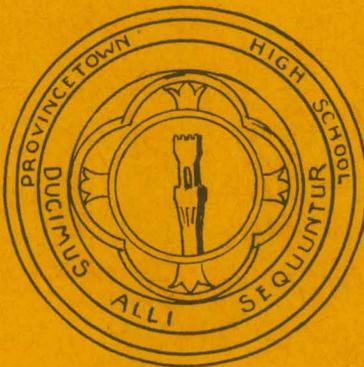


PHS

THE
LONG POINTER



1928 - 1929

SENIOR ISSUE

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THE LONG POINTER

Provincetown High School

Provincetown, Mass.

Vol. 6

June, 1929

No. 3

THE FACULTY

Hubert F. Gilgan, Principal

Phebe E. Freeman, Assistant Principal

Miss Phebe E. Freeman	Latin
George W. Leyden	Mathematics and General Science
Anna L. Peters	History and Biology
Gertrude C. Turcotte	Physics and Chemistry
Mary E. Kelley	Commercial Studies
Marguerite M. McDermott	French and English
Matilda M. McLeod	English



THE STAFF

Supervisor	Matilda M. McLeod
Editor-in-Chief	Leonard W. Days '29
Associate Editor	Eleanor M. Johnson '29
Literary Editor	Florence M. Silva '29
Alumni Editor	Mary C. Lewis '29
Athletics	Lawrence H. Malchman '31
Art Editors	Lillian A. Carter '32
	Alan K. Hartman '32
Joke Editor	Florence M. Allen '30
Business Manager	Nathan Malchman '29
Ass't Business Manager	Joseph Lema, Jr. '29



LONG POINTER STAFF

Front row — left to right: Eleanor M. Johnson, Leonard W. Days, Matilda M. McLeod, Nathan Malchman. Back row — left to right: Joseph Lema, Jr., Mary C. Lewis, Florence M. Allen, Lawrence H. Malchman, Lillian A. Carter, Alan K. Hartman, Florence M. Silva.

new era dawned. The legitimate results of inventions have been realized in larger incomes, shorter hours of labor, and lives so much richer in health, comfort, happiness, and usefulness, that today the inventor is a benefactor who the world delights to honor. So crowded is the busy life of modern civilization with the evidences of his work that it is impossible to open one's eyes without seeing it on every hand, woven into the very fabric of daily existence.

The situation with regard to the rest of the sciences is identical. Not only in the field of invention has progress been made. In every individual scope of life tremendous strides have been made; all aiding the ma-

terial advancement of the standards of civilization. In spite of the marvelous progress attained in the past, even more remarkable advancement must be made in the future in order to keep pace with the birth of new ideals.

The task reverts to us; therefore let us not rest on our past honors, resplendent though they be, but with intrepid and unfaltering steps do our part in turning the treadmill of life. Then when the curtain excludes the final act, when the encores are completed, the "grand finale" will emphatically prove that 'tis "Evening—Not Dawn."

Leonard W. Days,
Editor-in-Chief.



EXCHANGES

We acknowledge the following exchanges:

"The Green and Gold," West Rutland High School, West Rutland, Vermont—The editorial on "Spring" was excellent. "Seventeen—And How" is true to life.

"The Blue and White Banner," Putnam High School, Putnam, Connecticut—You have some wonderful poets in Putnam. The editorials are fine.

"The Mirror," Wilmington High School, Wilmington, Vermont—Your literary department is well-managed, and your editorials are good.

"The Aegis," Beverly High School, Beverly, Mass.—Your poetry is excellent. We enjoyed "An Ode to a Coal Hod."

"The Live Wire," Newbury High School, Newbury, Vermont—A very interesting paper. The jokes are good.

"The Junior Spotlight," Bourne High School, Bourne, Mass.—We were all the more glad to receive your exchange, because Bourne is so near Provincetown. Your magazine is very interesting. Why not have an exchange department?

As Others See Us

"The Long Pointer"—Your poetry is fine, and so is "Stowaway." Poor Plin! And I have a fine picture of Provincetown from its description—"The Blue and White Banner," Putnam, Conn.

We hope to exchange further with the following:

"The Catamount," Bennington High School, Bennington, Vermont.

"The Stampede," Sunset High School, Dallas, Texas.

"Saint Michael's Banner," St. Michael's High School, Montpelier, Vermont.

"The Little Red Schoolhouse," Athol High School, Athol, Mass.

"The Rambler," Northfield High School, Northfield, Vermont.

"The Red and Black," Rogers High School, Newport, Rhode Island.

Mary C. Lewis '29

SPORTS



BASEBALL

A large number of students was present when P. H. S. started its initial baseball practice under the direction of Coach Leyden. The team did not fare so well this year as in former years in the league standing. This can easily be explained when one realizes that Mr. Leyden lost six of his regulars through graduation. The services of Tom O'Donnell, their star hurler, who was responsible for most of their victories of former years were considerably missed. Injuries also played a prominent part in Provincetown's downfall. "Larry" Days, a veteran catcher of two seasons, was the first victim when he fractured his jaw before the Orleans game and was lost for the remaining season. Joaquin Russe, Ray Perry, and Joe Lema were other regulars who were out of the game during some part of the season. Only once did Provincetown start a game with its regular lineup, and this was in the first Chatham game which they won by the score of 8-2. This year Provincetown loses six of its best players through graduation: Capt. Russe, "Taffy" Silva, Joe Lema, "Baggy" Williams, Sherman Silva and Manuel Bent. Separate writeups of each contest follow:

Chatham at Provincetown

Provincetown played its first league game with Chatham on May 18. The game resulted in an 8-2 victory for Provincetown. Gould,

the starting pitcher for Chatham, was very effective but his team made ten errors behind him, enough to give almost any opposing team the victory. The catcher and first baseman were the chief offenders, making six errors between them.

Lema pitched a nice game for Provincetown, allowing the opposition but six scattered hits. Capt. Russe played a brilliant game at shortstop for Provincetown, accepting, seven chances without an error.

A summary of the game gives Provincetown 3 hits, 8 runs, 3 errors; and Chatham 6 hits, 2 runs, and 10 errors. The lineups were as follows:

Provincetown	Chatham
Days, c	ss, H. Eldridge
J. Russe, 2nd	3rd, J. Eldridge
Ray Perry, rf	2nd, Spineas
E. Silva, lf	p, Gould
D. Silva, cf	c, Matherson
John Russe, ss	lf, A. Eldridge
Joe Lema, p	rf, Taylor
S. Silva, 1st	1st, Hannon
Bob Perry, 3rd	cf, W. Eldridge

Provincetown at Orleans

On May 24, Provincetown played its second league game with Orleans. The jinx that camps on Provincetown's trail every time they play baseball at Eldridge Park was much in evidence this year. Hammering hard and

timely the offerings of Lema, the Orleans boys took the measure of their opponents by a score of 9-5. The 9-5 defeat was the sixth setback suffered in as many years. The contest was featured by an excellent pitching exhibition by Eldridge, Orleans' star south-paw twirler, who held the Provincetown outfit to eight scattered hits, fanned nineteen men, and issued but three free tickets to first. He appeared to have the opposition well in hand at all times, four of the five runs scored from him being the result of errors.

Coach Leyden's men entered the game minus the services of "Larry" Days, their star catcher, who received a fractured jaw the day before the game in a collision with Malchman while chasing a fly ball.

Joaquin Russe, lead-off man for Provincetown, singled after getting himself in a hole by biting at a couple of curves, but he was out at third when his brother John hit down to the shortstop. Eldridge then retired the side. Orleans went out in one, two, three order as did Provincetown in the second and third innings. In her half of the second inning, Orleans got two singles and then Young doubled to center field scoring two runs. There was no further scoring until the sixth when Provincetown scored three runs while the Orleans infield threw the ball all over the lot trying to cut down the base runners. Then came the drastic seventh inning. Higgins singled, Young singled, and was thrown out at third when Richardson hit to John Russe. Then with two men on, Malchman dropped a fly out in centerfield and the score was tied. Silva booted a grounder at first which enabled Orleans to go into the lead and the game was as good as over. Just for good measure Orleans scored two more runs in the eighth. A Provincetown rally fell short, and the game was ended by Eldridge taking "Taffy" Silva's pop fly with two men waiting to score if he dropped it. The lineups for the game were as follows:

Provincetown	Orleans
J. Russe, 2nd	ss, Fulcher
R. Silva, c	2nd, McFarlen
John Russe, ss	c, Snow
E. Silva, lf	p, Eldridge
S. Silva, 1st	1st, Fuller
L. Malchman, cf	3rd, Higgins
A. Williams, rf	lf, Young
R. Perry, 3rd	cf, Richardson
J. Lema, p	rf, Mayo

Provincetown at Chatham

The Chatham baseball team performed the unexpected on Memorial Day, the Chatham boys rising to the heights to hand a defeat to Provincetown, a team that had taken its measure for the last two years.

Through Allan Gould's splendid pitching and some lively hitting, the Chatham boys managed to pin a 7-6 defeat on Provincetown, who entered the game a heavy favorite because of their recent victory over this very same team. Lema, who started the game for Provincetown, got into a jam in the very first inning when Chatham scored three runs, on three singles and an error by Silva on first. Provincetown got one of these runs back in her half of the second when Williams singled, went to second on a sacrifice fly, and scored on Lema's hit. The score was tied at four after Provincetown had scored two runs in the fourth and one in the fifth. Chatham won the game in the eighth when they scored the winning run on two singles combined with an error.

"Baggy" Williams started at the bat for Provincetown, connecting for three safe hits, all counting in scoring runs. His hard smash in the eighth enabled Provincetown to score two runs making the score tied at 6-6.

