

The Long
Pointer



Provincetown High School

The Long Pointer

PROVINCETOWN HIGH SCHOOL, - PROVINCETOWN, MASS.

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No. 1

THE FACULTY

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EDITORIAL



School Spirit in P. H. S.

By founding and publishing the "Long Pointer," the faculty and student body of P. H. S. have taken another stride toward placing our high school where it rightfully belongs. It indicates in a forceful and purely educational manner that the process of dragging our school from the rut which formerly characterized it, is nearly complete. To simply say that we have improved during the last few years would be to slight our many truly wonderful accomplishments. We have advanced by leaps and bounds. Much could be written in a survey of what we have done. It is

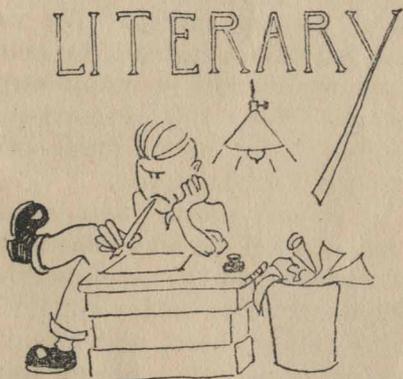
not our purpose, however, to make such a survey. We call your attention, instead, to something which will in many ways, account for the remarkable progress we have made—the growth of school spirit.

Up to very recent years, school spirit in P. H. S. was practically unknown. And then,—something happened. The entire system of doing things, here, underwent a complete revolution. School spirit was born, as a consequence, thereof, and since then its growth has been phenomenal. The results of its growth have been even more so. There is a surprisingly different attitude in the class rooms, and in the study halls. There is a spirit of co-operation in everything we do. P. H. S. is known all over Cape Cod, and even farther up, for the spirited way in which it supports its athletic teams.

We are not the school we were a few years ago, and we are improving every day. We are proud of what we have done at P. H. S. We hope our townspeople are even prouder.

James B. Allen, '24.





**The Speech of Reginald Dennis,
Esq., on Moving His Resolu-
tion for the Building of a
New High School in
Provincetown, Febru-
ary 11, 1924**

Mr. Moderator, the bringing up of the present motion before the meeting gives the voters of Provincetown an opportunity to choose a plan for the handling of the yearly increasing number of pupils in the Provincetown High School.

The question is an important one, and the opportunity must be grasped immediately, for conditions in your high school are deplorable. I feel that I am well qualified to enumerate them, as I have recently spent several years as a student in the school.

The increased size of each class over the preceding one is unparalleled, and makes it imperative that some plan for improvement be chosen at once, for

the teachers are forced to handle larger classes than they can successfully instruct. They are training classes of forty and larger, and but one thing can result from such a procedure,—the classes are disorderly and noisy and the pupils find it impossible to successfully concentrate on the work in hand.

I have been rather averse to saying anything myself, being a rather poor speaker and realizing that there are many others who could impress you with the seriousness of the situation much more forcibly than I; but for some reason or other these very persons have not realized how sorely a remedy is needed for our overcrowded high school. It is obvious that a definite plan must be presented, for the very wording of the motion now before you calls for the proposal of such a plan; and besides, the voters cannot appropriate money unless a specific plan and cost is presented. So after much deliberation and study, I have come to the conclusion that I can but offer my plan and let you pass on its merits, since I strongly believe that it will be for the benefit and welfare of the town to build a new and improved high school building and engage a larger teaching force.

I contend that Provincetown should have a new high school building, first because conditions in comparison with other towns of the Commonwealth show conclusively that this or some other arrangement must be made. Our high school is rapidly losing standing, as its drop from first

class down to its present third class position shows you. Can we afford this? Does this not demonstrate the need of a new high school building? Our building lacks many things that are considered essential in a modern high school, and as a means of illustrating this point, I wish to tell you of some of the things that are not found in our present building that I noticed while going through the high school building at Falmouth. To begin with, there was a large commercial department occupying the entire space of a commodious room, with rows of typewriters in perfect condition, and all the office appliances found in most business houses. Next, there was a chemical laboratory to be proud of,—not a bench cramped along one side of a recitation room as in our school, but an entire room thoroughly and completely fitted with the latest and best apparatus obtainable. In the basement was the manual training department, a course which our school lacks entirely and which is being recognized more and more as a necessity. Then I went into the gymnasium, a thing which no school should be forced to do without and which promotes better health and work on the part of the students. Finally, I inspected the athletic field with its grandstand, the sporting equipment and the dressing rooms for the athletic teams, and then mentally compared them with the way we carried on sports when I went to the Provincetown High School. After you have heard the list of these facilities,

important and absolutely necessary for the proper running of a school, and which we lack,—is there, can there be any doubt in the minds of my listeners that we need a new high school?

Another important reason why something should be done, is that graduates from other high schools are better equipped to take up a higher education than our graduates. This can be traced directly to oversized classes and lack of equipment, for in other schools which have smaller classes, the pupils have been properly and intensively trained in the subjects taught here and also have been instructed in subjects we are not able to teach here for lack of equipment.

