

LONG POINTER



 1940 - 1941

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Dedication	1
Long Pointer Staff	4
School Directory	5
Editorials	6
Literary	7
Poetry	11
Seniors	13
Activities	17
Junior High	21
Sports	24
Alumni	26
Humor	29
Advertisements	31

LONG POINTER STAFF



LONG POINTER STAFF

Top row: Kathyne Witherstine, Carolyn Patrick, Josephine Dignes, Robert Simmons, Mary Roda, Louis Rivers.

Middle row: Elizabeth Martin, Matilda Avellar, Marion Smith, Germana Lopes, Esther Stone, Doris Enos, Lucille Snow.

First row: Amy J. Green, Ethel Whiddon, Marguerite Cook, Dorothy King, Edwina Crawley, Shirley Atwood.

Editor	Marguerite Cook
Assistant Editors	Robert Simmons, Dorothy King
Sports	Matilda Avellar, Lucille Snow, Louis Rivers, Carolyn Patrick
Business	Elizabeth Martin, Germana Lopes, Mary Roda, Doris Enos
Social Activities	Josephine Dignes
Art	Ethel Whiddon (in charge), Shirley Atwood, Kathrine Witherstine
Humor	Carolyn Patrick, Esther Stone
Literary Editor	Edwina Crawley
Alumni	Kathrine Witherstine, Jewel Green
Photography	Shirley Atwood

Miss Ellen Hourihane, Faculty Advisor, and the members of the Long Pointer Staff wish to thank all those who have contributed in any way to the publication of the Long Pointer. We wish to give special thanks to all those contributing advertisements and also to Elizabeth Martin, Dolores Mooney, and Barbara Crocker for their assistance.



DIRECTORY



Superintendent of Schools

MR. ALTON E. RAMEY

School Board

MR. SIVERT J. BENSON, Chairman
DR. FRANK O. CASS
MR. CHARLES DeRIGGS

Faculty

MR. GEORGE F. LEYDEN, Principal
American History
MR. DAVID J. MURPHY, Ass't Principal
Physical Education, Science, Democracy
MISS ELLEN W. HOURIHANE
English, History
MR. ARTHUR K. PERRY
Biology, French, English
MR. ANTONE DUARTE
Mathematics, General Science, Biology
MR. LEO GITTZUS
Manual Arts, Citizenship, Ancient History
MISS FRANCES REARDON
Household Arts
MR. HAROLD STONE
Commercial Subjects
MR. THOMAS RIVARD
Mathematics, Hygiene, Advanced Algebra
MISS MERTIE KELLY
History, Geography, Spelling
MISS MARY JACOBS
English, Drawing
MISS MARY LEWIS
Geography, History, Spelling, American Culture
MR. ARTHUR MALCHMAN
Science, Penmanship
MISS ELIZABETH DeRIGGS
Physical Education
MISS BEATRICE WELSH
Vocal Music
MR. and MRS THOMAS NASSI
Instrumental Music
MISS ANNA NELSON
School Nurse

Coach
Manager

Coach
Captain
Manager

Coach
Manager

Coach
Captain

President
Vice President
Secretary
Treasurer
Class Advisor

Football

Mr. Antone Duarte
Louis Rivers

Basketball

Mr. Antone Duarte
Warren Roderick
Louis Rivers

Baseball

Mr. David Murphy
Richard Roda

Girl's Basketball

Miss Elizabeth DeRiggs
Dolores Mooney

CLASS OFFICERS

Class of '41

Warren Roderick
Arthur Roderick
Manuel Packett
John Farroba
Mr. Murphy

Class of '42

Louis Rivers
Edward O'Rork
Isabel Santos
Germania Lopes
Mr. Stone

Class of '43

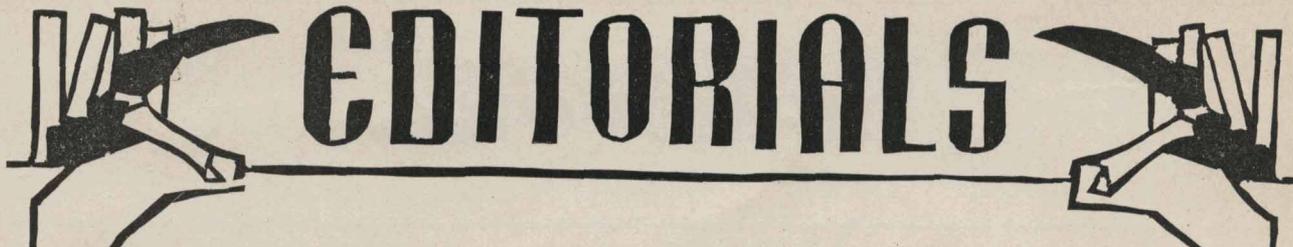
Francis Ventura
Isaiah Snow
Barbara Alexander
Philip Cook
Mr. Perry

Class of '44

Joseph Bent
Robert Cordeiro
Kathleen Joseph
William Pacellini
Mr. Perry

STUDENT COUNCIL

Senior Class John Silva
Dolores Mooney
Junior Class Josephine Dignes
Irving Malchman
Sophomore Class Marion Smith
Freshman Class John Fields
Junior High Hersey Taylor



EDITORIALS

WHY COURTESY PAYS

Courtesy, an act of civility or respect, is a principal element in building a person's character. Courtesy should be employed at all times; at home, on the street, and in school.

A successful salesman is one who is courteous. We all are salesmen at one time or another, trying to sell ourselves to our friends, teachers, or business associates. A person is usually judged by his or her personality. Lack of courtesy will weaken one's personality.

Abraham Lincoln, a man of strong character is noted for his courteous manners. His great respect for rich, poor, young and old alike has made his character outstanding.

Why do we find such a lack of courtesy in our high schools today? Can we place the entire blame upon the parents? Certainly not, we can place most of the blame upon the high school pupils themselves. Especially, among the boys in any high school, courtesy is very seldom practiced. Do these boys hesitate for fear they may be called effeminate or do they have some personal grievance?

Disregard all these childish conceptions and plan to form a rung to the ladder of success through the medium of courtesy.

Germania Lopes, '42

EDUCATION FOR DEMOCRACY

From the plains and mountains, from the farms and cities, come these students, rich and poor, black and white, Catholic, Protestant, and Jew, but Americans, all, entering together the free institutions of learning. It is a phenomena distinct to America—it is education for democracy.

In the schools, these boys and girls undergo a period of training that supposedly will render them fit to take their place in society, their place as thinking citizens in a democratic republic. Supposedly, also, the students receive adequate instruction, preparing them to find a position in the economic structure of their country. But, sadly, this is seldom true.

Too often, high school graduates have only a wide smattering of knowledge, useless for any concrete, practical purpose. Fresh out of school, they enter the hard, realistic world with vigor and confidence, only to find themselves vainly knocking at the door of employment, their cries and pleas unheard. Frustration and uncertainty set in. A few fall victims to alien ways of thinking, to Fascism, Communism, and their counterparts; they become ensnared in the promises of quick prosperity and economic stability.

Notwithstanding, the public schools of America do serve a definite function. The youth of America have embodied into their beings a spark of the democratic spirit. Emanating from different economic and social stratas, these students live, play and work together. They learn that rich and poor, black or white, all human beings are in essence the same. Only courage and virility command the students' respect. They fervently believe in the democratic way of life. But, also, they realize its shortcomings, its imperfections.

After the period of public schooling is concluded, there is time of diffusion. The graduates become the clerks, bankers, lawyers, workers, and executives of their country; they are its life blood, its sinew and muscle, its very being.

And from school, they carry with them that spirit of democracy. True, this spirit, this belief in a way of life is often made subservient to their own selfish interests, and, true, also, this spirit is often hidden. But let there be a threat to their democracy by dictators or demagogues, Fascism or Communism, or from any other source. This spark of democracy will be kindled, and it shall grow into a great solidifying fire, consuming all those who so brazenly brandish the chains of enslavement and servitude.

That red, brick schoolhouse on Monument Hill and all its fellows have been and are still a good investment. No, all has not been in vain.



LITERARY



HIRED AND FIRED

Jack Anderson brought the company's high-winged Stinson in for a three-point landing at the city's airport. He worked for the J. C. Turner Transportation Company. It was a privately owned business with eight Stinsons and twelve pilots besides Jack.

Jack had just been to a city about one hundred miles away. He had heard of a party of people there who wanted to hire a plane. His boss had not told him to go and he was afraid he would be reprimanded.

Jack taxied his plane up to the line and then went into the office. His boss saw him and called him into his office.

"Who do you think you are, taking a plane and going as you please with it?" growled his boss.

"I heard of some people in Alder City who wanted a plane and took one over to them," Jack said as he handed the boss the money for the rented plane.

"You did, did you?" the boss said, "well, do you know who came while you were gone, and wanted a plane?"

"No, I don't know," Jack said.

"Well, it was the biggest stockholder in the business. You were supposed to stay on the field while all of the others were away," shouted the boss.

"I'm sorry," Jack said, "but I thought—"

"I don't care what you thought. You were not supposed to take that plane, so you may consider yourself fired," his boss exclaimed angrily.

Jack stared at him a second and then turned slowly from the desk and left the office. He went over to hanger number number three and rolled out his old Taylor Cub. He took off and flew around awhile. He decided to get a job in town and wait until he could get back with J. C. Turner.

He got his job and every night, before dark, would take his plane and fly for about an hour. About a month after he was fired, he went to the field as usual and found it deserted except

for one plane, a pilot, and an office clerk. He asked the clerk where everyone was.

