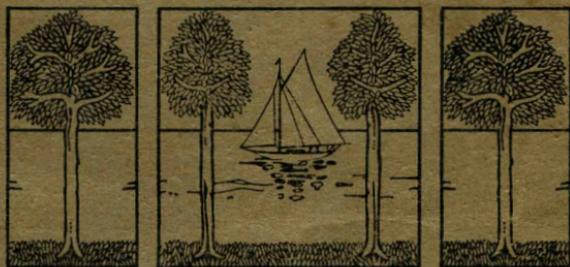


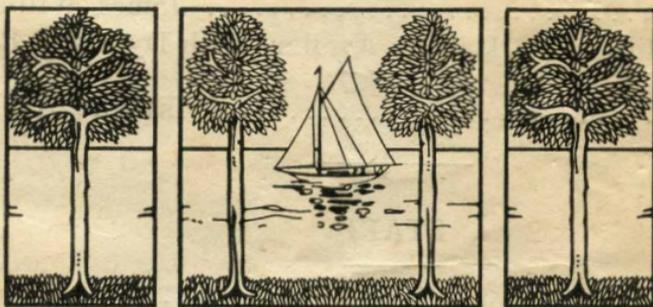
The
Long Pointer



Provincetown
High School

June 1926

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Editorial**THE PASSING OF THE '26 SENIORS**

A few days more and our Seniors will have been released from the grim walls of P. H. S., for then their strenuous four year term will have expired.

How greatly shall we miss their authors, amateur actors, numerous athletic stars, and above all, their intellectual refinement!

Nevertheless, we pity them for they are like a flock of young birds, testing their wings in the cold, cruel, merciless world, far from parental and and tutorial care. Their wings are the knowledge they've gleaned and their progress, applied knowledge. We sincerely hope and pray they have much of both. Moreover, pity is due them again when we think of the good times which they shall be unable to participate in.

William Johnson, '27

ODE

I

Classmates we gather to say farewell
 Our fond adieu to sadly tell
 For many years we've been side by side
 Matching each stride for stride
 Now that we stand where the path divides
 How hard it is to say good-by
 And only now do we comprehend
 That to all things come an end.

II

Oh that the past could the present be
 And we again gay Freshmen free
 Would that the hours that we squandered then
 Be ours again to spend
 But that cannot be as we know full well
 And so reconciled we take farewell
 From teachers and school mates and friends so true.
 And Dear P. H. S.

III

Out into life we must bravely sail
 To play our parts, we cannot fail
 There will be times when the clouds are gray
 Yet we must carry on.
 After this night we may never see
 Our class a happy unity
 So classmates dear we must sadly take
 Our last farewell.

Raphael Avellar 1926

A PLEA FOR THE FAIRY TALE

In these modern ages, it seems strange that a plea for the fairy tale is needed, nevertheless it is so, for objections exist. The foundation of all literature is the fairy tale. A fairy tale is a recording of the truth of life, an early attempt at explaining allegorically the ways of the world. It deals with the righting of wrongs, the rewarding of virtue and patience, the crowning of true love with happiness. Reading such tales sets the mind at ease and develops the imagination, besides giving pleasure. In short, they are a marvel and should be recognized as an important type of literature. The fairy tale is the child's first book, yet it should not be dropped when childhood is over. Most fairy tales are allegories which in later life are understood differently and appreciated. Chesterton says "Fairy Tales seem to me to be entirely reasonable things. There is the lesson of Jack the Giant Killer, that giants should be killed because they are gigantic. Then is the great lesson of Beauty and the Beast, that a thing must be loved before it is lovable."

The fairy tale controversy is a wide but important one. Some people think that there is no truth or meaning to them and that they are silly stories of nonsense and to be put away with their toys. This is very unfair. They also think that punishments of characters are a bad influence on the child, but aren't the other stories full of worse ideas? The punishments of the old fairy tale are not in existence now as modern authors carefully avoid them. Why do most people think that they are childish and too youthful for them? There are many good features of the fairy tale. First, they never fail to give pleasure to both young and old. It is interesting to read the "once upon a time", follow the life of a princess wondering how she will escape from monsters and the happy ending. Second, a striking feature is the development of imagination. All ages need the stuff of imagination of which myths and fairy tales are made. No philosophy is deeper than that which underlies these stories. A person with no imagination is

surely dull. Childhood is one long day of discovery in which imagination has a great part. A person lives by his imagination and in later life, his achievements are the result of it. It helps him in arithmetic, grammar and geography for without its aid these subjects cannot be easily understood.

In a sense the fairy stories come true. In the former days, some of their ideas seemed impossible but of late, science has produced many wonderful feats and proven these outlandish ideas to be realities.

Of course there are different types of fairy tales. Hans Andersen's collection is considered the best. They were written not only for the children but adults also take much delight in them. Andersen is original and writes a smooth and pleasing style. He conveys wonderful thoughts and makes the most humble things seem attractive. Much pleasure and help is derived from reading Andersen. Grim Brothers' collection are altogether different. They are a collection of folk tales from various sources and lack the great quality of originality. Nearly all of the stories contain some mention of horrible witches and monsters which have a harmful influence on a child's life.

In reading fairy tales, one always notices the references to nature. Many stories are entirely about nature, such as Andersen's Daisy. From The Three Bears, The Enchanted Stag, The Ugly Duckling and other stories, the child learns a great deal about it. After reading these stories, he will know considerable about an animal or flower by thinking of the connection with the story. He will also appreciate beauty and get a better understanding of life.

If a character in a fairy tale is punished severely for having done something wrong, the child will not do that certain thing. This is why it is so very necessary for an author to be careful in writing. These stories develop a moral sense in a child and he learns the difference between right and wrong.

Thus fairy tales lay the foundation of great literature, because they contain the finest elements of greatest masterpieces of literature. They appeal to and develop imagination, moral sense, love of nature and gives pleasure to the reader. The spirit of the fairy tale is best illustrated by these charming lines of Yeats:

“Come away O human child
To the woods and waters wild
With a fairy hand in hand
For the world's more full of weeping
Than you can understand.”

Mary Bowley '26

“HYDRO-ELECTRIC POWER”

The dream of mankind to put to use the restless energy of the sea is about to be realized, and why not let the slogan of the future be “Let the ocean do the work”? Hydro-electric power means a more dependable and steady source of energy; it signifies an enormous saving in the price of coal and creates efficiency in industries and railroads.

As an example of what hydro-electric power is and means, permit me to present to you an instance where it is desired and probably will be developed.

Between the eastern end of Lake Erie and the sea level in the St. Lawrence River, a distance of four-hundred miles, there are two natural obstacles which prevent navigation; 1st, the Falls of Niagara River; and 2nd, the Rapids of the St. Lawrence. There has for many years been a shallow canal and locks around both of these obstacles, but it has accommodated vessels of such small size as to be of practically no value to commerce. In view of the fact that the Great Lakes have become the busiest commercial passages of the world, the people of the Middle West living near the Lakes are asking that these obstacles to commerce be removed, and that the ships of the Great Lakes be permitted to pass freely around Niagara and down the St. Lawrence to the ocean. As a result of their demands therefore, it is now proposed to complete the channel to the Atlantic by the construction of several dams (with locks) across the St. Lawrence River, which will level out the rapids and allow the vessels which pass through the enlarged Welland Canal to continue on to the sea.

If this proposition is carried out the New England States will have the opportunity of acquiring a large and reliable supply of Hydro-electric power as the St. Lawrence River in its total drop of two hundred and twenty-one feet is capable of producing and delivering more than four million horse-power.

The objections to this proposition are briefly:

1st. If the project is completed it will be but the prelude to huge harbor expenses along the Great Lakes, because of the fact that ocean-going vessels of lake draft will be too small for profitable use.

