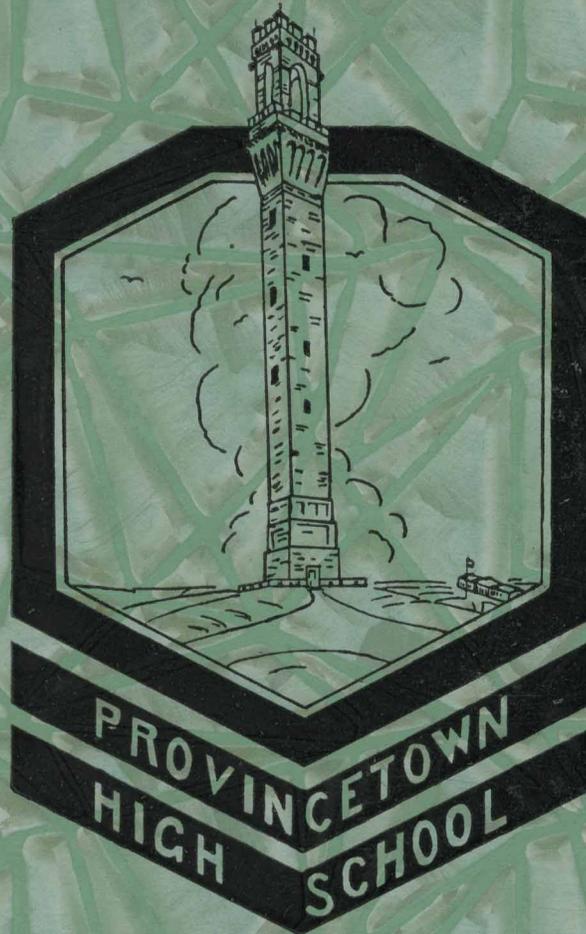


LONG POINTER —————▶



◀————— 1941 - 1942



## DEDICATION

The Nineteen Forty-Two  
Issue of the Long Pointer  
Is Dedicated  
To  
The Men and Women  
Who Are Serving In  
The Armed Services  
Of the United States of America

Mary Louise Baumgartner

★

## BOYS IN SERVICE

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Bowley, Clarence  
Brown, Albert  
Brown, Manuel  
Brown, Robert  
Cabral, Earl  
Croteau, Philip  
Dears, John  
Deluze, Lawrence  
Eaton, Lewis  
Eldridge, James  
Encarnation, Dennis  
O'Donnell, Wallace  
Perry, Frank  
Perry, Joseph  
Perry, Raymond  
Perry, Reginald  
Peters, Joaquim  
Rego, Albert  
Rivers, Joaquim  
Roda, Anthony  
Roderick, John  
Rogers, Charles Jr.  
Rogers, William  
Santos, Ralph  
Snow, John  
Shaw, John  
Silva, Arthur  
Silva, George  
Simmons, Kenneth  
Slade, Richard  
Smith, Chester  
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Souza, Joseph  
Souza, Raymond  
Tasha, William  
Taves, Joseph A.  
Viegas, Manuel  
Williams, John  
Thomas, Anthony Jr.

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Avellar, Warren  
Batt, Stanley  
Bent, Manuel  
Cabral, Manuel  
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Costa, John  
Costa, William  
Days, Raymond  
Edwards, Charles  
Enos, Leonard  
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Gaspar, John  
Gracie, Leo  
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Henrique, Manuel Jr.  
Henrique, Robert  
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Ramos, Charles  
Rego, Anthony  
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Russell, Sherman  
Santos, Manuel  
Simmons, Clarence

Slade, Wilfred  
Souza, Francis  
Souza, Frank  
Souza, Gilbert  
Souza, Isadore  
Souza, James  
Souza, Raymond  
Snow, John  
Steele, Joseph  
Steele, Mervin  
Tarvers, Leonard  
Taves, Joseph  
Taves, Marion

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Edwards, Joseph  
Fields, Albert  
Ford, Ernest  
Gregory, John  
Gregory, Joseph  
Gregory, Matthew  
Hannum, Philip  
Jason, Reginald  
Leal, Manuel  
Merrill, Francis  
Oliver, Francis  
Paige, Harold  
Paige, Ronald  
Paine, Lorenzo  
Patterson, Clinton  
Perry, Arthur  
Perry, Edward  
Pierce, Clarence  
Roach, Alexander  
Rock, Donald  
Rogers, Clinton  
Rogers, Francis

Rogers, Frank  
Rose, George  
Santos, Clarence  
Santos, Victor  
Silva, Antone  
Silva, Jessie  
Silva, Malcolm  
Slade, Robert  
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Sylvia, Antone  
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Roda, Remigio  
Santos, Anthony  
Turner, Walter  
Young, Franklin

### Merchant Marine

Cook, Philip  
Ford, John  
Pacellini, Victor  
Roderick, Arthur

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### FACULTY

#### Navy

Gittzus, Leo V.

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#### Women Nurses

Rogers, Theda

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# LONG POINTER STAFF



LONG POINTER STAFF

Rear Row—James Simmons, Barbara Crocker, Josephine Dignes, Germana Lopes, Reginald Cabral,  
Louis Rivers  
Second Row—Wendy Hackett, Matilda Avellar, Paula Jette, Doris Enos, Vivian Souza, Barbara Dutra  
Front Row—Lurana Higgins, Kathleen Joseph, Carol Whorf, Kathryn Witherstine, Priscilla Sants,  
Ellen Lynch

Editor	Germana Lopes
Assistant Editor	Reginald Cabral
Sports	Matilda Avellar, Paula Jette, Doris Enos, Louis Rivers, James Simmons
Business	Vivian Souza, Barbara Dutra, Doris Enos, Clifton Perry, Edith Sawyer
Social Activities	Kathryn Witherstine
Art	Mary Baumgartner
Humor	Vivian Souza, Germana Lopes, Ellen Lynch
Literary	Josephine Dignes, Barbara Crocker, Wendy Hackett Carol Whorf, Priscilla Sants
Service Men	Kathleen Joseph, Lurana Higgins

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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.



# DIRECTORY



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## School Board

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MR. CHARLES DeRIGGS

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MR. DAVID J. MURPHY, Ass't Principal  
Physical Education, Science, Democracy  
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MISS BEATRICE WELSH  
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MR. and MRS. THOMAS NASSI  
Instrumental Music  
MRS. HELEN PIERCE  
School Nurse

Coach  
Manager

Coach  
Captain  
Manager

Coach  
Manager

Coach  
Captain

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Vice President  
Secretary  
Treasurer  
Class Advisor

President  
Vice President  
Secretary  
Treasurer  
Class Advisor

President  
Secretary  
Treasurer  
Class Advisor

President  
Vice President  
Secretary  
Treasurer  
Class Advisor

Senior Class

Junior Class

Sophomore Class  
Freshman Class  
Junior High

## Football

Mr. Antone Duarte  
Louis Rivers

## Basketball

Mr. Antone Duarte  
David Roderick  
Bernard Viera

## Baseball

Mr. David Murphy  
Francis Souza

## Girls' Basketball

Miss Elizabeth DeRiggs  
Doris Enos

## CLASS OFFICERS

### Class of '42

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

### Class of '43

Reginald Cabral  
William Sylvia  
Edith Sawyer  
Barbara Alexander  
Mr. Malchman

### Class of '44

Kathleen Joseph  
Bernice Cabral  
John Fields  
Mr. Perry

### Class of '45

Hersey Taylor  
Anibal Oliver  
Mary Emma Avila  
Jeanne Lynch  
Mr. Rivard

## STUDENT COUNCIL

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Dorothy King, Vice President  
Jean Days, Secretary  
Eva Cook, Treasurer  
John Fields  
Mary Roderick  
Richard Baumgartner

# EDITORIALS



## THE "SPIRIT OF YOUTH"

Today more than ever the spirit of youth expresses itself quite strongly without too many words.

We all know that we are making a great many sacrifices and that we may be forced to make many more.

**WAR! WAR! WAR!**

That is all youth reads on the headlines today; not news of a coming circus, not news about a happy wedding, but the horrible results of victory on either side.