"All the pilots are off on a job, except that new one we just hired, and the boss is up at his mountain lodge, hunting," answered the clerk.

At that minute the telephone rang and the clerk answered it. He listened for about two minutes then quickly hung up the receiver. He turned to Jack and said, "Help is needed at the mountain camp of the boss. He is marooned in his camp because of a snow storm. Before the wires to his telephone went down, he telephoned for a doctor. He said he was very sick. The doctor he called said the only way to get to him was by plane and wanted one of our planes to go up there to get him."

Jack remembered how a person would have to fly in order to reach the boss. Mountains surrounded the lodge, and a large lake by the lodge would be a good landing field if the ice were solid.

Jack turned to the clerk and said, "What are you going to do about it?"

"I'm going to tell that new pilot to take off and get up to the camp as quickly as possible."

Jack immediately saw how he could get back into the boss' good graces and at the same time get his job back. He went out to the ship and took off before anyone could stop him.

After a half hour of flying in overcast weather he sighted the mountains. He flew over them in a blinding snow storm. He saw the lake, and finally, after nerve-wracking moments, sighted the lights of the lodge when he was down to a hundred feet.

Jack landed on the lake and hurried to the lodge. He found the boss unconscious. Carrying him down to the plane, he took off.

It took him two hours to get back to the field, as he was fighting head winds all the way.

Two weeks later he was called to the field and given his old job. He said to himself then that in the future he would consider carefully each decision to be made, if he wanted to keep his job with old J. C. Turner.

THE LAND OF FIRE

I was an ordinary person leading a normal life. At least, it didn't seem to me that I was very wicked, although most people considered me so. After living for a good many years, I met my death when I was hit by a truck. I was crossing the street, never thinking of my surroundings. In fact, I was absorbed in thoughts of a party that I was to attend that night. The truck hit, and it hit hard. Darkness surrounded me. I neither saw nor heard anything. I remembered opening my eyes, and the next sight which met them was white hospital walls. I vaguely saw people around sobbing. It seemed to me that my mother was there, but I was not certain. Then came complete darkness! Never before did I see anything quite so dark. For a while, at least, I remembered nothing. I must have been unconscious. When I regained my senses, I no longer saw the white walls of the hospital, but I seemed to be flying through space. However, I was hurtling downward, not upward. Finally, after a long journey, I began to feel warm

The journey ended when I hit the ground none too gently. By this time, it was sweltering. Before me was a huge gate, and, on it, was a sign which read "He who enters here never returns." Just then, the gate slowly opened, and, to my horror, inside was a blazing inferno—red flames everywhere. From within this mass of flames stepped forth what seemed to be a combination of a man and an animal. His body was completely colored with bright red, and on the top of his head were two horns. He was grinning evilly.

"Why are you here?" he asked.

I managed to stammer, "I—I don't know."

"Really! Would you like to find out?" With these words, he waved his hand, and, before me, were pictures of my past life. There were none of the good things, only the bad. He showed me my beliefs, my bad habits, my flares of temper, and the sinful affairs that I had attended.

"You had a good time on earth, didn't you?"

"Y-y-yes, I guess so." By this time my mind was whirling.

"Now, you must pay the price of that good time in the cave of Erebus," the Devil said.

He then took a long pitch fork which he held in his hand, and, sticking the prongs into me, ushered my already overheated body into the "Land of Fire." I felt as though I were roast-

ing, and thinking of the turkeys my mother used to cook on Thanksgiving Day, I imagined that I must look somewhat like them.

To increase the agony, several other people, having much the same appearance as the person who met me at the gate, poked at me with pitchforks. If only I could cook into nothing! But then, even that hope was denied me, for I remembered that the "Law of Conservation" states that matter cannot be destroyed, only transformed.

When I had endured horrible agonies, I saw a glimmer of light, then more light. After that, a shrill whistle. I happily realized that it was seven o'clock and I must dress for school. As I was donning my clothes, I made a mental note to amend my life ever after.

Marguerite Cook, '41

THEY ALL GROW UP

Katey Geraldine walked leisurely down the street. She was humming a gay little tune and feeling very old for her fourteen years. Yes, she was really catching up with Mr. Rochester, her teacher. Oh, not in years, because he was thirty-odd now, and getting older. But she looked almost twenty when she piled her yellow curls on top of her head, and Mr. Rochester was already noticing her, which pleased her, since she was one of a class of fifty.

Abruptly, these lovely dreams were smashed as a shrill voice echoed in her ear, "Katey Geraldine! Hey, Katey Geraldine!"

Turning she beheld an object on which she centered all her contempt. William Everett Billings Jr., with his brown curls bouncing on his head, and his front tooth missing, was racing toward her. Oh, why wouldn't that disgusting infant have his tooth fixed. William Everett Billings Jr., was only three months her senior.

"Hey, Katey Geraldine," he puffed, his fat face red with exhaustion, "lemme carry your books for ya."

"Mm-umn," said Katey Geraldine apparently preoccupied.

"Well then, come on down and lemme treat ya to a soda, huh?" he bravely continued.

"Unh-umh," was Katey Geraldine's cold reply. "Gotta go home and help mother."

Long before Katey Geraldine reached 174, corner of Chickerburry and Main, she had said

goodbye to her fond admirer and walked on by herself. Her thoughts drifted leisurely back to Mr. Rochester.

Katey Geraldine ran up the flight of stairs to her bedroom. She slung her books on a bed already well covered with movie magazines. Then she seated herself before a beribboned beruffled dressing table and proceeded to brush her yellow locks vigorously.

Yes, she was really beginning to look quite old and—well—quite pretty, too!

But she certainly should, she told herself. She was almost fifteen. Her mother had told her that when her daughter reached sixteen and not before, she might wear lipstick, but of course, only if she wanted too.

Katey Geraldine did not hesitate a minute about wanting to do so. In fact she had already supplied herself with a lovely shade of cerise, "Irresistable," without her mother's knowledge.

This she now drew from a secluded nook in the dresser and began to rub it on her lips. Then, clasping her hands under her chin and lowering the long lashed eyes, she assumed a pose similar to the one on the cover of one of the numerous movie magazines—that of Paulette Goddard. If Mr. Rochester could only see her now. Or Willie Billings! She'd certainly discourage him with all her glorious glamor. He wouldn't dare look at her! But Willie was going away to some old military academy or something, so she'd be rid of him for a while.

Swiftly a year elapsed. September, October, November, and so forth, and at last spring.

Katey Geraldine sat before her dresser as she had done not once before, but every single time she had a chance. And every time she did so, it was with Mr. Rochester's picture in her mind.

But this afternoon she was rudely interrupted.

"Katey Geraldine," called Mrs. Mitchell from the hall. "Willie Billings is back and Emily Billings wants you to go over and say hello to him."

"But mother," whined Katey Geraldine.

"No buts about it, Katey Geraldine Mitchell!" was the quick answer.

Katey Geraldine sauntered down the stairs just in time to answer the timid knock at the door. But when she opened it she nearly fell over! Before her was a young man dressed in a blue uniform with gold buttons. His curly brown hair was combed into place, and here and there a wispy curl sprang attractively forth.

And when he smiled his greeting, no ugly gap marred the row of white teeth! William Everett Billings had grown up!

"Hi, Katey Geraldine," he said.

"Hello," she timidly murmured.

"How about a soda down at Mac's?" he asked.

"Why, sure - - - Bill," she answered.

Carol Whorf, '44

THE HOUSE OF TIME

James Miles had begun to narrate his story to me while I sat patiently listening. He began—

Judy and I had been married exactly two hours and we were riding out into the country to look for a home. We were both extremely happy, and little did I realize the terror which was soon to strike cold and mercilessly in my heart. We finally arrived at our destination and we entered the mansion. The lease had been pre-arranged and everything seemed to be in perfect order.

That same afternoon the van arrived and our furniture was brought into our home. Judy decided that, since we had our own furniture, we might just as well put the house belongings in the storeroom.

I began my task just before dusk, and, as I opened the attic door, I was quite nervous. Upon entering, I was even more mystified by the gloomy aspect of the room.

The room, being very dimly lighted, was quite hard to move about in. As I groped about with my hands, I fell upon a book or manuscript of some sort.

Seating myself comfortably beneath the one window, I began to study the torn pages. The book was of diary type and it told of the adventures of an old sea captain.

I was very much surprised, to say in the least, when I discovered that his name was as my own, James Miles.

Then I felt a strange sensation which had originally taken place when I first entered the mansion.

Finally, I came to what appeared to be the climax of the story. This was a narrative of the murder of Mile's young maid by the old man himself. Shuddering slightly I thought of the former trouble I had had with my maid. I thanked the Lord that I had not acted drastically in the measure.

As I read on, I felt myself being drawn backward into the past. I found that I was now in the place of the murderer.

Suddenly there seemed to appear in the room a vision. It was a picture of the murdered woman.

A face which had once been beautiful was now contorted and twisted. Beady eyes stared through me and made me quiver with fear. Her lips were pressed tightly against gleaming teeth. Jet black hair had fallen and tumbled loosely about her neck and face, giving her whole countenance a very savage aspect. I was filled with a palsied terror and was paralyzed with fear.

Finally, I turned and fled in panic. However, I could not rid myself of the vision.

I took Judy with me to the city. Now I come to you for advice. Am I a murderer?"

James Miles told me this a month ago. Last night he was found dead with a dagger plunged into his heart. James Miles had joined the grotesque figures of the House of Time.