Having reached the decision that something must be done, the next thing is, what is the solution of this problem? There are, as I see it, but three plans,—building a new high school, enlarging the present one, or constructing a new building for the two upper classes,—and of these three possible arrangements, the first only is practical. Let us begin with the last plan named, that of building a new structure to house the two upper or two lower classes. I am sure that a little serious thinking on your part will soon show you the folly of it. This idea if carried out would wholly ruin school spirit which is an absolute necessity for the successful management of a school. Besides, it has no precedent in its favor. Finally, the maintenance cost of such an affair would be almost as much as that of a complete high school building. Consider-

ing these facts, I am certain that nearly everyone will admit the plan is impractical.

I also think the second possibility,—that of enlarging the present building,—is out of the question, for improving the present structure would cost \$30,000 at least, while a new school could be built for \$100,000. Thus for only three times the cost of improvements Provincetown could have a new permanent high school building and something of which to be proud. Again, there is no room for the desired improvements, for another building almost as large as the present one would have to be added to make the school throughout modern, and there is no room on the present ground for it. My opponents might say that room could be made by buying property to the north of the school, but this is impracticable, for it would entail the razing or moving of a dwelling now on the land and an added expense. Besides, there would be no place for an athletic field, and this in the modern high school is a vital necessity.

The present building is of wood and therefore a fire hazard. Would it not be folly to build even a fireproof addition to this antiquated structure? Besides, if the building was enlarged the inside would have to be thoroughly remodeled and this would take a great deal of time during which school would have to be stopped as the work could never be completed during summer vacation.

Therefore, the only plan re-

maining is the building of a new high school. Provincetown must do something and as the town is at present paying off no debt, it can and must pay for a new high school. The town recently was given money to build a Pilgrim Memorial when instead of making a so-called park, the money might have helped build a "Pilgrim Memorial High School."

The entire present building will soon be needed by the grammar school or "Junior High" of the future, for in three years, from 1920 to 1923, the number of pupils has increased from 108 to 170, an increase of 63 or 21 pupils a year. How long will the at present overcrowded grammar school take care of this yearly increase, which will continue as is shown by the large number of pupils in the lower grades? Some plan is needed immediately to relieve this congestion. My proposal for a new high school meets the emergency, for the grammar school could overflow into the rooms used by the high school at present. Thus at but the cost of a new high school, the problems of both the high and grammar schools are simultaneously solved. The separation of the high and grammar schools will prevent the high school from domineering over the smaller grammar school pupils, which has always been a bad influence in the past.

Another advantage to be derived from a new high school is safety. The present building is unfit for occupancy by such large numbers as are now forced to use it. It is constructed of wood, and moreover a firetrap, there-

fore a menace to the lives of your sons and daughters who are attending high school. Should this go on? Can this go on with any degree of safety? Imagine about half past eleven some morning the fire whistles shrieking their awful message of alarm, and imagine yourself rushing up the hill and beholding the school building a seething mass of flames. What would you do? What would there be to do? The water pressure is so weak at that elevation that it will hardly run out of the faucets at the school. Imagine the firemen connecting up lines of hose only to find the water will not rise to the source of the fire. Imagine next morning in the papers the awful article about the tragedy, and among the list of the missing is the name of *your* son or *your* daughter, a life that might have been saved if you had but realized the danger and acted before it was too late. If such a thing happens you have no excuse; you cannot say, "I didn't know," for I am presenting the facts now and *now* is the time to act before such a tragedy happens. What of the cost? Can money replace the hundred and more lives that are in the present building exposed to danger? No, and all your money and all your tears cannot bring back your son or daughter once the terrible accident has befallen them.

The new high school would be something that Provincetown could justly point to with civic pride. People claim the town is dead, so it is up to us to show them that we are alive and proud

of our town and its schools. A town is known by the schools it keeps. Provincetown can never hope for anything but sneering remarks and a reputation for deadness until the present mockery of a high school is replaced by something that is a high school, a building of which to be proud and not ashamed.

Therefore, Mr. Moderator, as it is the only plan remaining, and since the town can afford it, since the present school is needed entirely by the grammar school, and as the present building is a fire hazard of the worst sort,—therefore I move you, sir,—

"That the Town of Provincetown construct a new and improved high school building with an athletic field and employ a larger teaching force and appropriate money for the same."

Reginald Dennis, '25.

A Bit of Unprinted History

During the war of 1812 British frigates patrolled the Atlantic coast day and night with unswerving constancy. The blockade was not impenetrable, however, for there was one little schooner owned by Captain John Dyer of Cape Cod which sailed weekly from Provincetown to New York with supplies of salted codfish. The British heard of this vessel and her daring crew and determined to make an end of the "blamed Yankee boat" as they termed it. On the other hand, the captain was equally resolute to the contrary.

On a bright morning Captain Dyer sailed from the harbor as he had been accustomed to do since the embargo had been impressed. The gauntlet was run without any sign of danger whatever and the vessel was safely anchored in New York harbor. The captain exchanged his codfish for home supplies and then made ready for the voyage home. He started a few hours earlier than usual since he had heard of the British plot to destroy his vessel.

The schooner skimmed lightly over the smooth waves. The gently breeze, the blue sky above and everything seemed to indicate a favorable trip home. Martha's Vineyard was coming in sight when, suddenly, a towering ship with its sails spread appeared as an eagle who swoops down to clutch its prey. It was a British frigate. The grim old captain snatched his pipe from his mouth, shouted a few orders to the crew and took his place at the helm. It was in his power alone to either save or destroy the many lives dependent on the safe return of the vessel. The ship ploughed up the sea in deep furrows, dashing up the salt spray. The British frigate pursued close behind. Past Wood End the vessel sped and nearer and nearer the privateer followed. It was now simply a question of reaching the group of old willow trees near East Harbor before the frigate should overtake it. By some miraculous power the vessel entered the harbor, and due to the shelter afforded by the willows, it disap-

peared entirely from the sight of the English.

