

DEDICATION

To Mr. Alton E. Ramey, our principal,
we dedicate the Long Pointer of 1937 in
appreciation of his whole-hearted interest
and unswerving loyalty to our school.

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LONG POINTER STAFF



LONG POINTER STAFF

First row: Arline Silva, Emily Rivers, Ruth Hiebert, Philip Hannum, Rosa DeRiggs, Jennie Captiva, Louise Lewis.

Second row: Dorothy Silva, Jeannette Brazill, Marguerite Mocney, Ruth Francis, Vivian Costa, Ethel Bickers, Helen Silva, Margery Stahl, Irene Patrick.

Third row: Kendall Cass, John Shaw, Jean Allen, Marguerite Caton, John Dyer, Patricia Hallett, William Hutchins, John Snow.

Editor-in-Chief	Philip Hannum
Assistant Editors	Rosa DeRiggs, Ruth Hiebert
Literary	Helen Silva, Mary Martin, Ruth Francis, Emily Rivers
Senior	Bridget Gaspa, Irene Patrick, Arnold Oliver, George Lemos
Social	Adeline Reis, Louise Lewis, Ethele Bickers, Patricia Hallett
Alumni	Marguerite Caton, Vivian Costa, Janet Brazill
Sports	John Thomas, William Hutchins, Arlene Silva
Humor	Arthur Cross, Jennie Captiva, Margery Stahl
Art	James Carter, Mary Ann Silva
Business Managers	John Snow, Kendall Cass, John Dyer, John Shaw
Student Activities	Dorothy Silva, Marguerite Mooney, Jean Allen
Rewrite	Helen Silva, Emily Rivers, Jean Jette
Faculty Adviser	Miss Mary Roberts



DIRECTORY



Superintendent of Schools

MR. MELDEN E. SMITH

School Board

DR. FRANK O. CASS, Chairman

MR. CHARLES DeRIGGS

MR. MARION PERRY

Faculty

MR. ALTON E. RAMEY, Principal
Mathematics

MR. ARTHUR K. PERRY
Biology, History, French

MR. DAVID J. MURPHY
Physical Education, Science

MR. GEORGE LEYDEN
Mathematics, Science

MISS ALICIA FINNELL
Latin, Business Science

MISS MARY ROBERTS
English

MISS ELLEN W. HOURIHANE
English, History

MR. WALTER COAKLEY
Manual Arts

MISS MARION ARNOLD
Household Arts

MISS CONSTANCE A. LOWNEY
Physical Education

MISS MARTHA MURDOCK
Commercial Subjects

MISS MARY J. JACOBS
English, Drawing

MISS MARY LEWIS
Geography, History, Spelling

MISS IRENE LEWIS
Science, Penmanship

MISS CATHERINE B. JASON
Mathematics, Hygiene

MISS MERTIE C. KELLEY
History, Geography, Spelling

MISS BEATRICE WELSH
Vocal Music

MR. and MRS. THOMAS NASSI
Instrumental Music

MISS ANNA NELSON
School Nurse

Coach
Captain
Manager

Coach
Captain
Manager

Coach
Captain
Manager

Coach

Coach
Captain

Marguerite Caton
Philip Hannum
Mary Fullerton
Helen Silva
Mr. David Murphy

Kendall Cass
Louise Lewis
Jennie Captiva
Emily Rivers
Miss Martha Murdock

Joseph Roderick
Jackie Rivers
Arlene Silva
Jean Allen
Miss Alicia Finnell

Antone Silva
Mary Mott
Eleanor Lema
Marilyn Raymond
Mr. Walter Coakley

Dorothy Silvia
Rosa DeRiggs

Football

Mr. George Leyden
Herman Janard
Kendall Cass

Basketball

Mr. Alton E. Ramey
Stephen Roderick
Donald Rivard

Baseball

Mr. George Leyden
Wallace Bent
Harris Adams and Jackie Rivers

Track

Mr. David J. Murphy

Girls' Basketball

Miss Constance A. Lowney
Irma Batt

CLASS OFFICERS

Class of '37

President
Vice-President
Secretary
Treasurer
Class Advisor

Class of '38

President
Vice-President
Secretary
Treasurer
Class Advisor

Class of '39

President
Vice-President
Secretary
Treasurer
Class Advisor

Class of '40

President
Vice-President
Secretary
Treasurer
Class Advisor

STUDENT COUNCIL

President
Secretary



EDITORIALS



FRIENDSHIP

Our ability to make friends is a good indication of our success in future life, for friendship is the measure of our relations with other people. There are many ways to lose friends and few ways to gain them. For example, it is unwise to boast or talk about ourselves or otherwise bore our listeners. Talking too much or interrupting some one else who is talking, tends to prevent new friendships from being made.

We often hear people making free with other people's reputations. Such people will sooner or later be left without friends.

Nothing is gained by people who are continually striving to create an impression. Real friendship should be based upon mutual trust and unselfishness rather than upon what we expect to receive. There is nothing in the world more valuable than a true friend.

Emily Rivers, '38.

APPRECIATION

The Long Pointer staff wishes to take this opportunity to thank all those who have, in any way, given their time and service on behalf of our year book.

We especially wish to thank the business men of Provincetown and other towns for their financial support; also the "Cape Cod Colonial" and "Cape Cod Standard-Times" for their generosity in allowing us to use several pictures for reproduction.

However, the efforts of others will be to no avail unless the student body shows more interest in the "Long Pointer." It has been noticed in past years that many of the students have not bought copies. Perhaps they have failed to recognize its true value. Much of its worth lies in the fact that it will recall to them more than any other one thing, the pleasant memories of their high school life.

Why not show your appreciation to those who have made the publication of this "Long Pointer" possible and cooperate with those who are now trying to promote its sale by purchasing a copy immediately?

Philip Hannum, '37.

SUPPORTING SCHOOL ACTIVITIES

Every worth-while school has a multitude of extra-curricula activities which provide interesting and beneficial distraction from the monotony of constant study.

The support of the entire student body is needed if we intend to make school activities more successful.

It is only natural that each pupil should take pride in his school's activities, and in Provincetown there is much of which to be proud. This year the basketball team brought honors from far and wide. On the night of a game the gym was always packed. Basketball was a success financially and socially.

Part of the reason for this was that the students gave their heart-felt support. Knowing that their fellow classmates were with them, the players strove to do their best; whereas, if only a few of their school friends were present, they would have lost their keen interest and not tried so hard.

Larger attendance at football and baseball games would inspire new candidates, resulting in keener competition and better athletes. Provincetown has the material to put her at the top in sports—if encouragement is offered by the support of the student body. Needless to say, the financial results would be gratifying.

This also goes for all other school undertakings. The orchestra, plays, various publications and organizations would become prominent factors in the school machinery if students took an interest in them and gave partakers reason to believe that they were appreciated.

These things having been accomplished, we will be able to enjoy even more, the life made possible by an ambitious, live-wire high school.

Marguerite Mooney, '37.

BE A DIRIGIBLE

It would be no kindness to an aviator to hide from him the fact that the route over which he was about to fly contained many miles of jungles, high mountains, fogs, storms, desert, and choppy air pockets; so we have no fear of hurting young people in high school when we say to

them that they are fast approaching maturity in a world that is far from ideal. As the pilot should know his maps, so should the young people know the world.

It's a large world, and it is full of fun, misery, beauty, and squalor, wars, strikes, achievements and failures. But mostly it is full of people, people and more people. To win your way through to the landing field will require the skill and luck of a Lindbergh. Knowledge alone may not save you; but one thing is certain: the boys and girls who have the best chance to reach their goals are those who are well-informed about the world around them, its social, political and economic problems.

The start of a new school year is a good time to look ahead to see if we can arrive at some sort of a mooring mast for our own small dirigible. While we are cruising through high school there is a chance to see a birds-eye view of our country spread below us. In a few months we'll be out of ground school and making solo flights. It is just as important to know ourselves as to know our country.

To return to our dirigible: As every Latin student knows, the word comes from *dirigo*, which means "I direct." If you are to guide your dirigible without cracking up your fellow passengers or yourself, you must be the boss of your own mind. You are not a mere balloon at the mercy of the winds. You have a firm structure in your body and a firm steering-wheel in your brains. You are a streamlined, 1937 model, flashing your aluminum hulk at the world. Be a dirigible.

Jeanette Brazill, '37.

LEST WE FORGET

(Taken from Phillip Gibbs' "Now It Can Be Told")

"Hooge, not far from Ypres, was called the 'devil's playground.'" Do these descriptive words stir a high school student of today?

"Bodies, and bits of bodies, and clots of blood, and green metallic-looking slime, made by explosive gases, floated on the water in the deep mine craters."

Does that impress you? Are you interested? Does that spell war and horror? Does this sentence, "Badly shell-shocked soldiers clawed their mouths ceaselessly," make you want to read on,—make you see its connection with the much used phrase, "the glory of war"? Certainly not, and unless you are inhuman and

unnatural, you won't consider this "fight for your country" business.

We are not mistaken when we refer to this—the World War—as a degrading manifestation of what is known as civilization. What are we—puppets? Have we not striven to make fine schools, people and languages—to teach; to make a civilized world? All for what? For this?—

"Rotting human flesh, mere pulp was pasted into mudbanks. If they dug to get deeper cover, the shovels went into the softness of dead bodies who had been their comrades—eyeless heads, scraps of flesh, booted legs, blackened hands"—and so on, and on.

What more is there to say about this thing? We are the ones to answer such questions; we must protest even to the ignorant—yes, ignorant—way in which war is made more comfortable."

Just one mild expression of disgust—
"Tommyrot!"

Marjorie Stalker, '37.

WHAT IS SUCCESS?

Success in life is the proper development of the faculties which God has given us.

The youth who makes the most of himself is successful, even though he may not become a millionaire or President of the United States. A man with few talents may prove them to be of more service to mankind than a person having many unimproved talents.

There are degrees of success: the highest round of the ladder, and the round next to it. He who cannot reach the highest may reach the next.

The four million young people in our country ought to possess a strong desire to win in the battle of life. The youth of today will come into the possession of the immense territories, commerce, manufactures, political and educational institutions. This is surely a golden opportunity. The poorest by may become the richest man; the meek and humble youth may win the brightest fame. Each successful person must possess character, ability, and courage to enter into the thing.

Every man has a duty to perform in this world, that for which his talents fit him exactly, and upon the discovery of his abilities, he must surely find his fame and fortune.

Rosa DeRiggs, '38.



LITERARY



TOBACCO MANIAC

The sun streamed into the shabby log cabin through the dirty windows and lighted the equally shabby interior in golden splotches. It picked out the breakfast table and the dirty dishes upon it, and relieved the gloomy center of the room enough to allow its occupants to see each other.

The spring thaw had begun in the Tennessee Mountains, but the air was still cold enough to warrant a fire in the large pot bellied stove around which the Rockee family was seated in various positions of lazy reclinement.

Pap Rockee removed his empty pipe from his mouth and addressed the family in general.

"We ain't had no 'baccy fer two months now, and that were the last can o' beans we had fer breakfast. I calc'late as how suthin' is got to be done right quick. What few hides we trapped so fer this year ain't no wheres near ready fer market, and that means that what we eat has got to be gut with our rifles. Has any o' yez got a su'gestion?"

Grandsir Rockee removed his empty pipe from his toothless gums. "I figger you be right, Pap. Suthin' is gotta be done. I ain't had a chew er a smoke fer two months now jus' like you sed, and," the elder Rockee added, "I'd ruther chew than eat, 'cause I kin gum my 'baccy insted of hevin' to keep startin' over like in eatin'."

Maw Rockee sucked dryly at her corneob, but made no move to speak; so Abe Rockee removed his briar from between his buck teeth and prepared to talk. "Like you and Grandsir says, Pap, suthin' is got to be done, and me bein' the youn'est, I figgers it air my place ta do it."

"I figger," said Pap, "that if'n you has a idee which will be ben'ficial to yo kin folk, you oughta permote it."

Without more ado Abe began to "permote". "I read by the paper where there air goin' ta be a new fangled contraption called a stream-line' train run over Little Sun Mountain, and on up through Little Sun Pass. Seems as if this enjin kin go faster fer less and climb hills better 'en any oi' t'others. That's prob'ly the

reason they air agoin ter run 'er by the mountain road. Now we Rockees air a-livin' 'ponst this Sun Mountain and right out yonder be Little Sun Pass. First I calc'late to get 'baccy, and arter that I'll go a huntin' fer to ketch some meat critters fer eatin'. Air I clear to yez?" questioned Abe.

"I folly ya son," said Pap.

"Keyrect," lisped Grandsir.

"Ye reckon ta halt 'er and bum 'baccy," Maw finished.

"Ain't my fault if'n a stone rolled of'n the bank onto the tracks," Abe said, and taking his rifle from the corner, he left the three remaining Rockees to doze and suck at their pipes by the stove.

Outside, the foot and a half of snow of the night before was a mere six inches of soft watery slush, and Abe found walking difficult. This, he thought, was the biggest thaw he had known on Little Sun.