John Silva, '41

AUTUMN

It was a typical autumn day. The brightly colored leaves sparkled in the sun and swayed with the warm breeze. Occasionally, a large orange hued maple leaf would blow from the tree and find a resting place on the already hardening ground, blanketed with colored leaves. As I walked along, I scuffed my feet in the leaves to hear the pleasing, crispy, crackling sound.

I came to a clearing on the top of a hill and sat down on a carpet of soft shreds of snake grass, so called because of its silky appearance. From here I could see very clearly into the valley and across to the hill opposite me.

I hadn't been there long when a small brown rabbit came out of a clump of thickets, paused a moment, raised his ears, and darted away.

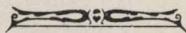
On my left, I could see a very blue bit of the ocean, seemingly nestled between two hills of various shades of yellow, orange, red and brown. When I stopped scuffing my feet and the breeze died down, I could hear the waves as they rumbled and rolled onto the shore.

I decided to walk to the hill to get a better view of the beach, when a white flash caught my eye. I saw, nimbly running over sage brush, a small deer with a beautiful henna coat. Then another and a third flagged his tail and disappeared into the brush.

I saw nothing else of note on my way to the beach. Once there, I wanted to stay. I stood on the sand dune, with the wind, now cooling, blowing my hair across my face. I brushed it aside and saw a small fishing schooner beyond the breakers that were rolling swiftly in one after the other. The schooner seemed to be still, but I could tell that it was moving by the white spray it was leaving behind.

I turned homeward and saw a small summer cottage silhouetted against the sun, a large ball of fire, now swiftly sinking out of view and leaving a darkened veil over the world.

Dolores Mooney, '41





POETRY



INCIDENT OF MODERN WARFARE

Up and down the bloody street
Comes the sound of marching feet;
Hatred and greed have caused the strife,
That has changed many a person's life.

In many countries far and wide
Children are being torn from their mother's
side,
And mothers to their sons are bidding tearful
good-byes
Never to see them again if they should die.

Homes and churches are being wrecked,
And nothing remains of them, not even a speck,
To prove to the world, that once, at least,
This had been a country of peace.

In this time people should strive,
To keep the democracy they love alive,
And never let warring nations start
To take the loyalty from our hearts.

Vivian Souza, '42

TO MISS DeRIGGS

To Miss DeRiggs—we give our thanks;
You've had patience—smiled at our pranks.
You've made us work, but you've worked too;
We looked forward to basketball because of
you.

Before the game, we would gather round
To hear your advice—so wise and sound;
Win or lose—you were just the same;
Always in there—always game.

You've been more than a coach—you've been
a chum,
You've cheered us up when we've felt glum;
You've been our hope—you've been our guide,
You've fought with us always side by side.

And now, there's one thing left to say,
Remember the words I write today,
I speak for myself and the whole team too,
When I give my heartfelt thanks to you.

Marguerite Cook, '41

"THE GOOD OLD SUMMER DAYS"

Just think of the good old summer days,
out in the open air,
You can feel the sun's warm rays,
almost everywhere.

Some people just sit under the shade of the trees,
and there they stare and gaze,
To feel the cool ocean breeze,
in the good old summer days.

Fishing is only done this time of year,
for it's the only time it pays,
Storms are the fisherman's greatest fear,
in the good old summer days.

Everyone's happy because the business is good,
so everyone just says,
Fish each day is our favorite food,
in the good old summer days.

Everybody likes to go for a swim,
in the harbors, oceans, and bays,
Because the salt water is good for them,
in the good old summer days.

If we reviewed the past, and o'er
time we'd gaze,
We'd see that fun didn't last, except
in the good old summer days.

James Simmons, '43

TO MR. DUARTE

To you, Mr. Duarte, our heartfelt thanks
For enduring all our antics and pranks,
Through Basketball, Football and in class,
You've helped us through until the last.

Yes, you've scolded us and made us mad
But afterward we were always glad.
For all the games that we won
Truly shows what you have done.

For four short years we've had fun
Now our sporting games are done.
Though from P. H. S. we must now part
We'll never forget you, Coach Duarte.

Dolores Mooney, '41

REMINISCENCES

Let's review our school days
 It will be loads of fun
 We've struggled through for twelve years
 Our battle now is won.

Remember the first grade
 C-A-T spells cat
 Then we'd do our 'rithmetic
 We can't forget all that.

Time kept marching onward
 Grades two, three, and four
 Those are the days that we'll recall
 Now and evermore.

We finally reached the fifth grade
 We felt quite grown-up then,
 But we were only children
 Most of us—only ten.

And then there was exam week
 Everyone studied hard
 For if we flunked a subject
 From sports we were barred.

Our Senior year came quickly
 It flew by much too fast
 It doesn't seem that this year
 Can possibly be our last.

And now—now we are leaving
 There's not much more to say
 Except to tell the teachers
 They've helped in every way.

They've taught us—they've scolded us
 They've kept our spirits high
 Now I must close this poem
 And say to them—goodbye.

Marguerite Cook, '41

"WHY THIS WAR"

"Oh man! Oh man! Why cause this trouble,
 why must you act so tart?
 Can't you see mothers gray, men in pain,
 and children blown apart!"

"To Kill, To Kill, Oh words of hate,
 of sorrow, and of fear.
 Weary hearts so cold and still,
 to hear the winds no more."

" 'Tis wrong, dear friends, as we all know,
 'tis wrong to fight thy brother.
 Why must we sin, why must we wrong,
 why must we hate each other?"

Reginald Cabral, '43

WOULDN'T IT BE STRANGE IF:

Lucy were STRAIGHT instead of BENT.
 Marguerite were RAW instead of COOK.
 Barbara were HAPPY instead of CROSS.
 John were NEARroba instead of FARroba.
 Elizabeth were OILpa instead of GASpa.
 John were GOLD instead of SILV(A)er.
 Anthony were ReSTOP instead of ReGO.
 John were VIOLET instead of ROSE.
 Arthur and Warren were POLERick instead of
 RODerick.
 Dolores and Francis were SUNNY instead of
 MOONEY.
 Verna were LILY instead of ROSE.
 Manuel were KNAPSACK instead of PACKett.
 Mary were JaDAUGHTER instead of JaSON.
 Elizabeth were MarCOPPER instead of Mar-
 TIN.

S. E. Atwood, '42



SENIORS



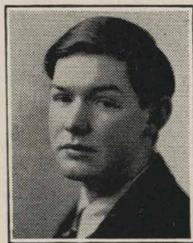
SENIOR PERSONALITIES

- Marguerite Cook—"Beata" is always as eager for work as for frolic.
- John Silva—"Johnny" is well liked and active in all social activities.
- Arthur Roderick—A star athlete and a marvelous sport is Arthur "D".
- Francis Mooney—"Brud" our dreamy eyed Truro lad who causes all feminine hearts to skip a beat.
- Elizabeth Martin—"Liz" is a good natured gal and competent typist.
- Ernest Adams—Our little class busy body, "Squinty".
- John Farroba—"Choppy" our talkative classmate and excellent business manager.
- Warren Roderick—Our leader who has filled his position extremely well.
- Anthony Rego—Ever ready with a tale of his hunting adventures.
- Lucy Bent—Lucy has always been generous with her appealing smile.
- Elizabeth Gaspa—"Lizzy" is quiet and shy, 'till she gets acquainted.
- Mary Jason—We know that Mary will be an A-1 housewife.
- Barbara Cross—Secretary of P. H. S. who certainly knows her business.
- Verna Rose—Nineteen forty-one career girl—well on her way.
- Manuel Packett—We'd be incomplete without Manny, our "Casanova".
- Eugene Perry—"Konoli" rates with us as ace swing clarinetest at P. H. S.

- John Rose—Jackie is slow, but right there for any American History puzzler.
- Joseph Edwards—"Joe" is shy and conservative, but loosens up occasionally.
- Dolores Mooney—The girl who is always ready and willing to do her duty and do it well.

WHO'S WHO

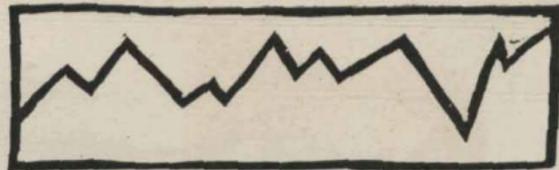
- | | |
|-------------------------------|------------------|
| Done Most for P. H. S. | Marguerite Cook |
| Most Popular Girl | Dolores Mooney |
| Most Popular Boy | Arthur Roderick |
| Best Dancer | John Silva |
| Most Dignified | Barbara Cross |
| Wittiest | John Farroba |
| Most Gentlemanly | Francis Mooney |
| Most Energetic | Arthur Roderick |
| Most Tactful Girl | Elizabeth Martin |
| Most Tactful Boy | John Rose |
| Best Natured | Francis Mooney |
| Most Loquacious | John Farroba |
| Biggest Grind | John Rose |
| Class Egoist | Manuel Packett |
| Class Shiek | Warren Perry |
| Heartbreaker | Manuel Packett |
| Most Likely to Succeed (Girl) | Barbara Cross |
| Most Likely to Succeed (Boy) | Warren Roderick |
| Biggest Drag with Faculty | Marguerite Cook |
| Favorite Indoor Sport | Basketball |
| Favorite Movie Actor | Clark Gable |
| Favorite Movie Actress | Hedy Lamarr |
| First to be Married | Mary Jason |
| First to have a Bay Window | John Rose |
| Most Original | Ernest Adams |



Class of 1941



auto



graphs





activities



STUDENT COUNCIL

Top row: Josephine Dignes, Hersey Taylor, Dolores Mooney, John Fields.