Then the hardy sea captain performed a maneuver that is equal to some of the feats performed by strategists today. He, rather than let his crew and vessel fall prey to the privateer, removed the plug from the bottom of the ship and while it was sinking he and his men swam to the shore. The British soon arrived and to their great chagrin and still greater amazement, no vessel was there. Where the ship could have disappeared was beyond their comprehension. After searching in vain the English left, uttering maledictions against the Yankees in general and those of this vessel in particular.

The next day the little vessel was raised and was soon running the gauntlet as daringly as ever.

Eleanor Snow, '24.

The Blue Grotto

Whoever has visited the Blue Grotto, on a sparkling day in March, will I am sure agree with me that it is a delightful and never to be forgotten experience.

I clearly remember the day I had the pleasure of making the trip. It was, as I have said, on a sparkling blustry day in March when the capped bay vied with the sky in producing the deeper and brighter blue. The bay was dotted with the red and yellow sails of the fishing boats blowing every which way.

We agreed that this was no day to spend indoors and looking out at the island of Capri, a

big red blotch rising out of the blue sea and melting into the blue sky, the spirit of adventure thrilled us, and after bundling ourselves up and putting Chinois, our Tortoise-shell cat, in his basket, we were off to explore the beautiful island.

An icy wind played all sorts of tricks on us as we blew down to the pier where the little boat which daily made trips to the island was already getting up steam. And soon, with a rattle of chains and the shrill whistle of the boat, we were off.

I shall never forget the confusion of those first few moments, the boat like a peanut-shell, going up a green sparkling hill, then giddily downward into a great green trough. Then up again with every board creaking and groaning, and on top of that the singing roar of the wind which beat our clothes about and blew the salty spray all over us.

But despite all this we could not go in the cabin. So after putting poor puss in a sheltered nook, we pulled down our hats and went on deck, holding on to the railing. Once in a while between the great mountainous waves we caught glimpses of Vesuvius and the little towns along the shore. Every now and then a red sail boat would fly by like a beautiful bird, its sails low down with the pressure of the wind; one instant and it was gone behind the foam capped peaks of the waves.

Working out way over to the other side we noticed that the island was getting very near and we could already see red roofs of

houses clinging to the steep cliffs shining in the sun. Nearer and nearer we got and finally the boat dropped anchor under the overhanging cliffs by the almost invisible entrance to the Blue Grotto, one of the great attractions of the island.

Immediately swarms of the tiniest rowboats came out to us to take us in to see the wonders of the cave. It seemed unbelievable that such small boats could stay right side up in such a sea. And indeed it was all the swarthy red-sashed natives could do to keep them so.

When we realized that we were to occupy those cockleshells we shrank back in dismay—but no, it must be so since everyone was going, though evidently no one wished to.

So seizing Chinois' basket we climbed down the swaying ladder and one by one as the waves permitted, were dropped into the boats. This took a long time, for just as one's foot was planted on the railing up would come a big wave and away it would go, and one had to think quickly whether to go with it or not.

Many and thrilling were the mistakes in judgment on this point before several dozen boats were finally loaded. But miraculously every one was finally placed and we found ourselves sprawling on the bottom of the boat, holding on for dear life. Then began a cruel half hour of bobbing up and down,—ten feet into the blue sky, then down into a deep trough with water towering all around, until we finally got over to the cave, and to our

dismay saw that at times it was wholly covered with water. So we shut our eyes and waited with the calmness of despair. At last our boatman, waiting for the waves to go down, took hold of the long chain leading into the hole and pulled us down into blackness. The entrance was a tunnel about six feet long and as we were just about in the middle of it a wave came up and slapped into our upturned faces. We slid into the calm, dark cave with Chinois meowing at the top of his indignant lungs.

We could see nothing but blackness for a while, but gradually as our eyes became accustomed to the gloom, beautiful blue rocks were seen rising on all sides into a great black dome; and looking over the edge of the boat we saw the water was shining iridescent blue like nothing else in the world we had ever seen.

This marvellous effect is owing to the fact that the entrance is, as we now knew, mostly under water and the light shining through makes the beautiful color.

On a ledge of rock a diver stood, plunged, and streaked like a blue marble statue beneath our boats.

The water in the cave is quiet and most of us sighed with relief, except one poor woman, frightfully seasick and drenched from a bad entrance, who was hysterically yelling to her husband, "They must take us out, Henry." "Make them take us out," which set everyone laughing and very much relieved the

nervous strain we had all been under.

At last by the tedious process of waiting for the opening to uncover for each boat we all got into the open sea again and were hoisted by the strong-armed sailors aboard our steamer which seemed now very large and safe. The steamer then skirted along under the big red cliffs to the town of Capri, where we landed and explored the delightful old town and bought some of the native curios, until our boat's "toot, toot" called us back.

The wind had died down considerably and the bay was flooded with the red glow of the sunset as we said good-by to Capri, and sailed toward Vesuvius with her smoke spiraling off in the dusky day.