2nd. The St. Lawrence will be closed for navigation about four months each year.

3rd. The improvement of the St. Lawrence will cost a great sum of money.

4th. Certain opponents state that it is unwise for the Federal government to engage in the development of water-powers, and urged that the project be carried through by private capital.

5th. The railroads of the country and particularly the New England railroads will suffer.

6th. Grain will be diverted from Boston.

And 7th. Various local objections have been raised.

In spite of all these objections however, none of them are serious or important. The merits of the project greatly exceed its defects which can be easily remedied.

If this project is carried out the West will have direct access to the sea and the industries of New England and New York will be supplied with uniform and continuous energy equal to four-million horse-power which would produce annually twenty-six billion kilo-watt hours at the bus-bar of the power stations and more than twenty-four billion kilo-watt hours at the ends of the transmission lines conveying the power to its different markets. This would result in an enormous saving of coal in addition to the rise in power.

The main lines of the New England railroads would be electrified and obtain their power at about one cent per kilo-

watt hour. Coal carried by them would be replaced by manufactured articles and raw products.

Another result would be the lowering of rail rates, due to the water competition. Freight would also move more rapidly and traffic from interior New England points would also benefit by the St. Lawrence route.

In conclusion therefore I wish to state that, although the replacement of coal-produced energy will not come suddenly, and will never be complete, if hydro-electric power is brought to the New England states they will be largely freed from the bugaboo of high-priced coal, the embargo, and the handicap which distance from the mines has heretofore imposed upon their industries and rails.

Furthermore, when men like Herbert Hoover and Executive Secretary Lane advocate this project as the great constructive engineering equal in its importance to the Suez or Panama Canals, all must admit that it is of great national as well as local significance.

Francis J. Alves, 1926

“POSSIBLE IMPROVEMENTS IN THE MOVIES”

The possible improvements in the movies are too numerous to be more than mentioned here. Unfortunately the movies are not only in need of improvement but are actually deteriorating.

Many of the best and most picturesque elements of the old cinema, such as the custard pie and the nickel movies are fast disappearing or already extinct.

A comedy may be a drama, it may be artistic, it may be excellently acted, its technique may be perfect, but if it does not include a custard pie it is not a good movie. I do not want to over-estimate the importance of the custard pie. I take it as an example of those little changes that are gradually turning the movies from the good old trash we knew and liked to the low art most of us detest.

Of course some of the finer things in movie comedy such as the hero's uncertain position on the window cleaning scaffolding of the Woolworth Building or his even more uncertain tho less hazardous seat on a horse are still with us. The nerve "gags" are often unsuited to movie technique. For example, the tenderfoot's mistaken belief that the skunk is a nice kitty. This on the screen is not funny. The cinema can be enjoyed only thru sight and any attempt to appeal to the other senses necessarily fails.

The one thing that the movies lack, the open sesame to perfection, is consistency. Let the melodrama be melodramatic and the villain a villain and the hero a hero to the last close up. Let the highbrow movie be highbrow. Let it appeal to the highhats and thumb its nose at the plebs but don't let it introduce a colored butler or a maiden aunt as a comedy element. Let the plot be good or let it be bad, but don't let it be a compromise. Many will enthuse over a bad movie; some will enjoy a good one; but nobody likes a movie that is neither good nor bad.

Another improvement we might suggest would be the introduction of a plot into the average scenario. Any movement to bring the plot back into the light of day would of course be opposed by that opulent and powerful class who write scenarios. The most frequently used recipe for a popular scenario runs something like this:

"Take a best seller, stir thoroughly and drain off the plot. Add to the remaining mush, two reels of patriotism, six reels of human interest and season with sub-plot (A few reels of some old movie will do) and sentiment.

Name according to taste and garnish with stars and sub-titles. It can easily be seen that a little stiffening would help this.

The great future of the world really lies in the possibilities of educational uses as yet unsought. Children remember as much if not more of what they have seen as they do of what they have heard or read. Surely then, there can be no better way of teaching history and geography. In arithmetic very small children could easily learn addition and subtraction from representation on the screen, assisted by lectures and explanation from the teacher.

These few statements will, I hope, help to express more or less clearly the possibilities of the movies not only for the improvement in the cinema itself but that for a greater improvement which they can make in the education and culture of the people.

Elsbeth Miller

HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF 1926

In September, 1921 thirty-five shy pupils nearly ran up the town hill and into the Provincetown High School Building. The first few months of this new school were entirely spent in envying our upperclassmen. When we weren't admiring some one, we were watching our chance to show off. But this didn't last too long, for we soon became interested in other things.

Some of our boys went out for foot ball and base ball. They helped to lose a few games but when our principal, Mr. Bubar started to arouse the pep and spirit in them, they soon woke up. They then showed that they did have a little bit of good in them.

Talent became visible in the production of a number of plays in which the present Senior Class participated. Among them were, Mary Bowley, Mary Cross, Florence Dill, Francis Alves, Ray Avellar and Raymond Brown.

We are sorry to say that illness prevented Sylvester Dennis from being with us longer than our Freshman year. From experience we are sure that he would have been a very brilliant scholar.

Mary Silva left us during our Sophomore year but her place wasn't vacant long for it was filled by Chester Pfeiffer.

The beginning of our Junior year found twenty-eight of us just craving to be Seniors. We worked harder than ever this year. Toward the latter part of the year Philomena Francis from Truro bade us good-bye. About this same time we lost another of our faithful pupils; Miss Fannie Smith left school.

A bit later Miss Elsbeth Miller deliberately jumped from the Sophomore Class into our Junior Class. She has remained with us ever since.

After town meeting that year, we were sorry to learn that pupils from Truro, Miss Hope Dutra, Roger Burhoe and Horace Snow could not be with us in our Senior year. This was because the Provincetown High School Building could just barely hold pupils from our own town, therefore forcing us to exclude all others.

When school opened last September twenty-two of us found ourselves in the honored position of Seniors. We hadn't accomplished such a great deal during our first two years of school but this year we all meant to work a little harder than we did the previous year.

Like Seniors who had gone before us, we started immediately to earn money for our class trip. We sold cookies at recess, held cake sales and gave dances. In the mean time eleven of our number were rehearsing for "The Magistrate" which was given in January.

Some time in March Eva Tasha left us.

We had earned a lot of money, but we needed more. Our going to Washington really depended on the P. H. S. Frolics, written by three Junior girls and given just three nights previous to our trip. The street parade we had that afternoon helped the thing to go over with a boom. Three days later we were on our way to Washington. While there we gained a great deal of knowledge. We visited numerous places of interest and five of us had the pleasure of seeing the president.

Now that our High School life is over we are all here—maybe for the last time as a class, with a feeling that in little ways we have written at least one page of the history of the Provincetown High School.

Florence E. Patrick '26

CLASS PROPHECY

One warm summer's day, while sitting under a tree, I fell into a doze. I dreamt that I was an employee in Wanamaker's store in Philadelphia. My employer called me into his office and said that he wished to send me to Europe on a business trip. As luck would have it, I happened to get reservation on the Leviathan.

About midnight of the first day out, I was aroused from a sound sleep by the song, "Hail! Hail the Gang's All Here," with saxophone accompaniment. Slipping on my clothes I went out and started towards the bow. There I found Ray Brown, Jimmie Williams, Ray Avellar, Bill Forrest, and "Ikey" Alves.

Ray Brown had made a name for himself in the movies as Rudolph Valentino's double. Jimmie was first string pitcher in the American League and one of the highest paid baseball men in the United States. Ray Avellar known as "The Jazz King of All Time" was a wreck, because he had nearly blown himself to pieces on the confounded saxophone. Bill Forrest was an enterprising old junk dealer in Provincetown, having put Shimmelovitch in the hole and bought out Mr. Cardeezzer. "Ikey" was manager at the General Electric Works at Schenectady, New York. From them I learned that poor Chester Pfeiffer had gone crazy attempting to count one beyond infinity, so that he had to be kept in a padded cell. Arthur Nelson owned a big farm in the Western part of Massachusetts.

