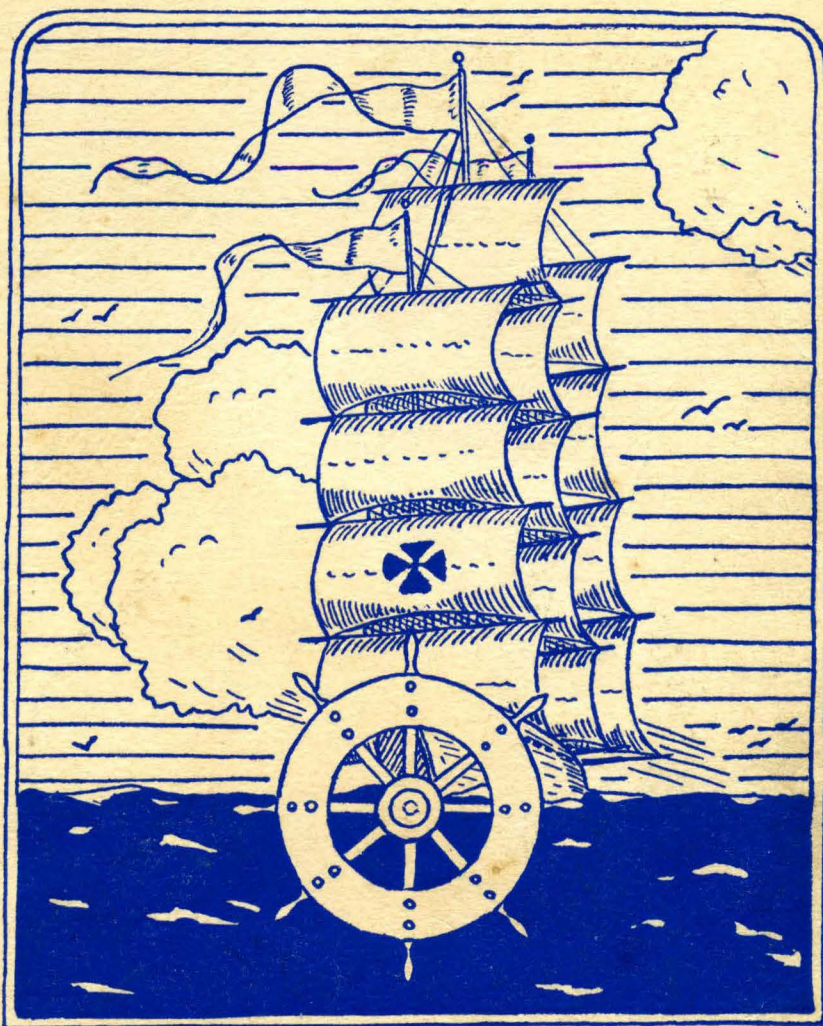


# LONG POINTER



PROVINCETOWN HIGH SCHOOL

1937 - 1938



Photo by Pulver

### **DEDICATION**

To Miss Mary Roberts, whose unfailing patience and encouragement have been essential factors to our success at P. H. S., we respectfully dedicate this Long Pointer of '38.

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# LONG POINTER STAFF



Photo by W. G. Stiff

## LONG POINTER STAFF

First row: W. Hutchins, K. Cass, R. Santos, A. Patrick, J. Dyer, R. DeRiggs, D. Mooney, E. Brown  
 Second row: R. Hiebert, J. Allen, V. Costa, F. Santos, H. Pacellini, Editor E. Rivers, M. Cook, L. Lewis  
 Third row: R. Francis, A. Silva, M. Diogo, L. Silva, N. Merrill, E. Weed, E. Bickers, D. Silva, Faculty Advisor, Miss Mary Roberts, M. Stahl, G. Captiva

Editor-in Chief	Emily Rivers
Assistant Editors	Rosa DeRiggs, Arline Silva
Literary	Marguerite Mooney, Ruth Francis, Margery Stahl, Lewis Eaton
Senior	Dorothy Silva, Florinda Santos, Elaine Weed
Alumni	Elsie Brown, Leona Silva, Vivian Costa, Marguerite Cook
Sports	William Hutchins, Richard Santos, Dolores Mooney
Business	Kendall Cass, John Dyer, Arthur Patrick
Humor	Michael Diogo, Germania Captiva
Student Activities	Louise Lewis, Ethele Bickers, Nancy Merrill, Helen Pacellini
Exchange	Jean Allen, Patricia Hallett
Art	Michael Diogo, Elaine Weed
Faculty Advisor	Miss Mary Roberts



# DIRECTORY



## Superintendent of Schools

MR. ALTON E. RAMEY

## School Board

DR. FRANK O. CASS

MR. CHARLES DeRIGGS

MR. MARION PERRY, Chairman

## Faculty

MR. GEORGE F. LEYDEN, Principal  
Mathematics

MR. DAVID J. MURPHY, Ass't. Principal  
Physical Education, Science

MR. WALTER COAKLEY  
Manual Arts

MR. RICHARD COCHRAN  
Mathematics, Hygiene

MISS MARY DOWNS  
Household Arts

MR. ANTONE DUARTE  
Mathematics, Science

MISS ALICIA FINNELL  
Business Science, Latin

MISS ELLEN W. HOURIHANE  
English, History, French

MISS MARY JACOBS  
English, Drawing

MISS MERTIE KELLEY  
History, Geography, Spelling

MISS IRENE LEWIS  
Science, Penmanship

MISS MARY LEWIS  
Geography, History, Spelling

MISS CONSTANCE LOWNEY  
Physical Education

MR. LAWRENCE H. MALCHMAN  
Commercial Subjects

MR. and MRS. THOMAS NASSI  
Instrumental Music

MISS ANNA NELSON  
School Nurse

MR. ARTHUR K. PERRY  
Biology, French, History

MISS MARY E. ROBERTS  
English

MISS BEATRICE WELSH  
Music

Coach  
Captain  
Manager

Coach  
Captain  
Manager

Coach  
Captain  
Manager

Coach  
Captain

Rosa DeRiggs  
Louise Lewis  
Jennie Captiva  
Emily Rivers  
Mr. David J. Murphy

Joseph Roderick  
Arline Silva  
Zana Crawley  
Jean Allen  
Mr. Lawrence Malchman

Lucien Cross  
Leona Silva  
Eleanor Lema  
Jean Travis  
Mr. Walter Coakley

Frank Parsons  
John Farroba  
Marguerite Cook  
James Sants  
Miss Mary Roberts

Ruth Francis  
Arthur Patrick

## Football

Mr. Antone Duarte  
Cleveland Woodward  
Richard Weed

## Basketball

Mr. Antone Duarte  
Richard Santos  
Earl Cosman

## Baseball

Mr. David J. Murphy  
William Hutchins  
Richard Weed

## Girl's Basketball

Miss Constance Lowney  
Dorothy Silva

## CLASS OFFICERS

### 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

### Class of '41

President  
Vice President  
Secretary  
Treasurer  
Class Advisor

## STUDENT COUNCIL

President  
Secretary



# EDITORIALS



## HOBBIES

Are you ever bored? If so, have you ever tried to find the reason?

If you are the type of person who doesn't know how to use his leisure hours to advantage; who thinks he must go out looking for amusement, not knowing how to amuse himself; or the type who says "I know I'm not going to like this movie, but I might as well go since there's nothing else to do"—then, the solution to your problem would be simply this—get a hobby, or even more than one.

A hobby is merely a favorite pastime. Some people enjoy reading or stamp-collecting, while those with an out-of-door spirit may enjoy the various water sports, hiking, or landscape painting. In fact, there is a hobby for every type of person. One has only to discover his own.

Once it is found, leisure time will be used wisely, advantageously, and enjoyably.

Arline Silva, '39.

## VOICES

Every day we hear voices—always voices. How they elate us, irritate us, distract us, amuse us, bewilder us, charm us! Always, wherever we are, they are everpresent, friendly, unfriendly; loud, faint; husky, clear; musical, shrill; sad, happy; calm, anxious.

Some voices lend ecstasy, they are so charming, so rich in quality they seem to come from the soul. Some carry power and emphasis; others seem to lack character entirely, they are so inexpressive and meaningless. Then there are the ones with a contagious quality which helps the listener to share an emotion of happiness or sorrow.

Voices are revealing as few things are. They reveal one's character, one's self. Yet all voices are not to be shared with the world. At times escape seems necessary, but we can never escape one voice, for always and forever we must live with the voice of our conscience, our soul.

Emily Rivers, '38.

## FREEDOM

The dearest thing on earth! It is the most sought after, and the costliest, and the rarest possession that one may seek.

The French revolted for it, the Pilgrims fled from England to seek it and as Americans found it; at least so our history books tell us. But did they? Do you consider yourself free? Does anyone? Always one has family ties or financial entanglements or educational drawbacks or some minute thread to enslave one. No matter how trivial or small it may seem, it unfailingly makes itself felt at the most crucial moment.

America to the rest of the world represents freedom, but few Americans consider themselves free. Most of us like to stand on a high hilltop and let the wind whip back our clothing and blow through our hair as we stretch our arms forth to the world. Freedom. To stand on that hilltop and toss our cares and troubles to the sky—if only for a minute—it gives us that sweet taste—of the unattainable freedom.

Ruth Francis, '38.

## WORLD PEACE IN 2050

The words "world peace" certainly sound wonderful to us, but can this sort of peace ever be obtained? Perhaps we would become bored and long for a good fight, or perhaps there are certain races that just naturally have war-like natures.

Now, just imagine every nation in the world doing all in its power to bring about world peace. Of course, that seems far-fetched, but I believe that it really can be done. It can be done if all the people of the world are educated, not by the propaganda of the dictators, but in a modern democratic way. By the modern democratic way I mean in the way of free thinking and expressing one's own opinions. Let the people decide what kind of a government they want, and then let them have it.

You may think that this sounds like a very

simple method of obtaining a world at peace, but actually it would take years and years before the people could be educated. After about one hundred years the people might be ready for the next step, another League of Nations, forcing all nations to join. They would not be made to join by war, but by the people in the country itself, who would want their country to join because they would have learned through education to want peace.

In other words, the way to peace lies through education.

Nancy Merrill, '38.

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### **"THE LONG POINTER"**

The staff of "The Long Pointer" and the whole senior class desires to take this opportunity to express its gratitude to all who have in any way contributed toward making our year book a success. Thanks goes especially to all the business men of Provincetown for their financial aid, and the "Cape Cod Standard Times" for permitting us to use its pictures for reproductions.

You all know that success in anything depends entirely upon cooperation. Successful magazines cannot be published without the aid of many people. Thus, "The Long Pointer," just as any other magazine, needs the cooperation of the whole student body, so that it may appeal to everyone. Many pupils in our school have been lazy when asked to write articles for the school magazine. Perhaps they believe it is the sole duty of the staff to write every article from cover to cover. Or is it because they can't possibly spare an hour or so to make it the success it should be?

Whatever the reason may be, the situation must be remedied. Since the members of the staff can't do everything, it is the duty of every student to do what he can to better the magazine by contributing worth-while articles.

As this is an appeal for your cooperation, we hope that you will answer it with such

articles that will bring credit and success to future publications, and show your appreciation this year by buying LONG POINTERS.

Emily Rivers, '38.

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### **PUBLIC SQUARES**

Some call it showmanship, others publicity, but I like to think of it as gratitude. Gratitude for those men who gave their lives that this nation might be free.

Once they had life, played, sang as we do now. Now they are dead. They died so that we could live, and play, and sing. We can repay them for those lives that they gave so willingly for this country.

How can we pay them? Not in money, for no man can measure a life in money. There is only one way, and that is to keep their names in our memories.

What better way can this be accomplished than by naming our public squares after these noble dead?

Such common names as Depot Square or Railroad Square suggest little to the people of Provincetown, but if we name our public squares after our honored war dead, we shall forever keep them in our memories. We shall remember that they gave us an American United States and we shall strive to keep it that way.

We shall resolve that they did not give their lives in vain, and that the squares that will forever bear their names will honor them and the others who died with them.

It is a little service that we do for them compared with the service that they rendered us, but it will accomplish one purpose, it will show that we are grateful.

We should also commend the Veterans of Foreign Wars for the fine work which they have done in making this possible, and thank them for their interest and devotion to our war heroes.

Richard Santos, '38.



# LITERARY



## HE HAD TO SWING

"Yeah, but why d'ja have to fall for a blues singer?" Joe asked as he peered out of the window facing Park Avenue. "There's no sense to it. The fastest and hottest cornet tooter in captivity going crazy over a blues singer . . . nuts!"

"Well, I think she's swell," Jimmy said sadly.

