do with France die!

But didn't she come from France? Yes, and had lived there for nineteen years, but she had left it ten years before, forsaken it—she now was no part of it. Let him die!

A sudden banging on the door roused her to frenzy. She looked out the window. Two Germans in uniform were standing there impatiently.

She glanced at the face of the wounded boy again. How young he looked,—and so weak and helpless. His eyes thanked her when she held water to his lips.

The soldiers were banging on the door again and yelling. She must hurry! Pity swelled up in her as she looked at the boy, and France, France, France, seemed to be spinning round in her head.

She dragged him as gently as possible into the next room, and moved the rugs to cover the blood spots.

She walked slowly to the front door.

It burst open, and with an angry exclamation, the two men strode in.

"Oh, sorry, Fraulein, but have you seen a wounded Frenchman? I thought he came in here."

"No, he is not here."

"I'm sorry, we'll have to search."

Maudeline said nothing, just stood still and stared ahead.

She heard a cry from the next room, "So, he's not here, eh?" A moment later they came out, with a limp body between them.

"You're under arrest for harboring a spy."

"A spy? Ah no, a patriot of France. Vive La France!" And she walked off before them.

Marjorie Murchison, '39.

TWO COUSINS

Little Nina Gorsky held tightly to her mother's hand. She couldn't understand why she was being sent away. When you are only twelve it's hard to realize that being Jewish means unhappiness and loneliness. She clung to her mother, but the man came and took her by the hand and said, "Come, Nina, it is time to go."

Her mother kissed her and said, "Good-bye, Nina. Mind the man, and when you get to France, write to me. If I can get through, I will follow you soon."

Nina got on the train, hardly realizing what she was doing. There were so many people on the train, so many strange people. The man sat Nina near a little boy who, like herself, was being sent out of Germany because it was dangerous to stay there.

He said, "Hello, I'm Nathan Frank; who are you? Do you speak English? Are you going to America like I am?"

"I'm Nina Gorsky. I speak English and French each a little. My mother taught me when she was sure no one was watching us. I cannot go to America, because it costs too much. I am going only to France. At least it will be safe there."

"Yes, it will be safe there. Where are your father and mother? Aren't they coming to visit you when you are happy in your new home?"

"My father is dead. **They** killed him. My mother says that she will come if she can get the money. When I get to France—"

"Nina, Nathan," interrupted the man, "we are nearing the border. Remember that you are cousins and are going to visit your aunt and uncle in Paris."

The inspector came on board the train. Both children were so frightened that they merely answered his questions in monosyllables, and then they fell asleep.

They were awakened four hours later by the conductor who took them to a strange man who told them to get into a car.

Nathan whispered, "Nina, do you think they have found us out? A different man came to get us this time. Do you think they will take us back?"

The man who was driving the car hissed, "Be quiet; you are safe."

The car had jounced along for four hours

before they were ordered out of the car. Both were completely bewildered, for it was not at all as they had expected. Looking around they did not see anyone ready to throw stones at them, and no policeman was watching them. They knew then that at last they were FREE.

Ruth Hiebert, '39.

TO HAVE, OR NOT TO HAVE

Twenty feet from the avenue the black sedan slid into the dark shadow of a warehouse and "Big Nick" Campino switched off the lights. Then he and his two companions leaned forward and peered up the avenue a half block away. An illuminated sign hung above the sidewalk.

FENTONS SANDWICH SHOP

"I don't see him anywhere," muttered Campino.

"I don't—yes, there he is," said Mex Haley, sitting beside Campino, leaning further forward. His sinister little black eyes gleamed. "In that chair, this side of the door."

"I see him now. Spot him, Morris?" Campino turned to the back seat.

"Yeah," the man in the back seat spoke in a bored manner. "He sits there during the day with field glasses. He happened to be looking through 'em when me and "Mex" stuck up that payroll. That's why he could identify us four blocks away."

"That was a tough break," mused Campino. "After I figured that job all out for you and you knocked the payroll man cold from behind, this bird has to see it all. Where'd he get that habit?"

"Served in the war." Morris yawned. "Observer of some sort. Brought the glasses back with him. Draws a pension too, I heard."

"He won't after tonight." Campino's heavy black brows lowered ominously. "Had no business buttin' in. Without him the state can't convict tomorrow."

"What are we gonna do with him, Nick?"

"I've arranged that," assured Campino. "Villers is waitin' in the boat we used to run liquor in from New Orleans. He's closing," he added quickly, as Fenton walked stiffly into the sandwich shop.

They saw Fenton close the doors and turn off the lights. Then Campino let out the clutch

and the black sedan rolled into the avenue and turned to the left.

Ahead, Fenton was plodding toward the station. Campino glanced at Morris and Haley saw that they were ready, and the cars sped alongside the curb.

Morris swung open the back door and leveled his revolver. Haley thrust out his automatic.

"Get in, Fenton," scowled Campino. "I've got you covered."

Fenton stared, started to protest. Then Campino pulled him quickly into the back seat. Morris searched him for weapons as they sped away. A few minutes later, Campino turned the car out across the river bridge.

"Fog comin' up." Haley gazed up the bridge toward the Mississippi.

"'Tis that much better," Campino smiled, "but what I'm going to do."

They crossed the river, and Campino steered the car to the edge of the river where a speedboat was waiting.

"I don't know what you're up to," began Fenton, as he got out of the car, "but—"

He crumpled silently to the ground as Campino, standing behind, swung a blackjacker viciously against Fenton's skull.

A guarded voice spoke from the boat, "Get him, Nick?"

"Got him, Villers." Campino seized one of the unconscious man's arms. "Somebody help me here." Morris grasped the other arm and they dragged Fenton on the boat.

"Bring him into the cabin."

Villers switched on a dim light in the box cabin. The light revealed an armchair in front of which was a small tub. Nearby was a large one, half filled with a grayish mass.

"Put him in that chair," said Villers. "His feet drop in the tub. You got him here, the dot, Nick. The stuff's about ready to set hardening."

He took up a shovel and began dumping the gray mass around Fenton's feet.

"Say!" said Morris, "What—"

"Quick-drying cement." Campino smiled evilly. "Hardens in about an hour. Tomorrow at court time this fellow will be standing on the river bottom."

A few minutes later the small tub was almost filled. Villers smoothed it with his shoe.

pressing Fenton's trousers in against his small legs. Then he turned to Campino.

"Where're we droppin' him in?"

"Right near the bridge," said "Big Nick". "Water's deeper there. We'll cruise around awhile. Give the stuff time to harden."

An hour later Campino tapped the cement. "It's hard. Keep the boat moving, Villers. Take hold, men."

Morris grabbed one tub handle, and Haley, the other. Campino held Fenton around the waist and they lifted him over the edge. They heard a splash and the boat shot away.

"That's that." Nick rubbed his hands briskly. "We'll go back to the car and stay in the boat until daylight. Then we'll drop by our lawyer's."

They dozed on the boat until foggy dawn crept across the river. Then they started up toward the car.

A twig crackled as they approached the car, but blinking sleepily, they thought little of it. Then as they came up to the car, sleep left them and they were suddenly wide-awake.

A blue-clad patrolman sat in the front of the car. The glass was down and his machine-gun was leveled and ready. Another patrolman with a sawed-off shotgun ready sat in the back seat.

Even as they stared unbelievably, the bushes parted and husky plainclothed men appeared. At the charge "command" four pairs of hands shot upward and four men were promptly searched and handcuffed.

"Well—" Campino saw Lollar, of the homicide squad. "So you were in on that holdup, Nick. I thought so all the time."

The officer led the prisoners toward the highway. They came to three cars, and four pairs of eyes blinked incredulously. For in one of the cars sat Fenton, smiling calmly.

"Yep," Lollar saw their surprise. "It's Fenton. Lucky for him he recovered consciousness as you boys carried him on deck. He guessed what you were going to do and played fox. Then after you dropped him over-board, he managed to loosen the straps, slip out of his trousers, and swim ashore. "You see," Lollar spoke, "both his legs from the knees down are artificial. He lost his good ones in the war."

