

The cover features a complex decorative design. A wide, dark brown border with a repeating geometric pattern of interlocking hexagons frames the entire page. Inside this border, a large, ornate black frame surrounds the central text. This frame is composed of a top and bottom section with flowing, leaf-like flourishes, and two side sections with circular floral motifs. The central text is contained within a white, vertically-oriented rectangular area with rounded top and bottom corners.

Long
Pointer

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THE LONG POINTER

PROVINCETOWN HIGH SCHOOL

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The Staff



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Fellow students! I think the last issue of the Long Pointer was the best, or one of the best, ever published. What do **you** think? I thank you, my staff, for your great, unselfish cooperation. I thank, on behalf of the rest of the staff and our advisor, the students who contributed in a literary way to the magazine. I thank all the students who bought the Long Pointer, because it was through you that the magazine was published, as well as through the staff. I must say: "Keep up the good work! Contribute to the Long Pointer! Buy the magazine again!"

Fellow students! I must confess to you that I am ashamed of the way **some** pupils act toward our literary organ. There are some pupils who did not buy the Long Pointer because a brother bought it; because their names weren't in it; because they **just didn't want to**. What if your brother has one? You have some pride in your school and all that comes out of it. You are interested enough in your school days to keep a record of the school's greatest extra-curricula activity. You will enjoy re-reading the finger-marked pages of old Long Pointers in future years, just to freshen your memory, to gossip once more at those happy, noisy gatherings at recess, to romp again in the gymnasium, to hear repeated the soothing rhythm of a satisfying classic poem. Don't you think that this will be ample reward for the regular purchase of the school magazine?

"You've nothing in it! Well, now, isn't it a shame?" Why didn't you write something for it? Probably something you wrote was rejected. We all have had our contributions rejected more than once. But we wrote again, and you can do the same. You know a joke. You have read a book that you liked. Tell us about it in the Long Pointer. Yet, if you cannot write anything, even after consulting your English teacher for suggestions and criticisms, you must feel enough interest in your classmates to keep a record of their activities on the court or in the auditorium.

Because they—just didn't want to (said with a shrug of the shoulder and a quirk of the lip.) This class invariably goes about saying (after borrowing the magazine from a friend), "Gee, it looks good—it's the best yet—but it hasn't enough jokes!" Well, probably he doesn't know that publishing any sort of paper costs money, and the Long Pointer is published by the student body's financial backing. If these pupils would but buy the Long Pointer, they would be instrumental in adding a page more of quips and cranks. "The more magazines we sell, the better will be the issue" is our slogan! Can't the slackers who criticized, but didn't buy, help us by supporting the magazine, even if it is only through a sense of shame at seeing everyone else in the class buying a copy, if no nobler motive urges them?

* * *

Those rumblings are not of thunder, but of war—war, probably the key to the problem of worldwide depression. The world has been preaching disarmament to itself, yet here one of the world's great powers is waging a war against China. Japan needs to be self-subsistent to become a great power. The only way to do this is to gain possession of the sources of subsistence that are nearest home and probably easiest to get. Of course a friendly commercial feeling between countries cannot be depended upon. To use the case itself, Japan must

wrest the sources of her subsistence from China by force and, as there is no time better than the present, this is what Japan is doing. A history teacher once told me that the easiest thing for a nation to do is to find an excuse to wage war. It seems that his saying is correct. Of course China, looking for a foothold to counteract Japan's thrust, has sought to boycott Japanese products in China. The entire Japanese manufacturing world is thus somewhat crippled. Now, Japan has an eye on Shanghai as the key to possession of the desired land of milk and honey. Accordingly, she sends troops to Shanghai, not to wage war, but to protect her citizens! Quite an excuse, but one which was made to try to mislead the rest of the world. However, the interests of other nations which are centered at Shanghai are endangered by the hostilities. Therefore, the nations having interests at the key-city have sent their arms of force to the scene. Of course this may bring a strained relation between Japan and the other powers, and may even result in war throughout the world, on the grounds that the nations have landed troops and are secretly in league with the Chinese. However, if the nations make no attempt to safeguard their interests in China, a change of hands in the country may result in the total loss of such interests to the foreign countries.

Still the occupation of hostile territory by neutral powers always holds the possibility that the nations will become involved. The result of war; with war would come the twenty-four-hour schedules in our factories, and the consequent drying of the unemployed pools. Dockyards and steel foundries, airplane factories and cotton-mills, all would be pulsating with the rushing business of wartime prosperity. The unemployed man's eyes might sparkle at this great burst of prosperity, but the author of this prosperity is war. Can it be possible that Mars' ugly features are behind all of this activity in the manufacturing world?

A look at behind-the-front hospitals would tell you instantly that Mars is the instigator of the plot. Will it profit the world to send its youth to battle just to aid the unemployment situation? Here are thousands of factories running day and night—a sight that would make any unemployed man laugh with hysterical joy. There are millions of men—boys—and women, too, shivering with cold and dread in rain-flooded trenches and in hastily thrown-up hospitals. Probably the man who was thrilled so at being able to work again is saddened to a death-like silence by the news enclosed in the government black-bordered envelope. Not only soldiers and sailors would suffer, but non-combatants, who once would be thought entirely out of harm's way, are subject to the sudden, vicious, and ungodly attacks of men upon men in this "solution to the unemployment problem." Is such a solution profitable? We might truthfully say:

"What will it profit a man if he gain gold only to lose his loved ones and his simple happiness?" Would that these rumblings are but the echoes of our last great tempest. If not that, would that they are the mutterings of a threatening tempest which may be blown back to where it originated by the wind of the Guide of all Good.

VACANT SCHOOL SEATS

WHAT is the cost to our school system of seats vacant because of intermittent absence of pupils? Parents as a rule are not conscious of the loss involved when their children absent themselves from school—loss through insufficient use of full-time facilities, loss through interruption of the child's progress and hindrance of classroom advancement.

The waste in money and opportunity is large and school administrators have, like other business executives, had to guard against it. Business makes a strong point of looking after the health and morale of its workers. This attitude is not only humane but profitable. Loss of time through illness or other preventable causes is expensive to both employer and employe.

It costs the taxpayers no more to operate a classroom with a hundred per cent attendance than it does with a ninety per cent. In the latter case the schools are being operated at a ten per cent loss. The importance of this fact may never have occurred to parents. There are those who are even inclined to consider the school meddlesome if it tries to keep close check on absentees. They regard it as an encroachment on their individual rights. They consider the schools a place where children are to be taught when it is convenient for them to attend.

The financial loss is not the only consideration. There is the handicap to the pupil through scattered absences, as well as the lowering of the efficiency and progress of the entire class. No business enterprise would tolerate the percentage of absence and tardiness experienced in the schools. It would be too disorganizing to be profitable. Parents should be impressed with the importance of punctual and regular attendance, not only as a benefit to the child, a duty to the regular attendants and a service to the community in getting the maximum value out of school funds, but also as a factor in habit-training. It helps build a sense of responsibility and dependability in the pupil.

The great burden of responsibility for attendance now falls, necessarily, on the teacher. She has, of course, cooperation from various agencies, such as the visiting or home teacher, attendance officers, etc., yet the major part of the task of keeping the classroom filled is on her shoulders. She must face the monthly attendance percentage, a barometer registering the interest generated in the classroom and the vigor with which the teacher follows up absences and insists on prompt and regular attendance. When the energy of the teacher is directed toward the attendance problem, it is being diverted from that supply which should be applied to her teaching power, or else is depleting the reserve energy, as essential in a teacher as is the cash reserve in a business or industry. It would seem, therefore, that the home should take more seriously this shifting to the teacher of an added burden. It remains hers to do if the home does not do it. If she has concern for her own record, for the interests of other pupils and for the community making school finances possible, she has no alternative.

Educating the child should be a cooperative labor divided between school and home. The responsibility of pupil attendance rests on the parent and ought not to be shifted on the school.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

BROTHER FLAVIAN'S TALE

Anyone who has toured the southwestern section of our country has noticed the striking similarity of all of the tiny Navajo villages of that region. Indeed, the inhabitants themselves seem no different in this village than they were in that. However, one source of change can be found in every village if the traveler will but stroll down the dusty lane to the tiny adobe church and talk with its pastor. I had done this countless times, but one later afternoon five years ago will forever remain in my mind. On that day I walked to the massive door of the weather-beaten mission and, pushing on the portal, had entered the quaint church. While kneeling in silent meditation in the rear of the church, I felt my attention being drawn to two black-robed figures kneeling in the feeble light of the flickering red sanctuary lamp. While I looked at them, one of them visibly shuddered. He must have sobbed, for the other father, an old man, as his slow step seemed to indicate, rose from his position before the statue of the Blessed Mother, and, approaching his fellow priest, consoled him as a mother consoles her child. After a few words to the quivering figure at his feet, the old father, deeply wrapped in thought, began to walk up the aisle toward the place where I was kneeling. Not until he was within a few yards of me did the priest notice me. His eyes lit with a soft glow, and his face turned from deepest meditation to a kind interest. I rose from the pew and introduced myself. Brother Flavian, for so he called himself, immediately became as an age old friend. Encouraged by the certain note of comfort which his soft voice, whispering in the mellow light of the semi-darkness, carried, I asked him about the mission—its history. Hereupon my companion revealed a story of conquests, of defeats, from times long since passed, to the present.

"Even now," Brother Flavian continued, "there is a struggle going on within these very walls. There is Brother Sixtus. He seems to be forty-five years old, yet he is but a boy—only twenty-eight. I love that boy, too. And I fear for him. There is a long story behind it all—a story of love, hate, sorrow, all the emotions mixed into a hopeless mass. That is, hopeless, until the good God sends Death to untangle it all."

He continued, not waiting for me to ask him to. Evidently he was happy to tell his sorrows, his fears, to another.

"A number of years ago, 1917, to be exact, two young boys were at the Western Front. A year before they had been companions in the alleys of New York's East Side. Now they were novices in the great game of war. Innocent children were learning the art of killing each other; killing each other with man-made machines of destruction. But neither of these boys knew where the other was. One, Brother Sixtus, had enlisted in the army. He was going to fight for his country. One cannot blame him. I myself was caught up in the whirlwind and went across as a chaplain. Soon after Brother Sixtus left

home his friend disappeared. He too, doubtlessly, had gone to the recruiting station. A few weeks later his name was found among others on the recruiting list of a German agent from Jersey City, when his effects were searched.

"Brother Sixtus had completed his training in the United States and was in a flying school in France before his boyhood chum had joined the ranks of the Fatherland. He swore to 'get' him for that. Soon after Brother Sixtus had shot down his second enemy plane, the young pal was sent to the German flying field for combat, after a short, hurried training period.