Once upon the high ridge overlooking the pass, Abe began searching about until he found a large boulder poised near the edge of the ravine. With a mighty heave of his body he sent it smashing down the slope. It splashed through the shallow water of the drain gutter beside the tracks, surmounted the slight embankment, and lodged solidly between the rails.

"I reckon they'll stop when they see that," Abe muttered.

From behind a boulder atop the ridge of the pass Abe could see the tracks before they began the long grade up the mountain side. Far out along them he caught the glitter of shimmering steel, and in a few minutes the long, shiny stainless steel train was plainly visible as it began the climb up the mountain side.

The nearer it got to Abe the faster it seemed to go, and by the time he could hear the steady throb of the motor, fear that the train could not be stopped in time to prevent disaster was rising strong within him.

"Gawd," he said aloud, "she air FAST! If'n I don't move that rock, she'll pile up, an' I'll be ta blame. Gawd!" he repeated fervently, and rushing down the embankment, began to struggle hopelessly with the huge rock.

The wind was blowing up the mountain, and Abe abandoned his fruitless efforts as the thunder of the exhausts became almost deafening in his ears. He scrambled up the embankment to his former position, and looked down at the streamlined monster.

It was still going at that terrific rate, and Abe closed his eyes as the train shot toward him around the curve into the high walled pass.

Suddenly the roaring of the motor was replaced by a high pitched screeching sound that made Abe want to curse until he was black in the face. It was the sound of steel on steel, and it was exactly like the sound Maw Rockee sometimes made when her fingernails scratched against the window panes while they were getting the yearly spring washing.

The last time Abe had heard the sound the nearest thing upon which to vent his pent-up emotions had been the beagle dog. He had kicked the dog through the door and out into the mud and followed up this act with a soul-searing back of unprintable mountain language.

Now, however, Abe's eyes popped open, and he stood as if turned to stone; for there, standing several feet from the boulder, with exhausts sputtering softly, stood the glistening steel monster. Abe was too astounded to swear and too over awed to kick a dog, even if one were there now, just at the right distance.

Instead, his simple mind, which had been so easily distracted, returned to the business at hand, and Abe hurried around between the slabs until he was at the rear of the train. Down the embankment he went, and brought up at the last car just as a uniformed conductor stepped from the train.

"What's wrong?" he inquired of Abe.

"Don't know what's wrong," Abe returned, and then asked simply, "Could I hev a chew of'n yo'r plug?"

The conductor looked closely at Abe, and then proffered a square of tobacco.

"Cut yourself a slice," he said as he turned to look toward the front of the train.

"Thankee," said Abe, and when the conductor looked around again, he was gone, with the whole plug of tobacco and the knife which the conductor had lent him to cut off a slice with.

Abe took to the forest at once and stayed there for the rest of the afternoon. He came out upon the bank of Little Sun River once and saw that it was far above normal and that the

surface of the water was dotted with ice floes of various sizes and sticks and logs galore. But he didn't give this fact much heed because he was too pre-occupied with his thoughts of what the railroad company would do to him when they learned of his trick. They'd probably jail him, he thought.

On the way home, empty handed except for his rifle and the tobacco which he had saved as a surprise for the family, Abe wondered if perhaps it wouldn't be better to just disappear and stay away until the incident had been forgotten.

He realized now what he had done, and that it must have cost a great deal of money to stop and start that great mass of steel on the steep grade of the mountainside.

But it was too late now, and Abe's simple mind made little protest as he came within sight of the cabin. He was standing on a steep rise above the little valley in which the cabin was located and he could also see the railroad tracks.

For the second time that day Abe Rockee's eyes nearly popped from his head, for standing just where he had last seen it, was the train that he had so nearly wrecked in his foolhardiness.

Abe said, "Gawd!" and ran down the hill and into the cabin.

As he had expected, the conductor from whom he had gotten the tobacco was there, and he was talking to the three Rockees, who were seated about the pot bellied stove in the center of the room.

"That's him!" the uniformed individual exclaimed, and promptly began slapping Abe on the back as though he were a long lost brother.

Abe decided the man was crazy because he had expected to be arrested at once and was being greeted with applause instead.

"There were three hundred people on that train, and you saved every last one of them, my boy," the conductor went on, "and . . ."

"S'cuse me a minute," Abe said, "while I talk to Pap. What air the matter with this 'un, Pap?"

"Trestle washed out by the river, an' if'n you hadn't stopped that contraption with the shiny sides, it'd a fell inta the river an' kilt some people, I reckon. You be a hero, son."

"Yes," said the conductor, "a hero, and you'll collect a big reward. Two thousand dollars, I think it is. Anyhow, a big one," he finished.

Abe grinned and, taking out the knife the

conductor had lent him, and the tobacco, he pared off some and then gave the knife back to its owner.

"Baccy, folks?"

"We got some, son," Pap said, "the conductor feller give it to us."

Abe loaded his pipe, lighted it with a coal from the stove, and sat down.

"Gawd," he exclaimed aloud.

"Prayin', son?" Pap questioned.

"Gittin' pious, he is," Grandsir lisped.

"Don't be a softy, son, jus' cause ya saved them city people," Maw Rockee advised.

Abe volunteered no information, so the Rockees settled themselves comfortably in their chairs and puffed placidly. After they had smoked to their hearts' content they would chew, and then, go to bed.

Burleigh Rollins, '37.

A BITTER DISAPPOINTMENT

The pupils in the little school at Bedford were going to have a new teacher. This was an EVENT, for it was the first occurrence of the kind that the children remembered.

In the school there were twenty-five pupils, ranging in age from six to fourteen years. Their schoolhouse consisted of two large schoolrooms with the teacher's quarters in the back.

The unexpected had happened when Miss Gulneck, who had been teaching for the past twenty years, had handed in her resignation. Had she known that by the act she was pleasing the entire student body, it is certain that she would have stuck grimly to her job. She was a stern, middle-aged woman who believed the adage, "Spare the rod and spoil the child." It was therefore with extreme delight that the children awaited the arrival of the beautiful young lady, who, they had heard, would be their new teacher.

The sun was just rising on the particular morning when the pupils began coming up the hill to the schoolhouse. One by one they walked up to the desk, placed something on it, and went out to the yard.

Dolly Stevens, a ten-year-old, asked Willie Winters what he had brought for the teacher.

"Oh, I didn't have any money so I brought her an apple. I hope she'll like it. Do you think she will?" he asked anxiously.

"Of course, answered Dolly promptly. "I brought her a handkerchief, one of those lacy

ones, you know. Here comes Tommy," she added excitedly.

The boy in question always caused excitement, for he was the toughest kid in school. He had unknowingly been one of the main causes of poor Miss Gulneck's retirement, and could boast of having tested her rod more than anyone else. This morning, however, he was somewhat subdued. One hand was thrust in his pocket as he sauntered over to Dolly.

"Will you come with me a minute?" he asked sheepishly. "I want to show you something."

Dolly followed him to a part of the yard where there weren't many boys and girls.

"Look," he said, producing a tiny heart-shaped bottle of perfume from his pocket.

"Oh," whispered Dolly, "is that for teacher?"

"Yep," he said. "I bet nobody else thought of perfume."

It must have cost an awful lot," ventured Dolly.

"Yep, \$1.98," said Tommy proudly.

"Well, I guess I'd better put it there before she comes in," he said, and walked into the room and up to the desk. There in a corner lay necklaces, handkerchiefs, and stockings, but no perfume. Tommy placed the bottle on top of a book and ran out to the yard. Hardly had he done so when the bell rang and the pupils filed in eagerly. All eyes went to the desk. So great was their amazement that they halted on their way to the seats. There at the desk was an elderly man, who looked so much like Miss Gulneck that he might have been her brother.

"Come, come, now," he said, "get to your seats. It is very rude to stare."

Reluctantly the children sat down. Where was their teacher? Why, the man had not noticed the presents. Perhaps they could get them back without his noticing.

It was Tommy who thought of a way. Toward the end of the day the teacher, giving up in despair the hope of teaching anything that day, sent them to the blackboard. On his way back to his seat, Tommy found his chance. The teacher's back was turned. He sauntered by the desk and picked up the perfume. One by one the pupils did the same.

After school Tommy ran up to Dolly.

"You know the perfume I bought for teacher? Well, I can't give it to THIS teacher. Do you want, I mean, will you let me give it to you?"

Adeline Reis, '37.

“I TAKE MY PEN IN HAND”

Y. W. C. A.
Jan. 12, 1937.
Boston, Mass.

Dear John:—

Although you warned me against Boston, I have come to the big city, having arrived safely last night. I am sure that I am going to like it. At first I was awed by the tall buildings, so different from those in our home town, but I am sure I shall get used to them. This is only a short note, but Boston has put me under its spell and I am off to obey its commands.

Love,
Martha.

P. S. Will look for a job tomorrow.

* * * * *

R. F. D.
Epping, N. H.
Jan 14, 1937.

Dear Martha:—

I am still warning you that you shouldn't be in Boston alone. Of course you will love it at first; but that is only because of the newness of the surroundings. You will tire of it after a while, sure enough. The buildings may be quite different from those in our home town, but let me tell you, there'll be a time when you'll be so lonesome that you will give anything to be in your home town. What good are tall buildings then?

For heaven's sake, don't be a nut. Come home.

John.

* * * * *

Y. W. C. A.
Boston, Mass.
Jan. 16, 1937.

Dear John:—

I appreciate how you feel, but I will not let it affect me at all. I have made some friends already. My room-mate, Mary Doner, is just the kind of girl you would like. She thinks that small country towns are marvelous, and wishes that she were living in one now, instead of in the Y. W. Another girl, Jane Johnson, has promised to try to influence the woman who is at the head of the employment agency at Filene's, a big department store, to hire me as a sales girl. I hope she succeeds. I went to other employment agencies, but about the only thing I could get was a job waiting on table.

This salary is low, and I should not care for the work.

Since most of the employment agencies close at 1:30, I decided to explore Boston. Yesterday I visited the Public Library. I stayed all afternoon, going through the rooms. Not only is it a library of books, but it is a veritable treasure house, holding very precious documents, including, last but not least, an Art Gallery and Music Room. There is also a room for newspapers from cities and states all over the country.

Jane and I are going to the theatre to-night with two fellows Jane knows. Write me.

Martha.

* * * * *

R. F. D.
Epping, N. H.
Jan. 18, 1937.

Dear Martha:—

No matter what you say, I am sure that you will soon get sick of Boston. Maybe I should like Mary Doner, but it happens that I like YOU. I thought you went to Boston to get a job making advertising copy for the papers. I guess you aren't as good as you thought you were, or Boston hasn't discovered what a talented person is living in her midst.

Jean Alden was asking for you the other day. We had quite a chat. I took her to the show last night. This isn't much of a letter, but I never could write very well.

John.

* * * * *

Y. W. C. A.
Boston, Mass.
Jan. 20, 1937.

Dear John:—

I have so much to tell you! I have a job at last, and, sir, you are now being addressed by a sales girl! I went to Filene's employment agency early Thursday morning and asked the woman in charge if I might make out an application for work. At first she said no; then she called me back and asked if I had had any experience. I told her that I had worked at a small store in the town where I used to live. She said, "All right, you may fill out this blank."

I nearly screamed, I was so happy. She told me to come in the next day, and she said she would arrange to have me go to the Training School.

The Training School teaches us how to make

out sales slips and tells us about the rules of the store. We go to Training School for one day and get paid \$2.00. I start working next Monday, and I shall get \$15.00 per week.

Let me see, what else have I got to say? Oh, yes. I am sure you and Jean had a good time at the theatre the other night. Jane and I and the two fellows had a grand time, too. The theatre is called the Metropolitan. Jane calls it the "Met". Inside, it's like a palace. One of the fellows, Michael Stanton, was very witty. I like witty people. Jane is engaged to Stephen Bond (the other fellow). We are all going to the theatre again next week. Michael wanted me to go to the theatre with him without Jane and Steve; but I said I was busy. Answer soon.

Martha.

* * * * *

R. F. D.
Epping, N. H.
Jan. 22, 1937.

Dear Martha:—

That theatre sure sounds great, but I am satisfied with the "Bijou". I hope you had a good time with that fellow, Michael Stanton. Jean and I are going to a dance next week. Jean is a good dancer. She has taught me quite a few new steps. I am glad you got the job. Jean says she is glad that she is just a small-town girl. That's what you should be saying. I am in a hurry, so I will have to stop.

John.

* * * * *

Y. W. C. A.
Boston, Mass.
Jan. 24, 1937.

Dear John:—

Did Jean tell you by any chance that I should stay in my home town? Well, you tell Jean to mind her own business. I suppose she said that you are too good for me. Go ahead and believe her if you want to. One thing I like about Mike Stanton is that he doesn't preach to me; and he doesn't tell me that I'm too good for you.

Martha.

P. S. I suppose she dances better than I do, too.

* * * * *

R. F. D.
Epping, N. H.
Jan. 26, 1937.

Dear Martha:—

So it's MIKE is it? Well, let me tell you, you

must be pretty friendly with him. Then you talk about ME! Go ahead, go with him. I'll go with Jean.

John.