THE EMERALD NECKLACE

At the noon hour Kirkland's jewelry store was deserted. Mr. Harmon, the store manager, a magnifying lens clamped to one eye, was deep in the examination of a watch. Behind one of the show cases which ran the length of the store, Martha McGregor was engaged in arranging diamond rings on a bed of purple velvet.

From a purple velvet case Martha took a necklace of square-cut emeralds, twenty exquisite stones, beautifully cut. In the heart of stone, glacier-ice and fire fought for supremacy.

First glancing to see that Mr. Harmon was not looking, Martha laid the necklace against her throat and looked for a long time at her reflection in the oval mirror. The mirror framed a face frankly freckled, eyes of pale watery blue with nondescript lashes and eyebrows, and dark, unlovely red hair.

But Martha was seeing herself through Joe Stiggin's eyes. Under the influence of the necklace she tilted her chin, eyes sparkled, and she framed her lips into a sweet smile.

If only she had plenty of money to buy nice clothes and jewelry! Then Joe would not be spending so many evenings with that cheap Maisie Harrigan.

Her dreaming ended abruptly as two customers entered. She hastily replaced the emerald necklace in its box. The taller of the two men approached the counter and asked to be shown diamond rings. He was fussily particular about the kind of setting he wanted. His girl, he said, was particular.

Martha brought out ring after ring for his inspection. None met his satisfaction. She bent to get still another ring from the showcase and looked into the muzzle of a revolver.

"Stick 'em up, sister," her customer said pleasantly, and while she obeyed, he deftly swept all the rings into a canvas bag. Martha noted that the other man had Mr. Harmon covered.

Before either she or Mr. Harmon had recovered sufficiently to lower his arms, the two robbers had run from the store into a waiting car which sped away.

Mr. Harmon, his hand shaking, staggered to the phone.

"Quick! Central, please, quick!" he sputtered. "Get me police headquarters."

Beside Martha's hand on the counter lay the emerald necklace. Slowly, deliberately, she covered it with her fingers and placed it in the pocket of her smock.

Continually while the Chief of Police was questioning her about the robbery, she could feel the necklace there, burning, burning.

"You're a cool one, Miss McGregor," commented the Chief of Police admiringly. He glanced disdainfully at Mr. Harmon. Poor Harmon's hand were still shaking as he checked up the amount missing. Eighteen diamonds in all had been taken and the emerald necklace—a total loss of approximately twenty thousand dollars.

The police found Martha's information most helpful. She gave a good description of both robbers. The taller man had a fingernail missing from his thumb. The other man had a slight limp. She had a glimpse of the car through the open doorway—a dark green touring car.

That night when Joe called to see Martha she had new poise and assurance. Joe suddenly decided that Martha was a very charming girl.

"New dress?" he questioned sheepishly. "It's awful nice."

"No, Joe, I've worn this dress hundreds of times, but this is a new—necklace I've got on."

"It's pretty, too," Joe commented. "They sure can make this synthetic jewelry look like the real stuff nowadays."

The next three weeks were a dream of bliss to Martha McGregor. Joe had proposed, and they were going to be married the next month. The jewelry robbers were caught with the goods on them, with the exception of the emerald necklace, which the police believed they had succeeded in hiding somewhere.

Then one day Mr. Harmon bustling into the store introduced the new watch repairer. "This is Mr. Simpson, Martha. He is going to work here."

Mr. Simpson had a bold blue eye that gazed at Martha piercingly. All that day as she went about her work she could feel that blue piercing gaze upon her, and when she left the store at six, he was beside her, asking to see her home.

A sudden chill shot through her. This was no watch repairer, but a detective sent to spy upon

her. So they suspected her of having the necklace! And now he was trying to find out where she lived so that he could charge her with the theft.

"No, no," she told him brusquely, and she walked on swiftly.

Each day now was a nightmare. She dared not look up and meet those awful eyes, and yet she knew they were following her all day. At night when she tried to sleep, she could see those glassy eyes in the darkness, and each morning, instead of the ghostly eyes of the night, there were the real eyes of the day, staring, staring.

Suddenly she could stand it no longer. She thrust the necklace at Mr. Harmon. "Here's your necklace," she shrieked. "Now your detective can stop torturing me. I can't bear those eyes any longer."

"The emeralds!" gasped Harmon. "You took the emeralds? What eyes do you mean?"

"Your detective, Mr. Simpson's. He knows I had them. He's been staring through me ever since he came."

"Detective? Simpson? cried Harmon with unfeigned amazement. "He's no detective; he's probably been staring at you because he's in love with you, or so he says, you little fool. He told me he couldn't take his eyes off you."

The emeralds winked sardonically in the sunlight.

John I. Shaw, Jr., '39.

MISS AGATHA

Miss Agatha Atherstone was an old maid; that is, she has been so long recognized and known as "Miss Agatha" that her friends and neighbors would have rejected the idea of her ever having been called by any other name. There had been, to be sure, vague rumors of her early fondness for some youth. It was generally conceded that the curly-haired youth had gone to sea and been shipwrecked, and Miss Atherstone continued to be Miss Agatha for his sweet sake. The sight of her miniature of a curly-haired young man clad in a blue jacket was enough to convince her old friends that Miss Agatha once had intentions.

She lived in a large stone house in a street which had once been in the suburb of a large city. Progress had caught up with this street and lined it with blocks of flaring brick

tenement houses. She could have disposed of the property, but no inducement could change her opinions; so she continued to live there, isolated, her dwelling standing out from among its modern neighbors. Miss Agatha's household was orderly through a system which had been followed for fifty years—since she was a baby. The life in the stone house was, in fact, one of the last relics of the life of a half century before.

Thirty years ago Miss Agatha had loved and been loved by the curly-haired young man whose portrait she preserved; and the separation of their lives, which ought to have been woven together perpetually, had been the sad, sore episode which had chastened and saddened a spirit full of bright enjoyment and earthly happiness.

He had been poor, and she, too rich. After a few months of constant association and growing love, her parents separated them. He was proud, and following the disappointment of his hopes, he donned the blue jacket in which the artist had painted him and departed across sea; they had never met since. Even correspondence was forbidden them by her parents, and they drifted widely asunder.

It had been in the autumn that he had gone away from her; and ever since and now, when the season had returned, and the brown leaves pattered on the stone walks in the garden, she felt the sadness of her crushed-out longings and hopes press heavily against her.

A few days before Thanksgiving when the shrill blasts were wailing outside, after the Childrens' Aid Society had met at Miss Agatha's home, she sat in deep thought before the fireplace. A loud rap of the knocker startled her and she awoke from her reverie.

The door of the sitting-room opened, and the butler appeared, carrying a small rough-looking box.

"It's a box, marm, just left here by a sailor chap who said he was sent by the captain of a ship and told to leave it with no answer. Will I bring it in here, marm?"

"Yes, Bagley, you may place it here by my feet."

The butler placed it on the rug at her feet and left the room. Miss Agatha examined the directions curiously:

To Miss Agatha Atherstone
2 Parker Place
Brooklyn, New York

It was bound with hoops of iron, and bore the appearance of having traveled. She removed the lid. The contents of the box were wrapped in oiled-silk which she removed and found beneath—a worn-out blue jacket, a sailor's hat and knife, and, wrapped in another bit of silk, the companion-picture of the miniature of the curly-headed young man—a portrait of a beautiful girl, about twenty years of age.

Miss Agatha held these things in her hands; she folded them slowly together and rising from her knees, walked quietly from the room.

When the maid knocked on her door a half an hour later, she said she was ill and wasn't to be disturbed until morning.

Miss Agatha awoke, finding herself fully clothed and on the bed upon which she had thrown herself the night before, with her head resting on the weather-stained blue jacket and the two miniatures clasped in her hands.

Life had been bitter; Miss Agatha now felt old. She glanced in the mirror— — — — —
"If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain
To tell my story— — — — —"

She'd be fifty soon, thirty years ago— — — — —
"To think of him, so cold and white;
And, when she turned her eyes to him,
The tears of dream had made them dim;
And, for a while, she could not see

That he was sleeping quietly.
But, as she saw him lying there,
The moonlight on his curly hair,
With happy face and even breath,
Although she thought no more of death;
And it was very good to rest— — — — —"

Clayton Snow, '39.

