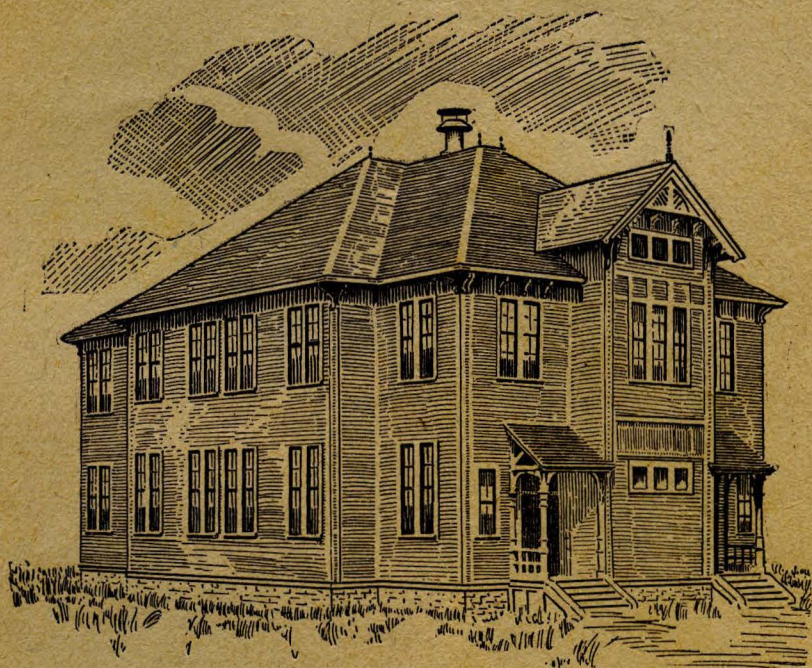

P. H. S.

A R G O S Y



Provincetown, Massachusetts

December, 1906.

"Register" Press, Yarmouthport, Mass.

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VOL. I. PROVINCETOWN, MASS., DECEMBER 15, 1906. No. 2.

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Terms, 75 cents Per Year; Single Copies, 10 cents.

*Contributions and correspondence are respectfully solicited.
 Any information regarding the Alumni will be gladly received.*

Editorial

The first number of the new high school paper was put on sale November 19. It sold very rapidly, keeping the managers very busy. It seemed to be the opinion of everyone, both pupils and town's people, that it was a great success. It received the hearty support of the school, as the jokes were of the highest standard and the rest of the material was on an equal footing. Our second number contains sixteen pages, an increase of four pages over the first. Let us hope that our future numbers will be received by the public as favorably as our first.

A suggestion to those who are not subscribers to the Argosy. *Subscribe at once.* By so doing you will help the paper financially and become interested in it yourself. *Do not depend on reading another's copy. "Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit."*

At the last meeting of our lyceum, it was suggested that we choose a school color or colors. A vote was taken and blue and gold, the colors of the senior class, were chosen.

Never before has this school had a school color. The pupils should be proud of having had the honor of choosing a token on which they can gaze in later life and think of the many happy days spent in the high school.

For many years the boys have tried to introduce athletics into our high school, but their efforts have met with no great success. Before much can be accomplished in the athletic line, we must have a field of our own. There are many sites for such a field, perhaps the best being the sandy plain in the rear of the high school.

For a comparatively small sum, this lot could be levelled and hardened and a fine athletic field made.

It lies wholly with the voters of the town whether we shall have an athletic field of our own, or depend on the good will of Admiral Evans for the use of Evans's field.

We have already decided on giving some sort of an entertainment for raising an athletic fund.

This fund will be a great benefit to the school; for then the athletic association will be able to compete with other high schools, and the members will not have to pay their own expenses.

We hope that both scholars and friends will be ready to help us in any way possible.

Does it seem that the pupils in our high school are demanding too much when we ask for a laboratory in which to conduct experiments in chemistry and physics? These two studies are taught and are elected by those of the scholars who wish to prepare for a scientific education.