Florence Patrick alias Florentia Patrushki, Mary Cross, Elsbeth Miller, Florence Dill and Mary Bowley were on the boat so the gang took me to them. Florence Patrick's twisting snake-like dancing had made her one of the most popular woman dancers of the world. Mary Cross was in the Jiggfield Follies, charlestoning her way to popularity. Elsbeth Miller was a great writer and probably will put Shakespeare's works out of favor in the literary world. Mary Bowley wrote with great sympathy and natural feeling "Little Bunny Rabbit Stories." Florence Dill was the wife of the leader of the movement for the Legitimist Herzegovonian Restoration. From them I learned that Ellen Williams was a bookkeeper in the North Truro bayberry candle factory. Abbie Higgins was enjoying a happy married life at Cornhill. Agnes Souza was America's leading manufacturer of jazz garters. Stella Summers was head nurse at the Massachusetts General Hospital. Ruth Smith discovered a new reducing soap called "thin sans pain" and so was a lady of fortune. Josephine Taylor was a second Myra Kelley who had an excellent class of pupils in the slums of New York. Fannie Dutra was a quiet girl who had a class of three pupils at a place called Roaring had at last landed a Springfield High sheik. Phebe Sum-

River and was known as a strong disciplinarian. Just as I was enjoying my classmate's company I awoke suddenly to find a bee enjoying a bite on one of my long legs.

Herbert Mayo '26

CLASS GIFTS

My dear classmates—I salute you. To me has fallen the enviable task of presenting the class gifts. It gives me a certain amount of pleasure to knock your "near" eccentricities. I have raked over the buried past for personals and have succeeded in selecting more or less suitable gifts. Each of you deserve a little gift as you leave this noble institution of learning and I trust in these gifts you will see a parallel to your well-known school characteristics, your faults, your aspirations or your longings.

I am no orator as Brutus was, but as you all know me, a plain blunt Phebe who asks your pardon if she sacrifices your pride with her gift of gab.

Herbert has a habit of becoming a nice rosy red, when the girls speak to him or ask him questions. They are all so wild about these red roses that they talk to him all the more. He runs away from love and sentiment because he is so shy. When you read about the Supreme Electrical Engineer of the world, don't be at all astonished, as it will only be your old schoolmate and friend, Herbert, the Blusher! I have one of my sure cures handy, so I'll give this blushing cream with my best wishes to "The Blusher," hoping it will not cure him! The directions are very simple, Herbert, spread the cream over the face, whenever you have cause to blush. I would advise you to use it right away.

• Even though my illustrious sister, Stella can bring tears from your eyes (and mine too) and rend hearts apart by her expressive playing, she will become a nurse, in spite of the fact that people prefer to die a natural death! I know she will cherish this can as a remembrance of all the agony her friends have had to endure and whenever she feels like playing in the hospital, I hope she'll can it and send it to

some far away country, say Africa, for I heard Africans like any kind of music. Remember Stell, there will be the poor patients, not your strong, healthy, good-natured sister to listen to your delightful (?) music.

Fannie Dutra is the greatest devotee of the movies in the class. She can tell you anything you want to know about actors or actresses, especially the Sheik's brother, from the color of their hair to what they receive for wages every week. These tickets, Fannie will, I hope, be sufficient to last you during the summer but I doubt it.

Francis Alves was launched on the sea of life Jan. 18, 1907, and noisily took possession of his name. He is one who attends to business and does NOT fool away his time. That does not mean he is buried deep in books. Oh no—he is beguiled—intensely so with radios. So loath to leave it is he—that he will take it up for life! How many of his classmates have had to listen to his themes. For four years without fail, he has either read or recited "fish" stories. During his summer vacation I hope he'll make use of this fish hook and line that when he goes to Northeastern University, he may practice what he preaches and tell real "fish" stories then.

Florence Patrick raised lusty cries when she was born, but has imitated my own beautiful grin and giggles ever since. A light heart lives long and so does my double's vast, substantial grin. Florence believes that "variety is the spice of life," but what kind is that, we want to know. One day, Florence was studying that delightful grin so intensely that she broke this mirror. I give it to her, hoping she'll never forget what caused her seven years bad luck.

Although we all know Agnes deplors the fact that she is not more like a slender willow like myself, and although her virtues are very few and she is a little blind to her faults, we like her just the same. If the users of slang were made to pay a fine, Agnes could pay off the national debt for she can not open her mouth without using a slang phrase. She is kind of pleased with herself too, and she can be very naughty when she wants to be. Agnes, take my advice, the next time you want to hide—get the boat big enough first—something like this and then you will be sure no one sees you. I hope you will keep this "in memoriam" of the Fall River Line on that never-to-be-forgotten trip!

Bill learns flippancy from the saucy fish. He is a good student of the finny tribe and is thereby famous for his impudence. If Bill doesn't deserve credit for anything else he does at least deserve these soles, not s-o-u-l-s, for the shoe leather he wasted everytime he was sent out of class, during the past year. I give these Bill, with Mrs. Foss's compliments.

Mary needs no one to speak for her, she speaks for herself. We all know that she loved to talk and we like to hear her too (sometimes) and for this simple reason I had hopes of giving her a victrola, for fear some day she would become tired. But water was thrown upon my brilliant idea. If I bought a victrola the Senior Class would have to work all summer to pay for one day's foolishness. The next best thing that Mary can do has the name of the Charleston, but is really only a wiggle here and a wiggle there. That you may learn new ones, for we are tired of seeing the same ones over and over again, I'll give you this Jigger.

We expect to see announcement cards soon, from one of our classmates and then she'll be on the "Young" list again.

Holden, poor Holden

Florence always did make things hum

But you promised her a life of bliss

So what more could she ask but this?

(A rolling pin)

From the time Jimmie Williams entered P. H. S., he began to make history and has been making it ever since. He is always there in the long "run" of things. So, Jimmie, it gives me great pleasure to give you this bag of salt. May it salt you down before next fall.

Ellen first made eyes to her father and has been exercising these organs ever since. As long as you can stand kidding and don't believe everything she says, you're safe with Ellen. As you are afflicted with that highbrow carriage, Ellen, I'll give you this cane which is guaranteed to straighten one up.

Mary Wilhemina is tall and sweet. She has always been a goody-goody. She might have astonished the whole school by her actions, if she had used her powers to other purposes and she might have been surrounded by admirers but she didn't exercise her powers and she isn't surrounded

by admirers, so I'll let her off with this limousine hoping she will show more of her generosity to her friends, by giving them rides without having to get out and get under.

Chester is ambitious, so much so that we expect him to be an expert philosopher before he leaves P. H. S. So ambitious is he that we expect him to race the cow that jumped over the moon and we hope he has good luck with him or (her?) as he has had with Miss Miller lately! Here is a little pad of paper, for you to keep up the correspondence, when school closes. Chester, you notice, it is quite thick, so I'll hope you'll use your philosophical brain and write longer notes, during our long vacation.

There is a young lady who likes Latin sentences so well, that she has a "head-ache" or something or other the matter with her so many times a week, or rather whenever the Latin class is supposed to have Latin sentences. So she may learn to write them without the aid of her beloved teacher, Miss Colley, I'll give Ruth Smith this little Latin book. Some day, Ruth, you may be able to rattle it off like you do your French-----n' est-ce pas, Miss Freeman?