INTRODUCING THE SENIORS



JEAN ANDERSON ALLEN

Be to her virtues very kind,
Be to her faults a little blind.

Our class actress has already brought fame to P. H. S. with her great dramatic talent, but in the years to come when we see her name in lights, we shall think of the days at P. H. S. when she was pestering us for our class dues.

HALCYONE CATHERINE CABRAL

“Caffie” is the rythm of our class,
And is a friendly and fun loving lass,
Whenever one is lonely and blue
Go to her and you’ll have plenty to do.

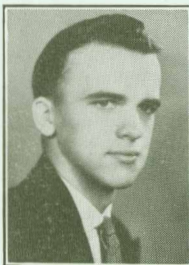
Halcyone has been the leading ticket-seller in the class, as well as a good classmate. She has a great time trying to keep out of mischief, but she always comes on top. We’ll all miss her friendly chatter.



JAMES BRECKENRIDGE CARTER

Tall, athletic, extremely shy;
The girls, for his sweet sake,
When they go by, he’ll hear them sigh
Gee, Jimmie, give us a break

“Jimmie”, our class artist, is a young man with talent. He hes won fame in the fields of baseball, football, and track. “Jimmie”, during our New York trip will run in a marathon in Boston. We all wish him loads of luck.



ZANA MARGUERITE CRAWLEY

Z is for Zana, ever helpful,
A, for her shorthand grades,
N, for her being never boastful,
A, for her ability on the stage.

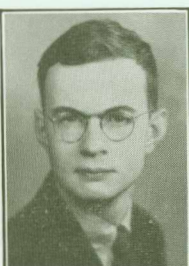
Zana has accomplished much in her four years of high school. Besides winning the friendship of all her classmates, she has attained high scholastic achievements. She is an indispensable aid in the typing room and in all class functions.



JOHN RAYMOND DYER

Beware Congress, of our man of reform,
But still, think of the good he’ll do,
What our country needs is John,
Honest, dependable, efficient, and true.

Friends, dont think John’s ambition—to be a Congressman— is a “pipe dream”. It’s the real thing. Fiery Dyer, who can defend himself with diplomatic verbalism or with remarkable pugnacity, is a man of many accomplishments: Student Council, Senior Play, and Long Pointer staff.



AUGUSTINE JEANETTE EDWARDS

"Auggie" is our class musician,
With hair dressing for an ambition.
Her success is sure and sound,
She'll go ahead by leaps and bounds.

"Auggie" is one of the cheeriest members of our class. She's worked hard and has done everything to make our senior trip a success. Thanks, Augustine, for that quilt; we think you're swell.



MARION CECILIA GASPAR

Marion is the quiet sort,
Busy a lot, seldom at play,
We all shall miss her,
When from P. H. S. she'll stray.

We've always relied on Marion for our cake sales and socials. Due to her industrious manner and skillfulness, we are sure her ambition—to be a dressmaker will be fulfilled.



AGATHA THELMA GILL

Agatha, our vivacious lass,
A popular member of our class;
Dancing's her hobby as we did see,
Premiere Danseuse, ambition to be.

Agatha is a petite jeune fille whose active ankles will carry her to fame and fortune as a dancer. She has aided us with our class activities and looked forward with anticipation to our New York trip in April.



RUTH EMILY HIEBERT

Ruth, center of the social whirl,
"Hiebie", cooperative, amicable girl;
You may rest now, all is done,
We've made our trip; Gee, some fun.

Ruth has always been the class's social leaning post. Her ambition—to be a second Bernhardt was well started with a lead in the senior play. Her accomplishments are many: an honor student, a member of the student council and a junior declamation speaker.



JEANNE MARIE JETTE

Most always we find "Nanette" gay
In her quiet little way.
We sincerely hope her smile will stay,
Until we see her next class day.

Although "Nanette" is very quiet and dignified, we have found, when there's work to be done, she's always around. She is the French lass of our class, has been a good classmate and a pleasing friend. Her smile and grace will always win her new friendship.



DOMINGO JOSEPH

"Bingo" is so full of pep,
Especially after that Nantucket trip;
He always has a crack to make,
And his jokes invariably take.

Domingo made a great showing on the football team of a greenhorn. Without Domingo the Senior Play would be a flop. We're sure he will succeed in whatever he does due to his charming manner of approach.





CELESTE VICTORIA MACARA

Always cheerful, always gay,
That's our "Goldie" in every way.

Her fine personality has made "Goldie" a great attraction wherever she goes. She has shown her ability to lead as captain of the basketball team and as president of the Student Council. We hope that our athletic girl will someday succeed in her ambition to become a gymnastic teacher.

WINIFRED BLISS McCLURE

"Still waters run deep."

Here's a toast to the most petite and most elfish girl in our class. Although quiet and demure, those who know "Winnie" well will always remember her for her congeniality. "Winnie" is a willing worker and a loyal lass. We all wish her luck in securing a secretarial position.



MARJORIE ELLEN MURCHISON

Beauty, vivacity—our girl "Murch",
Joy, brilliant, vigor and vim,
Sympathetic when you're in a lurch,
"Margie", the perfect feminine specimen.

"Margie", our female prankster, has left with us many unforgettable memories of her escapades. Marjorie has never let her play surpass her school work; neither has she failed to help the class in all activities.

CATHERINE ELIZABETH PERRY

Catherine always wears a smile,
Although she finds her Physics quite a trial;
However, she never gives up,
And when leaving dear P. H. S. we'll wish her luck

Catherine is one of the cheeriest members of our class, and with her friendly smile and pleasant disposition she has made many friends. Catherine's future will be devoted to nursing, and we know that she'll be very happy.



MARY EDWINA PRADA

"May's" cute manner has won our hearts,
Our memory of her ne'er will depart.

"May"—because of her fine personality, class cooperation, and her continual willingness to help on any committee, leaves with us an unforgettable memory of her demure young self.

JOAQUIN BATISTA RIVERS

He's small, but after all,
What's there in being tall?
Jackie, with mischievous temperament,
Is center of friendship and entertainment.

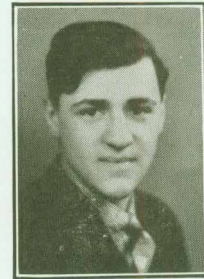
You'll have to keep this quiet, if you value your neck—"Jackie's" recently become romantically inclined, and he's found himself a girl friend; who'd a-thunk it? How could he have time for courtin' when so busy and indispensable on the basketball team?



DONALD FRANCIS ROCK

Donald is our class musician
With a violin as his ambition.
Considered the shiek of P. H. S.
You'll surely meet with great success.

As a classmate, he's one of the best, for he has certainly given us many moments full of fun and laughter during his four years with us. We're sure that his ability as a musician will carry him far.



JAMES BERNARD RODERICK

Hail, Adonis, "Percy" by name,
Nonchalant, versatile, exceedingly gay,
Deserved fame
You'll get some day.

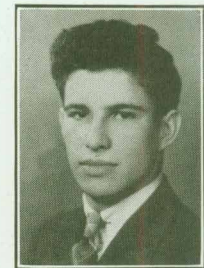
"Percy", our volcano of energy, is a valuable friend. His puns send the class into fits of laughter, an authority on the French language, prominent in class activities, a fine actor—"Percy" will be remembered as one of the class's most versatile members.



JOSEPH JOHN RODERICK

To "Joe", we give a thousand cheers,
Our loyal athlete, many thanks again,
Our leader true three long years,
Much on you we did depend.

Tall, masculine, sympathetic—"Joe" has been president of our class for three years. He showed remarkable leadership and ability as the captain of the basketball and football teams for this year. According to him, he wants to be a good husband for some deserving girl.



RAYMOND JASON RODERICK

If work makes a man, then here's an example,
Our tireless farmer, our bookkeeper smart,
"Ray", entertaining with jokes so ample,
Such is our friend with so big a heart.

If you're doubtful whether it's a debit or a credit, if you're feeling blue and some sympathy or cheer will help, you'd better see "Ray". He's considered most informed on statistics or doubtful measures in American history, and his debating tendency has often intrigued us.