The present facilities for experimenting consist of a long table in one of the recitation rooms and a limited amount of apparatus. There is no water and are no sinks, which are indispensable in any laboratory. Many experiments have been only partly done or else altogether omitted because of lack of apparatus.

Everyone knows the average student can get very little information from the dry theories in the text books, but requires some practical illustration of its truths. Now, had we a suitable laboratory, we would feel a keener interest in

our science work, and would less often fail because the dry hard facts had not penetrated our intellects. Taken without practical demonstrations, the long pages of formulae, laws and reactions do not stay in our minds long enough to enable us to recite them.

But given the stimulus of experiments, we could see with our own eyes just how and why such a thing is so and, from a jumble of ideas, a series of easily recognizable facts would appear.

We should fail if we had a well-equipped laboratory, but the failures would be less common, a much deeper insight into nature would be gained, and the desire for original investigation would be aroused.

Let us keep on hoping for a laboratory in our school.

A Sketch



It was early in the afternoon when we stood at the top of a high hill. Before us lay a harbor of the softest blue, with here and there a line of white surf. We gazed at it.

Away to the opposite shore, stretched a point of land which shone in the yellow afternoon sun; from its end stretched the sea whose color was like an opal. White winged yachts flitted to and fro and seemed to wave a signal of gladness; gulls were dipping and diving; a flock of wild ducks swam a little way from the shore. Every now and then the color of the water seemed to change to a pale green, reflecting the wharves as perfectly as a mirror.

Finally we descended to the water's edge. Close by rose a heap of rocks, over which the surf was breaking with the tossing spray. The whole top of this heap of rocks was black with sea birds, who seemed to be crowding each other; while the water splashed over them, causing them to give up their place of refuge. Fleets of white clouds drifted across the sky which was bluer than the water.

Soon we got into our little boats and drifted along until the rays of the sinking sun shot past our heads and went down to an orange red, flaming higher and higher, till a little crescent moon came up in the sky. It was all like a dream.

M. CRAWLEY, '08.


M y F r e s h m a n Y e a r a t
T r o w b r i d g e A c a d e m y


It was a beautiful morning in September, and the leaves bore the tints of autumn when I first arrived at Trowbridge academy. I was then a boy of nineteen. I had never been away from home and this experience was new. As I entered the academy's grounds I beheld groups of students on all sides. To the right I could see a number engaged in football practice. Suddenly I was accosted by, "Hullo, a new student, I wonder what country he came from?" Another one remarked, "I bet he can teach us how to farm." I passed on, not noticing their taunts. After working all day in arranging my room I decided to retire early as I was very tired. I had been to sleep perhaps an hour or two when I was awakened by a scraping on the window. Sitting up in my bed I beheld to my horror six figures all in dark robes, their faces covered by masks, entering. An awful fright seized me, I wanted to cry out but did not dare. At last one of them spoke, "You are now to undergo, what all freshmen receive, hazing." At the word hazing my heart began to beat violently. What was I to do? Delay was costly. I decided to make a break for liberty. I plunged at the figures like a mad bull, and they, taken by surprise, gave way but only for an instant. I was hurled back, gagged and my hands tied behind me. Then they turned me on my face and suddenly I felt a cold chill shoot through me. I then realized that ice water was being poured over me. I had never undergone such a sensation and never wish to again. They finally untied my hands and disappeared the way they had come. I slept little the rest of the night. I did not report the affair, as I thought I might become the laughing stock of the school. This, with many other things, made life at the academy at first very unpleasant for me. But I soon got acquainted.

Among the first to make my acquaintance was a boy of my own age named Jones. One evening he came over to my room and began to talk football. "Why don't you try football, Wilson? We need candidates if we intend to beat Acley this

fall. You are the right build and can run." "Yes, I can run," I replied, "but I don't know the least thing about the game and the coach wouldn't notice me." "O yes, he would, and besides you would learn easily." After a short talk Jones persuaded me to try for the team. The next day I reported as candidate for quarter-back. I went into the game with all my heart but I improved very slowly. Game after game was played with minor teams, yet the coach never thought it wise to give me a chance.