"You listen to me now, Jimmy," Joe answered in a high-pitched tone, "That part's all right, but I don't find heads or tails in why we have to hang around with this punky Reimore band. Why don't you write to her and keep in contact that way?"

"But you don't get the idea of the thing, Joe. My mind is made up. The only thing I want to do is make her a real swing singer. After that's done, we can leave the band," said Jimmy wistfully.

"You're at the end of the rope. I've found out that she don't want anything to do with this swing singing business, and you've heard her say it yourself." Joe said harshly.

Just then the center of attraction entered.

"Hy'a boys! Do you know what happened?" she said joyfully.

"Hello, honey," replied Jimmy. "Tell us about it. Its news to me."

"You know the girl who sings with Reimore's outfit? Well, she's gone to Florida and left him. He's convinced that I should take her place. Isn't that swell?" said Connie happily.

"That's swell," Jimmy said in a quiet manner.

"What's the matter?" Connie asked with surprise.

"Well, now you're stuck with Reimore," Jimmy said.

"Well, what's wrong with that? The public likes him, so what more does he want?" She started to leave, seeing that all was not well within.

"Oh, don't go, Connie. Let's forget about it all and think of ourselves for a while," replied Jimmy.

"I should say not!" she said. "This is an opportunity of a life time, and I'm taking it."

"Oh, sweet, please see my side of the question. Let's get down to the real thing. It's just a waste of time singing with Reimore. I'd make you the hottest swing singer in captivity. Honest I would."

"Now, Jimmy, you know I can't swing and I'm not going to try, so forget about it." said Connie.

"I see now. She's dropped me like a red hot potato."

Connie couldn't stand it any longer and finally went to Jimmy. "You bet, I love you," she said in a friendly manner. "Come on, now, be a good sport and let's stick together, and before you know it, wedding bells will be ringing."

For the following few months, sticking with Reimore's band, Jimmy was surrounded by misery, and every once in a while seemed to be in a daze.

"Honest, Joe, I'm going crazy staying here. Let's do something and make it quick." said Jimmy unhappily.

"Well, if we don't want any more trouble around our necks, we'd better think of something to do right now about Connie. You know, in a couple of weeks she'll be under contract to Reimore. Let's figure a way of getting out of this mess." said Joe.

Suddenly Jimmy thought of something which seemed to be of interest.

"Joe, remember—before we got hitched with Reimore—Pat Brennen told us, as much as he could, to organize a swing band?"

"Jimmy!" Joe yelled . . . . "Why stand here . . . . let's get going. Taxi, Taxi!"

Pat is one of these high men who know good music when they hear it. He had heard of Jimmy's hot cornet playing, and knew he would be a sensation.

Joe and Jimmy came out of Pat's office on Fifth Avenue, fully convinced that they had heard the right thing.

"Well, the only thing I can see now is to spill the news to Connie." Joe said.

They finally came in contact with Connie.





# LITERARY



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They finally came in contact with Connie.

"Oh, Connie," said Jimmy nervously, "I'm through with the band."

"What's this all about?" she asked.

"Well, it's just that Joe and I are going out to make our own swing band."

"Why, Jimmy!—Does that mean our wedding plans are off?"

"Well, I guess not, if I'm going to stick here."

"But . . . . you promised to forget everything and stay."

"Yep, I know. But if you really loved me, you wouldn't give a heck, and marry me, regardless of what happened."

"Well, for that, I won't. Even if you were the last man on earth. You're just a—a swing bum!" With these words, Connie left.

Joe and Jimmy left Reimore and began working on their own band. They rounded up players here and there, and got under way. The only thing they needed was a singer, but that would be easy to get they thought. All this was being done through Joe's efforts, as Jimmy wasn't hitting on all six.

After a few weeks, Pat called to see Joe. Joe had a very good idea of what would be done. He came right to the point.

"Well, Joe, I think you know as well as I do, that it's kind of doubtful to sell that band," he said.

"Oh, but wait a minute, Pat"—Joe said.

"Joe, there's no 'wait a minute' in this business. I have an idea what the trouble is. It's Jimmy."

"Gosh, Pat, you can't do that. Jimmy's one of the hottest cornet players around here."

"Yes—I know—I know. Come on, Joe, now. Give me the real dope. What's the trouble anyway?" Pat asked.

Joe told him the whole story about Connie and Jimmy.

"As if that would help any," he replied.

"You see," Joe said sadly, "They quarreled and haven't spoken to each other since. I think it would be impossible."

"Listen, Joe, when something of mine is invested and a profit sure to come, there's nothing impossible. Get it?" replied Pat.

About a few weeks later Pat called Joe upon the phone, asking him to come with Jimmy and his cornet to a swing session that evening in Radio City.

Joe told him they'd be there.

Connie was now in Brooklyn singing with Reimore's band.

When Joe and Jimmy arrived at the studio, the session was well under way.

"Gosh, Joe," said Jimmy, putting his cornet case down. "I don't feel like playing tonight."

"Aw, come on, forget it, kid—You'll chill 'em to the bone. Snap out of it, Jimmy!"

Finally the M. C. called them up to the stage to go into the numbers. The first number received a great hand from the audience.

Jimmy was disgusted with the affair, and when the number was finished, called to Joe to leave.

Just as Jimmy was getting up to leave, the M. C. called them for another number to be played.

"Just one more, Jimmy," he said. "We think it would be great if you would accompany our singer, Miss Connie Roberts."

Out of nowhere, Connie appeared. Jimmy really went blind for a moment.

"Connie! How did you get here?" he said.

"Wouldn't I like to know," she said, "You know I've never tried to sing in a swing fashion."

"Come on, Joe—'Moonglow' in D flat," Jimmy said happily.

With all his trouble gone, Jimmy was his own self once more.

When the music was played in a faster tempo, Connie threw herself in with the rhythmic melody, her body swaying with the beat.

When the number was ended, the crowd really went wild yelling, "More—we want more!"

Connie then turned to Jimmy, and smiling, threw her arms about his neck. The crowd got the idea and the yelling increased.

They were on the stand nearly an hour, and when they had finished, had to fight their way to the door.

At this moment, Pat appeared.

"Oh, Jimmy!" he yelled. "Boy, that was some deal I made with that Reimore guy—buying his star singer's contract—eh?"

But Jimmy heard none of this. With one arm around his cornet and the other around Connie, he was gone before Pat's question could be repeated.

**ONE WAY**

He settled comfortably back in his easy chair before the fire, lit his pipe, and opened his book. He had done this so many times that it was now almost a habit with him. But to-night it was different. Somehow the heat from the fireplace seemed almost oppressive and the warmth of it made him drowsy. His one leg on the hassock before him seemed large and out of proportion with the rest of his warped body.

The trouser leg was doubled under the remainder of what had once been his other leg. The long scar that ran from scalp to shoulder glistened white in the dancing firelight.

His half-closed eyes dwelt unseeingly on the leaping flames and red embers. And as he stared, it seemed to him that what he saw there was blood, a steady stream of blood. As his eyes followed to the source of that stream, he saw bodies, bodies of men, trenchmen: Englishmen, Russians, Germans, Italians, and Americans. All together they were; there was no difference in rank, station, or nationality now.

Among this mass of bodies he could see the horrified faces of the blood-thirsty diplomats. Quickly they covered their eyes and turned away. They didn't want to see the result of their handiwork! No, they didn't want to see, but they should be made to—made to look at the hell and the creatures from hell they had produced; made to watch a parade of armless, legless, scarred, crippled bodies and maimed men go by; made to look at the thousands of husbandless, fatherless, and brotherless women and children!

He passed a weary hand over his brow and tried to straighten up. A look of bitter hatred spread over his features as his glance fell on his stump of a leg. He'd come back. Yes, he and many others had returned, but not one in the same condition of mind and body as when he had gone over; not one who didn't bear scars of some kind.

People called it a world-war. Bah, it was not a war, it was a hell!

His fingers curled spasmodically around the arms of the chair. His whole body twitched and a deeply bitter look distorted his features.

The war had killed many out-right, and it had not only drawn him and a number of others into hell, but it had made his whole life one.

A human being in his condition could never marry, and what profession was he capable of following now? He had spent his last cent that very day. To-morrow, what? Money from the government soon, perhaps,—but blood money! And what about the endless hours and days that seemed like months? Where was it all going to end?

Was he a coward because he had no desire to live—not to live, but to drag out an existence? No, he was no coward; he wasn't even a man, only the remnants of one. Even his pride was gone—that noble pride that had dubbed him an aristocrat among his friends.

He took the box of capsules from his pocket and fingered it. Ah, how many many times he had done this! As he slowly opened the box and drew forth a capsule his cynical glance wandered around the room, resting first on his helmet in the corner, and then on his uniform lying on the box where he had thrown it almost a year ago, covered with grime, blood, and dirt; next his eye fell on his crippled body; his leg stump; and he fingered the jagged scar on his face and neck.

Slowly he raised his hand and carefully placed that tiny instrument of death between tongue and teeth. As his teeth bit slowly into the soft celluloid-like covering, a look of almost sublime content filled his eyes, his distorted face smoothed, and a half-ironical smile touched his lips. He'd beat them to it! Hell for all or all for hell, whichever way it was, he-was-on his --way-----out-!

Ruth Francis, '33.

**REETA**

Little Helen was taking her afternoon nap, everyone else was very busy and Reeta had no one to play with. Naturally, she got lonesome, and being friendly by nature, decided to search for someone to amuse her. Quietly she crept out the gate and down the road, constantly looking back for any pursuers.

In five minutes all fears of being chased had gone and she was nearing the center of the small town in which the Dolley's were summering. She thought it fun to dash between the legs of men in shorts and brush by jittery women who always let out shrill "Oh's!" and "Eeek's!" She didn't even mind the disapproving glances she got from everyone, especially

storekeepers, when she poked exploring fingers at particularly choice looking edibles displayed on the sidewalks. In fact, it's doubtful if she understood them.

What really hurt Reeta deeply was the repulsion of her friendly advances toward children. To be sure, she was homely, but she couldn't help that. Her wide mouth was always smiling and her eyes, set far above a small but inoffensive nose, were never evil-looking. Helen hadn't screamed when she saw Reeta for the first time. She had danced with joy and squealed "Oh, you darling thing!", and squeezed Reeta hard.

No one can tell what poor Reeta thought, therefore, when every time she entered a yard to play, she was invariably given the whole place to herself in thirty seconds flat.

Two hours, at least, had passed when, tired of the inhospitability of the townfolk, she turned homeward. The house was not far, and in ten minutes Reeta reached the screen door. Helen was sobbing as though her heart would break, "Oh, I know something horrible has happened to Reeta, Mother. She never went away before."

Reeta whimpered as loudly as she could. Above her cries of anguish Helen heard the familiar sound and flew to the door. There sat Reeta, a perfectly innocent monkey who had come home for food and a few loving words from a sorry little mistress who had gone to sleep and forgotten to provide her with sufficient amusement.

M. Mooney, '38.

### THE GIRL FROM COLUMBIA HEIGHTS

As George sat down to dinner, he glanced around to see how many of his classmates were still eating on this their last night in New York and their next to last night at the Hotel Collingwood.

"What're you having, Joe?"

"Pot roast."

"Any good?"

"It's O. K., if you like pot roast."

George smiled at the pretty young waitress who was waiting for his order. "I guess I'll have the pot roast, too," he said.

He lingered over his meal, looking hopefully at his chum, who was downing his last spoonful of raspberry sherbet.

"Don't wait for me, Joe, 'cause you know how long it takes me to eat."

"O. K., see you later, then. Come on up to Room 1014 when you finish."

Well, that bird was out of the way, anyway. Now, the question remained—how to spend his last five bucks. It shouldn't be hard, judging from the way the rest of his money had flown.

As the waitress placed his desert in front of him, he looked up and smiled as engagingly as a small town high school senior could.

"I'll certainly be sorry to leave this hotel to-morrow."

"And we'll be sorry to see you go."

"Say, how about letting me take you home to-night?"

"Well, I'd really rather you didn't. It'd be too much of a bother. You see, I---"

"Why, no bother at all. I'd love to take you."

"Well, all right, if you insist."

"What time do you get off?" he asked.

"Nine."

"Then I'll meet you at the employee's entrance at nine."

Folding his napkin, he got up and walked through the lobby towards the elevator. He spent at least half an hour trying to concentrate on a cheap dime novel that Joe had left around. Eight-thirty. Well, he might as well start getting ready.

Fifteen minutes later, he again appeared in the lobby. He waited around for the inevitable—time—to pass, and at five minutes of of nine he strolled out of the main entrance and down the street to the employee's entrance. Some of the employees were just coming out, and before long, he saw her. Boy, was he lucky! She certainly was a honey.