A summary of the game gives Provincetown 6 hits, 6 runs, 4 errors; and Chatham 12 hits, 7 runs, and 3 errors. The lineups were as follows:

Provincetown	Chatham
J. Russe, 2nd	ss, H. Eldridge
John Russe, ss	3rd, J. Eldridge
R. Silva, c	c, Spineas
E. Silva, lf	p, Gould
A. Williams, rf	2nd, Matherson
L. Malchman, cf	rf, Taylor
S. Silva, 1st	cf, W. Eldridge
Joe Lema, p	1st, Hannon
Bob Perry, 3rd	lf, A. Eldridge

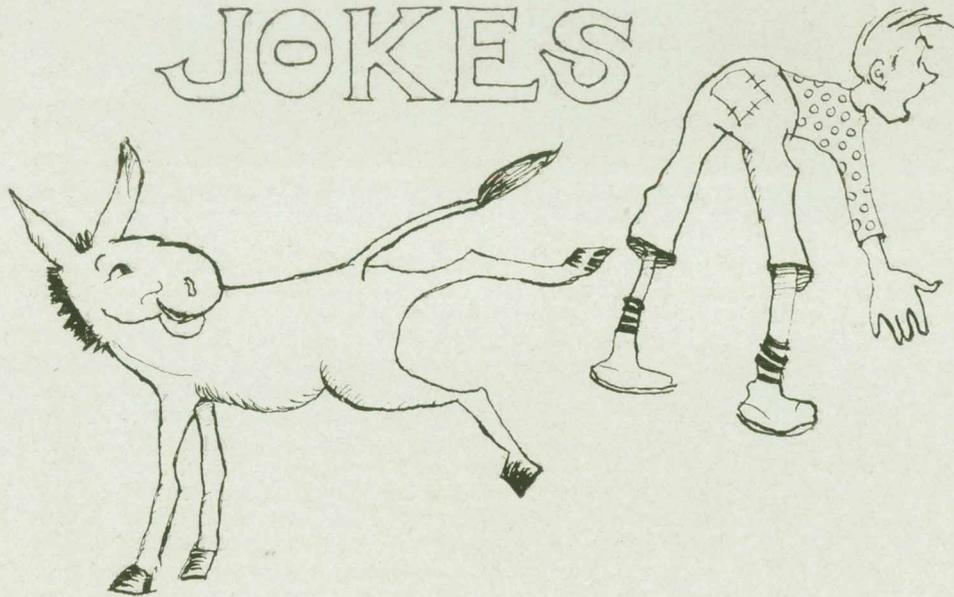
Orleans at Provincetown

On June 7, Provincetown played its final game of the season. Provincetown entered the game minus the services of four regulars who were not able to play because of injuries. The game was called at the end of the third because of rain. Orleans was leading at the time by the score of 1-0 due to hits by Young and Higgins. This game does not affect the league standing. The lineups were as follows:

Provincetown	Orleans
Joseph, 3rd	ss, Fulcher
Williams, 1st	3rd, McFarlen
John Russe, ss	cf, Richardson
E. Silva, lf	p, Eldridge
R. Silva, 2nd	lf, Young
L. Malchman, cf	1st, Fuller
Perry, p	2nd, Higgins
Bent, c	c, J. Mayo
S. Silva, rf	rf, H. Mayo

Lawrence H. Malchman '31

JOKES



A Senior

Deep Wisdom
Swelled Head
Brain Fever
He's Dead.

Miss Freeman: "How many kings had Rome up to this time?"

Mollie: "Seven. One on each hill."

Malchie (visiting Orleans): "What a unique town."

Dears: "Unique?"

Malchie: "Yes, taken from the Latin; unis meaning one, and equus meaning horse."

The Collar Did It

A man quite tipsy sagged down on the lobby lounge beside a dignified clergyman.

"Thish's fine hotel," he began.

"Yes, I find it very comfortable."

"Whatja say to having a drink?" asked the boozy one genially.

The clergyman's face set severely. "No thank you, I never touch the vile stuff!"

"Shay!" exclaimed the other, "whatja givin' me? You gotcha collar on backward now!"—Ex.

It would seem by the appearance of the Report Cards that the teachers had taken up the cry of "They Shall Not Pass."

Woman Customer: "Could you tell me where I could get something for sore feet?"

Bow-legged Floor Walker: "Sure, walk this way, Madam."

Woman Customer (indignantly): "Sir!"

Wouldn't Tell

An old lady was walking by the creek and came upon several boys bathing in their birthday suits.

"Boys," she exclaimed, "is it not against the law to go bathing without a bathing suit?"

"Yessum," they replied, "but come in; we won't tell on you."—Ex.

Odd Sight

Seeing a Freshman act quite as he should.

Miss Turcotte: "But surely you weren't looking for the escaping gas with a match?"

Chapman: "Yes, but this was a safety match."

He rushed up to her, "This is my dance you know," he said breathlessly.

She gave him a cold stare. "Oh, really I thought it was the Junior Prom."

Frosh: "When I grow up I'm going to get my face lifted."

Worse: "Aw, g'wan. Who'd ever want to steal your face?"

Mary Louise: "Do you read much?"

Babs: "Yes, good literature."

Mary Louise: "Gee, I never could get interested in one of those dull things."

Will Some Kind Minerva Tell Us Why—

John Costa thinks he can sing?

Eleanor Johnson is so dumb?

Lizzie Kelly is so very dignified and quiet?

Kay Young detests the Soph. home-room?

Donald Branch is so boisterous?

Mary Roberts is so melancholy?

Myrtle Adams is such a monstrous size?

Mr. Leyden never wise-cracks?

Leonard Days has such a poor delivery as a soap-box orator?

The Misses McLeod and Turcotte are continually being mistaken for school girls?

Miss McDermott adores spending a weekend in P. Town?

Art: "I'd like you to paint a picture of my late uncle."

Artist: "Bring him in."

Art: "I said my late uncle."

Artist: "Bring him in when he gets here then."—Tradesman.

"Sonny" Blondheim has a pretty wit all of his own. Watch out, "Sonny", who knows but what you may grow up to be a second Neal O'Hara.

Miss McLeod: "When don't you use an exclamation mark after a sentence?"

Williams: "When you don't know how to punctuate."

Teacher: "Now pupils, in this conversation don't forget to talk."

Bob: "Did you have an exciting time at the Prom?"

Bess: "Yes, I was on my toes every minute."

First Student: "Did you know that they don't have insane asylums in Arabia?"

Second Student: "No, why don't they?"

First Student: "Because there are nomad people there."

He: "There is something dove-like about you."

She: "What is it? Please tell me."

He: "You're a little pigeon-toed."

Miss Kelly: "Have you learned it all by heart?"

Num: "No, by memory."

O'Neil: "What are you training for now? The season's over."

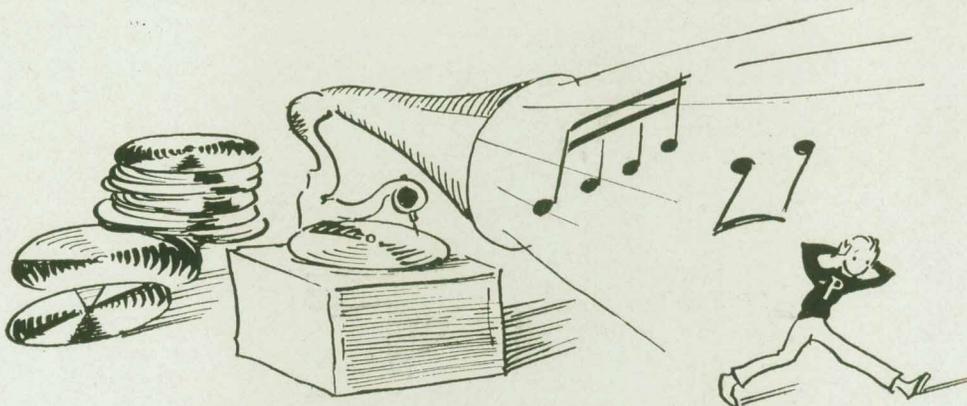
Cabeen: "Next year's Prom!"



P. H. S. FACULTY

Front row: Hubert F. Gilgan, Phebe E. Freeman, George W. Leyden. Back row: Marguerite M. McDermott, Mary E. Kelley, Matilda M. McLeod, Gertrude C. Turcotte, Anna L. Peters.

ADVICE TO UNDERGRADUATES



Dear Undergraduates:

It is a great privilege, I assure you, to give you children advice. You are greatly in need of it. When you have had the experience we Seniors have had in the past four years, you will not need to take advice from a graduate. If you do desire to graduate, follow our example and always study hard and diligently.

I will now endeavor to give some advice to each class individually.

Freshmen—Try to act your age. Do not always look as if someone would hurt you. No one would even consider hurting you innocent little children. Now that you are to become Sophomores, you can afford to be less timid. Whatever you do, don't follow the example of the former Sophomore Class. They were disgraceful in their actions. I don't see how they could think of such childish pranks as throwing erasers and chalk around the room.

Sophomores—You have tried to be too sophisticated. I know it is hard work when you take into consideration that there are members of your class with names such as Looney and Chippy. Just think you are soon to be noble Juniors. I suppose no one will be able to touch you with a ten-foot pole. Help the poor Freshmen all you can.

Remember that you were Freshmen once. Show them how to get out of studying and how to get around the teachers. That is what you excel in. Do not be selfish and keep all your knowledge to yourself, that is, if you have any.

Juniors—You are just as innocent as the Freshmen. It is a very great honor to become a Senior and I hope you will live up to the name as we have done. Try to keep the banner that the boys of the Senior Class have won for the Champion Interclass Basketball ever since it came into existence in the Senior Class. Do not think that just because you are to be Seniors you will not have to study. You will have to study harder if you wish to be prepared to go out into the hard, cruel world and earn your living. I am extremely sorry that you have no great orators, stars and poets as we have, but do not give up hope. Someone in your class will, no doubt, develop these talents.

