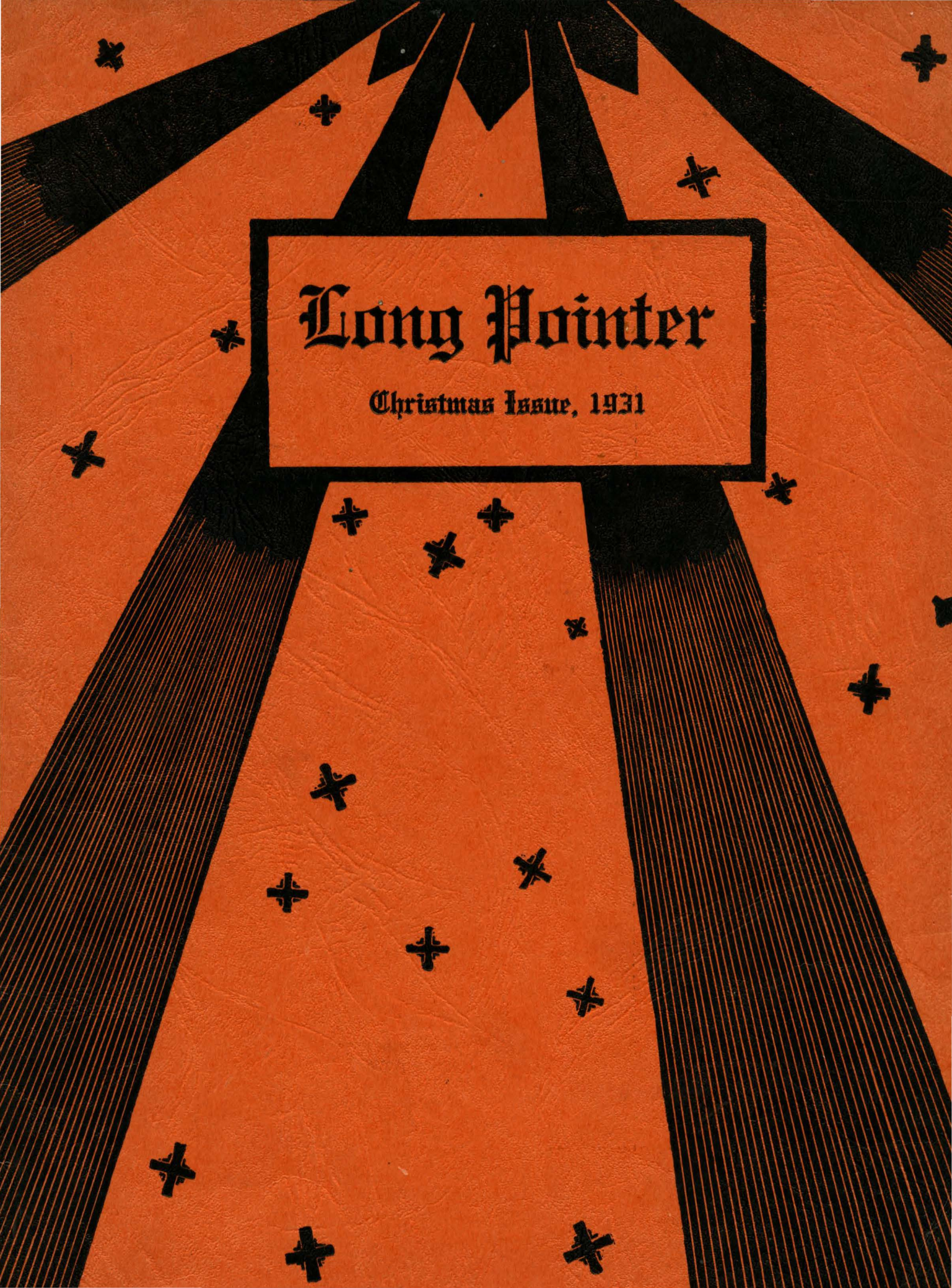
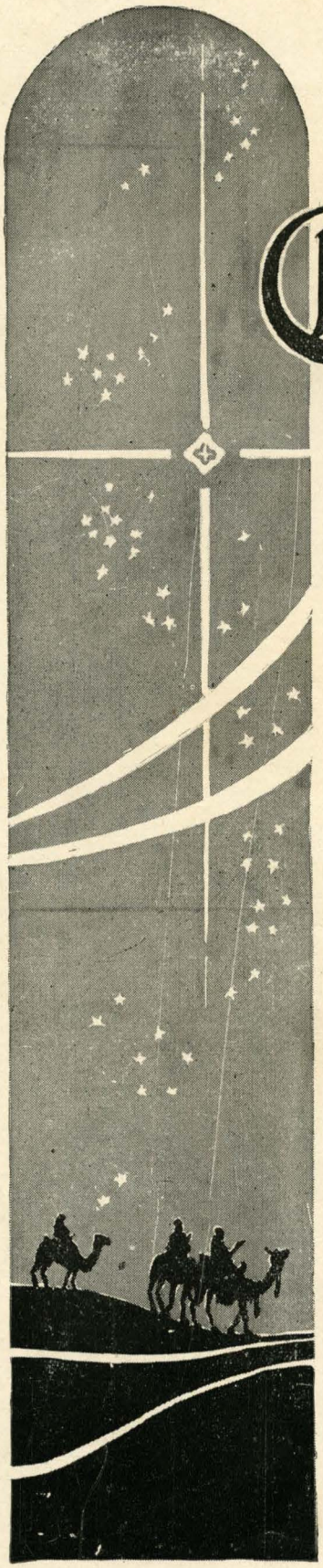
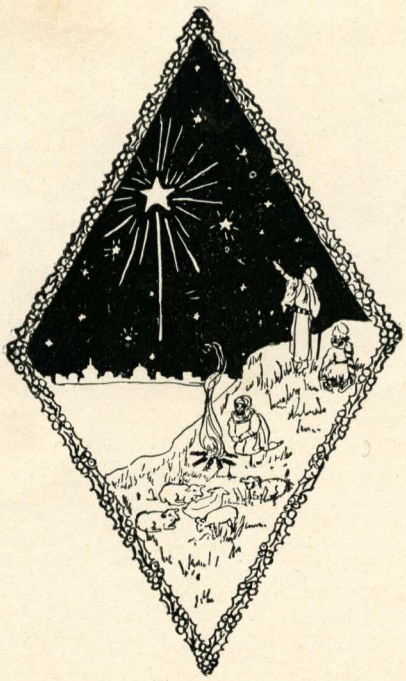

Long Pointer
Christmas Issue, 1931



Christmas Greetings

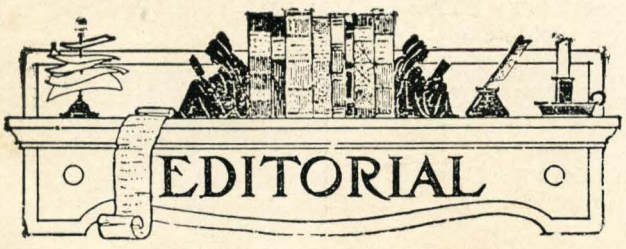


THE LONG POINTER

PROVINCETOWN HIGH SCHOOL — PROVINCETOWN, MASS.

VOLUME 9 — CHRISTMAS, 1931 — NUMBER 1

The Staff



ONE DOLLAR'S WORTH

Sometimes we hear pupils complaining that they don't get their money's worth out of the Athletic Association. Just what, may I ask, is a dollar's worth? You may go to the movies twice, and use the rest of the money for peanuts (not to be eaten during the performance, however, lest you disturb your neighbor). Again, you may, if you are ice-minded, spend the money to have your skates sharpened, or perhaps to buy an ice cream soda or two. Perhaps you are a modern Lochinvar dancing over the shining, waxed floor awaiting an opportunity to rush the lady off to the soda fountain. All well and good. But—, the movies last for only two hours. The skates dull again. The sodas and peanuts may cause a digestive disorder. The dance doesn't last for an eternity. Indeed, if eternity were but four hours long, we wouldn't worry about the sermons delivered by our beloved pastors. You see, all of these values of the one dollar are not lasting, at the most, over four hours. I say four hours because the day after the first skate of the season you are either held for recall, or the ice melts, or some other disaster of fate or nature stops you from going skating again.

That is what your dollar is worth; except that you may buy the little card that states that the undersigned is a member of the P. H. S. A. A. The P. H. S. A. A. membership means free admission to the inter-scholastic basketball and baseball games, each of which would otherwise cost at least 25 cents, and also free admittance to the intra-mural basketball games. Just what, then, is the dollar worth, if invested in an A. A. membership? According to schedules for basketball alone, the A. A. membership means about $8 worth of sporting, healthful, breath-taking games.

Then there is the satisfaction one derives from being a member of the school organization which puts a fully-equipped team on the court. And don't forget that it makes even the meek, who protest against the clashing of human bodies in healthful combat, swell with pride in knowing that school spirit is present by the barrels in their skeletons; is imbedded in the very marrow of their bones.

What, then, is one dollar's worth? It is worth what you make it. The A. A. exists not only for athletics, or for the fame of the school, but for each and every member of the school body.

* * *

In the old high school building we often heard the words, "If we had a building with an auditorium, we could have weekly assemblies." Now, out of a blackened pit holding the charred remains of the old building, there has arisen a spacious brick building equipped with the facilities of a city school, and I might say, better equipped than some city schools. In this new building the town fathers have seen to it that there should be an assembly hall. "Ah!" said the student, "Now we can have those regular assemblies." And after the school program was running smoothly, came the announcement that "Beginning next Friday we will have weekly assemblies in the hall." Presto! The students began to forget the novelty of taking showers after gym and of eating in their own cafeteria. They began, instead, to look forward to the weekly programs.

Doctor Eaton inaugurated our series of assemblies with his talk about his trip to Oberammergau and his attendance at the Passion Play. In his talk Doctor Eaton, a lover and kind critic of Province-

(Concluded on Page 19)

On Choosing One's Career

Oftener the career chooses the person than the person chooses the career, experience and observation have proven.

THERE is something almost pathetic in the wistfulness and the demanding eagerness with which young people challenge us to give a word of counsel, a word of advice which shall solve the problem of their careers. Whether the young man and the young woman really believe that anyone can solve the problem for them is a question. Perhaps somewhere in the background of the mind there is a sense that the best any friend can do is just to let it be brought out and turned around in discussion. But what every mature person knows is this—none of us knows enough of all the elements involved to give sure counsel in personal matters.