The morning after his arrival at the jagdstaffel, the young German-American went up with his comrades for a flight over no-man's land. Suddenly a combat flight of Allied planes swooped down out of the sun. A moment of gun testing—a singling out of the enemy—then the clash. The square goggles that the German novice wore didn't hide his features from the American's glance. Recognition flashed across his face. Twice Brother Sixtus had his boyhood pal lined in his gun's sight and twice he couldn't shoot. Then the lad in the Fokker chanced to shoot down an American plane. The friend from the East Side saw one of his buddies shot down by a—a traitorous Hun. Stark madness seized the man in the Spad. Disregarding the crossfire of two planes he bored down through the cloudless sky—shrieking, toward the Fokker. Ten thousand devils pulled at the stay wires, making them shriek like the Furies. A trial burst from his guns and now he had him. A little above, and slightly behind the Fokker, he pressed his trigger for a long burst. Tiny holes appeared as if by magic along the right wing of the Fokker, eating their way to the cockpit. Fear-stricken, a bloodless countenance glared into the jerking guns of the Spad. Frantically the novice Hun tried to escape the deadly blast of steel, only to find himself being slowly but surely overcome. Once more the two planes went through a series of manoeuvres, then at the end of a right bank the sights of the Spad bored straight into the cockpit of the Fokker. Once more the frantic aviator gazed into the face of violent death. Once more that murderous glint in the blue eyes of the Allied aviator, and the fingers moved down the stick to the trigger. The figure in the Fokker jerked upright. A look of fright, surprise and hurt stamped on the pale, oil-streaked face. Waving his hand, the figure slumped in the cockpit, and unconscious, hurtled toward the earth, a meteor of death. His friend suddenly released his hold on the trigger. His body turned cold. A torrent of hot tears steamed his goggles. Like a senseless demon he sped away from the dogfight. He tried to put the noise, the death of the encounter, behind him. Minutes later a speeding Allied plane was seen diving toward the tarmac of the squadron's airdrome. The plane landed with a crash. The tail rose and the plane fell over upon its back, the pilot hanging motionless from the cockpit. Crash wagons screamed. Mechanics and reserve pilots ran toward

the wrecked Spad. When they arrived the boy pilot was standing there with bared head, tears streaming from his eyes, and screeching gales of laughter at the awestricken crowd. None understood his gibberish. None dared approach the raving pilot for minutes. Then a man in an olive drab uniform with crosses on his collar and a rosary at his side, approached the man. The maniac became cool. A look of hurt came over his sweating face. Then, grasping the chaplain's arm, my arm, he turned and fled with him toward his cubicle. There in the silence of the metal hut he told me his story, every moment shuddering, every moment tears streaming from his eyes. He begged forgiveness. For what? For killing a friend in a fit of madness. A fit of madness that the world itself had become subject to, a madness to kill—kill—kill!

"For weeks afterward the very sight of a plane sent shudders through the body of Brother Sixtus. He tried to drown his sorrows in champagne, but he was unsuccessful. Even liquor could not blot from his memory that fear-stricken face gazing into the muzzle of hell.

"I talked with him; had him removed from active flight duty. I understood him, tried to comfort him—to no avail.

"Then the Armistice. We both came back to America; I, to my altar and he, to his. But his altar was one of suffering, of fear, of love for a dead friend, and hate for the hand which slew him.

"He came to me one day just before I came out here. He wanted to talk to me. We talked together for a whole afternoon. The outcome was that he went to the monastery in Ohio. He has been here with me for a year now. His mind is much more at ease, especially when he offers the frequent Masses for his German friend. Still, in the evening, when he kneels before the tabernacle, he begins shuddering. I fear for him when he does that, and I—Why! What is it? You're shaking like a leaf!"

"Jim!" I let out the agonized cry which I had been trying to utter for the last five minutes. "Jimmy!" the figure in the sanctuary stiffened. He rose with a jerk and whirled toward the nave.

"Jimmy, don't—don't you—?"

"Harry! Harry!"

I ran up to him. I don't feel ashamed of it. I kissed him—kissed him as a mother would kiss a long lost child. He, too, kissed me. Brother Flavian hurried up to us. There in the dim light before the tabernacle Brother Sixtus, Jim, my pal from the East Side, told Brother Flavian who I was.

I couldn't help it, I cried for joy. Brother Flavian comforted me and led me to the altar of the Blessed Mother. There I vowed that I would pay the God of Hosts for bringing me to my friend again.

Now there are but a few years more before I meet Brother Sixtus and Brother Flavian at the altar in the little adobe church, there to offer my first Mass for the Virgin with Brother Flavian at my left, Brother Sixtus at my right, and I, Brother Sextus, in the middle.

Thomas Edwards, '32.

* * *

The God of light is rising in the east—

High heavens turn to rose and azure light;

Glad birds proclaim the promise of the day,
While dew-drenched flow'rs nod "adios" to night.

Mary Ferreira, '32.

* * *

HER SUPREME SACRIFICE

It was in the spring of 1930. Alice Longworth was on her way to the office. She had been stenographer for Bentley & Sons for four years and received the same unvaried salary on the precise day of each consecutive week.

She was the average type of girl, who had a fast-aging mother to support besides herself, and always seemed to have the same dread obstacles to worry over; the monthly rent, the installment on the dining-room furniture, and the slightly-changing doctor's bill.

Life was quite monotonous, she decided, on her walk to the office—she always walked; the saved carfare would almost pay the electric light bill. If only something would happen.

The "gang" were already in the office, although it lacked a few minutes before "opening" time. Alice joined a small group of typists who were murmuring excitedly. Upon seeing Alice, they formed a circle about her and began to talk in loud incoherent tones.

What was the meaning of this uproar, Alice wondered? Did she read the poster in the corridor? No, she hadn't. They soon informed her of its contents. The firms, Bentley & Bros., and the Martin Daley Co., were holding a type-writing contest in the Bradley Hall on the following week to ascertain which company had the most efficient typist. The award for the winner was one thousand dollars or—here Alice involuntarily gasped—a free trip to Europe for six months, with all expenses paid, and with a month's stay in Paris. She almost swooned with the thought of it! A whole month in Paris! She could visit those fascinating night-clubs and see all those distinguishing personages she had read about, and perhaps meet a few; and the ocean trip; she would wear her new spring suit and her black hat and the white frilled blouse that mother had made—here she stopped short—What would become of Mother? Why, she would go and stay with Aunt Minnie who lived in Kansas. With a dismissing shrug of her shoulders, she again lost herself in her reverie.

The memorable day arrived with Alice flushed and breathless at the hall a full half hour before it opened. Her mind was a dizzy whirl of thoughts as she again reviewed that morning's scene, the doctor's curt reply to her anxious questions of her mother's condition, which had suddenly grown serious. Just suppose Mother got so sick she could not leave her; just suppose, Alice shut out this thought determinedly; just suppose she **didn't** win. She musn't think of that ever. Didn't Mr. Bentley tell her she was his "old stand-by"—Of course she'd win!

A messenger boy raced across the polished floor to where Alice was giving a shiny typewriter the "once-over." Ignoring the exasperated signals to get out from an important-looking member of the Martin Daley Company, he thrust a long envelope into her hand and speedily took to the nearest exit.

Wonderingly, Alice opened the envelope and read with increasing horror, "Your mother's condition

serious. Surgical operation imperative within 24-hours. Dr. Blake." With a determined effort Alice drew herself up and listened vaguely to the instructions which the judge was giving in a loud tone.

"Mother worse—operation imperative." The words droned themselves into her mind. What would she do? She would have to beg a postponement of the trip and stay with mother. She must **never**, **never** think of giving up the trip. Her air castles, her plans; they **must** materialize.

Her fingers instinctively sought the keys on the "warning" signal, and she was typing furiously before the end of the "starting" bell. Her mind was in a turmoil, but from force of habit her fingers responded with their customary efficiency. The perspiration trickled down her neck. The words of the speed test penetrated her brain—"the only person who is willing to sacrifice life and happiness; a true and considerate companion, the long-suffering martyr—your mother."

The realization of the truth of the sentence suddenly dawned on Alice. Wasn't that the real description of her mother, suffering in silence? The million and one small acts, emblems of her mother's love recalled to her how fine her mother really was; and now to die and be deprived of an operation just to satisfy her selfish daughter's whim. But the trip—could she ever think of giving it up? Hardly!

The finishing gong sounded onimously throughout the hall. The neat type-written sheets were carefully collected and given to the judges. Motionless Alice watched them, then gazed anxiously at her employer who beamed down victoriously at her, and said in his deep voice, "I acclaim the winner, Miss Alice Longworth."

Alice received the congratulations which followed a bit bewilderedly, and stated her choice of a trip to Europe in a tremulous voice. She accepted the passports and friendly advice bestowed on her by her employer with a guilty feeling which she could not subdue. The walk home was a terrific battle with herself. Before reaching home she had decided to help herself to her "just happiness", and forget this gnawing at her heart.

Her mother lay pale and wan in her narrow cot, but regained a bit of her former enthusiasm when Alice told her the good news. Alice went into the adjoining room and took her clothes out of a tiny closet, and feverishly began to put them into her shabby suitcase.

An involuntary groan from her mother reached her ears; Alice crushed the silk blouse she held with acute pain. A robin chirped cheerfully at the window sill. He was alive and glad of it, and didn't ask for anything more. Alice gazed at him a moment, then at the tickets on the dusty chiffonier.

With a superhuman effort, she seized them, and, putting on her coat, thrust them into the pocket and ran out of the house while her mother gazed after her in astonishment. Once on the street she lost no time in reaching her destination. Convulsive sobs racked her slight frame, but she ran on, unconscious of the stares of on-lookers.

She reached Bradley Hall in one-third the usual time, breathless, but with a lighter feeling in her heart than she had had for ages. Mr. Bentley was

just getting ready to depart, but smiled down indulgently at her flushed face with a paternal interest. She did not hesitate nor waver in her purpose, but began earnestly to converse with him, encouraged by his kindly and sympathetic countenance.

"Mr. Bentley, I wish to change the passports for the money. I've decided not to go to Europe this season." "I've—I've—I've"—here her voice broke and she stopped a moment to regain her self-control. "I think it's much nicer to be with the 'gang' at the office than in a stuffy country in the summer." She continued steadily. Mr. Bentley looked searchingly into her eyes, but did not mention what was in his mind. He took the passports she offered him with her trembling hand and walked slowly across the room and opened a tiny wall safe and put them in, then began to casually count some currency from a small tin box. Alice suppressed a stifled scream as she watched the passports as if hypnotized. Her dreams meant the possession of that small packet of papers—and there was yet time! She could seize the money and the currency—the thought passed as swiftly as it came. She knew she would never entertain it again. She must suffer in silence. But why should she? Would any normal girl in her predicament give up her life ambition. No, they wouldn't and she **couldn't**. She turned to tell of her change of mind to Mr. Bentley when she came face to face with her reflection in the elaborate hall mirror. The white drawn face so like that of her mother startled her so that she drew back. It was a mute appeal from one who had given her life.