Youth reads it, yes, but you don't see her turning away, disregarding what it really means, and you don't see her crying over it either.

No, youth doesn't do these things. Youth gets up, rolls up his sleeves, tests his muscles, then tries to find out just how much fighting he can do to beat the Axis.

The girls plan their Red Cross work, and do little jobs around the house without waiting for mother to ask them, for mother has many weighty problems today.

As for the boy, he takes his Civilian Defense posts with a cheerful attitude, maybe at a telephone, awaiting the signal that MIGHT come; also filling the positions of men who have already gone to serve their country.

The Youth is now the Back Bone of our Nation.

Don't be afraid to invest, at least, a little money for stamps or bonds. You won't regret it.

If you do, this "Spirit of Youth" will march onward; not in war, but in Peace.

Ethel Whiddon, '42.

## SPORTSMANSHIP

What is sportsmanship? You of the Provincetown High School should know what it is. You've seen it on the basketball floor, on the football and baseball fields. You've heard the coaches praise it highly in their teams, but

sportsmanship does not apply just to sports; oh, no, good sportsmanship will follow you through life as a faithful pup follows its master.

"He's a good sport." How many times have you heard or spoken this simple sentence? What does it mean to you?

It should mean a person who is fair and keeps that sense of fairness in all he does, whether on the baseball or football field, on a basketball floor or out in the world associating with his fellow men who expect and respect that fairness.

Sportsmanship shows character and reflects your personality if you can lose with a smile.

Are you a good loser? If you are: **YOU'RE A SPORTSMAN.**

Lucille Snow, '42.

## COOPERATION

Are you a cooperative person?

Cooperation means working together, striving to do successfully whatever you are undertaking.

Where should cooperation start? In the home, in the school, in business, wherever you may be. If you cooperate with your parents, you are forming a most useful habit.

If you are a cooperative person in your everyday contacts, you are a popular one. Your friends will gladly work with a person who willingly offers to help.

Today, as never before, we should strive for higher cooperation if we wish to continue to be: **"FREE AMERICANS."**

Matilda Avellar, '42.

## DEMOCRACY

This year is graduation year for some fifty boys and girls. The climax of an intensive twelve year period of training has been reached at a most unreceptive time when the world is locked in an Armageddonian struggle of gigantic proportions. To us of the common herd

many aspects of this war are not fully comprehensible. But the essential meaning and significance of this combat sparkles in its brilliant lucidity—Democracy as a way of life is being challenged by evil forces which proclaim its end; its existence has reached a crisis. This form of government has passed the experimental stage; its fate awaits the war's outcome.

These youth graduate with an irrevocable faith in Democracy, but, however, the faith is not such that it is blinded by flowery illusions—There is graft; there is corruption. Man is not an unselfish creature of truth and nobility. The people are often stupid and intolerant. Right is not always victorious; wrong is too often on the throne. Life is not a glorious transition from birth to death. Baseness and vulgarity exist. Nevertheless, they believe in Democracy, for they have been educated in Democracy.

The game is over; the sweaty boys trudge to the locker room. It is a motley mob: black, white, Catholic, Protestant, Jew, Atheist, rich, poor, stupid, intelligent. They discard the worldly garments that mark their castes to stand together naked under the pure water cleansing them of all distinctions. Each discovers that he is a living being, with the same desires, ambitions, and passions. Flesh is not mindful of distinction. When the water is too cold, it will shrink away whether it be black or white. After the shower, they resume the worldly clothes. This time there is no distinction because of the caste-marking garments. They have been revealed to each other.

That group on the stage graduation night will be a living manifestation of Democracy. Different individuals emanating from various

origins, they have lived twelve years together. They have studied and played together, and they have conducted their social lives together. In truth, they have almost breathed together. And, subsequently, they have learned the quintessence of Democracy. This scene repeated a thousandfold throughout the country will in its collective significance insure the ultimate triumph of Democracy.

Give these boys and girls their diplomas, and receive them with confidence. They are prepared. They have been educated for Democracy.

Irving Malchman, '42.

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### THE LONG POINTER

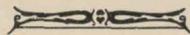
The Long Pointer staff wishes to extend thanks to all those who have aided in the publication of our year book.

However, all our efforts will be quite useless unless we sell our copies. We, the student body, must show an enlivened interest this year and sell all our copies.

I believe many of us do not realize how much the book will mean to us in later years. We will want to recall our high school friends and various names and the Long Pointer is just what we will need, with its pictures and interesting articles on the school sports, the honor roll and the short stories.

Let's all show our deep appreciation to those who have made the book possible, by buying a copy and attempting to promote sales.

Josephine Dignes, '42.





# LITERARY



## A RARE BIRD, OR WHY PEOPLE GO BY PULLMAN

The people one meets on a bus are seldom very profound characters—old ladies from Florida who are usually retired school teachers; cheaply dressed young mothers with grubby, drooling babies; young men (at first glance quite normal) who turn out to be immature boys of college age on their way to one of those camps in the Berkshires where they give you “special help in Latin and Math and simple home-cooked food in the great out-of-doors of Lake Kawchatawag”.

So naturally Poe Bruie sighed when an eccentric looking woman with a battered 1920 hat boarded the bus and glanced toward him. He muttered to himself, “She’s coming this way.” She did.

She smiled pleasantly as she settled herself next to him. He smiled weakly and looked at her out of the corner of his eye. She noticed the glance and smiled again. He felt he really ought to say something. He blinked.

“Would you like to look at ‘Time’?” he said cautiously.

She patted her hat absently, “No thanks—a rather vulgar weekly.” He was abashed. He said no more.

\* \* \* \*

After some time the woman turned half way around in her seat and said to Poe slowly and obviously after some contemplating, “You look interesting.”

“I am,” he said.

“I imagine you’re at the top of your class at high school.”

Poe grinned. “The upper quarter.” Then being flattered and therefore more agreeable, he continued brightly.

“I suppose you’re a writer.”

“No,” rather sadly.

“No,” she said and smiled, “Poetry caused my ruin.” She knew she baffled him.

Poe realized she wasn’t the type who’d go into the repulsive details of her morbid life in a garret. This pleased him.

He said rather weakly and yet with suspicion, “What are you then?”

She laughed. He was rude but refreshing.

“You aren’t a laundress. I can tell by your hands.”

She laughed again—rather a raucous laugh, a trifle vulgar. His mother had warned him against such women.

“And I’m not a choir mother.” She amused herself. Poe noticed that she was intently observing him. He felt himself blush.

The bus was stuffy and his companion smoked endless cigarettes throwing the bitten butts on the floor. The man across the aisle slept—his greasy hair in strings on his face; his ticket in his hat.

The woman talked on. Poe Bruie interested her.

She repelled him and yet he was fascinated. He noticed her grubby toes bulging out of broken down white sandals. He wondered how old she was—at least fifty he imagined. He tried to visualize her in conventional evening clothes. He couldn’t. She gabbed on.

In the middle of a long list of reasons why she had left Greece, the land of her dreams, she stopped abruptly. She looked at Poe.

“I hope you don’t think I’m a criminal. You look at my feet very disapprovingly. Really,” (she giggled) “I’m quite respectable.” She looked at him anxiously, her mouth gaping, “I see you don’t believe me. You imagine I carry some dread disease. I’m normal, please believe me.” She seemed a little pathetic.

Poe avoided her eyes. He gazed out of the window. The landscape hardly enthralled him. One could see a series of cheap eating places. All the signs advertised “Smisl”. He wondered vaguely what it was.

“Yes,” he said without turning, I believe you.” And then in an apologetic tone, “This is my stop.”

The woman rose and exclaimed her regret and hopes of seeing him again. She gushed. As Poe Bruie dragged his suitcase down from overhead and slung his coat over his arm the bus came to a sudden rather forceful stop.

"Well good-bye," she said pleasantly with an unconsciously evil leer on her face.

"Bye," he muttered pleased to go away, "Nice to have had someone to talk to." He hurried off.

She wished the bus would hurry. The kids were waiting for supper. She pondered all the way home. Where had that very harmless youth (just her little Lindy's age) got such a huge thick brown stain all over his trouser cuff and shoe?