GEORGIANNA GRACIA ROSE

My life is like a summer rose,
That opens to the morning sky,
But ere the shades of evening close
Is scattered on the ground—to die.

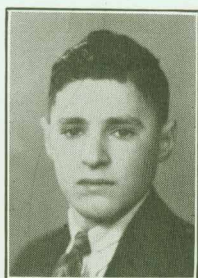
Orchids to Georgianna—for enlivening our classrooms, for her fine assistance in all our socials, and for her remarkable ticket selling. Sh-h-h It's rumored that Georgianna took Broadway by surprise during our senior trip. "Georgie" be good.



JOSEPH SANTOS

Of science and logic he chatters,
As well and as fast as he can;
Though I'm no judge of such matters,
I'm sure he's a talented man.

He's one of those small packages of dynamite which will be found in most classrooms. "Joe's a conservative fellow whom you'll always find pondering over some scientific theory or some way to earn money for financing our trip.





JOHN ISAAC SHAW

Handsome John, our gentleman kind,
Cooperative, amicable, intelligent too,
Sincere a friend as we did find,
Future happiness in store for you.

John has always burdened himself with class activities. His fine personality and remarkable salesmanship were indispensable to the Long Pointer staff and various committees. He is a Junior Declamation Contest winner and a member of the basketball team.

ANNA MAE SILVA

Fun she gave us,
Laughs we enjoyed,
Loyal she was
Till the end of our voyage.

Many times as we sat in our seats, feeling blue or maybe we weren't prepared for our lessons—we could always rely on "Chi-Chi" for that bit of sympathy or cheer that would bring us back to normalcy or she'd help us with our work.



ARLINE VERONICA SILVA

"Linka" of Honor Fame,
Who always has an A beside her name,
Has been an illustrious student and a friend,
Right through to the very end.

Arline has always been an outstanding student and a willing worker. She has participated in all our outstanding activities, and we want to thank her for so ably filling her position as class secretary this year.



GABRIEL SILVA

"Gab" is our class craftsman,
To be a carpenter fine,
With this but one objective
He's bound to make the climb.

We'll miss "Gab" and his swell sea stories, and he can surely "sling" them. "Gab" is a friend of all the undergraduates and often interests them with stories of his fishing experiences. So-long, "Gab". Smooth sailing.



MARGARET ELIZABETH SIMMONS

Her reasoning is full of tricks
And butterfly suggestions,
I know no point to which she sticks
For she begs the simplest questions.

If you get an unsuspected kick in the shin or a snappy crack of a pencil on your head, you'll find Margaret behind you. Good-natured, frivolous, and giddy—that's Margaret, the romantic maid of the senior play.



CLAYTON McGRATH SNOW

Tactful and brilliant indeed,
Modesty, not conceit,
On the stage—a popular lead,
Glory is his future seat.

"Gabby", our dynamic distraction, is without doubt, the class diplomat. He has a violent temper which cools as easily as it explodes. Sincere, energetic, carefree, but always prepared, we'll remember Clayton's pleasing personality.



ISAURA BIBIANA SYLVESTER

Busy, busy, little dame,
Our Isaura of bookkeeping fame;
A stenographer—one of the best,
You'll succeed—please take a rest.

Isaura is always ready, willing, and able to do her part. A well-selected member of the National Honor Society, may "Little Miss Efficiency's" success be vast if always patterned after her school fidelity.



ANNA THERESA TARVIS

Cheer leader Theresa,
Our bundle of noise,
Will certainly be missed
By P. H. S. boys.

"Trigger" is, perhaps, the cheeriest member of our class. Typical of "Trigger" are her humorous characterizations as demonstrated in the senior play. She received second prize in the junior declamation contest and has participated in numerous class activities.



SENIOR SUPERLATIVES

Biggest Drag with Faculty	Arline Silva	Boy with most Personality	John Shaw
Most Conceited	Clayton Snow	Girl with most Personality	Marjorie Murchison
Class Vamp	Marjorie Murchison	Most Athletic Girl	Celeste Macara
Best Looking Boy	John Shaw	Most Athletic Boy	Joseph Roderick
Most Attractive Girl	Marjorie Murchison	Class Actress	Jean Allen
Best Physique	Joseph Roderick	Class Actor	John Dyer
Best Figure	Zana Crawley	Wittiest	Anna Silva
Most Studious	Arline Silva	Most Bashful	James Carter
Class Artist	James Carter	Best Dressed Girl	Ruth Hiebert
Best Girl Dancer	Halcyone Cabral	Best Dressed Boy	Clayton Snow
Best Boy Dancer	Joseph Roderick	Class Musician	Augustine Edwards
Most Likely to Succeed	Arline Silva	Class Baby	Jack Rivers
Most Dignified	Jean Allen	First to be Married	Zana Crawley
Class Orator	Jean Allen	First to have a Bay Window	Clayton Snow



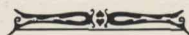
JUNIOR CLASS

First row: T. Rosa, M. Andrews, I. Angelo, E. Lema, E. Silva, J. Travis, M. Gray, N. Valentine

Second row: J. Banks, M. Raymond, J. Atkins, M. Rogers, D. Rose, E. Kelley, M. Mott, J. Whiddon

Third row: A. Patrick, M. Segura, L. Silva, A. Corea, M. Cruz, B. Cabral, H. Marshall, Pres. F. Steele, R. Days

Fourth row: J. Rose, R. Brown, R. Souza, L. Cross, C. Griffith, L. Ferreira, M. Henrique, A. Costa,
Faculty Advisor, Mr. Walter Coakley



HONOR ROLL—1938-39

Seniors

Jean Allen
Zana Crawley
Ruth Hiebert
Jeanne Jette
Marjorie Murchison

Joseph Roderick
Anna Silva
Arline Silva (high)
Clayton Snow
Isaura Sylvester

Juniors

Barbara Cabral
Jane Cabral
Charles Griffith
Eileen Kelly

Mary Mott
Marilyn Raymond
Mary Rogers
Leona Silva

Sophomores

Marguerite Cook
Frank Parsons (high)
Dolores Mooney

Francis Mooney
John Rose
John Silva

Freshman

Matilda Avellar
Barbara Crocker (high)
Paula Jette
Dorothy King
Germania Lopes

Irving Malchman
Velma Perry
Louis Rivers
Herman Silva
Vivian Souza



ACTIVITIES



STUDENT COUNCIL

A. Kelly, C. Griffith, L. Cross, C. Macara, J. Dyer, W. Roderick, H. Silva

THE STUDENT COUNCIL

The council for 1938-39 has been engaged in several affairs for the good of the school during the past year. Large waste baskets and rubbers for the library chairs have been among the things which it has secured.

Two dances have been given, and efforts have been made to have a permanent motion picture fund for the school. Among matters discussed have been the still present problem of students wearing letters they have not won, the induction of new forms of entertainment for the students, and the ability of the separate classes to finance the projected murals.

The council of 1938-39 consists of the following: Seniors, President, Celeste Macara, Vice President, John Dyer; Juniors, Lucien Cross, Charles Griffith; Sophomores, Secretary, Warren Roderick; Freshmen, Treasurer, Herman Silva; Junior High, Allen Kelley.

John Dyer, '39.

ASSEMBLIES

P. H. S. has been exceedingly fortunate this year in having had the opportunity of being entertained by a variety of amusing and interesting assemblies.

Miss Mertie Kelley gave an assembly in commemoration of Armistice Day at which our representative, The Honorable Charles Gifford, gave a most interesting discourse.

An athletic assembly was given shortly after Thanksgiving, at which Mr. Duarte presented his football players with letters and certificates and thanked the boys for their splendid cooperation. Those who received letters were: R. Souza, A. Roderick, J. Carter, R. Carter, J. Steele, A. Silva, F. Reis, A. Perry, J. Roderick, L. Cross, E. Francis, F. Parsons, P. Perry, E. Cabral, and A. Patrick, Mgr.

A Christmas Assembly was sponsored by Miss Irene Lewis which consisted of a candle light service, tableaux, three solos by Mr. Nassi's son and several orchestra selections.