First row: Irving Malchman, John Silva, Marion Smith.

THE FRESHMAN RECEPTION

On September 23, 1940, the Seniors welcomed the Freshmen into the High School. The class officers of the Senior Class and Freshman Class lead the grand march.

Refreshments were served in the cafeteria. Pat and His Pals provided the music.

THE STUDENT COUNCIL

The Council for 1940-41 has sponsored dances to raise money for the Athletic Association and for the purchase of records. It has been responsible for the use of records at dances, thus saving the student body a great amount of money.

The Council of 1940-41 consists of the following members.

Seniors, John Silva, president; Dolores Moon-

ey; Juniors, Josephine Dignes, Irving Malchman, vice president; Sophomores, Marion Smith, secretary and treasurer; Freshman, John Fields; Junior High, Hersey Taylor.

ASSEMBLIES

There were several interesting assemblies held this year.

During the year through the efforts of Mr. Leyden, the pupils were entertained by several moving pictures.

Miss Jacobs staged a magnificent pageant at Christmas time.

Miss Mary Lewis presented a play "Aunt Sally."

A patriotic pageant was given by Miss Kelly in February.

A French assembly was given by Mr. Perry.



SENIOR PLAY CAST

Top row: Francis Mooney, Herman Silva, Hersey Taylor, Gloria Silva.
 Middle row: Arthur Roderick, Nobert Silva, Richard Baumgartner, Elizabeth Martin, Basil Santos
 Warren Roderick.
 First row: Marguerite Cook, Marion Smith, Charles Walls, Barbara Cross, Louis Rivers, Manuel Packett.

The French students participated in singing and scenes from "Les Miserables" were dramatized by French students.

Mr. Murphy gave an interesting athletic assembly at which the pupils were greatly entertained by the Inter-class Basketball games in which the Juniors were the victors.

Miss Mary Fulton Carr talked to the girls on "A Girl's Personality."

THE SENIOR PLAY

The Seniors presented this year, a very humorous play, "Penrod". Members of the seventh and eighth grades played the parts of the younger children, while the Senior High members assumed the adult parts.

The story centered about a young boy, Penrod, who, with the help of three of his companions, solved the mystery of a serious crime.

The play was under the expert supervision of Mrs. Phebe Rogers.

The cast was as follows:

Penrod Charles Walls, '46
 Della, Schofield maid Marguerite Cook, '41

Tim Norbert Silva, '42
 Mary Schofield Marion Smith, '43
 Mr. Jones Hersey Taylor, '45
 Jarge Manuel Packett, '41
 Robert Williams Francis Mooney, '41
 Henry Schofield Arthur Roderick, '41
 Margaret Schofield Barbara Cross, '41
 Herman Hamilton Dade Herman Silva, '42
 Sam Williams Richard Baumgartner, '46
 Marjorie Jones Eleanor Walls, '45
 Georgie Bassett Clifford Silva, '46
 Rev. Lester Kinoling Warren Roderick, '41
 Verman Basil Santos, '42
 Herman Louis Rivers, '42
 Mr. Coombs Warren Roderick, '41

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC

On Friday, March 28, 1941, the Provincetown Instrumental Music Department, which is under the supervision of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Nassi, gave its tenth annual demonstration concert in our High School Auditorium for the benefit of the Instrumental Music Fund. Our High School and Junior High School organizations were



HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

Top row: Anna Chapman, Loretta Crawley, George Rose, Dolores Mooney, Joseph Silva, Ethel Whiddon.

Middle row: Mr. Nassi, Henry Helmar, Donalda Brown, Irving Malchman, Doris Enos, Frederick Francis, Edwina Crawley, Barbara Medeiros.

First row: Helen Rogers, Esther Stone, Shirley Davis, Josephine Dignes, Francis Meads, Clayton Enos, Joseph Morris.

assisted by the Governor Bradford School Orchestra and the Center and Western School Flageolet groups. One of the largest audiences in years enjoyed the program, which featured soloists from each of the groups. There was also an excellent demonstration of Baton Swinging which was most interesting.

On May 8, 1941, at 8 P. M. the Lower Cape Symphony Orchestra gave a very successful concert at the Provincetown Town Hall. Walter A. Smith, cornetist, was the soloist at this concert. We are indebted to the Catholic Daughters of America for sponsoring this affair.

Barbara Crocker

THE ANCHORAGE

The Sophomore Class sponsored the publication of the Anchorage. Miss Hourihane supervised the writing of the paper and the Senior

girls were in charge of the printing. The paper has interested many with its scraps of gossip about the school.

The following were on the staff:

Barbara Alexander, Reginald Cabral, Edith Sawyer, Francis Ventura, Austin Banks.

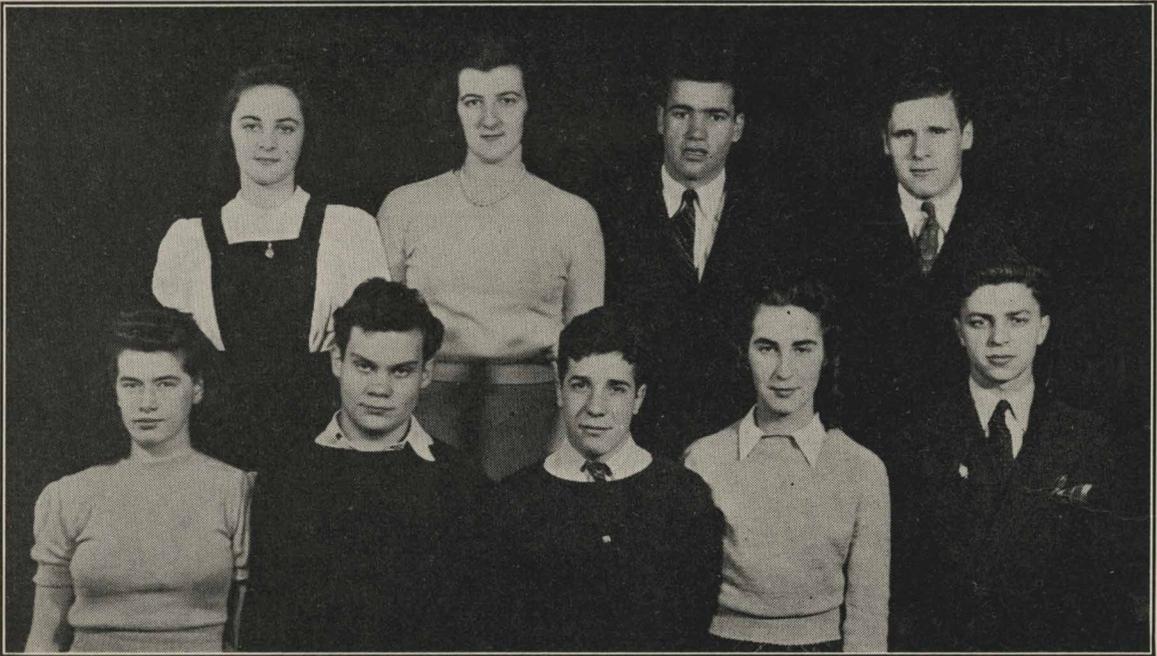
JUNIOR DECLAMATIONS

The Declamations were given in two groups this year. The girls gave theirs on Monday and Tuesday, March 24 and 25; the boys, Monday, March 31st.

Ten Juniors, seven girls and three boys, were chosen to compete in the finals which will be held June 9th.

The chosen pupils are:

Barbara Crocker, Josephine Dignes, Mary Roda, Carolyn Patrick, Vivian Souza, Cecelia Francis, Alma Rose, Edward O'Rork, Herman Silva, Louis Rivers.



NATIONAL HONOR SOCIETY

Top row: Matilda Avellar, Dolores Mooney, Arthur Roderick, Warren Roderick.

First row: Marguerite Cook, Irving Malchman, Louis Rivers, Germana Lopes, John Silva.

NATIONAL HONOR SOCIETY

This year nine students were elected to the National Honor Society. Members must show outstanding ability in leadership, character, scholarship, and service.

This society is a great benefit to the school, because pupils strive to better their scholastic records and activities.

The members that were elected to the society this year are:

Marguerite Cook '41, Warren Roderick '41, Dolores Mooney '41, Arthur Roderick '41, John

Silva '41, Irving Malchman '42, Louis Rivers '42, Germana Lopes '42, Matilda Avellar '42.

THE SENIOR TRIP

During the annual spring vacation the Seniors went to New York for a five day trip.

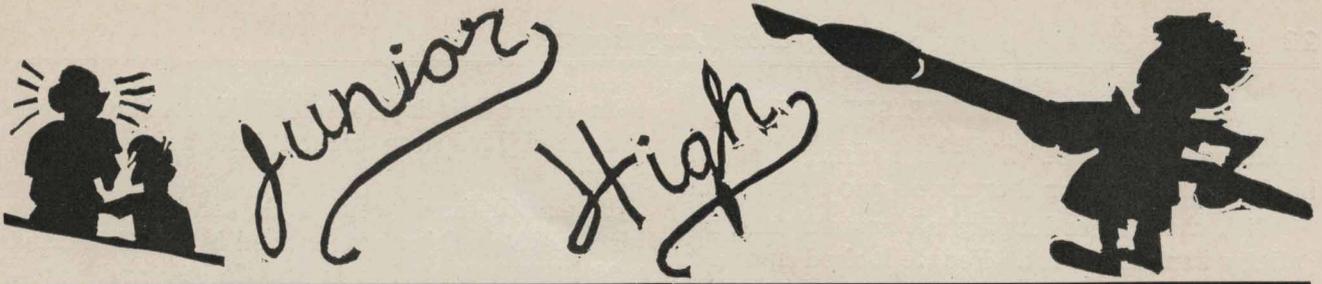
While there the pupils travelled on every type of transportation service.