After all these knocks I hope you are still able to accept real, wholesome advice. Have a definite purpose in life and try to live up to it. Never begin anything on the installment plan. Always be thorough with everything that you do, no matter how hard and difficult the task may be.

Marion E. Smith '29.

SALUTATORY



The message I bring from the Seniors
To our friends assembled here
Is "Welcome! Welcome to our hall tonight
To join our Commencement cheer."

During four short years at high school,
Ambition has held sway.
At last we've reaped our harvest
And we must be on our way.

Yes, our high school days are over
Our math and chem are done.
We've reached the height for which we strove
Still our journey is just begun.

We must yet traverse life's highway
Ambition must seek its goal.
Though we meet with loss and disaster,
Defeat must not claim its toll.

May the high ideals we've cherished
In the halls of P. H. S.
Be our guide-posts in the future
As we climb the heights of success.

Like the gods upon Olympus
Sits our joyful Senior Class,
Abounding in gained knowledge
Exulting in conquests of the past.

You, too, our fellow schoolmates,
Will some day feel such pride
With the help of parental devotion
And the faculty as your guide.

Dear friends, you've aided us on our way.
Our burdens you've helped to bear,
Come! Rejoice with us tonight.
Our joy and triumph share.

Florence Silva

CLASS OF 1929

MYRTLE P. ADAMS

"Half-Pint" — "Peanut"

Myrtle is small in stature, but then, so was Napoleon. The winner of P. H. S. Beauty Contest conducted by "The Foghorn" unaffected by her laurels, continually smiles her way into the hearts of her many friends.

Toe-dancing is her forte and she sure swings a mean hoof. This diminutive little blonde is the accredited heart-breaker of the Senior Class.

The personification of pep, she has "IT" and if you doubt it, ask a certain curly headed youth.

Senior Play (4)

Winner of the P. H. S. Prettiest Girl Contest (4).

RICHARD L. ATKINS.

"Dick"

Hear ye! All ye pleasure seeking youths! If you see a nice looking girl down the street and want to know all about her just ask "Dick", he's '29's connoisseur. He's not so hot when it comes to studying but, baby, on the dance floor he certainly can waddle. His popularity is greatly enhanced by his good looks. Yes girls he has "IF".

Junior Prom Committee (3); Stage Mgr. Senior Play (4).

REINE AVELLAR.

Line forms on the right, gents. Step right up and meet Reine, the charming and petite "personality kid". Here's a rare specimen of that much sought after combination of brains and beauty. Although quiet and unassuming her presence is always felt.

Class basketball (4); class bowling (2); Honor Club (4); Jr. Red Cross (4); Co-authoress of Cape Cod's prize-winning "health play".

MANUEL BENT.

"Benty"

Here's one of '29's foremost athletic boasts. "Benty" could always be counted upon to gain ground with his ferocious line smashing tactics when P. H. S. needed it. He always seemed to play more scintillatingly when a golden haired Junior was present at the game. C'mon "Benty" 'fess up.

Varsity football (1, 2, 3, 4); varsity baseball (2); varsity basketball (4); class basketball (4); varsity club





ARTHUR BROWN.

"Brownie"

Ladies, this is "Brownie", ain't he sweet. He's our prize beau brummel and champion bass soloist. He is our shining meteor upon the dance floor. He also plays a mean tackle on the football team and his manly form in a basketball suit brings many ohs and ahs from the feminine gallery. The Freshmen's hero is also quite an actor.

Class basketball (1, 3, 4); Varsity basketball (4); Senior Play (3); Varsity football (4).

INEZ CHAPMAN.

One look at this demure maiden might lead you to think her quiet and mouselike. Don't fool yourself! Inez runs in high gear all the time and always has a quick retort on the end of her tongue for would-be wisecrackers. She is well-known and well-liked throughout the school, as the number and variety of her offices prove.

Secretary and treasurer Student Council (4); Junior Prom. Comm.; Honor Club (4); Junior Red Cross (4); Foghorn staff; A. A. (4); Stamp Club (4); Senior Play (4); Operetta (2); One Bookkeeping Award; Two Shorthand Awards; Two Typing Certificates.

FLORENCE COOKE.

"Cookie"

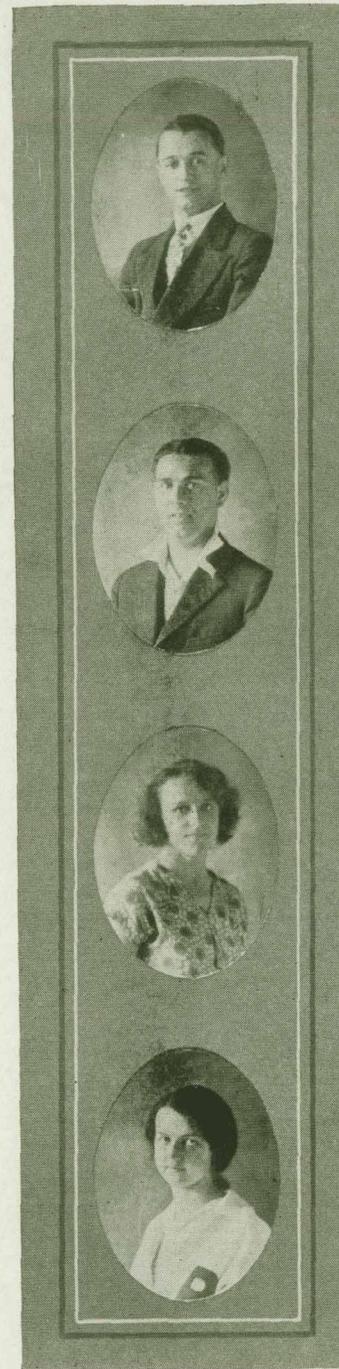
This dashing brunette has just brought four hectic school years to a close. Looking after Stuart and keeping up her lessons has kept her on her toes. From now on Florence, you can concentrate on Stuart. And heaven help the weak side!

Mandolin Club, (3, 4); A. A. (3); Operetta (2).

BEATRICE COSTA.

"Biddy"

Beatrice is another one of those office stenographers. She is rather inobtrusive, but despite this, and the handicap of having Helen Freeman and Florence Volton as her intimate friends, she has managed to survive four years of English, French, etc., and is a proud member of that class of classes.



LEONARD W. DAYS.

"Admiral"

Halt! Capricious and frivolous reader, and gaze upon yon features of Leonard William Days. He is our editor-in-chief, class president, and an orator of no mean ability. Prohibition is his pet topic, and when we say pet topic we mean just that. If you want to get a verbal barrage of statistics, quotations, epilogues, anagrams and what have you, just suggest to him that the 18th Amendment is a success.

Class president, (1, 2, 4); Vice-president (3); Vice-president Student Council (2); President Honor Society (4); Joke editor of Long Pointer (2); Editor-in-chief (4); Junior Prom committee (3); Senior Class play (4); Cheer leader (2, 3, 4); Lincoln Essay Prize (2); Mgr. Class baseball (1); Mgr. Class basketball (1, 3, 4); Capt. bowling team (4); A. A. (1, 2, 3, 4); Operetta (2); Class Essayist.

JOHN COSTA.

He's not really to blame girls. It's merely the way that they dress him. P. H. S.'s fashion plate may often be seen along Commercial Street semi-disguised in his inimitable plus eights.

There is only one thing that "Johnny" would rather do than eat and that's study. (Phew!) His lengthy recitations are a daily feature of all of his classes. His most famous oration entitled "My Trip to Washington" will place his name in the archives of P'town High.

Chairman Cabaret Committee (2, 3); Junior Prom Comm. (3); Senior Play Comm. (4); Varsity football (4); varsity club (4).

HELEN FREEMAN.

Helen, the joy of the class, is just about the funniest girl in school. Her witty sayings convulse every class she enters and the best part of it is she enjoys her spontaneous repartee as much as the rest. Her mirth provoking sallies will be missed when the class separates.

Two typing awards (4).

ELEANOR JOHNSON.

"Johnny"

Eleanor Johnson, the Valedictorian and best student in the class, also handles a basketball with skill and her presence on the basketball floor of the Town Hall usually assures us of a pretty good chance of winning against the visiting team. "Johnny" hopes to enter Mt. Holyoke in the fall.

Varsity basketball (2, 3, 4); Captain Class basketball (4); Captain Varsity basketball (4); Secretary Treasurer Varsity Club (4); Treasurer Red Cross (4); Foghorn Staff; Associate Editor Long Pointer; President Athletic Association.



STUART JOSEPH.

"Stew"

Stuart, the boy with the determined chin, is one of the most brilliant students in the Senior Class. His square jaw is indicative of the stubbornness for which he is famous. No it's no use girls because Florence has got him tied up in a knot. "Stew" is the only one in the English D Class who seems to be able to write a two hundred word theme on one of Miss McLeod's pet topics.

Football (3); Athletic Association (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Essayist.

ELIZABETH KELLY.

"Lizzie"

"Lizzie" is known throughout the school for her loquacity. Her tongue, like Tennyson's brook threatens to go on forever. Speaking of Tennyson's poetry and volubility here's a verse that proclaims "Lizzie" to any one who knows her.

"A leash to languages is at once;
This she as volubly would vent
As if her stock would ne'er be spent."

Orchestra (3, 4); Operetta (2); Prom Committee; Senior Play Committee (4).

JOSEPH LEMA.