* * * * *

R. F. D.
Epping, N. H.
Feb. 9, 1937.

Dear Martha:—

Please for get what I said, and come home and marry me.

Love,

John.

* * * * *

TELEGRAM

February 11, 1937.

Mr. John L. Ames

Epping, New Hampshire.

Might possibly consider your proposition—stop—anyway arriving to-night on 6:15 for conference—stop—will close deal on following terms—stop—you and the "Bijou".

Martha.

Jeanette Brazil, '37.

I'M GOING TO GET THEM BEFORE THEY GET ME

A pair of compelling, dark wide-set eyes; a big crooked nose; lean cheek-bones and outstanding ears; a large, firm, rather tight mouth; wide, well set shoulders that slouched slightly; a step that was light and quick . . . this was Bum Rogers. That he was a ruthless gang leader was not evident to a stranger's first glance, but his friend and foe feared him equally. Before he reached the age of sixteen he had been arrested several times for stealing and other small crimes. Now, at the age of twenty-four, he had been convicted and sentenced to life imprisonment for the murder of a New York City policeman. But before being sent to the "Big House," he had succeeded in escaping from his temporary cell. He was now what is commonly known as a criminal-at-large, being sought by Police, Private Detectives and G-Men.

In a room on the third floor of an inconspicuous apartment house, Bum faced a member of his gang.

"Back over there to that chair and sit down," he commanded, holding the gun with a steady hand while a dark light gleamed in his eyes.

"But I'm your friend. Don't shoot, Bum," the other cried out in a meek voice.

"See my girl like I told you to?" the other questioned.

"Yeah, I told her what you said to tell her."

"What did you do when you left her?" Bum persisted.

"I took the bus to Seventy-fifth Street, crossed the park, and took the bus to Coplex Street." He paused.

"Then what?"

"I stepped into the garage to see if I was bein' shadowed, like you warned me, Boss. Then I came here."

"O. K. That's all I wanted to know." Bum smilingly put away the gun and continued to speak in a low tone. "You're the only one who knows where I'm hiding out. Do you know that? All right, I know you do. Don't interrupt me. I've been following you this afternoon. I pulled that gun to try you out. Wanted to be sure you wasn't double-crossing me." Lighting a cigarette as he walked up and down the length of the small room, Bum continued speaking to his pal. "You know O'Brien? He got me the last time. Now, if any Dicks follow you, let me know. Keep me informed. This time I'm going to get them before they get me. Understand? And with this he bolted out of the room.

* * * * *

In a dimly lighted smoke filled tavern a few men and women loitered about the tables set at one side of the room. At one of these tables a man and woman sat, leaning their elbows on the checkered table cloth as they conversed.

"Listen. I got a job to do right now. But you're so beautiful, Baby, I just can't bear to leave you. Here, give us another drink of that." He poured himself a drink from the bottle that had been on the table.

"Say, Big Boy, do you know you're getting drunk?" the girl asked.

"That's all right. That's all right. Don't you worry none about me. See that dame over there? Nice looker, ain't she?" he drunkenly questioned.

"Aw, not so very," she jealously replied. "If it wasn't for those smart-looking clothes she wouldn't be lookin' like a million dollars right now. Say, you know who she is?"

"No," he replied interestedly.

"That's Bum Rogers' girl. Had a fight a

while back, but they're still going strong. Come on, let's talk about us," she coaxed.

"You know, I just remembered something. I've got a date with another girl tonight. Guess I'll go phone her so that I can stay with you." And so saying, he lurched towards the telephone booth where, after putting in a nickel he looked about him, then dialed his number. His manner was not that of an intoxicated man.

"Hello. Chief? That you? Yes, it's me. I'm down here at the tavern on Blake Street. I'm making out I'm a bum. Spied Rogers' girl, and found out that he's still keeping company with her." Here there was a slight pause, while he listened to the orders that were being given him. Then "O. K. Chief. I'll keep you informed."

* * * * *

The next morning two men in civilian clothes, in reality G-Men, stepped up to the reception desk of a modest hotel. Singling out the telephone operator, they questioned her. From the trend of the conversation it was quite evident that she had been expecting these callers.

"No, this is the only message again: 'Same time, same place.'"

"Well, Marx, you know what that means. The Park, again this morning. Let's get going." They went out to their car and drove off.

Upon reaching the park they stopped a short distance away from a bench where two young people, a man and a woman, were seated. Their heads were bent forward and they were earnestly talking, seemingly oblivious to their surroundings.

The two men seated in the automobile could do nothing but watch. They feared that if they went closer, they would become conspicuous. And so thinking, they drove off without having gained anything, but by no means discouraged.

In an apartment house facing the park Marx and his accomplice had set up a telescope on a tripod. With them in the room was a young woman, who was to look through the telescope at the two people whom they had studied the day before, and read their lips. In this way they hoped to obtain some fragment of the conversation that took place between them.

Now all was ready, and the room was in profound silence. All eyes were upon the observer, eagerly awaiting any word that she might say that would serve as a clue.

"Hello, Recco."

"The Bum."

"I'll get headquarters. Better find out who Recco is." Marx came into sudden action.

"Tell Bum police are trailing me," the woman continued quoting.

"Don't meet me for a week." With this she straightened; the two people separated.

Marx, returning from the telephone, explained: "That Recco was at Sing Sing with Bum Rogers. We'd better keep an eye on him."

The two men ran to their waiting car. A short turn in the park, and they saw Recco driving an automobile alone. They both had the conviction that Recco was going to Bum's apartment.

After following the other car for a distance through dirty, dark streets, they came to an abrupt stop as Recco turned into a garage. This they believed was a precaution against followers. After looking around, Recco entered an apartment house across the street. They saw the shades go down in a window on the second floor of an apartment in the same building.

A paper boy was coming slowly down the street. Marx was suddenly struck by an idea. Going up to the boy he said: "Here's half a dollar. We're the police. Understand? Now here's what you're to do. Don't sell any papers. Stand in front of this building and in about half an hour start shouting. "Cops get Bum Rogers. Bum Rogers wounded." Remember, in about half an hour."

Going back to his pal, he told him his plan. Cautiously they entered the building and walked up the few steps to the second floor. They found the room where the shade had gone down. As they were talking in low tones, they heard the paper boy begin shouting. The time had arrived.

With guns in hand they burst open the door. A bewildered and surprised Recco stood before them.

"Get back, Recco. You're under arrest," commanded Marx.

"Say, you fellows ain't got nothin' on me." Recco tried to cease shaking.

"We got Bum Rogers, and he said you murdered Gregory. Can't you hear the paper boy?"

"Why the dirty, double-crossing——," Recco began.

"All right. You and Bum can argue later. Now tell us where Bum's hideout is. We want to get his stuff."

Outraged, Recco eagerly gave them the address. He'd tell Bum a thing or two.

After Recco had been placed in a cell, he asked to see Bum. It was then that he learned his Boss had not yet been captured. Recco was speechless. He had been cleverly tricked by the police.

The capture of Bum was not a difficult one. When the police unexpectedly burst into his room, he was sleeping. Before he could reach for his guns he was hand-cuffed and guarded. No amount of talking could alter this fact. A few minutes after they had surrounded Bum, an alarm clock in the room rang. If they had come a little later, they would have found Bum ready for any sudden attack.

A new trial took place, and Bum Rogers was sentenced to life imprisonment in a solitary cell. After being confined for two months, he began shouting and making commotion; but the other prisoners paid little attention to him, for each was engrossed in his own thoughts.

"I'll show them," Bum raved. "They can't keep me here. I'll get on the bunk, and then I'll do it. Why shouldn't I? I'll go nuts if I stay here."

After contemplating a while he began again. "No, I can't do it. I'm too yellow. But I can't stay here! I can't stay here!" And so saying, he stood up on his bunk and put his head into the noose made from his bed clothes.

Thus died Bum Rogers. A haggard, crazed man, hating and despising everyone.

Mary Martin, '37.

FAITH RESTORED

Stanley Wood had a life sentence; yet he was innocent.

Two long years he had been confined to this cell, two years that had seemed like an eternity. He could not endure the thought of how endless the future would be. He breathed hard, as though the walls were too close to hold enough air. He would soon go crazy, he thought, buried here forever. His brain throbbed with resentment toward mankind and God.

This was a modern jail, furnished comfortably; yet he could not stand it. He could not bear association with heartless murderers and unscrupulous thieves. He had despised them for their utter distrust in man and their indifference to God, but now he had become as bad as they.

Stanley hardly knew himself. Two years ago he had been a normal, healthy-minded boy of nineteen years. Now he was a wild-eyed misanthrope, and he looked old and beaten. He had been happy and trusting. Now he was a decided pessimist, with faith neither in his Master nor his fellow-men. He often wanted to scream out against the injustice of the world, "Where is the justice that this nation claims as her gift to every citizen? Where is the compassionate Lord who is said to have mercy upon the sufferings of men? What has become of Truth and Right that they have not been able to save me from this doom?"

Although he often felt the impulse to rage in this manner, with complete disbelief, still he would utter a sigh; and as if forced by some unknown power within himself, he would raise his folded hands in supplication and whisper "Oh, God, hear me!"

He had often thought of suicide, but his mind recoiled from the idea. However, as time dragged on everlastingly, and as his faith grew weaker, he thought that an eternity in the fires of hell would be preferable to this present infinity of life in jail.

Each day Stanley grew more melancholy. The day came when he decided resolutely to end his life. Calmly he sat down to contemplate upon the best method of leaving this vale of sorrow. There was no kind of sharp instrument in his cell. The only thing he could do would be to break his head against the cement floor, but this would be rather uncomfortable if it succeeded only in cracking his skull and knocking him unconscious. He began to pace up and down the little square room.

There was a nail in his shoe, piercing his foot. He sat down to take it out. "Exactly the thing," he thought. "I'll sharpen the point against the floor, and I'll scratch the artery in my wrist with it; then I'll draw it out and watch the life ebb out of my body." He smiled a mad lifeless grin while his eyes shone with a terrible light.

"I shall do it now," he said, as he bent down to sharpen the nail. He moved it back and forth slowly, ever so slowly, as though taking a keen delight in this preparation for his own death. He picked up the nail and examined it with a zealous care, stroking the sides to make certain that they were perfectly smooth.

After he had finished this operation, he held the little instrument and turned it over in his hands slowly, carefully, contemplatively. His delay in cutting his wrist was due to no lack of resolution, but rather to the pleasure that the boy derived from his morbid thoughts. "Ah, I have fooled them. I have fooled God and men. They think they can make me suffer for my innocence, but I am too clever." He smiled crazily while his eyes gleamed. "My little nail will fool them. I'll do a little trick, and I will have deceived them. They think they can make me stay here till Judgment Day." (Stanley's mind had become somewhat confused lately, and he no longer thought of his confinement in terms of a lifetime, but in terms of forever.) "Well, I won't stay. Soon I'll be down among the souls of other sinners. Maybe I'll see them there someday." He burst into sudden wild laughter.

He picked up the nail and held it over the artery in his left wrist. "Just one little push will send me to hell." But he still held the sharp piece of metal. "I'll be able to see it better in the morning. I don't want to miss the pleasure of seeing how I'm fooling them. I guess I'll give God one more try to see whether He's got any mercy. I don't believe in Him now, but I'm willing to be fair, and give Him a chance to prove Himself." The boy knelt and prayed fiercely. "God, if you are truly there, make them see that I am an innocent man." Kneeling by his cot, Stanley mumbled into the night, finally falling asleep with his head on the mattress and the little nail clutched in his hand.

The next morning the warden, opening the cell, saw the huddled form on the floor. Stanley looked up wearily, his left arm behind him. He opened his eyes wide in astonishment when he saw the news on the guard's face.

"Tell me," the boy breathed.

"They caught the real criminal last night. You are released, and you are to report at the office now."

"Thank God! At last I am proved innocent. It's a little too late, but that is my fault. Forgive me, Lord, for experimenting with You."

The warden ran up to him where he had fallen. Stanley Wood was dead.



POETRY



THE RHYME GEOMETRY

Just a couple thousand years ago
 There lived a guy named Euclid,
 Who had a scheme for proving things
 Were either straight or crooked.

This scheme's composed of lines and squares
 And circles, cubes, and tangents
 All hooked up to form a puzzle
 Defying human understandance.

Point A might coincide with N
 On any line F E";
 But I don't care about point A,
 Though this term I'd like a B.

Yet, if it's B I want this term,
 I suppose I've got to work,
 So I might as well get started now
 As to loaf and try to shirk.

But then again, why should I work?
 It's just a waste of time.
 I can't be bothered with home work
 When I've got a new fish line.

Now there's only one more thing to say
 Concerning that guy, Euclid.
 Shall I go fishing or stay home
 And learn his subject putrid?

Burleigh Rollins, '37.

A brilliant Frenchman with long curly hair,
 Was the great essayist, Voltaire.
 He visited England for a period of years,
 And upon his return he brought new ideas.
 In his line to Helvetius he tried to teach,
 That democracy could not exist without free
 speech.

An autocracy to him was just a fake,
 His idea of a ruler was Frederick the Great.
 To be ruled by a lion not a hundred rats
 Was one of Voltaire's much stated facts
 In seventeen hundred and seventy-eight
 Voltaire passed on through the eternal gate.