At last came the contest with our greatest rival, Acley. Our whole season's work was arranged for the purpose of winning that game. Two days before the game tickets were selling for two dollars. The very evening before the game Dodd, the substitute quarter, twisted his knee. A gloom prevailed over the school. Suppose Griffin, the regular quarter should get hurt, I would be required to take his place and but few placed any confidence in me.

The day of the game dawned clear and crisp, ideal for football. By one p. m. all the seats were filled. To the right proudly float the red flags of Acley and to the left they are counterbalanced by the blue flags of Trowbridge. The cheering sounds like peals of thunder. The goals are chosen. The teams line up for the struggle. With grim faces our men prepare to hurl themselves through the Acley line. The shrill whistle of the referee sounds and the game is on. It is useless to describe the play of the first half. Neither side was able to score. At the beginning of the second half, Acley played magnificent ball. They hurled our men back, back to the center and then to our thirty-yard line. The rooters were yelling like mad. But now there was a pause as the referee's whistle sounded for time and our medical attendant rushed on the field. I looked to see who was injured and saw the captain and coach carrying Griffin to the side lines. I knew my chance had come. The coach approached me and said, "Wilson, it all depends upon you. Whatever you do, don't get rattled." As I took my place I became nervous but soon quieted down. Still Acley hurled us back even to our ten-yard line. I could see our goal posts over my shoulder. I had read that Toss, Acley's left guard, caused the coaches a lot of trouble. I looked in his direction and saw he was playing too far out. This made a grand opening. I whispered to our center, "Play as far to the left

as you dare." "Who's playing this place, Freshman?" was his response, nevertheless he obeyed. We broke through Acley's line and secured the ball. Our instructions were to punt, which we did and it was our ball on Acley's thirty-five yard line. But then Acley repeated her performance by hurling our team back to our ten yard line. Then we held them for two downs with no gain. I then saw their right guard was going to rush the ball. The teams line up and I stepped back. I saw the guard free himself from the writhing mass and make for our goal. This was what I was waiting for. With a plunge I was at him—my head between his legs. Summoning all my strength I straightened up. The weight was weakening me but I staggered forward until my strength gave out and I fell on my face.

The next thing I knew the medical attendant was sponging my forehead, and saying, "I guess you are all right now." Then I heard the referee's whistle and I knew the game had ended. Our captain came up and slapping me on the back exclaimed, "Great play! You saved the day." I secured a place on the team, which is quite remarkable for a freshman, although we did not win the game nor did Acley either. I decided to try base ball in the spring, but you will hear about that later.

H. E. ADAMS, '07.



Uncle (trotting Harry on his knee)—"Do you like this, my boy?"

Harry—"Pretty well, but I rode on a real donkey the other day."

He (in a street car)—"Have my seat, lady?"

She—"Oh, no! I have just been skating and am tired of sitting down."

Here is an example of conjugation in a "make up class" in Latin: *presso, pressere, squeeze, hug 'em.*

Society senior (to a store clerk)—"Have you any blue neckties to match my eyes?"

Clerk—"No, but we have some soft hats that, I think, will match your head."

Story of Joan of Arc

Joan of Arc, better known as Maid of Orleans, was born of poor and humble parents in the province of Lorraine, France, on January 6, 1412.

Like other girls of her rank, she was taught to sew and spin, but not to read or write. She was taught in religious faith when very young; she often knelt for hours at a time before the altar in the village chapel, until she fancied that the statues were speaking to her. Before long she believed that she had been chosen by God to do a special work of deliverance for her country.

Finally she told her father that she had heard a voice telling her to go and help the Dauphin. She had by far rather spin by her mother's side; but since it was God's will she thought she had better go and do as commanded. All laughed at her story, but they were overcome by her persistency.