"Leaping Lema"

Yep folks, that blue streak that runs around the basketball floor like a man gone wild is our "Leaping Lema". The guard that can hold him scoreless isn't born. Joe slings groceries over the counter down at the First National Store in his off hours and his line of salesmanship is absolutely free with each and every order. The better looking the girl, the more salesmanship.

Varsity basketball (Capt.) (2, 3); Varsity baseball (3, 4); Varsity football (4); Pres. Varsity Club (4); Honor club; Chief of fire dept.; Vice-pres. of Class (4); Student council (4); Capt. of Class basketball (1, 2, 3, 4); Class baseball (1); Long Pointer staff (4); Senior Play (4); Class Giftoorian; Class bowling (3, 4).

MARY LEWIS.

And here is a girl without a nickname. She has always been just Mary to us. Mary is very fond of reading. She is one of those rare specimens who can get a straight A card and still act human. She is going to enter Bridgewater Normal next fall.

Honor Club (4); Athletic Association (1, 2, 3, 4); Student Council (4); Junior Red Cross (4); Stamp Club (4); Class Treasurer (3, 4); Class basketball (4); Varsity basketball (4); Glee Club (3).



NATHAN MALCHMAN

"Nutten" — "Kid"

You are now gazing upon our distinguished Business Manager. Although "Kid" Malchman looks like one of those handsome, bored young men in collar ads, he is really a very valuable member of our class.

As a dancer, he's some tomatoes. He really is quite light on his partner's feet. Otherwise he's K. O.

"Nutten" has the habit of disrupting our English Class with his raucous laugh. He hopes to be a journalist some day. Good luck "Kid".

Business Manager "Long Pointer" (4); Sports Editor "Foghorn"; Class Basketball (1, 3, 4); Class baseball (1); Senior Play (4); Student Council (4); Varsity Club (4); Athletic Association (1, 2, 4); Honor Club; Manager Varsity baseball (3); Class bowling (3, 4); Senior Play Committee.

HELEN MARSHALL.

Helen certainly knows how to wear clothes. She's always perfectly groomed on even the hottest of hot days. She won quite a bit of renown as an actress and the list of boys who have fallen victim to her wiles is long and varied. She never lacks an escort to school dances and parties. Some day she's going to tell us how she does it.

Senior Play (4); Operetta (2); Class basketball (4); Varsity basketball (2, 4); Bookkeeping Award.

DOROTHY NEWCOMB.

"Dot"

When you want "Dot" you don't listen for a giggle or snicker but for one of the quietest girls who walks through P. H. S.'s halls. This demure miss has been a faithful supporter of basketball and football teams and with her amiable disposition and willingness to help, we feel sure that Dot will make a place for herself in the ol' world.

Athletic Association (2, 3).

MARGARET E. O'DONNELL.

"Maggie"

"If you're tired of the commonplace", meet "Maggie"! She's another member of the renowned "Queen's Pearls" and she's some stepper. During the past four years Margaret has left a long trail of broken hearts in her wake. She makes an excellent artist's model and often serves in that capacity.

Class Treasurer (1); Class Secretary (2); Class bowling (2); A. A. (1, 2, 3, 4); Varsity basketball (3, 4); Class basketball (4); Junior Red Cross (4); Varsity Club; Co-authoress health play; Class Will (4).



MARGARET O'NEIL.

"Mimi"

Margaret is a member of the Queen's Pearls and that is about all that is necessary to be said. However, she writes poetry with the same ease that we read it. She is going to Boston University to study journalism. We expect great things of her.

Class Treasurer (2); Bowling (2); A. A. (1, 2, 3, 4); Prom Committee (3); Co-authoress of health play (4); Senior Play Committee (4); Class Song (4); School Song (4).



MARGARET PERRY.

"Maggie"

And still another member of the Q. P.s, which automatically makes her the fourth authoress of the health play. "Maggie" reads deep stuff but she is willing to forsake her authors for a joy ride in anybody's car. She is noted for her frank opinions.

Class president (2); A. A. (1, 2, 3, 4); Class basketball (4); Jr. Red Cross; Class bowling (2); Class Giftoorian.



GEORGE RAMOS.

"Ray"

"Ray" is our school chauffeur. He's the boy who plows up our front yard with his Belgian hack and spends half the day running errands for Mr. Gilgan. "Ray's" favorite outdoor sport is punishing his trumpet for the benefit of the admiring student body. He is Mr. Leyden's right hand man on the baseball field and can be found in the front row at all the games.

Mgr. baseball, (2, 3, 4); Mgr. Class basketball (2); Varsity Club (4); Orchestra, (1, 2, 3, 4); A. A. (1, 2).



ETHEL ROACH.

Gentle reader gaze upon the countenance of none other than Ethel. For four long years she has won her way through the halls of P. H. S. merely by her gentle ways and always a little thought of the other fellow. Always remember Ethel, "The quiet mind is richer than a crown", and regardless of what you attempt in the future we feel sure that you'll make a success of it.



JOHN G. RUSSE.

"Rabbit"

John "Rabbit" Russe is one of those fellows who do things in school. A glance at his achievements listed below will assure you of that. "Rabbit" is the only shortstop in captivity that can throw a ball to first base in all of the 57 various ways.

Varsity baseball (1, 2, 3, 4); (Capt. 4); basketball (2); Mgr. of football (4); Class basketball (1, 2, 3, 4); Class baseball (1); Pres. of Student Council (4); Editor of "Foghorn"; Honor Club (4); Varsity Club (4); Student Council (2); Senior Play (4); Sports Editor of Long Pointer (2); Prom Committee; Fire Squad.



EDMUND SILVA.

"Taffy"

Mother, mother pin a rose on me. We have here Edmund "Taffy" Silva, baseball player extraordinary. He's good. If you don't believe us ask him. "Taffy" is a veteran on the baseball team and is one of the bright spots in the line up despite the fact that he likes to tell the world about it.

Varsity baseball (2, 4); Class baseball (1); Class basketball (1, 4); Stage Mgr. Senior Play.



EDWARD SHERMAN SILVA.

"Massa"

Glance at the visage of this young man. Maybe he doesn't look it but he's another one of our shining lights. He was on the Foghorn staff and exercised his rather dubious sense of humor in the "News Buoy". He is also our class prophet.

Class Prophet (4); Vice-pres. Student Council (4); Varsity Club (4); Stamp Club (4); Honor Society (4); A. A. (1); Baseball (4); Football (4); Class basketball (1, 4); Business Mgr. of Foghorn (4); Fire Dept. (4); Senior Play (4); Prom. Committee.



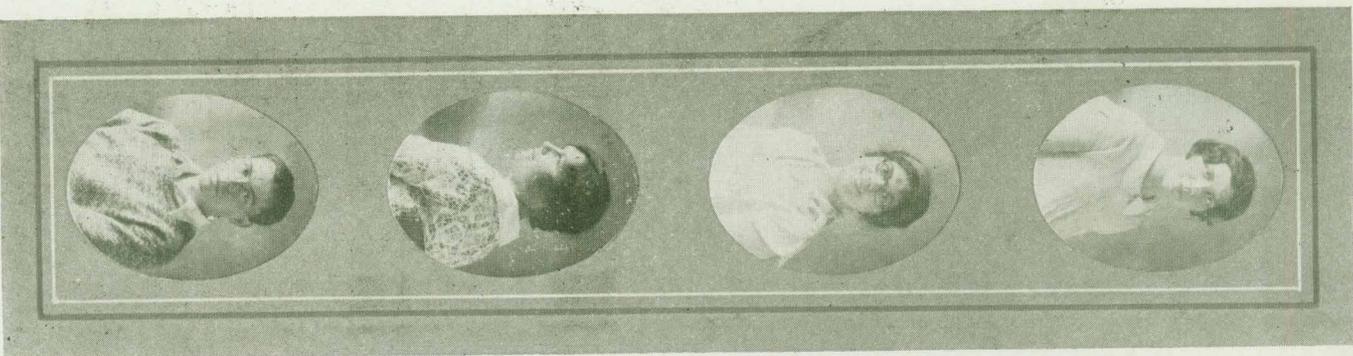
FLORENCE SILVA.

"Bright Star! Would I were steadfast as thou art."

Florence is a perfect example of the consistent pluggler. Her report card continually testifies to the veracity of the above statement. Her pleasant disposition and continual giggle will be a great asset in her future profession. We understand she plans to attend St. Luke's Hospital to study nursing.

You carry our sincere wishes for success, Florence. Never forget the old "Spirit of '29".

A. A. (4); Junior Red Cross; Honor Club; Literary Editor "Long Pointer"; Student Council (4); Class basketball (4); Junior Prom. Committee.



LOUISE SYLVIA.

Behold "Lizzie" Kelly's sparring partner. It has been said that she can out-talk the famous Elizabeth and we are inclined to believe it. She graces all our dances and gives the gang a treat in the gentle art of tripping the light fantastic.
A. A. (3); Stamp Club; Glee Club (1, 2); Operetta (2).

LILLIAN SILVA.

"Lil"

Meet Lillian Silva. She is not exactly Athletic but she enjoys seeing others performing in movies and books outside of school hours. She caresses the piano keys for diversion; that is in private, we have never had the opportunity of hearing her.
Junior Red Cross (4); Operetta (2); A. A. (3); Glee Club (1, 2).