In commemoration of Washington's birthday,



NATIONAL HONOR SOCIETY

Seated: I. Sylvester, A. Silva, J. Allen, J. Jette, Z. Crawley
 Standing: R. Hiebert, J. Roderick

Miss Mary Lewis gave an assembly entitled "Highlights on the Life of Washington."

Miss Alicia Finnell presented very interesting and educational pictures concerning telephones.

During American Education Week Mr. Murphy and Miss Constance Lowney collaborated and gave a combined athletic assembly.

Commander MacMillan gave a lecture in our auditorium sponsored by Mr. Ephraim Rivard.

In the spring, Miss Mary Jacob's assembly, which is always very original and immensely entertaining, presented us with a puppet show entitled "The King's Toothache."

On March 3, the Junior Catholic Daughters entertained us with a puppet show entitled "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs."

Mr. Lawrence Malchman presented Mr. Larmon O. Cummins, who is manager of the New England office of the Gregg Publishing Company. Mr. Cummins is an authority on commercial subjects, and he gave a grand demonstration of typewriting and shorthand in an interesting and inspiring way.

On March 29, Miss Mary Downs presented

Mr. Martin MacDonald who spoke on Communism.

During the first week of April, Mr. David Murphy, gave his assembly which consisted of the following:

1. March and Drill—Junior High
2. Bell Drill—Junior High
3. Pyramid Building—High School
4. Apparatus by the High School which included:—
 - A. Parallel Bars
 - B. Horizontal Bars
 - C. Rings
 - D. Tumbling
 - E. Club Drill

Miss Constance Lowney's assembly took place on April 14 and comprised the following:

- Dumb Bell and Indian Club Drills—Senior High
- Tap Dance—Senior High
- Folk Dance—Senior High
- Marching Tactics—Junior High
- Rythm Drill—Junior High
- Bouncing Ball Drill—Junior High
- Folk Dance—Junior High

Throughout the course of the year we have also been entertained by very educational and entertaining moving pictures made possible through the untiring efforts of our principal, Mr. Leyden.

Eleanor Lema, '40.

THE FRESHMAN RECEPTION

At this seventh annual reception given in October by the seniors in honor of the newcomers to P. H. S., there were once again the customary grand march, each senior escorting a freshman, and spotlight dancing until midnight.

Refreshments were served in the cafeteria during intermission.

We may remember this Freshman Reception as the grand beginning of the "Jitterbug" in P. H. S.

Arline Silva, '39.

THE HALLOWEEN-VICTORY DANCE

A Halloween-Victory Dance was sponsored by the junior class on October 29. The gym was decorated with blue and white footballs and helmets in honor of Nantucket, and black and orange, for Provincetown. To give the effect of Halloween, pumpkins, cats, and skeletons were hung on the wall.

Refreshments consisted of cider, doughnuts, cake, and candy which were served in the cafeteria.

Music was furnished by Pat and his Pals.

Arthur Patrick, '40.

THE ANCHORAGE

THE ANCHORAGE was again made a sophomore paper this year. It was completely handled by the sophomores with the exception of senior typists and Miss Mary Roberts, who supervised. The sophomores have done their best to please their readers by making it amusing and interesting.

The staff included Marguerite Cook, Editor; Frank Parsons, Assistant Editor; Dolores Mooney, Arthur Roderick, Sports Editors;

Eugene Perry, News Editor; John Farrobba, Humor.

THE ANCHORAGE will be handled next year by the class of '42. We feel confident that they will make the paper successful, and we wish them the best of luck.

Marguerite Cook, '41.

SENIOR WHIST PARTY

The class of '39 held a turkey whist in the high school gym on Friday, November 8, 1938. After the whist party, which lasted three hours, refreshments were served in the cafeteria.

Scores were counted, and the five highest scorers each received a turkey. A beautifully decorated basket of fruit was given as a door prize.

Jeanne Jette, '39.

OLDER BOY'S CONFERENCE

The twelfth annual Older Boy's Conference was held at Provincetown on Saturday, March 11, 1939.

Registration at 9:30 was followed by a program by the Provincetown High School Orchestra.

The meeting was opened by Herbert Nickerson Jr., this year's president.

Songs under the direction of Mr. Lehman were followed by an address delivered by Dr. Samuel W. Grafflin, who had as his topic, "Changing Youth in an Unchanging World."

The boys then heard Mr. Woodward speak on business and employees.

Upon the adjournment of the morning session, the discussion groups got underway. The boys this year were allowed to choose from the following:

1. "What Do Employers Expect of Employees", under the direction of Mr. Woodward.
2. "Profitable Use of Leisure Time", under the supervision of Fred H. Baldwin.
3. "Pioneering in School Relationships", the Rev. Nickerson of Orleans directing.

At 12:30 the gymnasium was converted into



JUNIOR DECLAMATION WINNERS

Front row: N. Valentine, H. Marshall, E. Silva, E. Kelly, D. Rose

Middle row: F. Steele, B. Cabral, J. Cabral

Back Row: A. Patrick, C. Griffith, M. Segura, L. Silva

a dining hall, and the delegates enjoyed a delicious banquet.

After the banquet, the film "The First 100 Years of Baseball" was shown in the assembly hall.

During the afternoon session which began at three o'clock the boys elected officers for next years conference and Dr. Grafflin gave another interesting talk on youth.

This was followed by the induction of the new officers by Mr. Lehman. Kenneth Eldridge of Chatham was elected next year's president.

At 4:00 the formal part of the conference was adjourned, and the boys reassembled in the gymnasium to witness a basketball game between the upper and lower Cape teams. The lower Cape was victorious with the score of 14, while their opponents garnered but 10 points.

Leo Ferreira, '40.

JUNIOR DECLAMATIONS

The Annual Junior Declamation Contest was held on March 14 and March 16 in the school auditorium. As these declamations are a

compulsory part of the junior English course, each student was obliged to deliver some form of recitation.

The teachers chosen to judge the contestants were Principal George Leyden, Miss Irene Lewis, Miss Mary Jacobs, Miss Alicia Finnell, Mr. David Murphy and Mr. Arthur Perry. Interpretation, pronunciation, enunciation, memory, and stage deportment were the basis for the decisions.

The students selected for the finals to be held in June are Francis Steele, Arthur Patrick, Charles Griffith, Eileen Kelly, Mary Segura, Elizabeth Silva, Leona Silva, Jane Cabral, Noreen Valentine, and Dorothy Rose. The winners from these will be given medals by the Lions Club.

Leo Ferreira, '40.

ANNUAL CONCERT

The eighth annual concert was held on Friday evening, March 24, in the high school auditorium.

The program began with selections by an orchestra composed of fifth and sixth grade



SENIOR PLAY

Seated: J. Dyer, R. Hiebert, J. Allen, A. Silva
 Standing: J. Jette, E. Francis, Z. Crawley, A. Silva, C. Snow, M. Simmons, D. Joseph, T. Tarvis

pupils who show great promise for a future high school orchestra.

The junior high orchestra then performed; their music was more advanced than the first group and demonstrated their improvement from their first very simple pieces.

The flageolet classes, which were begun last year under the direction of Mr. Thomas Nassi, next entertained the audience, composed mostly of the children's parents, with a number of well-known tunes.

Miss Beatrice Welsh led her fourth, fifth, and sixth grade classes in some vocal selections, summarizing their accomplishments for the year.

The soloists were Miss Eleanor Burch, concert pianist, a former P. H. S. student who now attends The Boston Conservatory of Music, and Miss Sadie Putnum who rendered a trumpet solo.

The program concluded with five selections by the Provincetown High School orchestra which, as well as the other orchestras, was led by Mr. Thomas Nassi, instructor of instrumental music in the Cape schools.

Arline Silva, '39.

THE SENIOR PLAY

A joyful farce comedy will be presented on April 14 by the senior class.

We are sure the play, THE JINX, will be a great financial and social success due to the most excellent cooperation and supervision of Miss Hourihane. Mr. Coakley, stage manager, will be responsible for the pleasing stage arrangement.