Joseph Andrews, '39.

ON WRITING A POEM

The hardest thing to write I know
 Is a poem, a job tedious and slow.
 With pencil in hand you dream and gaze,
 Thinking of a subject worthy of praise.

Suddenly, from the depths of your muddled
 brain,
 A glorious thought you're apt to obtain,
 But if you fail to write down this idea,
 More than likely it will disappear.

Again you think of something to write,
 But, alas, of nothing do you catch a sight.
 This struggle with your brain goes on hour
 after hour
 And to express your ideas you just haven't the
 power.

Even my readers can easily see
 That this is just the trouble with me.
 I must admit that I plainly show it.
 Cause, after all, I'm by no means a poet.

Philip Hannum, '37.

The best dressed guy in P. H. S.
 Whose name is John C. Snow,
 Is always going fishing
 With that Rollins guy in tow.

Proceeding out to Clapper's pond,
 He casts his line about.
 And yells for help from Rollins,
 Who in the boat has paddled out.

It seems that Snow has snagged his line
 And can not get it free,
 So now he calls on Rollins,
 Who has likewise snagged a tree.

And that's the way it goes all day
 With John C. Snow and me;
 J. C. gets snagged upon a snag,
 And me, I catch a tree.

Burleigh Rollins, '37.

THE SPRING AND WINTER

The setting sun of winter
Is the rising sun of spring.
The winter sun brings snow and rain,
While the summer brings the birds that sing.

They sing sweet melodies to garden flowers,
Which blossom and bloom each long, long hour.
Spring! of Springs now thou hast come
To make our sad hearts joyous ones.

Irene Patrick, '37.

SPRING FEVER

The Spring morning is filled with fragrance,
And blossoms besprinkled with dew,
And birds singing softly together,
But what does Spring do for you?

Instead of inspiring vitality,
And rousing ambition galore,
It brings the disease, Spring fever;
So that you can't work any more.

Books and studies are abandoned
And we become generally lazy;
So we just ramble and loll along
With minds growing dusty and hazy.

Baseball absorbs our attention,
And the call of the great open air.
Teachers scold us for "slipping,"
But that doesn't seem quite fair.

Are we at fault when Spring brings to a halt
Our inclination to learn?
No, Spring is to blame for putting out the flame
Of ambition which ever did slowly burn.

Helen Silva, '37.

THE ROBIN AND THE KITE

"Spring is here," sings the robin
While chewing the bobbin
Of the little boy's kite.
Bad bird!

But the little boy yanks him,
And thoroughly spansks him.
No more delight—
Sad bird!

Mary Roda, 7A.

THE BIRD'S SONG

O, little bird upon the tree,
Will you sing a song for me?
A song that tells of early spring;
O, little bird, please start to sing.

The little bird began to sing—
He whistled, trilled and everything.
Such a gay and blithesome song!
I listened, and thrilled th whole day long.

Vivian Souza, 7A.

TREES

The faint low rustling of the tall green trees,
Countless and gigantic in their splendor,
Slowly swaying in the soft summer breeze
Like sentinels guarding the horizon,
Brown and dry from hot days of summer sun
But green once again after a cool rain,
Their foliage cool the earth for the traveler
As he rests his weary head in the shade.

Margaret Elizabeth Nelson, '37.

NIGHT

The night, cool and clear and full of mystery,
Surrounds us with its sparkling cloak of stars,
Which glow and twinkle in a sky of black,
And puts us in a restful pensive mood.

Intoxicating perfumes fill the air
As summer flowers sleep bathed deep in dew;
While perfect peace flows to our souls
And our thoughts wander happily away.

Helen M. Silva, '37.

DEATH

A mournful sigh escaped the lips so blue
From a timid figure waiting to hear
The call of the Almighty One above us
To end her painful life on earth with men;
Fate had been so very unkind to her,
Dark thoughts came crowding back within
her mind—
Poor sinner, who had taken earthly charms,
Faced death with great fear and intense
alarm.

M. Caton, '37.

INTRODUCING THE SENIORS



FRANCES PERIE AVELLAR

Ambition: To become a nurse
Hobby: Basketball and Dancing
Characteristic: Good-natured

Activities: Basketball (varsity) 3-4; Senior Play 4; Jr. Prom Committee 3; Senior Supper 4.

IRMA LESTER BATT

Ambition: To attend Wilfred's Academy
Characteristic: Athletic

Activities: Varsity Basketball 1-2-3-4; Student Council 4; President of Older Girls' Conference 4; Senior Play 4; Committees.



WALLACE BENT

Ambition: To be a great man
Hobby: Baseball
Characteristic: Quiet

Activities: Football 3-4; Baseball 3-4; Committee of Senior Supper 4; Stage Committee of Senior Play 4.

MARY JEANNETTE BRAZILL

(Entered—1936 From Medford High)

Ambition: It's a secret!
Hobby: Driving and Tennis
Characteristic: Sociable

Activities: Committees 3-4; Lunchroom Staff 4; Dramatic Club 4; Basketball 4; Waitress for Basketball Banquet 4; Miss Finnell's play "Peck vs. Peck," Long Pointer Staff 4.



MARGUERITE JEAN CATON

Ambition: To be a beautician
Hobby: Singing
Characteristic: Congenial

Activities: Junior Prom Committee 3; Long Pointer Staff 2-3-4; Junior Prize Speaking Contest 3; Office Work 3-4; Cafeteria Work 3-4; Ditto 3-4; Waitress at Older Girls' Conference 3; Senior Supper 4; President Senior Class 4; National Honor Society 4; Usher at Graduation, Class Day 3.

ETHLEON CHAPMAN

Ambition: To be a Physical Education Teacher
Hobby: Sports and Dancing
Characteristic: Good-sport

Activities: Committees 3-4; Office Work 3-4; Mimeograph 3-4; Cheer Leader 4; Intramural Basketball 1-2; Student Council 2; Varsity Basketball 2-3-4; All-Cape Guard 3; Usher at Graduation; Waitress at Boys' Banquet 4.



ROBERT COLLINSON

Ambition: To be a million dollar playboy
Hobby: Hunting
Characteristic: Facetious

Activities: Varsity Baseball 2-3-4; Football 4; All-Cape position 4; Prize Junior Declamation 3; Senior Play 4; Intramural Basketball 4; Waiter Senior Supper 4; Committees 3-4.

ARTHUR CROSS

Ambition: None
Hobby: Coin Collecting
Characteristic: Historically inclined

Activities: Basketball 3-4; Varsity Basketball 4; Football 4; Long Pointer Staff 4; Selling of Long Pointers 3; Dramatic Club 4; Senior Supper 4.



DENNIS ENCARNATION

Ambition: To be a Baseball Player
Hobby: Playing all kinds of games
Characteristic: Shy

Activities: Baseball 3-4; Football 3-4; Intramural Basketball 4; Track 3-4; Senior Supper 4; Senior Play Stage Committee 4.

LEONARD ENOS

Ambition: To become a manager
Hobby: Baseball
Characteristic: Fat

Activities: Football 3-4; Baseball 3-4; Senior Supper 4.



MARY FULLERTON

Ambition: To be successful
Hobby: Hiking
Characteristic: Consistent

Activities: Secretary of Senior Class 4; Prompter for Senior Play 4; Committees 4; Waiter for Senior Supper 4.



BRIDGET LOUISE GASPA

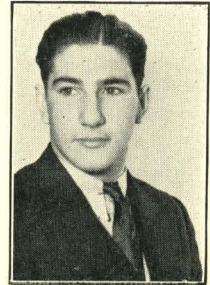
Ambition: To become a success
 Hobby: Reading
 Characteristic: Friendly

Activities: Committees 3-4; Long Pointer Staff 4; Intramural Basketball 1-2-4; Senior Supper 4.

MANUEL GOVEIA

Ambition: To be successful in life
 Hobby: Clamming
 Characteristic: Conservative

Activities: Basketball 2; Football 2; Baseball 1.



PHILIP HANNUM

Ambition: To be a Dentist
 Hobby: Punning
 Characteristic: Versatile

Activities: Class Secretary 1; Vice-President 2; President 3; Vice-President 4; Student Council 2; Business Manager Minstrel Show 3; Senior Play 4; Editor-in-Chief of Long Pointer 4; President of National Honor Society 4; Junior Declamation Winner 3.



GEORGE MANUEL LEMOS

Ambition: To be successful in life
 Hobby: Model Airplanes
 Characteristic: Shy

Activities: Senior Play Committee 4; Senior Class Supper 4; Intramural Basketball 1-4; Junior Prom Committee 3; Long Pointer Staff 4; Baseball 1.



CHARLOTTE MERRILL

Ambition: To learn to Tap Dance
 Hobby: Dancing
 Characteristic: Demure

Activities: Office work 2-3-4.



MARGARET NELSON

Ambition: To be a Physical Education Teacher
 Hobby: Reading
 Characteristic: Carefree

Activities: Varsity Basketball 1-2; Intramural Basketball 2; Senior Play 4.



ARNOLD OLIVER

Ambition: To be a success
Hobby: Hiking
Characteristic: Jolly

Activities: Student Council 1; Class Treasurer 2; Intramural Basketball 1-2-3-4; Thanksgiving Dance Committee 4; Dramatic Club 4; Intramural Baseball 1-2; Long Pointer Staff 4; Class Supper Committee 4.



MARY MARTIN ORFAO

Ambition: To be a Journalist
Hobby: Bicycle Riding and Riding
Characteristic: Capable

Activities: Orchestra 1-2-3-4; Class Secretary 3; Junior Declamations 3; Long Pointer Staff 4; Invitation Committee 4; Senior Play 4; Intramural Basketball 1; Office Work 4; Mimeograph Work 4.

IRENE ANTOINETTE PATRICK

Ambition: To be a Telephone Operator
Hobby: Dancing and Swimming
Characteristic: Winsome

Activities: Senior Play 4; Committees 2-3-4; Student Council 4; Office Work 4; National Honor Society 4; Dramatic Club 4; Senior Class Supper 4; Long Pointer Staff 4; Senior Whist Party 4; Usher at Graduation, Class Day 3.



GENEVIEVE NADINE PERRY

Ambition: To be an Air Hostess
Hobby: Swimming and Reading
Characteristic: Peppy

Activities: Senior Play 4; Office Work 4; Sophomore Paper 4; Senior Class Supper 4; Committees 3-4; Mimeograph 3-4.

JOSEPH FRANCIS PERRY

Ambition: To be an Aviator
Characteristic: Nonchalant

Activities: Intramural Basketball 2-3-4; Junior Prom Committee 3; Senior Orchestra 1-2; Committees 2-3-4.



EMMA ELIZABETH POND

Ambition: To travel abroad
Hobby: Dancing and Swimming
Characteristic: Loquacious

Activities: Committees 3-4; Senior Supper 4; Prompter at Senior Play 4; Usher at Graduation 3; Office Work 4.



EMILY MAE PRADA

Ambition: To be a success
 Hobby: Swimming
 Characteristic: Enthusiastic

Activities: Cake Sale 4; Hallowe'en Dance 3; Thanksgiving Dance 4; Intramural Basketball 3-4; Senior Supper 4.

ADELINE REIS

Ambition: To be a Beautician
 Hobby: Collecting Pictures
 Characteristic: Petite

Activities: Long Pointer Staff 2-3-4; Secretary of Student Council 3; Committees 3-4; Office Work 4; Mimeograph 4; Senior Supper 4; Waitress for Basketball Banquet 4.



DONALD RIVARD

Ambition: To be successful
 Hobby: Table Tennis
 Characteristic: Taciturn

Activities: Business Manager Concert 3; Junior Prom Ticket Selling Committee; Basketball Manager 4; Business Manager Senior Play 4; National Honor Society 4.



STEPHEN CHARLES RODERICK

Ambition: To become an Aviator
 Hobby: Hunting
 Characteristic: Everybody's Favorite

Activities: Basketball Varsity 3-4; Baseball 3; Football 4; Senior Supper 4.



CLINTON ROGERS

Ambition: To be a Coach
 Hobby: Playing Football
 Characteristic: Hitch Hiker

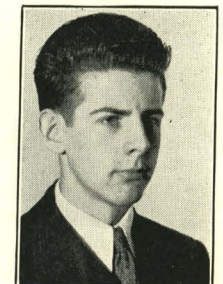
Activities: Football 1-2-3-4; Baseball 3-4; Senior Supper 4; Committees 3-4.



BURLEIGH ROLLINS

Ambition: To be an Aeronautical Engineer
 Hobby: Stamp Collecting
 Characteristic: Lofty

Activities: Manager Hallowe'en Dance 3; Decorating Committee Junior Prom 3; Property Hand in Senior Play 4; Senior Supper Committee 4.



HELEN MAE SILVA

Ambition: To be a Private Secretary
Hobby: Reading
Characteristic: Studious

Activities: Class President 2; Class Treasurer 3-4; Long Pointer Staff 2-3-4; National Honor Society 4; Junior Declamations 3; Dramatic Club 4; Art Club 4; Senior Play 4; Committees 3-4; Office Work 4; Mimeograph 4; Senior Supper 4.