She put on male dress and a suit of white armor of her own device—white, embroidered with lilies, on one side a picture of God, on the other, the shield of France,—her sword, marked with five old crosses on the blade, which the saints had commanded her to wear. Thus equipped at the head of about six thousand men, supplied with provisions for the starving, she appeared in the city of Orleans.

On April 29, 1429, she entered the city and after fifteen days' fighting, the British were compelled to retreat. Joan was then thought to be a witch. She hastened to the Dauphin's coronation and in less than three months stood beside him in Rheims and saluted him as king.

She continued to accompany French armies. In 1439 she went with a company of men to the assistance of Compiegne, which was taken by forces from Burgundy. Here she was left behind by her men and was taken prisoner. She was sold to the English for ten thousand pounds. A month later she was taken to Rouen and cast into prison, being arraigned before the tribunal of Pierre Canchon, as a heretic. Day after day she was tortured with questions leading her to condemn herself. She finally was brought to a burial place

before a scaffold. She was tortured with threats and promises by her capturers until she declared that she had done this for her church. After signing a declaration and protesting that she would never again dress in men's clothing, she was condemned to prison for life. During the time she lay in her cell, she was forced by her guards to put on the forbidden garment.

This was ground for another charge, that she had relapsed, and she was again brought to the scaffold; she faced her doom with the courage of a martyr. While flames burned around, she ceased not to repeat the name of "Jesus." At the very last she was heard to say, "Jesus," then her head drooped; her soul had left her body.

VIRGINIA BRAGG, '07.

Q u o t a t i o n s

Men should not think too much of themselves, and yet a man should be careful not to forget himself.—Prentice.

“Our content is our best having.”

To sneer and denounce is a very easy way of assuming a great deal of wisdom, and concealing a great deal of ignorance.

I must choose to receive the truth no matter how it bears upon myself; must follow it, no matter where it leads, from what party it severs me, or to what party it allies.—Dr. Channing.

It is more dishonorable to distrust a friend than to be deceived by him.—De la Rochefoucauld.

The most difficult duty to practice is thorough truthfulness.

An editor at dinner, being asked if he would take some pudding, replied in a fit of abstraction: “Owing to a crowd of other matter, we are unable to find room for it.”

H i g h S c h o o l L y c e u m

The High School Lyceum was organized in 1892 by our principal, Mr. Jenkins. It was a great success from the first, and has been maintained by the pupils with much interest since its organization, with the exception of two brief periods. The meetings were first held once a week during school hours, but now they are held once every other week. All students are members and are obliged to take part in the meetings when assigned work, except when a satisfactory excuse can be given. All students are expected to take part voluntarily.

The lyceum is governed by a constitution and by-laws. The meetings are conducted according to parliamentary laws, thereby giving the students a training which will be a great help in after life. The work of the Lyceum consists of debates, mock trials, mock town meetings and other useful exercises. Music, both vocal and instrumental, is rendered by different students at each meeting. Great good is derived in so doing, because it helps the student to overcome their fear of taking part in public.

The results of the lyceum may be plainly seen. It helps the student to think quickly, to say what he really thinks, and to think while on his feet. The student learns how to arrange his thoughts in a debate in a logical and forceful way. He learns, by doing, how to do the work of town meetings, and how cases are conducted in courts of law. This is shown by the pupils who have graduated from the school. Many of them, who have come back to the old school, have told what a great benefit they derived from the lyceum meetings.

Let us who remain try to make the lyceum even more of a success than ever before, so that in after life when we recall our school days, we will see, not only what a pleasure, but what a great benefit the meetings of the lyceum were to us.

Prof.—“Love may be classed along with heat, light and electricity as a species of force called energy.” Student—“Is n't its sparks generated by pressure?”