The cast is as follows:

- | | |
|----------------------|------------------|
| Harlow Piper | John Dyer |
| Selina Piper | Ruth Hiebert |
| Harriet Piper | Arline Silva |
| Lester Grant | Edgar Francis |
| Stella Vane | Margaret Simmons |
| Lulu Lester | Anna Silva |
| Myra Clifton | Zana Crawley |
| Violet Rose | Theresa Tarvis |
| Lancelot Hay | Domingo Joseph |
| Norman Devine | James Roderick |
| Crystal Joy | Jeanne Jette |
| Duncan Baldwin | Clayton Snow |

We, the seniors, wish to extend our thanks to everyone who helped us with the production of this play.

Anna Silva, '39.

THE SENIOR SUPPER

On Thursday, March 30 the seniors held their annual class supper at the K. of C. hall. As custom goes, we served baked beans, ham, and potato salad.

After the supper everyone showed his domestic ability by doing dishes and cleaning up.

It was a tremendous success socially and financially.

Ruth Hiebert, '39.

OLDER GIRLS' CONFERENCE

On Saturday, March 25, the fifth annual Cape Cod Older Girls' Conference was held at the Yarmouth High School. About 290 girls, representatives of thirteen Cape Schools, attended. Following the registration, a basketball game between two teams composed of representatives from upper and lower Cape Schools was held in the gymnasium, the lower Cape team emerging triumphant.

Later, President Mary Hansell gave the devotional exercises, and a warm welcome was proffered by Eleanor Baker.

Miss Evelyn Estes led the delegates in community singing, which everyone thoroughly enjoyed.

At 11:30 Miss Lisa Farham of Harwichport presented a recital by the pupils of her school of dance. Children of all ages gave exhibitions of tap-dancing, toe-dancing, and ballet.

This year's president read the report of the nominating committee which had elected June Holmes of Harwich, president, Catherine Nickerson of Chatham, vice-president, and Harriet Nickerson of Orleans, secretary of the sixth annual conference which will be held at Harwich.

At 1:00 a delicious banquet was held in the cafeteria, during which the girls become acquainted with others at their tables.

The climax of the meeting was Mrs. Alexander Stewart's lecture on, "Woman's Place in the World."

Marilyn Raymond, '40.

THE SENIOR TRIP

The senior class will again this year go to New York for a five day visit during the Easter vacation. Throughout the year, cake sales and raffle tickets have been the ways and means of making money. Also, this spring the class is holding the annual supper and play.

A plan has been made of the trip which will be as follows:

TUESDAY, APRIL 18

- 8:30 Leave Provincetown High School
- 12:15 Lunch in Providence
- 2:00 Leave for New York City
- 7:30 Arrive at Hotel Collingwood
Dinner at Hotel
- 8:30 Times Square at night
Ride 5th Avenue busses for sight-seeing at night
Movie at Roxey's
- 11:30 Retire: Check up in rooms

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 19

- 8:00 to 8:30 Breakfast
- 9:00 4 hour tour of up and downtown New York
Stops will be made at all historical and educational spots
- 12:30 Lunch at Hotel
- 1:00 Leave for lecture at Hayden Planetarium
- 5:30 to 6:00 Dinner at Hotel
- 7:30 Circus at Madison Square Garden or Actual radio Broadcast

THURSDAY, APRIL 20

- Breakfast at usual time
- 9:00 Assemble at Hotel for trip to Rockefeller Center
Trip through museum of Arts and Sciences
- 12:00 Lunch at Hotel
- 1:30 Afternoon performance at Radio City Music Hall
- 5:00 to 6:00 Dinner at Hotel
- 8:00 Alternate with tour arranged for Wednesday night, whether radio broadcast or circus

FRIDAY, APRIL 21

Breakfast usual time

9:30 New York Times newspaper plant or
10:00 trip to New York Stock
Exchange

12:00 Lunch usual time

6:30 to 7:30 Dinner at Hotel

8:00 Empire State Building
Jack Dempsey's or some other
prominent night club

12:30 Retire

SATURDAY, APRIL 22

Morning open for shopping tour

10:00 Grand Central Station leave for
Providence

3:00 to 4:00 Leave for Provincetown

This could never have been accomplished without the help of our class advisor, Mr. David Murphy. The class will never forget the help and encouragement that he has given it, and we wish to express our thanks for his assistance.

Jean Allen, '39.

THE PHOTOGRAPHY CLUB

The photography club was the project of the physics class this year. During the months of April, May, and June on Wednesday morning we took pictures, and on Friday, developed them.

Ruth Hiebert, '39.

JUNIOR PROM

The annual Junior Prom is to be held May 19 this year. Plans for the decorating are as yet incomplete, but ticket selling and posters are well on the way; however, our class colors, blue and gold, will probably prevail with the music being furnished by Joe Pioppi.

The boys wearing white flannels, and the girls in summer evening clothes, will add the festive touch.

Leo Ferreira is in charge of decorating; Leona Silva will procure the orchestra, and Leo Ferreira will again sell the tickets and supervise the advertising.

Leona Silva, '40.





SPORTS



FOOTBALL

Front row: A. Roderick, D. Joseph, A. Silva, Capt. J. Roderick, F. Reis, R. Carter, R. Souza
 Back row: F. Parsons, E. Francis, E. Cabral, L. Cross, P. Perry, Coach Antone Duarte

FOOTBALL

The Provincetown High School football team had a fairly successful season, winning two, losing two, and tying three games. Twenty-two candidates reported for initial practice the second week of school. Although they lacked weight and experience, the team made a very fine showing and should be commended for its hard work.

The players who were on the P. H. S. 1939 team under the leadership of Coach Duarte were: Captain J. Roderick, captain-elect R. Carter, E. Cabral, P. Perry, L. Cross, R. Souza, A. Silva, A. Roderick, F. Reis, E. Francis, D. Roderick, W. Rose, F. Parsons, D. Joseph, M. Henrique, A. Thomas, V. Pacellini, J. Carter.

The schedule and scores were as follows:

Oct. 3	Bourne	0	Provincetown	0
Oct. 12	Yarmouth	19	Provincetown	6
Oct. 16	Nantucket	0	Provincetown	32
Oct. 30	Nantucket	0	Provincetown	0
Nov. 7	Wareham	0	Provincetown	19
Nov. 14	Barnstable	26	Provincetown	0
Nov. 24	Yarmouth	0	Provincetown	0

Provincetown tied its first game at Bourne when neither team was able to make any great gains through the line. Both elevens were unable to get their plays to run properly.

Yarmouth High defeated Provincetown High at the new athletic field by a score of 19-6. The defeat was due to the fine aerial attack of Yarmouth.

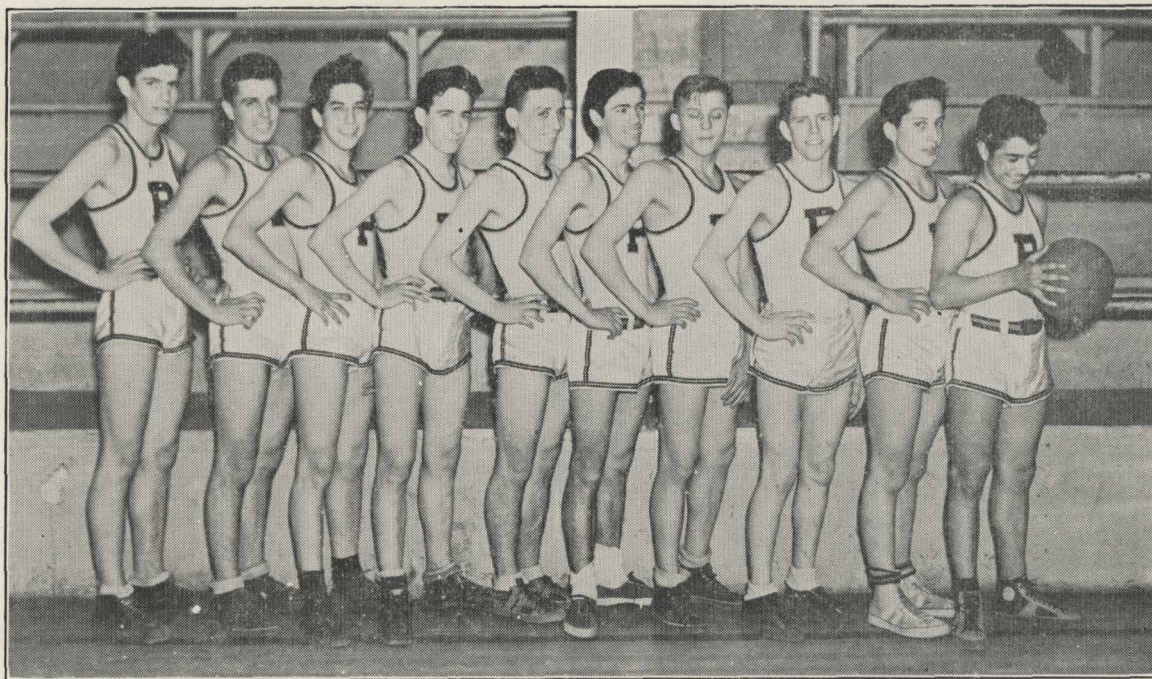
Provincetown High was host to the Nantucket team, and a one sided game was played at the new athletic field. Nantucket never threatened once while the Orange and Black scored in every stanza.