"Oh, there you are. Shall we go? The subway station is over on Eight Avenue. I always go by subway. It's quickest."

"Oh, but we're going by taxi to-night," he replied as nonchalantly and man-of-the-world-ishly as he could.

"It's awfully expensive."

"Oh, that's all right. Don't you worry about it. I'm taking care of that."

As they got into the taxi, a very fancy radio cab, she gave the address to the driver, who looked at her queerly and then just shrugged his shoulders. George had eyes only for her,

whose name he found was Marion—a beautiful name. Ah, Marion, Marion.

He glanced at her as she sat primly in one corner of the taxi. That was no way to act. There must have been at least two feet between them, and that would never do. So George started slowly edging his way nearer and finally reached what he considered a desirable position. There was less than two inches between them. He took her hand in his, watching her reactions to see or to be sure that he was not displeasing her. She moved her hand away, so they sat quietly for a few minutes, each looking straight ahead. Then his arm stole round her shoulders and she tried to edge over, but found that if she moved much further, she'd be out the window. She turned her face toward his and decided after all, what was the use? She might just as well pretend she was interested in the guy so he'd have something to tell his friends when he went back to his home town.

By this time, at least twenty minutes had passed, and as George glanced out the window, he noticed that they were going over a bridge. He didn't remember any bridges between Thirty-Fifth and Columbia University when he went on his sight-seeing trip, but then, the taxi driver must know where he was going.

The taxi seemed to be going on forever, but the girl appeared not to mind, and being a New Yorker, she certainly would know if they were going the wrong way.

It was quarter of ten when at last the taxi driver drew up in front of a large brick tenement.

"Just a minute, driver. I'm coming right back." He walked with the girl to the house and after a brief good-night, returned to the cab. Times Square couldn't be far from here, so he might as well go for a walk. After all, the night was still young. He handed the driver his five-dollar bill and waited for his change. A single small coin fell into his hand. "What! Why we only went from Thirty-fifth street to Columbia Heights."

"Yeah, buddy, that's right, but this is Columbia Heights, Brooklyn."

"Brooklyn!!! Ye Gods!!!"

"Eighth Street . . . Ninth Street . . . Tenth Street . . . Would he ever get home? . . . Eleventh Street . . . What a walk . . . Why on

earth had he gotten off the subway at the Battery? . . . Twelfth Street . . . Thirteenth Street . . . Oh, what an awful city . . . What an awful night . . . If he were only home in dear old Provincetown . . . Why he must have walked the whole length of Provincetown by now. Finally, he came into more familiar territory. Thirtieth Street . . . Thirty-first . . . Thirty-second . . . Thirty-fourth, and at last Thirty-fifth Street. He stumbled into the lobby, dragging one foot after the other. Never again did he want to see this awful place. Dead tired, he dropped into the nearest chair where Joe found him the next morning . . . sound asleep, his shoes under the chair.

Margery Stahl, '38.

### ALWAYS VICTORIOUS

There at the dirty dingy window stood Paul Laverski, staring at the dark brown soil that was heaped in a few places where the spring thaw had been successful, at that dirty soil that had robbed him of his youth and his freedom. That soil was his merciless master, crushing him lower and lower. It was the antagonistic soil, a grimy sort that settled itself under his fingernails and finally transformed them into tiny blackened stubs.

As his wife Katherine entered, he turned to her and spoke, "The river—she clear today and all fields thaw. Corn plant 'fore long, yes?"

"Yes," she replied quietly, for she understood.

Oh, how well she understood. Hadn't she seen her husband change from a human being, whose eyes shone with the joy of living, into a tired stoop-shouldered person, a slave to the soil? Had she not seen her own youth vanish, to be replaced by the drooping figure of a middle-aged woman?

They hadn't meant it to be like this. In Roumania, their native country, they had pledged their love for each other and a glorious future had been planned. They were coming to America, "The Land of Golden Opportunity," to buy a nice little farm upon which to raise their crops and bring up the children that were to come.

All had gone well for the first ten years. In North Dakota there had been the little farm,

nestling in its patch of green grass amid the vast expanse of brown soil, and there had been babies, four of them. There was Johaan, now sixteen; and there were Marie, Anne, and little Katherine, who all came within a year of each other.

Paul and Katherine lived for their children, and for their children alone, as life offered very little of anything else. In 1929 the depression had come. The market for corn had collapsed, and the crops themselves had been unsuccessful. For six long dreary years suffering, toil, and hunger had continued.

Now it was spring, time for the renewal of old hopes, time for the planting of crops. Pray God that they would be successful.

Katherine turned to the stove and stirred the bubbling stew.

"It isn't as thick as it used to be," she thought, "but it will give them nourishment."

The tiny clock on the kitchen shelf showed four, time for the children to come home from school. Before very long the door opened, and in came the four. All but little Katherine greeted their parents with cheery smiles, while she strove bravely to keep back the tears.

"What's the matter, baby?" asked her mother.

"Nothing."

Oh, she mustn't hurt mother by telling her that the other children laughed at her faded patched dress, neatly darned stockings, and badly run-over shoes, at the clothing of her brothers and sisters—and dubbed the whole family. She did love her mother ever so much, and it would hurt her deeply.

Her mother nodded and began to set the table. With the help of the girls, all was in readiness for the meal in a short time. But somehow, even though the breath of the impending spring with its promise filled the air, a certain uneasiness settled over the family as they ate. Yes, they all knew. There was no use pretending. They knew that this year's crop must be successful, or else . . . . .

After clearing, washing, and placing the dishes in the cupboard, the children unanimously decided to go to bed—a bit of deep understanding seldom found in our American homes.

Katherine and Paul sat staring out of the window into the blackness of the night.

"Tomorrow, we plow," he said.

"Yes," his wife replied.

"Come, you are tired."

The next morning was glorious, full of promise. Because it was Saturday, the children did not go to school. Johaan accompanied his father into the field to turn over the sweating soil. All day they toiled, so that the setting sun cast its fading rays upon rows and rows of small man-made gulleys. Then came the sowing of the seed, in neat furrows, ten or twelve inches apart.

June found the fine yellow-brown shoots waving in the breeze that brought the coolness of the river to the dry warm soil. God seemed to be with them. The same month, Johaan graduated high school with honors, bringing the family added joy.

Every Sunday the family went to church, paid the customary price that the grasping priest never failed to demand of their meager purses, and returned to their homes, now truly glorified in the eyes of God.

The weeds grew fast, and it was not an uncommon occurrence when the whole family entered the fields and worked, barefoot and even hatless, for long hours, patiently plucking the weeds that sought to choke the life from the plants that meant the family's very life. Weeding is a back-breakingly tedious task, which makes the whole body ache, the knees callous, and the hands grimy and clawlike. Again the soil was extracting its price—thriving on the sweat of human beings which poured into it year after year.

When September came, the corn was ready for harvesting. But fear gripped the hearts of Paul and Katherine, for as yet there had been no offer to buy their crop. Suppose—suppose—that they couldn't sell. They must sell! Hadn't the man from Washington told them that corn would be highly priced this year?

Again Paul and Katherine sat staring out of the window into the blackness of the night, both thinking of the coming winter. What would it bring? Once more they knelt before the Crucifix to offer a humble prayer.

Something happened the next day. A man from a New York firm came to them and offered them a dollar and a half for a bushel corn. A dollar and a half a bushel! That meant paying up the old bills for food, clothing, seed, fertiliz-

er, and a payment on a mortgage, and perhaps a new clock for the kitchen shelf. It meant living again!

They were victorious—the soil was beaten, or had it playfully yielded this time? They made a beautiful picture as they stood together in the falling twilight,—Paul, Katherine, Johaan, Marie, Anne, and little Katherine, bound together by an infinite omnipotent something. They had beaten the soil, soil that now looked bleakly ugly in its defeat, as it stretched along the road, then up, toward heaven—a prayer to God.

Emily Rivers, '38.

### COLD SWEAT

Walking home, all I could think of was the screaming headlines of the morning paper, **WOMAN FOUND BADLY BEATEN—ATTACKED FOR MONEY NEAR HOME.** From the description in the paper it must have happened a little farther down on this street.

It was certainly very dark and quiet. The houses had a dull light in front, but the trees blocked most of it from the sidewalk. There was not a single person in sight. The air was so hot and sticky that probably no one wanted to move. It was the sort of night that if there had been the slightest ripple of grass or if there had been sound of any kind, I would have heard it. The stillness was so penetrating that I got to the point where I was listening to my own footsteps. The rhythmic clicking of my heels seemed to form a weird drum-like jungle song, and the story of that woman and the screaming headlines went dancing through my mind.

I walked and walked, not conscious of anything but my clicking heels and my own thoughts. What was that sound? Nothing except a dog probably.

Was there someone behind me? Of course not, that was only my own heels I heard, or was it? I unconsciously increased my pace. My heels sounded and someone else's. Now I was sure that there was someone following me. I was terrified, cold sweat broke out all over me, and I was even too scared to turn around to see the person. My heart was in my mouth.

The footsteps behind me sounded nearer, so I broke into a run. Only one block to go. If I could only make it.

The footsteps, the sound, the woman's face

on the front page, No, no, he couldn't catch me. I ran on, stumbling and almost falling.

There were the houses. I ran shakily up the steps, pulled open the door, fell inside, slammed it shut, locked and bolted it.

I made a dash for the couch and flung myself up on it. There I lay, shaking from head to toe, gasping for breath, my heart pounding madly.

The door bell rang. I couldn't move. I couldn't think. It rang again. I sat up and looked towards the door. Once more it rang. I got up shakily and peered out o window, and saw the dark figure of a man walking off. I groped in the dark for a chair, found one and sat down.

I sat there for I don't know how long. The ticking of the clock and the crazy stillness of the room beat down upon me.

Coming to, I had an idea that it must be very late, so I felt my way toward the stairs. In the hall I glanced toward the door and, noticing a dark object through the pane, I went closer to inspect it.

Why, my heavens, it looked just like—but how could it be? I opened the door again, and there on the outside door handle, was my pocketbook.

Nancy Merrill, '38.

### FAREWELL PERFORMANCE

As he made his entrance, Lawrence Brooks heard the little ripple that ran through the audience. It thrilled him, as it always had, the stir of expectation, the murmur of inaudible comment, the electric tension that an actor senses when he is "going over".

From the corner of his eye he saw two familiar faces in the front row, Thomas of the **TIMES** and Norton of the **DAILY NEWS**. He caught their eyes and his own twinkled a greeting. No outward move, his eyes conveyed their message.

He smiled wryly, that crooked half-smile that had so endeared him to his feminine fans, as he visualized the headlines of the papers: **BROOKS TAKES LAST BOW, FINAL CURTAIN FALLS FOR STAGE STAR, STAR OF SCREEN MAKES FAREWELL APPEARANCE.**

There was to be no making and repeating farewell tours, each a little more pathetic than

the last. Now, in the height of his career, he was through.

And he was glad. Nothing had mattered since he had learned of Irene's treachery. The woman he married had robbed him of health, of ambition, of his very joy in living. She had been beautiful in a way, but her beauty was only a mask that hid a shallow mind with no thought of anything but the desires of the moment and no scruples as to the means by which those desires were fulfilled.

As he crossed to his position, his smile broadened ironically. He, Lawrence Brooks, sophisticated lover of the stage and screen, whose magnetism for women had made him a sure-fire box-office draw, had been just an idealistic little lonely boy at heart, and he had wasted his great capacity for love on a vain and selfish woman, a woman incapable even of honesty. And she had failed him.

He had reached his position now and stopped. As he faced about, he looked out over the audience. They were quiet to a man, all attention. A hush hung over them. Waiting.

Well, they'd not be disappointed. It was an impressive scene, played almost entirely without words. A good cast, he thought, to hold them like that with pantomime. It was a good cast, all but that big fellow with the floppy hat. He looked like a caricature of a small town sheriff. Brooks' thoughts ran on, and he is nervous. What's he got to be nervous about?

Brooks was not nervous; but crowds were an old story to him. Forty years old, his carriage erect, his head held high, his voice vibrant, there was no sign of his recent illness.

Every action coordinated, he walked through his part with the assurance of an old trouper. He took a step forward and noticed the trap door in the floor. It was a long time since he had played on a stage with a trap. Brooks was glad his lines were few. It gave him time to think.

The man at his side mumbled something. These modern actors wouldn't have been called actors in the old days when the louder one spoke the better.

The man mumbled again. That was his cue. Brooks answered.

"No," he said.

A single word, but enough to hold the tension

of the scene. The audience was breathless with suspense.