It was obviously blood.

Wendy Hackett, '44.

### HOUSE OF DEATH

The story I am about to relate may sound utterly fantastic and unreal, but yet my friend, Dr. John Cadwell, swears that it actually happened.

It all started many years ago in Truxton. In those days it was a rare sight to see an automobile puffing its smoky way along the highway. Everyone used a horse and buggy outfit, although it was not quite so speedy. During this era my friend, Dr. Cadwell, was a young fellow of sixteen when the amazing story I am about to pass on to you occurred.

Living in Truxton at this time was an old gentleman of eccentric character, a Mr. Stievenson. He lived all alone in a large house that had once been a public inn, but was now an isolated house in the center of woods surrounding Truxton; the town had been steadily moving westward until it left the old inn in the wilderness.

My friend, Dr. Cadwell, was taking his usual walk in the woods to avoid the noise of the city. He walked deeper and deeper into the woods, as he watched the tadpoles scampering through the pond and gazed at the harmless grass snake as it squirmed its way through the underbrush. The sun was sinking below the horizon and yet he continued to walk.

A sudden clap of thunder brought him out of his reverie! An electric storm was about to break. Cadwell dashed under a spreading oak to escape the raindrops, but he was already quite wet.

"It isn't safe to stand under a tree in a lightning storm!" Cadwell muttered to himself.

As he looked around he noticed the old inn in the distance.

"Any port in a storm," he muttered as he dashed for the house. He tried the door and found it unlocked! He opened it slowly, cautiously, and entered the large main hallway of the place. The dust was thick and cobwebs covered the few chairs and a table which remained in the hallway.

Suddenly he heard footsteps approaching. It sounded as if several persons were nearing. Cadwell hid behind a closet door and waited. He could hear the sound of scraping chairs as they were pushed from the table.

Cadwell managed to glance from behind the closet door, and the sight which greeted his eyes horrified him! At the table sat four tall, gaunt, pale figures wearing shabby clothes. A strange mist seemed to surround them, giving them the appearance of ghostly forms from the other world!

Suddenly, one of the strange figures smashed his fist down on the table and bellowed in a voice which re-echoed throughout the whole hall.

"Bring in the wine! Bring in the wine!"

At this command old man Stievenson appeared carrying a tray on which rested a bottle of wine and four drinking glasses! He set the wine before the grim, impressionless figures. Again one of them spoke.

"The poison . . . Don't forget the poison."

The old man shook with terror and screamed, "Not again! You've punished me long enough! Why don't you stop torturing me!"

But the leader of the four men replied: "Seven years ago we four came to this house seeking shelter from a storm! You let us come in and you fed us. But you gave us wine, poisoned wine! Only your own death will free you from the burden of everlasting torture."

Stievenson screamed. "You want the poison eh? Then you are going to have it! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!" His eerie laugh ended in a shriek of horror. One by one he poured a few drops of poison into the glasses. The gaunt figures lifted the glasses to their lips and drank! The four men clutched at their throats, and fell to the floor. An instant later they vanished from sight.

Poor Cadwell was so terrified he could hardly move. He was certain he had seen the ghastly remains of the four dead men. Cadwell

could hear the feeble voice of the old man as he muttered to himself.

"Let them punish me. They think I'll lose my mind and kill myself! But I won't . . . . I'll go on and on . . . . and I'll go on poisoning them! Ha, ha, ha!"

The weary, old man left the room and walked slowly upstairs. The storm passed and Cadwell had no desire to remain around the house of death. He scampered out of the front door, and never stopped running until he reached home.

But my good friend, Dr. Cadwell, assures me that whenever a storm comes up in Truxton, he always recalls what happened to him that dreadful night many years ago. Of course, I don't believe in a ghost. Do you?

Reginald Cabral, '43.

### THE FATHER OF WATERS

In the central part of the United States there is a great river, known as the Father of Waters, which flows noiselessly along. I say noiselessly, but that is not always true, for at times, the river becomes angry and destroys the happiness of many people.

Many times, I have sailed on the river. The old flat-boats just glided along, completely unaware of the outside world. Sometimes pieces of weed could be seen floating in the water and immediately a thought of death would surge through my very soul.

The old man, who piloted the flat-boat up and down the river told me a story one day. This is the story which I will try to relate to you as well as I can, because it was many years ago that it was told to me.

"A family, by the name of Jonson, lived in a tumbled old shack near the river. They were terribly poor. It is difficult to imagine the hardships that they had to endure in that broken-down shack.

"In spite of their poverty Mrs. Jonson made life very happy for her children. She was a cultured woman and was able to teach her children many things. The family learned in early years that happiness is knowledge and culture, money is very insignificant.

"There was one young lad in that family who was very talented. His fingers would just glide

over the strings of a harp. The tones which harmonized so well reminded one of something unearthly. Jack, the child, had one great handicap, and that was his lame leg. He was simply helpless at times and had to be cared for. As a result of this, his mother became very fond of him and helped him much more than she did the other children.

"He decided to go in a little canoe one day because the water was so peaceful. It was an unusual day on the Mississippi. The water was extremely high and clear, so clear that every pebble on the bottom of the river was visible. There is something terrifying about clear water, but the superstition did not bother Jack.

"Suddenly a great wave hit the side of the canoe and Jack was plunged into the water. As he was in that body of water visions of his childhood and of his greatest treasure, his harp, came to him. Shouts from his beloved mother on the river-bank, could be heard in that vicinity. She knew that he would be lost; gone from her forever. Realizing his danger and not thinking of her own, she plunged into that icy, hateful water. Her struggles to reach the child were all in vain, for the weight of his body upon hers was too much for the frail woman. They drowned—drowned because an angry river wished to seek revenge on a helpless child."

At the end of the old man's story I felt bitter tears running down my cheeks. The terrifying story caused me to become very nervous. I ran away from that horrible place, but I knew that running away would do no good.

I returned that night to the scene of horror and gazed upon the river. Oh!, but it was beautiful that night! The sparkling stars and the bright moon were casting reflections on the dancing ripples. I knew then that this glorious river could never be conquered. It must flow on in majesty and in serenity, as it had done for centuries. People would be destroyed when it was angry and many others would be happy when the river was calm. Probably it has a right to take lives of people for some reason of its own, something that man will never understand.

I shall always be fascinated by this great creation of God, and I would gladly give up all the world's riches for one glance at this river.

Barbara Crocker, '42.

### THE UNIFORM

David was not ugly, nor could he be described as the antithesis of this. He had blue eyes, a freckled face, and curly hair. In fact, David's face was very pleasant in a mediocre sort of way—but no girl seemed to see past the fortress of freckles over his nose; no girl in the sophomore class. It was evident that David had no girl friend.

He borrowed numerous Latin papers from Jane, whose round bespectacled face secretly shocked him and not yet having one admirer would be better than none at all. And there was Cynthia, an exotic blonde, and Jinny, dark and babyish, but they wouldn't even look at him.

But David's life was bound to change and it did, on his sixteenth birthday. Oh, not that day, but the weeks after, when he wore his baseball suit to school.

On the following day Henry Moore rushed up to him:

"Hey, Dave, how'd you like the show last night—I mean—what you saw of it!

"Huh," said Dave.

"Don't kid me bud, you know! Jane's told everybody around school—She said that you took . . . . ."

"Jane!!" exclaimed David, but Henry had disappeared.

David went into his classroom. What was the matter with Moore anyway, he hadn't taken Jane anywhere. Jane, of all people, even if she would come with him.

"Whose car did you use last night, Davey?" Emily Lewis twittered.

"Say listen, I didn't take Jane . . . . ."

"Jane, whose talking about Jane, I mean Cynthia," Emily answered.

"You went driving with her didn't you?" Emily had little, horrid, yellow, eyes.

David spent English period wondering—What was it all about? Girls made him sick! He heard Jinny and Emily giggling behind him, but he didn't want to turn around to look at even Jinny.

Then suddenly, Mr. Leonard's shrill voice pierced the air. "Miss Virginia James, give me that note."