MARY ANN SILVA

Ambition: To become a Private Telephone Operator
Hobby: Swimming
Characteristic: Industrious

Activities: Basketball 1-2-3; Committees 3-4; Office Work 3-4; Waitress at Older Girls' Conference 3; Long Pointer Staff 4; Usher for Senior Play 4; Senior Supper 4.

JOHN CLIFFORD SNOW

Ambition: To Study Law
Hobby: Stamp-collecting, Hunting, Fishing
Characteristic: Conservative

Activities: Senior Orchestra 1-2; Intramural Baseball 1; Student Council 3; Business Manager of Long Pointer 4; Junior Prom Committees 3; Hallowe'en Dance 3; Senior Play 4; Junior Declamations 3.



MARJORIE STALKER

Ambition: To be an Actress
Hobby: Reading
Characteristic: Dignified

Activities: Junior Declamation 3; Orchestra 1-2-3-4; Prom 3; Dramatic Club 4; Senior Play 4.

KATHRYN EDITH SUMMERS

Ambition: To be a Beautician or Stylist
Hobby: Swimming and Knitting
Characteristic: Pleasant

Activities: Committee, 3-4; Dramatic Club 4; Waitress for Banquet 4; Senior Class Supper 4; Senior Play 4; Assembly Program 4.



SHERMAN SYLVIA

Ambition: To be a Lawyer
Hobby: Football 69
Characteristic: Jovial

Activities: Football 1-2; Intramural Basketball 1; Baseball 3.

**JOHN JOSEPH THOMAS**

Ambition: To be an all-round Coach
 Hobby: Sports, Writing Stories
 Characteristic: Shorty

Activities: Business Manager Junior Prom 3; Basketball 1-2; Varsity Basketball 3-4; Committees 3-4; Office Work 4; Senior Play 4; Senior Supper 4.

WALTER W. TURNER

Ambition: To succeed
 Hobby: Hunting and Trapping
 Characteristic: Athletic

Activities: Senior Play 4; Junior Declamations 3; Varsity Basketball 3-4; Intramural Basketball 1-2; Committees 3-4; Football 2-3-4; Baseball 2; Senior Supper 4; Track 2.

**SENIOR SUPERLATIVES**

Most popular girl	Irene Patrick	Most original	Burleigh Rollins
Most popular boy	Stephen Roderick	Jolliest boy	Leonard Enos
Handsomest boy	Walter Turner	Jolliest girl	Emily Prada
Prettiest girl	Frances Avellar	Class pest	John Thomas
Best dressed girl	Irene Patrick	Most gentlemanly	Philip Hannum
Best dressed boy	John Snow	Most ladylike	Mary Martin
Best boy dancer	Robert Collinson	Most versatile	Stephen Roderick
Best girl dancer	Emma Pond	Class musician	Marjorie Stalker
Done most for P. H. S.	Marguerite Caton	Class flirt	Walter Turner
Best natured girl	Helen Silva	Class vamp	Genevieve Perry
Best natured boy	Donald Rivard	Football hero	Clinton Rogers
Most tactful girl	Helen Silva	Class orator	John Snow
Most tactful boy	Philip Hannum	Woman hater	Donald Rivard
Most loquacious	Genevieve Perry	Man hater	Adeline Reis
Most humorous	Arnold Oliver	Class actor	Walter Turner
Most sophisticated	Marjorie Stalker	Class actress	Marjorie Stalker
Best figure	Kathryn Summers	Most bashful	Donald Rivard
Best physique	Walter Turner	Class baby	Emma Pond
Girl with the most personality	Marguerite Caton	Biggest drag with the Faculty	Irene Patrick
Boy with the most personality	Stephen Roderick	Most likely to succeed	Philip Hannum
Brightest	Donald Rivard	Favorite teachers	Mr. David Murphy, Miss Mary Roberts



JUNIOR CLASS

First row: Kendall Cass, Jennie Captiva, Louise Lewis, Emily Rivers.

Second row: Phyllis Rose, Marion Gaspa, Nancy Merrill, Dorothy Silva, Ethel Bickers, Florida Santos, Helen Pacellini, Elsie Brown, Margaret Mooney.

Third row: Julia Ferriera, Elaine Weed, Virginia Henrique, Marion Perry, Mildred Gibbs, Rosa DeRiggs, Mary Gill, Vivian Santos, Evangeline Rose, John Costa, Richard Santos.

Fourth row: Lewis Eaton, William Hutchins, Michael Diago, Gilbert Souza, Cleveland Woodward, Warren Alexander.



HONOR ROLL—1937-1937

SENIORS

Jeanette Brazill
 Marguerite Caton
 William Dignes
 Bridget Gaspa
 Manuel Goveia
 Philip Hannum
 Irene Patrick
 Donald Rivard (high)
 Burleigh Rollins
 Helen Silva (high)

JUNIORS

Rasa DeRiggs (high)
 Michael Diago
 Ruth Francis
 Mildred Gibbs
 Marguerite Mooney
 Helen Pacellini
 Marion Perry
 Emily Rivers (high)
 Dorothy Silva

SOPHOMORES

Zana Crawley
 Ruth Hiebert
 Jean M. Jette
 Winifred McClure
 Marjorie Murchison
 Arline Silva (high)
 Marjorie Stahl (high)
 Clayton Snow
 Isaura Sylvester

FRESHMAN

Mary Mott
 Marilyn Raymond (high)
 Mary E. Rogers
 Antone Sylvia

GRADE EIGHT

Marguerite Cook
 Barbara Cross
 John Farroba
 Randolph Foster
 Manuel Packett
 Frank Parsons
 Eugene Perry
 Warren Roderick
 John Silva

GRADE SEVEN

Frank Alves
 Matilda Avellar
 Edwina Crawley
 Barbara Crocker
 Josephine Dignes
 Theron Jakabus
 Herman Silva
 Dorothy King
 Irving Malchman
 Edward O'Rork
 Jeanne Prevost
 Louis Rivers
 Helen Rogers
 Vivian Souza



ACTIVITIES



NATIONAL HONOR SOCIETY

First row: Marguerite Mooney, Rosa DeRiggs, Irene Patrick, Emily Rivers.
Standing: Marguerite Caton, Donald Rivard, Philip Hannum, Helen Silva.

NATIONAL HONOR SOCIETY

As June draws closer, we find Provincetown High School completing its fifth year as a charter-member of the National Honor Society. One of the outstanding schools in this part of the state, it for several years held this supreme honor alone. Now, a few other acceptable Cape high schools have followed in Provincetown's steps.

Candidates for membership are selected for scholarship, character, leadership, and service, and are rated on a percentage basis. Of these, scholarship counts for the largest number of points.

Membership in the Honor Society is the greatest honor that can be bestowed by a high school upon one of its pupils, and the desire to wear the emblem is the incentive for many

students to do their best in everything they try. Naturally, a goal of this kind makes a higher scholastic standing, and helps in numerous ways to better the school.

New members selected this year are: Philip Hannum '37, president, Irene Patrick '37, secretary, Donald Rivard '37, Helen Silva '37, Marguerite Caton '37, Rosa DeRiggs '38, Emily Rivers '38, and Marguerite Mooney '38.

THE STUDENT COUNCIL

This year the Student Council, the most active group in the school, was called together to discuss some of the problems confronting the student body. Such decisions as the banning of ski-pants, not permitting students to wear letters other than their own, the introduction



STUDENT COUNCIL

Irene Patrick, Irma Batt, Frank Parsons, Dorothy Silva, Leo Ferriera, Rosa DeRiggs, Margery Stahl.

of girls' archery, and dancing during the lunch period were all declared final by this law-making body.

A Turkey Whist Party was given by this group to raise money to buy our new motion picture projector.

After this successful event a dance was given in the Gymnasium by these students to obtain funds to buy sweaters for the deserving boys and girls on the athletic teams of the school.

The Student Council of this district met at Plymouth. Provincetown was represented for the first time by Dorothy Silva, president; Rosa DeRiggs, secretary; and Margery Stahl.

The Council of 1936-37 consisted of: Seniors, Irma Batt, Irene Patrick, vice-president; Juniors, Rosa DeRiggs, secretary, and Dorothy Silva, president; sophomore, Margery Stahl; Freshman, Leo Ferreira, and Junior High, Frank Parsons.

THE ANCHORAGE

This year, for the first time since the new school has been built, P. H. S. boasts a school newspaper. "The Anchorage" is published here in the school, by the Sophomore Class. We have had the co-operation of the seniors,

helping with the mimeographing, and of all the other classes in putting out our paper.

The Editor of the paper is Patricia Hallett; her assistant, Marjorie Stahl. John Shaw, business manager; Arline Silva, Feature Editor; Jean Allen and Ruth Hiebert, News Editors; Humor, Jeanne Jette; Art Editor, James Carter; Sports Editors, Celeste Macara and Clayton Snow.

The purpose of the paper is to improve the school, offer suggestions, and to give the students some fun. The editorials have helped. Witness the one suggesting the equalization of sports in the school. Our Student Council is now discussing the addition of archery to the school sports for girls.

It is the desire of the sophomores to give their "Anchorage" to P. H. S. for use as a school paper. We sincerely hope that the staff next year will have the same co-operation from the entire school, and incidentally, as much fun as we have had publishing it.

Ruth Hiebert, '39.

THE FRESHMAN RECEPTION

The fifth annual reception for the Freshman class was held in the High School gymnasium

on October 2nd by the Seniors. The evening's festivities began with the Grand March, ably led by Mr. David Murphy, Senior Class advisor, after which there was dancing to the music of Pat and His Pals. The gayety of the evening ended all too quickly for the happy Freshmen, and it was with regret that they left the school at midnight.

Adeline Reis, '37.

THE HALLOWE'EN DANCE

The traditional autumn colors introduced the Hallowe'en Dance in the latter part of October. Our gymnasium was decorated with corn stalks and autumn leaves combined with orange and black streamers. Spot-light dancing and refreshments added to the enjoyment of the evening.

The juniors displayed their ability in the Juniors' Amateur Program, directed by Major Kendall Cass, President of the class. Music was furnished by Pat and His Pals, playing in their best tempo.

In return for the work put into this dance, the class was rewarded with high praise for the success of the affair.

Ethel M. Bickers, '38.

THANKSGIVING DANCE

The Senior Class of '37 gave a Thanksgiving Dance in the gymnasium on November 23, 1936. The gymnasium was decorated with orange colored paper pumpkins, while paper pilgrims and maidens attired in their native dress were artistically arranged about the walls. Holly was arranged about the rails of the room, giving the surroundings an air of festivity. While Pat and His Pals served tantalizing music, two spotlights, placed above the dancers, caused the room to appear in moonlight and shadows. At about 10:45 Pat rolled off a tap on his drum and announced that refreshments would be served in the cafeteria. The dance was later resumed until 11:30.

MUSIC FESTIVAL

At the third Annual Music Festival held in Provincetown on November 20, 1926, Miss Vivian Place, harpist, was the guest soloist.

The same concert was to be held in Harwich the following evening by the combined Monomausett and the Lower Cape Symphony Orchestras.

The program was artistically arranged in such a manner that Miss Esther Bassett, a Cape resident, revealed her musical talent to an appreciative audience.

Miss Place presented several original selections, and was obliged to give many encores.

The orchestra, which included selected young musicians from Provincetown, Wellfleet, Eastham, Orleans, Harwich, Chatham, and Brewster, played numerous pieces including Padre Martini's "Govotte Celebre", Bizet's "Intermezzo (LaArlassienne Suite)", and Urbana Overture by Roberts.

The special features in the Music Festival were the Monomausett Chorus of 40 voices under the direction of Miss Charlotte Patch, at Harwich only. In Provincetown, dancing was held in the gymnasium.

Stalker, '37.

OLDER BOYS' CONFERENCE

The tenth annual Older Boys' Conference was held at Bourne on Saturday, March 20, 1937. Registration was at 9:30 A. M., followed by a program by the Shawme Orchestra. The meeting was opened by Charles Cross, last year's president. Songs, under the direction of Mr. Freeman, were followed by Mr. Sterling Williams, who spoke on weight. The boys were then allowed to have lunch in the school cafeteria or to view the Bourne Bridge.

The afternoon session opened at 12:45 P. M., and new officers were elected. The boys then went to various discussion groups where interesting topics were debated.

At 3 P. M. the recreation period opened, during which a basketball game between the Upper and Lower Cape teams was played. The Upper Cape won 32-19. Volley-ball and Table Tennis were played at the Bourne Grammar School for those not interested in basketball.

The delegates again assembled at 4:30 P. M. for the introduction of the new officers. The Chatham candidate, Willard Nickerson, was elected president of the Conference for 1938, which is to be held in Yarmouth. This was followed by the showing of movies which kept the boys entertained for the rest of the afternoon.



JUNIOR DECLAMATION SPEAKERS

Emily Rivers, Jennie Captiva, Ethel Bickers, Dorothy Silva, Kendall Cass, Rosa DeRiggs, Ruth Francis, Cleveland Woodward, William Hutchins, and Helen Pacellini.