The report of experience and observation is this: oftener the career chooses the person than the person chooses the career. To one who makes himself, there are a thousand who are made by circumstances they did not foresee. "There is a destiny that shapes our ends."

This does not mean, of course, that we are the sports of fate. It may mean that, deeper than our intellectual conception of what we should like to be, there is a spiritual direction toward what we were meant to be and in this sense what we were meant to be is usually just what we are; we would not be anything else.

Experience is the harvest of life, and every harvest is the result of a sowing. The experience which young people most crave is that of success in some service for which they are naturally fitted. And they wish it at once—immediately. Youth wishes to touch a magic button and command success without apprenticeship. But nothing ripens that is not first planted, and the very desires, the impatience, the dreams, the ambitions of youth, are by way of a planting which shall come to fruition—sometimes after these desires are abandoned and never again thought of.

The whole question is suggested by two persons who were recently seen. One has come late to his career. For nearly a quarter of a century he has kept himself ready to use his opportunity when it came, and for a quarter of a century it seemed to him that his opportunity would never come; there were months when it almost seemed that the quest would end in heartbreak. The glow had gone, the vision had vanished, nothing remained but sheer grit—then the opportunity came, and the man was ready to embrace it. Of course, it had nothing of the halo about it—for him—that it might have had twenty years before. To the world of onlookers there is a great thrill in the story, but not for him; he knows by what painful steps he toiled up to it, he remembers how often he was on the verge of letting go, how often indeed he did let go but was carried on by the sheer momentum of his effort. It all makes for modesty and sincerity in him, but it is very different from what the onlookers conceive it to be. Behind the scenes, success is a very plain experience.

The other person who has come into the picture is young, high-spirited, brilliant with the new ideas and the modern vision, restive and impatient, believing that there must be some secret spring which if discovered and touched would, presto! bring about the desired and cherished success in service. Not at some future time, but now—bring it to pass next week!

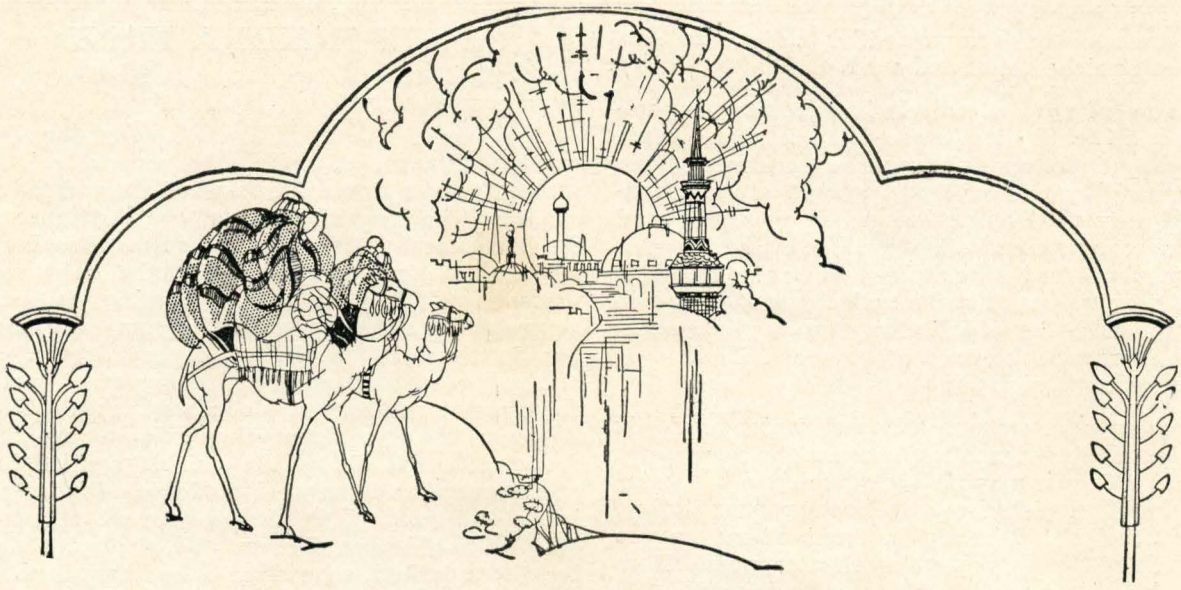
It is rather difficult to say to a person (probably it is unnecessary even to try to give youth a glimpse of middle-age experience) that all this straining at the tether, all this brilliant impatience, all this generation of high effort, is not solid performance at all, but practice, training. The efforts seem so real, so final—to describe them as only the prancing of the impatient mind and not genuine progress sounds cruel in the ears of the one most interested.

In the deep unwritten wisdom of life there are many things to be learned that cannot be taught. We never know them by hearing them spoken, but we grow into them by experience, and recognize them through understanding. Understanding is a great experience in itself, but it does not come through instruction.

And one of the matters which we understand and which may perhaps be reduced to words in such a form as to help those who are on the brink of life, and those who are wondering why things do not immediately respond to their imperious command—one of the elements of experience which may perhaps be passed across from the more mature condition to the less mature condition is this: Life is a series of plantings, and what your restive desire may be planting now will take root and grow and come to flower at a time when it may be you have forgotten that you ever planted it.

What a man sows he shall reap. This is a law of nature. The farmer who sows his wheat in the fall expects to harvest wheat the following summer. The housewife who sows her aster seeds in the late spring expects to see a beautiful garden of that particular blossom, the result of the planting. It is not a threat, it is a promise. And earnest, ambitious people are sowing all the time. One of the surprising qualities of life is that men reap things they have forgotten they ever sowed. They plant the seed of desire and expectation, but because they do not immediately see the fruit they grow discouraged and become weary of waiting and turn their attention elsewhere; but the seed is a living thing and grows—forgotten or not, it grows, and in due time it comes to flower and fruit. The better the soil is prepared, the more care given in the proper selection of the seed, the better the crop.

Many a young man might have made a career early in life had he taken advantage of the opportunities as they presented themselves. He did not cultivate it; he did not dress it. He neglected it.



Literary Department

HAVE THEY FORGOTTEN?

The scene is taken on the Western Front, fourteen years ago. A terrific bombardment is going on. Shrapnel bursts over the muddy trenches on either side of that bit of shell-pocketed, wire-strewn earth. On every side horrible screeches rend the air, even above the roar of the bursting high-explosive shells. Blood is poured wantonly out of young boys' arteries. There, silhouetted against a burst of shrapnel, is caught a momentary glimpse of a quivering body hung on the wires. But the body is dead—has been for hours. The machine gun bullets piercing that broken temple of a soul gives the body a lively motion. Suddenly, as if by mutual consent, both factions lapse into silence. The silence hurts the ears. Muddy figures in olive-drab and feld-grau come to crouching positions in their respective trenches. A homesick boy, barely eighteen, begins singing. His voice trails across the quiet of No Man's Land—"Stille Nacht"—a Christmas hymn. Gradually other voices join in with the homesick lad. Soon there is as beautiful a choir as ever graced the loft of the Cathedral of Cologne, singing the hymn of peace across the desolate wastes of shot-torn Flanders. The Yankee boys answer in English the world-famous hymn. Here in the midst of war the opposing sides are joined together in the song of the Seraphim. War and bloodshed are forgotten, and man in his true color of brotherhood stands revealed.

Suddenly a hellish blast of steel and fire descends upon the trench across the wire-strewn lot. An instant later both sides are wrapped in the holocaust of death. But not before those words, "In Heavenly Peace," have been sung in the growing crescendo by war-sick soldiers.

. . . . . .

The scene changes. Fourteen years have passed. In fourteen years nations have drawn up peace pacts to outlaw war. Yet, the curse of mankind hasn't been removed. After thirteen years of peace the world is again torn by war. Blood is being spilled wantonly. True, the blood comes from a yellow race. Still, it is blood, and it is our world. Is it that the Orient has forgotten the World War, or the countless wars of its age-old civilization? Perhaps the Chinese and Japanese haven't heard of the heavenly peace. Yet, in this age when the world has been made so small, surely the Orient knows something of the peace that I speak of. The greatest sin of the Oriental is to commit suicide. Can it be that to take another's life is a sure way of being borne to the Land of the Lotus?—to the abode of the ancestors? Surely this cannot be the view of any civilized people. Latest reports have it that an agreement between the warring factions is at hand. Would that they have heard at last of the "Heavenly Peace."—Thomas Edwards, '32.

* * *

THE ISOLATED SAND DUNES OF PROVINCETOWN THROUGH ACTUAL OBSERVATION

Having covered nearly all the surrounding country in my long walks many times over, I chose to visit the sand dunes in my last tramp. They have been lately the chief topic of conversation among my friends. One had characterized them as "beautiful." Another had a peculiar thought, imagining them to resemble those queer and irregular masses found in the African wastelands. My curiosity and a spirit for adventure were thus aroused.

So it was on this day I ventured onto the crest of a sand dune. I had walked nearly eight miles, and arriving at my destination I was very tired, so sat down to rest. The dune I was sitting on was small, but it commanded a view by which I could observe the larger ones in the distance. The wind, I noticed, had blown fiercely against them and had left them bare. Only some light beach grass remained on the sides, where the wind had not caused erosion. They were separated from each other by at least a hundred yards. Glancing along the tract of open sand towards the north I could see another

row of dunes. They ran vertically; and another row of dunes stretched east and west.

As an observer I'm entirely ill-fitted for the position, but an inclination induced me to abandon my previous outlook, and walk in the direction of the next row of dunes. The land I walked on was slanting and uneven. Gales of wind had made the sand hard in some places. This sand, which was of a brownish hue, had accumulated in half circles; it showed very well against the ordinary sand. I broke some of it with the stick I always carry when walking. Underneath the hard crust was a black layer of a softer composition.

I was soon before a small, fresh water pond. It was situated about half way between the two groups of dunes. Growing on its banks and into the water were plants. I picked one and noticed that its bud seemed familiar. Directly in front of me on the other side of the water were small pine trees. I am feet sank, but not enough to suggest quicksand. came to my mind. The water was low, and open sand spaces were visible. I took off my shoes and walked a little way in the sand, prodding the ground as I moved. After experimenting, I found that my feet sank, but not eough to suggest quicksand.

My quest for adventure finally wore off, so I returned home. On my returning journey I passed a thickly wooded section frequently inhabited by snakes, though I didn't know it at that moment. Music was foremost in my mind at the time as I whistled a merry tune. Instantly I heard a hiss. This unexpected occurrence stopped me quickly in my tracks. I dared not move, but by some act of Providence I managed to turn around, only to observe a vicious snake. Describing him would be utterly impossible. Finally awakening from the stupor I seemed to be in, and taking a stout stick which lay a few yards from me, I beat the reptile until he was lifeless. The following day I related to a friend my experiences and observations of the sand dunes. I told him to see those lonely, desolate, mysterious tracts of land at any cost.—Curtis Johnson, '33.