She accepted the crisp bills from Mr. Bentley with a sweet smile, and emerged from Bradley Hall a few minutes later with the same peaceful look on her face. She crossed the street and went into the drug store at the corner. She walked into the telephone booth nearest the door. The following one-sided conversation drifted through to the small group of idlers standing about the soda fountain.

"Number 2638?" "Yes, thank you." Pause. "Dr. Blake? Alice Longworth speaking." "Yes." "Will you arrange for an ambulance to take mother to the hospital immediately?" "Yes, of course she'll have the radium treatments." "Please remember that money is of no consequence." "Yes." "Oh, no, I've decided to postpone the trip indefinitely." "Paris is so boring at this time of year, don't you think?" "Yes, indeed. Thank you." "Goodbye."

Mary Andrews, Class '32.

* * *

THE STORM

The heaving billows roar
On the great north shore,
As gathering clouds become dense.
And the wind, howling and whistling,
Carries for miles a-far
The warning of its course.

The trees sway in their wake,
Waves dash upon the rocks;
And birds, fearing the storm, quake.
Now they commence a flight
To parts more calm and warm,
Because the storm is at its height.

Curtis Johnson, '33.

THE STORM

Down a long, rocky wash, where round boulders as smooth as death-heads lay shimmering in the sand, a large herd of sheep wound it's way into a small pass before coming out on the great treeless area which must be crossed before reaching the ranch. A large shepherd dog was at the head of the herd while in the rear appeared a beautiful young girl about 18 years old. She was very tall and slender and looked very incapable of performing the feat of keeping this great herd of about three-hundred sheep together.

It was a lovely day; the sky was the beautiful blue which only an Arizona sky can be. Suddenly the young girl looked up, and an expression mixed with fear and dismay crossed her beautiful face. She had seen the one dark cloud which was soon to change her entire life. She knew that this small cloud would quickly spread out over the heavens and bursting open, would let forth a deluge of rain drowning all animals not under shelter.

Could she beat this cloudburst? It was her only hope. But everything seemed against her. She still had about four miles to travel before reaching the ranch and there was nothing to shelter her on the way. No trees under whose wide branches she might rest. There was one chance in a hundred and she had to take it, although she would much prefer to end everything rather than to go back to a home which lacked a mother's hand, back to an uncle, constantly drunk and always brutal. But loving her sheep as all sheep tenders do, she called the dog by her side and, blowing a shrill whistle, which was a command to the sheep to get closer to each other, she continued her way home.

She had not walked one hundred yards when the sky darkened, a clap of thunder pierced the stillness of the afternoon and slowly and then faster and faster came the rain. It was a struggle between courage and weakness. Courage triumphed, for after what seemed an eternity of fighting against the temptation to give up, she came in sight of the ranch. Never had this old place seemed so beautiful.

Then began the endless counting of sheep as they passed one by one into the coral. Why, she had only counted two hundred and twenty-five sheep. No, it couldn't be possible, she couldn't have lost twenty-five and not missed them before. Yet she knew she had counted right; she knew that the sheep could only enter the coral in single file. Realizing that this would mean a thrashing with the terrible horse whip and being sent back into the storm, she tried to recollect how these sheep could have roamed away from the rest of the herd and not be seen by either she or the dog. Then she remembered the great flash of lightning which had blinded her for about three minutes. Yes, she had, she must have lost them at this time.

She thought of going back for them before telling her uncle, but she couldn't seem to remember exactly where this terrible misfortune had happened.

Finally assuming all her courage, and with face pale as death she opened the door of her uncle's office. Stepping over the threshold she looked into the glowing blood-shot eyes of her drunken uncle.

"Well", he rasped, "can't you talk? Are they safe?"

Stammering, and almost fainting with terror she replied that twenty-five were lost.

He cursed her for her carelessness and in his drunken stupor, blurted out a few facts of her childhood which she had never known.

It appears that she was merely given to him in payment for a debt by a man who killed her father and mother because they had refused to sell him a certain horse which he wanted. The young girl's face was radiant with happiness when she heard that she was nothing to this man. Turning around she opened the door and stepped out into the storm when it was at its height, never again to return to her life of fear and torture.

Ida Roderick, '33.

* * *

WINTER REIGNS

Summer's flowrets long are dead;
The plains are frozen white.
Summer's songbirds, too, have fled
Far away from this cold night.

The bleak wind howls as the night draws near,
And the day prepares to go;
Old Man Winter surely reigns
In these great white whirls of snow.

Theodora E. Lopes, Class '34.

* * *

A COINCIDENCE

Carl was a typical, plodding, stick-to-it German, with a strong accent. Slim was a typical, tall, lanky and, on occasion, quick-tempered Texan. They were a perfect pair for a sporting goods store, the Texan, salesman, the German, repairing. People liked to gossip with Slim while Carl did repair work for them. Sports were just beginning to become popular, and the store prospered.

In the fall of 1914 Carl saw fit, as did many Germans, to return to the Fatherland. Slim ran the store as best he could without his friend for three years, then enlisted in the United States Army.

Funny thing, War.

The tank, rumbling and clanking as it climbed from a small mine crater, rocked as a shell from a seventy-seven landed beside it. The driver swore carefully and to some length, for shells from that same field-gun had knocked him from his seat half a dozen times that morning. The tank was prowling around cleaning up a couple of hundred yards behind the general advance, and occasionally going ahead to help other tanks locate machine-guns and one-pounders. A direct hit from the seventy-seven would have instantly terminated the tank's usefulness, but the German gunners, although working with persistence from an observer on a hill a short distance ahead, had so far been just a little behind the tank in its erratic course.

The driver was so aroused by this last jolt (which had cost him a front tooth), that he turned his machine and drove it, throttle wide, straight to the east. In no time at all he had passed his companions, as they, in hunting down machine-guns, had to cover considerable ground laterally.

In a few more moments the tank was so close to the hill that it was out of range of the gun, which had been firing over the top. By chance, in reaching

the top of the hill, it came directly upon a small concrete pill-box in which the gun's observer was stationed. The tank ran over it. The observer was never identified.

The eastern side of the hill was a gentle slope, down which, about a hundred yards distant, was the particular seventy-seven. A machine-gun is much easier to get into action than any field gun ever made, and a hundred yards is considered point-blank by machine-gunners. There was no further resistance from the seventy-seven.

The hill-top was the morning's objective, not a very hard one due to a general retreat of the enemy, so the driver, anger appeased, ran his machine to the field-gun's emplacement. It was a complete shambles. Curious, he and his gunner, after carefully looking over the immediate vicinity, climbed from the tank and looked over the crew that had almost put them out a dozen times that morning.

It had been the only gun remaining of a battery after the dawn barrage, and now the only remaining man of the whole battery was a feldwebel, an under-officer, who had only received one of the tank's bullets. The driver, himself a sergeant, and perhaps having some feeling even for an enemy for someone of equal rank and troubles, (for a sergeant has many), got out his first-aid pack and did some patching while his gunner picked up souvenirs. After doing all he could, the sergeant gave the feldwebel a little water. After a little while he opened his eyes.

"Slim," said the feldwebel.

"Carl," said the sergeant.

Funny thing, War.

Robert Cabeen.

* * *

SUNSET

God's wonderful heavenly light
Is disappearing for the night;
But just before it goes to bed
It leaves a picture overhead;

Above us in the richest hue,
Upon the earthly sky so blue,
Is painted with His wondrous care,
Brilliant scarlet everywhere.

And just above the pine trees' height
Marks the crimson ball of light,
Slowly sinking in the west,
Where it takes its gentle rest.

But just before it disappears,
Lo! in the east the moon appears,
To guide its people on their way
'Till God sends forth another day.

It rises slowly to its place
Just above the water's lace
And casts its rays of wondrous light,
On ripples sparkling in our sight.

Esther Collinson, '32.

* * *

IS WAR WORTH THE PRICE?

A continuous wrangling, bickering and now serious fighting has been going on for some time between two powerful nations, China and Japan. Blood has been shed, and it is rumored that a great deal more will be shed before their disputes are settled.

What is the meaning of this new terror? Why is the grim spectre of War again looming in the background, ready to stain the world a hideous red? This demon gloats with ravenous eyes as it witnesses the pillaging, sacking, and cold-blooded murdering and urges—constantly urges—the participants on.

About 20 years ago the world was a mass of warring, conflicting forces, murdering with a deliberate casualness that was appalling. Brothers saw their kin in blood-drenched uniforms lying minus limbs, and covered with mud in odorous trenches, and were forced to go onward—ever onward to conquer the enemy, leaving their loved ones behind to rot. Experiences of horror are recalled by every man who went to the front, and heart-breaking experiences are remembered by every sweetheart and mother who watched with indescribable pleasure for the return of their loved ones, only to find a mangled bit of humanity, that was maimed beyond all recognition, in its place.

Yet the world seems eager to hear the call to arms again, eager to avenge and be avenged. Have they forgotten? Must their be a repetition of slaughtering and deforming to appease the "injured" feelings of two selfish nations?

Have they forgotten the hardships, suffering, and toll of life that is the price of war? Have the sacrifices of several decades been in vain? It has been proved repeatedly that the gratifying of one nation means the conflict with another. Have they forgotten?

Mary E. Andrews, '32.

* * *

ANOTHER SUNSET

I was on my paper route on Bradford Street, walking toward the East End at the time, dimly aware that sunset was approaching and I'd better hurry. I glanced carelessly at the harbor, then stopped short and gasped. No power on earth could have turned my eyes from the glorious, startling, beautiful sight before me. I have lived it over and over again in my mind, yet I don't know how to begin to describe it.

I had first directed my gaze to the sea. How could the sea have gotten those beautiful colors? There was first a straight stream of light green, then a dark, dull green, supported by a clear sky blue that glowed softly as though afraid that the eye would tire of looking at the same color. The next strip of sea was painted a smooth, even purple, like an ancient king's mantle, and the pure white foam about the edges of the purple might well be the ermine that trimmed the king's cloak. Beside the royal purple I espied a bit of pink that ever has pleased me. It was not like any pink I have ever seen on earth; I say on earth, because the heavenly colors on the sea were reflected from the heavens. This ethereal pink gradually deepened in the distance, finally drenching itself in golden crimson—sometimes dull, sometimes sparkling. At the end, to crown all, was that great red ball, the sun, slowly, majestically, sinking behind the hills in the west—all unconscious of the splendor it had spread.

"Hey! Paper?" A voice, rude and rough broke discordantly into the dreams I had formed while gazing, first at the heavens, and then at the sea. I took a paper from my bag and handed it to the stooped,

fiere-eyed stranger beside me. He handed me a nickel. I searched in vain in my pockets and bag for three cents, all the while angry at being cheated of so many seconds of the beautiful sunset.

"You may have the paper, sir," I said, "I haven't the change." What was two cents compared to the sunset?

I started enthusiastically to point out to the man the marvelous sight, but was quickly silenced by his "Bah—somebody's always making a fuss about a no-account sunset." He turned and walked off with the paper under his arm.