Two men in costume approached. This was another cue. Just a piece of business this time. He eyed them, smiled, and threw away his half-smoked cigarette.

And the audience was still breathless. A great part, this. A real starring role where he dominated the scene with a glance, a gesture.

More business. One of those clumsy fellows was awkward. He fumbled. The other man came to his aid, and then they both stepped back. But Brooks knew that the eyes of the crowd were still on him.

He remembered Irene's eyes, her faithless lying lips as he had last seen them, still in death and reflecting that look of stark terror stamped there by the smoking pistol in his hand.

The man in the floppy hat raised his arm, the trap in the floor dropped, Lawrence Brooks swayed off into space, and the last curtain, for him, fell.

As the crowd passed out of the prison yard, Thomas said to Norton, "He was game. Never moved a muscle when that awkward guard had trouble adjusting the rope. You know, it kind of got me when he looked at us. Like he was saying good bye. He was one grand actor."

Lewis Eaton, '38.

### CLEANLINESS IS NEXT TO GODLINESS

Gee! A fellow's mother could take all the joy out of life. Always wanting him to wash something. Clean your ears, clean your finger nails. Gee whiz! Now she wanted to wash his corduroy pants. She said they were filthy. Just as if all the kids didn't wear 'em that way. Why, they called a fellow a sissy if he wore 'em clean! If it wasn't that Jim Golster's mother was going to treat the crowd to the circus after the party this afternoon, he'd stay at home. He'd rather do that than take the chance of Mother's washing the pants while he was away.

Jack walked restlessly over to the table where his shoes were parked. A dead starfish occupied one of them. It smelled pretty strong. About ripe enough to take to school tomorrow. He shoved it deep down into his pocket. The clock downstairs chimed four. He'd better hurry and get dressed. He slipped off the corduroys and kicked them across the room.



Then sounds of choking, gurgling, and splashing came from the bathroom. At last he stood before the mirror, slick in his new blue suit. He gazed at this reflection with dumb hopelessness. Suddenly the light of inspiration gleamed in his eyes. He darted over to his tool box. Seizing a hammer and a box of tacks, he hurriedly entered the clothes closet. He spread the corduroy pants carefully upon the floor. It would be better to set the tacks pretty close together so she'd never get them up. Women were clumsy. Still, his mother was no dumb-bell. In fact, she was smart. But this job would be too much even for her.

His mother stood at the foot of the stairs. "Where are your trousers? I told you to bring them downstairs."

"I forgot 'em."

"Go up and get them."

"Aw, Ma, do I hafta?"

"Go up ond get them this minute!"

He could see that she meant business. "Aw, Ma, it's late. I gotta go. I gotta! Honest!" At that moment the front bell rang. As his mother held the door open, he noticed the newly washed faces of Ted Wilsome and Art Russell.

"We came to see if Jack was ready." Ted had the kind of face mothers always love. Tough! Ted was really a good guy. Now was his chance; Jack slipped out the door. His mother smiled as she climbed the stairs. This would be a good opportunity to clean those awful trousers. As she entered Jack's room, her smile fadad. What a mess! Her mouth tightened as she unearthed a package of cigarettes. Something must be done about this.

Meanwhile, she would wash the trousers. She opened the closet door. What a frightful odor! She looked all around and then down to where the pants, drawn smooth and taut, lay outlined in gleaming tacks. One pocket bulged. She put in her hand. Ugh! A dead starfish! In another minute she was down on her knees, puffing and panting as she painstakingly pulled each stubborn tack from the floor.

Next morning early Jack's mother lay in bed and wondered how he would enjoy taking the clean trousers off the floor. She had done a good job, as good a one as he. Later they would discuss the cigarettes and the starfish. Gradually she became aware of an unusual yet familiar droning sound. Whirr . . . click; whirr . . . click. With a quick motion she threw off the covers. Through the open window she observed a figure in unspotted corduroys pushing the lawn mower. How clean and manly the boy looked! And wasn't it fine of him to take this way of showing her he was sorry! No, she couldn't be angry with him. After all, it had been only a boyish prank. She was glad she hadn't spoken to Jim about it.

In the kitchen odors were arising.

"Waffles?" asked Jim, newspaper in hand. "What's the occasion?"

"Oh, nothing. Call Jack in to breakfast. He got up early and cut the lawn."

Jim grinned. "Great kid, Jack."

The waffles were smoking on the table when an apparition slid past the buffet.

"Jack!" Jack stood still and looked down at himself. "I couldn't help it, Ma, honest I couldn't. I got the green stains on the cuffs cutting the grass, and the mud stains on the knees when I knelt down to trim the edges, and the grease and water stains on the seat and legs are from washin' the car. Dad said he'd give me fifty cents if I washed it, didn't you, Dad?"

"Yes, I did, son. I'm glad you remembered to do it. And here's another fifty cents for cutting the grass." He handed Jack a silver dollar across the table.

Jack's mother opened her mouth to speak, but not a sound came.

"I guess I better not wait for breakfast," said Jack, "I got to get to school early for basket-ball practice." His mother smacked a plate of waffles down at his place.

"Sit down!" she said.

Phyllis Rose, '38.



# POETRY



## T'WAS THE PAST

The night was dark and dreary,  
The snow was falling fast,  
As they sat by the fireside  
Dreaming of the past.

No children played on their door-step  
No cries for prayers at night,  
For they were an elderly couple  
And time had caught them in its flight.

Ethele Bickers, '38.

## ALONE

I walked alone one wintry night,  
Alone in December's cold;  
Not even the stars gave a shaft of light  
To the loneliness of my soul.

The moon no longer shone for me,  
And darkness seemed to reign  
While the bitter cold and icy winds  
Seemed to chill my very veins.

The later it was, the colder it grew,  
And pain swept my weary brow,  
For I knew the one who had been true  
Was true to another now.

So here am I, alone with my thoughts  
That once were real for me,  
And I have learned the lesson which brought  
These lonely hours to me.

Ethele Bickers, '38.

## NEVER BOTHER WITH THE WIND

Never bother with the wind,  
For it will lead you all astray  
With all its whisperings  
And its tales of play.

Never bother about the smell  
Of flowers wet with dew  
Or of the gayety in the air,  
For the tales are never true.

Mary Andrews, '40.

## DISCOVERY

In 1498, De Gama knocked on India's Gate.  
This brought trade from lands afar,  
This made trade ships follow the stars.  
This was a rich land newly found,  
De Gama knew not where he was bound,  
And when he came upon this land,  
It gave his country a helping hand.  
India had opened a new land of trade  
Because of De Gama and the trail he had laid.

Richard Weed, '41.

## IT'S SO EASY

If it's not too much trouble  
And you're sure you have time,  
May I annoy you for a moment  
With a grave request of mine?

Yes, my parents will permit it,  
I've a letter stating that,  
Which includes our family hist'ry  
To the last yellow cat.

Yes, I've been to see Miss Roberts  
And the Prin. and registrar,  
All my teachers are quite willing  
If my studies are at par.

I've all my deed and data  
Stating every legal fact,  
May I skip my English Lit, please,  
For tomorrow I'll be back?

Florinda Santos, '38.

## FATE

Th sky is clouded, the rocks are bare,  
The spray of the tempest is white in the air,  
The winds are out with the waves to play,  
And I shall not tempt the sea to-day.

But the ship sailed safely over the sea,  
And the hunters came from the chase in glee,  
And the town that was built upon a rock,  
Was swallowed up in the earth-quake's shock.

Leona Silva, '40.

**DA GAMA**

There once was a sailor named Da Gama,  
And never was there a man any calmer,  
He fought heat and cold, and many a pain  
Just for the countries on the Spanish Main.

Courageous and brave was this man,  
Who thrilled every person in the land.  
He brought back spices and goods,  
Silks, and many valuable woods.

John Silva, '41.

**MAGELLAN**

Magellan was a sailor bold,  
Who sailed around this vast globe,  
In fifteen hundred and nineteen it is told  
Five mighty ships to him were sold.

With two hundred and seventy men he sailed  
west,  
Onward, onward, in the direction that he  
thought best.  
Three years later in fifteen twenty one,  
The Victoria returned minus one great son.

John Silva, '41.

**THE TEMPEST**

The storm was raging far and wide,  
The boats would slip, and creak, and slide;  
The ripping, roaring waves did dash,  
The sails of boats did rip and gash.  
This went on for many a day,  
Until the storm had passed away.

Mary Rogers, '40.

When Vasco Da Gama returned to his home,  
His ships were spice lade, and flecked with  
foam.

And hardly ever, if ever before,  
Was a man praised more as he stepped ashore.  
The peasants were cheering, and calling with  
glee.

For now they could have spices for a much  
smaller fee.

Da Gama lookd haggard, and very thin,  
But the cheers of his admirers filled him with  
vim.

Francis Mooney.

**PROVINCETOWN PRAISES**

Provincetown, on the tip of Cape Cod  
Where once the Pilgrims' feet did trod,  
Has gained fame and great renown  
As a quaint historic little town.

In the summer the ocean so blue  
Beckons you in for a dip or two,  
And on a warm starry night  
A sailboat will appear in the pale moonlight.  
And while the stars twinkle up above,  
The whole world seems to speak of love.

This irresistible little town  
With sunny beaches running up and down  
Has by God been set aside  
To be Cape Cod's blessing and pride.

Theodora Rosa, '40.

**"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM"**

You all should read "A Midsummer Night's  
Dream,"  
It really is a perfect scream.  
When you observe Puck, the mischievious pest,  
Who gets everyone into an awful mess.

Lysander with Hermia is in love,  
You could compare them with two doves.  
Helena does think Demetrius is great,  
But he considers her a snake.

Oberon, the King,  
Is in love with Titania, the Queen.  
They fight over a little boy,  
Who is Titania's pride and joy.

Now I'll leave you in suspense,  
I don't think I'll tell you what happens next.  
It really is a wonderful story,  
And in its intricacies of plot you'll glory.

Hilda Marshall, '40.

The rolling waves are dashing high  
A film of spray up to the sky,  
And sailing boats with sails so bright  
Go dashing through the caps of white.  
If you consider these things odd,  
You'll find them all at old Cape Cod.

Antone Sylvia, '40.

# INTRODUCING THE SENIORS

## WARREN ANTHONY ALEXANDER

Warren is always willing to lend a hand,  
Set the stage or—shovel sand;  
His good nature will get him far,  
Here's success to you, our War.

Warren is the mighty mite of P. H. S. As a basketball player he certainly proved his worth, but admitted that football was more in his line. His ambition is to be Ruth's husband, but we think he will be another Burbank.



*He'll stooge  
Best of success  
in the future.  
Warren Alex*

## ETHELE MARIE BICKERS

A quiet taste, a steadfast mind;  
Appearance neat and manners kind;  
That's our Ethele.

"Billy", a quiet member of our class, is sure to succeed in life, especially in her chosen profession, nursing. We will never forget all you have done for us. Good luck Ethele.



*Very happy  
around of the  
day!  
Billy*

## ELSIE M. BROWN

Elsie handled the school books with care,  
Although sometimes they got in her hair;  
A girl sincere in work and play,  
The kind that always saves the day.

Elsie is one of the cheeriest members of our class. With her friendly smile and winning ways she makes friends everywhere. Her accounts have proved her to be a most capable school treasurer.



*Loads of luck  
in the future  
Elsie Brown*

## GERMANIA C. CAPTIVA

Happy am I, from cares I am free;  
Why can't they all be contented like me?

Jenny, to her schoolmates and many friends, is active in school affairs. She has served on the Student Council, on various committees during her four years in high school, has been secretary of the class for three years, and was a winner in the Declamation preliminaries. Everyone knows about her pleasing manner, disposition, and personality.



*Best of  
Luck  
Jennie  
#*

## KENDALL OZRO CASS

A busy mind, a quiet smile,  
Ready to help in any way;  
Every minute made worth-while,  
For wasting hours cannot pay.

He fully enjoys himself because he is always busy and interested. We all know him as a candid camera addict. His many extra-curricular activities include the National Honor Society, Senior Play, and Junior Declamation finals.



*It's only me!  
Kendall O. Cass*

*I thought you'll be  
far ahead from me  
I'll always re-  
member the last  
gamed with all.  
John Costa*



JOHN AUGUSTUS COSTA

John still wonders whether he'll pass,  
'Cause, as always, he's at the foot of the class.

John has certainly given us many moments full of fun and laughter during his four years with us. Although he is full of mischief and has been known among the teachers as P. H. S.'s bad boy, we're sure that he'll go far as a naval engineer. His artistic ability alone will carry him to great heights.

VIVIAN MAY COSTA

Vivian Costa sure took stock,  
When she landed in Great New York;  
We know she always has her fun,  
And now we see, her work is done.