* * *

A GULL

We see him soaring from his perch,
Gliding along in his deep search.
With his eyes upon the beach of sand
He seeks another place to land.

There he stands with beady eyes,
Surveying the land which before him lies,
Trying to find a bit to eat
Before he makes his night's retreat.

Then again we'll see him soar
Into the heavens as of yore,
Far into a distant flight,
Fast disappearing from our sight.

It's sunset; the heavens are bright
With nature's crimson ball of light,
And like a speck, the gull flies on,
And in an instant he is gone.

—Esther Collinson, '32.

FATE TAKES A HAND

"Rush hour! I'll see him yet! He always comes down at five-thirty!"

Far below the level of Wall Street I intoned these words over and over again. An uptown train came screeching to a stop. A hissing of air, and the doors opened. The mass of people on the platform rushed for the doors of the subway train. Pushing and pulling, cursing and laughing, the noisy crowd pressed itself into the cars. Jamming the last few stragglers into the cars as if they were sardines, the guards signalled "O. K." to the conductor. Bells clanged, there was another hissing of air and the doors closed on their mass of close-packed humanity. A jerk; the rumble of the outgoing train was drowned in the din of the quickly applied brakes of an incoming express. I made no effort to crowd into either train. I stood close to a pillar and waited. He would come, I knew. I'd planned to do this long ago; in fact, soon after it had happened, but I hadn't the courage. I'd do it now, though; I know I would!

"There he is!" I gasped as I saw the tall man come down the staircase. Ah, the time had come! I'd be avenged! Pushing and shoving, I worked my way through the crowd. Business men from Wall Street brokerages were talking about the sudden rise of stocks. Newsboys called "Extry! Extry! Capone sentenced!—News, Journal, Sun, Times,————" Stenographers talked about their "boy friends" from the Bronx. I talked—to myself—and I pushed my way through the buzzing crowd. The electric sign flashed, "Broadway-7th Avenue Express." That's his train! I had to hurry. There he was right before me and at the very edge of the platform. I'd made up my mind. I'd show him he wouldn't go scot-free after ruining my future and my pocketbook. Trick me with his unsound stock, eh?

The subway station began to tremble. The discarded newspapers began moving as if by some unseen hand. Screeching wheel flanges protested against the great speed with which the train rounded the curve. I took a step behind my enemy and crouched for the jolt that would catapult him into the road bed and the path of the on-coming express. My face blanched; a cold sweat broke out on my forehead and hands. A woman screamed, men grew pale, ———and I straightened—but the man wasn't there He lay in the rail bed, in the path of the on-coming express! I forgot myself. My hatred disappeared. There was a man lying in the path of the train. The man wasn't my enemy—not now, at least. He was a human being. He had a life. So had I. Without thinking of the danger I sprang into the road bed, snatched up the limp body from the rails and sprang to the safety zone between the traffic lanes. The screams of men and women alike were lost in the deafening screech of suddenly applied brakes. Glass windows were shattered, passengers piled in heaps throughout the suddenly stopped express.

My ex-enemy and I were taken to the emergency station and examined. I was unhurt, but badly shaken from fright. My ex-enemy was stunned by his fall and his narrow escape from death. "My brief-case — valuable papers — stocks — mistakes— money," muttered the stunned broker. The brief-

case, recovered from the tracks by a workman, was opened. I saw all of its contents I wished to see. Out of its lacerated side stuck a piece of green-edged paper—with my name attached. With a queer tightening about my throat I walked out of the emergency room. Anywhere on earth was better than the room where the broker was lying. My name—"stocks—mistakes—money"—they told me all I wished to know; more than I wish to know.—Tos. Edwards, '32.

* * *

HER SANTA CLAUS

"It isn't very nice to have to spend Christmas Day alone, without any friends or company," reflected Alice Marshwell, with a deep wave of self-sympathy.

About eight months ago she had started out from Plainfield to become a world-famous singer. She smiled a little ruefully when she recollected how much confidence she had had in her ability, and how minute she had thought her cares and worries would be.

Mother and Jim, Alice's older brother, had not wanted her to go to New York. They disliked the idea of her leaving her sheltered home life and living alone in a big city.

The money her father had left her, his favorite, was hers to do as she desired, so no one tried to stop her.

It was a severe blow to Dick Stoughton when he found she preferred the "bright lights and her career" to him and Plainfield. Dick had loved Alice from the time she had instinctively sought his hand for protection on their way to school, when she had worn "pig-tails."

The months dragged by—for Alice, heart-breaking, disillusioned months with no silver lining. Alice's money began to dwindle away, but she determined to "stick." She felt certain that she would rather die than go back to Plainfield and acknowledge her failure.

Letters from home were very cheerful and encouraging, until one morning about three weeks before Christmas, when Alice received a letter from Clare, her friend, telling of Dick's friendship with Elaine Webster and the hints that Elaine was circulating concerning their possible marriage in the spring. Alice put a greater effort in her auditions for stage work, but somehow her courage had vanished, and a growing indifference was gradually taking its place.

Two weeks after the depressing letter she pocketed her pride and obtained a position at a cheap department store. She made many friends, among whom was a girl who was in the same financial predicament as she. They hired a tiny apartment, to curtail expenses. Alice's vision of success faded, and she thought often of Dick.

The day before Christmas she was gazing out of the window and wondering whether or not she would go home. No—she would probably meet Dick and hear more of their plans. She shut out the thought. Somehow she just couldn't think of that. Doris, her roommate, came in gayly and grinned at the pathetic figure at the window. "What's the matter, honey; homesick again?" she added teasingly.

Alice mustered a smile—"Don't be silly," she said in a voice which she meant to be care-free. "I'm just mourning for the ice man."

"Oh, yeah?" retorted Doris, but said nothing more.

"Are you taking the 4:20 this afternoon?" asked Alice, anxious to resume conversation so that she might forget her loneliness.

"No, I decided to wait till tomorrow," said Doris casually.

"Indeed you're not," exclaimed Alice with finality. "You're just planning to stay over so you won't leave me alone, and that's nonsense. Your aunt expects you tonight, and she'll be disappointed if you don't come."

"Well," agreed Doris, reluctantly, "if you're sure you'll be all right, and won't be lonely—I'll go, if you promise to go to the movie tomorrow at the Colonial. It's a wonderful performance and it will banish the blues. And remember," she concluded challengingly, "you're stepping out when I come back. You need someone big and handsome to make you forget your troubles."

She hurriedly packed her week-end case, then turning suddenly said, "Here's a letter for you. I took it from the box this morning and forgot to give it to you. 'Bye, now. Be good and take care of yourself." With a slam of the door she went, humming the latest song.

Alice opened the letter. It was from her mother. She mechanically read the familiar advice and was about to put it down, filled with homesickness, when she saw the name Elaine. Quickly she continued—"Elaine has suddenly decided to be married on Christmas"—it ran. "She thought it would be a perfect time, so preparations are being rushed." Alice couldn't continue. She stared at the snow-covered street to let the news penetrate her mind. "Getting married—why, last year at this time he was asking me to marry him." She laughed a bit hysterically. It seemed so strange.

The snow had turned to rain the following day. It was cold and dreary outside. Alice dressed wearily, and after drinking a cup of coffee, decided to go for a stroll. She walked for almost an hour, then finding herself in front of the Colonial theatre, decided to fulfill her promise to Doris. Determinedly she sat through the picture, but she could see nothing funny about the performance. The hero reminded her so much of Dick that she had to exert all her will-power to keep from screaming. She came out of the theater feeling bluer than when she went in. At the corner restaurant she bought some ham and potato salad.

Her door was not locked when she arrived at the apartment. From the direction of the kitchen came merry voices—then—"Mother!" she cried, "Why didn't you tell me you were coming? I thought I'd have to be all alone today. Look, I even bought my Christmas dinner," and she displayed her ham and salad.

"I brought up a real Christmas dinner, dear," smiled her mother. And as if to confirm her words, delicious odors came from the kitchen. "As soon as the boys come back from the store with the ice cream—" she continued.

"What boys?" asked Alice quickly.

Before her mother could reply, heavy steps were heard in the hall, and her brother Jim strode into the room.

"Hello, there," he greeted them. "Back again the same day. Got a stranger with me. Aren't you glad to see him, Alice?"

The smile died on Alice's lips as she glanced from Jim to the tall figure in the doorway.

"Why, why, Dick—hello," she said shakingly. "I didn't think—I didn't know—I thought you were being married today."

"Married?" exclaimed Dick in amazement. "With you here in New York?"

"C'mon help me get the roast out of the oven, Jimmy-boy," said Mrs. Marshwell, with a suggestive pull at her son's sleeve. How they both managed to squeeze into the midget kitchenette is more than Alice could understand, but they did. Dick and Alice were left alone.

. . . . . .

"Whom did you think I was going to marry?" Dick asked for the third time.

"Why, Elaine Webster—Clare wrote me—" She couldn't go on.

"Elaine Webster, nothing!" Dick said indignantly. "She's marrying her football hero this afternoon, Dick Cornell. How could you think such a thing?"

Alice closed her eyes thankfully and thought surely Dick must have heard the thumping of her heart.

The door opened suddenly. "Sweet spirits of nitre!" a familiar voice exclaimed. It was Doris. "I thought you were all alone," a little bewildered, "so I came back early to be your company. Instead, I smell turkey and pie and hear a lot of noise and find Santa Claus kissing you, so I guess I'm in the wrong apartment."

"Not at all," assured Dick. "Sit down and make yourself at home. There's cake in the other room. Why not go in and cut yourself a piece?" She took the hint, and again they were alone in their Christmas happiness.—Mary Andrews, '32.

* * *

AGATHA LEE

To begin with, I needed a job. Settling myself comfortably in dad's arm chair, I read the advertisements in a Boston paper. I noticed an advertisement of a Georgia lady, Mrs. Lee, for a companion for her daughter. As I always had a secret longing for the south, I resolved to apply at once for this situation.

After several weeks of impatient waiting, I received a letter from Mrs. Lee, stating she expected me in April. She enclosed a check for sufficient money to pay my expenses.