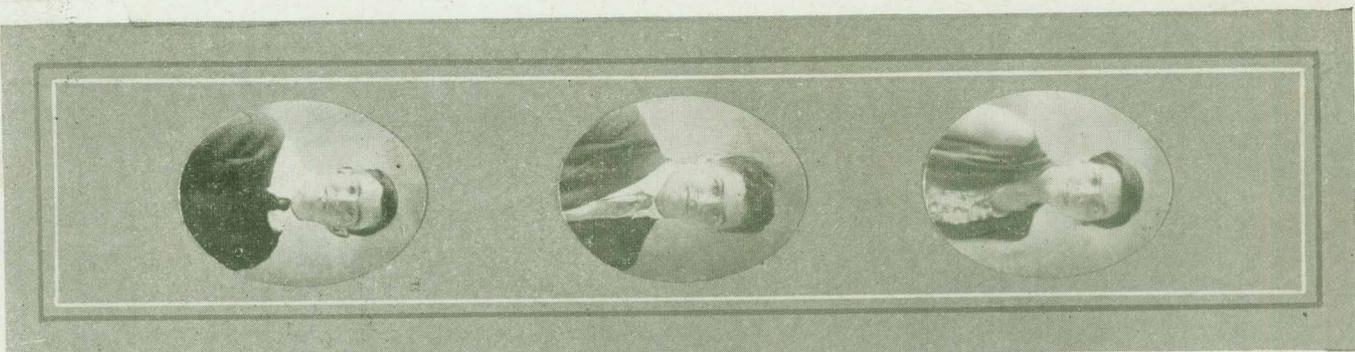
MARION SMITH.

Why, here is Marion our Class Secretary! Her beaming smile fills our home room with sunshine and good humor whenever she enters. Marion is one of these calm people who seem to have something about them that is intangible but attractive. We prophesy that she'll be a "hit" wherever she goes.
Pres. Stamp Club (4); Class bowling (2); Class Sec. (2, 3, 4); Varsity Club (4); Bookkeeping award; Shortland award; Advice to Undergraduate (4).

ISAIAH TURNER.

"Ike"

"Clothes Make The Man". Evidently "Ikey" takes this seriously for he is continually displaying some new sweater, knicker et al. And how he wears them! Does he rival "Jimmy" Walker? Dunt esk! He's quite a ladies' man. Isaiah hopes some day to be a Chemical Engineer.
Class bowling (4).



FLORENCE VOLTON.

"Flossie"

Introducing the other half of Freeman and Volton better known as the "Kerosene sisters". This pair is as inseparable as the famous Smith Brothers of cough drop fame. Flossie is an artist on the typewriter and in taking dictation. She has won several awards in stenography. She hopes to grace some fortunate firm's business office some day.

Three typing awards; Class Ode; Senior Play.

ALPHONSO F. WAGER.

"Toody"

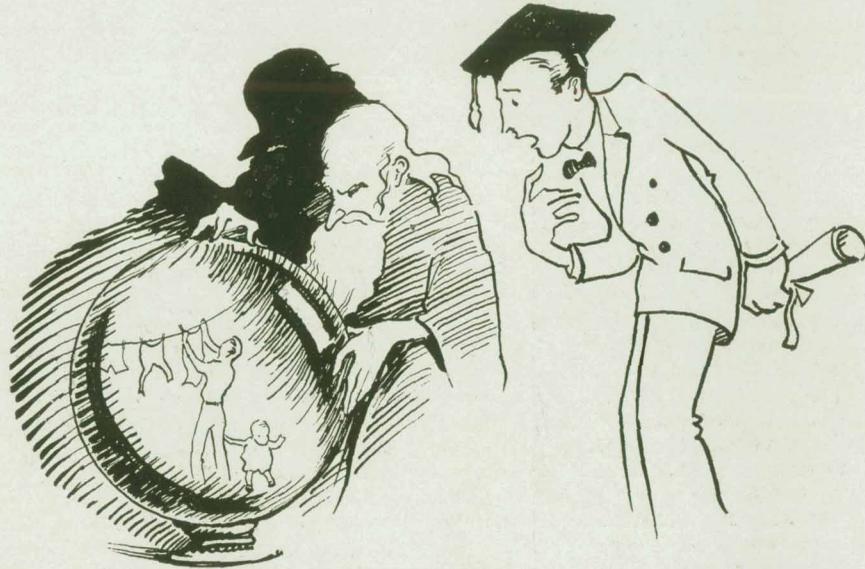
Yes, boys and girls, this is "Toody, the Sweathheart of Lydia Pinkham", "the Emperor of Epsom Salts", or in other words the combination embryonic pharmacist and soda-jerker who dispenses those palate ticklers at "Shoomby's" Drug Store. Alphonso also plays the trumpet in our pseudo-symphonic orchestra.
A. A. (1, 2, 3); Orchestra (2, 3, 4).

ARTHUR WILLIAMS.

"Baggy"

Here is the boy himself in person. "Baggy" is the class clown and general nuisance. When something is wrong look for Williams. When you laugh at him the world laughs with you, frown and you frown alone. (Teachers excepted). One of his redeeming features is his ability to write poetry. "Et Comment", as the French say. Another one of his hobbies is singing original verses to the tune of the school song. Incidentally "Baggy" is also one of our outfielders.
Class Vice-president (3); Baseball (4); Bowling (3).

CLASS PROPHECY



Peering into my radio glass I see a large hospital. I cannot recognize the surroundings. A middle-aged man appears at the entrance and lo and behold, I see our honor-Jours, otherwise known as "Admiral" Days, able president Mr. Leonard Guillaume. Yes, our former class president is a doctor. Ah, now I recognize the place, it is the beautiful metropolis of Wellfleet. Monsieur Days is a corn doctor of world fame.

Next I see Margaret O'Neil, famous hitch-hiker. Margaret at the present time is busy at work on a new book entitled, "How to See the World on 5c."

Now I see Margaret Perry. Margaret is president of the Women's Christian Temperance Union and one of the greatest reformers the world has ever known. Margaret's motto is, "Don't do as I do, but do as I say."

Now the picture of a pier and a boatload of cadets comes before me. The cadets are nearing the landing. At the end of the pier I can see two women with spy-glasses peering anxiously at the cadets. They turn their faces as though disappointed. I recognize at once two of my former classmates, Helen Freeman and Florence Volton. Yes, Helen and Florence still love the seafaring men.

Dorothy Newcomb next appears in my glass. Dorothy is a member of the United States Senate. Dorothy, it seems, is trying to get a bill passed limiting all plays pertaining to love. Dorothy is advocating her cause in a deep bass voice. A second woman

senator springs up and declares that Dorothy is "All Wet". Dorothy's opponent is no other than Margaret O'Donnell. It looks as if there is going to be a riot. No, the other members have quieted Dorothy and have led her back to her seat.

Another member of the famous Q. P.'s comes before me. It is no other than Reine "Shorty" Avellar. Yes, Reine is a leading connoisseur of art and artists. Reine's love of art inspires poetry, and her poetry inspires artists.

Arthur Brown comes before me next. Arthur is engaged in making records for the Nicolodeon Recording Company. Arthur favors the radio audience with solos during the Children's hour from station P. D. Q.

His favorite songs are, "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star", and "Baa, Baa, Black Sheep."

Stuart Joseph is shown writing the book he promised in Senior English class in P. H. S. Stuart is married to Florence Cooke and is the proud father of six children. He has forsaken the homestead to go into the country for solitude where he can write unhampered, "Happy Though Married". Florence is at home giving the children private instruction in their studies. Her motto is—"Hard study is the road to success."

Now the smiling face of Manuel Levi Bent appears in my glass. Levi is still busy doing nothing. He spends his time indoors reading "True Stories" and he gets his outdoor exercise in automobile riding. To be sure, he has

no trouble with his personal bookkeeping now.

Now I see Richard Atkins, the man of high ambitions. Dick is now head window washer at the Custom House. His pet hobby is civil engineering. Dick is trying to make plans for a bridge from Paris to Boston. The only obstacle in his way is that he always falls asleep before he can find a pencil.

Now I see the dimpled face of John Costa. John has returned to P. H. S. as principal. I hardly knew John without his plus seventeen golf knickers. John only teaches one class now which is automobile driving.

George Ramos, manager of the Lower Cape Marble Association comes into my glass. George it seems is trying to arrange a marble meet with Randolph, but since it is a proposition of "bring your own marbles", the meet is called off. Of course this doesn't worry George because "no meets mean no work".

Now I see Elizabeth Kelley as chief demonstrator of a new chocolate candy guaranteed "Not to make you thin". The people before Lizzie's counter are very much interested but I am sure Liz would make many more sales if she would stop eating the candy long enough to tell the people the cost per bar.

Next in the glass appears Eleanor Johnson. Eleanor has given up her old time interest in athletics and is now going in for athletes. She hasn't made much of a success as yet as she addresses them all in Latin, and entertains them doing cross-word and geometry problems. Try aesthetic dancing as bait, Eleanor.

Now I am in a large hall. I see Ethel Roach, far famed evangelist, delivering a sermon. Two of her favorite sermons are—"Love one, love all", and "There's a little bit of good in every bad little girl." At the offertory the audience joins heartily in the chorus of "I can't give you anything but love."

I now see Lillian Silva. Lillian it seems made her stage debut in "The Man Who Owns Broadway." She was disheartened by the reception her audience gave her, so has returned to her chosen profession of school teaching. Lillian has decided that instead of stepping herself, she'll make others step.

Now before me comes another of my illustrious classmates "Ikey" Turner. As you might surmise "Ikey's" real occupation is writing. He answers all the inquiries sent in to Mildred Champagne. It is very helpful to have a person with so much worldly experience and understanding contribute his little bit to make disheartened and disappointed girls see clearly ahead.

Now I see a baby farm. The matron is no

other than Myrtle "Peanut" Adams. And how she loves the babies! When I knew her she used to talk of this rouge and that rouge, this dance and that dance, but now her talk is "Yes, there's a great deal of nourishment in Mellon's food; no, they never have bananas nor candy; six o'clock and they're off to bed."