E. Hartman, '26.



I am now resigned to my fate. Death in itself is nothing. A few minutes of pain,—perhaps, and then—oblivion! I have no fear for the hereafter. I only know that it will end the days of terror and torture which I have endured for more than three months. I will face it as only an innocent man can face it—with a smile.

The prison barber has just completed his dreaded task. He has clipped my hair, and with a razor, bared a spot on the crown of my head. I am ready for the chair's death-touch. I have a strange feeling within me. I have experienced it before, however. It seems strange that I should feel the same before my execution as before my first public appearance. It's true, though, and I smile at the mockery of it.

I hear a door clang in the distance. Faintly, from afar off, comes the sound of moving feet. They are taking the witness into the execution room. My cell door opens, and the warden enters with the death-warrant. While he is reading a guard slits each of my trouser-legs from ankle to knee. I am seized with an uncontrollable spasm of terror. It passes, and I am at peace. Pleasant memories, long forgotten, of my boyhood, flash through my mind.

Well—everything is ready. *This* is the beginning of the end. The chaplain heading the death march, is intoning the Lord's Prayer. Although I feel quite weak, my steps are steady. We enter a little door. Three steps, and I am beside the chair itself. I see before me a circle of men's faces,

white and awed. Again I smile. Someone urges me toward the chair. I am in it now. Two guards are strapping my arms and legs. I feel the cold electrode pressed down on the shaved spot on my head. A black cap is slipped over my face, shutting out all light. Something is hooked against my lips. I strain against the straps that bind me. My thoughts are on the death shock.

Suddenly I feel my body stiffen with a sharp jerk. Uncountable specks of dazzling light flash, not before, but through my eyes. My head seems to roar, to swell inconceivably, to burst in a blank chaos of nothingness, and dimly I realize my last day is over.

J. Allen, '24.

An Encounter With Satan

I stood on the broad, open deck of the steamer *Majestic*, wrapped in contemplation and oblivious to the terrible tempest which swept the deep. My thoughts were with my home and what was to come. My serenity remained undisturbed, when suddenly a tremendous roll of thunder rushed through my head and then the heavens were rent by a dazzling flash—so overpowering in its immensity that I reeled, swayed forward dangerously and fell. Immediately I stretched my arm for support—nothing. Horrified I recollected that I had been standing where there was no outer railing but now—too late. With a scream of despair I was hurled into the sea and overpowered by the immense billows. The icy chill clutched me in spasms. There was no hope. I raised my eyes to the

skies and shudderingly sank in the great abyss.

Marvelous to say, I did not lose consciousness but sank slowly while the intense cold grew milder and my feelings quite clear. After a descent of many fathoms, I reached bottom and was amazed to find that I could move with perfect freedom and could speak without swallowing a bit of water. But the strangest thing to relate was the peculiarity of the surroundings. Everything was enveloped in a red haze which after a few seconds rose and showed a repelling spectacle. About fifty yards from my position there was an immense throne on which sat a most hideous fiend—the representative of Satan in the sea. The pedestal was encompassed by a swarm of minor devils who carried long forks and shook them menacingly at me. A great caldron of red liquid bubbled and seethed in its immense heat. The whole was beyond my greatest conception of the abode in which dwelt the fiends.

In a second these details were grasped, and palsied with fear I gazed on the monarch. His eyes

fell on me and his face lighted with glee. His servant-devils were soon surrounding me and jabbing their pitch-forks into my suffering flanks. I flew in the direction they left open and, hypnotized by the glare of the demon, I fell headlong into the great pot of fire.

* * *

A soft light falls on my eyes and gentle voices reach my ear. Slowly I raise my eyelids and recognize the interior of a peasant's dwelling. I murmur in surprise and the woman rushes to my bed. "Ah!" she said. "You are awake."

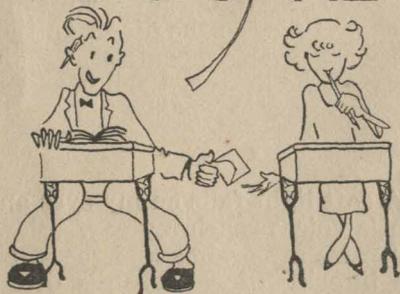
All my questionings are cleared. I was thrown on the outer shore of France about one mile from the steamer's course and was taken unconscious to the home of a French peasant. The evening following I regained strength and was able to start for Toulours, my home for the winter.

Thus did I behold the devil and all his retinue. Thanks to Providence I was not then consumed. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

A. Perry, '25.



PERSONAL



French 1—"Le serpent se glissa rapidement dans sa poitrine juste au moment ou ses ennemis entraient dans le jardin."

Trans.—The serpent glided rapidly into his chest just at the moment when his enemies entered the garden.

Miss Freeman—What kind of a chest?

F. Alves—Ice chest!

Type. D—"Why do the orchestras in town charge more for playing in the Town Hall, than they do in any other hall?"

W. Avellar—"They have to blow harder!"

Teacher—What can you tell me about "Rasselas?" (Name of a book.)

D. Mears—His mother, she died.

Teacher—Where did Macduff go when the people were in pursuit of him?

Burch—He flew to England.

Did they have airplanes in those days?

Senior boy, while slyly entertaining a young girl in the English

Class, unaware of the teacher's gaze on him, was suddenly called to attention.