It was a cold, dark, and gloomy morning in April when I, at last, started on my journey. The ground was frozen, the trees bare, and only a bit of green here and there gave sign that spring was here. Imagine the contrast when stepping on the shore at Savannah, I breathed the soft, refreshing and fragrant air of the south. All around me were trees thickly covered with green leaves and flowering shrubs which seemed to perfume the already fragrant air. The ride from Savannah to Carlton, which was my destination, was very tiresome, as the cars were overcrowded and dirty.

Leaving the station at Carlton, I went into Mrs. Lee's car, which was waiting for me. The car turned into a gate and went up the driveway from which I had a beautiful view of my future home. As a child, I had always dreamed of the sunny south and now that I had seen it, I realized it was more beautiful than I had ever dared to imagine it. There was a beautiful spacious yard and garden where the winding walks were shaded and cooled by cedar, magnolia, fur and fig trees. The walk leading to the house was shaded by mock orange trees, while the house itself was large and spacious—painted immaculate white. At the doorway of one of the piazza's which looked delightfully cool, stood a woman, whom I instinctively knew must be Mrs. Lee.

My first impression was one of attractiveness She was inclined to be a little stout, had beautiful brown eyes which were set off by delightfully long, fringed eyelashes, and clear skin with that much envied natural glow of color.

Coming up to me, she informed me that she was Mrs. Lee and believed I was Gwendolyn Conchita. She welcomed me so cordially that immediately I felt at home. She called for Liza, who was to be my personal maid. Mrs. Lee told me to go to my room and rest, as she knew I was tired. My room was large, airy, cool and tastefully furnished.

Upon waking refreshed and cooled by my nap, I bathed and put on my most becoming dress. After glancing at myself carefully in the mirror to see if I looked presentable, I made my way down the polished open stairway.

After inquiring if I had a good rest, Mrs. Lee called her daughter, whose companion I was to be. Her daughter, Agatha, with wide-open, soft, lustrous, brown eyes, was still more attractive than her mother. On glancing at her, the thought of an angel flashed into my mind. And an angel she proved to be. Yet as she looked at me, I sensed something strange about her, but thought nothing of it at the time.

That night I sat by my window and dreamed. It was a perfect moonlight night. Everything was so still; the moonbeams peeped through the tree leaves and sparkled on a lake I could see from my window.

As I sat here my thoughts began to wander. Naturally, I thought of those at home and the various things one will think of when not there. Gradually, I began to think of Agatha Lee. The more I thought of her, the more I felt something strange about her. Still she had been pleasant, cheerful and happy. This I reasoned with myself. I finally decided to forget about Agatha and get some rest.

As time went by, and spring turned into summer, and summer into fall, I learned to love Agatha as a sister. We were two distinctive and different types of girls, but between us grew a love stronger than anything I thought possible.

She was fifteen, had that beautiful shade of golden hair that is much envied, and beautiful large, brown eyes. Her features weren't beautiful, but were attractive, and when you looked at her large, innocent, and shining eyes, you immediately thought of a living angel.

I was true to my type, which was Spanish. I was eighteen, had large black eyes, black hair, and olive skin. I was full of fun and always craving mischief and excitement.

As I've said before, her disposition was extremely happy; she always enjoyed everything to its utmost. But she had courage. The day following my arrival,

I learned that her vision was poor. This accounted for her strangeness. Instead of becoming better, her eyesight became worse. Mrs. Lee took her to many eye specialists, but none could help her. Everything possible was done for her, but her vision became worse and worse until her view was only as large as a pinhead. In spite of this she remained cheerful and content.

That year at Thanksgiving, before going to bed, we sat in her room talking about various things. She began telling me how thankful she was for everything. I began to interrupt her, but she continued. She thought it wonderful that she had a little vision and was not totally blind. She continued, saying that she could never be thankful enough that for fifteen years she could actually see the world. But coming closer to me she exclaimed, "But, Gwendolyn, I'm not going to see for long. Before the end of this year, I'll be blind!" Tears sprang to my eyes.

"But," she continued, "I know I'll be able to get around nicely. I'm going to see everything just as you see it, by instinct, and everything will be so beautiful. And, Gwen, I can never thank you enough for being so kind to me. Please do stay by me, because I may need someone to help me around the first few days. And, above all, please don't feel bad and cry for me, because really, Gwen, it is all for the best and I know I'll be so happy."

Three weeks later before falling asleep, she called me. When I went into her room she asked me to stay by her so that she could get a good mental picture of me. Her manner frightened me.

The next morning Mrs. Lee calmly broke the news to me that Agatha was blind.

B-L-I-N-D! Oh, that terrible word! But often I wonder if it is so terrible. Agatha seems so happy and cheerful. She gets around well and is always singing and smiling. She never complains—but then she is, as I said before, a living angel!—Irene Lewis, '32.

* * *

HOUSEHOLD ARTS DEPARTMENT

Have you noticed the difference in the girls and boys of P. H. S. this year of 1931? Quite a difference, I should say! Why? Well, because they have studies that they enjoy: sewing, cooking and manual training.

In the kitchen one hears girls saying, "Here's hoping this candy is as good as it looks," or "Maybe these cookies aren't good!"

The girls in the Household Arts Course have had ten weeks of cooking and they have enjoyed every minute in that kitchen. They not only did cooking, but first of all, they had to cover all the shelves and line cabinets with white paper. Then they placed the utensils in their places, each utensil having its special cabinet where it must be kept.

Our teacher suggested that we have a contest to see which cabinet would receive the most points. In order to get a point the cabinet must be in correct order, every stool spotless and every stove clean.

The fourth cabinet group won! The prize for the winning group was a completely served breakfast. The three other groups served them fruit, cooked cereal, muffins, omelets and cocoa. They will tell you how good it was.

Now we are having ten weeks of sewing and are enjoying this just as well as cooking.

You have all seen our funny looking animals. We have also made aprons and caps for our next cooking unit.

In our second unit of sewing, we would like to add touches to our kitchen that would make it appear more homelike. Miss Wilson, our assistant state supervisor, has visited us and made many delightful suggestions to us about future work.

The Household Arts Course not only consists of cooking and sewing, as a great many pupils thought, but science, mathematics, fabric study and the study of foods and nutritions are also included. The course is far more broadening and cultured even than we had supposed it to be.—Margaret Croteau, '32.

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CHEMISTRY AS A STUDENT SEES IT

What is chemistry, and why do we study it?

Chemistry is a natural science and a very interesting subject. There is scarcely any science—biology, medicine, zoology, physics—that does not touch upon chemistry, which is the norm of most all sciences.

By studying chemistry we are able to obtain a general idea of the environment of the world in which we live.

The large medical field is based upon chemistry, even our bodies being an example of a chemical machine.

The World War had a great deal to do with the advancement of chemistry; for instance, the replacement of helium for hydrogen. Helium is noncombustible and therefor has its supremacy over hydrogen.

Very recently our sign advertisements have been made more attractive bv the appliance of neon, one of the rare gases.

The all-embracing goal of the study of science and chemistry is to give the pupil an over-powering curiosity and desire to know the truth.

If he can understand the principles and the labor involved in the discovery and perfection of man's appliances for the control of energy and matter, he is in a position to feel that he is intimately related to the work of the world and that he may some day make a valuable contribution to the promotion of happy living.—Esther Collinson, '32.

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"THE SPIRIT OF NOTRE DAME"

"The Spirit of Notre Dame" is the first feature length football picture of the season. It was made in commemoration of Knute Rockne, with some of his finest players taking active parts in the production.

It opens appropriately with Rockne's powerful, magnetic instructions to his team. To J. Farrell MacDonald was given the difficult task of playing the famous coach; no one could have done it better.

The story is concerned with the experiences of Lewis Ayres, Billy Blakewell, and Andy Denine, but they no longer seem actors when surrounded by the great Carideo and the Four Horsemen. This picture will stir the imagination and enthusiasm of the youth of the country.

(Concluded on Page 16)

THE CROSS ON THE MOON

A True Christmas Story

By Patience Eden

The village was set high on a tiny thread of a road winding across the face of a great ledge. The houses looked like so many leeches clinging desperately to safety. Far below ran the great tides of the Bay of Fundy. A fishing hamlet, full of men who went to sea and left their families behind them for days, weeks and sometimes half of the year.

At Christmas time many of the men were home. They tried to be, for the sake of the children. But on Christmas eve Silas Bent bowed his great shaggy head under the low door of the post office and declared to the several men who were standing about in groups that he must go out to gather in his nets. "Hate to do it," he mumbled in his slow, easy voice; "my wife wanted me to stay home and help trim the tree and do up presents for the kids. I promised her I would, too. But I can see a storm brewin', and I thought I'd better take a run out and save my bait. It's all fresh, and I don't hanker about losin' it."

"I'll go with ye," offered a gruff voice from the shadows. "I don't mind goin' out just because it's Christmas eve." There was something scoffing in the one—a note of amused bitterness. "All this Christmas fuss and fury don't mean nuthin' to me. Just a lot of danged nonsense, I call it."

There was a moment of surprised silence. Several faces, yellow in the glare of the kerosene lamp, thrust forward out of the smoky darkness. "What ails ye, Bill?" asked a man, leaning on the counter. "Ain't ye kinda glad to be ashore Christmas time with your folks?"

"The folks is all right," grumbled the voice, "but I'm blasted if I see any use turning the town topsy-turvy over a bit of tinsel, a tin horn and an evergreen tree dragged out of the woods where it belongs."

Silas Bent allowed this argument to pass. I'll be glad of your help, Bill," he said, quietly. "I'm goin' down to the wharf now to push off. We'll be back in a couple of hours."

"Want any one else?" volunteered another voice. "I don't mind goin' out, and ye might git back sooner if ye had more help."

"Thanks," said Silas. "I'd be obliged if you would."

The three men left the post office and went with few words down the steep path to the wharf. There they climbed into a motor boat and pushed off. Soon they were running steadily out into the bay.

It was a dark night with flying clouds. The water was smooth save for a heavy swell. Now and then a star gleamed through the ragged edge of a cloud, and then was instantly lost. The dreary voice of the automatic buoy floated across the bay—rising and falling in a long, penetrating moan.

The motor boat was but a speck on that vast, moving expanse of water. The men talked among themselves. Bits of holiday preparation at home; mention of mince pies ranged in rows on the pantry shelves, a trip to the nearest town to buy toys for the children. Their voices betrayed an almost childish interest, poorly concealed by a casual manner.

"All rot," said Bill. "Just a time for store keepers to make more money, and for women folk to git all tired out and cross tryin' to do housework and make presents, too. Wish there wa'nt no Christmas!"