The climax of the evening came with the turkey banquet. This was made even more enjoyable by the heart to heart talk given by the Hon. Edwin O. Childs, Mayor of Newton.

Leo I. Ferreira, '40.

Kendall Cass, and William Hutchins. These students were judged on memory, voice, enunciation, and stage deportment.

The winners of the finals in June will be given medals by the local Lions' Club.

Louise Lewis, '38.

JUNIOR DECLAMATIONS

The Annual Junior Declamation Contest was held on March 30 and April 1 in the School Auditorium. As this is an essential part of the English course, each student was obliged to contribute some form of recitation. Eight members of the faculty were called upon to act as judges.

Seven girls and three boys were selected for the finals, which are to be held later in the year.

The following are the names of those who were chosen: Ruth Francis, Rosa DeRiggs, Jennie Captiva, Emily Rivers, Ethel Bickers, Helen Pacellini, Dorothy Silva, Cleveland Woodward,

SIXTH ANNUAL DEMONSTRATION CONCERT

The sixth Annual Demonstration Concert of the Provincetown Schools was held in the High School Auditorium on April 2, 1937, under the direction of Mr. Thomas Nassi. Mr. Clifton Nickerson was the guest trumpet soloist.

During the program there were various arrangements in which the Bradford School, Junior High, and High School orchestras, plus the High School Band performed. The elementary flageolet classes portrayed an interesting array of selections, including "America," and "Au Claire de la Lune."

Mr. Clifton Nickerson, who showed great promise, played the difficult "Carnival of Venice" before concluding the program.

Marjorie Stalker, '37.

OLDER GIRLS' CONFERENCE

The third annual Cape Cod Older Girls' Conference was held at Falmouth High School on Saturday, April 3, 1937. This year sixteen schools were represented, including those from the Island, with a total attendance of five hundred.

Registration began at 10 o'clock, after which there were opening greetings by President Irma Batt of Provincetown, and the principal of the Falmouth High School. This was followed by a very interesting address by the Reverend Sarah Ann Dixon, Ph. D., entitled "My Childhood Days."

At 11 o'clock the five hundred young students gathered together at the Elizabeth Theatre to attend two reels of moving pictures. The first was a Technicolor Carton, "Safety," and was followed by "If I Had a Million," starring Gary Cooper and Alison Skipworth.

After the delightful theatre party the hungry girls all went back to the Village School Cafeteria for a delicious banquet at which Miss Ruth Mullaney presided as toast mistress.

Following this was an address, "Idealists and Ideals," given by Mrs. Frank Bennett.

The next event was the business meeting and election of officers, which was in charge of Miss Constance Lowney.

The closing feature was a basketball game in which the Upper Cape defeated the Lower Cape.

The meeting came to a close at 4:30, with all the girls promising to be present at the fourth annual conference which is to be held in Bourne next year.

Dorothy Silva, '38.

ASSEMBLIES

This year we have had both quality and quantity in assemblies. Scattered through our major assemblies were numerous movies ranging from the life of George Washington to the mining of asbestos.

The Christmas Assembly, given by Miss Mary

Jacobs, was composed of scenes from the Nativity, illustrated Christmas Carols, and an animated Christmas tree.

The trial of Peck vs. Peck held in the auditorium on February 5, was called to order when the majority of the jury had straggled in. The hero and heroine, Johnny Dyer and Rosa DeRiggs, earned their laurels as a hen-pecked husband and a bridge club wife.

Miss Lowney's classes demonstrated their ability in the following program:—

Marching—7th and 8th grades

Danish Dance of Greeting—7th grade

German Polka—7th grade

Tap Dance—7th grade

Chamarita—7th and 8th grades

Tarentalla (Italian Folk Dance)—Sr. High

Volley Ball Game—1st and 7th period classes

During the football assembly, letters were presented by Coach Leyden to Captain Herman Janard, Captain-elect Cleveland Woodward, Anthony Bent, Earl Cabral, Robert Collinson, Dennis Encarnation, Leonard Enos, Ernest Ford, William Hutchins, Stephen Roderick, Clinton Rogers and Walter Turner.

The best basket-ball assembly was held on Wednesday, April 15, when the Brockton Tournament Trophy was presented to Dorothy Silva, president of the Student Council, by Mr. Ralph Fish, manager of the tournament. Mr. Ramey presented either letters or certificates, as the occasion called, to Captain Steve Roderick, Manager Donald Rivard, Francis Souza, Victor Santos, Joseph Steele, Walter Turner, Richard Santos, Arthur Cross, John Thomas, Herman Janard, and Anthony Bent.

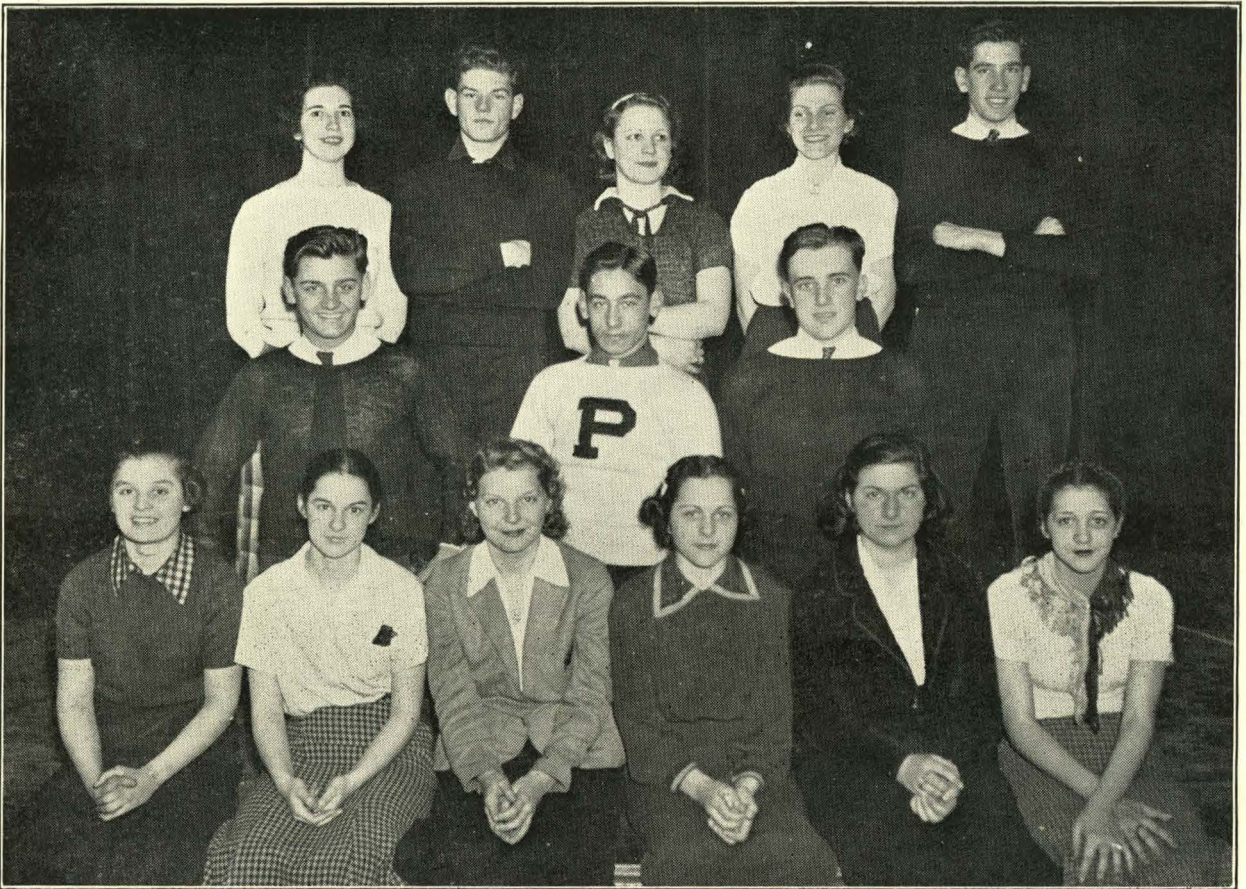
Miss Lowney presented letters to Captain Irma Batt, Captain-elect Dorothy Silva, Ethleon Chapman, Francis Avellar, Emily Rivers, Arline Silva, Rosa DeRiggs, Marguerite Mooney and Ruth Francis.

Mr. Murphy's gym classes gave us a demonstration of—

Marching Tactics, Pyramids, Apparatus, Parallel Bars, Rings, Horizontal Bar, Vaulting.

May 20th will bring John Hines, who received his platform training under that matchless interpreter of plays and teacher of dramatic art, Leland Powers, and entered upon a successful career as reader of plays. He will present "If I were King," a comedy of romance and action.

On May 21, Miss Arnold will present "Renovating Rosie," a two-act play starring Dorothy



SENIOR PLAY CAST

First row: Frances Avellar, Kathryn Summers, Margaret Nelson, Irene Patrick, Helen Silva, Genevieve Perry.
 Second row: Philip Hannum, John Thomas, John Snow.
 Third row: Mary Martin, Walter Turner, Irma Batt, Margery Stalker, Robert Collinson.

Rose, Norine Valentine, Theodora Rosa, Joseph Steele and Clinton Rogers.

Miss Kelley's assembly, on May 28, will consist of Memorial Day Exercises.

The Dramatic Club, under the direction of Miss Mary Roberts, will present "The Taming of the Shrew."

Mr. Perry's presentation of "Maitre Pathlin," a medieval farce, will follow soon afterwards. French songs will be sung by the French Classes.

Miss Irene Lewis is coaching the 7th and 8th grades in a minstrel show, which will be presented on June 4, with Josephine Dignes, Reginald Cabral and Irving Malchman as soloists.

On June 21st Miss Hourihane will conduct the Class Day exercises.

Patricia Hallett, '39.

THE SENIOR PLAY

"Tomboy," a comedy in three acts by Boyce Loving, was presented by the Senior Class on the evening of April 9th. The cast was as follows:

John Abbott, a small town lawyer John Snow
 Nancy Abbott, John's wife ... Marjorie Stalker
 Dorothy, their eldest daughter

Margaret Nelson
 Eloise, the next daughter..... Irene Patrick
 Jacqueline, the "Tomboy" Irma Batt
 Larry, Jackie's pal Walter Turner
 Alfred, a young banker Robert Collinson
 Ernest, a young doctor Philip Hannum
 Mrs. Hawkins, Mrs. Abbott's sister

Helen Silva
 Mrs. Simpson, a dressmaker Mary Martin
 Newspaper photographer John Thomas
 Radio representative Kathryn Summers

Golf Goods Saleswoman Frances Avellar
Cosmetic representative Genevieve Perry

The play was a tremendous success, enjoyed by all who witnessed it. Every member of the cast was at his best and helped to make the affair one of the outstanding events of the year. Much credit for such a triumph must be given to Miss Ellen Hourihane, who gave her time and efforts, and also to Mr. Coakley and the Stage Committee for their aid.

Adeline Reis, '37.

A. A. DANCE

The Annual Sweater Dance was held in the High School Gymnasium on April 16, 1937. This dance was given to help the Basketball boys and girls receive sweaters at the end of the year. Pat and His Pals presided in the approved swing fashion and there was dancing from 8 to 12. Refreshments, consisting of punch and cake, were served in the cafeteria during the course of the evening. An enjoyable time was had by all.

THE JUNIOR PROM

The Junior Class of Provincetown High School will hold its annual Promenade in the Town Hall, May 21st. Plans are under way to make this one of the most enjoyable events of the year.

The hall is to be attractively decorated in an Oriental style and the music will be furnished by Karl Rhodes' orchestra. There is no doubt that everyone will enjoy himself in these pleasant surroundings.

The evening's gayety will be preceded by the grand march led by the class officers.

The boys will wear the usual semi-formal attire of white flannels and blue coats, while the girls will appear in their charming varicolored gowns.

Miss Martha Murdock, class advisor, is helping the class with the preparations, and Miss Constance Lowney of the Physical Education Department, has started plans for the march.

The Chairmen of the various committees are: tickets, Rosa DeRiggs; advertising, Emily Rivers; orchestra, Kendall Cass; and decorating, Ethele Bickers.

Louise Lewis, '38.





SPORTS



BOYS' FOOTBALL

Front row: Robert Collinson, Leonard Enos, Clinton Rogers, Joseph Roderick, Earl Cabral, Harry Thompson, Ernest Ford, Warren Alexander, Arthur Cross, Walter Turner.

Back row: William Hutchins, Manuel Goveia, Wallace Bent, Cleveland Woodward, Captain Herman Janard, Stephen Roderick, Dennis Encarnation, Anthony Bent.

FOOTBALL

The Provincetown High School Football team had a fairly successful season, suffering no drastic defeats and having a fair average of games won and lost. Coach Geroge Leyden, a graduate of Holy Cross College, had charge of the team. The candidates were called together the second week of school. The team worked well in spite of the fact that the candidates were few. There were fifteen men on the squad, which was the smallest that Provincetown has ever had. Although we lost five out of our seven games, we went down fighting.