Crestfallen, I turned to glance once more at the sea, before I went my way; but it was too late. Everything had disappeared. A star was already twinkling in the blank sky. It was as though the sunset had never been. But I had been allowed for two minutes to enjoy a glimpse of heaven. Though the sky was slowly darkening, the splendor and brilliance of the sunset blazed in my memory—a jewel to be treasured for a lifetime.

Doris Ferreira, '35.

* * *

MYSTERIOUS EGYPT

The white snow caps of the waves were dangerously dashing upon the surface, while the wind howled and whistled as the boat tossed about on the waves, swaying to the motions of the wild and angry Mediterranean Sea.

Only one man could be seen on deck. He held firmly to the open archway. He was clad in an expensive looking raincoat that covered nearly his entire body. Sam A. Gentuy smiled at the angry waves splashing upon the ship's deck. Yes, he was on his way to Egypt, beautiful, wonderful Egypt, the land of mystery, magic, and mysterious adventures.

The clouds above roared, and sent down streams of water, while the quick, silent, lightning flashed its powerful glares of light upon earth, showing its surroundings.

Strolling down the gangplank, the black flashing lights in his eyes, he smiled at the watching crowd.

With a guard, he started from the city of Cairo, through a sandy trail of four miles. The magnificent beauty of that land cannot compare with another. The brown baked hills seemed like a mist of clouds, with angels descending from the heavens. The shiny stones and pebbles were like diamonds, gleaming and smiling in the warm, glowing sunshine. In contrast to this beauty, dangerous and poisonous snakes came upon them in their path. The hot sticky heat made him feel uncomfortable. A faint, steady ringing of the natives' drums could be heard in the distance. Many times he decided to turn back, but courage urged him onward, and onward. Was there never to be an end? Finally, the city of Morocco; they arrived tired and exhausted and there spent the night at a hotel.

Early the following morning they started again. Having a choice of riding on horse or elephant, Sam rode the elephant for the thrill of it. Feeling as if he were in a circus parade. Sam laughed to himself, but looking below was not such a pleasant sensation. One slip off that elephant's back would be a long fall to the ground.

Up a narrow mountain trail that was held together with sand and rocks, those animals trotted.

Higher and higher they ascended, as if climbing heaven's pathway. You can just imagine how Sam felt passing zig-zag on hairpin turns. It seemed as if any minute those huge elephants' feet would loosen the rocks.

A half mile from where the trail ended a rock loosened. Lucky those natives had keen hearing and are dependable. In broken English he yelled, "Jump off the elephant's back. He's sliding down. Quick, my American, for I am responsible for you." Sam's heart stood still; he turned pale as he gave one leap into the air. Recovering, he said a prayer of thankfulness that he was on safe ground.

"Well," exclaimed Sam, "I'm sorry for that elephant, but I am glad it was he; not I." The natives agreed with him, and they continued on their way. Same rode a horse the rest of the distance, saying he preferred a lower jump next time.

At the city of Moscow, a celebration was taking place. A giant, half-naked native was separating two hundred bulls' heads from their bodies. Bulls are sacred in Egypt. The blood is saved and kept in a small bottle to keep the family holy. The streets were filled with the blood and the smell of it.

These were too much for Sam, so with his guard they started to view the most dangerous mountains in Egypt. Mount Cairo with its hot, thick lava bursting forth in the air, reminded Sam of the Fourth of July. But its sparkling red beauty suddenly turning to black sobered him.

Climbing up the largest pyramid Sam lost footing, slipped, and fell unconscious. Coming to, he found himself in a large, magnificent room. Long velvet curtains and draperies hung from the windows. The room was richly and expensively decorated. A faint perfume of flowers reached his nostrils. Sitting up erect, he recognized his bedroom in the Velor Hotel in New York.

In a corner his bags were neatly packed, ready for a trip to Egypt.

Pauline Enos, Class '32.

* * *

EXCAVATING AT HOME

The black bosom of the sea seemed to throb for an instant. Suddenly it was turned to a dazzling silvery white by the phosphorous in its depths. Then the shining water seemed to heave. My boat was bumped by some object—animate or inanimate, I knew not. Then suddenly with a roar as loud to my ears as that of Niagara, my boat was raised high in the air by an unseen hand. Torrents of water gurgled and splashed over my sail-boat. The mast with the still-set sail snapped off at the thwart. Finally the gurgling ceased. An odor as of newly-drawn seines assailed my nostrils. I sensed that I had not settled back into the water although my craft was on a perfectly even keel. Then the tardy moon leaped from behind the cloud and bathed the scene in a silvery glow. I dared to look around. There, far below at the north, sparkled the lights of sleeping Provincetown; there to the southwest and still farther below, sparkled the light of Long Point. Highland Light still winked on and off way to the east. What had happened? How had I become thrust up thus into the air? I looked downward over the gunwhale of the boat and saw—not water, but solid ground, though quite saturated! How

could that be? How had I become grounded in the middle of Provincetown Harbor? What was my boat resting on? After a few moments of fearful debating with myself I gingerly put my booted-foot upon the ground. It held. I breathed a sigh of relief to know that I was able to stand on the newly-arriven earth. Just as gingerly as before I placed my other foot on the ground. I scarcely breathed for a moment, then, encouraged by my success, I bent down to examine the earth on which I stood.

It was earth not much different than our weed-covered sandbars, save that many different varieties of weeds and sea formations were scattered and rooted upon it. I seemed to be upon a hill. Yes, I was. When I looked down toward Long Point I noticed the steep slope of the rise on which I stood. I whirled about as I heard a grating noise. Great was my relief when I saw it to be nothing more than a giant crab, alarmed at being out of the water. Becoming accustomed to my predicament, I walked around my boat and gazed down the side of the hill that faced toward the town. A look of awe swept over my countenance—it may have been fright, but I felt it sweep over my face as I looked down the moonlit slope.

There below me were neatly ranged square-shaped masses that I immediately took to be houses. Gaining as much curiosity as courage I picked my way down the crooked path toward the buildings. Now the path gave way to a series of flights of stairs made of substance similar to concrete. On either side were huge mussel-covered mounds which, by their close resemblance to tree trunks, I took to be the remains of trees. Evidently this mysterious island had been inhabited long ago. With a greater amount of eagerness spurring me on I hurried down the remaining flights of mossy stairs to a square court. Huge paving stones were set evenly on the earth. Mussels and other sea growth had gained a foothold between the slabs and even on the stones, but I recognized a certain checkerboard design in the floor of the open court. Evidently the people who had inhabited this isle were of artistic tastes. I hurried across the paved court toward a house directly opposite me. Massive pillars decorated the front of the edifice. Moss-covered statuary stood in niches between the pillars. I could not help but marvel at the artistic taste of this mysterious people, who had inhabited the island. I entered the house between two massive pillars. I found myself in a huge open-roofed room, the great moonlight-bathed square in the center being bordered by less massive, but more artistic pillars than those at the entrance. There in the middle of the room was a deep pool. Scrambling crabs splashed into it at my approach. The floor, from what I could glimpse through the sea growth, was of small squares of brown and ivory tile. The room was furnished profusely with delicately done statues, which had been decorated by Neptune's ferns. I did notice, however, what seemed to be a square stone table carved with figures of maidens upon which there was a small urn.

Wandering along through the innumerable arches I noticed plain doorways. I entered one of these rooms only to find it bare. The next one that I entered, however, was furnished with a stone table and

—but never mind the rest. Upon the table I noticed a slab of thin slate. As I stepped toward it my feet crunched upon some semi-hard substance. I glanced down, half expecting to see a crushed crab, and saw instead a partially decayed human skeleton. I snatched up the tablet and hurried from the room. Once outside in the moonlight, I looked intently at the slate slab.

After having scraped it carefully on the smooth edge of the table, I could make out upon it some inscriptions of a sort. I felt at the same time that I had seen similar writing before. Where? Like a flash it dawned upon me. These were letters formed exactly like the ones over the doorway of the ancient Roman Senate House. They were Latin. Laboriously I began to translate slowly the old language of the Caesars.

"Tityre tu recubans sub tegmine patulae fagi, meditaris silvestrem Musam tenui avena. Nos linq- uimus fines patriae—Tityrus, you, recumbent beneath the shade of a spreading beech, meditate your rustic Muse on a slender pipe: we abandon the territories of your country—"

I had picked up a section of Virgil's *Bucolics*. In a mad haste I hurried into different rooms around the atrium. In one of them I found another slab. I cleaned this tablet and translated:

"Ego Publius Maro———"

"I, Publius Maro———further on——this day the island was shaken by Neptune again. A new land appeared to the north and great clouds of steam enveloped the southern side of our island. Now again the rumbles——" There the writing ended. Suddenly I heard a great hissing noise. The house shook and the tablet fell from my hand, shattering itself on the tiled floor. Repeated tremors ran through the ground. I, leaving all things behind me, ran out of the house, and, thoroughly frightened, bounded up the tiers of stairs to my boat. Scrambling in, I cowered on the bottom of my craft, waiting every moment for the earth to open and swallow me. Then, after a great rumbling tremor, the island began to sink. I had the sensation of being lowered in an elevator. Gradually the water of the harbor came toward me. The moon darted behind a cloud. The bosom of the sea swelled to receive the island into its depths, and in swirl of phosphorescent waters, my boat once more settled into the turbulent waters of the harbor.

When my fear had left me the gleam had left the water, the moon had reappeared, and was beginning to make the tiny waves sparkle in her light. I had visited an ancient island which had been in the middle of Provincetown Harbor when Provincetown, or even Cape Cod was non-existent. Why hadn't the Cape gone down into the sea when the geographical disturbance had occurred? Was it that Heaven is watchful over her peoples?

The moon and stars all lighted up the sky,
And formed a golden pathway in mid-ocean;
As silently adrift across the path
A blackened steamer rolled to the unknown.

Margaret Croteau, '32.

BOOK REPORTS

BAMBI, by Felix Salten

This story reminds me of a crystal perfected with such gentle care that not a single word mars its splendor. Each character of the deer family seems to step out of the crystal and perform in harmony with the crystal ball itself. The story is so fascinating that one just has to finish it—never could it be left half read. It seems just as though one is lifted up to a new world of delight.

It is the story of the life and romance of a deer, Bambi. We first see him in his baby hood days when he is tripping along by his mother's side and playing with his playmates, Faline and Gobo. When Bambi is old enough his mother leaves him as does Faline's and Gobo's mother.

Very often when Bambi is strolling through the woods, he encounters a stag, of whom he is afraid at first, because the stag once scolded him for crying for his mother, but later when Bambi is able to take care of himself, he and the stag spend many happy moments together, especially when Bambi is wounded by him and is carefully nursed back to health by the help of the stag. We can clearly picture the deer running about trying to find a place for shelter when he is hunting in the fall of the year.