"Why, Bill," remonstrated Silas. "Don't ye be talkin' that way. It ain't quite right, seems though. Christmas is more than a tree and presents. I kinda like . . ." he hesitated shyly, "I kinda like to think of that first Christmas eve and the shepherds, and the sheep. Must have been wonderful to look up and see that star."

Bill grunted. "I don't believe it," he said deliberately. "I think it's a put-up job by the ministers to fool the people."

"See here, Bill," asked Silas anxiously, "aren't ye feelin' well? You don't talk natural."

"I'm well enough," returned the man, "but I'm sick of the whole fussin', an' I—" he paused and shaded his eyes with his hands. "Look!" he said sharply. "Do you see what I do?" His finger pointed up at the moon, now suddenly revealed.

The other men followed his command. The clouds had parted as if torn with a giant wrench. Between them the moon shone, serene, untroubled; and beyond the full curve of its circumference there protruded the four silver ends of a cross. It was plain for all to see. The light streamed forth from that shining emblem as if it were being poured out of heaven itself.

The clouds remained parted. The cross gained in distinctness and fiery intensity. The men watched spell-bound and could say no word.

"It is God's signal for the right course," whispered Silas and did not know that he had spoken.

Bill had bowed his head on his hands. "I can't stand it!" he whispered.

Back on shore the fishermen cautiously asked several people if they had seen anything queer about the moon that night, but no one had noticed. Yet every one in town remarked on the humbleness of Bill, how he worked to help with the Christmas tree in Sunday school and what a strange look came into his face when he was questioned about his sudden devotion to holiday Good Will.

But the three men never told what they saw that night out on the water. It stayed a secret and sacred bond among them.

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"Silent Night, Holy Night"

"Silent Night, Holy Night," is said to have originated in a little Bavarian village some time during the eighteenth century. This is among the most loved songs of Christmas time.

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A children's hospital of the University of Iowa not only permits its young patients to use sling shots but encourages target practice.

GREAT MEN AND GREAT WOMEN

Robert E. Lee

IT is now more than two generations since the beginning of the great Civil war in our country. The states of the south, namely Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Tennessee, Louisiana, Texas and Arkansas had rebelled against the government of the United States, and had formed a government of their own under the name of the Confederate States of America. South Carolina was the first to pass an ordinance of secession from the Union and the first theater of actual armed hostility led by the assault on Fort Sumter, at Charleston harbor, April 12, 1861. The conflict of the war was sharp, lasting until April, 1865—four years. The killed and disabled on both sides together was estimated at one million men. The most conspicuous leader of the southern armies was, as everybody knows, General Robert E. Lee, perhaps one of the greatest military geniuses of history.

Robert E. Lee was a native of Virginia, born January 19, 1807. He was graduated at the age of twenty-two, second in his class, from the West Point Military Academy. It is said that during all those four years in the military school, where discipline is very rigid and the studies taxing, he was never reprimanded and never received a mark of demerit.

As gleaned from encyclopedias, he was especially strong in the department of military engineering, receiving on graduation an appointment as lieutenant in an engineer corps. He assisted in the construction of various forts, in the improvement of several harbors, in establishing the boundary between Ohio and Michigan, in making improvements in the lower Mississippi and Ohio rivers, and other like engineering works, and for three years was assistant to the chief engineer at Washington, D. C., and after 1841 was a member of the Board of the Atlantic coast defenses.

When the war broke out in April, 1861, Lee was at home at Arlington across the Potomac river from Washington, D. C., that fine estate being then his by his marriage with Mary, the daughter of G. W. P. Curtis, the adopted son of Washington. Authentic reports state he was semi-officially approached with the proposition of the chief command of troops to be raised to put down the rebellion. At first he was opposed to secession. He wished to be loyal to his government, the United States, but he, with the great mass of southerners, was deeply imbued with the doctrine known as "States Rights" or "State Sovereignty" which was that each one of the states in our Union is sovereign and its powers supreme, and that the national government is merely a compact of sovereign states. This doctrine had long been held, and was thoroughly wrought into the consciousness and political philosophy of the general citizenship of the south. Lee did not wish war, but holding this doctrine conscientiously he believed his first duty was to his state. He wrote to General Scott when he offered his resignation from the United States army, "I desire never again to draw my sword save in defense of my native state." To his sister he wrote, "With all my devotion to the Union and the feeling of loyalty and duty of an American citizen, I have not been able to make up my mind to raise my hand against my relatives, my children, my home. Save in defense of my native state, I hope I may never be called upon to draw my sword."

The Confederate government appointed him major general of the forces of Virginia. His biographers agree in the representations of his pathetic embarrassment in determining his action. In accepting the Confederate appointment just referred to, he wrote, "Trusting in Almighty God, and approving conscience, and the aid of my fellow citizens, I devote myself to the services of my native state, in whose behalf alone will I ever again draw my sword." He was superintending construction of defenses about Richmond, the capital of the Confederacy, and elsewhere, and was the military adviser of Jefferson Davis, the president.

Two of the southern generals who outranked him in command, having been disabled, one by a severe wound in battle, the other by a paralytic stroke, and a third superior being killed in the battle of Shiloh, April 6, 1862, the command of the Army of Northern Virginia, as it was called, was given to General Lee. He rose to the rank of lieutenant general and then, just before the close of the war, to that of general. The various ranks of military officers above colonel were brigadier general, major general, lieutenant general, and, last, general U. S. Grant was not made general until in 1866, a year after the close of the war. At its close he was a lieutenant general. The greater number of the heavier battles were fought by the eastern armies, with General Lee in command of the Confederates.

Now it was Lee against Grant and Grant against Lee. Their first encounter was in the battle of the Wilderness, as it was called. This was essentially a draw, neither side being whipped. Lee had not given back. Grant, it was said, then ordered his army to move by the left flank, that is, the whole extended line of his army to move lengthwise to the left as if to swing around the right of Lee's army. Some one is said to have protested to General Grant, saying, "By this move General Lee will get behind you—between you and Washington." Grant replied, "If Lee gets behind me, I shall be behind him." It is stated that soon after this battle that upon this bold move by General Grant, Lee should have said, "Well, the army of the Potomac has a general at last." This maneuver of Grant compelled Lee to fall back, lest Grant should be behind him sure enough. The contest of these two giants continued for a year. Grant had the advantage of having a far larger army and practically unlimited resources. Unless some very remarkable and unexpected advantage should sometimes acrue to Lee by miscalculation by Grant or some Napoleonic stroke by Lee, it was almost certain the Union army would, by mere attrition, by constant hammering, break down the Confederate army. General Grant is said to have determined "to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer." On the other hand, the Confederates had almost every road of the territory for many many miles from Richmond outward fortified with all the skill of a highly-cultured and experienced engineer. At last, however, by early April, 1865, they were compelled to leave Richmond, their capital, which they had so long, so bravely and so skillfully defended.

The Heroism of Kate Shelley

TRANSCONTINENTAL passengers speeding east or west in luxurious limiteds now cross the Des Moines river, if they travel over the Chicago and Northwestern Railway, on a fine new span of stone and steel, one of the longest and highest of its kind in the west. It is situated between the towns of Boone and Ogden and at almost the exact geographic center of the state of Iowa. It has been named the Kate Shelley bridge, and while perhaps few of the transcontinental tourists know or care, it is a monument to an outstanding act of heroism of an Irish section foreman's daughter.

While the newspapers were filled with stories of the brave deed of Kate Shelley forty-six years ago, it has been made a part of the archives of the Iowa State Historical Society, and the grateful railroad company has perpetuated her name with its bands of steel and piers of stone, few of the younger generation stop today to think of what the name means.

The Shelley family lived in 1881 in a cottage beside the tracks in the valley of Honey Creek, about half a mile from the Des Moines River. It consisted of the widow and several little children of Michael J. Shelley, an immigrant from Tipperary, who had died three years before.

The family, poor and fatherless, continued to live on in the home provided for its section foreman by the railroad company, doing its best to keep the wolf from the door. Of the little flock of children, Kate, then fifteen, was the oldest.

Late in the afternoon of July 6, 1881, a violent storm swept through the Des Moines Valley. It had been raining for days, but this downpour was heavier than the rest and accompanied by terrific thunder and lightning flashes.

Honey Creek became a raging torrent. The rising waters threatened the Shelley stable half way down the slope, where the cattle had taken refuge. Kate, who had been watching the storm from a window, dashed out, let out the horse and cows to shift for themselves and rescued the little pigs.

There was no sleep for the Shelleys that night. The creek was filled with uprooted trees and fence posts and kept on rising. It must have been 11 o'clock when Kate and her mother heard the rumble of a train crossing the Des Moines river bridge.

It was a pusher engine, with a crew of four men, which helped heavy trains up the grade on either side of the river. The pusher had been ordered to run between Boone and Ogden and look out for trouble where embankments had been undermined and bridge piling loosened.

The locomotive came backing down the track to the eastward, brakeman and section foreman standing on the running board of the tender peering into the gloom, the engineer and fireman on their boxes. Kate heard the bell toll as the engine slowly went on its way, then suddenly a horrible crash and a fierce hissing of steam as the engine plunged through the broken Honey Creek bridge with its crew into twenty-five feet of rapid, swirling water.

The midnight express from the west was due in less than an hour. Against the entreaties of her mother, Kate, attired in an old skirt and jacket and straw hat, improvised a lantern by hanging a little miner's lamp in the frame of an old railroad lantern and started out into the night. Unable because of the flood to go directly to the tracks and thence to the fallen bridge, she climbed the bluff back of the house, made a semi-circular detour, struck the wagon road through a cut in the bluffs, followed it to the tracks and then ran to the broken bridge.

There she saw by the lightning flashes two men of the engine crew clinging to treetops. The other two had gone down to death with the engine. So she turned westward and hastened toward Moingona, a mile and a quarter away, to flag the express. But the long wooden bridge across the Des Moines, trembling with the rush of waters, lay between her and the village.

Kate ran, stumbled and crawled along the track in the rain and darkness, wondering if she should be caught on the bridge by the express, or if the engineer should fail to see her tiny light and rush on to destruction. The gust of wind threatened to put out the lantern every minute.

When she reached the bridge the water was swirling among the ties, almost up to the rails. She dropped to her knees and crawled slowly and laboriously over the ties, spaced far apart and studded with spikes to discourage pedestrians from using it as a short-cut.

Now and then her dress caught on a spike or gouged her flesh. Halfway across a huge tree was dashed by the current against the structure, its roots sweeping a spot where she had passed a moment before. Every minute seemed an hour, but at last she felt the solid ground beneath her. She stopped a moment to recover her breath, then set out on a run to the station, a quarter of a mile away.