David bent over his book again—he didn't want to embarrass Jinny. But then he heard his own name.

"David," shrilled Mr. Leonard, "please confine your love notes to after school hours!"

The girls giggled, and David, hardened as he was for sixteen years, bowed his head to hide a burning blush.

Girls, what crazy things! What disgusting silly humans! Making up a whole lot o' stuff about love and junk.

Why'd he ever want them to like him, anyway. Well, they didn't, so he was satisfied.

And yet, hadn't they all made up stories about him! Why they all liked him, from Jane to Jinny.

It was sort of nice to have the silly things clamoring over him! It was very comfortable to know he could probably take Jane's paper without thanking her, or ignore Cinthy and Jinny who would look at him with pining eyes. He didn't even have to bother with them as they liked him, anyway. And so David, like every other boy, had started along the road to conceit.

NOTE: To Boys:

Although this story may seem to signify it, a uniform will not solve all your problems.

Carol Whorf, '44.

### REMEMBER PEARL HARBOR

Lieutenant Jack Carlson rolled out of his bunk at the Hickham Field Barracks at five forty-five on the morning of December seventh, nineteen forty-one. He was a strong, well built fellow about five feet eleven inches tall, twenty-three years old, and weighing one hundred and ninety-five pounds. At college he had been All-American guard for two years and at training school he had been ace high in all battle tactics.

He rubbed the sleep from his eyes and tried to remember where he was. He had been at the Pearl Harbor Base three days and was not accustomed to his surroundings. He had come there hoping to find action, but with the Japanese negotiations going on in Washington, there was little chance.

Shortly after breakfast, as he was walking back to the barracks, he heard a roar in the sky. He saw clouds of planes coming with the rising sun insignia on their wings. The first bombs were hitting in the harbor and on the field before he realized what it meant. The

Japs were attacking the United States. It was impossible! But there they were dropping their bombs on the United States fleet and Army Field.

He hurriedly donned his flying clothes and ran to the hangar. Already one of these was in flames and some of the planes on the field were wrecked. The mechanics had started some of the pursuit planes stationed there and they were taking off. He took one of these and climbed into the smoke laden sky. He looked down and saw that already four ships were ablaze in the harbor and the rest of the ships were getting up steam to leave.

He noticed all this while getting into the fight. Then he was there blasting at the rising sun planes with all guns. He saw many Jap planes fall from the flame and smoke filled sky.

He slammed into a formation of Jap dive-bombers and started hammering at them. He saw all but one go down and then suddenly that ship was on his tail. He could feel the bullets hit his ship and start on their way toward the cockpit. He looked down and saw United States bombers taking off to find the carrier from which these planes had evidently taken off.

He whipped his plane around the sky, but could not escape the hail of bullets from the Jap plane. At last he hurled his plane into a screaming dive straight at the enemy. He knew what this act would cost him, but he did not care. His life was little to pay for so important a cause. The planes crashed and fell locked together in a blazing inferno.

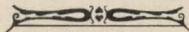
Several days later he regained consciousness and found himself in the base hospital at Pearl Harbor. He heard the story of his miraculous escape from a man in the bed beside him.

He learned that he had jumped from the plane just before it struck the water and that he was taken aboard a rescue boat and removed to the hospital.

After several weeks in the hospital he was discharged and immediately reported for duty. He was sent to Headquarters where the commanding officer pinned the Congressional Medal of Honor on his tunic and congratulated him for his outstanding service and bravery in the Pearl Harbor attack.

As he left the office he said to himself that he would always "Remember Pearl Harbor."

Isaiah Snow, '43.





# POETRY



I wake up at seven and jump out of bed.  
 How I hate school, I wish I were dead!  
 I run into the bathroom to wash my face,  
 Gobble down my breakfast and dress in haste.  
 I pick up my books, run out the door,  
 Trip on a stone and start walking slower.  
 I glance at my watch and start to run,  
 Staying after school an hour is certainly no fun.

I arrive at school one minute to eight,  
 Feel proud of myself cause I wasn't late.  
 I settle down for the hard day ahead,  
 Oh, how I wish I were asleep in bed!  
 The minutes drag by one by one,  
 More work to do after this is done,  
 And so I go on from eight to two  
 Five days a week and oh! so much homework  
 to do!

I wish school were ended, I wish I were  
 through,  
 I think all the others agree with me too.  
 Yet on graduation night, when the end has  
 come,  
 We all look and feel so sad and glum  
 With all our sighs and many tears,  
 We feel it was worth it; those twelve long  
 years.

V. Souza, '42.

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## GENERAL MacARTHUR

General MacArthur you proved true  
 When you led the forces of the Red, White and  
 Blue.

You certainly proved to be no quizzling,  
 That is why you have the Japs sizzling.

You are now the leader of the United King-  
 doms,  
 Now you will all fight for Right and freedom.  
 Clean them up, wipe them up, not in vain,  
 So we shall never hear of a Jap again.

Louise Silva, '42.

## MY FAVORITE SEASON

Do I like summer?  
 You bet I do.  
 If you lived here  
 You'd like it too.

Do I like summer?  
 It's my favorite season,  
 There's no more school,  
 That's my reason.

Priscilla Sants, '43.

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## "PROVINCETOWN"

The rolling waves wash over the rocks,  
 Fishing boats pulling into the docks,  
 People walk the streets all day,  
 Naval vessels anchor in the bay,  
 When school gets out the high school snobs,  
 Entertain the curious gobs.

When the summer comes around,  
 There are no loafers to be found,  
 The fishing industry supplies all the work  
 For those who have no desire to shirk.  
 The Town Crier walks the street up and down,  
 In the quaint little city of "Provincetown".

The Pilgrims first landed here,  
 We have well-trained police, so do not fear,  
 The nautical beauty and the good salt air  
 Makes the visitors come from everywhere.  
 There is no better vacation spot to be found  
 Than where the history of the Pilgrims was  
 made; at "Provincetown".

James Simmons, '43.

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## IPANA TOOTH PASTE

Use Ipana Tooth Paste  
 And you will never have to face,  
 False teeth that come out at night  
 And hard to find in dawn's early light.

Louise Silva, '42.

**FLY BY NIGHT**

Oh what a joy to travel afar,  
 To travel and see different places.  
 You can travel by boat, train, or car,  
 And easily forget different faces.

You are not bound by various chains,  
 You're free to go where you please.  
 Keep traveling, walk along different lanes,  
 Never, never cease.

But sometimes your thoughts stray to home,  
 Then you wonder if the road you chose  
 were right.  
 And you shouldn't have started to roam,  
 To become a fly by night.

Ruth Costa, '42.

**CONCEIT**

If you are troubled  
 With a little conceit,  
 Take a look in the glass,  
 From your head to your feet.

Be truthful and stare,  
 For I wouldn't dare.

Can you see yourself,  
 Through and through?  
 Have you found a heart  
 That is simple and true?

If you have,  
 That is good,  
 If not,  
 That is bad.  
 For it means more to you,  
 The only one to be had.

Carolyn Patrick, '42.

**THE SEA**

Fathomless depths  
 Of beautiful blue,  
 Foaming white caps,  
 I envy you.

Aimlessly drifting  
 Without care,  
 Your roaming life  
 Is one that's rare.

Priscilla Sants, '43.

**MAY**

This is the month of May,  
 A time to be most gay,  
 The flowers all bloom;  
 The birds sing their tune,  
 In the beautiful month of May.

In the beautiful month of May,  
 The children go out to play,  
 In their voices you hear  
 Mellow laughter and no fear,  
 For they sing happily all the day.

The days flow to weeks, and they silently think,  
 That May is floating by  
 But May brings mayflowers,  
 With pink buds that tower  
 Over land, over hill, over dale.

So ends my description  
 Of nature's prescription,  
 But next year you'll find it the same,  
 Always cheerful and gay with children at play,  
 For God's universe always shines with array.

Barbara Alexander, '43.

**"INDUSTRIALISM"**

Communism, Socialism, Fascism, and all,  
 Cause a high civilization to take a tremendous  
 fall;  
 Those countries all run by the aristocracy,  
 Who shall never compete with our democracy;  
 "Industrialism" is the theme of cooperation,  
 That can bring power and wealth to any nation.