The class visited the American Museum of Natural History, Hayden Planetarium, Radio City and St. Patrick's Cathedral.

Through the efforts of Mr. Murphy the trip was a success.



Junior High



JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL

WHY A BULL HATES RED

The thin, gray smoke rose, curled languidly from the chimney of the hunting lodge which was located in the very heart of the Black Forest. It was a pleasant day with the sun shining brightly down on the earth. This day was just the day suited for hunting wild bulls, a great sport in the early times.

From inside the lodge could be heard a voice saying, "This is truly a pleasant day to be out hunting." The Duke of Organdy, who was staying at the lodge further remarked, "Tis good we are up so early. The dew is still fresh on the ground, so we shall be able to have a good hunt."

Each man was clothed in scarlet robes. Mounting their stallions, they rode to the thickest part of the forest, arriving soon at a valley where about fifty bulls were grazing.

Raising their arrows, the huntsmen took careful aim and shot. Down went five bulls. The bulls, sensing danger, charged the huntsmen with great ferocity, but to no avail, for soon came other huntsmen from the lodge to battle with the bulls.

The battle was fiercely fought, at the end of which only one small bull escaped. Greatly

terrified, he ran away, seeing before him only the red of the hunters' robes and the red of the blood from his mother's side.

When he grew older he instilled in the minds of his children that red was a thing of destruction. This belief was handed down from generation to generation. Even today, bulls always charge the color red, for they believe it is a thing of evil which must be annihilated.

Louisa Souza, 7A

THE SUNRISE

The harbor was a shining place this morning. The sun had risen, a golden ball, making a sparkling path across the water. The azure of the sky blended softly with the gentle blue of the sea. The boats were gently tugging at their anchors, and the seagulls, perched on the decks, were swaying with the motion. A soft breeze was rippling the water, and the waves played tag with the sandpipers flitting over the clean white sand. No artist could wish for a more vivid scene than this to paint.

Mary Rogers, 7A

AN ANTIQUE TABLE SPEAKS

I am going to die! There is nothing that can be done about it, for there is no one to save me.

With the flames leaping all around me I recall my beautiful past. People looked upon me with admiration and exclaimed, "Truly a masterpiece! I must have it."

They paid fabulous prices to possess me, and I dwelt in some of the most famous homes of Europe and other countries of the world.

The fast-moving people of today believe their lives to be gay and cheerful, but if they knew of the joys and pleasures I have experienced, they would wish to be the antique table that I am.

In a few minutes I shall be nothing but ashes. Even as I speak to you I can feel the hot flames creeping slowly over my highly polished surface.

Please do not pity me in my last hour on earth, but instead, be envious; for it is probable that none of your lives will ever be as full of beauty as mine has been.

Gloria Silva, 8A

"HOW THE BLUEBIRD GOT ITS COLOR"

Long, long ago, when there were no people on earth, there lived a small, red bird who was very pessimistic. He was never happy and did not sing as the other birds did.

The king of the birds met him while out on a flight, and inquired, "What is wrong? Why are you so unhappy?"

"Oh, the world is coming to an end, and we shall all be killed! No one will escape! We'll all die!" wailed the bird.

"Nonsense!" scoffed the king-bird. "The world is not coming to an end. No one is going to die. Cheer up and be happy as the rest are."

But still the bird lamented and wailed. The king became very angry and very much annoyed, and said, "If you do not change your tune very soon, I will change your color to a horrid blue, the color of your spirit."

The little bird still wouldn't listen, and the king-bird flew away hoping his threat would take effect on the small bird.

A little while later the king found him as pessimistic as ever, and he got very angry, and cried, "I gave you your chance and you did not

take it; now it is too late." Immediately the little red bird was turned into a horrid blue color.

The little bird wept and pleaded with the king until the king was moved to pity him, and said, "Little bird, if you stay happy and gay, I will change your blue color to the blue of the sky."

The little bird sang and was gay, and the other birds were astonished. After a few months the king came to the bird and said, "You have been so gay and happy that I will change that horrid blue to a beautiful blue. But if you should ever become sad and pessimistic for no reason at all, I will change your color back to the blue it was." The little bluebird has never forgotten that warning.

Sheila Kelly, 7A

THIS LAND, AMERICA

This land of peace, so fair, so free,
This flag that stands for liberty,
These men, who for their country give
Their lives, so liberty may live.

The crimson of its stripes of red,
Stands for the freedom for freedom shed,
The stripes of white, for freedom's peace,
For liberty shall never cease.

The many stars in a field of blue,
Shine for the hearts that beat so true.
No fairer land you'll find, by far,
Than our free, true America.

Mary Emma Avila, 8B

BIRDS

Birds are beautiful creatures,
Birds have lovely features,
Some people call them preachers,
But I call them teachers.

Henry Helmer, 7A

"CIRCUS SIGHTS"

I went to the circus the sights to see,
But, instead, all the people looked at me,
I was so disturbed, I burst right out, "Gee,
If you keep on staring, I'll charge you a fee!"

Carol Alves, 7A

"WHO'S WHO IN 8A"

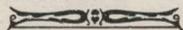
Most Popular Girl	Gloria Silva
Most Popular Boy	Anibal Oliver
Most Studious	Eleanor Walls
Class Baby	Richard Meads
Girl with Best Figure	Jeanne Lynch
Boy with Best Physique	Kenneth Jennings
Prettiest Girl	Elaine Gaspie
Best Looking Boy	John Whorf
Class Cut-up	Anna Chapman
Wittiest	Clarice Joseph
Biggest Drag with Faculty	Gloria Silva
Girl with Most Oomph	Jeanne Lynch
Most Athletic Boy	Anibal Oliver
Most Athletic Girl	Mary Roderick
Class Actress	Gloria Silva
Class Actor	Hersey Taylor
Best Dressed Girl	Louine Janopolis
Best Dressed Boy	George Smith
Best Dancer	Faith Perry
Class Flirt	Louine Janopolis
Class Musician	Loretta Crawley
Best Girl Orator	Gloria Silva
Best Dressed Orator	Hersey Taylor
Class Artist	John Whorf

CAN YOU IMAGINE??

1. Regina Dutra without that wiggle?
2. Eleanor Walls not knowing the answers?
3. Anna Chapman not losing things?
4. Faith Perry not dancing?
5. Mary Roderick not playing basketball?
6. Louis Reis without his sound effects?
7. Richard Meads acting grown-up?
8. Gloria Silva without friends?
9. Clarice Joseph being serious?

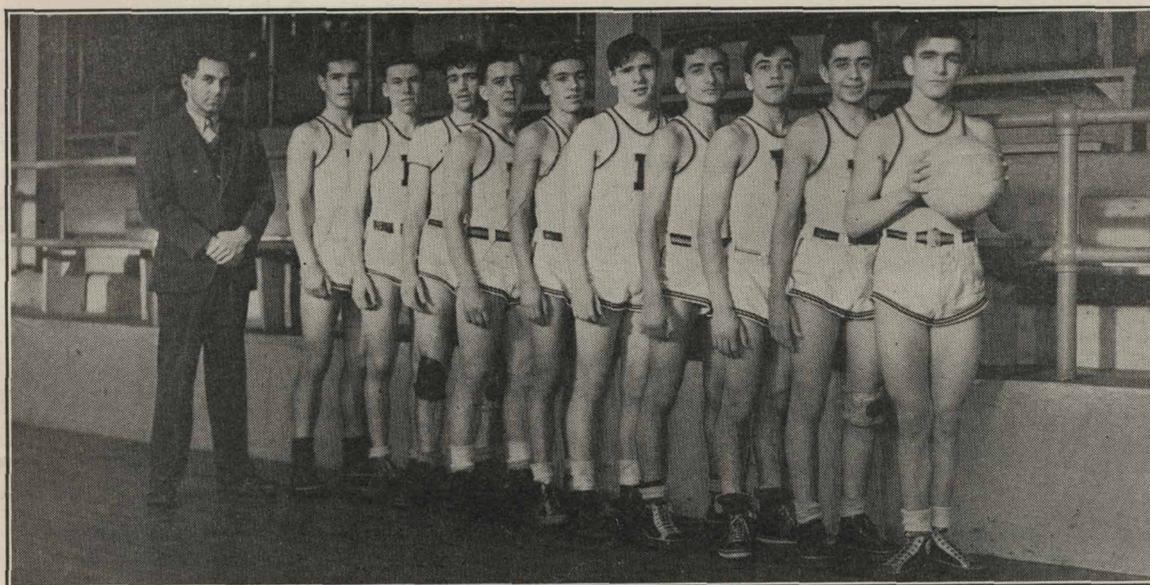
10. Elaine Enos being a glamor girl?
11. Jeanne Lynch without a crowd of boys around her?
12. Bernice Bent acting serious?
13. Hersey Taylor with a grouch?
14. Elaine Gaspie with a frog in her throat?
15. Alberta Silva without Mary Roderick?
16. Eddie not talking to Mary Roderick?
17. Loretta Crawley without a book in front of her?
18. John Whorf not drawing?
19. Louine Janopolis not dressed like a glamor girl?
20. Kenneth Jennings having his work done?
21. George Smith not looking at Jean Lynch all seventh period?
22. Joseph Silva answering a teacher back?
23. Mary Rose as tall as Anna Chapman?
24. Robert White not answering a teacher back?
25. Mary Emma Avila without bright nail polish?
26. Gorden Dutra talking?
27. Albert Loring with his homework done?
28. Mary Tarvis with her mouth closed?
29. Chickie Smith being an angel?
30. Frank Henrique without all the girls chasing him?
31. Doris Snow also being an angel?
32. Frank P. Souza not acting foolish?
33. Francis Packett giving an oral composition?
34. Francis Snow not throwing papers around?
35. Alan Moffett coming to school early in the morning?
36. Joan Paine being awake in school?
37. Eugene Peters not playing hookey?