How she got there she was never able to tell clearly afterward. "The girl's crazy!" she remembered hearing someone say. Then someone recognized her as Mike Shelley's daughter. The whistle of the express from the west was heard as it slowed up to enter the yards outside the town. The train, not scheduled to stop there, was flagged, and the conductor and engineer heard her story. A crew with ropes and rigging went to the rescue of the two trainmen in the tree, guided by Kate Shelley.

The excitement kept up for several days. Kate was overwhelmed with gifts from the grateful passengers on the express. Reporters came from Chicago, Des Moines, Omaha and elsewhere, and the story of her deed was flashed far and wide. Then several days later her strength gave way, the strain had been too great, and for three months was confined to her bed.

Poems were written about her and she was showered with letters in praise of her heroism. The school children of Dubuque gave her a gold medal. The Chicago Tribune raised a fund for the Shelley family. The Iowa legislature of 1882 passed an appropriation to give her a gold medal suitably inscribed and $200 in cash. A drinking fountain dedicated to her was erected in a Dubuque park. The employees of the Chicago and Northwestern presented a fine gold watch and chain to her and the company gave her a pass for life over the road. The trains always stopped to let her off at the humble cottage in which she lived until her death. The company provided for her funeral.

How Presidents Are Guarded

MR. TAFT, when he was President, once remarked that the greatest drawback to living in the White House was that nobody ever dropped in for a visit. It gave him a lonely feeling. But there are other drawbacks. The President of the United States is supposed to be the most powerful ruler in the world. Perhaps he is, so long as he remains in Washington; but when he leaves the capital to tour the country, he has less liberty than the ordinary citizen. He places himself in the hands of the United States Secret Service, and has to bow to his superior power.

President Coolidge and Vice President Dawes could not ride on the same train, even if they wished to do so, we are told by Robert Barry in a series of copyrighted articles written for the New York Evening World on "How Presidents Are Protected."

They could not occupy the same automobile on a trip to Baltimore, or even to the capitol from the White House.

The Secret Service says so.

The rule traces to the death of Vice President Thomas A. Hendricks in 1885. President Cleveland went to Indianapolis to attend the funeral. On the President's return the question of the succession to the Presidency became an acute issue in Congress.

Under the leadership of Senator Hoar of Massachusetts, a law was passed providing that, in the event both the President and Vice President died, the Presidency would fall to Cabinet officers in a fixed order—Secretary of State, first; Secretary of the Treasury, next; then the Secretary of War; Attorney General, and so on down through the list.

Preventive measures, based on the McKinley tragedy at Buffalo, in so far as is humanly possible, have been enforced. No one is allowed to approach the President if hands are bandaged or bundles carried.

At the New Year's Day receptions at the White House, all persons in the queue are admonished to keep their hands out of pockets. Any one acting suspiciously is drawn from the line.

A President is enjoined from promiscuous handshaking as he passes through the roped lanes in hotels and railroad stations. Mr. Harding was a persistent violator of that rule. He never would refuse an extended hand.

Chief Moran, who is responsible for the Presidential guards, proceeds on the theory that a well-handled crowd is the best protected crowd. Railroad stations and all platforms are kept clear for the easy access of the President's entire party. Reception committees to board his car are restricted to five persons, to avoid delay and prevent confusion. Numbered automobiles, to which all members of the White House party, including newspaper men, have been assigned on leaving Washington, are identical in every city.

A President must go on doing the same thing throughout his official life. Facing the crowd is as much a part of his job as signing bills or vetoing them and fencing with politicians. The office demands it.

Nice old ladies, bearing faded posies, must be restrained from dashing out to the automobile bearing the "First Lady." Shabby old men, eager for one more plea, a personal one, in behalf of some ancient claim, must be kept away from the President.

Every President is cognizant of America's natural desire for a personal glimpse of him. He is seen often in the movie news reels, in the newspaper rotogravures; his name appears almost daily in the news columns, and occasionally his voice is heard over the radio. That does not suffice. The people wish to see him in person. Their desires make travelers of most of our Presidents. Few have been able to withstand the urge, to decline the hundreds of invitations reaching the White House.

Seldom is a President fully aware of all the measures enforced for his personal safety and comfort. The Secret Service is not given to advertising. Its regulations are carried into effect in such a manner that few Americans, jamming street corners as a President passes, can be aware of the skill, the tact, the science, and the experience back of all those smoothly working arrangements.

There is an element of novelty, perhaps, in the fact that the French Secret Police took lessons from Chief Moran and his aids. When Mr. Wilson went to the Peace Conference in Paris, the White House Secret Service staff went with him. Adhering to their custom, they rode in an automobile directly behind the President's car. The French police expressed amazement at the practice. Some scoffed. Lloyd George Clemenceau, Venizelos, Orlando, Balfour and other European celebrities were going about Paris unattended.

Within a month later the American President touched French soil, the French had adopted enthusiastically the policy of the American Secret Service. An escort trailed Clemenceau whenever he appeared in public. The change was precipitated by an attack on the Tiger's life under circumstances the American method of protection would have frustrated easily.

This attack terminated French official sneers. It rendered more simple the task of Chief Moran and his assistants.

When Mr. Harding was ill in San Francisco and Mr. Coolidge was at Plymouth, Vt., the Secret Service had a truly delicate situation to meet. Chief Moran was in San Francisco—a fortunate coincidence—and "Joe" Murphy, his chief aid, was in New York. Between them they met the problem agreeably to the sensibilities of every one. It did require some wild night riding by operatives from New York and Boston to reach Mr. Coolidge that fateful night, but Murphy and his men were on the scene early the next morning. The Service met its responsibility.

If Mr. Cleveland resented the presence of his protectors, and Colonel Roosevelt came to grips with Representative "Jim" Tawney, of Minnesota, over a bodyguard to act as a buffer against cranks, another President delighted in eluding his Secret Service corps. Mr. Taft used often to slip out of the side doors of the White House and stroll over to the National Press Club. About the time his breathless protectors had traced him, he would be surrounded by a group of newspaper men telling stories.—Literary Digest.

EDUCATIONAL NEWS and EVENTS

Commercial frauds cost manufacturers and wholesale firms more than $100,000 a minute for each business day. These frauds consist of obtaining credit on false statements of assets, of concealing assets from creditors or referees in bankruptcy, and of other misrepresentations.

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Many London factories and business offices have posted an order forbidding girl employees to powder their noses during business hours. Prior to this order the average London business girl powdered her nose four times an hour, taking two minutes to do it each time.

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A survey made by the Bureau of Railway Economics indicates that American consumption of fruits and vegetables is twice what it was ten years ago.

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An official order has barred burros from all paved streets of Mexico City, Mexico, during daylight hours. It is explained that the patient little beasts of burden "give an undignified aspect to a civilized city."

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Hundreds of sacks of wild rice have been scattered by airplane over the marshes in the Manitoba northland to increase the food supply for ducks and muskrats.

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During the past 100 years the population of the world has increased from less than 1,000,000,000 to about 1,700,000,000.

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The use of anesthetics was taught to other medical professions by dentistry. The use of nitrous oxide, laughing gas, in the extraction of teeth, was first attempted by Horace Wells in 1841.

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A survey of tea and coffee imports shows that more than 73,000,000 persons in the United States are tea and coffee drinkers. Per capita consumption of coffee for 1926 was two cups a day or 14 pounds a year, while that of tea averaged one-half cup every 24 hours, or three-fourths of a pound for 12 months.

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A savings bank in the form of a closed urn of baked clay with a slit in the top has been found in the ruins of Utica, an ancient Phoenician city on the African coast. It is believed to be at least 2,500 years old.

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Woodbridge, Suffolk, is the home of a unique water mill which, although nine miles inland, obtains all its power from the tides of the River Deben. Rental records show that a mill, probably this water mill, was standing on the same spot 740 years ago.

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Red tape, an expression signifying official formality and delay, owes its origin to the red tape usually employed in tying up public documents.

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It is said that Anatole France, the great French writer, would go to any length to avoid the use of a semicolon.

POOR BOYS WHO BECAME FAMOUS

Charles Dickens was a label-sticker in a shoe-blacking factory.

Michael Faraday, the famous chemist and physicist, was a journeyman bookbinder, the son of a blacksmith.

Benjamin Franklin was a journeyman printer, the son of a tallow-chandler.

Giuseppe Garibaldi, whom Italians revere as their liberator, was the son of a sailor, and was at various times a candle maker and a small farmer.

Ben Jonson, on whose grave in Westminster Abbey is the famous inscription, "O rare Ben Jonson," was a poor boy, the stepson of a bricklayer.

Thomas Moore, author of the "Irish Melodies," was the son of a country grocer.

Napoleon was a penniless second lieutenant in 1785, and in 1804 he was crowned an emperor.

William Shakespeare was the son of a glover in a little country town; both his grandfathers were husbandmen.

George Stephenson, the inventor of the locomotive, was the son of a fireman at a colliery; he began life as his father's helper.

Trajan, perhaps the greatest of all Rome's emperors, was the son of a common soldier, and began his career in the ranks.

Virgil, whose "Aeneid" is the typical Latin epic, was the son of a small farmer.

James Watt, inventor of the condensing steam engine, was the son of a small merchant, who failed in business.

Cardinal Wolsey, Henry VII's, famous prime minister, was the son of a butcher.

Aesop and Homer, the most famous of the early Greek writers, were respectively, if the stories told of them are true, a hunchback slave and blind beggar.

Sir Richard Arkwright, inventor of the cotton-spinning frame. was a barber.

John Bunyan, author of "The Pilgrim's Progress," was a traveling tinker.

Robert Burns, Scotland's lyric poet, was the son of a poor nurseryman, and was himself a small farmer and a revenue officer.

Christopher Columbus, discoverer of the New World, was a sailor, the son of a woolcomber.

Capt. James Cook, the famous English navigator, was the son of a farm laborer.

Daniel Defoe, author of "Robinson Crusoe," was the son of a butcher.

Edmund Kean, the celebrated tragedian, was the son of a stage carpenter.

John Keats, author of "Endymion," was the son of a hostler.

Linnaeus, the great Swedish naturalist, was a poor student, who mended his shoes with paper, and often depended on chance generosity for a meal.

Jean Francois Millet, painter of "The Angelus," was a farm laborer, the son of a small farmer.

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Not the size of the task, but the spirit shown in the task is the measure of the man.

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'Tis better to trust and be deceived, than to suspect and be mistaken.