Athletics

Football has received more attention this fall in our high school than ever before. The team is under the management of Capt. Coffin, who has taken great interest in his work. Considering the difficulty in getting candidates at the first of the season, he has a very good eleven. The men are a little light, but they make up for this in speed. No one has been seriously injured, and all were in fine shape for the game played November 29.

GAME BETWEEN THE LOCALS AND P. H. S.

The game was played near Evans's field. A large number of spectators were present. The field was in fairly good condition; and, except for a strong wind, a better day could not have been selected.

At two o'clock the high school team was called by Capt. Coffin, and engaged in some vigorous practice in the school yard. Shortly before three o'clock, the team left for the field.

The game was called at 3 o'clock and the local team won the toss and chose the south goal. Coffin kicked off for the P. H. S., Jennings getting the ball for the locals. He was downed on the 30 yard line. In two downs the locals did not gain more than two yards. The ball then went to the high school team on a fumble. In the first down Adams scored a touchdown by a run around the right end.

Atkins kicked off for the locals, making a fine kick against the wind. Coffin got the ball and rushed it about five yards, where he was downed by the locals. In the first down the P. H. S. gained about two yards. In the second down Adams punted. Burch got the ball and scored the second touchdown.

Coffin kicked off for the high school. The locals lost it on downs. In three downs the high school team gained 10 yards, rushing through centre. Adams then scored the third touchdown.

The second half was not played.

Score: P. H. S., 15; Locals, 0.

The line up:

P. H. S.	Positions.	Locals.	
Leroy Cook,	l. e.,	r. e.,	G. Pierce
Hollis Mayo,	l. t.,	r. t.,	R. Atkins
Richard Lewis,	l. g.,	r. g.,	A. Chapman
Harold Watson,	c.,	c.,	M. Enos
Roy Nickerson,	r. g.,	l. g.,	J. Sintz
William Paine,	r. t.,	l. t.,	G. Crocker
Murray Burch,	r. e.,	l. e.,	A. Jason
Sumner Coffin,	g. b.,	g. b.,	A. Jennings
Herbert Adams,	l. h. b.,	r. h. b.,	J. Mayo
Earle Emery,	r. h. b.,	l. h. b.,	I. Young
Manuel Silva,	f. b.,	r. b.,	C. Chapman

Exchange Notes

We are fortunate to have received exchanges from the Gloucester, Somerville and Waltham high schools.

Pupils having spare time would probably be interested in looking through the exchanges which they will find on the desk.

"The Mirror" has a fine essay on football in its columns. "Why Students Love Dartmouth" in the same paper is also worthy of praise.

"The Radiator" is an excellent paper. Many of its compositions are commendable, especially "The Harpist," "Liza's Strategy" and "Winning His 'W. A.'" "

"The Students' Review" has a very neat cover. "A Misunderstanding" in this paper is very cleverly written.

The Brookline High School Sagamore is a bright little paper. It is small but compact and very well arranged. "Victory!" and the stories under the subject, "While the Candle Burns," are worthy of our attention.

"My Experience in a Coal Mine" in the "Imp" is an excellent story.

December Locals

Mayo, '07, is dealing in Silver now.

Baker, '08, brags that he can do a Virginia reel.

Emery, '07, is very fond of little cookies flavored with cassia.

We see that Miss Baker, '07, is going back to her old tricks again—doing things up Brown.

What is the attraction around Paine's desk—the knife or Paine himself?

Hannum, '08, is heard chanting quite often, "My Wife wont Let Me."

Wanted—A lady to wear the Cape of Good Hope.

Look out for the girls' basket ball team.

Perhaps it was the Thanksgiving turkey that Shakespeare alluded to when he said, "Fair is fowl and fowl is fair."

Hannum, '08, in English, explaining about the duke in the "Merchant of Venice," to Corea, "He was a woman."

Corea, '08, translating in Cæsar, "The rising hill rose," and here he stopped abruptly; we wonder why.

It has lately been discovered that Bickers, '08, has a fine tenor voice. We hope he will favor us with a solo in the lyceum.