Faith Perry, 8A





SPORTS



BOYS' BASKETBALL

Coach Duarte, David Roderick, Manuel Packett, Arthur Roderick, Victor Pacellini, Frank Alves, Warren Roderick, Anthony Joseph, Robert Cordeiro, Insley Caton, Manuel Simmons.

FOOTBALL

The P. H. S. football team ended the season with a record of two victories and five losses.

Next season looks like a very promising season for the boys because they are only losing four seniors.

Victor Pacellini was elected as the next season's football Captain.

P. H. S. placed only one player on the first team of the "Mythical Cape Cod Team." This player was Arthur Roderick, who was also elected as Co-Captain of the team.

The team wishes to thank Mr. Duarte for his co-operation and time spent for the team.

The record of the games is as follows:

Team	We	They
Falmouth (away)	7	34
Yarmouth (home)	6	0
Yarmouth (away)	0	12
Barnstable (away)	0	28
Bourne (away)	6	0
Nantucket (away)	0	28
Wareham (home)	0	18

Louis Rivers, '41

BOYS' BASKETBALL

The P. H. S. basketball team finished a very successful season, with the exception of one unexpected defeat.

Before the regular season began they won five Non-Intramural games against the best teams on the Cape.

At the Bourne Tournament, we were eliminated by Barnstable High by a very close game.

This year we lose Arthur Roderick, Captain Warren Roderick, and Manuel Packett.

The team wishes to thank Mr. Duarte for his excellent coaching and patience.

The summary is as follows:

Non-Intramural

	We	They
P'town vs. P'town Boy's Club	30	38
P'town vs. P'town Alumni	50	27
P'town vs. Hyannis A. C. Five	40	37
P'town vs. Wellfleet Alumni	60	20
P'town vs. Falmouth Coca Cola Five	41	26
P'town vs. National Guard	48	22
P'town vs. P'town Boy's Club	33	42

302 212



GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Top row: Mary Gaspa, Frances Smith, Miss DeRiggs, Mary Roda, Barbara Alexander.
 First row: Matilda Avellar, Philomena Holway, Dolores Mooney, Marguerite Cook, Paula Jette, Doris Enos.

High School

	We	They
P'town vs. Orleans	19	15
P'town vs. Harvich	45	29
P'town vs. Yarmouth	25	15
P'town vs. Barnstable	30	16
P'town vs. Wellfleet	26	37
P'town vs. Barnstable	25	21
P'town vs. Orleans	30	25
P'town vs. St. Nicholas of New York	46	36
P'town vs. Yarmouth	48	26
P'town vs. Harwich	47	36
P'town vs. Wellfleet	39	17
P'town vs. Bourne	48	24
	428	297

Won 11
 Lost 1

Bourne Tournament

	We	They
P'town vs. Barnstable	18	19

Louis Rivers, '41

excellent coaching of Miss Elizabeth DeRiggs, completed a most successful season.

Under the guidance of Dolores Mooney, who has served faithfully as Captain for two years, the team has shown splendid co-operation.

Of the eleven games played, eight were won and three were lost.

Dolores Mooney and Marguerite Cook will leave us in June.

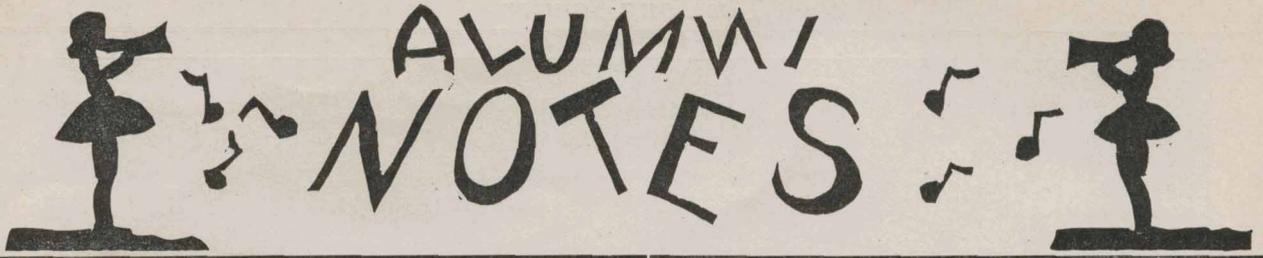
The schedule and scores of the games are as follows:

Date	We	They
Jan. 10	33 Wellfleet Alumni	7 (home)
Jan. 14	45 Orleans	18 (home)
Jan. 17	12 Harwich	22 (home)
Jan. 24	22 Yarmouth	31 (away)
Feb. 1	35 Barnstable	22 (home)
Feb. 4	44 Wellfleet	6 (away)
Feb. 7	15 Barnstable	23 (away)
Feb. 11	40 Orleans	2 (away)
Feb. 18	26 Yarmouth	17 (home)
Feb. 21	32 Harwich	21 (away)
Mar. 8	33 Wellfleet	8 (home)

GIRL'S BASKETBALL

The girl's basketball team, inspired by the

Matilda Avellar, '42
 Lucille Snow, '42
 Carolyn Patrick, '42



ALUMNI NOTES

1936

Joseph Andrews—Works on fruit steamer in New York.
 Eleanor Burch—A student at N. E. Conservatory of Music in Boston.
 Patricia Cass—Senior at Jackson College in Medford.
 Francelina Coelho—A hairdresser at the Harbor Vanity in Provincetown.
 Mary Cruz—Attending Delhi College in New York.
 Ann Enos—At home.
 Robert Hannum—Coast Guard on boat "Atheitas".
 Ruth Jason—Married to Arnold Dwyer.
 Lloyd Jonas—Attending an Agricultural School.
 Norbert Macara—Fishing.
 Vivian Joseph—Married and living in Boston.
 Mary Marshall—Married and living in Boston.
 Louise Meads—At home.
 Kathleen Medeiros—Substitute teacher.
 Charlotte Perry—At home.
 Henrietta Perry—Married to Charles Mavrogeorge and living in Truro.
 Leland Perry—Working at Dover Street Clinic, Boston, Mass.
 Mary Ellen Perry—Married and living in Provincetown.
 Reginald Perry—Senior at Tufts College.
 Virginia Phillips—Works on the N. Y. A.
 Doris Ramos—Attending Regis College.
 Ruth Ramos—Married and living in Boston.
 Albert Rego—Married to Frances Avellar.
 Margaret Roberts—Teaching in Kentucky.
 Catherine Rock—Practical Nurse.
 Dorothy Rock—Married.
 Remigio Roda—Attending Amherst College.
 Virginia Roderick—Married to Joseph Taves.
 Lucille Santos—Married and living in San Diego.
 Kenneth Simmons—Working in Fairhaven, Connecticut.
 Dorothy Small—Married and working in Boston.

Jane Stahl—Working in book store in Newton.
 Flora Thomas—Married and living in Provincetown.
 Arthur Ventura—Living in Boston.

1937

Francis Avella—Married to Albert Rego.
 Irma Batt—Married to John Aho.
 Wallace Bent—Works at the Cold Storage.
 Janette Brazil—Is now Mrs. William Segura of the town and the mother of a baby boy.
 Marguerite Caton—Works at West End Community Center.
 Ethleon Chapman—Married to Richard Rowe of Gloucester.
 Robert Collinson—Attending Boston College.
 Dennis Encarnation—Has been manager of the fruit stand at the First National Store.
 Leonard Enos—Clerk at First National Store.
 Mary Fullerton—Is now married to Anthony Perry and living here.
 Eridget Gaspa—Is now Mrs. Fred de Avellar and has a son.
 Manuel Goveia—Married to Agnes Rego and living in town.
 Phillip Hannum—Senior at Tufts College.
 George Lemos—Working as a carpenter.
 Charlotte Merrill—Married to John Bent and living in town.
 Margaret Nelson—Works at Nelson's Grocery Store.
 Arnold Oliver—Attending Hyannis College.
 Mary Orfoe—Secretary to John Cook at the Town Hall.
 Irene Patrick—Married to Leo Gracie.
 Genevieve Perry—At home.
 Joseph Perry—Fishing.
 Emma Pond—At home.
 Emily Prada—At home.
 Adeline Reis—Works with the N. Y. A.
 Donald Rivard—Attending Tufts College.
 Stephen Roderick—Married to Evangeline Rose and working at Perry's Market.
 Clinton Rogers—Working for Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company in Connecticut.

Burleigh Rollins—Married.
Helen Mae Silva—Works at Electric Light Office.
Mary Ann Silva—Married to Clarence Prada and lives in Quincy.
John C. Snow—Attending Boston College.
Marjorie Stalker—Married.
Kathryn Summers—Works at Adams Pharmacy.
Sherman Silva—Married to Ruth Lombard of Wellfleet and goes fishing.
John Thomas—Fishing.
Walter Turner—Working in Chatham.