Vivian is one of those quiet girls whose dependability is well known among her classmates. Her work on various class committees has made us appreciate her. We're sure that Vivian's quiet efficiency and capability will take her far.



*Best Wishes  
Vivian*

ROSA C. DeRIGGS

She's not selfish or unfair,  
Not the kind who doesn't care;  
That's the president of our class,  
A bright and tactful sort of lass.

Rosa, our class president for this year, is a born leader. She has been a great factor in all the activities that we seniors have undertaken and has helped us agreeably, promptly, and efficiently in every possible manner.



MICHAEL DIOGO, JR.

He's little but he's wise,  
He's a terror for his size.

Michael's witty remarks have given us all a good time. When, at times, New York seemed dull, a little remark from Mike would send us into a gale of laughter. Because of his ability and ambition, we know Mike will go far in art. May the wishes for success and achievement that we send be fulfilled thoroughly.



*The best I can  
say is "Mike"  
to all the things  
said  
- Tim*

LEWIS SUMNER EATON

Lewis is our class musician,  
With engineering for an ambition.  
His success is sure and sound,  
He'll go ahead with a leap and a bound.

Lewis is the tallest and most musical in our class. He always has an answer for any joke that is cracked and is ever ready to lend a helping hand, but hates to waste time. His one ambition is to become an engineer.



JULIA MARIA FERRIERA

A happy little lass, youthful and gay,  
A friend, indeed, we've found in you  
Whom we'll miss in every way.

Though Julia is not fond of talking, and is a bit bashful, she is one of our brightest lights. Those who know Julia find her to be humorous and a swell pal. So here's luck to you, Julia, we're all with you and hope you have a successful career.



*Best of  
luck in  
whatever  
undertak  
- Jim*

RUTH PEARL FRANCIS

Rufus, the female orator of our class,  
Is also an athletic lass.

Dynamic, cooperative, tactful—one who can be responsible and serious as well as the life of the party. Among her achievements she can list first prize in the Junior Declamations, President of the Student Council, member of the basketball squad, the Senior Play cast, and the Honor Society.



*"To grow as quickly as you did. Rufus"*

*"Need to a lot of success in basketball. 'Rufus'"*



MILDRED FLORENCE GIBBS

Mildred surely will take her stand,  
When she becomes leader of a band;  
Benny Goodman heads the list now,  
But very soon she'll take her bow.

Mildred's giggling ability, especially during the history period, will forever live in our memory. Her imitations, notably of Joe Penner, were a great success. We notice she has taken over the name of Class Pollyanna from her sister, Marion.

MARY GILL

Mary now is kept quite busy,  
Especially in his little "Lizzie";  
She always has a little smile,  
But sponsors mischief once in a while.

Mary is a quiet member of our class, although she does like to laugh. She believes in saving her money, especially when in New York. She says, "Variety is the spice of life." More power to you, Mary.



*"Wishing you all the success in the world. 'Ginger'"*



VIRGINIA CAROLINE HENRIQUE

'Tis said of "Vee" by a certain boy,  
"Not too serious, not too gay;  
But to me she's just O. K."

Virginia has a fine personality and has done her best in everything she has undertaken. Vee doesn't say much in class, but just wait, maybe you'll get a surprise someday. Virginia is and always will be, gay good-natured "Ginger" to us.

WILLIAM TENNYSON HUTCHINS

Curly, curly, wavy hair  
Has our classmate, Billy;  
But his red-hot temperament  
Has made our class life silly.

Billy, our class Romeo, should go far. He was given a screen test in New York not so long ago, and all we can say about it is that if Mr. Goldwyn had seen him in the Senior Play, Casanova would be in Hollywood.



*"Best Wishes in the future take my advice study hard Wm T. Hutchins."*

*"is God... my friend... will see... more... you in... feel... inky"*



LOUISE FRANCES LEWIS

She's very cute and always gay,  
A smile that wipes our troubles away;  
Always ready to lend a hand  
For Pinky is our baby grand.

To Pinky, vice-president of our class, we give our heartiest wishes for success. Her faithful service on class committees, her untiring willingness to help, and her ready sympathy will take her far in the field of teaching.

Wishes  
leaving  
in  
care.  
M.



NANCY OSBORNE MERRILL

Always ready, always there,  
Always ready to do her share.

Although Nancy has been with us for only half of every year, we are proud to claim her charming personality and excellent scholastic ability as part of the class of 1938. Her jovial manner will certainly be missed. Best of luck at Jackson, Nancy.

MARGUERITE AGNES MOONEY

Marguerite, who is always slow,  
Never there when it's time to go,  
Has done a lot for P. H. S.,  
Never falters when she should say "yes".

Although Marguerite lives in Truro, she has been a very active member of the senior class. She belongs to the National Honor Society, was a member of the basketball team, has helped on committees and participated in all class functions.



change  
"Pack"



HELEN E. PACELLINI

Helen is both cute and small,  
But her heights of stardom are certainly tall;  
She has gone very far in her aim,  
And in the future, we hope, will remain the same.

Small in quantity, but immense in quality—that's Helen. She is a member of the National Honor Society and active in all school affairs. Her one weakness is dancing, and I think all will agree that she can do that.

MARION LOUISE PERRY

Marion is a quiet sort,  
She thinks a lot, they say;  
We all shall surely miss her,  
When from P. H. S. she'll stray.

Marion has participated in all the activities of the senior class faithfully. She has done her share for P. H. S. Her ambition is to be a secretary. Well, Mat, here's P. H. S. wishing you the best of luck throughout your future years.



take  
as  
it year  
luck  
Emily



EMILY C. RIVERS

A girl sincere in work or play,  
The kind that always saves the day.

"Melie," as she is known to most of her classmates, is one of our most capable officers. As class treasurer and business manager of the Senior Play, she has proven her efficiency. Guard on the basketball team, editor-in-chief of the "Long Pointer", officer of the National Honor Society, and a Declamation winner, Emily's accomplishments are many.

EVANGELINE ROSE

Gay is our dancing girl,  
My, how her feet do whirl;  
And when to dances she does go,  
The other girls must watch their beaux.

Evangeline, better known as "Vange", showed us her athletic ability by winning a letter in basketball. She is one of the best dancers of '38, and we know that her feet will carry her dancing right up the road to happiness.



PHYLLIS MAE ROSE

A quiet member of our class  
Is Phyllis—and a loyal lass.

Phyllis Rose is one of the most polite and quiet girls we have ever known. Her friendly smile and conversative nature add to her natural charm. She has a friendly disposition that makes her welcome everywhere.



Best  
and  
success  
the first  
"Phyllis"

lots of luck  
our chosen  
mission



FLORINDA SANTOS

Florinda's name will travel far,  
When she becomes a radio star;  
We know she always tries her best,  
So, to her we bid much success.

"Flo" will make friends wherever she goes because of her congeniality. She is a happy-go-lucky carefree girl with a definite ambition in life; to be a second Edythe Wright with Tommy Dorsey's band in New York. Loads of luck to you, Flo.

RICHARD MacSHERRY SANTOS

Honka is a handsome lad,  
And very seldom we find him sad;  
Though Helen was his ever attraction,  
She never proved to be a distraction.

He won considerable fame as basketball captain, but his activities are not confined to athletics, for he acquits himself very nicely in the classroom too. Did you ever hear about the essay contest he won? No? That's because Honka's modest too.



I hope  
I won't  
in your  
Pmae

to



VIVIAN SANTOS

Laughing and gay and full of fun,  
She is ever ready when frolic's begun;  
For a girl worthwhile  
Is the girl who can smile.

Vivian, because of her jolly disposition, is recognized by everyone. Without her some of the classes would be dead. Her ambition is to be ambitious. She says that variety is the spice of life, and do we know it!

DOROTHY MARGARET SILVA

For a home economic career she will strive,  
And we're sure that she will arrive.

Dot, our basketball captain, served well and capably on our basketball team. She was one of the winners of the Junior Declamations, a faithful participant on committees, a member of the National Honor Society, and a perfect mother in this year's senior class play. "Dotty-don't-do" has certainly done her share for P. H. S. and should be commended for it.



back  
tube  
all stat  
marge



MARGERY DEWITT STAHL

Full of life and snap and zest,  
As our classmate, she's one of the best.

"Marg," a new member of our class, who covered her junior year last summer, is vice-president of the National Honor Society, editor-in-chief of our school paper, "The Anchorage," and has been on many of the committees. Because of her ability and ambition, we know Marge will be a success at Pembroke and collect as many honors there as she has here.



*a swell  
L. Laney*



**ELAINE LESLIE WEED**

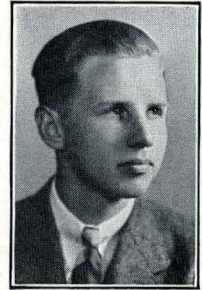
Laney's days have been filled with fun,  
She's going to work now; her play is done.

Elaine Weed—friendly, sociable and dependable. We are sure that her desire to become an artist will be achieved if the artistry exhibited when the posters had to be made means anything. Much success, Laney.

**CLEVELAND CROSBY WOODWARD**

Cleve was not for himself designed,  
But born to be of use to all mankind;  
He says all great men have passed  
And he's never too well when asked.

Cleve is a jolly and unassuming young man who hails from Truro. That he is an efficient and capable leader was shown by the manner in which he handled P. H. S.'s destiny during the football season. He is quite a musician when it comes to playing the uke. Although the doors of our school will close behind Cleve in June, we realize that our loss is someone else's gain, and the good wishes of our class are with him.



**SENIOR SUPERLATIVES**

Most Original	Ruth Francis	Most Athletic Boy	Warren Alexander
Most Versatile	Rosa De Riggs	Class Actress	Marguerite Mooney
Class Vamp	Jennie Captiva	Class Actor	William Hutchins
Best Looking Boy	Richard Santos	Class Shiek	Richard Santos
Most Attractive Girl	Evangeline Rose	Wittiest	John Costa
Best Physique	Warren Alexander	Most Bashful	Michael Diogo
Best Figure	Elsie Brown	Best Dressed	Nancy Merrill
Most Studious	Emily Rivers	Class Musician	Lewis Eaton
Class Artist	Michael Diogo	Class Baby	Kendall Cass
Biggest Drag with Faculty	Rosa De Riggs	Class Pest	John Costa
Most Conceited	William Hutchins	First to be married	Julia Ferriera
Best Girl Dancer	Evangeline Rose	First to have a Bay Window	Kendall Cass
Best Boy Dancer	Richard Santos		
Most likely to succeed	Emily Rivers	<b>CLASS FAVORITES</b>	
Most Dignified	Nancy Merrill	Favorite Teachers	Mr. David J. Murphy
Boy with most personality	Richard Santos	Favorite Orchestra	Miss Mary Roberts
Girl with most personality	Marguerite Mooney	Favorite Actress	Tommy Dorsey
Class Orator	William Hutchins	Favorite Actor	Loretta Young
Most Athletic Girl	Ruth Francis	Favorite Song	Tyrone Power
			"Please Be Kind"



Photo by W. G. Stiff

**JUNIOR CLASS**

- First row: A. Silva, R. Hiebert, J. Allen, T. Tarvis, M. Murchison, J. Rivers, J. Santos  
 Second row: M. Dignes, G. Rose, C. Perry, M. Simmons, E. Prada, C. Macara, A. Silva, A. MacClure, A. Edwards,  
 H. Adams, D. Joseph, J. Shaw, J. Carter  
 Third row: J. Roderick, C. Snow, J. Dyer, D. Rock, R. Roderick, E. Francis  
 Fourth row: Faculty Advisor, Mr. L. Malchman, J. Steele, Pres. J. Roderick



**HONOR ROLL—1937-38**

**SENIORS**

- |                     |                     |
|---------------------|---------------------|
| Ethele Bickers      | Nancy Merrill       |
| Germania Captiva    | Marguerite Mooney   |
| Rosa DeRiggs (high) | (high)              |
| Michael Diogo       | Helen Racellini     |
| Ruth Francis        | Emily Rivers (high) |
| Louise Lewis        | Margery Stahl       |

**JUNIORS**

- |               |                     |
|---------------|---------------------|
| Zana Crawley  | Arline Silva (high) |
| Ruth Hiebert  | Isaura Sylvester    |
| Jean M. Jette |                     |

**SOPHOMORES**

- |               |                 |
|---------------|-----------------|
| Lucien Cross  | Marilyn Raymond |
| Leo Ferriera  | Mary E. Rogers  |
| Eileen Kelley | Dorothy Rose    |
| Mary Mott     | Antone Sylvia   |

**FRESHMEN**

- |                      |                 |
|----------------------|-----------------|
| Marguerite Cook      | Eugene Perry    |
| John Farroba         | Warren Roderick |
| Dolores Mooney       | Jackie Rose     |
| Francis Mooney       | Verna Rose      |
| Frank Parsons (high) | John Silva      |



# ACTIVITIES



Photo by Howes, Cape Cod Standard Times

## NATIONAL HONOR SOCIETY

Back row: Pres. R. DeRiggs, D. Silva, K. Cass, M. Mooney, E. Rivers  
Seated: R. Francis, H. Pacellini. I. Sylvester, A. Silva, M. Stahl

### THE NATIONAL HONOR SOCIETY

For the past six years Provincetown High School has had a chapter of the National Honor Society. Members are chosen for their leadership, character, scholarship, and service. Scholarship counts for the largest number of points.