Teacher—"Anything to say to the class, Mr. W?"

He (rather alarmed)—I never says nothing.

An increasing listlessness grows over the North Truro students.

Is this due to the recent innovation of electric lights?

Teacher—What is the meaning of the word "methodical?"

Miss Rogers—"Pertaining to or relating to myths."

Norman Cook wishes to put in a petition to the school for a new seat, since in consuming Adams' supply of Baby's Food he has outgrown his present stool.

Mr. Bubar: It is the vote of the Athletic Association that letters be given to the foot ball men.

E. Avila to M. C.: Letters! Oh, dear, I suppose I'll have to help Ray Avellar write those letters of recommendation!

It is a rumor that Edna Frost won the contest for dizzy blonds with the aid of Peroxide. Of course, this is only a rumor—it may have been bleached!

Sophomore Eng. Exam: "He (Goldsmith) fed himself from hand to mouth, so to speak."

While working on his house recently, A. Hopkins was joined by his friend R. Brown and being of a frolicsome mood sent his friend

on rather a peculiar mission to Days' Lumber Yard.

The clerk was quite astonished when the unsuspecting Raymond asked for half a dozen galvanized post holes.

Alas! What are we coming to?

Mrs. Foss to Miss Wager: At what time on record was George Washington known to have sworn?

Miss W.: When he took his oath of office!

Mrs. Foss evidently considers A. P. in the light of a walking grammar for whenever a variation is made from good English, she always regards Perry knowingly, saying, "That's meant in parentheses, Mr. Perry."

A certain pupil who is a Junior in the Provincetown High School has decided to devote the remainder of her life to the noble cause of entangling the love affairs of shy young dancers. She is quite gifted in this line and her course at Johnson's College of Sentiment where she graduated with the degree of C. A. (Cupid's amours) will prove of immeasurable help.

Papa Goose Rhymes

Here's to Walter Avellar, for now he is no more,
What he thought was H₂O was H₂SO₄

That's all.

Eng. A, Miss Wilder—"What moral lesson did George Elliot intend to teach in 'Silas Marner?'"

Lees—That it's not a good plan to have two wives!

Helen on the door step,
Clarence's courage rose.
Clarence lost his dignity,
And kissed her on the nose.

We hear that Joe Loring spends his money nowadays on "Apollos" and a "Lollipop."

History Class Notes

Caesar sent money to Washington—I mean to Rome—M. Enos.

Caesar died because he fell in love with Cleopatra.—Patrick.

Henry Clay wishes to take over the Muscle Shoals project.—Hopkins.

A Republic is ruled by a King.—Gregory.

Spain belonged to Florida—Burch.

Coolidge is a Democrat.—Ditto.

Why is P. Woods' nose tip tilted?

Because she presses it against the window pane so much watching Horace.

Why do P. H. S. boys differ from fruit?

Because unlike fruit, the older they grow the fresher they get.

Orie Swett—The trouble with R. Brown is that he's just crazy about the girls.

H. Rogers—Yes! I thought one time there, he was crazy about me!

Gregory is trying to get "Cross" but can't!

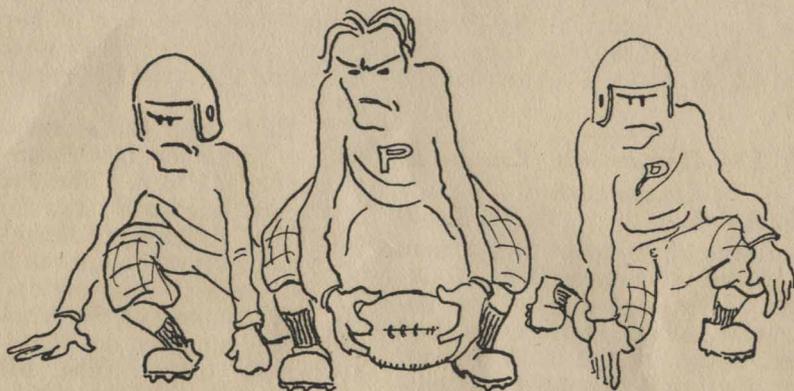
Witty remarks from a Freshman:

Does Eleanor "Paine"?

Is Mary "Cross"?

Does Norman "Cook"?

ATHLETICS



The call for football candidates was issued by Mr. Bubar, the second day after school opened. Fully eighteen boys answered the call of the pigskin, among them some promising material. Training started immediately and every afternoon Evans' Field resounded with the thud of tacklers or the barking of signals. Mr. Bubar was assisted, the early part of the season, by Mr. Gallivan, a player at Tufts. Mr. Gallivan introduced into P. H. S. the Harvard system as taught by Head Coach Eddie Casey of Tufts College, an ex-Harvard star. The system proved affective and it is to be regretted that Mr. Gallivan could not have remained with us longer.

one of the warmest days this fall, with a victory at the expense of Wareham. The game started promptly at 2:30. Provincetown kicked off to Wareham who proceeded to rush the ball back. Their attack was quickly solved by our boys and Wareham lost the ball on downs. Provincetown with Allen and Bennett carrying the ball through Wareham's tackle for large gains brought the ball up to striking distance of the goal line where R. Avellar took it over on a line buck. The try for point failed as did all the rest, during the game, showing that P. H. S. must develop a kicker. It was soon shown that P. H. S. could score almost at will, so Mr. Bubar rushed in the subs in the second half to relieve the perspiring regulars. Owing to the heat, Capt. Allen did not tire his men with a running attack but

Sept. 29—Wareham Game
 P. H. S.—42 W. H. S.—0
 P. H. S. opened their season on

started looping the aerials which netted more points to the already large score. Williams, playing a great game, caught the pigskin from all angles and was the highest individual point getter of the game. Allen, Macara, and Roach also showed up well for P. H. S. while English excelled for Wareham. The final whistle found the score 42 to 0 in Provincetown's favor.