WEEKLY ASSEMBLIES

At the beginning of the year it was decided that each teacher would be asked to sponsor an assembly which will take place every Friday. The programs thus far have been very interesting and instructive. A good deal of talent has been discovered in the pupils who have taken part in the various plays.

Doctor Percival Eaton visits our schools every year and entertains and instructs us on the lives and customs of the people and places with which he has come in contact during his many visits abroad.

This year at our first assembly he told us about Oberammergau, and confirmed the statement that the people live the lives of the characters that they hope to enact in the Passion Play.

We deeply appreciate Doctor Eaton's lectures and hope he will keep his promise to return soon and enable us to become better acquainted with our foreign friends.

* * *

FRENCH PLAY

The English version of the French play "La Poudre Aux Yeux" (Bluff) was sponsored by Miss Hourihane. It was an amusing play which received the enthusiastic applause of the pupils.

The prologue was given by Helen Rogers. The characters were as follows:

Mr. Malingear (a country doctor) .....Robert Cabeen
Mrs. Malingear .....Esther Collinson
Emmaline Malingear .....Irene Lewis
Uncle Robert .....Thomas Rivard
Mr. Ratinois .....Thomas Edwards
Mrs. Ratinois .....Florence Avellar
Frederic Ratinois .....Richard Silva
Alexandrine (maids) .....Clara Watson
Sophie .....Ida Roderick
Josephine .....Alice Oliver
Hotel Manager .....Clinton Tirrell
Messenger .....Hector Allen
Upholsterer .....Arthur Malchman
Butler .....John Atkins

"The Unseen Host," sponsored by Miss Eleanor Kelley, was well received by the pupils who welcomed the mysterious trend of the play. Dramitis Personae:

The Surgeon .....Thomas Edwards
Business Man .....Manuel Coelho
Orderly .....Richard Silva

On Friday, November 20, a most pleasing program was rendered under the sponsorship of Miss Nora Perry. Rev. Nancy Paine Smith, guest speaker, painted a most beautiful word picture of Provincetown, not as we know it, from 1620-1931, but as the universe knows it.

* * *

CLASS NEWS

Seniors

The Seniors have welcomed the return of their classmate, Thomas Edwards, and have elected him as their president. The other officers elected are: Vice president, Emily Prada; secretary, Esther Collinson; treasurer, Richard Silva.

Miss Phoebe Freeman was asked to accept the position of class advisor, a position that Miss Freeman has now held for a number of years. The Senior class is now busily at work preparing for the annual Senior play, which, under the supervision of Mr. Gilgan, is predestined to be a great success.

Juniors

The initial meeting of the Junior class was held November 13, thus showing that the class intends to disprove the ancient superstitution concerning "Friday, 13." Mr. Murphy has been chosen as their class advisor. Out of a fine group of color combinations, green and gold were chosen as the class colors. Together with the motto, "Fidelity," they should make an imposing class banner. The Juniors chose for their class officers: President, Hector Allen; vice president, Ida Roderick; secretary, Genevieve Perry; treasurer, Philip Merris.

* * *

STUDENT COUNCIL

The student body cast their ballots for the candidates for the student government organization early in the term. The voting returns were: President, Clara Watson; vice president, Clinton Tirrell; secretary-treasurer, Ruth Roberts; corresponding committee, Louise Silva, Ronald Paige, Mary Collinson.

This year the Student Council will have much to do with keeping the building in good appearance. An efficient force of hall patrolmen are stationed in the halls during passing periods, thus insuring an orderly and swift flow of traffic to and from recitation rooms. Any student violating the school's regulations is subject to a fair trial by the council. Irene Lewis has been chosen president of the Safety Patrol.

CLUBS

Each teacher is sponsoring a club for the amusement and special instruction of the pupils. This extra-curricula work, never before possible on such a large scale, stimulates a new liking for the school,

and shows the towns-people that the social life of the school weaves in with the social and business life of the community.

* * *

DRAMATIC CLUB

On Monday, November 16, a meeting of the Dramatic Club, sponsored by Miss Eleanor Kelley, met to elect officers and to discuss the work for the term. Meetings of the club will be held every Monday afternoon in the library. The activities for the year were outlined, and certain projects discussed. Since money will be needed to carry on the work of the club effectively, a suggestion was made that the club present a series of one-act plays to the student body, with the charge of admission at 5 or 10 cents. The officers of the Dramatic Club are: President,Thomas Edwards; secretary, Esther Collinson; treasurer, Carmina Cruz.

* * *

LATIN CLUB

The Latin Club, Societas Latina, made up of students who are taking, or who have taken Latin, has had a number of business-like meetings. It is the work of the Latin Club to form a book containing information about Rome and the Romans and to donate it to the library. Miss Freeman of the Language Department is as enthusiastic over the new offspring of the Latin grammars, Caesars and Virgils as are the members of the club. The officers of the Societas Latina are: President, Thomas Edwards; vice president, Clara Watson; secretary and treasurer, Elaine Claxton.

* * *

FRENCH CLUB

The French Club, sponsored by Miss Ellen Hourihane, has chosen as its officers of this year: President, Helen Rogers; vice president, Ida Roderick; secretary, Richard Silva; recording secretary, Theda Rogers; treasurer, Irene Lewis; entertainment committee, Thomas Rivard, Esther Collinson.

French literature and poetry will be read at the meetings. The members will also have the pleasure of acting in French plays and games. French poetry is making quite a hit with the pupils, so if you see any pupils roaming around the corridors mumbling to themselves, remember that they are just memorizing poetry, and are not insane.

* * *

THE COURTESY CLUB

The influence of the Courtesy Club, sponsored by Miss Mertie Kelley, has already been felt in the manners and attitudes of the pupils.

At the beginning of the terms the membership was low, but has increased steadily to large proportions. As time goes on there seems to be evidenced a more serious interest in the club activities. In addition to the instruction given there will be many social affairs for the members.

The officers of the Courtesy Club are: President, Mary Rebeiro, vice president, Mary Anne Silva; secretary, Virginia Souza; treasurer, Gertrude Gomes.

* * *

THE NATURE CLUB

Those pupils who are specially interested in nature have banded under the sponsorship of Miss Mabel Martin to form a club. In order to be as close as possible to the nature which they love so much, the members of the club will go on a number of hikes. The electric light plant and the public water works will be duly inspected by the pupils that they might get a first-hand view of what is at the other end of the electric wire and the water tap.

The officers are as follows: President, Margaret Roberts; vice president, Ruth Ramos; secretary, Virginia Roderick; treasurer, Remigio Rhoda.

* * *

THE BOOK CLUB

The Book Club meetings promise to be interesting and entertaining, since most of the time will be devoted to the reading and discussion of current literature. The members are fortunate in having access to a wide variety of new books and magazines. They have no dread of reading too ponderous material, as the books are to be read for enjoyment only —not, primarily, for analysis. The scope of the reading will be broad: novels, short stories, poetry, plays, biography, history and essays on travel, adventure and science being represented. After considerable reading has been done the members of the club will write verse and short stories. The purpose of the club is to promote an interest in the better type of current literature. At the first meeting of the year Esther Collinson was chosen president, and Margaret Enos, secretary. Miss Finnell sponsors the club.

* * *

AIRPLANE CLUB

P. H. S. is not going, but has already gone air-minded. Mr. Clay's boys will stage an air show of their gliders soon, and it may be said safely that their air show will be as great as was last year's display of the country's air forces. If you see some monster come sailing at you with outstretched wings, don't be alarmed. It is not a monster from Pellucidar, but an honest-to-goodness airplane model, the product of one of our future aviators or plane designers.

The officers of the Airplane Club are: President, Anthony Souza; secretary, John Atkins; treasurer, John Corea.

"THE SPIRIT OF NOTRE DAME"

(Concluded from Page 9)

It shows that a well trained football squad doesn't have for its ideals the wholesale slaughtering of the opposing team, but rather, it invites a feeling of good sportsmanship.

It would be of great benefit to high school football teams all over the country if they would adopt the idealism and standards of playing displayed in the "Spirit of Notre Dame."—Ruth Roberts, '34.

—o—

Just think of how marvelous would have been that choir of angels on that first Christmas if the boys in the bass division had sung the joyous tidings in unison with the seraphim!—as they do in our singing class.

—o—

Tumbell: "What are you doing with that red lantern?"

Dumbell: "I just found it; some foolish person left it beside a hole in the road."

SPORTS

BASKETBALL

Once again P. H. S. turns her attention to basketball, to prepare for one of the toughest schedules in its history. A remarkable turn-out of both the girls and boys promises a successful season on the court.

The girls' basketball team has a fine chance for the championship this year because every member of last year's varsity is back. Their supervisor, Miss Constance Lowney, was pleased with the turn-out made by the girls and looks forward to a good season.

The members of the varsity have not been selected yet, and every one on the squad is working hard in order to secure positions. Miss Lowney expects to have the squad in perfect shape before their first game with Orleans, their greatest opponent.

The schedule is as follows:

Orleans at Provincetown	December 16
Provincetown at Orleans	January 8
Chatham at Provincetown	January 13
Provincetown at Wellfleet	January 15
Yarmouth at Provincetown	January 29
Provincetown at Yarmouth	February 5
Provincetown at Chatham	February 12
Wellfleet at Provincetown	February 17

* * *

BOYS' BASKETBALL

From a squad of fifteen men, Coach Leyden has made his selection for his first and second teams. The men are as follows: Bent, Silva, Allen, Collison, Ramos, Tasha, Tirrell, Atkins, Malchman and Williams. From this squad Mr. Leyden will endeavor to produce a strong varsity.

Captain Bent, the only "regular" left from last year, will be a great help to the team with both his defensive and offensive playing.

Ramos, Tasha, Atkins and Williams have all the characteristics of becoming forwards; Bent, Malchman and Tirrell, guards; and Silva, Allen and Collinson, centers.

Coach Leyden expects to have the squad rounded into shape before the first game with Orleans, only two weeks away. The schedule has been increased this year with the entrance of Yarmouth. Mr. Leyden plans to play outside games with Hyannis, Fairhaven and Vocational School at New Bedford.

The schedule is as follows:

Orleans at Provincetown	December 16
Provincetown at Orleans	January 8
Chatham at Provincetown	January 13
Provincetown at Wellfleet	January 15
Yarmouth at Provincetown	January 29
Provincetown at Yarmouth	February 5
Provincetown at Chatham	February 12
Wellfleet at Provincetown	February 17
Provincetown at Sandwich	February 26

INTRAMURAL TRACK MEET

On November 12 the first track meet of this year was held in the gymnasium under the direction of Mr. David Murphy, physical instructor.