Master Worth's favorite answer in physical geography: "Fish live on dead fish that die."

Patronize our advertisers.

Miss C., '08, has received the name of "Henry."

Have you heard the P. H. S. foot ball song?

"Joe Brief" has received the title of "my child," from Paine, '07, also "niece" from Miss Paine, '09.

Lewis in Cæsar, "At that time our cavalry and light-armed infantry who—which—when—"

The boys have strange freaks. Their latest was to display the funniest combination of hosiery in their possession.

The junior class have selected a very pretty design in crimson and gold for their class pins. The boys of the class

could not agree with the girls, and they purchased class rings.

Wanted—A blacksmith to make iron bands for the heads of the senior boys.

Mayo looked as though he were going to preach a sermon, when he took the president's chair in the lyceum.

Miss Matheson, translating in French, "In order to have my husband put together."

Everybody was surprised and some disappointed to find that no one was killed or maimed for life in the foot ball game.

Burch proved himself to be a valuable man in the foot ball game.

Lives of great men all remind us,
That we will, if we are wise,
Leave our modesty behind us
And get out and advertise.

Brown is thinking of taking up the business of a glass blower.

Paine says he would have made a touchdown in the game, had not his foot got tangled in his whiskers.

We understand that Emery has given up his bicycle and purchased a pair of snow-shoes. It will be tough luck for him if we do not have a heavy fall of snow before the firemen's ball.

Prof.—"What is the meaning of *insideo*, Mr. B.?"

Student—"I—ah—believe it—means to besiege, to invest—a place by throwing up earthworks, and—a—"

Prof.—"It means to sit—sit down." Class howls for ten minutes.

"I spend a great deal of time," said a senior, as he adjusted his new tie before a glass, "in reflection."

The prize boarding-house steak has been discovered. It was so tough that the intended victim could not stick his fork in the gravy.

Why is a ladies' seminary like a sugar factory? Because they both refine that which is already sweet.

Alumni Department

PERSONALS.

Dr. Clarence R. Campbell, class of 1899, who has recently graduated from the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Baltimore, Maryland, has secured an excellent position as naval surgeon in a marine hospital near Portland, Me.

Miss Una L. Rich, class of 1900, is teaching stenography and typewriting in the high school at Sheffield, Mass.

Mr. Isaiah A. Whorf, '00, in addition to his studies at the Lawrence Scientific School, Cambridge, Mass., is teaching in the evening school at Somerville. Mr. Whorf is also rowing on the Foxcroft Dormitory crew.

Friends of Miss Bertha Atkins, '00, are glad to hear of her marked improvement in health.

Mr. Manuel Perry, Jr., class of '02, has completed a four years' course at the Fore River Ship Building company, Quincy, Mass.

Miss Flora N. Peters, class of 1903, a graduate of Hyannis normal school, who has been teaching the past year at North Truro, has secured a more lucrative position in Barnstable. She will begin her work there in January.

Miss Faustina Freeman, Mr. George Lucas and Miss Helen G. Allen, all of the class of '05, are attending Boston University. Miss Freeman and Mr. Lucas are sophomores, and Miss Allen is a freshman.

THE BENEFITS OF PURE AIR.

There is nothing cheaper than fresh air, yet how many people take it as sparingly as an expensive article. Could we but see the condition of the air we breathe many times in close-heated rooms we would loathe it as we would putrid water.

Night air is not harmful as some conservative people suppose. It is really the best and purest air, for at night the traffic of a busy day ceases and there is consequently less dust

If you have two windows, open both; if there are three or four, so much the better—open them all and keep them open, no matter what the weather. Let all the breezes of heaven blow over you, for there is life and health in every breath.

The advantages of sleeping out of doors have been proved again and again by persons suffering from lung troubles. Is it not better to prevent sickness than to cure it? By giving ourselves a plenty of fresh air, we are not so sensitive to draughts and so avoid taking colds.

A. C. P., '87.

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