This system helps to better the school, for it acts as an incentive for better student participation in activities, mental or extra-curricular.

New members selected this year are: Ruth Francis '38, Dorothy Silva, '38, Margery Stahl, vice-president '38, Kendall Cass, '38, Helen Pacellini, '38, Isaura Sylvester, '39, and Arline Silva, '39. Marguerite Mooney, secretary, Emily Rivers, treasurer, and Rosa DeRiggs,

president, were reelected this year.

Helen Pacellini, '38.

### STUDENT COUNCIL

As it is the duty of the group, the Student Council discussed some of the problems confronting the student body, such as being allowed to go out during intermissions at school affairs, stopping students from wearing letters that are not their own, and finding a new form of recreation for the girls. Under the supervision of Miss Lowney, the game of soft ball has been introduced to the girls through the efforts of this law-making body.

Twice their representatives had an opportunity to sell refreshments at the games.

A Victory Dance was given by the group in



Photo by W. G. Stiff

**STUDENT COUNCIL**

Back row: A. Patrick, P. Hallett, R. Francis, E. Bickers  
Front row: R. Hiebert, H. Silva

honor of the Nantucket football team, and they also ran a Poverty Dance to raise funds to pay for a small radio for the classroom.

Among other activities, a group composed of Ruth Francis, president, Arthur Patrick, secretary, Ruth Hiebert, treasurer, and Patricia Hallett went to Harwich to view and listen to that school's sound projector to get a better opinion of the subject in question.

Then again, when the Student Council of this district met at Medford, the girls traveled to the Medford High to attend. Provincetown was represented by Ruth Francis, president, Ethele Bickers, vice-president, Ruth Hiebert, treasurer, and Patricia Hallett.

The Council of 1937-38 consisted of: Seniors, Ruth Francis, president and Ethele Bickers, vice-president; Juniors, Ruth Hiebert, treasurer and Patricia Hallett; Sophomores, Arthur Patrick, secretary; Freshmen, Warren Roderick; and Junior High, Herman Silva.

Ethele Bickers, '38.

**ASSEMBLIES**

As our first assembly for this year, Miss Mertie Kelley presented Miss Mary G. Flint, who showed movies, and spoke to us on her trip to Sweden and Denmark.

Miss Finnell presented the Halloween Assembly. It was a study in shadows, and showed what happens in the classroom when teacher's not watching.

The Thanksgiving assembly was given by Miss Irene Lewis. The Thanksgiving Proclamation was read, several short plays, namely: "The Courtship of Miles Standish", "Thanksgiving Through the Ages", and "The Great Pumpkin Case", were dramatized. Music was furnished by the orchestra.

The letter men in football were given their insignias at an athletic assembly at the end of the season. Mr. Duarte and Mr. Leyden each praised the boys for their good work this season, and Mr. Duarte presented letters to the following: Cabral, Ford, Roderick,

Alexander, Carter, F. Souza, Cosman, Bent, Hutchins, Woodward, Edwards, Steele, and Mgr. Weed.

The Christmas Assembly was staged by Miss Mary Jacobs, and was, as always, very different and entertaining. Her proteges gave the Christmas Scene from "Little Women", and "The Bird's Christmas Carol".

Mr. Perry's American History Class gave the Constitution Day Assembly. Several very good essays were read and there was a round table discussion of the Constitution.

Colonel Eustace, African wild game hunter, thrilled us with his hair-raising tales and movies of the African Jungle.

On April 13 Mr. Murphy presented his annual gym demonstration. The program included:

- Marching Tactics—The Junior High
- Pyramids—High School
- Apparatus Work, Horizontal Bar, Parallel Bar
- Flying Rings
- Gymnastics and Tumbling—Senior High
- Indian Club Drill
- Obstacle Relay—Between 8A and 8B, which 8B won

On May 4 Madame Martha Atwood spoke for a short while on her Cape Cod Music Institute, which is open to all Cape students for an entrance fee of \$1.00.

On May 5 Mr. Nassi and Miss Lowney collaborated to give us "The Evolution of The Dance". First the Gavotte, then the Minuet, the Country Garden Dance, the Tarantella and the Waltz.

On May 6 Mr. John E. Hines, monoactor, presented his version of "Rip Van Winkle". Mr. Hines has played in many Cape schools, and is always enjoyed by all.

Miss Mary Roberts gave us a burlesque of "Julius Ceasar". The play was very amusing. Music was furnished by the orchestra.

Mr. Malchman presented a very entertaining amateur show. The following students took part:—

- William Hutchins—Announcer
- Arline Silva—Pianist
- Vocal Duet—Marjorie Murchison, Mildred Gibbs
- Vocal Solo—Augustine Edwards
- Trumpet Solo—Lewis Eaton

- Vocal Duet—Zana Crawley, Anna Silva
- Song and Dance—Josephine Dignes
- Song and Dance—Reginald Cabral
- Harmonica—Harris Adams
- Song and Dance—Barbara Cabral
- The Three F's—Francis Souza, Richard Santos, Earl Cabral

On May 13 Miss Lowney presented a novelty gymnastic assembly. The following divisions took part:—

- Military tap—Jr. High
- Tarantella—Sr. High
- Apparatus drill—Sr. High
- Minuet—Jr. High
- Swedish drill—Sr. High
- Russian Dance—Sr. High
- Rhythm drill—Jr. High
- Roller Skating Ballet—Sr. High

The boys and girls who earned letters in basketball this season were presented with them in February. Miss Lowney thanked her girls for their work, and Dorothy Silva, retiring captain, and Celeste Macara, captain-elect, gave short talks. The girls who received their letters were: D. Silva, M. Mooney, C. Macara, E. Rivers, R. Francis, R. DeRiggs, E. Rose, and H. Cabral.

Mr. Duarte gave a short speech, and thanked his boys; retiring Captain Santos also said a few words. The following boys received letters: Souza, Santos, Steele, Alexander, Roderick, Cabral, Janard, Cross, and Cosman, Mgr.

We have had numerous silent and talking movies shown on our new projector. A full length feature film, "The Plow That Broke the Plane," was shown May 20.

P. H. S. is very fortunate in having so many interesting and entertaining assemblies.

Ruth Hiebert, '39.

## THE ANCHORAGE

"The Anchorage", our school paper, started by the sophomore class of last year, repeated its popularity in 1938. It has, however, been made an all student paper, witness the representatives from the four classes on the staff.

Editor, Margery Stahl; Ass. Editors, Emily Rivers, Leo Ferrira, Warren Roderick; News, Louise Lewis; Sports, Helen Pacilini; Humor, Arthur Roderick; Typing, Arline Silva; Special

Feature, Ethele Bickers; Faculty Advisor, Miss Mary Roberts.

Editor Margery Stahl and the staff have, through their untiring efforts, made the paper one that everybody looks forward to with eagerness.

This year a senior issue brought the highlights of their New York trip to those unfortunates who perforce remained in Provincetown.

With the cooperation of the student body, which has been given so willing during the past school year, 1939 promises an even better "Anchorage".

Louise Lewis '38.

### THE FRESHMAN RECEPTION

The freshmen were formally introduced to society at a reception held for them by the seniors in October at the school gym.

Before the dancing each senior escorted a freshman in the grand march, which was led by Rosa DeRiggs and Frank Parsons, class presidents.

It was the freshmen's night, with refreshments served during the intermission and dancing lasting until nearly midnight.

Nancy Merrill '38.

### THE HALLOWEEN DANCE

The junior class sponsored the Halloween Dance, which was held in the Gym, October 29. The hall was decorated with skeletons, black cats, and pumpkins, and ballons hanging from the ceiling were let down and broken at eleven o'clock. Refreshments of cider and doughnuts were served, and the music was furnished by Pat and His Pals. The affair was one of the most successful of the season.

Ruth Hiebert, '39.

### WHIST PARTY

The class of '38 held a whist party in the High School Auditorium on November 19, 1937. The whist games lasted for two hours during which music was played to add to the pleasing atmosphere.

Prizes were given to the persons with the highest and lowest scores, and to those who held

the lucky numbers. We also raffled off a lamp which was made by a senior boy.

At the close of the game refreshments were served to the players as the sweet and low music continued.

Helen Pacellini, '38.

### THE PHOTOGRAPHY CLUB

Our Photography Club was organized in the chemistry class, under Mr. Murphy, to have some fun while learning a part of the art of taking, developing and printing pictures. We take pictures on Wednesdays and develop them on Fridays under the direction of Kendall Cass, who has had some experience in that line. So far, we have had very good luck, but here is to better and better pictures.

Nancy Merrill, '38.

### THANKSGIVING DANCE

The senior class gave a Thanksgiving Dance in the gym November 24, 1937. Orange pumpkins, paper pilgrims, and brown and orange streamers added the needed artistic touch to the dance floor. Pat and His Pals played his new selections of song hits combined with some of the everlasting favorites.

At about 10:30 seasonal refreshments, cider and doughnuts, were served in the cafeteria. With but a half an hour's lapse, the dancers got back into the sway of the music and kept up their joyous laughter until 11:45.

Ethele M. Bickers, '38.

### THE VICTORY DANCE

A Victory Dance was given by the Student Council in the school gymnasium for the Nantucket football players.

The gym was decorated in blue footballs and helmets in honor of the Nantucket team and orange footballs and helmets for Provincetown. On one basket there was attached a Nantucket banner, while Provincetown's insignia floated from the other.

During intermission refreshments, consisting of ice cream, cider, and doughnuts, were served in the cafeteria.

Spotlight dancing was the special feature of the evening. The music was furnished by the delightful tempo of Pat and His Pals' Orchestra.

Ethele M. Bickers '38.

**CHRISTMAS and NEW YEAR'S DANCES**

This year the Christmas Dance was held Christmas night and the New Year's Dance two days before the New Year. The Christmas Dance lasted from 8:00 to 12:00, the New Year's Dance an hour longer. At 12:00 everyone marched around the hall led by Dr. and Mrs. Hiebert. Everyone was given a hat and a horn to make as much noise as he wished.

Both dances proved to be great successes and everyone had a good time.

Helen Pacellini '38.

**THE SOUND PROJECTOR**

The Scholarship Fund Committee, upon giving up hope of its success, left two hundred dollars to the school to start a fund for the purchase of a sound projector. Although we regret that they were unable to continue their plan to help students from P. H. S. further their educations, we are deeply grateful for the initial step toward better motion picture assemblies.

With the help of a donation of twenty-five dollars from each class in the school and the amount given us by the school committee, we were able to make this purchase possible.

Everyone is now enjoying good sound movies projected on a new screen disclosing larger pictures.

Ethele M. Bickers, '38.

**THE SENIOR SUPPER**

The seniors held their annual class supper Thursday, March 10. There were two settings, one at 5:45 and the other at 6:30. In accordance with the New England custom, baked beans and potato salad were served.

The boys' art of housekeeping was tested when they nobly attacked their job of dish washing in the kitchen.

The supper proved to be one of the most profitable and entertaining events sponsored by the senior class, and a very tasty and pleasant affair it was.

Ethele Bickers '38.

**OLDER BOY'S CONFERENCE**

The eleventh annual Older Boy's Conference was held at Yarmouth on March 12, 1938.

Registration was at 9:30 A. M. The meeting was opened by Willard Nickerson, last year's president.

For the best essay written on the conference of 1937, the first prize was awarded to Leo Ferreira from Provincetown. The second prize also fell in the hands of Provincetown, with Arthur Patrick carrying the honors.

In the afternoon the new officers for 1938-39 were announced. Herbert Nickerson from Orleans was elected president for the Conference of 1939 which is to be held in our own high school, Provincetown. Other officers chosen were Richard Kelley of Yarmouth, vice-president and Kemston Coady, Jr. of Bourne, secretary. A play, "Submerged", was presented following a few selections by the orchestra.

The climax came with a delicious banquet, an exchange of farewells, and preparations for next year's conference at Provincetown.