Bambi has now become old enough to fall in love and so he chooses for his companion, Faline. They spend many happy moments together until one day when Bambi meets the stag who tells him that it is time for him to go away forever and that he is well pleased to be able to leave such a fine son as Prince of the forest. Sometime later Bambi meets two little fawns, one of whom he thinks resembles Faline. He now begins his duties as Prince of the forest in the same way that his father has done, by keeping distant watch over his own little child.

I will quote John Galsworthy, whose words seem to criticize this poem in prose to perfection:

"Bambi is a delicious book. For delicacy of perception and essential truth I hardly know any of animals that can stand beside this life study of a forest deer. Clear and illuminating, and in places very moving, it is a little masterpiece.

I began to read it in galley proof on the way from Paris to Calais, before a channel crossing. As I finished each sheet I handed it to my wife, who read, and handed it to my nephew's wife, who read, and handed it to my nephew. For three hours the four of us read this in silent absorption. Those who know what it is to read books in galley proof, and have experienced channel crossings, will realize that few books will stand such a test. Bambi is one of them."

Esther Collinson, Class '32.

* * *

PRISONERS OF HOPE by Mary Johnson

Geoffrey Landlass, a white slave who has been brought to Virginia from England, falls in love with Patricia, his master's daughter. She despises him, but try as she might, she is unable to avoid him. He saves her from drowning when her boat dashes upon the rocks. She doesn't even bother to thank him, as she considers it his duty.

One night the Indians plan to attack the plantation. Geoffrey warns his master and they are able to protect themselves. Nevertheless, they are greatly outnumbered by the Indians, and Patricia is cap-

tured. The Indians carry her many miles north and Geoffrey follows them. After over a month of steady traveling he catches up with them. At night he takes Patricia, after killing her Indian guard.

Slowly, cautiously, they leave the Indian camp and head homeward. Nearly three weeks later the Indians catch up with them. Geoffrey and Patricia try to climb up a steep embankment into a cave, but Geoffrey slips and crushes his foot. With Patricia's help he reaches the cave.

Knowing that they are about to die, he tells her that he loves her. He expects that she will be angry but instead she tells him that she loves him also.

About that time a searching party that is looking for Patricia finds them. They overpower the Indians and the colonel takes Patricia away from Geoffrey. He gives him the choice of remaining in the forest and faring for himself or returning to the plantation and being hanged as a runaway slave. He decides to stay in the forest in spite of the fact that winter is coming and that his foot is badly crushed.

That night Patricia sneaks away from her father and goes to say "Good-by" to Geoffrey. They realize that it is impossible for them to remain together and they part—Geoffrey to live a life of toil and hardship, and Patricia a life of wealth and ease, both to meet many years later in a land where there is no class distinction.

Barbara Wolff, '32.

Not a Candidate

I wouldn't be a president;
That idea wouldn't do;
For camera men are always about
To catch each attitude.

I'm sure folks would kick if I did this—
Others, if I did that;
And never more I'd know the bliss
Of old clothes and soft hat.

I'd dislike secret service men about
My person close as fleas,
Or congressmen to sneer and flout
My precious policies.

It might be nice to draw the pay
But it doesn't last forever more,
And then those cartoons every day
Would make me feel quite sore.

No, president I wouldn't be,
With all this globe to run,
And that is fortunate, too, by gee,
Because I'll ne'er be one.

Theodora E. Lopes, Class '34.

A Frechman meeting an Englishman asked:
"Parlez-vous Francais"?

The Englishman, turning around, said: "No,
Chevrolet Coupe!"

* * *

Time, O Time, in thy flight,
Please pass on 'fore I recite.

—R. Silva.

LINCOLN

The Man of the People

When the Norn Mother saw the Whirlwind
Hour

Greatening and darkening as it hurried on,
She left the Heaven of Heroes and came down
To make a man to meet the mortal need.
She took the tried clay of the common road—
Clay warm yet with the genial heat of Earth,
Dashed through it all a strain of prophecy,
Tempered the heap with thrill of human tears,
Then mixed a laughter with the serious stuff.
Into the shape she breathed a flame to light
That tender, tragic, ever-changing face;
And laid on him a sense of the Mystic Powers,
Moving—all hushed—behind the mortal veil.
Here was a man to hold against the world,
A man to match the mountains and the sea.

The color of the ground was in him, the red
earth;
The smack and tang of elemental things;
The rectitude and patience of the cliff;
The good-will of the rain that loves all
leaves;
The friendly welcome of the wayside well;
The courage of the bird that dares the sea;
The gladness of the wind that shakes the
corn;
The pity of the snow that hides all scars;
The secrecy of streams that make their way
Under the mountain to the rifted rock;
The tolerance and equity of light
That gives as freely to the shrinking flower
As to the great oak flaring to the wind—

To the grave's low hill as to the Matterhorn
That shoulders out the sky. Sprung from
the West
He drank the valorous youth of a new world.
The strength of virgin forests braced his
mind,
The hush of spacious prairies stilled his soul.
His words were oaks in acorns; and his
thoughts
Were roots that firmly gripped the granite
truth.



Up from log cabin to the Capitol,
One fire was on his spirit, one resolve—
To send the keen ax to the root of wrong,
Clearing a free way for the feet of God,
The eyes of conscience testing every stroke,
To make his deed the measure of a man.
He built the rail-pile as he built the State,
Pouring his splendid strength through every
blow
The grip that swung the ax in Illinois
Was on the pen that set a people free.

So came the Captain with the mighty heart;
And when the judgment thunders split the
house,
Wrenching the rafters from their ancient
rest,
He held the ridgepole up, and spiked again
The rafters of the Home. He held his place—
Held the long purpose like a growing tree—
Held on through blame and faltered not at
praise.
And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down
As when a lordly cedar, green with boughs,
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky.

—Edwin Markham.



ASSEMBLIES

Miss Mertie Kelley had one of the notable residents of our town, Dr. Percival Eaton, speak to the student body. He gave us a very interesting illustrated lecture on India.

At Christmas time Miss Mary Martin put on the ever famous play of Old Scrooge, accompanied by very delightful music.

Mr. Bert Paige, an eminent townsman and frequent traveler abroad, delivered an interesting lecture having as its subject his last trip to Egypt and the Mediterranean. The program was sponsored by Miss Phoebe Freeman.

The school was very much enthused over the excellent circus with which Miss Constance Lowney entertained us. The circus was a means of displaying the fine talent of many of the members of our school.

The Seventh and Eighth grade pupils gave, under the supervision of Miss Mary Jacobs, a splendid and unique entertainment, each pupil representing a different country and singing and dancing the native songs and dances.

Mr. David J. Murphy presented to the school a very humorous rollicking play called "One Fried Egg and a Punch", solved by the "Mock Trial Jury." As a prelude to the play the school was very successfully entertained by two "Jewish" men, Veranus Crocker and Joseph Gregory.

CLUBS

Latin Club

Miss Freeman is greatly pleased with the interest that the members are showing in the formation of an illustrated Latin book, which will soon be placed in the school library. They also made up a game called "Verbs and Nouns", which they will use for their socials.

* * *

Story Telling Club

The Story Telling Club is sponsored by Miss Mary Jacobs. The members are mostly pupils from the seventh and eighth grades. The results of their elections were as follows: President, Louis Robinson; vice-president, Lillian Marshall; secretary, Adeline Reis. They are now reading a charming story called HEIDI.

* * *

Student Council

The Student Council, with the help of the Safety Patrol, and the cooperation of the students, have matters running systematically and orderly in the class rooms and in the corridors. The pupils have

finally realized that these clubs are backed by Mr. Gilgan and Mr. Leyden, and that their word is law.

* * *

The Model Airplane Club

With the successful building of many planes to its credit, the club is now striving for further honors in joining the International Model Flyers Club. We have in mind a plan which we hope we may realize, that of building a real airport, in miniature. Beacons, night lights, and hangars will adorn our field. This will be the outgrowth of careful planning and the following of plans of real airports.

We hope to have a successful air meet in the late spring. All types of planes have been attempted, some successfully and some unsuccessfully, but the interest has not waned to any great extent.

* * *

Dancing Club

There are no born dancers. Skill in dancing is acquired, as Miss Lowney has proven to us by her exhibitions.

The members are young and enthusiastic and thus grasp the instructions quickly and show pleasing results.

The Dancing Club is planning a surprise program for a future assembly. Be sure and watch for it. It's bound to be good.

* * *

Nature Club

Mother Nature has many secrets, which we are often careless enough to overlook. Miss Martin is teaching her students to recognize and appreciate the beauty of their environment. There are many ways of learning these facts, but Miss Martin believes in learning from observation. She has taken club members for many hikes and they have gathered valuable information from them.

* * *

French Club

The French Club is progressing famously. The members are enjoying their work immensely.

They had their first tea on January 7. The refreshments were prepared by the girls of the club, who are also students of the Domestic Science Class. French games were played and a selection from the Life of Moliere was read by Miss Florence Avellar.

A great interest is being shown by the members. So far they have had perfect attendance at all the meetings.

* * *

Mathematics Club

The mathematics club, sponsored by Miss Catherine Jason, has been organized and has elected officers. (Concluded on Page 17)

S P O R T S

GIRLS' VARSITY

The girls' varsity basketball squad has won four games out of eight, losing three league games and winning two. There are three more games to be played, two with Yarmouth and one with Chatham. The three other games were with Hyannis, who defeated us, and two with Harwich, whom we defeated.

Our girls started the season off with a bang, defeating Orleans at Orleans by a score of 34 to 22. Miss O'Donnell scored the first basket of the season for Provincetown and we kept the lead from then on. The score at the end of the first half was 10 to 7 in our favor.

In the second half Miss Carter replaced Miss DeRiggs as forward. Both Miss Carter and Miss O'Donnell teamed up well as forwards. The Orlean guards could not stop them.

On January 20 at Provincetown, Orleans was again defeated by a difference of 8 points. Ruth Roberts, the Provincetown center, got the tap most of the time. That of course gave P.H.S. a chance to work her plays much faster. The ball was in Provincetown's possession most of the time. Miss Mayo of Orleans scored eleven points and Miss Carter of Provincetown, twelve. The final score was 19 to 11.

	Lineup:	
Provincetown		Orleans
M. Gaspa	L. Guard	L. Mayo
M. Prada	R. Guard	C. White
R. Roberts	Center	B. Eldredge
M. Pires	S. Center	J. Casey
E. DeRiggs	L. Forward	K. Mayo
W. O'Donnell	R. Forward	Campbell
	* * *	

Chatham at Provincetown, January 13

Provincetown lost to Chatham by a score of 37 to 36 in two over-time periods. It has been so far the best girls' game on the P. H. S. court.

Miss Courtnell of Chatham was the outstanding player, scoring 35 points.

It was a close game from start to finish, and Chatham got the break in the last minute of play. Both teams fought hard to sink the winning basket. Chatham finally did on a shot pass.