**Oct. 13—Dartmouth Game at
Dartmouth**

P. H. S.—6 D. H. S.—6

The second game of the season was played at Smith Mills, Dartmouth. Our boys did not get going until after Dartmouth had scored early in the first period. From then on Dartmouth was outplayed, outfought, and outgeneralized. But the breaks were hard and once when Allen had crossed their goal line, holding by our interference, caused the ball to be brought back and a penalty exacted.

Incidents like the above-mentioned kept our team from scoring when chances seemed bright. P. H. S. was lucky to be able to tie the score which Bennett did by a remarkable run after our boys had smashed from their three-yard line to within scoring distance. All the boys played well. Allen, Avelar, and Bennett were our chief ground gainers with the ball, while Winsper starred for Dartmouth.

The game ended with the score 6 to 6.

**Oct. 20—Wareham Game at
Wareham**

P. H. S.—21 W. H. S.—0

At last we developed a place kick

that will go over the goal posts. In this game every point after the touchdown was scored, Williams doing the kicking. Since our last encounter as the score shows, Wareham has built up a defense, and to the credit of the boys from up the Cape, P. H. S. had to extend herself for every one of her twenty-one points. The Provincetown Advocate reported the game as follows:

P. H. S. won the game of football at Wareham last Saturday by a score of 21 to 0. The Provincetown goal line never was threatened. Capt. Allen and fullback Avelar made gains through the line and off the tackles whenever called upon. The playing of the whole team was far superior to that of the Wareham team. The following players took part in the contest: Allen, R. Avellar, W. Avellar, Williams, Loring, Rogers, Perry, Bowley, Johnson, Brown, Macara, Dennis, Roach and Forrest.

**Oct. 27—Falmouth Game at
Provincetown**

P. H. S.—6 F. H. S.—12

In the face of a baffling aerial and strong running attack P. H. S. went down to its first defeat this season. The visitors showing a powerful brand of football, swept the P. H. S. defense off its feet and in the first few minutes of play, scored a touchdown. The try for point failed. Receiving the following kick off our boys then displayed their powerful offensive play. With Macara banging the line for three and four yards, Capt. Allen sliding off the tackles for nine and ten yards and Bennett ripping off fifteen and twenty yards more, the

pigskin was soon shoved across the goal line. The try for point failed and the score now stood 6-6. In the last quarter Falmouth rushed the ball to our own two yard line where for three successive downs, the boys from Provincetown held the heavy-plunging Thorns from gaining the necessary yardage. All Provincetown asked our boys to "hold 'em." But the strain was too great and, on the next play, Quarterback Thorne pushed the ball over. The kick failed and the remainder of the game found the two teams swaying back and forth in the center of the field. Capt. Allen, Bennet, and Bowley played exceptionally well for Provincetown, while Thorne and Neale starred for Falmouth.

—————

Nov. 3—Falmouth Game at Falmouth
P. H. S.—13 F. H. S.—24

The echo of the first whistle had hardly died away when the Falmouth boys knew they were in for the game of their lives. P. H. S. went at Falmouth in a business-like way, resolved to avenge the defeat of the previous Saturday. The Falmouth plays were smeared time after time by Johnson, Roach or Bowley, and when Provincetown secured the ball, Bennett would romp around the end for twenty yards or so. Allen would gather in seven or eight yards at tackle and Macara would buck the line for at least four yards every time when called upon. No wonder P. H. S. expected a victory.

But with the beginning of the second quarter, with the score 13 to 0 against them, Falmouth came out of their trance and scored on

a fumble by P. H. S., one of their men scooping the ball and running half the length of the field for the touchdown. This was the turning point, for Falmouth opened her bag of tricks and soon was leading 18 to 13 in spite of all our boys could do. Provincetown tried valiantly to score in the final quarter, and, in the last few minutes of play, Capt. Allen uncorked all his forward pass formations which gained a few yards. It was on one of these wild heaves that the boomerang effect of forward passes was realized by our boys. Capt. Allen attempted to pass to Bennett who was waiting to receive the ball. The pass never reached him, however, for Neale, Falmouth's right end, batted the ball up and ahead, and, catching it on the dead run, ran 60 yards for a touchdown. It was indeed an unhappy ending for what had appeared a victory for P. H. S. Bennett, Capt. Allen, and Macara played well on offense while Brown held Falmouth for downs single-handed five yards from our goal and prevented another score. Bowley, Rogers, Roach, and Johnson also played a great game for P. H. S. Capt. Eddie, Neale, and Thorne played well for Falmouth.

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Nov. 17—Hyannis Game
P. H. S.—3 B. H. S.—0

They came, they saw, *we* conquered.