Ethele M. Bickers '38.

**OLDER GIRL'S CONFERENCE**

The fourth annual Cape Cod Older Girl's Conference was held at the Bourne High School on Saturday April 9, 1938. This year fewer schools than usual registered, however, 231 pupils attended, including some from the Islands.

Registration at 10 o'clock was followed by a basketball game between the lower and upper Cape teams, from which the upper Cape team emerged triumphant.

President Eleanor Densmore gave the opening devotions, and Virginia Wing proffered a warm welcome. The secretary's report was read, and afterward all enjoyed community singing.

At 11 o'clock the students gathered in the Auditorium to witness a hilarious play, "Thursday Night".

After this, there was a free period to spend as one wished; many collected autographs and attempted to become acquainted with other girls.

At 1 o'clock a banquet was served. Miss Caroline Smith acted as toast mistress.

After the business meeting the girls were entertained by an amateur show.

The conference closed at 4:30 with everyone



Photo by W. G. Stiff

**JUNIOR DECLAMATION WINNERS**

J. Allen, J. Roderick, T. Tarvis, M. Murchison, R. Hiebert. A. Silva, C. Snow, J. Shaw

promising to be present at the fifth annual meeting to be held at Yarmouth next year.

Leona Silva, '40.

**JUNIOR DECLAMATIONS**

The preliminaries for the Junior Declamatory Contest were held during the last week of March. A group of teachers was chosen to judge the contestants, the entire junior class, in terms of six points: stage deportment, voice, memory, pronunciation, enunciation, and interpretation.

Seven girls and three boys were selected to prepare longer speeches which will be presented during the month of May. Those who will compete are: Arline Silva, Margery Murchison, Halcyon Cabral, Jean Jette, Thersa Tarvis, Ruth Hiebert, Jean Alien, Clayton Snow, John Shaw, and Joseph Roderick.

Louise Lewis '38.

**SEVENTH ANNUAL DEMONSTRATION CONCERT**

The seventh annual Demonstration Concert of the Provincetown Schools was held in the High School Auditorium on March 25, 1938, under the direction of Mr. Thomas Nassi.

Louis Eaton, Joseph Steele, Kendall Cass, and Josephine Dignes were the soloists.

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

Louis Eaton, who shows great promise, played the "Cavalier", by Smith, before concluding the program.

Leona Silva, '40.





Photo by Howes, Cape Cod Standard Times

**SENIOR PLAY**

Seated: M. Gibbs, H. Pacellini, M. Mooney, R. DeRiggs, D. Silva, R. Francis  
 Back row: L. Eaton, A. Hutchins. R. Santos, M. Diogo, K. Cass, J. Costa

**SENIOR PLAY**

On the 29th of April the seniors held their annual Senior Play, "Taking the Count", by Vivian Mayo. The cast was as follows:

Mr. Allison .....	Lewis Eaton
Mrs. Allison .....	Dorothy Silva
Joy Allison .....	Rosa DeRiggs
Nicholas Rinaldo .....	William Hutchins
Mr. Dumont .....	Kendall Cass
Mrs. Dumont .....	Marguerite Mooney
Phyllis Dumont .....	Helen Pacellini
Eddie Lester .....	Richard Santos
Jimmie .....	John Costa
Jenny, the maid .....	Mildred Gibbs
Mrs. Howard .....	Ruth Francis
Doctor Langford .....	Michael Diogo

The play was a success both financially and socially. Its success is due to the cooperation of the cast with Miss Hourihane, the director, and Mr. Coakley, the stage manager. We must not forget Warren Alexander, our property manager, who was always around when help was needed. Louise Lewis and Germana Captiva acted as promptors, although we feel proud to say they didn't have to aid us.

Helen Pacellini, '38.

**THE EASTER BALL**

The Easter Ball was held April 11th at the Town Hall under the joint auspices of the junior class and the American Legion. A farewell speech was given to the seniors who left for New York the next morning. The door prize was won by Joe Perry. Music was furnished by Pat and His Pals, and everyone had a grand time.

Ruth Hiebert, '39.

**THE SENIOR TRIP**

We, the seniors, left the morning of April 19 on the long expected trip to New York in a bus headed for Providence. There were thirty-five pupils and four teachers, Miss Roberts, Miss Downs, Mr. Murphy, and Mr. Leyden. We arrived in Providence in time to catch the three o'clock train for New York.

We had a special car all to ourselves and in that way were able to make all the noise we wanted to. That evening, after having been settled at the Hotel Collingwood and having dinner, the movies, a walk, or the like was in order.

The next morning, Wednesday, we went on a sightseeing tour all over New York, stopping at Grant's Tomb and the Aquarium. In the afternoon we all took the subway to the Museum of Natural History, and after that attended the lecture at the Hayden Planetarium on "An Imaginary Trip To the Moon". That night most of us again saw some movie or other.

A tour of Rockefeller center and seeing the movie, "The Adventures of Marco Polo", at the Raldo City Music Hall occupied most of our time most of the next day. In the evening quite a few went to see the Barnum and Bailey Circus, some saw another moving picture, and others a play.

Friday we all went our own ways, and most of them led to the stores.

The next morning we all crammed in another visit to the stores before it was time for us to leave. The trip from New York to Providence,

then to the bus, and back to Provincetown ended our very eventful journey.

Nancy Merrill '38.

### **THE JUNIOR PROM**

The annual Junior Promenade is to be held on June 3rd this year. Plans for decorating and ticket selling are in full sway.

The class colors, maroon and gold, will prevail in transforming the hall into a Mexican fiesta land, in which the dancers will sway to the music of Jim Carmody. The boys, clad in white flannels, and the girls, in summer evening dresses, will add the festive touch.

Ruth Hiebert is in charge of the decorating; Anna Silva will procure the orchestra; John Dyer will sell the tickets; James Roderick will supervise the advertising; and Arline Silva will be the general business manager.

Louise Lewis '38.





# SPORTS



Photo by Howes, Cape Cod Standard Times

## FOOTBALL

Back row: E. Francis, E. Cosman, Coach A. Duarte, A. Bent, E. Forde

Front row: P. Perry, H. Adams, I. Edwards, J. Roderick, Capt. C. Woodward, R. Carter, E. Cabral

## FOOTBALL

The P. H. S. football team had one of its best seasons in seven years when it won seven games and lost only two.

Mr. Antone Duarte was appointed coach of the team since Coach Leyden was promoted to the position of principal in the Provincetown High School.

Twenty five candidates reported for the initial practise, and Coach Duarte built his team around the few veterans that were left over from graduation.

The school should be very proud of the results that were obtained by Coach Duarte and his team.

The schedule and scores were as follows:

Oct. 2	Bourne	6	Provincetown	14
Oct. 12	Yarmouth	14	Provincetown	13
Oct. 16	Falmouth	0	Provincetown	1
Oct. 25	Falmouth	12	Provincetown	0
Oct. 30	Nantucket	0	Provincetown	43

Nov. 7	Wareham	7	Provincetown	13
Nov. 13	Nantucket	0	Provincetown	20
Nov. 20	Barnstable	6	Provincetown	13
Nov. 25	Yarmouth	0	Provincetown	26

Provincetown won its first game of the season when it defeated the Bourne team. The Canal lads took an early lead but were soon suppressed by a touchdown made by Janard.

Janard, Souza, and Bent starred for Provincetown while Bobba and Allieta starred for Bourne. The final result of the game was Bourne 6 and Provincetown 14.

On October 12 Provincetown was defeated by Yarmouth after leading the first half 7-0. Then with a great deal of difficulty Yarmouth came out on top with a score of 14-13.

Provincetown after going to a deadlock for 4 quarters with Falmouth, finally won out 1-0 by a forfeit.

On October 16 Provincetown travelled to Falmouth, but was soon defeated by a very



Photo by Howes, Cape Cod Standard Times

**BOYS' BASKETBALL**

J. Steele, F. Souza, J. Roderick, A. Bent, R. Carter, E. Cabral, P. Perry, W. Alexander, H. Janard, Coach A. Duarte

determined red and white team. Although P. H. S. fought as they never had before, they still lost by a score of 12-0.

Provincetown, after raising the money by a cake sale, toured to Nantucket to engage with their team. The players left Friday and travelled to Woods Hole where they were transferred to the island by boat.

The boys were given a hearty welcome by the Islanders because it was the first football game at Nantucket. The Orange and the Black found it very easy to make holes and scored in every stanza. The Islanders lacked experience, but were very sportsmanlike.

The Nantucket team were our visitors for the next tilt. We led all through the game. Again the Islanders showed lack of experience, but they demonstrated a great improvement over their last game.

At Wareham we again won, but with great difficulty, for a touchdown made by Warren Alexander was the deciding factor.

Provincetown defeated an under-manned Yarmouth team 26-0 in a one-sided contest.

The "Cape Cod Standard Times" picked "Tiss" Souza for its mythical All-Cape eleven.

He was the only Provincetowner to make the first team.

Joe "Farmer" Steele, Anthony Bent and Joe Roderick made the second team, while Cosman and Woodward made honorable mention.

The outlook for the 1938 season looks bright with only two regulars graduating, Warren Alexander and Cleveland Woodward. Let's hope the football team next year will be just as successful, if not more so than this year's team. Good luck, boys.

Joe Roderick, '39.

**BOYS' BASKETBALL**

P. H. S. started its basketball season in fine form and spirit, although they lost to the Alumni, 38-33.

This only put more determination in the Fishermen, and in the next game they completely swamped Wellfleet to the tune of 50-10.

Then came the only blemish on our Cape record, when the team fell before the eagle-eyed Barnstable hoopsters, 37-27.

Chatham High was rolled over by our basketeers 24-16, and then the boys set a hoop scoring mark when they liquidated the Chatham Fin-asts, 88-52.



Photo by Howes, Cape Cod Standard Times

**GIRLS' BASKETBALL**

First row: R. DeRiggs, E. Rivers, C. Macara, Capt. D. Silva, R. Francis, M. Mooney

Second row: A. Corea, A. Edwards, M. Cook, D. Mooney, E. Rose, H. Cabral

In the all important game of the year we played our traditional rivals, Barnstable, and our revenge was sweet, setting them down 37-27 on their own floor.

Back in the championship running again, we nosed out Harwich High, 34-31, in one of those thrillers that makes the blood pressure rise.

Orleans High fell under the Provincetown avalanche, 31-18, but the boys hit a snag and were swamped for the second time by Taunton, a class A team.

After the team had set down the New Bedford Boys Club, Fairhaven High, Chatham, Wellfleet, and Orleans in order, they topped their Cape schedule with a win over Harwich High, 21-11, and prepared to defend their South Shore title at Brockton.

Provincetown entered the tournament a top-heavy favorite to cop the title for the second time, and began to fulfill all the predictions by defeating Marshfield High, 46-30.

We entered the semi-finals with Harwich as our opponents. The Fishermen were confident of victory, but Harwich upset the applecart when they set us back 38-37 in a heart-breaking

game that closed our season of 13 wins and 4 loses.

At the end of our Cape schedule, Provincetown and Falmouth were tied for the championship with only one loss chalked up against each. As there was no playoff, the Cape Championship for 1937-38 will be disputed wherever it is mentioned.

The graduates on this year's team are Captain Richard Santos, Warren Alexander, and Herman Janard. The future is not altogether dim for next year's hoopsters, for with the nucleus of Captain-elect Joe Steele, Tony Bent, Joe Roderick, Peter Perry, Raymond Souza, and Reginald Carter, Coach Duarte should keep Provincetown on the basketball map.

R. Santos, '33.

**GIRLS' BASKETBALL**

Coach Lowney's girls' basketball sextet completed a very successful season, with their final victory over Harwich on March 4.

Out of the eight games played, five were won, one tied, and two lost to our greatest rival, Barnstable.



Photo by Howes, Cape Cod Standard Times

**BASEBALL**

Front row: J. Carter, R. Souza

Seated: Coach D. Murphy, C. Ramos, P. Perry, A. Perry, A. Bent, E. Francis

Third row: A. Roderick, Capt. W. Hutchins, R. Santos, R. Carter, J. Roderick, E. Cosman

The schedule of the season was as follows:

We		They
65	Wellfleet (home)	5
13	Hyannis (home)	25
15	Wellfleet (away)	6
40	Orleans (home)	32
6	Hyannis (away)	27
12	Harwich (home)	9
19	Orleans (away)	19
20	Harwich (away)	19

Graduation will take six of our players: Emily Rivers, Dorothy Silva, Rosa DeRiggs, Marguerite Mooney, Ruth Francis, and Evangeline Rose. This will leave an opening for five new aspirants.

Celeste Macara has been elected captain of next year's squad. We are assured that she will continue the good work of former-captain Silva.