The schedule and scores were as follows:

Oct. 17	Bourne	0	Provincetown	12
Oct. 24	Yarmouth	6	Provincetown	0
Oct. 31	Falmouth	22	Provincetown	0
Nov. 7	Wareham	20	Provincetown	0
Nov. 14	Falmouth	7	Provincetown	6
Nov. 21	Barnstable	27	Provincetown	7
Nov. 26	Yarmouth	6	Provincetown	12

On October 17, at the Bourne field, Provincetown played Bourne. The Orange and Black boys started at once with a touchdown from a

blocked punt, which Rogers recovered over the goal line for the first touchdown of the day. The game went on cleanly for the next two periods until Wallace Bent got away on an end run for a touchdown. Captain Janard and Anthony Bent starred for Provincetown while Regiasso played well for Bourne.

The next game was played on our home field with Yarmouth. The Green and White team clicked the second half to tally a score that brought them victory. Cleveland Woodward showed his ability to punt, while Cross looked very good in the line.

On October 31, Provincetown journeyed to Falmouth to play the heavy Fullermen. The weather was cold, cloudy, and windy, and seemed more suitable for hockey than football. Falmouth proved to be a very hard team to beat, and our boys went down to defeat by three touchdowns. The brilliant selection of plays by Steph Roderick gave Falmouth a bit of trouble, as did the splendid running of Bent and Captain Janard.

Provincetown played Wareham at Provincetown for their annual battle. Wareham, led

by their Captain, Monterio, gave our boys a hard fought, nip and tuck battle up to the final quarter when they opened up their passing attack and scored three touchdowns to win the game. Janard, Bent, and Enos played a very good defensive game for Provincetown, while Monterio and Gibbson paired up for the wonderful performance in the final period.

On November 14, Falmouth came to Provincetown with a feeling of superiority in their veins. The Provincetown lads were playing their last game of football on their home field, before their friends and supporters. Either due to this fact or due to the fact that we had much "Dummy" practice, our boys kept the Cape Champions down to a single score. The game was the best ever played on our field and proved to be both exciting and interesting. Falmouth failed to click in their passing attack because of the constant breaking through of our linesmen. Collinson intercepted one of their "Flat" passes and went down for a touchdown, thanks to the wonderful blocking of Wallace Bent. Mills played well for Falmouth, while Rogers and Janard starred for Provincetown.

The Provincetowners invaded rather dangerous territory when they played Barnstable at Hyannis on November 21. Barnstable took the lead in the early part of the game when they completed a long pass to Covell. A few minutes later Hopkins passed off the goal standing up after running 45 yards on a long pass from Covell. Janard found himself clear on the "Statue of Liberty" play to tally the only touchdown for Provincetown. Rogers and Janard again played well for Provincetown, while Covell and Welch starred for Barnstable.

On November 26, Provincetown traveled to Yarmouth to play their annual Turkey Game. The lads were in perfect condition and eager to win this last game of the season. The game was a clean and hard one. Provincetown completed a pass to Collinson for the first score of the game, but Yarmouth retaliated with a touchdown around our end. The line was taking the bulk of the punishment for the next three periods, until Collinson again got away with a "Flat" pass from Woodward for the deciding score of the game. Ford and Woodward played well for Provincetown, while Romer and Monterio were outstanding for the losers. This completed Provincetown's 1936 season with two victories and five defeats.

Coach Bangs, of Barnstable, requested a Spring game for their boys and ours the third of April. Mr. Leyden immediately accepted the invitation and called the boys out for Spring Football. When the time came for our first practice, only ten men showed up for the team. Mr. Leyden talked it up, along with the members of the squad, and we finally struggled through THREE days of practice. Only eleven men donned their suits the day of the game, so we went to Barnstable without even one sub. The game was slow and uninteresting at first, but as the periods went by, both teams were on their heels when passes were thrown. Either team failed to score but Provincetown considered it a moral victory. Woodward turned in a very stellar performance for Provincetown, while Welch and Fratus played well for Barnstable.

The "Cape Cod Colonial" picked Collinson and Rogers for their Mythical Eleven, Rogers receiving it for the second consecutive year, and Collinson his first. The "Cape Cod Standard-Times" filled one of their positions at guard with Rogers, he being the only one from Provincetown on this Eleven. Herman Janard and Leonard Enos were placed on the second team.

Cleveland Woodward was elected captain of the 1937 Football team. The outlook for this team is very good with Ford, Cabral, W. Alexander, Edwards, Woodward, Hutchins and Bent back.

The members of the varsity guard of 1936 were as follows:

Ends	Ford and Collinson
Tackles	Enos and Cross
Guards	Alexander and Rogers
Centers	J. Roderick and A. Bent
Quarterbacks	Hutchins and S. Roderick
Half Backs	Woodward, W. Bent, and Encarnation
Fullbacks	Janard and Thomas

A football assembly was given to the boys in which the following received letters:

Stephen Roderick	Warren Alexander
Clinton Rogers	Dennis Encarnation
Walter Turner	Herman Janard
Leonard Enos	John Thomas
Wallace Bent	Ernest Forde
Cleveland Woodward	Robert Collinson
William Hutchins	Joseph Roderick
Arthur Cross	

Clinton Rogers, '37.



BASKETBALL TEAM

Joseph Steele, Francis Souza, Walter Turner, Richard Santos, Arthur Cross, Stephen Roderick, Captain; Herman Janard, Victor Santos, Warren Alexander, John Thomas, Coach Alton E. Ramey, and Manager Donald Rivard.

BOYS' BASKETBALL

The P. H. S. Boys' Basketball Team has completed a most successful season, having won both the Cape and South Shore Championships. The team owes its success to Mr. Ramey, their fine coach, who has shown how much he appreciated the team's obtaining the three things he wanted this season: first, the winning of the Cape Championship; second, the defeat of Barnstable on their own floor; and third, the winning of the Brockton Tournament.

At the beginning of the season the future looked bright, for seven of the previous season's players reported for practice.

The team showed remarkable speed in their first game, and defeated Wellfleet so badly that the second team played the last half to finish the game on the winning side with a score of 61-15. Souza, all-Cape Center, and Roderick, last season's all-Cape Forward, starred for Provincetown.

The second game of the season, played at home, showed the townspeople that the team

was going places. They defeated the Five Aces of Falmouth with their fine passwork and shooting by a score of 41-14.

Playing a new team on their schedule, Provincetown easily defeated Sandwich, with "Tiss" Souza and Steve Roderick dropping them in from all angles. Score 41-25.

Their next game was played with another new team on their schedule at home. Falmouth fell under the downpour of baskets, as Steele clicked with Souza and Roderick to end with a score of 41-25.

In a one-sided game, the Orange and Black showed their power, defeating Yarmouth at home, 42-18.

Another game in which the Provincetown Five was victorious was with Harwich, a strong contender for the championship, 35-14.

The next game, the first out of town, marked another victory. Yarmouth fell again, 44-19.

In a return game, P. H. S. traveled to Sandwich to defeat them, 37-26.

Playing a bitter rival, the Orange and the Black defeated Barnstable, another contender

for the Cape Championship, at home, by a score of 39-15.

P. H. S. defeated Harwich on their floor in a return game for the tenth straight victory, 33-23.

Marblehead traveled down the Cape to meet the local team for the fifth year in succession, going back easily defeated, 46-16.

Provincetown traveled to their nearest rivals, Wellfleet, and smeared them, 44-19.

The next game, also out of town, P. H. S. played on a strange floor and defeated Falmouth in a return game, 33-17.

Traveling to Hyannis to play Barnstable, the Orange and Black defeated the class "A" team for the championship of the Cape, with the fine defense of the guards, Walter Turner and Victor Santos, 29-28.

Coming home again, Provincetown added another team to the victorious list, by edging out Fort Devens, 34-21.

Playing the last game of the season at home, the team swamped the Brewster CCC, 54-14.

Finishing the regular playing season, the team journeyed to Brockton to enter the Tourney at the Brockton Y. M. C. A.

Provincetown drew a bye in the first round. In the second round the team played Wrentham, who boasted a fine season, winning 11 out of 14 games, and were entered in the Tourney for the first time. Wrentham was eliminated, 34-17. Provincetown led at the half 15-10, and in the last period the reserves carried the hunt attack and allowed Wrentham 7 points while they collected 19.

In the semi-finals, Provincetown met a team which they barely edged out last season. Marshfield with their superior height and weight could not get underway, and fell defeated, 47-19. In the first quarter, the game was nip and tuck, but in the second quarter Provincetown pulled ahead, and the reserves finished the game.

In the final and last game, which decided the championship in class "B" division, Provincetown met Scituate. Scituate had eliminated East Bridgewater, last year's champions who were chosen to repeat their feat of last year. The game was the best in the whole tourney. It was a see-saw game all the way, with Provincetown edging out on top, 30-25. At the end of the game, Captain Steve Roderick was given the Class "B" trophy and a basketball.

At the tournament there were six men chosen

on the "All Tourney Team." Three of Provincetown's men were chosen: Francis "Tiss" Souza, Joseph "Farmer" Steele, and Captain Steve Roderick, who was named "All Tourney Captain of Class "B". Although the guards played very well, the entire team couldn't be chosen.

Provincetown's chances of repeating next year the feat that the team accomplished this year are very high. Captain Steve Roderick, Walter Turner, John Thomas, and Arthur Cross are graduating. Next year's team will be strong with a nucleus of "Tiss" Souza, Anthony Bent, "Farmer" Steele, Herman Janard, "Vic" Santos, and "Honka" Santos.

Their positions will be filled by promising players such as Joe Roderick, Warren Alexander, Earl Cabral, John Shaw, Peter Perry, Raymond Souza and Reginald Carter.

The summary of the games is as follows:

Season of 1936-1937

	Provincetown	Opponents
Wellfleet	61	15
Five Aces	41	14
Sandwich	41	25
Falmouth	40	16
Harwich	35	14
Yarmouth	44	19
Sandwich	37	26
Barnstable	39	15
Harwich	33	23
Marblehead	46	16
Wellfleet	44	19
Falmouth	33	17
Barnstable	29	28
Fort Devens	34	21
Yarmouth	42	18
C. C. C.	54	14

Brockton Tournament

	Provincetown	Opponents
Wrentham	34	7
Marshfield	46	19
Scituate	30	25

John Thomas, '37.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

The girls, whose practice began in the latter part of November under the coaching of Miss Lowney, played their tenth and final game of the season against Barnstable on February 26. Out of the ten games played, three were won.



GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Front row: Rosa DeRiggs, Frances Avellar, Captain Irma Batt, Ethleon Chapman, Dorothy Silva.
 Standing: Emily Rivers, Ruth Francis, Jeanette Brazill, Florinda Santos, Arline Silva, and Miss Constance Lowney, Coach.

Although the girls did not win the majority of the games played, they are to be commended for their excellent sportsmanship, which is really more important.

The loss by graduation of Captain Irma Batt, Ethleon Chapman and Francis Avellar, three excellent players, leaves a vacancy for two forwards and a side center respectively.

Dorothy Silva, who has been a regular player for two years, has been voted captain of next season's squad. We feel that she will carry on the work as competently and as well as Captain Batt did.

The schedule of the past season was as follows:

We			They
24	Wellfleet	(home)	5
35	Yarmouth	(away)	38
30	Sandwich	(home)	36
7	Falmouth	(home)	62
41	Yarmouth	(home)	32
22	Sandwich	(away)	33
14	Wellfleet	(away)	32
44	Barnstable	(home)	49
17	Falmouth	(away)	31

17 Barnstable (away) 25
 Arline Silva, '39.

TRACK

Mr. David Murphy went to Hyannis with an inexperienced track team last year. Lawrence Weed and Ernest Ford reached the semi-finals in the 100-yard dash. Ford placed fourth in the discus throw, and Weed finished fourth in the javelin throw. Cleveland Woodward tied about five other boys for third place in the high jump, and in drawing for a lucky number to see who would get the ribbon, won out. In the 220-yard dash Anthony Bent was no match for the speedsters from the Upper Cape, finishing fourth. The relay team, consisting of Ford, Weed, Bent, and Encarnation, finished second, a yard behind Chatham, the winner.

This year's prospects look brighter, for most of last year's boys are available. P. H. S. will be able to compete in one more event this year, the pole vault, having purchased a pole during the off-season.

D. Encarnation, '37.



BASEBALL

Front row: William Hutchins, Robert Collinson, Marion Taves, Stephen Roderick, Wallace Bent, Herman Janard, Dennis Encarnation, Peter Perry, Jackie Rivers, Raymond Souza.

Second row: Joseph Roderick, John Shaw, Clinton Rogers, Earl Cabral, Arthur Cross, Antone Perry, Coach George Leyden.

BASEBALL

Provincetown opened the season with a confident nine, most of whom have had a year's experience, and defeated Wellfleet 18-1.

Again the Orange and Black scored a victory,—Yarmouth bowed before Collinson's 3 hit pitching 5-0.

Harwich accumulated 5 runs to our 4 in a 13-inning game. This is Provincetown's only defeat so far this season.

In the next game they defeated Orleans 9-2.