In what proved to be the hardest fought game of the year, a fighting team from P. H. S. turned back the mighty Hyannis eleven to the tune of 3-0. Last year, on the same field, a still greater Hyannis eleven swamped P. H. S. 60-0 and again in Hyannis 99-0. But the time of

reckoning had come. P. H. S. played the game without the expert guidance of our coach, Mr. Bubar, who was unable to be present on this occasion.

Provincetown kicked to Hyannis and they proceeded to rush the ball toward our goal, but the offense that had cut our line to ribbons last season, was unable to advance but a few yards each time. Hyannis made first down and on a fake play at center made ten yards—one of the longest runs of the game. Here our boys held for three successive downs. The Hyannis quarterback then called for a forward pass, which, if it had been successful, would surely have resulted in a touchdown, but Macara saved the day. Catching the ball as it was batted down by Perry, he ran the entire length of the field for a touchdown. But the officials denied the score, so the most spectacular run ever made on our home field came to naught. Play was resumed on the spot that marked the line of scrimmage before the pass was thrown. The ball was given to P. H. S. and Williams punted out of danger. From then on up to the very last minute of play neither team came within scoring distance of the other's goal. The remaining minutes of the first quarter, the whole of the second and third quarters, and the first ten minutes of the last quarter is a story of two fighting football teams. Time after time, the heavy Hyannis backs would carry the ball to within twenty yards of our goal where, as many times our line would hold them for downs and Williams would punt out of danger. Then

Hyannis would slowly advance the ball to the vicinity of our thirty-yard line again, lose it on downs and Williams would again boot a lengthy spiral. Every man on our team seemed inspired. "They shall not pass" was their motto and they didn't. It was during the last five minutes of play that runs by Bennett, Allen, and Macara brought the ball directly in front of the goal posts thirty yards away. With but one minute to play there was only one thing to do—a place kick from the thirty yard line. Hastily building a mound, Capt. Allen barked the signals; the ball was snapped back to our Captain who placed it on the mound in line with Williams' toe. Williams' powerful leg did the rest. The oval rose straight to the cross bar, looked for a moment as if it was going to fall short but went over with but an inch to spare. The game was won. Everybody went suddenly mad. Men tossed their hats in the air and hardly one of them could speak above a whisper. But Provincetown had won and that was all that mattered.

Captain Allen, our captain and quarterback, played fullback on the defense and no man is more responsible for our victory than our fighting leader. Man after man would he bring down with his fierce tackles and sometimes they didn't get up. He played the entire game with an injury that would retire most men to the side lines. Bennett was a terror on the defense and was our chief ground gainer with the ball. It is to Williams that we owe the game. His last minute kick was like the kind you read about in story books. He

punted at least ten times during the game for an average of forty yards—a record that will hold around here until they inflate the pigskin with Helium instead of air. Johnson will never play better than he did that memorable day. Roach was a bear at right tackle and after the first half scarce a yard was made off him. In the center of the line Rogers, Bowley, and Loring were a trio of fighting demons. Patrick played like one inspired and Perry played a slashing game at end with a bad shoulder to boot. His departure from the game at the end of the first half was welcomed by Hyannis. Brown who substituted, not only got his man on his side of the line but was always at the bottom of the pack with his arms around the runners' legs. Little wonder we won. Murphy, Captain Jason, and Lovejoy played well for the visitors.

In honor of our great victory and through the kindness of our Captain's mother, Mrs. Allen, the entire squad was banqueted at the Central Cafe the same night. A fine menu was enjoyed by all. Speeches were made and the little restaurant echoed with cheers. It is to be regretted that there are not more Mrs. Allens who can show their appreciation of the team's work, by such wonderful oyster stew.

Nov. 24—Dartmouth Game at Dartmouth

P. H. S.—6 D. H. S.—6

The second game with Dartmouth High ended in another heart-breaking tie. Because of the Provincetown team's late arrival, the time of the periods were cut

to eight minutes, and this, together with the fact that the game was fought on a field covered with mud and water, had much to do with the game ending as it did.

Both teams had improved considerably in their offensive and defensive play since their previous encounter, and it is regretted that they could not have met under more favorable conditions to settle the old score.

Dartmouth elected to play the waiting game, and their plan proved to be quite profitable, for, in the first quarter one of Williams' punts went awry, and Dartmouth uncovered the ball on our five yard line. Before our defense could settle itself the Dartmouth quarterback took the ball across on a clever cross-buck. Our aggressive line broke through and blocked the placement kick for goal.

Provincetown received the kick-off and with Macara, our heavy plunging half-back doing most of the carrying, the ball was advanced to the Dartmouth ten-yard line. Here the whistle ending the half was blown, and Provincetown lost a certain chance to score.

The second half was much the same as the first, with both teams rushing and fumbling the evasive ball. In the final quarter, Provincetown's powerful offense asserted itself, and the Dartmouth defense was swept off its feet. Brown on an end-around play, carried the ball twenty-five yards to the Dartmouth eight-yard line. Here Capt. Allen, displaying fine generalship, sucked in the Dartmouth backfield defense, by sending three successive plays at the center of the line. On the final down Bennett went

over "standing up" on an off-tackle play. Williams failed to kick the goal, making the score 6-6. The game ended soon after with Dartmouth in possession of the ball in midfield.