Coach Murphy was satisfied with the showing the boys made. He intends to hold more interclass meets and wrestling contests in the future.

Prospects of producing a good track team this year are favorable because every member of last year's team is back.

Results of the first meet of the series are as follows:

20-Yard Dash

High School—Clinton Tirrell, first place; John Corea, second place; Jackson Souza, third place.

Junior High—Stanley Johnson, first place; Ronald Rivard, second place; Arthur Silva, third place.

Hop, Skip and Jump

High School—John Corea, 30 feet, first place; Charlie Hayward, 28 feet, second place; Joseph Roderick, 27 feet 8 inches, third place.

Junior High—Joseph Perry, 20 feet, first place; Victor Santos, 19 feet 6 inches, second place; Arnold Oliver, 19 feet, third place.

Standing Broad Jump

High School—Curtis Johnson, 8 feet 2 inches, first place; Joseph Roderick, 6 feet 9 inches, second place; Paul Jason, 6 feet 9 inches, third place.

Junior High—Stanley Johnson, 6 feet 11 inches, first place; Arthur Silva, 6 feet e inches, second place; William Hutchins, 6 feet, third place.

Rope Climb

High School—Lloyd Atwood, first place; Leonard Tarvers, second place; John Corea, third place.

Junior High—Stanley Johnson, first place; Franklin Oliver, second place; Joseph Perry, third place.

High Jump

High School—Robert Cabeen, 5 feet 2 inches, first place; Stillman Weeks, 5 feet 1 inch, second place; Lloyd Atwood, 5 feet, third place.

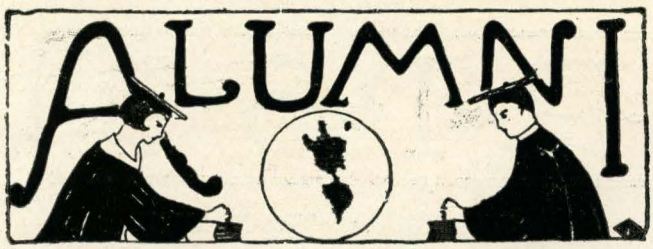
* * *

A FOOTBALL

Here's to the football
  Who's always been kicked.
It's passed and it's fumbled
  By the side that was licked,
Until it's laid on
  By Horse, Bent and Skeet,
And now at the end
    It's met it's defeat.

———o———

Don't be frightened if you see the bust of Lincoln shining at you with an odious gleam some dark morning. It is only the result of one of Kermit Perry's mistakes. He tried to clean the bust with radium instead of the customary means. — Carbon Tetrachloride.



We have quite a few graduates back with us this year. Our lovely new high school and the desire for further knowledge probably played a great part in bringing them back, but, whatever may be their reason for taking a post-graduate course, I say, in behalf of my fellow students, that we're glad and proud to have them with us again.

Among those taking post-graduate courses are: Francis William Burch ('31), Robert A. Cabeen ('31), Lawrence Howard Malchman ('31), Helen T. O'Rork ('31), Mary Santos ('30), and Mary Louise Avellar ('30).

Among the graduates of the class of 1931 who are employed are: Stanley Batt, employed as carpenter in Hyannis; Stanley Chapman, employed by Western Union in Springfield; Francis Captiva, in the fishing industry; Jocelyn Lewis, at Dearborn's Store; John Meade, at First National Stores; Leroy O'Donnell, employed by Mr. Waugh; Christine Souza, a bookkeeper at Adams Garage; Loring Ventura and John Corea, employed in the ice industry. Alice Lewis and Joaquin Russe are at home.

The following are attending colleges and finishing schools: Emily Dearborn and Churchill Smith are at Bryant and Stratton's Business School at Boston.

Mary Roberts has enrolled at Bridgewater Normal School.

Priscilla Steele is taking a course in beauty culture at the Harbor Vanity, Provincetown. From latest reports, we hear she is doing very well. Good luck, Priscilla.

Mary Ramos is taking a course in nursing at the Truesdale hospital, Fall River.

Richard Slade is gathering more knowledge at Kentshill School in Maine, where he is taking a post graduate course.

James Perry is now studying at the Wentworth Institute in Boston.

Isaiah Turner ('29) and Ephraim Rivard ('30) are attending the Rhode Island State College at Kingston.

William Earl is working in Springfield.

—o—

MR. LEYDEN'S DREAM

Mr. Leyden was sleeping peacefully when he was disturbed by a troublesome dream of his algebra class. He had told Atkins and Crocker to put their examples on the board, and after they had finished, he asked the class if their examples corresponded to those of Atkins and Crocker. Everyone in the class raised his hand and, strange to relate, Atkins' and Crocker's examples were correct.—Etta Souza.

—o—

Fortune Teller: "You have a tendency to let things slide."

Bentie: "Yes, I play the saxophone."

The Exponent—Greenfield High School, Greenfield, Mass.

We enjoyed your paper very much. It is one of the finest papers we have received, so there doesn't seem to be much room for improvement. We would suggest making a definite heading for your departments.

* * *

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

We enjoyed the short story: "Peggy Versus Margaret." We also thought the following was very original:

For laundress, the soapstone; for architects, the cornerstone; for soldiers, the bloodstone; for politicians, the blarneystone; for borrowers, the touchstone; for policemen, the pavingstone; for stock brokers, the curbstone; for shoemakers, the cobblestone; for burglars, the keystone; for tourists, the yellowstone; for beauties, the peachstone; for editors, the grindstone; for motorists, the milestone; for pedestrians, the tombstone.

* * *

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

We want to congratulate you on your lengthy but interesting paper, or rather, magazine. It's not hard to see that you enjoy sports. The news in this section make interesting reading.

* * *

The Killonian—Killingly High School, Danielson, Conn.

You should be commended for the fine arrangement of your magazine. The joke section was great. We enjoyed especially the following:

Question—Did Edison make the first talking machine?

Answer—No, God made it, but Edison made the first one you could shut off.

—o—

DAY DREAMING

I come into class, sit down in my assigned desk, and look stupidly at the book—not knowing what the words mean. Presently class begins. I slump in my seat and think of the marvelous time I had at the football game last Saturday. Suddenly the voices around me become a droning sound. I don't see anybody. I am at the football game. We are winning; I am cheering madly. I am all excited as one of our boys nearly makes a touchdown and disappointed when the other team gains a few yards.

"Virginia, translate the next sentence!"

I am suddenly brought back to my surroundings by the familiar voice. I look up and mumble incoherently and become embarrassed. I do not know the sentence, or even, where it is. "Day dreaming again," says the familiar voice. "That means a zero!" Smash go all my hopes for an "A"!—V. Corea.

—o—

Homer (yelling to his friend): "Hello, old top, new car?"

Friend: "No, new top, old car."

A Ford

A little spark, a little coil,
A little gas, a little oil,
A piece of tin, a two-inch board;
Put them together and you have Gene's Ford.

* * *

Win: "Do you keep all of your love letters?"
Lil: "Yes, I expect them to keep me some day."

* * *

There never was a motor car—
We say it o'er again,
There never was a motor car
That could outpush a train.

* * *

Geometry Prof.: "Young, what is your idea of a straight line?"

Absent-minded Young: "Nothing but the truth, sir."

* * *

A Midnight Ride

Listen, my children, and you shall hear,
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere.
He hired a taxi and beat it hence,
And killed a chicken and wrecked a fence,
And hit up till the constable
Went up and arrested the crazy fool.
The judge in the morning in harsh tones
Nicked Paulie for twenty bones.

* * *

Why does a chicken stand on one leg?
Because if he pulled the other up he'd fall down.

* * *

Joseph Gregory is my name,
P. Town is my station;
The Tid-Bits is my resting place,
And washing dishes my salvation.

* * *

Kind Lady: "Little girl, I wouldn't cry like that if I were you."

Little Girl: "Lady, you can cry any way you want, but this way suits me best."

* * *

Garibaldi's face was washed by the united efforts of Pete Leonard and Mr. Murphy.

* * *

Man: "Waiter, there is a fly in my soup; take it out."

Waiter: "Take it out yourself; I'm no lifeguard."

* * *

Grocer: "What kind of eggs do you want, white or brown?"

Mildred: "The ones I want are white with little yellow polka dots in the center.

* * *

First Freshie: "When was tennis recorded in the Bible?"

Second Freshie: "When?"

First Freshie: "When David served in Pharoah's court."

* * *

Chet: "What became of your driver?"

Horse: "He absent-mindedly crawled under a mule to see why it didn't go."

* * *

John: "Why do you call your car 'She?'"

Dick: "Because I can't find a man who understands her."

* * *

Dick: "Did you see those autos skid?"

June: "How dare you call me that?"

* * *

Miss Lowney has a little car,
One of the speedy kind,
And everywhere the front wheels go
The back ones come behind.

* * *

A hick sleeps
Beneath this green.
He hunted with matches
Leaky gasoline.

* * *

A rut in the road shows power behind the throne.

* * *

Mammy Louis, (to friend on the phone): "Say, did you see the notice of my death in the paper?"

Friend: "Yes, where are you calling from?"

EDITORIAL

(Concluded from Page 3)

town youth, threw light upon many facts about the play and the country that we were not able to glean from the newspapers. Variety was added to the assembly programs when the French Club held its entertainment. After two weeks of hard and earnest work on the part of Miss Hourihane and her French classes the Club gave the performance, "La Poudre Aux Yeux," or "The Bluff." The work of the French instructor and of her pupils was received to heart by the entire student body, and even today you can hear the name Malingear or Ratinois in the corridors.

The newly organized Dramatic Club gave the next entertaining assembly, with the atmosphere of Armistice Day prevalent. It may be said that Miss Kelley and the members of the Dramatic Club are to be commended for their excellent program, which was prepared in a short week.

Miss Perry of the Junior division was given charge of the next week's assembly. She introduced to us a speaker, Rev. Nancy Paine Smith, who revealed to us so many facts about Provincetown in her talk, "The History of Provincetown," that we might well consider ourselves as inhabitants of a land as old and rich in folk-lore as England. Besides revealing these facts about our own town, Rev. Nancy Smith donated a book, "Our Heritage," of which she is the author, to the school library.

There are other programs to follow, each in its own way bearing its interest to the student body.

We don't have to wait any longer to say, "It is finished," because it is truly finished. Our auditorium programs are a reality, and their scope is such as may be given at any theatre of dramatic merit.—Thomas Edwards, '32.

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