Josephine Taylor has added greatly to the enjoyment of our high school course. Josephine has overstudied this last quarter to make up for four years loafing. I thing she is well rewarded with this medal and may she never forget what she received it for.

The Rudolph Valentino of the class could fill the position in the vamping department of any Shoe Mfg. Co., but we wonder which would get better vamped, the shoes or the female customers? It is not necessary to wonder long for we know the sheik too well. These "Velvets" are supposed to be a pleasant reminder of those you received during your four years in P. H. S. I hope you'll enjoy them as well as the original ones, Ray.

Abbie never talks more than is absolutely necessary, but the funny part of it is that she always finds it absolutely necessary. Uncertain, coy, and hard to please, I thought and thought and thought, just for you, Abbie to find a suitable gift. Suitable or not I'll give you this ribbon. For every beau you have had while in P. H. S. I have tied a knot, and I hope you may fill it up in the years to come.

Ray Avellar winked at his mother first and has kept at it so steadily that he is now a past master in the art. But he is "as honest a soul as ever cut a throat or scuttled a ship". We are proud to have him a member of our illustrious class. He wins popular favor wherever he goes and whatever he does, and why he isn't conceited—Oh No!—is beyond me. Raphael loves to harmonize too and he sends volumes of noises from his vocal organs and is only too pleased to sing to all who will come and suffer. This liquid is guaranteed to make a second Caruso out of anyone who will dare to sample it. Try it, Ray. It can't make your voice any worse than it is now!

And now I propose a toast to you in which spirit I know all here will join heartily.

Here's to the future success and prosperity of the class of
1926

A band of creatures not too bright or good.
For human nature's daily food.
For sorrows, joys and simple wiles.
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles.

Phebe Summers '26

CLASS POEM

I

I am going to knock some, but I want to be polite
In one way or another to do something right
And so I'll begin with the feminine sex
And have the poor boys come next.

II

There's one in our class who looks like a fairy
Bill Bowley's her nickname, her real name is Mary
Mary Willie Bowley can most of us surpass
For she is the next to the highest in our class.

III

To give a good knock to my friend Mary Cross
Is so hard that I am perfectly at a loss
So I will have to say something that is nice
In each of our plays she's been worth the price.

IV

The diamond which appears on Flo Dill's left hand
Is proof she'll be wearing later a plain gold band
I know that he'll lead a very pleasant life
With such a very good, sweet, and charming wife.

V

Fannie Dutra has very alluring eyes
Which made her popular with the Springfield guys
That stopped with us in Washington at the same hotel
And when Fannie smiled even the women haters came
out of their shell.

VI

What Abbie will do is of keen interest
To those who know and love her best
So perhaps if you ask a certain Swede
He'll be able to tell how he thinks she'll succeed.

VII

We give silver friendship, we can't afford gold
So why Miss Miller should you be so cold?
We've tried to be friends with you all in vain
Till now the attempt even gives us a pain.

VIII

Florence Patriek can certainly play basket-ball
But I'll tell you a secret and that isn't all
She will argue even that black is white
But I assure you, she never is right.

IX

Our Little Ruth Smith like the dove in the myth
Is quiet and meek tho not at all weak
Her processes mental, are kindly and gentle
And with her reserve, find the love they deserve.

X

For Agnes' welfare I'm now going to pray
That she may get thinner and thinner each day
Until she shall reach a really normal weight
And can easily pass thru an ordinary gate.

XI

A teacher is what our Phebe wants to be
To teach little children their A and B and C
And when this art Phebe you succeed
The next thing you have to teach them will be to read.

XII

Stella will make a fine nurse I bet
And one that a patient won't ever forget
Because she will always do her level best
To fulfill for her patients every little request.

XIII

Josephine Taylor is a girl who's nicely bred
Just as good a girl as can ever be had
What more can I say but that she's a pearl
Cleverly hidden in the form of a girl.

XIV

Ray Avellar's four years of poor bluffing
Is shortly to come to an end
Although he and I have always been slamming
I hope we are parting good friends.

XV

I have heard some call Frances Alves a little queer
Others say he's an answer to a squirrel's prayer
So I think, don't you, he's been knocked enough?
And so I'm just going to say that he's made of good
stuff.

XVI

Of my classmate Raymond Brown
Some gossip is going around town
How Painy took him for a ride
And paid for the ice cream and gasoline beside.

XVII

Bill Forest who is our class tease
Has always been satisfied with C's
What does he care? C gets him a point
So long as he gets out of this joint.

XVIII

Herbert Mayo tho not much of a sheik
Is tall and handsome and rather meek
And since he is so very very shy
We hope he'll get over it bye and bye.

XIX

Chester Pfeiffer is a bright pupil who'll
Make a name for himself and a name for the school
He might have been easily every teacher's pet
But you would'nt do that now would you Chet?

XX

Jimmie Williams an all round athlete
One of our best and very hard to beat
P. H. S. will miss him the coming year
And his place will be hard to fill I fear.
Now that I have come to the end of my class
I want to say something to those who've helped us pass.
As you have probably guessed, I mean our teachers dear.
And I hope the following lines will be called sincere.

XXII

The years often facts expose
That no one now would ere suppose
And so perhaps there'll come a day
A class that pleases (we hope it may).
All our teachers in every way.

Ellen Williams '26

ADVICE TO UNDERGRADUATES

Dear Underclassmates:

It has become my privilege to give you a bit of friendly advice which I sincerely hope you will receive in the spirit in which it is intended.

When you enter High School you choose your course and you are expected to do your best with it. You will find many rules by which you must abide. You have many unpleasant as well as pleasant days before you. But, if you abide by these rules and regulations to the best of your ability you will have no trouble and your hours spent in this dear old building will be pleasant ones.

Now just a word to each class individually.

Freshmen: You have at last reached the position for which you have striven since childhood. You have many perplexing problems to face in the years to come, but do not be discouraged. Perhaps your lessons will seem too difficult and deep for one so young and inexperienced, but be brave and some day too will be learned and will hold the dignified position of us Seniors.

Sophomores: You are little better than the Freshmen, except that you are no longer meek. In fact, you are far from being such. You have just reached the stage where you know it all. Your superiors can tell you nothing. Some of you are contemplating leaving school. Don't be silly! You little realize the grand future, full of opportunities that awaits you. Just because some of you girls are old enough to bob your hair and wear short skirts is no reason you should anchor yourself on this stage of your career. You have launched your ship—Why not take a sail? And you boys—Your only desire is a Saturday night pay envelope. Be reasonable! A High School Diploma will do you no harm, but, on the other hand will add a few dollars to your weekly inheritance. Would you see your parents' castles crumbles in ruin because of your passing whims?

Juniors: You are the most conceited, most bigoted creatures imaginable. Somehow or other you think everything is coming your way without the slightest effort on your part. Why not take an example from the Seniors?

Get busy and use up some of the energy stored in your bodies. It won't be hard when you once get started. I would advice a little extra studying and muscular exertion during the summer vacation to fit you better for the assumption of the places we shall leave vacant. Perhaps some of our boys would tell you of some of their experiences that you might profit by. It is a problem indeed. But an untiring effort on your part may aid in the solution.

Casting joking aside—let us be serious for a moment. It is hard for us to leave dear old P. H. S. As we sit here today a feeling of sorrow comes over us—to think that no more will we be a part of this dear school. And some day you, too, will look back over your four years spent here with a smile on your lips and a tear in your eyes. Four long years we have known and loved Miss Freeman. This year Mr. Hall has been our principal. Not only our principal but a pal to the boys and a friend to the girls. Mrs. Foss tries to be severe but is really kind within. Misses Curtis, Colley and Huntress have done their part to brighten our midst.

And now dear schoolmates, we wish you all a happy, successful career and may you profit by our experiences.