Now the class clown Arthur Williams appears before me. Arthur's left hand is in a sling as a result of a vaccination he received as a senior in high school. He uses his right hand to write the funny sheets, for the Boston American. Every night by the fireside he thrills his ten children as he tells tales of "When Pa Was a Boy." What a wonderful daddy!

Now I see the portly form of Nathan Malchman a full fledged rabbi with an acquired air of sobriety and seriousness. All the little curly-haired children rush to his side, and as a token of his affection, he puts a gentle hand on their heads and repeats slowly and sonorously "Pax vobiscum." So that is what Nathan turned out to be, well accidents sure do happen.

A small studio in the western part of the state appears in my glass. Here in a small room I see two middle-aged women busy writing. Getting a closer view I discover Florence Silva and Mary Lewis, famous novelist writers.

My glass is now covered by a dense haze. I am almost unable to see through it. No wonder! It's Alphonso "Buckus" Wager, alias "The face in the Fog." Bucky has won great fame on the stage. He is considered even greater than Lon Chaney when it comes to changing faces.

I am now on the highway. Why it's Eastham plains! I am enjoying the wonderful scenery. Billboards to the right of me, asparagus fields to the left of me, yet on I speed. But wait, that sign on the right looks very attractive. What does it say? Oh yes, "Aged 6 months". The woman holding that bottle of ginger ale looks familiar. Why it's Helen Marshall. Well, she certainly acted like she was aged 6 months when we were at High School together.

Now before me comes a scene in a business office in San Francisco. A secretary is busily at work typewriting. She looks up and I recognize Beatrice Costa. Beatrice, besides being a private secretary, is the California Typewriting Champion.

Now I see a basketball arena crowded with spectators. A fast game of basketball is being played. It seems to be a close game judging by the actions of the fans. One player in particular attracts my attention, he is easily the star. He seems to be every-

where. His playing seems familiar. Ah, no wonder, he is no other than "Leaping" Joe Lema. Joe is playing with the New York Celtics and is the highest paid basketball player in the country.

Gazing into my glass again I come face to face with "Taffy" Silva, the greatest bluffer ever produced by P. H. S. "Taffy" is seated at a desk in his New York office smoking a ferocious looking cigar. He is dictating a letter to a light-haired secretary. "Taffy" is the president of the great Salt Water Taffy concern. Letting my eyes wander to "Taffy's" private secretary I recognize another of my classmates, Inez Chapman.

Now I am gazing at some billboards in the Sells-Floto circus. One sign invites me to enter a tent and see the only human rabbit in the world. In a pen I see Johnny "Rabbit" Russe. Yes, Russe is regarded as a rare specimen captured in the wilds of Olhao. "Rabbit" Russe is performing for a crowd who are laughing uproariously. With every hop Russe takes he lets out that famous yell, "I'se a chicten, I'se a chicten," and believe me he certainly looks like one.

Leaving my friend "Rabbit" I see before me another tent in the same circus. The banner

CLASS GIFTS

John Russe is a baseball addict,
When the Yanks lose he thinks it's static,
These batting averages will help him gain,
The records of his toots, game by game.

2

Williams is clever we all admit,
His compass will serve to guide his wit,
Instead of engraving his name as a pest,
An example to youth should be his quest.

3

Lema's quickness in basketball,
Has been much admired in Town Hall,
This kangaroo will recall the fame,
Of Leaping-Lema, his old nickname.

4

To Leonard is given this little Gillette,
Which will come in handy when he wants to
pet,
Heien's complexion (one you love to touch),
Can't stand roughness, it's just too much.

5

Johnnie's plus fours create a riot,
In giving this golf ball, we hope he'll try it,
As we all believe in consistency,
A golfer he should attempt to be.

6

As Trudy says of Ike's new suit,
"Don't his mamma dress him cute,"
Ike will like this fashion plate,
It will show him how to dress up-to-date.

7

To Wager goes this cocktail shaker,
I'll wager it won't prove a faker,
In reminding him of those days of yore,
And his tricks at Shoombly's old drug store.

challenges any three women to wrestle the Sells-Floto woman champion. Going into the tent I see a large crowd seated around a wrestling mat. The Sells-Floto champion appears and I recognize the giant form of Marion Smith. Marion makes short work of the three women volunteers and then challenges the audience. The women are awed by Marion's muscular build and dare not enter the ring. Well, well, so I had a future wrestling champion for a classmate. Who'd of thunk it!

Gazing into my glass for the last time I see before me a large audience at Village Hall, North Truro. On the stage are many pompous figures. I see a large placard proclaiming "The World's Talking Championship at stake. Louise Sylvia vs. the Victor Recording champion." This is a talking marathon and Louise is the favorite at the odds of 5 to 1. One will not stay to see the finish because once Louise gets warmed up it's "Good Night Ladies" for us. The only possible remedy to keep Louise from talking is infantile paralysis of the hands and lock-jaw.

Sherman Silva '29.

8

Raymond's Buick to Arthur appeals,
To him we give this can on wheels,
We know it hasn't quite as much if
But we hope it'll do its little tricks.

9

In school Taffy wanders in a daze,
Thinking of the wondrous way he plays,
May this nice team-autographed baseball,
Remind him "Pride goeth before a fall".

10

Sherman's hobby is obviously boats,
Over these he persistently goats,
A girl in every port will be his aim,
Although his bashfulness puts P. H. S. to
shame.

11

This tiny hourglass goes to Bent,
In memory of hours at P. H. S. spent,
On studies, girls, sports and pleasures,
May he always keep it among his treasures.

12

To Ramos we give this auto part,
So he'll have no trouble when about to start,
We've seen him often in dire distress,
When coming up the hill to old P. H. S.

13

Dicky appears so terribly slow,
What the matter is we really don't know,
A speedometer might save his rep,
And inspire the much needed pep.

14

Kid's fame as a bluffer has travelled far,
It is quite as well known as his car,
Perhaps this little pane of glass,
Will show him up in all his brass.

15

Stuart's fondness for Cookie is far from
latent,
In fact his very delight is patent,
Here's another Cape Cod Cookie true and
tried,
Which cookie is the sweeter we'll let him
decide.

Margaret H. Perry '29.

PRESENTATION OF GIFTS

These gifts of course, are given in fun,
And should be received with the same,
Someone must give them. Because I'm the
one,
Does not mean that I'm to blame.

Some will be knocked and some will be
shocked,

But we hope none will be sore,
If you'll but laugh, and stand all the gaff,
We assure you we'll not ask for more.

As it is usually customary to pick on small
people, we will begin with Miss Myrtle Adams.

To Miss Adams we present this megaphone
so that she may attract attention and make
it easier for people to find her.

We will now present the "Queen's Pearls"
with gifts of the utmost consideration and
deliberation. For the benefit of those who
do not know this troop of radicals, I will give
a brief history of their activities. The society
was formed in 1926 and is composed of four
members: the Misses Reine Avellar, O'Don-
nell, Perry, and O'Neil. To make it a real
society, they elected themselves President,
Vice President, Secretary and Treasurer re-
spectively. The purpose of this group is to
act as childish as possible and thus to make
others suffer. They have done this nobly for
four long years. To the President, Miss
Reine Avellar, we present this lolly pop to
keep her quiet for at least a few hours. To
prove that we are showing no partiality, we
will also present a lolly pop to each of the
remaining officers.

To Miss Roach we present this miniature
football to remind her that if she continues
to work hard she will surely attain her goal.

To Miss Johnson we present this penny to
remind her of the many times she has tried
to make us feel like one.

We have repeatedly warned Louise Sylvia
to control her moronic outbursts of enthus-
iasm, but to no avail. In case of emergency
we present her with this bottle of Castor
Oil to keep her vocal chords in an A-1 con-
dition.

Elizabeth dear, since you are always talk-
ing (to no one in particular) to the utter
consternation of the faculty, we are giving
you a sample of your own products. APPLE-
SAUCE.

To Miss Helen Freeman, we present a
"Book of Travels" so that she may give in-
teresting talks on cities other than Boston.

Marion Smith has been seen riding
around lately in a new Ford coupe. As we
understand that she enjoys riding, we present
her with this brand-new, second-hand one-
horse-power buggy. No danger of running
out of gas with this car, Marion.

Now Florence Voltor possesses a kindly
feeling toward the words "BE PREPARED"
especially when they are on a scout emblem.
We present to her this bugle so that when-
ever she is lonely she may call her scout
troop back to her.

We hear from various sources that Florence
Silva gets up at five o'clock in the morning
to prepare her lessons for the approaching
day. Now, Florence, that is very injurious
to the eyes and also to the light bill so we
will do our part by furnishing you with the
light. (Candles).

Now poor Helen Marshall cracked joke
after joke during rehearsals for the Senior
Play, yet she only found one listener who
would laugh. Now, Helen, rather than have
poor Leonard suffer, we give you this tickler
with a written guarantee.

To Miss Dorothy we present this Hickory
Switch, with our best regards and a little
advice: Spare the rod and spoil the child.

To Miss Florence Cook we present this mir-
ror so that she may practice before it and
learn how to crack a smile once in a while.
Give us a break Florence. You won't spoil
your beauty by smiling.

To Miss Lillian Silva we give this piano so
that she may have her companion wherever
she goes.

We present Miss Beatrice Costa this fully
guaranteed ever-sharp pencil for we realize
that she will not always have Miss Freeman
near to supply her with pencils.

To Miss Mary Lewis we present this mirror
so that she may practice before it and gain
confidence in making orations.

Since we know that Inez is very fond of
jewelry, we present her with this fourteen-
urnip ring with the following advice: Op-
portunity knocks but once, Inez.

Joseph Lema Jr., '29.