	Lineup	
Provincetown		Chatham
Carter	R. F.	Courtnell
O'Donnell	L. F.	Elliot
Gaspa	R. G.	Wilbur
Prada	L. G.	Mc Leay
Roberts	C.	McRude
Pires	C.	Johnson
	* * *	

Provincetown vs. Wellfleet—Jan. 15 and Feb. 1

Wellfleet defeated Provincetown at Wellfleet by a score of 21 to 17, and at Provincetown 19 to 10.

In both games the Provincetown forwards were closely guarded so they were not able to do much

pass work or score many baskets. Miss Rose was the high scorer in both games for Wellfleet.

The game at Provincetown was fast and rough. Many fouls were called on both teams. Miss Carter made seven points for Provincetown and Miss Rose made all the nineteen points for Wellfleet.

	Lineup	
Provincetown		Wellfleet
L. Carter	R. F.	T. Rose
W. O'Donnell	L. F.	G. Rose
R. Roberts	C.	L. Hatch
M. Pires	C.	M. Hicks
M. Prada	R. G.	A. Beuihoe
M. Gaspa	L. G.	M. Gilliat
	* * *	

Provincetown at Hyannis—January 16

Hyannis gave Provincetown its worst defeat this year by a score of 35 to 5. The Hyannis team was far superior to Provincetown and their forwards outplayed our guards by pivoting and passing and scoring at will. The Hyannis guards held our forwards to five points and in the last half a number of substitutes were given a chance to play. Miss Kelley of Hyannis scored 15 points.

	Lineup	
Provincetown		Hyannis
Carter	R. F.	Kelley
O'Donnell	L. F.	Coggsball
Roberts	C.	Dier
Pires	C.	Rosa
Gaspa	R. G.	Crocker
Prada	L. G.	Landquiet
	* * *	

Provincetown vs. Harwich—January 23 and 27

Provincetown defeated Harwich at Harwich by a score of 19 to 17 and at Provincetown, 53 to 27.

Our girls found it difficult to defeat Harwich on their own floor in spite of their superiority. The Harwich girls played a good game from the start and gave Provincetown plenty of opposition. Our girls lacked their usual form of playing and consequently barely won the game.

P. H. S. found Harwich much easier to defeat at Provincetown and Elizabeth DeRiggs and Winnie O'Donnell scored at will.

Elizabeth DeRiggs of Provincetown scored 35 points and Deurn of Harwich made 15.

The Harwich girls failed to give Provincetown as much opposition as they did at Harwich and P. H. S. outplayed them from start to finish.

	Lineup	
Provincetown		Harwich
DeRiggs	L. F.	Deurn
O'Donnell	R. G.	Crosby
Roberts	C.	Kerchaw
Pires	C.	Ellis
Nelson	L. G.	Chase
Gaspa	R. G.	Pratt

BOYS' VARSITY

The boys' basketball squad has so far won five games and lost four. There are five more games to be played. Coach Leyden is well satisfied with the playing of his boys and has hopes of winning the championship this year.

P. H. S. played their first game with Orleans on January 8 and was badly defeated by a score of 49 to 20. Our boys gave a poor exhibition of basketball, which was due perhaps to the strangeness of the small cramped hall. It was a rough game from start to finish. Captain Bent was called out on personal fouls in the first quarter and Silva followed ten minutes later. Eldridge of Orleans was the star of the game, scoring 15 baskets and three foul shots. P. H. S. gave Orleans very little opposition and in the closing minutes to play Orleans put her second team in.

On January 20 Orleans played Provincetown at Provincetown and found P. H. S. an altogether different team. The P. H. S. squad out-played Orleans in the first three quarters, but in the last quarter Ramos, the most reliable player for Provincetown, was taken out on fouls.

It has been so far the most exciting game on the P. H. S. court and our boys who played hard to conquer their opponents lost out in the closing minutes of the game.

The Orleans squad is the only team in the league that has defeated Provincetown to date, but we have yet to play three of the toughest games of the season, one with Chatham, and two with Yarmouth, to decide the championship. Final score, 28 to 24.

Starting Lineup

Provincetown		Orleans	
Atkins	R. F.	Eldridge	
Tirrell	L. F.	Mayo	
Ramos	C.	Crosby	
Bent	R. G.	H. Fulcher	
Silva	L. G.	C. Fulcher	

P. H. S. substitutes: Allen and Malchman.

* * *

Chatham at Provincetown—January 13

Provincetown beat Chatham in the first home game of the series by a score of 34 to 33. Both teams played good basketball and it was a matter of time to decide the game. The score at the end of the first half was 17 to 17.

In the last half neither team could get more than a 2-point lead on the other. In about two minutes of play Provincetown had the lead of one point and kept it until the end. Matheson of Chatham had a chance to tie the score on a foul shot, but he failed to make the basket. Kendrick was the outstanding player for Chatham, scoring 23 points, and Ramos who has been the high scorer for Provincetown throughout the season scored 19 points.

Starting Lineup

Provincetown		Chatham	
Tirrell	L. F.	Kendrick	
Atkins	R. F.	Eldudge	
Ramos	C.	W. Matheson	
Bent	R. G.	Baker	
Silva	L. G.	R. Matheson	

P. H. S. substitutes: Allen and Collinson.

Chatham substitutes: Goodspeed and Woodward.

Provincetown vs. Welfleet—Jan. 15 and Feb.

P. H. S. defeated Welfleet by a score of 50 to 5 Welfleet, and 70 to 10 at Provincetown. Welfleet gave Provincetown very little opposition in both games, thus every player on the P. H. S. squad had a chance to play.

Lineup

Provincetown		Welfleet	
Atkins	R. F.	Kane	
Tasha			
Tirrell	L. F.	Lombard	
Malchman			
Ramos	C.	Taylor	
Collinson			
Bent	R. G.	Daniels	
Allen			
Silva	L. G.	Gilliat	
Corea			

* * *

Provincetown at Hyannis—January 16

Hyannis varsity five defeated Provincetown by a score of 42 to 21. In the first half Hyannis scored 29 points to our 5, working all their plays from our five-man defense. In the second half Provincetown changed their style of playing to a man-to-man defense, which prevented Hyannis from working their plays successfully. Provincetown outscored their opponents in the second half by five points, but was unable to conquer them, as they did last year.

Lineup

Provincetown		Hyannis	
Atkins	R. F.	Cortson	
Allen and Silva	R. F.	Cross	
Tirrell	L. F.	Fermyno	
		Shields	
Ramos	C.	W. Bearse	
Bent	R. G.	T. Aylmer	
Silva	L. G.	T. Bearse	

* * *

Provincetown vs. Harwich—Jan. 23 and Jan. 27

Provincetown defeated Harwich at Harwich by a score of 41 to 16, and 31 to 14 at Provincetown.

P. H. S. found Harwich an easy team to beat and romped off with two more games in the bag. Ramos and Tirrell scored the majority of the baskets at Harwich and Bent and Silva at Provincetown. Beatty was the high scorer for Harwich in both games.

Provincetown		Harwich	
Atkins	R. F.	Beatty	
Collinson	R. F.	Rose	
Tirrell	L. F.	Gomes	
Malchman	L. F.	Bassett	
Ramos	C.	Roderick	
Bent	R. G.	Ortron	
R. Silva	L. G.	Dumont	
		Becker	

* * *

Provincetown at Fairhaven—January 30

Provincetown received its worst defeat this year from Fairhaven, by a score of 58 to 13.

Fairhaven had very little trouble scoring baskets. Their forwards ran wild with our guards. Lacerda and Law were the high scorers for Fairhaven, each making nine baskets. The Fairhaven team was much

faster than Provincetown, and their defense was stronger.

Our second team was also defeated by a score of 28 to 20. The Fairhaven team won out in the last quarter after a bitter struggle. Our second team played a good game. They have a fine chance to beat them on our own floor on March 11.

* * *

INTRAMURAL BASKETBALL

A series of intramural basketball games have already been scheduled for the junior and senior high school. The high school teams have formed a college league and the junior high, a color league.

The junior high has been divided into eight teams: Red, Blue, Orange, Black, Green, Purple, Violet, and Brown. The Blue and the Brown are the superior teams so far, both winning two games.

The high school teams are Dartmouth, Yale, Holy Cross, Harvard, Brown University, Princeton, and Boston College. Dartmouth, Yale, and Boston College are tied for first place, each having won one game. The winners of each league will be awarded 1932 numerals.

This Round Robin Tournament extends from January 28 to April 7, all games being scheduled for Mondays and Thursdays. The tournament is conducted by Mr. Murphy, physical instructor.

There are two girls' intramural basketball teams: Freshman, and the upper classmen. The freshmen have so far been undefeated except by the varsity team, in an exhibition game.

All girls' teams are coached by Miss Constance Lowney, varsity coach and physical supervisor.

College League Schedule

January 28—Dartmouth and Holy Cross
February 1—Boston College and Harvard
February 4—Brown University and Yale
February 8—Princeton and Holy Cross
February 11—Dartmouth and Yale
February 15—Holy Cross and Brown
February 18—Boston College and Princeton
February 22—Dartmouth and Boston College
February 25—Brown and Harvard

February 29—Yale and Princeton
March 3—Holy Cross and Harvard
March 7—Dartmouth and Princeton
March 10—Brown and Boston College
March 14—Yale and Harvard
March 17—Yale and Boston College
March 21—Brown and Princeton
March 24—Holy Cross and Yale
March 28—Dartmouth and Harvard
March 31—Harvard and Princeton
April 4—Dartmouth and Brown
April 7—Holy Cross and Boston College

Color League Schedule:

February 4—Red and Orange
February 8—Green and Blue
February 11—Black and Brown
February 15—Green and Brown
February 18—Red and Purple
February 22—Blue and Violet
February 25—Black and Orange
February 29—Green and Violet
March 3—Red and Black
March 7—Blue and Purple
March 10—Orange and Black
March 14—Red and Violet
March 17—Orange and Purple
March 21—Brown and Red
March 24—Blue and Black
March 28—Green and Purple
March 31—Orange and Violet
April 4—Blue and Brown
April 7—Black and Green

— 0 —

Jim: "My dog is like one of the family."

Bim: "Which one of the family is he like?"

* * *

Engraved on a gravestone were these words: "A Drunken Man's Slogan: 'This Is On Me'."

Thomas Edwards: Strange this anecdote about Lincoln has never been written before.

Lil: Yes; you see, I only made it up last night.

WATCH AND WAIT

For

THE JUNIOR PROM

A NOTABLE ORCHESTRA WILL FURNISH
THE MUSIC

CLASS OF 1933



Barbara Taylor, '30, after completing one year at Dean Academy, is now attending Hyannis Normal School, where her former classmate of P. H. S., Anna Days, is attending for her second year.

Mary Lewis, '29, is in her third year at Bridgewater Normal School. Her schoolmate, Mary Roberts of '31, is now a freshman at the same school.

Five of our P. H. S. graduates are studying in the medical profession. These are:

Leonard Days of '29, studying to be a surgeon, now attending Tuft's Medical School after training at the Massachusetts General Hospital, Boston.