Provincetown again made its annual trip to Nantucket where they fought to a 0-0 deadlock in pouring rain.

Wareham traveled to Provincetown to play a much lighter and less experienced team, but the fine passing attack of the Orange and Black was the deciding factor. The final score was 19-0.

Provincetown was defeated by Barnstable 26-0 in a pouring rainstorm.

On Thanksgiving Day Provincetown traveled



BOYS' BASKETBALL

J. Roderick, R. Carter, R. Souza, L. Cross, E. Cabral, A. Roderick, P. Perry, E. Francis, F. Parsons, J. Rivers

to Yarmouth and battled to 0-0 deadlock. Provincetown continually threatened but just couldn't push it over.

The "Cape Cod Standard Times" picked Capt. Joe Roderick for the mythical All-Cape eleven. Capt. elect Carter and E. Cabral made the second team.

The outlook for the next season looks bright with only two regulars graduating.

Good luck, boys.

Joe Roderick, '39.

BOY'S BASKETBALL

P. H. S. started its basketball season as usual against the Alumni, and was defeated 26-41.

This game gave Coach Duarte a chance to see the flaws in his team and correct them. In the next tilt we beat a strong Orleans team, who was favored to win the Cape championship, by a score of 22-13.

Provincetown was host to the Wellfleet team and shellaced them to the tune of 53-11.

Next we traveled to Yarmouth and rolled them over by a score of 30-11.

Leading in the Cape League, we were host to the Chatham hoopsters and sent them home with a defeat of 36-12.

At Wellfleet it was an easy matter for Provincetown to defeat them 76-11.

Then came our first defeat on the Cape at Orleans, where we were defeated 25-21 in one of the most thrilling games of the year.

After defeating Yarmouth, we faced our old rivals Barnstable and gave them one of the biggest defeats that they have received by the Orange and Black to the tune of 42-19.

Traveling to Barnstable, we defeated them 30-25 with the upper Cape hoopsters making a futile last quarter rally.

During the next two games, we split with Harwich. We defeated them on our own floor 40-37, but at Harwich our failure to make foul shots was responsible for the defeat by a score of 25-22.

After beating Chatham 40-19 on their own floor, we prepared ourselves for the annual Brockton Tournament.

We came home to play the Gloucester High, but their fine defense stopped us from scoring, and we were defeated 57-37.

After defeating Somerset and then Hanover by scores of 34-21 and 39-21 respectively, we met East Bridgewater High and our failure to keep a good defense was responsible for our 50-32 setback.



GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Front row: H. Marshall, D. Enos, P. Jette, C. Perry, E. Kelly
 Back row: M. Cook, C. Macara, capt., A. Corea, H. Cabral, M. Murchison, D. Mooney

In the consolation game the Orange and Black was defeated 42-38 and this game ended our 1938-'39 schedule.

The schedule was as follows:

Provincetown 26	Boy's Club 41
Provincetown 22	Orleans 13
Provincetown 53	Wellfleet 11
Provincetown 30	Yarmouth 11
Provincetown 36	Chatham 12
Provincetown 76	Wellfleet 11
Provincetown 21	Orleans 25
Provincetown 36	Yarmouth 13
Provincetown 42	Barnstable 19
Provincetown 30	Barnstable 25
Provincetown 40	Harwich 37
Provincetown 22	Harwich 25
Provincetown 40	Chatham 19
Provincetown 34	Somerset 21
Provincetown 37	Gloucester 57
Provincetown 39	Hanover 21
Provincetown 32	East Bridgewater 50
Provincetown 38	Foxboro 42

The graduates on this year's team are Capt. Joe Roderick and Jack Rivers. Next year's hoop season looks bright with four first team men returning.

Joe Roderick, '39.

GIRL'S BASKETBALL

The girl's basketball team, under the fine coaching of Miss Lowney, had a fairly successful season when it won 6, tied one, and lost 5 games.

The team was inexperienced, but made a very fine showing.

The schedule and scores were as follows:

	We	They	
Jan. 6	26	Orleans	25 (home)
Jan. 10	46	Wellfleet	12 (home)
Jan. 13	17	Yarmouth	17 (away)
Jan. 21	45	Chatham	23 (home)
Jan. 24	53	Wellfleet	31 (away)
Jan. 27	39	Orleans	42 (away)
Feb. 3	42	Yarmouth	29 (home)
Feb. 4	22	Barnstable	34 (home)
Feb. 10	18	Barnstable	35 (away)
Feb. 17	38	Harwich	32 (home)
Mar. 3	15	Harwich	25 (away)
Mar. 4	18	Chatham	29 (away)

Graduation will take Captain Celeste Macara, Marjorie Murchison, and Halcyon Cabral, but the future looks bright with the rest of the team having the experience which is so necessary.

Joe Roderick, '39.



ALUMNI



Class of '38

Warren Alexander is working with his father.

Ethel Bickers keeps herself busy by taking a post graduate course and spending her summers working in the Mayflower Gift Shop.

Elsie Brown is still keeping books, only now it is for Burch's Market, not P. H. S.

Kendall Cass is at Deerfield Academy.

John Costa has been working for the W. P. A.

Rosa DeRiggs has taken her first step towards success; she is secretary to Mr. Chapman, the town clerk.

Michael Diogo is taking a post-graduate course.

Lewis Eaton is fulfilling his ambition to be an engineer; he has joined the Nantucket Nautical School.

Julia Ferriera is employed as a secretary to Captain Enos.

Ruth Francis is taking a post-graduate course.

Mildred Gibbs has joined the working class; she is a secretary at the Higgins Lumber Co.

Mary Gill was married last November to Joseph Andrews. They are living in Boston.

Virginia Henrique is a waitress at the Bonnie Doone during the summer months.

William Hutchins is in Panama with the Marines.

Nancy Merrill is a member of the freshman class at Jackson College.

Marguerite Mooney is attending Katherine Gibbs Secretarial School.

Marion Perry works as a waitress during the summer at the Sandwich Shoppe.

Emily Rivers has returned to P. H. S. as a post-graduate.

Vivian Santos works at the Bonnie Doone during the summer.

Dorothy Silva is a member of the freshman class at Framingham State Teachers College.

Marjorie Stahl has become an active member of the Pembroke freshman class.

Class of '37

Francis Avellar keeps herself busy in the summer by working at the Sandwich Shoppe.

Irma Batt has been teaching the girls how to tap dance at the Boys' Club.

Wallace Bent has been working at the Bonnie Doone.

Jeannette Brazil has had her name changed to Mrs. Francis Segura.

Marguerite Caton is now employed as a hair-dresser at the Harbor Vanity Shoppe.

Ethleon Chapman is married to Richard Rowe of Gloucester.

Arthur Cross is attending Hyannis State Teachers College.

Dennis Encarnation has been made manager of the fruit stand at the First National Store.

Leonard Enos is working as a clerk in the First National Store.

Bridget Gaspa is now Mrs. Fred de Avellar.

Manuel Goveia is working for the W. P. A.