Josephine Taylor, '26

REPLY

The honorable task of replying to Miss Taylor's supposedly benevolent piece of advice has been bestowed upon me and I will, to the best of my ability, express the opinion of those to whom the advice has been directed.

When you present Seniors were Freshmen, there was undoubtedly, advice given to you by the Senior Class Advisor of that year, along practically the same principles as those which you have just issued to us.

Did you follow along each and every detail of the advice rendered you? I'll answer it for you. —NO!

Did you choose your courses in the most beneficial manner? I'll answer that for you, also—NO.

Did you abide by all the rules of the school, some of which were posted on that very bulletin board?

I wouldn't embarrass you by answering this question but I'll leave it to the general assembly, with the familiar geometric expression Q. E. D.; Quod Erat Demonstratum;—as has been demonstrated.

I stated in the first part of this reply that you received the advice when you were Freshmen; no, not only when you were Freshmen, but when you were Sophomores, and still again when you were Juniors and even then you heeded not the advice directed to you.

Was it because you were not then educated sufficiently to grasp, to conceive the wonderful qualities of good advice.

Seniors: You may answer to your own satisfaction.

But, however, forgetting all your defects, all your violations of scholastic laws, your refusal to accept the advice in previous years, we will try to accept the sugar coated pills which you have just presented to us.

We will take the inherited sceptre which you have so miserably borne, and thrust it to the uppermost peak of prosperity, integrity, infallibility and indefectability; incidentally living to forgive and forget.

Raymond Days '27

CLASS WILL

We, the Graduating Class of the Provincetown High School, on this twenty-fourth of June, in the year of our Lord Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-Six, in the County of Barnstable and State of Massachusetts, of the age of four years, of sound mind and memory, do make, publish and declare, this our last will and testament in the manner following:

To Everett Browne, Ray Avellar bequeaths his dramatic ability, as P. H. S. will have a lot of use for it next fall.

Francis Alves bequeaths to Waldo Brown a complete outline of the Steamer Providence, in order that he may be able to know where to look for missing students.

To Jimmy Caton, Ray Brown bequeaths his ability as a base-stealer.

Mary Bowley bequeaths to Ruth Swett her one time treasure, "Norman".

Mary Cross, our foremost Charleston dancer, leaves her ability to do the same to Grace Goveira and Rubena Loring. Here's hoping they succeed in their attempt.

Chester Pfeiffer's brains are bequeathed to Francis Carreiro, and we hope he makes good use of them next year, as he will surely need them if he takes Advanced Math.

The dignified manner of Herbert Mayo is bequeathed to Francis Valentine.

Bill Forrest's love of teasing, evident to all who know him, especially in "Chemistry," is bequeathed to Nathan Malchman.

I, Jimmie Williams, bequeath to Margaret O'Donnell my fondness for high brow drama.

To the Junior Class, Flo Dill leaves a detailed description of the trip to Annapolis.

Fannie Dutra bequeaths her vamping qualities to Margaret Enos and when Margaret goes to Washington may she be as popular as Fannie was!

Agnes Souza's appreciation of basket-ball players is bequeathed to Alice Fratus.

To Mary Patrick, Josephine Taylor bequeaths her sweet disposition.

Abbie Higgins leaves to everybody her natural gift of getting excused from school every day.

To Harriet Paine, Ellen Williams bequeathes a cure for sleeping sickness which she received in Washington at the Hotel Potomac.

Arthur Nelson, who has gained fame in Athletics, leaves his ability for the same to Ray Days in order that he may be quite a help to the team of 1927.

To Catherine Jacobs, Ruth Smith leaves her good opinion of all people regardless of their tastes or tendencies.

Phepe Summers bequeaths her ability for getting A's in Commercial Arithmetic to Irving Rogers.

Florence Patrick leaves her basket-ball ability to Margaret O'Donnell

Only one year old, Alice Silva already seems to be a clinging vine. How she sticks to people. It will be very kind of our artistic sister Elsbeth Miller to leave her some points on indifference, aloofness and formality.

Stella Summers bequeaths to Mary Nunes her ability for acquiring B's in Latin.

To you, the Freshmen and Sophomore Classes, we leave the information that after four years of work, we are about to receive our rewards and in order that you may be sure of your award, do not fool your time away as we did, but study every minute.

To the Junior Class we will our various abilities which have enabled us to be what we are today, "Noble Seniors".

To Miss Curtis we bequeath a wish that she may some day become President of the United States so that she can run things the way she wants to.

To Mrs. Foss we leave the hope that she will never have another English Class as poor as we, because if she does she will go to an early grave.

To Mr. Hall we bequeath the hope that he may always show the splendid ability in coaching Base-ball and Basket-ball that we have seen at P. H. S. this last year.

To Miss Colley the memory of the Seniors that took History in 1926, is left, to keep her from ever getting blue and losing her sweet smile.

To Miss Huntress we will leave her an efficient helper, Herbert Mayo, so that she will not have to go round after school hours covering typewriting machines.

And lastly, we do hereby nominate and appoint the Class of 1927 to be executor of this, our last will and testament, hereby revoking all former wills made by us.

Provincetown High School.

Class of 1926,

Per James E. Williams

P. H. S. FROLICS

or

WHAT YOU LIKE

The Cast

Shakespere's Ghost William Johnson
 King of Bally-hoo Bernard DeRiggs
 Queen of Bally-hoo Agnes Sousa
 Princess Diamond, their daughter Florence Dill
 Major Domo Raymond Days
 The Clown Francis Carreiro
 Nubian Slave Douglas Roach
 Prince Periwinkle, from overseas Raymond Brown
 Gypsy Queen Ellen Williams
 Oriental Dancers Florence Patrick, Charles Holway
 A Country Bumpkin William Forrest
 Blushing Beauty Herbert Mayo
 Companions of Princes Misses Taylor, Dutra, Bowley,
 Summers, Smith, Swett, Cross
 Cross Mary, Queen's Attendant Mary Cross
 Retainers of Prince Pfeiffer, Mayo, Cook
 Magician C. Pfeiffer
 Nymphs (Poplar, Birch, Maple, Fir, Oak) Misses
 R. Swett, Bowley, Enos, Paine, Macara, Fratus
 Dr. March Madman Charles Mayo
 Admiral Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B. Norman Cook
 Captain Corcoran Raphael Avellar
 Buttereup Florence Dill
 Dick Dead Eye Raymond Days
 Boatswain James Williams

As soon as house lights are off, Shakespere's Ghost appears before the curtain. Dimmed footlights, lugubrious chords for both appearance and disappearance.

Prologue

My friends, you very soon will see
 A play which was inspired by me
 And by my admirable phrase. ,
 This play my harmless ghost did raise
 To ask you to withhold your tears
 To generously give your praise
 But please do hide your haughty sneers,
 To think of the authors of this tale
 With minds so weak, with brains so frail
 Consider others that appear
 Then your praise will become sincere.

ACT I

PLACE—GARDEN

(Enter Gypsy Queen in red dress, running from left wing. Stumbles and falls.)

Voice of Major Domo—Out of my sight. No gypsies wanted around this court.

Ha! Mischief's afoot!
 If you will call it that,
 And I'm the cause of all of it.
 That's always what I'm at.

I delight in mischief making
 The more I do the better
 I've thought up a clever scheme
 That I'll follow to the letter.

I detest seeing people smile
 I'd rather see them frown
 If someone really has to smile
 Why not leave it to the clown?

Now this is a happy kingdom
 Gall and Wormwood for me
 But I will get revenge on them
 As very soon you'll see.

Now this King of Bally-hoo
Is loved by each and everyone
His fame has spread to every land
Under the warm bright sun.

That makes my course so easy
By my power he'll cease to smile
This will make his subjects sad
They'll pity him the while.