Adeline Joseph, '30, also attends the Massachusetts General Hospital, Boston, where she is training to be a nurse.

Mable Chapman, '30, is training at the Truesdale Hospital, Fall River.

Florence Silva, '29, is in her third term at St. Luke's Hospital, New Bedford.

Mary Ramos, '30, is attending the New England Hospital, Roxbury.

Robert Rogers, '30, Emily Dearborn of '31, and Churchill Smith of '31 are attending Bryant and Stratton College in Boston.

Margaret O'Neil, '29, and Nathan Malchman of '29 are attending Boston University.

Reine Avellar, '29, is attending Booth and Bailey School of Accounting in Bridgeport, Conn.

Katherine Young, '30, is a junior at Mount Ida School.

Mellissa Connor, '30, is taking a P. G. course.

Joseph Lema of '29, and James Cordeiro of '30, are employed at Burch's Nation-Wide Store.

Lawrence Days, '30, is employed as a mechanic at Days' Garage, Provincetown.

COURTESY

Courtesy is not a large word, but it means a great deal. There are a certain few in P. H. S. who have undoubtedly entirely disregarded the word, and have failed to practice its meaning. Their motto is, "What do I care?" Perhaps they do not care, but there are some who do. Nevertheless, those that do care are so outnumbered by those who are careless that the wrong impression is often imprinted on the mind of teachers, visitors, and fellow students.

Is it such a hard task to speak courteously to a teacher? Do you have to exert any more energy to say "Yeah," or "Yep"? Doesn't "Pardon me" sound softer to the ear than just plain "What," or "Huh!" Nothing is more unpleasant to hear than a curt answer. It is not only discourteous but shows only ignorance on the part of the pupil.

If any pupil has any doubt about the effect that courtesy produces, just practice it by keeping to the Golden Rule: "Do unto others as you would wish them to do unto you." I think you'll like the results."—Helen Rogers, '32.

EXCHANGE

"The Screech Owl"—Maynard High School, Maynard, Mass.

Your cuts are very artistic and appropriate. The numerous jokes were enjoyed immensely.

* * *

"The Alligator"—Ware High School, Ware, Mass.

We are glad to see that you have several promising poets. A little more "Humor" would enliven your magazine.

* * *

"The Sea Chest"—Nantucket High School, Nantucket Island, Mass.

You have an exceptionally fine magazine with a very clever cover design. Your department headings are dandy.

* * *

"The Live Wire"—Newbury Junior-Senior High School, Newbury, Vermont.

You have an interesting paper. Your literary department proves the talent of the contributors. Where are your poems, though?

* * *

"The Aegis"—Beverly High School, Beverly, Mass.

Your magazine is well arranged. Your science department is most interesting.

* * *

The Long Pointer gratefully acknowledges the following publications:

"The Quadrangle"—Jenkins High School, Jenkins, Kentucky.

"The Blue and White Banner"—Putnam High School, Putnam, Conn.

"The Signboard"—Bay Path Institute, Springfield, Mass.

"The Stetson Oracle"—Stetson High School, Randolph, Mass.

"The Exponent"—Greenfield High, Greenfield, Mass.

"The Helios"—Central High School, Grand Rapids, Michigan.

"The Clarion"—Holden High School, Holden, Mass.

"Oxon Life"—Oxford School of Business Administration, Cambridge, Mass.

"The Jamaco Journal"—Merrimac High School, Merrimac, Mass.

SENIORS!!!

Doncha think that:

Emily Prada is the best dressed senior—Eddie Mayo is a handsome brute—Win O'Donnell would make an excellent Beau Brummel—Mary Ferriera has a very effective voice—"Pete" Leonard is enamoured of a certain blonde—"Bentie" despises jazz—Mary Days' water waves are a bad influence on feminine P. H. S.—Florence Avellar's longing to "do something drastic" is becoming highly dangerous—Lou Macara's sudden home-making complex is suggestive of future marital happenings—???

Doncha???

L. Carter, '32.

GREAT MEN AND GREAT WOMEN



ABRAHAM LINCOLN belonged to the pioneers of the forests rather than to the aristocracy of society. His father was unable to read, and thus he was deprived of that information and inspiration that other youths of his time received in a literary home. His introduction to the world of literary knowledge was by a private teacher in a sparsely-settled country. While other more favored youths were in an intellectual atmosphere, where opinions were verified by historical and scientific facts, Lincoln grew up amid the superstitions of an uneducated society. The poverty of his home deprived him of many delights that other youths enjoyed, for in early childhood he had to share the responsibility of securing family necessities.

Bereft of his mother at an early age, he was dependent upon a stepmother to develop the inherent tendencies toward noble character. About the only remembrance of his own mother was her dying request, "To be good and worship God." His inspiration to literary attainment came by chance of the passing traveler who enjoyed the hospitality of the Lincoln home for the night. His conception of moral standards surpassed his opportunity to develop his mind.

As a hired laborer, his wages were twenty-five cents per day which went to the support of the family until he was twenty-one. He was content with a meager wage because he was more interested in knowledge than in money. He had such a thirst for an education that he would walk miles, at night, to borrow books that he might become a student of the world's great writers.

Though less favored than his associates, he won their respect and confidence because of his worthy traits of character. As civilization moved eastward, Lincoln moved with it, through Kentucky, Indiana, and Illinois. While he was reputed for his physical strength, his great strength was in the purity of his soul which caused him to be called "Honest Abe."

The greatest of Lincoln should not be measured by the heights to which he attained, alone, but also measured by the lowly conditions from which he arose and the obstacles he overcame in reaching those distinguished heights. Born in poverty, reared in obscurity, handicapped by a lack of higher educational training, optimism was the controlling principle of his life, for no defeat ever discouraged him. He was a great student, not in a college of liberal arts or of a law school, but in nature, books, and men. In his ability to sense delicate situations, to discover the motives of men and interpret law, he had few equals, if any. If he were faced with argument that he could not answer he would tell a story that would make it seem like a joke and win his case amid roars of laughter.

No man in American history began lower and arose more rapidly and won a more permanent place in the temple of fame than Abraham Lincoln. He entered public life as an election clerk, was soon postmaster, then representative in his state legislature, and member of congress.

About the time that he entered politics, the subject of slavery had become a disturbing element in the nation. From his boyhood he had a firm conviction

Abraham Lincoln that slavery was against the laws of God and the best interests of society.

From this position he never receded. It was he who challenged the pro-slavery advocates with the memorable statement, "The nation cannot stand, half free and half slave."

While his colleagues in the legislature overshadowed him in scholarship, he surpassed them in the logic of argument, as was demonstrated in the debate with Stephen A. Douglas, a brilliant star in the political firmament. He neither offered nor accepted any compromise that would deny truth, ignore light, lower moral standards, or endanger liberty for political promotion. His exalted conception of an American statesman was expressed in the following statement, "I would rather go down with truth than to soar on the wings of ill-gotten fame."

When the "Ship of State" seemed headed for the rocks of destruction, it was Lincoln, the country lawyer, who was placed at the pilot wheel to guide it across a turbulent sea of political strife. No other president was inaugurated in such a stormy period. Incensed at the election of a president who openly opposed slavery, southern sympathizers in the cabinet, congress, army and navy resigned, and cast their lots with the Confederacy, formed to defend slavery, even at the expense of disrupting the national government.

Conditions forced him to refill these positions of trust with men inexperienced in state-craft and military tactics, including his political enemies. He, inexperienced in international diplomacy, by his keen analysis of conditions, at home and abroad, and his ability to state positive policies in modest terms, averted war with England, whose sympathies were with the Confederacy. His unswerving faith in God and his belief in the righteousness of the Union cause enabled him to see a star of hope when others saw nothing but clouds of despair. Because of disregard by high officials for his authority, he was forced to assume personal direction of army and navy secretarial affairs in the prosecution of the war. In the absence of military training he directed the army with such success that he became the wonder of military leaders throughout the world.

No other president ever passed through such trying ordeals as did Lincoln—cabinet officers countermanning his orders, army officers ignoring his instructions, unscrupulous politicians criticizing his policies and the North questioning his wisdom made his term of office a period of heartaches as he bore the burden of the groaning nation almost entirely on his own shoulders. Instead of the responsibilities revealing the weakness of the man that had been lifted from obscurity into international publicity, the immunity to official insults proved him to be the most remarkable character that ever played a part in the drama of American politics. While he matched his wits with English diplomats, reversed cabinet decisions, and mastered insubordinate generals, he was still a comrade to the private soldier and Negro slave.

Although he lost his life, he saved the Union and freed the slaves. Stricken down by an assassin's bullet, the South now joins with the North and the rest of the world in singing the praises of Lincoln.

What Made Ann Brown Popular?



BETSY was blue. Indeed, she was very, very blue, like the serge dress she had worn to school. And when Betsy felt that way, she always went to Uncle Henry's workshop instead of going home after school. She never knew just why this was—perhaps because Uncle Henry in his quiet way seemed to understand her mood.

Uncle Henry in his quiet way seemed to understand searches and inventions in electrical engineering. If he was busy, he merely looked up and smiled when she came in, and she knew better than to talk to him. She just sat there and watched him working away, twisting wires and arranging coils or trying out batteries with brilliant little sparks in bells and buzzers, and sometimes little motors and engines. She knew that Uncle Henry was a very wise man, for he was professor of electrical engineering in the college up on the hill. And yet he never made her feel that he was wiser than she was, and sometimes when he was not too busy, they played together with his tools much as if he were her own age.

Fortunately, this afternoon, as Betsy entered the shop, he looked up with his warm, sympathetic smile and seemed ready to put down his tools, but his smile faded when he saw the sober look in Betsy's eyes.

"What's the trouble with my niece this afternoon?" he questioned, holding out both his hands. Betsy was glad of his warm, friendly clasp, but sat for two or three minutes before she could muster up courage to answer.

"I'm lonesome," she announced finally, a bit unsteadily, "because I'm not popular at school. Ann Brown gets all the popularity, and everybody flocks around her, no matter what she says or does, and it is the same with Marjorie Fairfax. Mother says it is because they have magnetism, whatever that means, and I—I don't mind, except that I do get lonesome." Uncle Henry had listened attentively, and at the word "magnetism" a twinkle came into his eye, and he looked speculatively around his electrical experiment shop.

"I'll tell you what magnetism is, Betsy dear," he said cheerfully, "and just why it brings people popularity, too. Cease your tears, fair maid, and come over to my work bench while I show you something."

Betsy laughed and wiped away the tears that had threatened to become a small Niagara. Then she followed Uncle Henry to the other end of the shop, where he tinkered for a few minutes with a big coil of wires wound around some iron rods. Attaching two wires to the coil, he scattered a quantity of steel filings on the work bench, set the coil down a little distance away, and turned on the switch at the end of the wires. Quick as a flash, every one of the steel filings jumped, whisk, pop, to the rods at the center of the coil, and clustered all around them until the rods themselves were completely hidden. Uncle Henry turned over the switch. Piff! All the steel filings fell down in a pile at the end of the coil. Again he turned on the switch, and faster than Betsy's eyes could see, the filings again clustered around the rods, making the core of the coil.