CLASS ESSAYS

What Constitutes A Senior

When a man purchases a dwelling house, his first concern is to determine the reliability of the materials of which it is constructed. He closely inspects its foundation and the firmness of its construction. When he is in the market for a new car, he will generally select that one which he believes will survive longest according to the usage to which it is to be subjected. Again if he is to make any form of financial investment, he first inquires as to its stability and its probable outcome. Would an aviator fly his plane without first inspecting each minute part? Assuredly, he would not. This search for plausible facts is the natural tendency of the human race.

I imagine that the question uppermost in every mind on this evening of our graduation is "What Constitutes a Senior" or, in other words, "Of what lasting qualities is a senior composed and what are his future possibilities?"

The Senior is the coming citizen. Upon him depends the future progress of the world. He must carry on what the others have abandoned. It is but natural then that you wonder what qualities the Senior possesses. "How much confidence can we place in the Senior? Since he is our coming citizen, what amount of responsibility can we place in him?" It is probable that these are the foremost questions in your mind tonight. Assuming this to be so, I shall endeavor to bring out several lasting qualities of the Senior.

Before us are the Seniors, representative of four years of diligent study, who tonight receive a well-earned reward. Although perhaps not particularly impressive to look upon, they possess an unexcelled and irresistible quality of progressiveness. A Senior must be a Senior in every sense of the word. In dignity, rank, and lasting qualities it is most necessary that he be superior to all, and so he is.

A Senior is mentally sound, of great integrity, and possesses manly strength, courage, and ambition. The greatest of these is ambition, well-directed ambition, not selfish ambition. The Senior does not toil for personal gain alone. He strives to be

"somebody" for the glory of leaving behind a clean record of well-earned success.

Arriving at his present station in life, the Senior does not once covet the idea of remaining at a standstill. Much is to be attained. There are new fields to conquer in which each sees an individual goal, and toward this goal the Senior strives with ever increasing impetus. No barrier is too great, no discouragement too depressing, to prevent him from wending his way ever onward, ever upward. He rests not, for the satisfied man is never the successful man.

We speak of the self-made man. Just what do we mean to convey by this expression? If we stop to ponder over the succession of events which have placed this man in his present advantageous situation, we shall find that he also possessed that quality which predominates in and is responsible for the success of all men, well-directed ambition! This is the outstanding quality, of the Senior, well-directed ambition. With such a quality, coupled with his persistence, which is the secret of all success, he faces an unlimited future and recognizes no task as being too great for him to attempt. Such an outlook can lead to nothing but the greatest success.

The Senior is not independent. He does not attempt to take upon himself full credit for his present success. Not for a single moment does he forget the great obligation which he owes to his teachers and to his parents who guided him through the earlier and more difficult stages of his life to his present standing. Never can he forget this debt, and he will consequently strive to repay it, in a measure, by attaining the highest possible success in whatever he undertakes, and thus to be deserving of the faith they have placed in him.

Such, my friends, constitutes a Senior who tonight goes "Out of the Harbor into the Deep," to find that which awaits is:

"Not the end,
But the beginning.
Other goals set
For the winning."

Stuart M. Joseph '29.

OUR DEBT TO OUR PARENTS

As we are about to attain that for which we have so long striven, our diploma, that certificate symbolic of the successful termination of thirteen eventful years spent in the Primary School, the Grammar School, and the High School, we congratulate ourselves inwardly with a certain amount of justifiable pride upon our accomplishment.

Today is our day, and rightly so, but while basking in pleasant limelight of self-satisfaction, let us not forget those who have so silently and so ungrudgingly made our present positions possible. I refer to our parents.

We all know, in a general way, that we owe much to our parents, but few of us ever stop to think how much.

Everything that we are and everything that we have up to the time when we are ready to start life independently, we owe to them.

We come into this world with certain potentialities and certain possibilities for achievement, certain natural tendencies, and certain traits of character. These things depend absolutely upon our parents. Our future lives, our success, and our happiness depend upon how these tendencies are developed. Some must be held in check and overcome that we may take our places in society as orderly human beings and adapt ourselves to the conventions of civilization.

We each have our individual weaknesses which must be overcome. Common among these are fear, lack of confidence, and inability or disinclination to make a consistent and sustained effort. Then there are the positive and good qualities which must be given a chance to enlarge. Aside from our general qualities, each one of us has particular tendencies which determine in what direction our life efforts would be best exercised. These must be developed and improved upon.

No one but our parents are in a position, or have the interest in us, to search out these individual peculiarities and to train us accordingly. And most parents, whether they are aware of the science of psychology or whether they are merely following the lead of common sense, do manage to give us this training which enables us to overcome our undesirable traits and our natural weaknesses, and to develop and to enlarge upon our desirable traits and to make the most of those individual tendencies or capabilities upon which our success in life depends. They assist us to find our work and our place in life, adding their knowledge of life and of the kind of world with which we have to deal to our inexperience, and thus they save us many years of struggle which would otherwise be spent in adjusting ourselves to the conditions of our environment.

So much for home training. Our school training of course is left to our teachers, but it is our parents who have made it possible for us to have books and teachers. The school is merely an extension of the home, specializing more particularly in book knowledge.

It is not such a far cry back to a time when there was no such a thing as a public school, and education was only for the wealthy. The knowledge was absorbed largely by a class whose impractical lives made no use of it, so that it was largely an ornament instead of a power. Public schools had their origin on this continent in early colonial days and were the result of the efforts of the common people, like your parents and mine. The public schools were one of the first and most important of our democratic institutions. It is the foundation of Americanism in every phase. It is one of the priceless heritages handed down to this generation by our parents collectively, and it is the root and base of all others. The blessings of liberty guaranteed us by the Constitution can only be maintained by an educated country. Therefore when we thank the leaders who framed our Declaration of Independence, who generated our armies, and who piloted us through the difficult days of National strife, let us also thank those parents who, looking forward to a better future for their children, made great sacrifices to secure educational opportunities for them in order that they might become the leaders of the future.

Many of the parents of this generation were pioneers, but wherever two or three gathered together, in the forests or on the plains, a school was always established. Many were the privations and hardships which were endured by these parents who needed the help of their children at home, but they willingly gave them the time to secure their education.

Practically everything which has been gained by civilization from the earliest attempts to float a log down stream to the still unperfected television has been the effort of parentage to secure improved conditions for their children. All the wars which have been fought for human liberty are the result of the desire of parents to secure a boom for the coming generation. The soldier who dies on the battlefield does not go to war with the hope of securing liberty or human rights for himself. The mother who by dint of hard labor supports a fatherless group of children does not do so for her own interests. These are done for those who are more dear than life—the children.

We owe to our parents then, not only all that we are when we arrive at the age of maturity ready to go out into the world for ourselves, but we owe them that world, in so far as it is different from the world as it existed in its primeval state. But for the parental instinct to care for and to work for the offspring, there never would have been any improvement in the world because there would have been a lack of incentive to action. A personal and selfish reason is not sufficient to prompt people to endure and to labor in the manner which has been necessary to the progress of the world, for it has often been necessary to endure life-long struggles without hope of

reward.

Every hope and every thought of our parents has been centered upon us. Every plan which they made was made with a view to our welfare and the advancement of our interests. Their lives have not been their own but have been dedicated to us. No devotee ever worshipped at a shrine with that single-hearted consecration that our parents have consciously or unconsciously bestowed upon us. No martyr ever died for a cause

with any higher purpose than has actuated our parents in living for us. So when we come to thank our parents, we can thank them not for one or two things, not for a great many things, but we can justly thank them for everything which we have and enjoy, and for every aspiration that lifts us above the common realities of the present into the vivid glories of the future.

Leonard W. Days '29.

Class History

Looking through our Log Book in which is recorded all the events that happened during our four-year cruise, I see again the day when first we entered the ship of Learning to study and prepare ourselves for what was to come in the future.

It was in September, 1925, that sixty-three Freshmen embarked on this ship. Our voyage was delightful. The captain of our ship was Mr. Webster Hall and our president was Leonard Days. During this year we revived basketball, playing and winning several games. With this one exception, nothing exciting happened. All too soon our voyage ended. It was time for vacation. We disembarked from the ship with many good wishes.

Vacation over, we returned to our ship. During the summer three of the crew left, and eleven remained as Freshmen. Myrtle Adams and George Ramos became two of the crew. We had for our captain on this voyage, Mr. Gilgan, who also successfully guided us through the remaining two journeys. Miss Margaret Perry, our president, steered us through all storms and troubles. I see recorded in this Log Book a new coach, Mr. Leyden. During this year we won the interclass basketball championship, a mythical interclass baseball championship, and received second place in the Class Day Track Meet. June came, and another year had passed.

After vacation, we once more embarked on the ship we had fast learned to love, steered by Leonard Days, who had once more become our president. Only thirty-three returned for this third voyage. Our class grew smaller each year. While on this voyage we gave many whist parties for the benefit of our Junior Promenade fund. In May we held our Prom. The hall was artistically decorated in our class colors, green and white. Perley Stevens and his orchestra furnished the music. In one corner a sofa, table, and two chairs were arranged as special seats for the guests of honor, among whom was Mr. Nickerson who graduated from P. H. S. in 1868. The boys of our class were dressed in tuxedos and the girls in colorful evening gowns. The Prom was a great success both financially

and socially. The next month soon passed, and once more we left for home.