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**Nov. 29—Hyannis Game at
Hyannis**

P. H. S.—12 B. H. S.—0

P. H. S. again put one over on Hyannis on Thanksgiving Day. This game lacked the thrills of the previous encounter. Allen scored, standing up early in the first quarter and Bennett made a remarkable run in the second quarter. From then on Capt. Allen played a conservative game and punted often. The final score was 12 to 0, favoring P. H. S. Allen and Bennett played well on the offense. Macara, Loring, Bowley, Brown, Roach, and Johnson played well on defense. Dennis, playing during the last few minutes of the game in Williams place, stopped a last minute rally of Hyannis by batting down a long forward pass. To the credit of our opponents, it must be said that they played without their regular lineup. Perhaps if full-back Murphy had been there, the score would have been smaller.

With the winning of our Thanksgiving Day clash, P. H. S. closed a very successful football season. With four wins, two ties, and two defeats, P. H. S. has established a record for a second-year term for high schools. It is seldom that a second-year team wins two of its games. When we look at this record we search for the reason. We won't have to go far for he can be found most any time up at P. H. S. expounding mathematics to

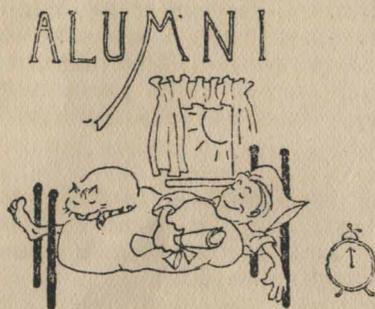
many of the boys that he taught how to win football games. He came here in the fall of 1922, organized a team, made up entirely of green men and held Falmouth to a 6 to 6 tie and trimmed Bourne, also a first-year team, 60 to 0. It was a surprisingly successful season for a first-year team, and the credit belongs to our Principal and Coach, Mr. Raleigh B. Bubar. He was not paid like other coaches; he gave his time for the honor of P. H. S. and his love for the game. He will be with us next year. Opponents beware!!!

The outlook for next season is good. Although we lose six stars in Captain Allen, Macara, Loring, Bowley, Patrick, and W. Avellar, there are men who will endeavor to fill their places. Louis Bennett was elected Captain of next year's eleven to succeed Allen. Bennett who has starred for two years, is a Senior next year and the best choice for a leader. Joseph Johnson who succeeds Joseph Loring will manage next year's team.

P. H. S. letter-men this years were Allen, Perry, Rogers, Bennett, Williams, Macara, Brown, Loring, Bowley, Roach, Forrest, Johnson, and Patrick.

R. Avellar, '26.





College of Secretarial Science,
 27 Garrison St., Boston, Mass.,
 January 17, 1924.

Dear Helen:

I meant to answer your interesting letter sooner but with two weeks of exams going on, I think you can easily imagine that I'm rather busy.

You asked me to tell about the school activities; needless to say, there are so many I hardly know where to begin.

The studies are all very interesting because there is usually combined with each one, a club; for instance, the Spanish Club, German Club, French Club, English Club and indirectly the Dramatic Club. Monologue, otherwise known as the lecture system, is used here. Of course, this method requires note-taking and in order to do this and do it accurately, rigid attention is demanded—and obtained.

Would you care to hear something about the rules? Every girl must be in her room at 7:30—the beginning of study hour. This lasts until 9:30. From then until 10:30, she has an hour in which she may visit her friends, who generally get together to eat and to play ear-

splitting melodies on their "ukes." If a girl disobeys a rule (and she is found out) she has her week end permissions taken away!

Now, for the "good times:" Of course there are the sororities. I, myself, belong to Kappa Omega. Then dances are always being given. Next week there is the Freshman Dance to be given at the College; and on February 1, the Sophomore Hop is to be given at the Hotel Somerset. There is the school magazine, the Beanpot, affectionately dubbed "Beanie," which offers many opportunities for embryo artists, poets, etc. In fact, have two sketches coming out in the February edition! Undoubtedly every college has a year book. Ours is the "Sivard." It might be interesting to know that a Provincetown High School girl, Class of 1923, has been chosen to make the drawings for it!

These are just a few of the things that are going on here at the College of Secretarial Science of Boston University.

I hope that this letter will be a sort of stimulus to your desires for a college career.

Cordially yours,

HARRIET MACINNIS.

Class of 1923

Harriet F. MacInnis, valedictorian of her class is now attending Boston University, where she intends to take a two-year secretarial course, specializing in English.

Phyllis A. Higgins has decided to follow her commercial course and has obtained entrance to Burdett College.

Emma L. Smith is employed as stenographer in her father's office in town.

Catherine R. Silva, we have heard, is employed as a typist for some insurance company on State Street, Boston.

Elizabeth M. Hamblin has decided to put her schooling into domestic use, for as rumor has it, she is to be married in the spring. Congratulations, Elizabeth!

Myron C. Viera, it seems, is quite taken up with the A & P and Ginter Stores on the Cape. Myron is looking forward to a job as manager. We wish him the best of luck.

Oh, yes, Charles W. Lema is still in town and the success of our class play, "Hot Tamale Land" was partly due to him.

William A. Forrest is attending school in the Hub, taking, it is said, a course in engineering.



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Two Men on a Train

Two traveling men were on the train one day as it drew near the station. As they prepared to get off one of them said:

"What Bank do you do business with here?"

"Why, the FIRST NATIONAL, of course," the other replied. "We always select THE FIRST NATIONAL in every town where there is such a bank. We have found it a wise thing to do."

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