1938

Warren Alexander—Working with father.
Kendall Cass—Attending Boston University.
Ethel Bickers—Working at Mayflower Gift Shop.
Elsie Brown—Bookkeeper at Burch's Market.
Germania Captiva—At home.
Vivian Costa—At home.
John Costa—Working at Pratt and Whitney.
Rosa DeRiggs—Working with George Chapman at Town Hall.
Michael Diogo—Working with Pratt and Whitney in Connecticut.
Lewis Eaton—Engineer for the Sun Oil Company.
Julia Ferriera—Living at Wellfleet.
Ruth Francis—Working in New York as a receptionist for the Rockwood Cocoa Co.
Mildred Gibbs—Secretary to the Higgins Lumber Co.
Mary Gill—Married to Joseph Andrews and living in Boston.
Virginia Henrique—Married and living in Provincetown.
William Hutchins—A Corporal in the Marines.
Louise Lewis—Employed in the Telephone Exchange.
Nancy Merrill—Attending Jackson College.
Marguerite Mooney—Working in New York.
Helen Pacellini—At home.
Marian Perry—Working on N. Y. A.
Emily Rivers—Working with Peters Express in town.
Evangeline Rose—Married to Stephen Roderick.
Phyllis Rose—Employed in the Curtain Factory.
Florinda Santos—Married to Robert Perry.
Richard Santos—At Teachers College, Fitchburg, Mass.

Vivian Santos—At home. Works at Bonnie Doone in summer.
Dorothy Silva—At home.
Margery Stahl—Attending Pembroke College.
Elaine Weed—Living in Attleboro.
Cleveland Woodward—Attending Trinity College.

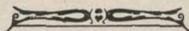
1939

Jean Allen—A Sophomore at Jackson College.
Halcyone Cabral—At home. Employed at Bonnie Doone in summer.
James Carter—Serving with the United States Army.
Zana Crawley—Married to Manuel Phillips and living here.
John Dyer—Attending Bates College.
Augustine Edwards—At home.
Marion Gaspar—At home.
Agatha Gill—Married and living in Falmouth.
Ruth Hiebert—Attending Jackson College.
Jeanne Jette—Attending Bryant Business College.
Domingo Joseph—Fishing.
Celeste Macara—At home.
Winifred McClure—Working in Boston.
Marjorie Murchison—Attending the Western College in Oxford, Ohio.
Catherine Perry—Nursing.
Mary Prada—Works for Dr. Hiebert.
Joaquin Rivers—Fishing.
Donald Rock—Serving in the United States Army.
James Roderick—Employed at Paige Brothers.
Joseph Roderick—Fishing.
Raymond Roderick—Working with father.
Georgianna Rose—At home.
Joseph Santos—Working at the Bradford Market.
John Shaw—Serving with the United States Navy.
Anna Silva—Nursing.
Adeline Silva—Employed at the Colonial Cold Storage.
Margaret Simmons—Working for the Atlantic Coast Fisheries.
Clayton Snow—Secretary at Gonsalves Transportation Company.
Isaura Sylvester—Married to Thomas Turner.
Anna Tarvis—At home.

1940

Mary Andrews—Working on N. Y. A.
 Irene Angelo—At home.
 Jayne Atkins—In Florida.
 Jean Banks—Taking a post graduate course.
 Robert Brown—Serving in the United States Navy.
 Barbara Cabral—Training at Truesdale Hospital.
 Marjorie Gray—Working in Hyannis.
 Eleanor Lema—Employed at Telephone Exchange.
 Hilda Marshall—Working at the East End Community Center.
 Mary Mott—Working at North Truro Post Office.
 Arthur Patrick—Roosevelt Aviation School, Mineola, Long Island.
 Frank Peters—University of Alabama.
 Marilyn Raymond—Bookkeeper for James Silva at Silva's Trucking.
 Mary Rogers—Secretary to Board of Health.
 Theodora Rosa—N. Y. A.

Jane Cabral—Training at the Deaconess Hospital.
 Viola Cook—At home.
 Anna Corea—N. Y. A.
 Arthur Costa—Clerk at First National.
 Lucien Cross—Working in Florida.
 Mary Cruz—At home.
 Raymond Days—Working with Jesse Meades.
 Maureen Dignes—Employed by a Wall Street concern, New York City.
 Leo Ferreira—Attending St. Francis College, Pennsylvania.
 Edgar Francis—Attending Aeronautical School, California.
 Dorothy Rose—At home.
 Mary Segura—Working at Burch's Market.
 Elizabeth Silva—At home.
 Leona Silva—N. Y. A.
 Raymond Souza—Coast Guard.
 Francis Steele—Attending St. Charles College in Maryland.
 Kathleen Tinkham—At home.
 Jeanne Travis—At home.
 Norine Valentine—At home.
 June Whiddon—At home.





HUMOR



CAUSE FOR WORRY

Wakened by the loud ringing of the phone in the early hours, the battalion doctor sleepily picked up the receiver and grunted into it:

"Yes, what d'you want?"

"Look here, doctor, we've been having a party in the mess," came the agitated reply, "and I'm terribly worried about Major Twiggle."

"What's wrong with him?" snorted the doctor. Is he seeing pink elephants or something?"

"That's just the trouble, sir. The room's full of them and he can't see them!"

* * * *

DEFINITE!

"You say that you have a complete answer to this charge of wife-beating?"

"Yes, sir; she ain't my wife."

* * * *

QUITE!

"Is it wrong to bet money on horses?"

"It is, the way I do."

* * * *

THE KIND

She had been to a bridge party the previous night, and to her husband it seemed likely she had had more than ordinary bad luck. At any rate, breakfast next morning found her silent and depressed.

"Have a bad time last night?" asked the husband at last.

"Awful!" she snapped. "And it was your fault too!"

"My fault? Why, I wasn't playing."

"No, but you introduced me to the man you said was a famous bridge expert, and—"

"Well, so he is, my dear."

"Nonsense. He's only an engineer."

* * * *

Flea: "I've a good mind to propose to you."

Josephine: "Oh, please do. I need one more proposal to beat my last year's record."

HOLD UP

A man motoring along a country road offered a stranger a ride. The stranger accepted. Shortly afterwards the motorist noticed that his watch was missing.

Whipping out a revolver, he dug it into the other man's ribs and exclaimed: "Hand over the watch!"

The stranger complied meekly before allowing to be booted out of the car. When the motorist returned home he was greeted by his wife.

"How did you ever get on without your watch?" she asked. "I suppose you know that you left it on the dressing table?"

* * * *

THAT'S THE TICKET

So your wife has gone away for her health. What did she have?

Thirty dollars her father gave her.

* * * *

SLAMMING HIM

"I can't quite diagnose your case. I think it must be drink."

"All right doctor. I'll come back when you're sober."

* * * *

STILL EN ROUTE

A number of mules had just arrived at the camp, and a recruit made the common mistake of approaching too near the business end of them.

His comrades quickly placed him on a stretcher and started off for the hospital. On the way the invalid regained consciousness, glared at the blue sky overhead, experienced the swaying motion as he was being carried along, and shakily lowered his hands over the side, only to feel space.

"Heavens, I ain't hit the ground yet," he groaned.

* * * *

Flea: "This medicine won't do me any good; it's for adults, and I've never had them."

Marguerite: "Do you read much?"

Dodo: "Yes, good literature."

Marguerite: "Gee, I never could get interested in those dull things."

* * * *

Chief Tarvers: "Use your noodle, ma'am, use your noodle!"

Lucille: "My goodness! Where is it? I've pushed and pulled everything on the car."

* * * *

"Now," said Mr. Stone in Commercial Arithmetic Class one day, "Pass all your papers to the end of the row, put a piece of carbon sheet under each one and I can correct all the mistakes at once."

* * * *

Arthur D.: "Does your girl know much about automobiles?"

Eugene: "No, she asked me if I cooled my car by stripping the gears."

* * * *

Rego gave this account of Braddock's death: "General Braddock was killed in the Revolutionary War. He had three horses shot under him and a fourth through his clothes."

* * * *

Interested New Yorker: "How many students are there in your class?"

Mooney (nonchalantly): "Oh, about one in ten."

* * * *

Warren Perry at Collingwood: "This wall is so thin that you can almost see through it."

Hotel Manager: "That's the window you're looking at."

Vic: "Got the dickens from Mr. Duarte today for something I didn't even do."

Carolyn: "What was it?"

Vic: "My algebra assignment."

* * * *

Farroba and Adams pushed into an already crowded rush hour subway train.

Adams grumbled and complained till Farroba said angrily, "Shut up your crabbin', you've got to be a sardine in here."

"Oh it's all right for you," replied Adams angrily, "you're not at the bottom of the tin."

* * * *

Elizabeth Gaspa and Mary were impatiently waiting for the elevator. It stopped and the bell-boy said, "Going up."

Elizabeth said as they stepped in, "No, we're not. "We're going down."

The bell-boy smiled and they went up.

* * * *

Joe Edwards found out Saturday that trains don't wait for Jimmy Dorsey, no matter how good he is.

* * * *

Mooney (to waiter): "What's the name of the song the orchestra's playing?"

Waiter: "Go Fly a Kite, Sir."

Mooney: "Go jump in the lake! I asked you a civil question."

* * * *

Snippy (indignantly): "Waiter, I ordered an egg sandwich and you brought me a chicken sandwich."

Waiter: "Yes, sir, I was a little late calling for your order."