The staff regrets that the early date at which this book was sent to press made it impossible for them to give a complete account of the baseball season of 1937, but here's luck to our baseball team.

The schedule for 1937 is as follows:

April 30	Wellfleet	Home
May 4	Yarmouth	Home
May 8	Harwich	Away
May 11	Orleans	Home
May 14	Chatham	Home
May 15	Hyannis	Away
May 18	Wellfleet	Away
May 20	Hyannis	Home
May 26	Chatham	Away
May 29	Harwich	Home
June 1	Yarmouth	Away
June 4	Brewster	Away
June 8	Orleans	Away
June 11	Falmouth	Away
June 15	Brewster	Home

William Hutchins. '38.



ALUMNI



Another school year is over, and once again we look back to see what the graduates are doing. We find them, for the most part, well situated, and are proud that many are continuing their educations in higher institutions of learning.

We, therefore, devote this section of our book to the graduates.

1936

Joseph Andrews is a freshman at Manhattan College in New York.

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

Patricia Cass is a freshman at Wheaton College.

Francelina Coelho is employed at the Harbor Vanity Shoppe, Provincetown. Frenchie is aiming high in the field of beauty culture.

Jan Earl is a freshman at Hunter College in New York.

Robert Hannum is employed on the United States Coast Guard Cutter, "Athetis."

Ruth Jason is employed at the office of the Atlantic Coast Fisheries.

Lloyd Jonas is attending an Agricultural school. Jonas, with his scientific mind, may yet produce a formula for some agricultural improvement to help farmers.

Kenneth Simmons, the quiet one, and Norbert Macara, the jolly one, are fishermen.

Kathleen Medeiros is a freshman at the State Teachers' College at Salem.

Doris Ramos and Leland Perry are taking Post-Graduate courses.

Reginald Perry, the class' little man possessing big ideas, is a freshman at Tufts College in Medford.

Margaret Roberts is a freshman at Emerson College of Oratory in Boston.

Dorothy Rock is employed at Burch's Market.

Remigio Roda is employed by the Atlantic and Pacific chain store in town. Girls have you ever seen him wink? No wonder the A & P is so prosperous.

Virginia Roderick is employed at the Town Clerk's office in Provincetown.

Jane Stahl is a freshman at Pembroke College, as well as a noted ping-pong player.

Lawrence Weed is employed by the First National Stores in Provincetown.

1935

Catherine Chapman is a stenographer for the Provincetown Light and Power Co. We are all waiting for the wedding bells to ring.

Philip Croteau is at the 13th entry, Fort Devens Headquarters Co.

Mary Viegas is employed as a telephone operator in Provincetown.

Paul Jason is employed at the Chevrolet Factory in Cambridge.

Leo Gracie is a surfman at the Race Point Coast Guard Station, Provincetown. It seems as though Leo thinks that a telephone is very useful.

Maribeth Paige is a sophomore at Regis College.

Bernard Days is a mail carrier at the post office. Bernard was married last fall to Mary Rego.

Robert Stalker is attending the Massachusetts College of Pharmacy.

Hubert Summers is a freshman at Duke University, North Carolina.

Howard Burch is a sophomore at the University of Maine.

Marion Sylvia is married to John O'Donnell, and is living in Provincetown.

John Alexander is employed as a landscape gardener in town.

Harold Paige and Elaine Claxton are taking Post-Graduate courses.

Mary Collinson is attending the State Teachers' College at Westfield.

Frederick Comee is a sophomore at Harvard University.

Dorothy Enos is working at her father's garage in the West End.

Florence Enos is employed in Medford.

Charles Hayward is an employee of E. M. Gibbs. Charley is engaged to Grace Thomas of this class, which proves that he is not so much of a Woman-Hater as the class thought he was.

Matilda Jacket and Vanessa MacFarlane are waitresses at the Harbor Lunch. If you enjoy humor with your meals, you will find it with these two girls, who add a cheerfulness to the place.

Millie King is married and living in North Truro.

Laura McClure is working in New York.

Clifton Nelson has a chicken farm in North Truro.

Herman Rivard is employed at Rivard's Electrician Shop, Provincetown.

Anthony Roda is working at the Post Office.

Lloyd Rose is attending an art school in New Bedford.

George Silva is a clerk at the First National Store in the center of town.

Louise Silva is keeping house for her father, and is also keeping her eye on the mail box.

Isadore Souza is working at Burch's Market, Provincetown.

William Tasha clerks in the First National Store at the East End.

Ida Williams is employed at the Provincetown Laundry.

1934

Dorothy Alexander is married to Lawrence Caton '33. They are living at the East End.

Thelma Benson is married to Mr. Earl Johnson, and is living in Cleveland, Ohio.

Leroy Bent is married to Lillian Carter. He is employed at the Liver Shed, Provincetown.

Virginia Corea is married, and is living in Gloucester.

Elizabeth DeRiggs is a junior at Sargent's College of Physical Education, Cambridge.

Gwendolyn Edwards is married to Loring Ventura, and they are the proud parents of a boy.

John Edwards is employed at Taylor's Ice Cream Co. John still plays the bass fiddle with Pat and His Pals.

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

Joseph Gregory is a clerk at the A & P in Hyannis.

Richard Joseph is attending Massachusetts Agricultural College.

Theodora Lopes is married, and living in Wellfleet.

Arthur Malchman is working at Malchman's Clothing Store, Provincetown.

Zilpha Nelson is working part time at the Mira Mar Beauty Shop, Provincetown. When will the wedding bells be ringing?

Ronald Paige is a sophomore at Boston University.

Ruth Roberts is a junior at Portia Law School.

Dolores Rogers is working at the Curtain Factory, Wellfleet.

Frank Rogers is a clerk at the Post Office in Provincetown.

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

Anthony Santos is a freshman at the State Teachers' College at Hyannis.

Robert Slade is at Fort Devens.

Philip Swords is attending the United States Naval Academy, Annapolis.

Mildred Thompson is in training at the Truesdale Hospital, Fall River.

Fraanklin Young has a position modeling airplanes at Glendale, California.

1933

Hector Allen and Philip Merris are both attending Columbia University. Allen is a Junior, and Merris is graduating this year.

Florence Benson is working at Burch's Bakery.

Mildred Burch, who is married and living in California, recently came East with her small son to visit her father in Provincetown.

Lawrence Caton is married to Dorothy Alexander '34, and is a landscape gardener.

Rebecca Comee has gone "Small Town," after spending the winter in California, and is working at the quaint Country Store, Provincetown.

John Corea is a surfman at the Highland Light Coast Guard Station.

Veranus Crocker now passes his humor across the counter at the center Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co, where he is employed.

William Fratus is an employee at the Taylor's Ink Factory, Boston.

Joseph Collinson is married and is working for the Sunoco Oil Co., Melrose.

Ethel Jason is a bookkeeper at the Colonial Cold Storage, Provincetown. It seems that Ethel is finding North Truro quite interesting lately.

Thomas Kane is married and living in Truro.

June LeClaire is married, and is living in Rockland, Maine.

Leona Leonard is married to Stanley Batt '31, who is a surfman at the Race Coast Guard Station.

Ruth Connor is a news reporter for the "Cape Cod Colonial" at Hyannis.

John Williams is employed at the Liver Shed in town.

Alice Oliver is married, and is living in Springfield.

Carol Thompson is working in a department store in Boston.

Clinton Tirrel is attending Northeastern University, and is living in Quincy.

Clara Watson is training to be a nurse in Ohio.

Marion Gibbs is a nurse at the J. B. Thomas Hospital, Peabody.

Isabel D'Entremont is attending a secretarial school in Lowell.

Ida Roderick is secretary to Judge Robert Welsh.

Genevieve Perry is employed at Sivert Benson's Insurance Office, Provincetown.

Etta Souza is married to Loring Russell.

Catherine McFarlane is married to Mr. Stanley Pierce, and is living in Truro.

Thomas Rivard is attending Tufts College.

1932

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

Dorothy Andrews is married, and is living in Sagamore.

Mary Andrews is married, and is living in Boston.

Florence Avellar is the wife of Mr. George Hancock.

Herman Bent is married to Mary Louise Avellar, and they are the proud parents of a small daughter. Benty plays the sax in Pat and His Pals' Orchestra.

Manuel Coelho is employed at the First National Store in Orleans. "Rabbit" has a way with the opposite sex that makes them want to buy at the First National, which is very helpful for the company.

Esther Collinson is a student at Boston University.

Clifton Crawley is working with his brothers for the Crawley Ice Co.

Margaret Croteau is married to Frank Aresta, and they have a small son.

Carmina Cruz is a beautician in Somerville, Massachusetts.

Mary Days is a beautician at the Harbor Vanity Shoppe in Provincetown.

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

Pauline Enos is employed in Wellesley, Massachusetts.

Margaret Enos is employed on the P. W. A. Sewing Project in Provincetown.

Mary Ferreria is married, and is living in Boston.

Mary Gaspar is living with her parents on Bradford Street.

Eleanor Gracie is married to Anthony Souza, and they are the proud parents of a small daughter.

Jennie Jennings is married, and living in Orleans.

John Leonard is employed by the Atlantic Coast Fisheries.

Irene Lewis is the teacher of Penmanship and General Science at the Provincetown Junior High School.

Lucille Macara is the wife of James Cordiero '30, who is employed as manager of one of the First National Stores in town.

Edwin Mayo is living in Wells, Maine with his parents.

Mildred O'Neill is married, and living in Florida.

Winifred O'Donnell is working at Captain Jack's Tea Room.

Frances Perry is employed at the Happy Home Furniture Co.

Emily Prada is married, and is living in Boston.

Helen Rogers is married, and is living in Burlington, Vermont.

Mary Russe is the wife of Louis Costa, and they are living in Provincetown.

Francis Sants is working for Manuel Furtado, building and repairing boats. "Flier" is a Jack of all trades and knows how to please the public, especially during the summer months at his ice cream parlor.

Mary Sears is employed at the Chevrolet Garage as a bookkeeper.

Richard Silva is now working in Harwich.

Isabelle Weed is married to John Dutra, and is living in Truro.

Barbara Wolff is attending school in Rhode Island.



HUMOR



M. Stalker: Did you notice the strains of "Poet and Peasant" I was just playing?

M. Stahl: Yes, the strain on my ear and the strain on my nerves.

* * * *

Dyer: (awkward dancer) This dance floor is certainly slippery.

Arline: It isn't the dance floor. I just had my shoes polished.

* * * *

Sylvia: Man, if you were any dumber, you'd be drawing down a fortune from a side show as the dumbest human in the world.

Thomas: Only because you'd be too darn dumb to apply for the job yourself.

* * * *

Mr. Perry: Do you know, class, it's a great comfort to have a head like mine,

Snow: Yes, solid comfort.

* * * *

Bent: And get this too. A man must be careful what kind of words he uses in my presence.

Mr. Perry: Yes, if he wants to be understood, he'd better use words of one syllable.

* * * *

"Anthony Bent is sick and can't attend class to-day. He requested me to notify you."

Mr. Ramey: "All right." Who is this speaking?"

Voice: "This is my mother."

* * * *

Genevieve: Hasn't Tulley ever married?

Mary Ann: No, and I don't think he intends to, because he's studying for a bachelor's degree.

* * * *

She: This is an ideal spot for a picnic.

He: It must be. Fifty million insects can't be wrong.

* * * *

Thomas: What'd that guy say when you told him you could tell his past, present and future circumstances for five dollars?

Perry: He said I was mistaken about his present circumstances.

Miss Hourihane: Give an example of period furniture.

Bent: Well, I should say an electric chair, because it ends a sentence.

* * * *

Costa: Are you able to light a cigarette when there's a lot of wind?

Friend: No. Dont talk till I get this one lit.

* * * *

Mr. Leyden: The clothes my tailor makes last for years. Look at that blue serge suit of mine. There's an example.

Mr. Coakley: Yes, a shining example.

* * * *

Oliver: If a skeleton like this jumped out as we were passing a cemetery, you'd see what a brave man I am.

Encarnation: Oh, no I wouldn't. I'd never look back.

* * * *

Mary Ann: You've been going with Joe for three years. Why don't you marry the poor fellow?

Charlotte: That's exactly the reason.

* * * *

Honka: Honestly, if I could trade places with Richard Dix or Gary Cooper right this minute, I wouldn't do it.

Dot: I know you wouldn't. You'd never do anything to please me.

* * * *

Carter: Sir, my beautiful sister is dying of starvation. Will you buy the rest of my papers?

Gent: No, but I'll take your sister out to dinner.

* * * *

Janard: Say, I'd get a kick out of being on a desert island with the one I love.

Alexander: Wouldn't you rather have someone with you?

* * * *

Enos: I'm tired of going to school, I'm going to earn my living by my wits.

Mr. Perry: Fine. Half a living is better than none.

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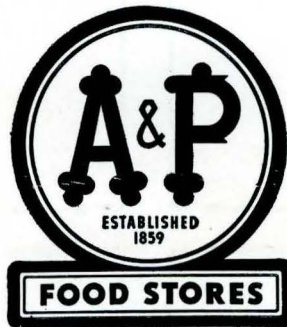
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