Dolores Mooney, '41.

**BASEBALL**

Provincetown High opened its season by defeating Wellfleet, 11-1. The game was loosely played on Wellfleet's part, and the out-

come was never in doubt. Bent was outstanding, with three hits in five tries.

The team next travelled to Chatham, where they were defeated 7-1. The inability of the infielders to stop grounders was responsible for Provincetown's being on the short end of the score.

P. H. S. suprised Orleans at Evans' Field by pinning a 17-8 shellacking on them. Santos collected three hits in four trips to the plate. The local ball club seems to have hit its stride at last.

We regret that we cannot print the other games of the 1938 season because of the early date at which our yearbook goes to press. However, we urge you to see the following:

- May 12 Harwich at Harwich
- May 13 Wellfleet at Wellfleet
- May 14 Hyannis at Provincetown
- May 19 Hyannis at Hyannis
- May 25 Yarmouth at Yarmouth
- June 1 Orleans at Orleans
- June 8 Brewster at Brewster

William Hutchins, '38.



# ALUMNI



Every year at this time we bring to you, through "The Long Pointer," the whereabouts of the Alumni. They are scattered here and there. Some are in Provincetown; others have distinguished themselves elsewhere. Most of them, however, have reached the goal for which they have striven. P. H. S. is proud of those who have done so much for her: the Alumni.

Marguerite Cook, '41.

The Alumni Dance was held June 25, 1937 with Gene Dennis' orchestra furnishing the music.

At the annual meeting May 9, 1938, new officers were elected: The president is now Frank Rogers; vice-president: William Tasha; secretary: Hernaldo Kelly; treasurer: George Chapman.

They plan to hold the annual Alumni dance June 17th, but as yet have not decided on a definite orchestra. George Chapman is chairman of the dance committee.

The possibility of having a reunion banquet during the latter part of the summer was also discussed, and plans for the same are to be definitely decided the first of August.

## Class of 1937

Frances Avellar is taking a post-graduate course.

Jeanette Brazil is now Mrs. William Segura of this town.

Marguerite Caton is studying beauty culture at Wilfred Academy.

Robert Collinson is working at Burch's Bakery.

Leonard Enos is employed at the west end First National Store in Provincetown.

Manuel Goveia is married to Agnes Rego and is living in town.

Philip Hannum is a freshman at Tufts College, Medford.

George Lemos is employed as a shoe doctor at the Shoe Hospital in town.

Charlotte Merrill recently became the bride of John Bent of this town.

Arnold Oliver is a freshman at Hyannis State

Teachers College. We never would have thought it.

Irene Patrick is a private telephone operator at the Atlantic Coast Fisheries.

Emily Prada is a clerk at Cabral's Market.

Donald Rivard is doing research work at the Lankenau Laboratory, Truro.

Helen Silva is taking a post-graduate course, and at the same time is employed as a secretary at the Light and Power Company.

Mary Ann Silva is a telephone operator.

John Snow is taking a post-graduate course. Sherman Silvia is attending Suffolk Law School.

John Thomas is a clerk at Lopes' Grocery Store.

Walter Turner is taking a post-graduate course.

## Class of 1936

Joseph Andrews is attending the New York Merchant Marine Academy.

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

Patricia Cass is a sophomore at Jackson College, in Medford.

Francelina Santos is employed at the Harbor Vanity Shoppe.

Jan Earl is attending Adlephi College in New York.

Anna Enos is at the Happy Home Furniture Company in Provincetown.

Robert Hannum is on the Coast Guard Cutter "Atheitas."

Ruth Jason is employed at the Atlantic Coast Fisheries.

Lloyd Jonas is attending an agricultural school.

Vivian Joseph is married and living in Stoughton.

Mary Marshall is married and living in Boston.

Kathleen Medeiros is attending Salem Teachers College.

Reginald Perry is a sophomore at Tufts College in Medford.

Doris Ramos is a freshman at Regis College.

Margaret Roberts is a sophomore at Emerson College in Boston.

Catherine Rock is a student nurse at the Robert Brigham Hospital, Boston.

Dorothy Rock is employed at Burch's Market, here in town.

Remigio Roda is a freshman at Boston University.

Virginia Roderick is secretary to Mr. Chapman, the town clerk.

Jane Stahl is a student at Pembroke and is still an ace at ping-pong.

**Class of 1935**

Howard Burch is attending the University of Maine.

Catherine Chapman is married to Chester Smith and lives in Provincetown.

Mary Collinson is at Westfield State Teachers College.

Frederick Comee is a junior at Harvard University.

Philip Croteau is at Fort Devans, in Ayer, Massachusetts.

Bernard Days is a mail-carrier for the Provincetown Post-Office.

Dorothy Enos is employed at the Harbor Lunch.

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

Charles Hayward is married to Grace Thomas, '35' and is employed as a painter.

Matilda Jackett is married and living in California.

Mildred King is married and lives in North Truro.

Irene Macara is employed at Livingston's Ice Cream Parlor.

Vanessa MacFarlane is working at the Harbor Lunch.

Laura McClure is working in New York.

Harold Paige is a sophomore at Boston University.

Maribeth Paige is a junior at Regis College.

Herman Rivard is working at Rivard's Electrical Store.

Anthony Roda is employed at the Provincetown Post-Office.

Lloyd Rose is at an art school in New Bedford.

Louise Silva is still an A-1 housekeeper.

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

Robert Stalker is attending the Massachusetts College of Pharmacy.

Ruth Sylver is married to Kilburn Watson and lives in Provincetown.

William Tasha is a clerk at the First National Store.

Mary Viegas is the sweet-voiced telephone operator we hear over the wires.

Ida Williams works at the Provincetown Laundry.

**Class of 1934**

Dorothy Alexander is married to Lawrence Caton '33.

Thelma Benson is married to Earl Johnson and resides in Ohio.

Leroy Bent is married to Lillian Carter and lives in town.

Virginia Corea is married and living in Gloucester.

Elizabeth DeRiggs is a senior at Sargent's School of Physical Education.

Gwendolyn Edwards is married to Loring Ventura and lives in town.

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

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

Richard Joseph is attending Hyannis State Teachers College.

Manuel Lewis is a clerk at the Provincetown Liquor Mart.

Theodora Lopes is married and living in Wellfleet.

Arthur Malchman is a freshman at Hyannis State Teachers College.

Zilpha Nelson is married and lives in Rhode Island.

Ronald Paige is a junior at Boston University.

Ruth Roberts is a senior at Portia Law School.

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

Theda Rogers is a student nurse at the Boston Memorial Hospital.

Anthony Santos is a sophomore at the State Teachers College, Hyannis.

Robert Slade is at Fort Devans, Ayer, Massachusetts.

Mildred Thompson is a student nurse at the Truesdale Hospital, Fall River.



**Class of 1933**

Hector Allen is a senior at Columbia University.

Florence Benson is working at Burch's Bakery.

Mildred Burch is married and lives in California.

Joseph Collinson is employed by the Nash Car Company in Boston.

Rebecca Comee is working at the Lackenau Research Laboratory in Truro.

John Corea is a surfman at Highland Coast Guard Station.

Veranus Crocker is a clerk at the Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company.

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

Ethele Mae Jason is married to Joseph Duarte Jr. and is living in North Truro.

Thomas Kane is married and employed at Duarte's Liquor Store, Truro.

June LeClaire is married and living in Maine.

Leona Leonard is married to Stanley Batt.

Catherine MacFarlane is married to Stanley Pierce and lives in town.

Alice Oliver is married and living in Springfield.

Anthony Perry is working on the Provincetown Street Department.

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

Thomas Rivard is a junior at Tufts College.

Ida Roderick is secretary to Judge Robert Welsh.

Cecilia Santos is working at the Provincetown Advocate Gift Shop.

Etta Souza is married to Loring Russell.

Clinton Terrell is attending Northeastern University.

**AS WE SEE THEM**

The Talk of the Town	New York Senior Trip	Uucle Don't Want No Truckin Done In Here	Principal Leyden
Over the Waves	William Hutchins	Chinatown	Germania Captiva
The First Year	Freshmen	We're in the Money	Elsie Brown
The Crooner	Warren Alexander	Shiek of Araby	Rosa De Riggs
One Big Happy Family	Senior Class	Way Down Yonder in Florida	Nancy Merrill
Truckin	Evangeline Rose	Wall Street	Kendall Cass
You've Got to be a Football Hero	C. Woodward	Give me "Ropes"	Ethele Bickers
Picture Me Without You	Helen and Honka	Sweet Stranger	Marjorie Stahl
Lazy Bones	John Costa	S-M-I-L-E	Louise Lewis
Without a Word of Warning	That "E"	Wake up and Live	Mary Gill
Thanks a Million	Mr. Murphy	Just a Fisherman's Sweetheart	Dorothy Silva
I'm Shooting High	Emily Rivers	She Shall Have Music	M. Gibbs
Chatter Box	Vivian Santos	Beginners' Luck	Freshman Reception
H-m-m-Would you like to take a ride?	M. Mooney	The Last Round Up	Alumni
Down by the Old Mill Stream	Ruth Francis	One Way Ticket	Diploma
Swing High, Swing Low	Lewis Eaton	Fashions A Float	Miss Roberts
Thanks for the Memory	P. H. S.	Little Man You've Had a Busy Day	M. Diogo
Oh Joseph, Joseph	Julia Ferreria	Our Daily Bread	Lunch Room



# HUMOR



## WHAT KIND OF STITCH?

Shiekie: "How are you at sewing?"

Elsie: "Pretty good, why?"

Shiekie: "See if you can patch this break between me and Rosa, will you?"

\* \* \* \*

## NEW DEFINITION

Mr. Duarte: "Tell me what a hexagon is?"

Cass: "An eight sided disk."

\* \* \* \*

Pinky: Why do the people of Samoa wear so little clothing?

Janard: Guess it's too hot for Samoa.

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Perry: What do you call a man who keeps on talking when people are no longer interested?

John Costa: A teacher.

\* \* \* \*

Warren's mother: (trying to waken him) Eight O'clock, Eight O'clock.

Warren: Did you? Better call a doctor.

\* \* \* \*

Principal Leyden: What might your name be, my boy?

Bent: It might be Jimmy, but it ain't.

\* \* \* \*

Policeman: Lady, don't you know that this is a safety zone?

Dot: Of course—that's why I drove in here.

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Leyden: "Now, manager, I want three cars for tomorrow to take the team to Wellfleet for that game."

Manager: "But supposin' I can't get cars, will automobiles do?"

Mr. Leyden: "No, I said cars."

\* \* \* \*

One day the Senior History Class was discussing crime. Mr. Perry couldn't get anything out of the students. What is a burglar? No one wanted to answer. Well, what would it be if I reached down into your pockets and took out a dollar?

Honka: A magician.

## I SEE YOUR POINT

Mr. Leyden: (Talking to boy sent to office) "Well, what's the trouble here?"

Youth: (sobbing) "All the seats and chairs in the room were occupied and the teacher asked us where she could sit, so I told her."

Mr. Leyden: "And where was that?"

Youth: (smiling) "On a tack."

\* \* \* \*

## A MOUTHFUL

Honka: "Who's that over there in the corner?"

Helen: "Why that's Jennie. Don't you know her?"

Honka: "Oh, yes, I couldn't tell who it was at first. She yawned when I looked at her."

\* \* \* \*

## LOST, YET FOUND

Hutchins: (Asking his way about the city) "Say, Mister, how can I get to the Grand Central?"

Man: "Now let's see, you go around this corner, go straight for a couple of blocks, turn left for one block, then cross the avenue on your right, and then just walk five blocks."

Hutchins: (After some figuring) "But listen, I'd be in the same place I am now."

Man: "Well, in that case, it's just across the street."

\* \* \* \*

Helen: I spent last summer in a very pretty city in Switzerland.

Elsie: Berne?

Helen: No, I almost froze.

\* \* \* \*

Elsie: Lend me a nickel for a poor man crying outside.

Rosa: Crying?

Elsie: Yes, "Peanuts, 5 cents a bag."

\* \* \* \*

Alexander: You look depressed. What are you thinking about?

Costa: My future.

Alexander: What makes it seem so hopeless?

Costa: My past.

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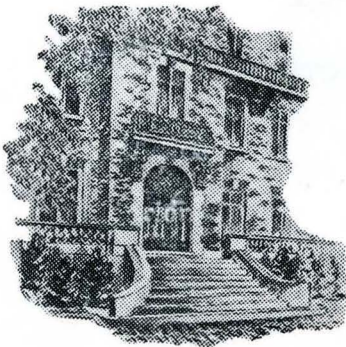
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