Thus with a single solitary blow
Things will be as I so yearn
Hark—some one approaches!
I go—but I shall return.

(Hides behind tree)

(Enter King, Major Domo and Clown dressed as Charlie Chaplin from right. All look gay.)

King: (After seating himself on throne) Oh thou clown, whose clownish actions are more clever than any other fool's—get thee going—Spare not the feelings of others even if the feelings be mine. Go to!! Make this performance better than any other. Amuse me!!!

(Handsprings by Clown)

(Clown plays Turkey in the Straw on fiddle—Major Domo loses his dignity and dances jig)

King—(Applauds) Atta Boy! More! More!

The Clown: (To the tune "It aint gonna rain no mo," which he plays on fiddle)

I am never serious
Tom de de! not me!
If I were ever serious,
What kind of a clown would I be?

(Points)

For that's the King of Bally-hoo
Doesn't he think he's grand?
He thinks that he's the only stone
A rolling in the sand

Gypsy Queen behind tree at left, executing magic motions with hands, aside to audience)—

Now this kingdom you will see
Will lose it's mirth and gayety
And plunge in grief and dark despair
As my charm floats thru the air.

(Makes some sort of outlandish smoke. King suddenly ceases to smile, hasty change in temperament. Clown continues song.)

Gaze at Bally-Bally-hoo
Now isn't he a sight?
Bally-Bally-Bally-hooooo-oo

King irritably:) Stop!! Stop that abominable noise at once.

Clown: I'll make myself as scarce as a codfish in the Provincetown sand dunes. (He continues.)

I wonder why the king's so sad
He used to be so gay
Me thinks it is a funny mood
For any kind of a day.

(Exits but rushes back immediately)

Your Majesty, his royal Highness the Prince of Periwinkle's noble craft, the Dorothy Bradford has just hove to around the point.

King: Curses on the Prince of Periwinkle. What does he want of me? Why comes he here to disturb the harmony of my court?

(Laughter of Court Ladies off right)

King: Go get my daughter Princess Diamond and tell her to come and cheer me up!

(Enter Princess and Court Ladies)

(Song—To tune of "I Love My Baby")

We were so happy—so happy were we
Until his highness got as sad as can be
We wonder what ails him—Yes, we wonder why
He wears such a long face—he wishes to die

We'd like to help him—But just don't know how
 He was so nice once but—golly, not now.
 If he'd recover—how happy we'd be
 We were so happy—so happy were we.

(Court ladies stand in rear of stage. Each couple talking to each other.)

Princess: Hello Daddy! What cha got for my birthday?
 (Perches on his knee.)

King: Your birthday! How old are you?
 Princess! Just seventeen and three quarters.

King: How many birthdays a year do you have—
 you've already had three. How would you like a husband
 for a present? How would you like Major Domo?

Princess: A husband? No thank you!

King: What do you think of Prince Periwinkle from
 the island of Pico? (Pronounced Peek)

Princess: Wasn't he the brat who knocked out my
 first baby tooth, and didn't I meet him at the Beach Comb-
 er's Ball last summer?

King: No more of this—Amuse Me!

Chorus: (Brown Eyes, why are you blue?)

Brown eyes, why are you blue?
 Brown eyes, what can I do
 Don't keep the sunshine out of your eyes
 Say, if you are wise, you'll stop your crying
 Brown eyes, look up and smile
 Smiling is always in style
 Tears only add to your blues and troubles
 Troubles will blow away just like bubbles
 You know, honest and true
 Brown eyes should never be blue.

(Exit dolefully, to the tune of Prisoner's Song, after un-
 successful attempt to cheer the King)

(Enter the Queen and Cross Mary, ladies' maid, carry-
 ing a bottle of Cod Liver Oil.)

Queen: I heard you had lumbago, measles, mumps,
 scarlatina, indigestion, tooth-ache, ear-ache, heart trouble
 and a broken neck, so I brought along my infallible cure
 for all ailments. (She points to the bottle that Mary holds.)

Maid (holding up a bottle): Kape Kod Liver Oil made
 from a Kape Kodfish. (Takes a very large spoon, pours
 out some medicine and says: "Open your mouth like a
 good little king." (He opens his mouth obediently, making
 customary wry faces. The Queen sets aside bottle and
 says) Take a spoonful every ten minutes.

Exit Queen and Mary and Major Domo. (A broad
 smile o'er spreads Nubian Slave's face—King gets up,
 takes bottle, grabs slave by scuff of his knickers, pours en-
 tire contents of bottle down his throat.)

King: You will laugh. Will you!!! (Nubian Slave
 exists hastily. Queen's maid enters dragging clown.
 Teaches him to do Charleston)

Re-enter Major Domo—Your Majesty, Prince Peri-
 winkle has arrived.

Enter the Prince with his retainers. All are dressed
 in slickers and sweaters and rubber boots. Sing to tune of
 "Collegiate."

Sailors—Sailors!
 We are really sailors!
 Slickers from the tailors
 Yo! Ho!
 Hats so shiny
 All our clothes are briny
 And our boots are tiny
 We are sailors. Yo! Ho! Ho!

Land'smen are the people we detest
 And we're glad that we live in the deep blue ocean
 Trousers oiled—they are never soiled
 Though we go around the world
 We are sailors Yo! Ho! Ho!

(Prince and retainers take off their boots, slickers,
 sweaters and take a pair of shoes from slicker pockets.
 He puts them on, combs his hair. During this interval the
 clown repeats first stanza, mimicking all action.)

Tailors—Tailors
 We patronize the tailors
 Even though we're sailors
 Bah Jove!
 Trousers flappy
 And our garters snappy
 Our ties make us happy
 (spoken) Codfish!

Our clothes are never out of style
 And our socks and ties are always
 What-they-should-be.

Happy tailors
 Patronized by sailors
 From catboats, scows and whalers
 We are sailors Yo! Ho! Ho!

Prince: I desire a private talk with you, Your Majesty (Exit all save the King and Prince.)

Prince: Your Majesty, ever since I saw your daughter at the Beach Combers Ball last summer there has never been a moment in my life that she has not been in my heart. May I have permission to be regarded as a suitor for your daughter's hand?

King: If you can amuse me before night I will give you my daughter's hand in marriage. (Both exit)

Re-enter Gypsy Queen: I gloat, hah, hear me gloat! My charm is working, there is only one thing that can release it, but they cannot think of that. (She hears noise and hides)

Prince: (Entering) And he has told me to write a musical comedy to amuse him. Why did he have to choose today to get in the dumps, why couldn't he wait until tomorrow—next week—next summer?

Enter Princess: Yes! Why couldn't he? But it seems to me that a person of your intelligence could write a musical comedy providing you had time enough.

Prince: But what'll I do? I want to marry you. I'd go through the Colonial Cold Storage in a bathing suit for you.

Princess: So kind of you! But rather unnecessary.

Prince: But I feel so unnecessary anyway. I suppose I shall have to get some kind of an entertainment, but I'd rather talk to you.

Song by the Prince and Princess. ("A Night of Love")

Enter Queen's Maid: The Queen says, you're going to come right away to make some fudge for the King, and to use sugar this time instead of salt and don't forget to shell the nuts.

Princess: (To Prince) If you'll excuse me, I'll go, but I'll allow you to lick the spoon when it's done.

Prince sits down in chair. He ponders a moment. rubs his chin thoughtfully. He soliloquizes.

Prince:

Now to write a musical comedy!

(He gets paper and pencil from table first)

It's quite simple, now let's see
 Who'll be in it? Oh! I'll have
 Jo Marshall as the hero—there!
 Now who'll be the heroine? We
 Want someone who will equal
 Jo Marshall in talent and looks.

Elizabeth Kelley would work.