In September, 1928, we embarked on our beloved ship for the last time. There were thirty-five of us on this voyage as Helen Marshall and Manuel Bent joined our crew for their last trip of knowledge. We vowed to make this the most interesting and the most pleasant sail of all. We started well by winning the girls' and boys' interclass basketball championships. The boys also won the interclass bowling championship. We showed our dramatic ability in the Senior play, "It Pays to Advertise." Many clubs were formed during our Senior year. Among them are the Honor Club, the president being our Class President, Leonard Days. The purpose of the Honor Club is to give recognition to those who made outstanding achievements in school activities other than in athletics. In order to become a member, each pupil had to have a total of 350 points earned by taking part in assemblies, receiving over 90% in all lessons, belonging to clubs, or contributing to the Foghorn or Long Pointer. The Athletic Association was reorganized, and Eleanor Johnson became president. In order to join the Athletic Association, each member had to pay two dollar dues. The editor of the Foghorn was John Russe; the editor of the Long Pointer, Leonard Days; and the staff of both consisted of many Seniors. Last, but not least, is the Varsity Club of which Joseph Lema is president. To become a member of the Varsity Club, a student had to earn one letter won by taking part in a major school sport. An accident occurred which saddened our cruise. This was the loss of one of our beloved classmates, Robert Baker, who was mourned by everyone.

And now the four long years have passed. The Freshmen of 1925 are the Seniors of 1929. They have had many experiences during their voyage, of which the enjoyable ones far outweigh the unpleasant ones. As the Seniors scan the horizon from the stepping-stone of Graduation, they see many conquests to be made, and they believe that in the future, as in the past, they will show themselves ready for any test that may be put to them.

Inez C. Chapman

Class Ode

That we should say our last fond adieus
With aching hearts,
And fade away into the turmoil of the world
There to be tossed and buffeted by those
Who, like us, are looking for the gold of youth,
Searching everywhere, sometimes in vain,
But always returning to seek again,
Those gifts of Life, for which we compete
To gain the end we're going to meet,
To be successful or not succeed.
Life is like that.
But nappiness and success
Are rewards for those,
Who, in spite of friend or foe, carry on.
For they who have been called today,
To better things, by Fate,
Tomorrow will bring them reality
And then it may be too late.

Lorence Volton '29.

Class Will

We, the Senior Class of the High School of Provincetown, of the County of Barnstable, and the State of Massachusetts, being of sound and disposing mind and memory and about to pass out of existence, do make, publish, and declare this our last will and testament, hereby revoking any wills by us at any time heretofore made:

1. To our Principal, Mr. Hubert F. Gilgan, we leave one talking machine record made to order so that when he asks the student body for funds he won't have to repeat the same hard luck story.

2. To Mr. Leyden we leave the sincerest hope that his voice will increase 100% so that he may intimidate the Freshman Class.

3. To Miss Freeman we leave the hope that the incoming Freshman Class will be respectful, docile, obedient and dutiful, and will follow in the footsteps of the Class of '29.

To Miss McLeod we bequeath an insurance policy to protect her from wise-cracking jay-walkers as she rides by in her puddle-jumper.

5. Ike Turner leaves his ability to argue in Miss Turcotte's care so that she may find a successor to give Ike's monologues in Chem. Class.

6. The radicals of the U. S. History Class, to wit: John Russe and Arthur Williams, leave to Miss Peters their best wishes for a class which will believe what they are told by her.

7. That small but inspiring Senior French Class bequeaths to Miss McDermott the hope that her future classes may be composed of the calibre of Mary Lewis and Eleanor Johnson.

8. To our Commercial teacher, that baby-loving Miss Kelley, we leave the following advice, "Love Thy Shorthand Class as Thou Dost Love Malchman's Kid Brother".

9. Margaret Perry bequeaths her ability to write themes five minutes before the fatal bell rings to Esther Collinson.

10. The Queen's Pearl's originality is left to the next editor of the Foghorn.

11. Arthur Brown leaves his ability to conquer the women to "Sitting Bull", alias Herman Dutra.

12. Leonard Days leaves his ability as a stage lover to Anthony Mascarhenas.

13. John Russe leaves his antiquated sense of humor to "Looney" Malchman so that he may make better use of his horse-laugh.

13. To Donald Branch goes John Costa's rank of dance maestro.

14. Myrtle Adams leaves her famous ability to laugh her way out of trouble to Hilda Sants.

15. That invaluable knack of getting into trouble is left to Mary Days with Arthur Williams' best wishes.

16. Helen Marshall, our class actress, bequeaths her art of wearing clothes to please the eye to Madeline Sants.

17. The queenly sedateness of Eleanor

Johnson is hopefully bestowed upon Winnie O'Donnell.

18. That door-rattling roar that Nathan Malchman calls a laugh is bestowed upon Alan Hartman.

19. Sherman Silva's knack of spending half a day in the office is left to Sonny Blondheim in the hope that he will spend the other half of the day minding his own business.

20. Mary Lewis thoughtfully bequeaths her demureness to Mildred O'Neil.

21. The mercury-footed Lema leaves his speed to Stanley Chapman with the hope that telegrams may in the future reach their addresses with reasonable dispatch.

22. The well-known petiteness of Reine Avellar is bequeathed to Marjorie Silva.

23. Mary Louise Avellar is the fortunate recipient of Inez Chapman's stenographic ability.

24. Beatrice Costa, the office secretary, bestows her job upon Lillian Carter.

25. The stubbornness of Stuart Joseph is bequeathed to Johnny Dears.

26. Elizabeth Kelley bestows her loquacity upon Anna Days.

27. Dorothy Newcomb's stage whisper is left to Nettie Jackett.

28. The poetic skill of Margaret O'Neil is left to John Dears so that he may express himself when he must wax romantic.

29. Manuel Bent leaves Mabel Chapman anything she desires.

30. The John McGraw of P. H. S., George Ramos, leaves his managerial powers to Charles O'Neil.

31. Ethel Roach leaves her quiet disposition to Edith Costa.

32. The ability to argue on hopeless subjects like the New York Yankees is left to Joaquin Russe by his brother.

33. Eloise Sylvia's benevolence toward her fellow classmates is bequeathed to Florence Allen.

34. Edmund Silva leaves his outfield position to Lloyd Woods.

35. Florence Silva's art of expressing herself on paper is left to Katherine Young so that she can write good alibis for Johnnie's benefit.

36. Lillian Silva's pedagogic ambition is left to Mary Gaspie.

37. A recipe on "How to Be Tall and Good Looking" is Marion Smith's gift to Mary Roberts.

38. Florence Volton's ability to speak fluent French is bequeathed to Melissa Connor.

39. The art of mixing sodas, as only Alphonso can, is left to Raymond Martin.

Richard Atkins leaves to Miss Kelly his bookkeeping set with the hope that she will find someone who will appreciate her teaching a much as he.

In Witness Whereof, we have hereunto subscribed our names and affixed our seal on this twenty-sixth day of June.

The Senior Class,

Per, Margaret O'Donnell.

Class Song

NOT EVENING BUT DAWN

Tune: "Desert Song"

Classmates, now we are leaving,
All saying farewell.
Each going his own way,
The end none can foretell.
We've done our best for our school,
Trying to follow each rule.

CHORUS

Our school days at last are o'er,
We go; perchance to meet no more.
Together we'll keep a sweet memory.
These four years we've spent here
We'll always hold dear.
We've worked so hard to win.
Our efforts have rewarded been.
Now, with eager hearts singing a song,
'Tis "Not Evening But Dawn".

We've worked and we've triumphed
Always side by side,
But now we are parting
To traverse paths untried.
We won't forget P. H. S.
Nor will we e'er love it less.

CHORUS

Our farewells must now be said,
And dear tales of the times we've had
Must be retold now for one last sweet time;
For in moments now few
We'll all say adieu.
Classmates and dear friends and all,
As we go forth from out Learning's Hall
We are sad, yet we're consoled with the thought
'Tis "Not Evening But Dawn".

Margaret O'Neil '29.

Valedictory

Did you ever stop to think how very much one's life is like a day? The happy life is the sunshiny day, and the life filled with sorrow and trouble is the rainy day

Our day starts with night-ignorance, fear, and superstition through which we are guided by our parents, teachers, and friends to the first rays of light. And then comes graduation or commencement-dawn. The more knowledge and character we have gleaned, the more splendid the dawn.

We reach the height of our activity but not of our glory at noon. The beautiful life does not end until the goal is reached when it culminates in a glorious sunset. The more wonderful the day, the more wonderful the sunset, and the more lasting impression it leaves.

Just what our life will be depends on how much we strive for beauty, honor, love, faith, truth. Keats says, "Beauty is truth; truth, beauty—that is all ye know on earth, and all ye need to know." The most striking example we have to illustrate this lies in the fact that a noble character tends to beautify even a homely face. "Beautiful faces are they that wear the light of a pleasant spirit there. Beautiful hands are they that do deeds that are noble, good and true."

Some of us regard a beautiful life as one concerned only with solemn things, but this is entirely wrong. A beautiful life may be one bubbling over with fun and the joy of living. It may be a gay, care-free, happy-go-lucky devotion—a life of service to high ideals well clung to.

Idealism—doesn't the very word suggest everything good and true? Isn't it symbolical with music, sportsmanship, trustworthiness, honor?

Then let us truly strive to follow our motto so that we may be in reality at dawn, not evening—not evening but dawn.

Eleanor M. Johnson '29.

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES

Class of 1929

Town Hall, Thursday, June 27, 1929

Invocation

Rev. William J. McCaffrey

Salute To The Flag

School

Salutatory

Florence M. Silva

Chorus "To Thee O Country"

School

Trumpet Solo "A Dream"

George S. Ramos

Class History

Inez Chapman

Essay "What Constitutes A Senior?"

Stuart M. Joseph

Chorus "Goin' Home"

School

Dvorak

Essay "Our Debt To Our Parents"

Leonard W. Days

Class Ode

Florence Volton

Valedictory

Eleanor M. Johnson

Chorus "Ciribiribin"

School

Pestalozza

Presentation of Diplomas

Thomas Campbell, Secretary of School Board

Benediction

Rev. C. Clare Davis



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