"Industrialism", where all the workers unite  
 into one,  
 And nothing is started without being done;  
 The people work by their own free will,  
 And production is never at a standstill;  
 We are ready to face any serious situation,  
 Because we are fit for any urgent occupation.

We would consider this, "Utopia", if we could  
 only see,  
 How the people live and work in another  
 country;  
 No matter what form of government it may be,  
 It could never survive our representative de-  
 mocracy;  
 Peace and unity shall never prevail  
 In countries where "Industrialism" has no avail.

James Simmons, '43.

**GENERAL DOUGLAS MacARTHUR**

True, loyal, courageous, and bold.  
The Bataan Peninsula was his stronghold,  
The Americans and natives fought with fear,  
Of losing the freedom they hold so dear.

Commander in chief of all the forces,  
Plans the attack on the enemy's resources.  
Born a leader and shall continue on  
To protect a nation so forlorn,  
And hold a poorly protected stand  
For the bravest people in any land.

Josephine Crave, '42.

**POPULARITY**

She is a girl who loves to ride  
And because of this fact she is not wide.

She eats her spinach twice a day  
And that is why she is always gay.

She is a girl who is short and sweet  
Who dances with tall boys with big feet.

This truthful tale should be told  
To all good people Young and Old.

Louise Silva, '42.

**POPULARITY**

Always be happy,  
Always be gay,  
You'll always have friends,  
If you act that way.

Give a bright, "good morning",  
Or a cheery "hello"!  
It makes one feel better,  
Honestly, I know!

Carolyn Patrick, '42.

**ARMY LIFE**

Mustard colored clothes we wear,  
Socks to mend, when they tear,  
Marching all day long about,  
The clanging tanks, the sergeants' shouts.  
But there's a better side in army life,  
It isn't all such bitter strife,  
For when we're trained and ready to fight,  
To attack the enemy is our delight,  
Then we give a loud hip-ho-ray,  
For the armed forces of the U. S. A.

Josephine Crave, '42.



**SENIOR SUPERLATIVES**

Most conceited	Frank Alves	Best dressed girl	Beatrice Segura
Class vamp	Josephine Dignes	Best dressed boy	Edward O'Rork
Best looking boy	John Morris	Class musician	Barbara Crocker
Most attractive girl	Cecelia Francis	Class baby	Basil Santos
Best physique	Manuel Simmons	First to be married	Matilda Avellar
Best figure	Beatrice Segura	First to have a bay window	Irving Malchman
Most studious	Irving Malchman	Most popular girl	Cecelia Francis
Class artist	Ethel Whiddon	Most popular boy	Edward O'Rork
Best girl dancer	Carolyn Patrick	Most versatile	Barbara Crocker
Best boy dancer	Insley Caton	Class pest	Herman Silva
Most likely to succeed	Irving Malchman	Most tactful	Vivian Souza
Most dignified	Mary Hanson	Most reserved	Kathryn Witherstine
Class orator	Louis Rivers	Woman hater	Basil Santos
Boy with most personality	Louis Rivers	Man hater	Margurite Souza
Girl with most personality	Cecelia Francis	Class tomboy	Barbara Crocker
Most athletic girl	Doris Enos	Most flirtatious	Josephine Dignes
Most athletic boy	Manuel Simmons	Done most for P. H. S.	Germania Lopes
Class actress	Josephine Dignes	Best natured girl	Cecelia Francis
Class actor	Louis Rivers	Class typist	Vivian Souza
Wittiest	Paula Jette	Most agreeable	Lucille Snow
Most bashful	Ruth Costa	Dean of women	Mary Hanson



# SENIORS



Frank Silva Alves  
Shirley Eilene Atwood  
Matilda Jones Avellar  
Insley Joseph Caton  
Ruth Genevieve Costa  
Josephine Henrietta Crave

Edwina Matilda Crawley  
Barbara Louise Crocker  
Mary Agnes DeLuze  
Josephine Dignes  
Anthony Joseph Dutra, Jr.  
Barbara Josephine Dutra

Doris Mae Enos  
Cecelia Myrtle Francis  
Mary Elizabeth Hanson  
Paulette Augustus Narps Jette  
Anthony Edward Joseph  
Dorothy May King

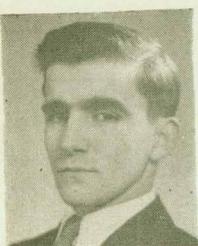
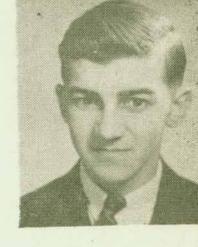
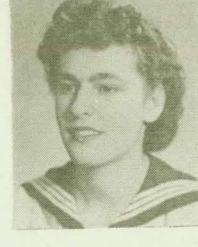
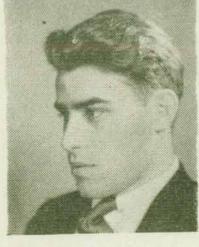
Germania Margret Lopes  
Irving Malchman  
Isabel Menengas  
Elizabeth Gregory Moffett  
John Victor Morris, Jr.  
Eleanor Mae Noons

Edward Augustus O'Rork  
Carolyn Elizabeth Patrick  
Velma Marjorie Perry  
Warren Louis Perry  
Constance Elizabeth Phillips  
Louis Anthony Rivers

Mary Elizabeth Roda  
Marion Jason Elizabeth Roderick  
Helen Frances Rogers  
Frank Medeiros Rosa, Jr.  
Alma Rose  
Elmer Quinton Rose

Basil Peter Santos, Jr.  
Isabel Santos  
Beatrice May Segura  
Herman Raymond DeSilva  
Louise Veronica Silva  
Norbert Lee Silva

Manuel Ulysses Simmons  
Lucille Snow  
Marguerite Souza  
Vivian Rose Souza  
Ethel May Whiddon  
Kathryn Louise Witherstine



Class of 1942





# activities



### STUDENT COUNCIL

Top Row—Jean Days, Mary Roderick, John Fields, Richard Baumgartner  
Front Row—Paula Jette, Dorothy King, Eva Cook

### FRESHMAN RECEPTION

The freshmen were formally introduced to society at a dance given in their honor in September 1942. Each senior escorted a freshman in a grand march which was led by Louis Rivers and Mary Emma Avila.

Refreshments were served during the intermission, and dancing continued until midnight.

Katherine Witherstine, '42.  
Reginald Cabral, '43.

### STUDENT COUNCIL

The Student Council has given a series of dances for the benefit of the Athletic Association. It has also tried to find out any opinions that the students may have concerning the activities of their school.

The Student Council consists of a president, Paula Jette; vice-president, Dorothy King;

secretary, Eva Cook; and treasurer, Jean Days. Other members are John Fields, Richard Baumgartner, and Mary Roderick.

Medals were given to the members of the Council because of their splendid work.

Paula Jette, '42.

### HALLOWE'EN DANCE

The junior class sponsored the Hallowe'en Dance, which was held in the gym October 27, 1942. The hall was decorated with broom stick riders, orange pumpkins, coal black cats, and witches' hats. Refreshments of cider and donuts were served and the music was furnished by the victrola. The affair was considered one of the most successful of the season.

Katherine Witherstine, '42.  
Reginald Cabral, '43.

**ASSEMBLIES**

This year Miss Kelly presented us with our annual Thanksgiving Day assembly. The pageant told the story of the Pilgrim's struggle for religious toleration in England; their flight to Holland and their final journey to Plymouth. The last part of the pageant told the story of the first Thanksgiving and was highlighted by the use of real food. The performance ended with the singing of a hymn and a prayer by Mr. Whiting. Between scenes Hersey Taylor gave "The First Thanksgiving" and Creighton Morris "The Signing of the Compact".