Anthony Tarvis for the double devil society villain
 And Bill Rogers for his accomplice
 There's a cast for you.

Now what'll they do? The hero is in
 Love with the heroine—Nah! that's too
 Common. He'll hate her—that's

Just as bad. But what else can he do?

I'll have him save Elizabeth from a watery
 Grave. That's fine! Oh no! How will

I get the water on the stage? A fire would be
 Just as bad to act out—somebody might get burned.
 Ah! I'll let her get almost run over by Jo Marshall's green cart.

That won't do, the horse might get excited and
 step on Mr. Stowe.

Ho! That's rather terrible! When would the villain
 Come in—and what's a play without a villain?

Oh! Muse inspire me!
 Ha! An inspiration so quick.
 Instead of Bill Rogers being the villain's
 Accomplice, I'll have him be Elizabeth's
 Father! But Bill isn't old enough to
 Be her father—but what's a little thing
 Like that? It's a mere detail.
 Now Bill wants Johnny Costa to marry Elizabeth
 And Elizabeth wants to marry Jo,
 Oh that's a lovely plot—and so unusual.
 Of course Elizabeth will get her way
 But how will I start the thing?
 (He scribbles, thinks)
 Oh, to dickens with it! (Throws it aside in disgust)
 If any one asks me which is the hardest
 Work in the world—I'd say to write a play—
 I know, Experience is the best teacher.

(Gypsy Queen emerges from hiding place)

Gypsy Queen: You think you're going to marry the Princess but you're not, you're going to marry me.

Prince: You may be in the right place at the right time but you've got the wrong man.

Gypsy Queen: Oh you're the right man, don't worry about that and you're going to marry me.

Prince: I'm sorry but I really couldn't.

Gypsy Queen: You don't know the half of it. (scornfully) You'll see. (Exit)

Prince: Carramba!—Of all the nerve—proposing to me—does she think it's leap year?

(Enter Princess with spoon to which clings particles of fudge.)

Princess: Since you excused me, here's your spoon as I promised.

Prince: This is delicious fudge. What is your recipe?

Princess: Take the yolk of one egg, beat well, add pepper, salt and spices. Mix in dry ingredients. Add one

quart of kerosene, boil for three hours and set aside to Cool. Let's forget the fudge. How's the comedy coming along?

Prince: It had a most gorgeous plot—and most gorgeous characters—but the thing wouldn't work. We'll put on a vaudeville sketch and if that doesn't amuse him we'll put on H. M. S. Pinafore, and if he doesn't like that we'll elope.

(Enter Lords and Ladies, King and Queen arm in arm. Clown tumbles around and attracts attention during finale.)

Finale of all songs sung in first act ending with Charleston by everybody.

ACT II

(Gypsy and Oriental Dancer enter with arms twined lovingly about each other.)

Gypsy Queen: Yes, since I saw you last I have fallen in love with the handsomest man in the world.

Dancer: I should call him the unluckiest man in the world! Does he return your love?

Gypsy: Not yet—but give him time to work my charm, give him time to appreciate my beauty—just now he's infatuated with another girl—he'll get over it though.

Dancer: Giving him time is the worst thing you could possibly do—the more he sees of you—the more he'll like the other girl. Besides you're not in love with the handsomest man in the world.

Gypsy: I am.

Dancer: You're not.

Gypsy: I'd like to know why I'm not.

Dancer: Well I'll tell you why—you're not in love with the handsomest man in the world—because I am.

Gypsy: Who is it? (Anxiously)

(Enter Major Domo)

Dancer: There he is now. (Points)

(Gypsy Queen is stepping on flowers—Major Domo comes up, rudely pushes her off the flowers and says)

Major Domo: Say what a dumbell you are—you don't even know yet that flowers arn't made to be stepped on—Say—I bet you don't even know what flowers are used for.

Gypsy: Why I do too—they are made er—they are made—that is—of course—they are made to fill the land with glorious fragrance.

Major Domo: Sure what a dumbell you are—flowers are made—for the lover to present to his sweetheart to please her, and afterwards for the same man to give his wife to pacify her when he's been out late in the evening. (Hands flowers to Dancer) Speaking of love, I'll tell you a story. Come over here. (Sits down on the throne with girls at his feet.)

The Scissors Song. (From Gilbert and Sullivan's "Patience")

(Major Domo)

A magnet hung in a hardware-shop,
And all around was a loving crop
Of scissors and needles, nails and knives,
Offering love for all their lives;
But for iron the Magnet felt no whim;
Though he charmed iron, it charmed not him
From needles and nails and knives he'd turn.
For he'd set his love on a silver churn!

(Dancer and Gypsy)

A Silver Churn!

Major

A Silver Churn!
His most aesthetic,
Very magnetic
Fancy took this turn;
"If I can weedle
A knife or a needle
Why not a Silver Churn?"

(Dancer and Gypsy)

His most aesthetic etc.

(Major Domo)

And Iron and Steel expressed surprise;
The needles opened their well bred eyes;
The penknives felt shut up no doubt;
The scissors declared themselves "cut out"
The kettles boiled with rage 'tis said
While every nail went off its head,
And hither and thither began to roam
Till a hammer came up and drove them home.

(Dancer and Gypsy)

It drove them home!

(Major Domo)

It drove them home!
While this aesthetic,
Peripatetic
Lover, he lived to learn
By no endeavor
Can a magnet ever ...
Attract a Silver Churn

(Dancer and Gypsy)

While this aesthetic etc.

Gypsy (aside): Isn't he the cave man? He's got it all over the Prince, too—Watch me get him away from that dancer person.

Gypsy (to Dancer): (Major Domo walks off a little way, looking at the flowers.) He's mine I tell you! Anyway, he doesn't like you. Couldn't you see the way he looked into my eyes? Oh, thrills!

Dancer: And so I thought a little while ago you were in love with the handsomest man in the world.

Gypsy: And so I am. Isn't he the handsomest man in the world? You said he was a little while ago. (Both have raised their voices considerably.)

Major Domo: Say, girls, watcha 'scrappin' over?

Both: You!

Major Domo: Well, well, I dare say I am worth scrapping over.

Gypsy: She says you love her, I say you love me. Choose! (Dramatically)

Major Domo: Say, you're joking, aren't you?

Gypsy: Of course I'm not joking.

Major Domo: Well, you're out of luck then. Why I'm engaged to her.

Dancer: Satisfied? I suppose instead of feeling cheap as you ought to feel, you feel abused. Better luck next time. (Exit dancer and Major Domo arm in arm.)

Gypsy: Foiled! At every turn! The only thing to do now is die! I'll write two letters: one to the Prince saying, "My blood be on your hands," and one to the Major Domo saying, "My blood will be on your hands. (Takes writing materials from fancy bag, writes letters, places them on the throne.) Now all that remains is to kill myself and then there will be—remains. (She takes out her dagger, kills herself and falls, saying) I'm dead.

Enter Major Domo: Well, she's gone and done it now. What the dickens shall I do? (He runs around frantically, looks at her, goes to bench, picks up letters, reads them to audience) "Prince Periwinkle, my blood be on your hands." and "Major Domo, my blood be on your hands." If that isn't like her to kill herself and then blame it on us. Hi, in there! Come here!

(Enter Nubian Slave saying): Well, if it ain't the gypsy queen?

Major Domo: It ain't the gypsy queen—it was the gypsy queen. The fool girl has gone and killed herself off. Grab ahold of her and carry her away.

Slave: I'll get the property man. (Goes out and call help)

Major Domo: Well, well, I guess I won't tell Prince Periwinkle of these letters—he's worried enough now. I'll burn them up.

Enter Prince and Princess.

Prince: What are you going to burn up?