"That," said Uncle Henry, "is magnetism. When

I turn on the electric power, the circuit passing through the wires magnetizes the iron rods that make the core of this coil, and turns them into a magnet which draws all the steel filings and makes them cling to it."

Betsy was very much interested, but she didn't understand what it was all about. "I know, Uncle Henry," she remarked, "but Ann and Marjorie aren't an electric coil, and they haven't any current running through them."

Uncle Henry laughed. "Oh, yes, they have, my dear. They aren't electric coils, I know, but they have an electric current just the same, and it is this current which draws other people to them and makes them popular. I think I have seen both Ann and Marjorie, and anyway, I know their parents and have heard about them. Haven't they both a warm, responsive sympathy about them that you feel, Betsy?"

"Y-ye-yes," admitted Betsy slowly, "I guess they have."

"And that warm sympathy," continued Uncle Henry, "is something like the electric current which charges this coil. Your mother called it magnetism, which is the same force the electric current generates, and many people use that name, for it is a kind of magnetism. Don't you see, Betsy, if the force in the electric coil hadn't gone out to the steel filings, it would never in the world have drawn the steel filings to it, and if my very nice young niece would only go out to others, forget about herself and stop thinking whether she is popular, or lonely, or misunderstood—not mind much whether people like her or don't, but just try to make them feel comfortable and happy—she would find that others would be attracted to her. Magnetism is not a gift, for it can be developed by any one who is willing to be outgoing and loving and responsive, and who thinks more about others than about himself or herself. And that is all you need to do, Betsy dear, to be just as popular as you can be."

A concession for reclaiming the vast mineral resources of the Dead Sea has been awarded a British syndicate, and the American and Continental tenders have been definitely rejected. This action follows upon many months of negotiations between the concession seekers, the colonial office, and the Transjordanian government. Thus ends the prolonged struggle of powerful interests, British, American and European, for the most coveted prize in the way of development concessions which has been competed for in modern times. The syndicate which has obtained the concession will be a subsidiary company of the Imperial Chemical Industries, Lt., a great chemical combine with a capital of 56,000,000 pounds (\$280,000,000). Expert examination has shown that the Dead Sea is a practically inexhaustible source of potash, and that its exploitation probably will be the making of Palestine.

The great pyramid built by Cheops contains more than 2,300,000 stones, averaging over two tons in weight.

Newest Notes of Science

An automobile polish has been developed in colors to match the finish of cars on which it is used.

The Italian government is planning two systems of subways to cover a total distance of about twenty-seven miles from Rome.

To assure quiet it is planned to pave the streets around hospitals and churches in Melbourne with rubber blocks.

More than two hundred acres of land for suburban development will be added to Panama City by filling in a portion of Panama Bay.

For lubricating the inner sides of railroad rails at curves, a pneumatic, hand-operated grease container has been invented.

An English invention is a potato-digging machine using link motion tines that practically imitate the action of a hand fork.

Operating by electricity, a portable pipe organ console has been invented that can be moved to any part of a building for use.

With a triangular top and three feet a camp stool has been invented that folds compactly enough to be carried in a coat pocket.

Ten main highways to cross the United States from the Atlantic to the Pacific and a greater number from north to south have been planned.

In the 26,800,000 homes in the United States there are 18,000,000 telephones, 17,000,000 passenger automobiles, and 11,000,000 phonographs.

To save the use of push buttons a German has invented a cable for light electric currents that can be squeezed at any point to complete a circuit.

A commodious metal body that can be attached to almost any automobile chassis has been designed for tourists who camp out while on their journeys.

To lighten the loads carried by football players suits padded with foam rubber instead of fiber, without lessening their protection, have been designed.

Radio broadcasting service is now available in almost every in-

habited region in the world, a billion persons living within the zone of constant reception.

Inflatable rubber bags have been invented for attachment to canoes to make them unsinkable.

California has the only known farm in the world on which giant cactus are cultivated for their fruit, which is made into preserves, jellies and candies.

Consumption of all kinds of paper in the United States in 1927 has been estimated at more than nine million tons, an increase of one million tons from 1926.

Increasing their daily capacity from fifty-seven thousand tons to seventy thousand three hundred and fifty tons last year, Canada's paper mills plan an additional twelve hundred tons increase by the end of this year.

After ten years of experimenting two Englishmen have developed a method for making bricks from the sand that goes to waste after being used to polish glass.

The builders of an all-metal English airplane have installed the motors in the wings with a view to obtaining maximum of efficiency from them.

Natives of Columbia weave blankets and clothing and make fishing lines from the silk-like fiber of a plant that sometimes grows fifteen feet long.

A new reel for garden hose can be attached to a faucet and the hose used without unwinding more than the amount needed to reach a desired place.

A new heater for enclosed automobiles utilizes the exhaust gases to warm fresh air and eliminates the danger of back pressure on a motor.

On the average each ton of ore taken from the famous Rand gold mines of South Africa contains about six and a third pennyweights of the precious metal.

Made of spring wire that adjusts itself to all sizes, a drying form stretches all the fingers and all the rest of a glove evenly after it has been cleansed.

After extensive experiments a Bavarian naturalist decided that it is doubtful if birds can distinguish one color from another.

A bracelet has been invented to hold a ball of yarn on a knitter's wrist.

An inventor has combined a check book holder and check protector with a billfold.

Aluminum is coming into general use in Germany as a substitute for copper in electrical devices.

When the porcelain top of a new kitchen cabinet is slid back an ironing board can be raised for use.

Rumania, Bulgaria and China are among the few nations in which radio broadcasting is prohibited.

Lightning is said to strike trees with rough furrowed bark more frequently than those with smooth bark.

Sunflower pith, which is eight times lighter than cork, is being used in life preservers in Germany.

It is proposed to heat the entire city of Reykjavik, the capital of Iceland, with water pumped from the island's hot springs.

Portable apparatus has been invented in Germany for pumping hot air into new buildings to dry them quickly for occupancy soon after their completion.

The British army has been given a transport airplane that can carry twenty-five fully equipped soldiers and a hospital plane of the same size.

According to a Cincinnati expert the loss sustained in the United States each year from smoke and its effects amounts to \$1,870,000,000.

British medical authorities have recognized radio reception as a valuable treatment for nervous ailments as it soothes those who are so afflicted.

The Chilean government is experimenting with a process invented in that country that makes use of iodine in solution in the extraction of copper.

Have a Smile



The Fisher: "Then it won't be a crime if I land a fish?"

The Inhabitant: "No, it'll be a miracle!"

* * *

Artist: "I've got some of the funniest pictures you ever saw."

Editor: "Really? Where did you have them taken?"

* * *

He was an up-to-the-minute motorist, but had lost his way. Suddenly his eyes brightened as he shouted to his wife: "I think we're getting near a town. We're hitting more people."

* * *

Wiggs: "Sorry to keep you waiting, old man; but I've just been setting a trap for my wife."

Wagg: "Heavens! What do you suspect?"

Wigg: "A mouse in the pantry."

* * *

"How old is your son?" asked the visitor.

"Well," replied the dad, "he's reached that age when he thinks the most important thing to pass isn't his examination, but the car ahead."

* * *

Kind Friend: "I did what I could, Tony; I told her you had more money than sense."

The Victim: "And what did she say?"

Kind Friend: "She asked if you had any money."

* * *

The teacher was giving a lesson on "snow."

"As you walk out on a cold winter day and look around, what do we see on every hand?" she inquired.

"Gloves," answered the redhaired boy in the rear seat.

* * *

"One of our little pigs was sick, so I gave him some sugar."

"Sugar—what for?"

"For medicine, of course. Haven't you heard of sugar-cured hams?"

* * *

Patient: "Will the anaesthetic make me sick?"

Doctor: "No, I think not."

Patient: "How long will it be before I know anything?"

Doctor: "Aren't you expecting too much of an anaesthetic?"

* * *

Old Lady: "Oh, conductor, please stop the train. I dropped my wig out the window."

Conductor: "Never mind, madam, there is a switch just this side of the next station."

* * *

The Fisher: "Is this a public lake?"

The Inhabitant: "Yes, sir."

* * *

A man who was wanted by the police had been photographed in six positions and the pictures sent out to the state police.

In a few days headquarters received this from a small-town chief: 'I duly received the pictures of six miscreants wanted. Five of them have been captured and we are on the trail of the sixth.'

ADVERTISING IN THE HIA-WATHA AGENCY

Hear the legend of the Hunter
Of the feats of Instant Postum;
He who lived in Minnesota,
Ere accountant, banker, merchant,
Yet he learned the ways of commerce.
In the Prophylactic forest
On the shores of Coca Cola
Dwelt the Moxies in their wigwams:
Old Sapolio, the grizzled prophet,
And the warriors young and eager.
In the lodge of the old Chieftain
With Uneeda, more than mother,
And Victrola old and feeble
Lived the warmest of the maidens:
Musterole, Sapolio's daughters,
Musterole, the Sun-Kist Chiclet.
All the young men sought her favor
Left their troubles at her wigwam
Brought her Thermos skins for raiment
Brought her Tarvia for ointment.
And sweet Musterole smiled upon them,
Smiled on Vaseline and Pointex,
Smiled on Listerine and Valspar,
Smiled but left them unrequited,
For her love she gave to no one.
From the hills of the Ex-Lax
Came the young Chief Instant Postum
Mightiest hunter in the forest.
All superb in strength and beauty
He it was who trapped the Kodak
He who shot the great Sears-Roebuck.
Eversharp—his trusty hatchet,
Every Arrow Head a Hotpoint.
On him gazed the Moxie maidens,
Nujol poured her glowing glances,
Bold Carbona sought to win him,
Topkis bro't him cakes and honey,
But for Musterole yearned Postum,
No Pyrene could quench the Arbor
That she kindled in his bosom.
Through the field of ripe Wheatena.
Through the Shredded Wheat they wandered,
To the White Rock by the River
By the rippling Cuticura.
There beneath the Palm Olive shadows
From the boughs they picked the Grape-Nut
There they saw the sun descending
Naught cared Postum for the night winds
Blowing through the Holeproof forests
Musterole was there beside him.
To his bosom then he drew her
Held her to his manly bosom
Whispered words with love aburning
Told her how he'd caught the Sealpax
Told her how he'd slain Bull Durham
Told her how he'd stripped Ampico.
Boasted of his Father's tepee
With its sides of Mentholatum
And its wings of sweet Socony.
To him Musterole aquirer
Listened, and her heart gave answer
All the warmth of love she gave him
Gave him Kubberset affection
Gave her heart to Instant Postum
Thus he woo'd and thus he won her.

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