Philip Hanum is a freshman at Tufts College.

Charlotte Merrill is married to John Bent of Provincetown.

Margaret Nelson is a student at Wilfred Academy.

Arnold Oliver is attending the Bridgewater State Teachers College.

Mary Orfao is secretary for Mr. Cook at the Town Hall.

Irene Patrick is employed as telephone operator at the Atlantic Coast Fisheries.

Joseph Perry has been made a member of his father's crew on a small gasoline boat.

Emily Prada is employed at the Bonnie Doone as a waitress.

Donald Rivard is a freshman at Tufts College.

Clinton Rogers is working in Connecticut.

Burleigh Rollins has moved to Maine to work with his father.

Class of '36

Joseph Andrews is attending the New York Merchant Marine Academy.

Eleanor Burch is a student at the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston.

Patricia Cass is now a junior at Jackson College.

Francelina Coelho has reached her goal and is attending Wilfred Academy.

Mary Cruz has been attending Wilfred Academy.

Robert Hannum helps make up the crew of the Coast Guard Cutter Thietas.

Ruth Jason is still employed as secretary at the Atlantic Coast Fisheries.

Lloyd Jonas has been attending Northeastern.

Robert Macara is fishing with his brother on the boat Victory.

Vivian Malaquias is married and the proud mother of a baby boy.

Mary Marshall moved to Boston after her marriage.

Kathleen Medeiros is attending Salem Teachers College.

Charlotte Perry works at the Provincetown Advocate.

Henrietta Perry is married and living in North Truro.

Reginald Perry is a junior at Tufts College.

Doris Ramos is a sophomore at Regis College.

Albert Rego has followed in his father's footsteps and is a member of the Trappers for the Atlantic Coast Fisheries.

Margaret Roberts is a junior at Emerson College in Boston.

Catherine Rock has been working in Brookline.

Remigio Roda has been working as a clerk in the A&P Store.

Virginia Roderick has had her name changed to Mrs. Joseph Taves.

Kenneth Simmons has been employed as a trapper for the Atlantic Coast Fisheries.

Jane Stahl has been keeping up her good work as a ping pong player and as an outstanding student at Pembroke.

Flora Thomas is now Mrs. Anthony Souza.

Arthur Ventura has been employed at the Atlantic Coast Fisheries.

Class of '35

John Alexander works with his father.

Howard Burch has been working in his father's bakery.

Catherine Chapman is married to Chester Smith of Provincetown.

Mary Collinson is at Westfield State Teachers College.

Fredrick Comee is attending Harvard University.

Philip Croteau is at Fort Devans in Ayer, Massachusetts.

Bernard Days is a mail carrier and a proud daddy; his wife is the former Mary Rego.

Dorothy Enos is employed at the Harbor Lunch.

Florence Enos has been working as a waitress at the Harbor Lunch.

Elizabeth Fratus has been employed as a secretary in the Town Hall.

Leo Gracie is a surfman at Race Point Coast Guard Station.

Charles Hayward is married to Grace Thomas and has taken up painting for an occupation.

Matilda Jackett is married and the proud mother of a baby boy.

Hernaldo Kelly is working on Dutra's truck and has just recently been married.

Mildred King is married and living in North Truro.

Irene Macara is employed at Livingston's ice cream parlor.

Vanessa MacFarland is working as waitress at the Harbor Lunch.

Clifton Nelson is his own boss on a chicken farm in North Truro.

Laura McClure has been working in Wellfleet.

Manuel Oliver is employed by the Atlantic Coast Fisheries.

Harold Paige is a junior at Boston University.

Maribeth Paige is a senior at Regis College.

Herman Rivard is his father's assistant at Rivard's Electrical Shop.

Anthony Roda is the bookkeeper at the Paige Brother's Garage.

Lloyd Rose has been at a New Bedford art school.

George Silva is employed at an A&P Store.

Anthony Souza has been keeping up his wonderful carpentering.

Izadore Souza is surfman at Coscada Station in Nantucket.

Robert Stalker hasn't given up his ambition and is studying hard at the Massachusetts College of Pharmacy.

Ruth Sylver is a proud mother; her husband is Kilburn Watson.

Marian Sylvia is married to John O'Donnell.

Mary Viegas has been employed as a telephone operator.

Class of '34

Dorothy Alexander is married to Lawrence Caton and living in town.

Thelma Benson has become a happy mother; her proud husband is Earl Johnson who is working in Ohio.

LeRoy Bent is married to Lillian Carter. They are proud parents of a baby girl.

Virginia Corea has become Mrs. Frank Domings of Gloucester. They have a baby boy.

Elizabeth DeRiggs has graduated from Sargent and has taken over posture classes in Provincetown.

Gwendolyn Edwards has two children. The happy husband is Loring Ventura.

John Edwards is a member of Pat and His Pals Orchestra.

Marjorie Ferranti is employed in the Seaman's Saving Bank.

Joseph Gregory has been working at the office of James J. Perry, contractor.

Richard Joseph is attending Hyannis State Teachers College.

Manuel Lewis is a clerk at the Provincetown Liquor Mart.

Theodora Lopes is married and living in Wellfleet.

Arthur Malchman is a sophomore at Hyannis State Teachers College.

Zilpha Nelson has moved to Providence with her husband, Oakley Spingler.

Ronald Paige is a senior at Boston University.

Ruth Roberts, after graduating from Portia Law School, is attending the Fisher Secretarial School.

Dolores Rogers has been working in Hyannis.

Frank Rogers has a position as mail carrier at the Provincetown Post Office.

George Rose is employed at the Atlantic Coast Fisheries.

Mildred Thompson has graduated from the Truesdale Hospital.

Robert Slade is at Fort Devens, Ayer, Massachusetts.





HUMOR



Miss Hourihane: "Thomas, who was Atlas?"

Tony Thomas: "Atlas was the world's greatest gangster because he held up the world."

* * * *

Joe: "My girl is the dumbest girl I ever saw!"

Edgar: "Why?"

Joe: "She wanted to know how many quarters there are in a baseball game."

Edgar: "That's nothing. My girl wanted to know if a football "coach" had wheels."

* * * *

Mr. Perry was giving back to his class some examination papers he had been marking.

"Does anybody want to ask a question?" he inquired.

"Yes, sir," replied Raymond Roderick. "I can't read what you have written on the bottom of my paper."

The teacher glanced at the paper and said: "I have written: You must write more clearly."

* * * *

Gabriel: "Gee, Joe, I have a bad liver. What ought I do about it?"

Joe: "Take it back to the First National and get your money back."

* * * *

Lucien: "I always do my hardest work before breakfast."

Swy: "What's that?"

Lucien: "Getting up."

* * * *

Tony: "Is your dentist a careful one?"

Frankie: "Sure, he fills my teeth with great pains."

Old Lady (sniffing): "What's that odor I smell?"

John Roderick: "That's fertilizer."

Old Lady (astonished): "For the land's sake!"

John Roderick: "Yes, ma'am."

* * * *

Domingo: "Is it customary to tip the waiter in this restaurant?"

Waiter: "Why—ah—yes, sir."

Domingo: "Then hand me a tip. I've waited three-quarters of an hour for the steak I ordered."

* * * *

One Big Happy Family	Senior Class of '39
Charge of the Light Brigade	Lunch Period
Romeo and Juliet	Celeste and Edgar
One of the Boys	Domingo Joseph
Chatterbox	Georgiana Rose
The Silent One	Winifred McClure
The Woman Hater	Gabriel Silva
The Jitterbugs	Halcyone Cabral and Marjorie Murchison

The Killer Diller	John Dyer
Rip Van Winkle	James Roderick
Mercury	James Carter
The Perfect Specimen	Joseph Roderick
The Kid From Panama	Jeanne Jette
The Merchant of Venice	John Shaw
Just a Kid Named Joe	Joseph Santos
Public Enemy No. 1	Jack Rivers
Loch Lomond Gal	Augustine Edwards
Eyes and Ears of the Class	Theresa Tarvis
Ignorance is Bliss	Freshman Class
Wall Street	Isaura Sylvester
The Joy of Living	Catherine Perry
Emily Post	Jean Allen

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