Major Domo: A letter I got from an old flame of mine. I'll burn it before my latest sees it. (Exits hastily)

Prince: The entertainment is to be at three o'clock and I must say I'm nervous, so much depends on it. I hope they know their parts, better than they did at the last rehearsal.

Princess: I'm sure that the entertainment will go off all right—but the question is will it amuse Daddy?

Prince: And that's the only question worth considering.

Princess: Am I not worth considering?

Prince: But, dear, it leads indirectly up to you. Do you know your part in Pinafore?

Princess: Yes, the soloists all know their parts. I don't know about the choruses.

(Enter King, Clown, Nubian Slave holding King's train. Clown is trying to amuse the King. King in disgust tries to kick Clown, who keeps tantalizing beyond his reach.)

(King steps when he sees Prince and Princess, meanwhile Clown tickles Slave behind King's back, Slave lets out an awful laugh.

King: (Turning suddenly) What! Laughing when I can't. (He turns so suddenly that slave who is standing in train, is caught in its folds and flops, bringing King down with him. Prince helps him up. Clown and Slave exit on tiptoe.)

(King is in quite bad humor) King: (To Prince) Remember Prince Periwinkle if your old entertainment fails to amuse me, back to your old island you go in your old scow—and she stays here.

Prince: Yes, Your Majesty.

King: (seating himself) You seem to be confoundedly sure that your consarned entertainment is going to amuse me.

(Enter Queen, Nubian Slave, Clown, Major Domo Cross Mary.)

Prince: The entertainment now, your Majesty.

King: Go ahead—I'll try anything once.

Dancer: Wasn't I good?

Clown: Huh! Even him could do that better. (Points to Nubian Slave who immediately bursts into laughter, but it stopped by King's frown.)

Prince: Next on the scene is "Three Little Maids from School," from Mikado.

Clown (after song is finished): Don't they think they're cute?

King: Huh! I haven't been amused yet.

Clown: The worst is yet to come.

Prince: The next on the program is a magician.

(Magician comes in, hypnotizes Slave, but fails to amuse King and is chased off by Clown.)

Prince: And now will be a dance of the nymphs and bubbles.

Clown (to Slave): Got a pin? (Nubian Slave produces a large safety pin, slips it to Clown.)

Clown: Expect me to prick them with a safety pin?

Slave: Well, you might open them.

(Clown pricks balloons as they pass, near end of dance. After encore.)

King: Well, that dance fell flat with a pop.

Queen: Be quiet, dear.

King: But if I keep quiet the Prince will continue his entertainment and it's a beastly one at that.

Queen: You gave your word of honor and so you must see it through.

(King shrugs his shoulders.)

Prince: I hope you will like the next thing better, your Majesty. The next is a vaudeville sketch between a tough blushing beauty and a country bumpkin—I mean bumpkin.

Clown: He doesn't know what he means any more than I do. (Takes a somersault.)

(The vaudeville sketch—Enter tough girl, chewing gum.)

Tough Girl: My eye, what a swell place, and aint there swell, swell people. (Pulls gum out and snaps it, etc.)

(Enter country bumpkin) Bumpkin: What a swell dame!

Tough Girl: My, ain't you ever going to speak? Don't you know it ain't perlite for a lady to speak first.

Country Bumpkin (shyly): Howdy. Proud to meet chouse. (Hands out his paw.) Shake.

Tough Girl: Hang it up! Where ja get that hat? It looks as though they played football with it when Methuselah went to kindergarten.

Bill. It's a good hat. I got it at Duncan Matheson's. (Song, "Give me a little kiss, will ya, huh?") Girl dancing around bumpkin who tries to imitate her—then suddenly gets amazed, steps on tip toes, kisses her, knocks off wig in doing so, is knocked down, gets up and picks up wig and in confusion says while leaving the room,) Huh, I'll have to get some glue next time.

Clown: I thought you were going to amuse the King?

Queen: Well, they are trying.

Prince: We have with us tonight, your Majesty, Dr. Parker Cadman's little brother, Dr. March Madman.

King: I only hope it won't be any worse than the last.

(Enter Doctor, glasses on end of his nose, hair flying around, cape, and carrying a huge book.) Dr. Cadman: Your Majesty, if anyone wishes to ask me questions of any sort I will attempt to answer them to the best of my ability.

Clown: Why does the train stop at North Truro?

Dr. Madman: To let the passengers see the cows.

Nubian Slave: Where do the lost pins go?

Dr. Madman: Little lost pins—common pins, safety pins, tie pins, hair pins—all sorts of little pins—lost in the cracks and crevices of the earth's surface. Poor little pins lost by the wayside. Where would they go but to heaven to fasten the angels' wings on.

Prince: What is the largest room in the world?

Dr. Madman: Room for improvement, of course.

Clown: What is a nuisance?

Dr. Madman: A nuisance is one that knows not and knows not that he knows not.

Major Domo: Why do people play with ukes?

Dr. Madman: Because of a childish delight in making noises which annoy other people.

(Finally a question is asked that stumps the doctor, such as "How do you make women stop talking?" and he exits hastily to cover his defeat. King throws something after him.)

Prince: Now, Your Majesty, we have something which cannot fail to amuse you. It was first played in London and since then has toured the New York Hippodrome and DeWolf Hopper played it only last fall in Boston.

King: What's the name of it?

Prince: H. M. S. Pinafore, by Gilbert and Sullivan.

King: Bring on your fireworks and if this isn't any better than the preceding number I'll have you executed.

(Pinafore begins. During performance King shows increasing interest; laughs at Dick Deadeye and goes into convulsions over sisters and cousins and aunts. Suddenly everything stops.)

King (laughing): Go on! Go on!

(Dead silence for a moment.)

King (laughing): Well, why don't you continue?

(Clown is whispering to chorus.) Clown: My Lord, they can't go on.

King (angrily): Why not?

Clown (tragically): Because somebody stole the music.

King: Stole the music?

Prince: What? Stole the music?

Clown: Yes, stole the music.

Clown: Wes, stole the music.

Prince: Please don't execute me, Your Majesty.

Princess: No, please don't.

King: Well, that's the best entertainment I've ever seen, even if it wasn't finished, so you may have my daughter.

Chorus sings "For He Loves His Little Buttercup." Buttercup steps forward and gives epilogue after manner of Rosalind in "As You Like It."

Chorus repeats "For He Loves Little Buttercup." Whole cast gives school cheer—Provincetown Locomotive.

Curtain

EXCHANGE

All school magazines follow along the same line—there are the usual editorials, joke departments, sports, literary articles and now and then, in the smaller magazines, alumni notes. But the magazines themselves are vastly different, not necessarily do I mean in the material used or in the magazines being inferior, superior or mediocre, but in the atmosphere which the magazine breathes forth. You can tell a school by its paper. The smaller magazine as a rule is more personal, the jokes are made up by the joke editor, the nucleus of which is obtained from funny or supposedly funny incidents that occur in the class room. Whether the personal element is or is not desirable to the outside reader—it is a fact that the student himself prefers it. But it is also true that as the paper is distributed and comes into (may I say it?) “alien” hands—the personal jokes lose their appeal. We ought to aim to satisfy the student body and the outside reader—so why not then a happy medium? It is possible. Then the student would have his personal element and the outside reader would have a glimpse of inside school life as well as the impersonal joke with its wide reach.

I am familiar with a number of city school papers—but knowing the Dorchester Item well I will use it as an example. The material used is excellent but the articles are usually written by a certain few. In a school as large as Dorchester High there must be a lot of talent not yet discovered. Why not dig up this hidden genius? The illustrations in this paper are clever and many—introducing into the paper an amusing, (caricatures are usually funny in as much as they are illustrating jokes) desirable element. The jokes, however, are impersonal and, being a pupil myself, I prefer the more personal element. However, in every school paper there is much to be desired.

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