\* \* \* \*

Miss Jacobs, as usual, gave us our Christmas assembly. "The Birthday of the King" included pupils from both the Junior and Senior High. It was a lovely assembly highlighted by the stage settings and lighting effects. The usual carols were sung during the intermissions. The cast was as follows:—

Mary .....	Eleanor Patrick
Joseph .....	Insley Caton
Angels .....	Marjorie and Jean Beane
Wisemen .....	Beatrice Raymond, Carol Alves, Shelia Kelly
Shepherds .....	Elmer Silva, Richard Roda, Clement Silva
Herod .....	Christopher Kelly
Shepherd boys ....	Warren Costa, William Costa
Attendant .....	Clifford Silva
Innkeeper .....	Francis Meads
Travelers ..	Pauline McKinney, Jane Rosenthal, Mary Lou Lopes, Paula Raymond, Mary Ellen Holmes, Lillian Phillips, Helen Matenos, Philip Cabral, Elmer Silva

Reader .....	Hilda Noones
Accompanist .....	Barbara Crocker

\* \* \* \*

Early this spring Mr. Gitzus and Mr. Malchman presented a Radio Skit, which was given on our new broadcasting system. It was highly entertaining and can easily be called the best of the year. Josephine Dignes was the mistress of ceremonies and entertained with light banter sprinkled with a few songs and a comedy sketch with Barbara Crocker that was highly amusing. Others who helped to make this skit highly successful were:

Insley Caton singing "I Don't Want to Set the World on Fire", and a group of imitations well assisted by Miss Dignes.

Dorothy King singing "The White Cliffs of Dover" and "Rose O'Day".

Jeanne Lynch singing "This Love of Mine" and "I Got it Bad and That Ain't Good".

Lionel Medeiros and Freeman Watson, a spoon duet.

Pauline McKinney singing "Blueberry Hill", and "I'm Walking By The River".

Helene Edel singing "Parlez-moi D'Amour" and "La Marseilles".

Elaine Gaspie singing "Yours".

\* \* \* \*

This year Mr. Lelden provided "The Sign of the Cross". It was the most successful film of the year here and held our attention throughout the performance.

It was the story of the early Christians in Rome during the reign of Nero. The stars were Frederic March, Elissa Landi, Claudette Colbert, and Charles Laughton.

\* \* \* \*

Miss Hourihane presented the "Twelve Old Maids" for her assembly. It dealt with the attempts of twelve old maids to get husbands. When a fortune-teller came into their midst, things began to happen, especially when they found that she had a little wooden man and a beautifying potion that is guaranteed to get your man. The twelve old maids were played by Barbara Cabral, Carol Whorf, Helen Rogers, Esther Stone, Mary Lou Baumgartner, Alma Rose, Dorothy King, Jean Beane, Kathleen Joseph, Josephine Dignes, Wendy Hackett, and Edwina Crawley. Mrs. Beamer was played by Velma Perry; Liza Pearl, by Carolyn Patrick; Madame Zikeller, by Germana Lopes; Oran, by Joseph Cabral; the cowboy, by Edward O'Rork; the Englishman, by John Morris; the Italian, by Herman Silva; and the Southerner, by Basil Santos. The accompanist was Lurana Higgins. A repeat performance was given for the St. Joseph's Society.

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Murphy gave his usual physical education drill. Pyramid formations were demonstrated. In addition there were marching, Indian club drills, and apparatus demonstrations.

Katherine Witherstine, '42.

**ASSEMBLIES**

Miss Kathleen Medeiros presented a play "Kidnapping Betty", on January 23rd. The



SENIOR PLAY CAST

Top Row—Frank Alves, Elmer Silva, Bernard Robinson, Reginald Cabral, Mr. Arthur Perry  
 Middle Row—Dorothy King, Ethel Whiddon, Isabelle Menengas, Marian Roderick, Alma Rose  
 Front Row—John Morris, Louis Rivers, Basil Santos, Josephine Dignes, Barbara Crocker, Germanina Lopes,  
 Vivian Souza, Betty Moffett

play was a light comedy that was very entertaining. The play was later presented for the "Foresters".

The main characters were Louis Rivers, Germanina Lopes, Herman Silva, Edith Sawyer, Alma Rose, Vivian Souza, and Insley Caton.

Reginald Cabral, '43.

JUNIOR DECLAMATIONS

The preliminaries for the Junior Declamation contest were held March 16, 17, and 18, in the school auditorium. These declamations are a compulsory part of the Junior English course; each student was obliged to deliver some form of recitation.

The teachers judging the contests were: Principal George Leyden, Miss Ellen Hourihane, Miss Mary Jacobs, and Mr. David Murphy.

The students selected for the finals to be held in June are: Barbara Alexander, Barbara Cabral, Kathleen Cordeiro, Edith Sawyer, Esther Stone, Reginald Cabral, Christopher Kelley, and Richard Roda.

Katherine Witherstine, '42.  
 Reginald Cabral, '43.

SENIOR PLAY

On the 10th of April the seniors presented "Growing Pains", a comedy of adolescence by Aurania Rouverol. The cast was as follows:

George McIntyre .....	Louis Rivers
Terry McIntyre .....	Barbara Crocker
Mrs. McIntyre .....	Germanina Lopes
Mr. McIntyre .....	John Morris
Sophie .....	Ethel Whiddon
Mrs. Patterson .....	Alma Rose
Elsie Patterson .....	Marian Roderick
Traffic Officer .....	Bernard Robinson
Dutch .....	Basil Santos
Brian .....	Insley Caton
Omar .....	Frank Alves
Hal .....	Reginald Cabral
Pete .....	Elmer Silva
Prudence .....	Josephine Dignes
Patty .....	Vivian Souza
Jane .....	Isabel Menengas
Miriam .....	Dorothy King
Vivian .....	Betty Moffett

The play was a success both financially and socially. Its success was due to the cooperation of the cast with Mr. Perry, the director and Mr. Anthony Bent, the stage manager. Frank

**NATIONAL HONOR SOCIETY**

Irving Malchman, Barbara Crocker, Matilda Avellar, Germania Lopes,  
Lucille Snow, Vivian Souza, Louis Rivers

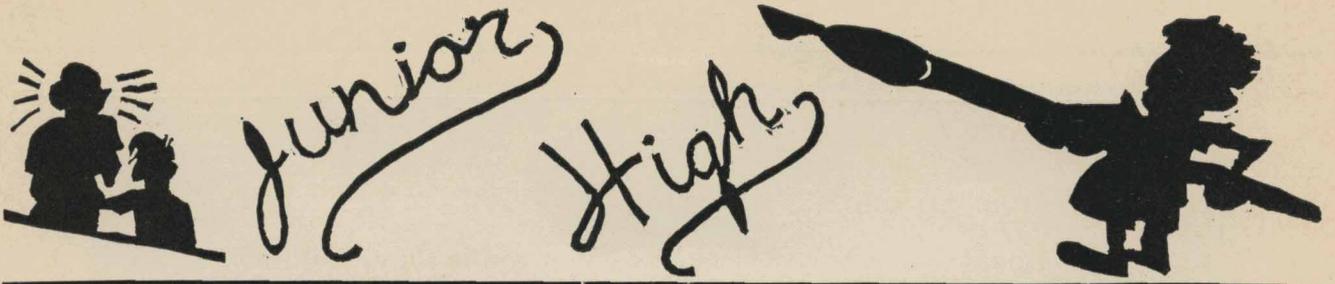
New York at about seven. After dinner we went out and got our first taste of the city. The next morning we all went to St. Patrick's Cathedral and from there to Rockefeller Center where we wandered around for a short time. Next we went to Radio City and the Music Hall where we saw the stage show and "Reap the Wild Wind". The afternoon was left open and most of us went shopping. That night we went to the circus.

On Thursday we went on a tour of New York City. We saw many interesting sights and were allowed to stop at the Battery, Grant's Tomb and the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. We

then went to the Museum of Natural History where we had lunch. Afterwards, we were taken on a tour of the museum. At three o'clock, we visited the Hayden Planetarium and saw "Weather Signs in the Sky". On returning to the hotel we had dinner and that evening some of us saw the "Fred Waring" broadcast.

Friday was open to do whatever we wished and many went shopping. Saturday morning we spent in getting ready to leave and promptly at noon we left the Grand Central Terminal, tired but happy.

Katherine Witherstine, '42.



JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL

### THAT AGE

The sun shone brightly in Joseph Malbeck's bedroom. It was a Saturday morning in August. Joe could hear his mother and sister downstairs moving around and his brother, Tony, who was a year younger than he, snoring in the next room.

Joe was going blueberrying that day to earn money to go to the circus which was coming in three days. Since he wanted to get out there before it got too hot, he jumped out of bed, dressed quickly, threw his pajamas on the floor and ran for the stairs. His mother, who knew her sons so well, called up.

"Joseph, did you put away your pajamas?"

Joseph replied heavily, "No, but I will," and reluctantly turned back to his room, mumbling to himself, "Now why can't they stay there? They're not hurting any one, and why should Mother care? I sleep in them."

As he stooped to pick up the pajamas, his gaze fell upon his candy box and he noticed unfamiliar vacancies. His eyes fairly crackled with fire. He sprang towards his brother's room and paused on the threshold like a hawk ready to swoop down on his prey. Tony, who was in the act of dressing, looked up in surprise.

"Did you take any of my candy?" demanded Joe.

"No, I didn't," replied Tony defensively.

"No, you didn't," mocked Joe sarcastically, and immediately falling upon him, started pounding him. Then there followed a terrific free-for-all which Joan, their sister, heard downstairs, in fact the whole neighborhood must have heard. Joan came running up the stairs with a resigned expression on her face and pulled them apart.

"Go downstairs and eat your breakfast, Joe; and Tony, you finish getting dressed." Then she calmly walked downstairs as though nothing had happened.

"Oh, well—," her mother started to say, only to have Joan interrupt her saying, "Yes, I know. They're at that age. How many times have I heard that before?"

Joe finished his breakfast quickly, collected his pails and a straw hat and started for the woods.

He picked slowly, wandering from one place to another. By noon he had only two quarts and a half. He decided he would stay until he had five quarts. Without realizing it he had wandered quite a distance into the woods. By

three o'clock he had picked four quarts. He lay down to rest for awhile.

The next thing he knew it was pitch dark all around him. He started up trying to remember where he was. Then he said,

"Oh, my gosh! I must have fallen asleep. I'd better start for home." But being groggy from sleep, he lost his bearings and looked around in bewilderment. He started out blindly carrying his pails.

He had walked quite a distance when he saw a boulder near a tree. He knew he had not seen it before. He sat down under the tree in despair, realizing he was lost. Then his mind was brought forcibly to his stomach. He was famished. Much as he hated to, he started eating his precious berries, which quickly disappeared.

"After all that trouble too," he thought to himself. Fear gradually filled his heart. Suppose he had to stay there all night. There were probably bears roaming around. Men were no doubt searching for him, but what chance did they stand of finding him in these woods extended for miles in all directions. Oh! to be home in his own little bed. To see Tony, yes, even Tony, would be a comfort. He burst into tears.

"Oh, if I ever get back, I'll never fight with Tony again, and I'll put away my pajamas, and-and-everything," he sobbed. His crying gradually died down until only a few sniffles could be heard now and then. He must have sat there for a half hour or more when he heard shouting and hoofbeats in the distance. He jumped up, calling at the top of his voice, "Here I am. Here I am," again and again. In a few moments, a man came riding up on a horse, and in no time Joe had been lifted on to the horse, and was headed for home. He was half asleep when he got home and only faintly remembered his mother undressing and tucking him into bed, like a baby.

He woke up, the next morning as the sun was shining brightly through his window. He lay in bed for a few minutes thinking to himself how the other kids would envy him, getting lost and having a searching party after him. Just like you read in books, but he wouldn't let them know he had cried. No sireeeee!

He jumped out of bed, flung himself into his clothes, but, alas! threw his pajamas on the floor. He had completely forgotten his wonderful resolutions. He spied his candy box,

and upon examination found a few more vacancies. Sparks darted from his eyes as he ran for his brother's room.

"I suppose you didn't touch my candy this time, either?" he rasped out derisively, and without waiting for reply, sprang upon Tony.

His mother heard them downstairs and with a sigh of resignation started up the stairs to quiet the usual outburst.

"Oh! well—Joe was at that age."

Sheila Kelley, 8A.

### ONCE IN LONDON

A warning bell sounded. At once all the glitter and sparkle vanished, as if a magician had suddenly waved his wand over the bejeweled city. Immediately I fastened my Red Cross Insignia around my arm, hurried out of my room, and down the three flights of stairs to the street. Fortunately, my station was but a short distance from my rooming house. I knew the road well, even though a heavy fog made it impossible to see but a few feet ahead. In a few minutes, I had reached the shelter.

"Anne Wilkens reporting for duty," I said, when I stood before my captain.

"Prepare the cots, sterilize all the instruments in Ward A, and prepare the bandages." Her short orders came quickly.

I turned unhesitatingly and made my way to the far end of the room, where I began my assigned duties. I had just finished sterilizing the instruments, and was on my way to prepare the bandages, when I heard the ominous roar of planes flying low over the city. A moment later, terrific explosions rocked the buildings to their foundations. From then on, the ambulance drivers were kept busy bringing in people, who had been hit by flying fragments, which the exploding bombs had hurled through the air.

"Please set that patient's arm. The patient in cot three needs immediate attention." Captain Daffney's voice rose sharply and clearly above all the noise and confusion.

I was carrying a patient to her cot when I saw the ceiling at the far end of the room give away. I ran down the aisle between the long rows of cots and tried desperately to pull the wreckage from the patients. Other nurses joined me and we worked zestfully. Finally, we succeeded in clearing away enough of the

debris to remove the victims. Five of them were dead and eight were found to be badly wounded.

After a long and weary night the "all clear" signal sounded. I didn't leave the shelter until late in the afternoon of the next day. The cool air refreshed me as I stepped out into the street. As soon as I beheld the devastation about me, my heart sank inside me. Bodies of men, women, and children who had been crushed under the wreckage lay everywhere. Where many beautiful buildings had once stood, now a conglomeration laid. Here and there fires were still smouldering, and frames of buildings stood out like huge skeletons.

London had changed, in one night, from a beautiful city to a huge mass of ruins.

Hilda Noones, 8A.

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### MY HEART

My heart is like a bluebird,  
 That flutters on its way;  
 My heart is like a busy bee—  
 It works and works all day.  
 Sometimes my heart's a tear drop,  
 A sad tear, I must say,  
 Because I have done something wrong,  
 And I'm sorry all that day.  
 My heart is sad, my heart is gay,  
 My heart is very clever:  
 It beats all night, it beats all day  
 But does it falter?—never.

Helen Matenos, 7A.

### BUY BONDS

We should all buy bonds to lick the Jap,  
 And wipe his face right off the map;  
 Every bond will help us win  
 This dreaded war of hate and sin.

Irving Roderick, 7A.

---

### UNCLE SAM

There is a man called Uncle Sam  
 Who never takes it on the lam;  
 He says he's going to knock the Jap  
 Right off the good old Allies' map.

Richard Volton, 7A.

---

### THE WHIP-POOR-WILL

What is so sweet as the distant call,  
 Of the Whip-poor-will on the garden wall,  
 As he cries to his mate on yonder tree,  
 "Come over here and sing with me."

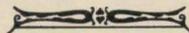
Erlin Hogan, 7A.