ADVERTISEMENTS

The publication of this book has been greatly influenced by the liberality of our advertisers. We wish to express our appreciation of their contributions to its success. We recommend our advertisers to Provincetown patronage.

SERVICE**STORAGE****Paige Brothers' Garage**

201-211 Commercial St.

PONTIAC SALES AND SERVICE**"The House That Service Built"**

Tel. 136

"The Place to Get a Square Meal"**HARBOR LUNCH**

273 Commercial St.

"The Most Reasonable Prices in Town"

Tel. 479

Provincetown, Mass.

PATRICK'S NEWSSTAND

Commercial St.

Provincetown, Mass.

The Last Store on Cape Cod**PERRY'S MARKET**

M. Perry, Prop.

**Groceries—Provisions—Meats
Beer and Wines**

Tel. 331-2

CAPE END MOTORS

Sales FORD Service

"Watch The Fords Go By"

Compliments

of

F. A. DAYS and SONS**Plumbing, Heating
General Contracting
Building Materials**

Think well when you think,
Think twice before you plan,
Think thrice before you act.

D. H. HIEBERT, A. B., M. D.

322 Commercial St.

Telephone 75

COMPLIMENTS

OF

THOMAS F. PERRY, M. D.

51

FRANK O. CASS, M. D. Ch. B.

PROVINCETOWN, MASS.

OFFICE HOURS

1 to 3 and 6 to 8 P. M.

Sundays and Holidays by Appointment

No Office Hours Tuesday and Thursday Evenings

Telephone 60

DELFT HAVEN**DeRIGGS ICE CO.****TRUCKING**

194 Bradford St.

Tel. 233

JAMES J. PERRY & SON**General Contractors****Glenwood Cooking and Gas Ranges****Pyrofax Gas**

Tel. 196

50 Bradford St.

H. M. MESERVE & Co.**OFFICE EQUIPMENT****Typewriter Rentals and Service**

Osterville

Massachusetts

MAURICE L. NEVINS**Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.****Arnold's Radio and Cycle
Shop****BICYCLES****RADIOS****Sold—Rented—Repaired**

MEET TREAT TRADE

BROWNELL'S PHARMACY

224 Commercial St.

Telephone 120

LOREN MURCHISON & CO., INC.

OFFICIAL JEWELERS

for

Provincetown High School

Class of 1940 and 1941

CLASS RINGS

CLASS PINS

MEDALS

TROPHIES

REPRESENTED BY

F. A. Fowler

828 Park Sq. Bldg.

Boston, Mass.

Liberty 3162

THE TOWN CRIER SHOP

GRADUATION GIFTS

GRADUATION CARDS

Opposite Town Hall

DUARTE MOTORS

CHEVROLET
Sales and Service

JOHN A. FRANCIS

Real Estate and Insurance

577 Commercial St.

Cape Cod
Fishnet Industries, Inc.

North Truro, Mass.

ALLEN & ALLEN, Inc.

Commercial St.

Provincetown, Mass.

Compliments
of
ANYBODY'S MARKET

Meats and Groceries

Tel. 509

31 Bradford St.

THE HIGHLAND DAIRY

Sumner Horton, Prop.

North Truro

Massachusetts

SEAMEN'S SAVINGS BANK

PROVINCETOWN, MASS.

Incorporated 1851

To Our Depositors:

**YOUR ENTIRE DEPOSIT IN
THIS BANK IS INSURED**

IN THE INSURANCE FUND OF THE MUTUAL SAVINGS CENTRAL
FUND, INC., IN THE MANNER AND TO THE EXTENT PROVIDED
IN CHAPTER 43 OF THE ACTS OF 1934, COMMONWEALTH OF
MASSACHUSETTS.

COMPLIMENTS

OF

ATLANTIC COAST FISHERIES COMPANY

D. F. MUNROE COMPANY

289 Congress St., Boston

Old Harbor Road, Chatham

For 50 years we have supplied the Cape with
PAPER, BAGS, ENVELOPES, TWINE FOR ALL PURPOSES

Compliments
of
EASTMAN HARDWARE

Falmouth, Mass.

W. W. TAYLOR
THE TAYLOR RESTAURANT

The place to eat
And hard to beat

Compliments
of
"PROVINCETOWN INN"
Peck and Young, Inc.

Telephone 576

Compliments
of
THE SANDWICH SHOP

Tel. 511

Expert Operators
Popular Prices

Harbor Vanity Shoppe
All Branches of Beauty Culture
MARY E. DAYS

381 Commercial St. Provincetown, Mass.

Jolly Jack's Restaurant
SHORE DINNERS

Chicken—Steaks—Chops

COMPLIMENTS

OF

THE CAPE COD CREAMERY

HYANNIS, MASS.

KENNEY'S SPORT SHOP

HYANNIS

Distributors for

Wilson Sporting Goods Co.

—Wholesale and Retail—

FISHING TACKLE—GUNNERS' EQUIP.

Cape Cod's Sportsman's Store

Tel. 448-W

Compliments
of

H. M. MALCHMAN

Provincetown, Mass.

L. G. BALFOUR COMPANY

Manufacturing Jewelers and Stationers
to Schools and Colleges

Attleboro

Massachusetts

Maker of Commencement Invitations for
Senior Class of Provincetown High School

Represented by

EUGENE MANCHESTER

93 High St.

North Attleboro, Mass.

Compliments
of

SIVERT J. BENSON

ADVOCATE PRESS

COMMERCIAL PRINTING

94 Bradford St.

Provincetown, Mass.

Compliments
of

Dr. George H. Dears

OPTOMETRIST

Provincetown, Mass.

Compliments
of

J. A. LOPES

The Men's Shop

LIGHT

HEAT

POWER

PROVINCETOWN LIGHT & POWER COMPANY

104 Bradford St.

Conveniences for the Modern Home

The Electric Range

The Electric Refrigerator

The Electric Water Heater

COMPLIMENTS

OF

P. H. S. ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

7.50

Compliments
of
Provincetown Book Shop

B. H. DYER & Co.

Commercial St.

Provincetown, Mass.

J. D. HILLIARD CO.

Standard Grades of
Coal, Wood and Charcoal

337 Commercial St.

Tel. 311

Higgins Lumber Co. Inc.

Building Materials

Compliments
of
CAPE COD GARAGE
PLYMOUTH AND CHRYSLER
SERVICE

Compliments
of
JOSEPH SEAMAN

McCARTHY & SIMON, Inc.

MANUFACTURING SPECIALISTS

7-9 West 36th Street, New York
Just off Fifth Avenue

Specialists in
CHOIR VESTMENTS
PULPIT GOWNS
CAPS, GOWNS, HOODS
for All Degrees

Outfitters to over 2,000 Schools, Colleges,
and Churches

Compliments
of

GALE FORCE FARM

GRADE-A MILK

Joseph Alves

Compliments
of

PRISCILLA GIFT SHOP

210 Commercial St.

CABRAL'S MARKET

Quality Foods, Low Prices and
Friendly Service

Fresh Fruits and Vegetables Daily

Tel. 270

34 Bradford St.

Mayflower Gift Shop

317 Commercial St.
and

PROVINCETOWN INN

Corner Gift Shop

250 Commercial St.

Souvenirs, Gifts Postcards and Books
Films—Developing—Printing

Compliments
of

HERSEY D. TAYLOR

FUNERAL DIRECTOR

E. J. RIVARD

FRIGIDAIRE SALES and SERVICE

Compliments

of

C. L. BURCH CO.

PROVINCETOWN

HYANNIS

TENNIS

EAST END CLUB OF PROVINCETOWN

286 Bradfard St.

Compliments

of

**The Provincetown Police
Department**

Compliments

of

ACME LAUNDRY CO., INC.

Chatham, Mass.

ADAM'S PHARMACY Inc.

Tel. 69

Provincetown, Mass.

5.00
WINN STUDIOS

132 Boylston St.

CLASS PHOTOGRAPHERS OF '41

Boston, Mass.

Liberty 1212

5.00
FIRST NATIONAL STORES

EDWARD F. ENOS

JAMES CORDEIRO

383 Commercial St.

GEORGE A. ROSS

LOUIS O. CABRAL

312 Commercial St.

DONATIONS

DR. H. LeB. STALKER 1.00

TILLIE'S

H. HUGHES SNOW

DAVID L. SNOW

GEORGE DUTRA

JOHN DYER

AVOID COLDS

the PLEASANT WAY

DRINK MORE of that creamy MILK
and build necessary resistance

WHITE BROS.

22 Sea St., Hyannis
Tel. 309

729 Main St., Falmouth
Tel. 531

51

Compliments
of

Leslie Chapman
Wilfred Costa
Arnie Anderson
George Gardner

1,000
504
Contribution

Suits Made To Order

50

MICHAEL'S
TAILOR—CLEANSER

Telephone 2

Provincetown

Compliments
of

Provincetown Shoe Hospital

Compliments
of

JAMES A. VITELLI, Esq.

7.50

COMPLIMENTS

OF

PROVINCETOWN FISHERMEN'S ASSOCIATION

COMPLIMENTS

OF

M. GONSALVES FISH CO., INC.

CAPE END TRUCKING, INC.

PROVINCETOWN FILLET CORP.

15. ⁰⁰**HOTEL COLLINGWOOD**

45 West 35th St.
NEW YORK CITY

SMALL**QUICK****SELECT**

An ideal hotel for those who wish a convenient location with
modern accommodations at moderate rates.

Single Rooms

from \$2.50

Double Rooms

from \$4.00

under
KNOTT MANAGEMENT