---

### THE DAWN

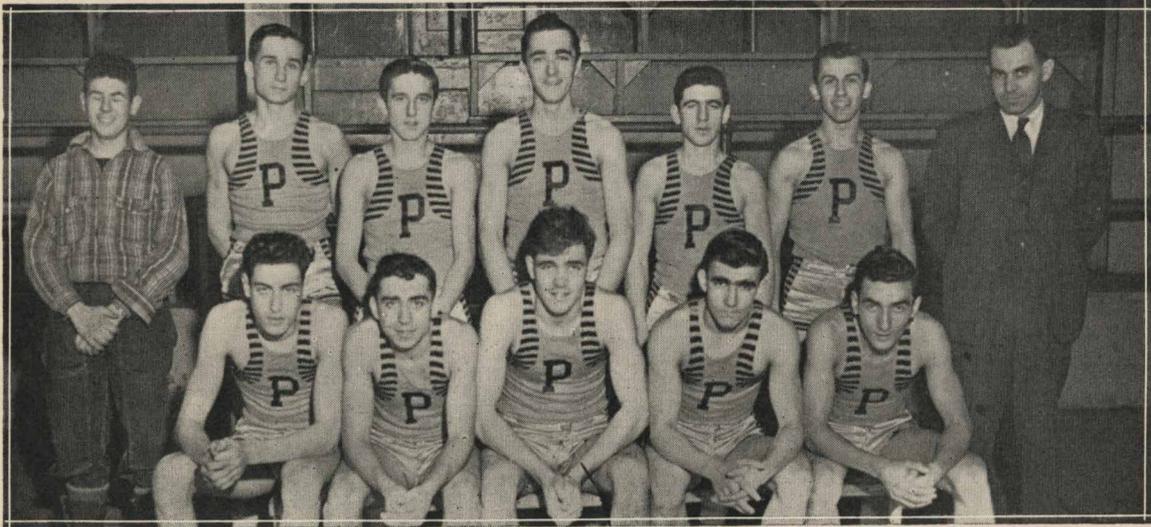
The birds swell their throats with song,  
 The sun smiles down on a flowery throng,  
 The gloom of night is now o'er,  
 Another day has come once more.

Jane Rosenthal, 7A.





# SPORTS



## BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Top Row—Bernard Viera, Elmer Silva, Arthur Ventura, William Perry, Anthony Rego,  
Edward O'Rork, Mr. Antone Duarte  
Seated—Anibal Oliver, Insley Caton, David Roderick, Manuel Simmons, Anthony Joseph

## FOOTBALL

The P. H. S. gridiron completed another one of its fairly successful seasons with a record of one victory, one tie, and four losses.

The team, which consisted of five seniors, four juniors, one sophomore, and one freshman, will suffer somewhat severe losses when it loses a center, a back, a tackle, and an end.

Captain Dave Roderick was selected by the Cape Cod Standard Times as left end on the Mythical All-Cape Team. Others receiving mention were Reginald Cabral and Robert Oliver.

Next season the team will be piloted by Captain Robert Oliver, who has been a regular for two seasons, and has also been given mention on the All-Cape Team twice.

Though the team will lose five seniors, Coach Duarte will have six lettermen, upon whom he can build a team.

The team and manager wish to thank Mr. Duarte for his excellent cooperation and time spent with the team.

The record is as follows:

		We	They
Oct. 4	Bourne (home)	0	7
" 11	Yarmouth (home)	24	6
" 18	Fairhaven (away)	13	40
" 25	Barnstable (home)	6	31
Nov. 1	Wareham (away)	6	7
" 22	Yarmouth (away)	12	12

Louis Rivers, '42.

## BOYS' BASKETBALL

The P. H. S. basketball team ended one of its most successful seasons in years when on March 14, they were eliminated by a cagey Orleans quintet in the finals at the Bourne Tournament.

With a record of 13 victories and 3 defeats the boys ranked high among the best teams on the Cape.

The first six on the team are Anthony Joseph, r. f., who graduates this year and in 16 games scored 156 points; Anibal Oliver, lanky Freshman who played l. f. during the season and



#### GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Standing—Beatrice Segura, Anna Chapman, Gloria Silva, Inez Smith, Lucille Snow, Ellen Lynch, Jane Enos, Mary Roderick, Miriam Bright, Miss Elizabeth DeRiggs  
Seated—Mary Roda, Matilda Avellar, Paula Jette, Doris Enos, Philomena Holway, Barbara Alexander

scored 131 points in 12 encounters; Captain Dave Roderick, center, who was the highest individual scorer on the team with a record of 164 points in 16 games and an average of 10.84 points per game; Mannie Simmons, l. g., who also is a member of the 1942 graduating crew. Mannie contributed 87 points in 16 tries, but played most a floor game. Insley Caton, r. g., also a Senior contributed 58 points in 16 games, but kept his forward under the 5 mark most of the games. The auxiliary man this year was Eddie O'Rork, who in the first of the year played left forward, was replaced by Oliver, but in 9 games scored 22 points.

Others on the team were Elmer Silva, Arthur Ventura, Warren Perry, and Manuel Rego.

On the probable All-Tournament team selected by the Cape Cod Standard Times, were Dave Roderick, and Anibal Oliver.

The team was awarded gold basketballs by the school to show their appreciation to the boys.

The team, manager, and I wish to thank Mr. Duarte for his excellent coaching, patience, and endurance during this past season of 1941-42.

	Games	We	They
Dec. 16	P'town vs. Falmouth		
	Boy's Club	51	26
" 23	P'town vs. P'town Boy's Club	51	46
Jan. 9	P'town vs. Harwich	21	11
" 13	P'town vs. Wellfleet	31	13

" 16	P'town vs. Yarmouth	37	26
" 20	P'town vs. Bourne	34	24
" 23	P'town vs. Orleans	27	28
" 27	P'town vs. Wellfleet	58	15
" 30	P'town vs. Orleans	32	25
Feb. 6	P'town vs. Yarmouth	46	14
" 13	P'town vs. Barnstable	29	35
" 14	P'town vs. Harwich	40	25
Mar. 6	P'town vs. Barnstable	58	28
Total		511	316

#### Bourne Tournament

	We	They	
Mar. 12	P'town vs. Tisbury	45	26
" 13	P'town vs. Yarmouth	45	24
" 14	P'town vs. Orleans	27	30
Total		117	80

Louis Rivers, '42.

#### GIRL'S BASKETBALL

The girl's basketball team under the excellent coaching of Miss DeRiggs has brought home a record that holds only one defeat. Unquestionably, we consider this year's team to be the Champions of the Lower Cape.

The team was in there fighting every minute and deserved each victory. This record has not been excelled since 1936.

Graduation will take Captain Doris Enos, Paula Jette, Matilda Avellar, Mary Roda, Lucille Snow, and Beatrice Segura. The future looks promising for the rest of the team to whom we wish the best of luck.

The Inter-Class final was won by the Seniors. They beat the Sophomores by a score of 33 to 19. David Roderick was the referee.

James Simmons

	We		They	
Jan. 9	65	Harwich	40	(away)
" 13	34	Wellfleet	13	(away)
" 16	29	Yarmouth	23	(away)
" 23	43	Orleans	12	(away)
" 27	34	Wellfleet	13	(home)
" 30	29	Orleans	7	(home)
Feb. 6	49	Yarmouth	16	(home)
" 13	27	Harwich	5	(home)
" 14	17	Barnstable	29	(away)
Mar. 6	31	Barnstable	18	(home)

Doris Enos, '42.  
Matilda Avellar, '42.  
Paula Jette, '42.

### INTER-CLASS BASKETBALL

The first game was won by the Sophomores, who beat the Juniors by one point in overtime. The score was 37 to 36. Manuel Simmons was the referee.

The Seniors won the second game from the Freshmen by one point. The score was 40 to 39. David Roderick refereed the game.

### BASEBALL SEASON OF '42

Many new and better prospects have reported for baseball. Although the team lacks the "pitching power" of last year, Mr. Murphy has trained four new pitchers. The first team line-up is as follows:

C: M. Simmons, R. Packett  
P: F. Alves, H. Taylor, M. Simmons, W. Perry  
1st B: D. Roderick  
2nd B: M. Costa  
SS: A. Joseph  
3rd B: A. Ventura  
LF: I. Caton  
CF: F. Alves, E. Silva  
RF: A. Fields

Several unscheduled games will be played with the various Coast Guard teams.

Mr. Murphy is the coach and is assisted by Manager Souza. The team is preparing for a very successful season.

James Simmons



# HUMOR



## JUST A DREAM

(Basil talking to Phil): "Last night I dreamed I died and went to Heaven. When I got there they told me I couldn't come in unless I was mounted. So I came back and got you. When I got back to Heaven, St. Peter said: 'Just hitch your donkey outside and come in'."

\* \* \* \*

Margaret V.: "My boy friend said he was going to jump off a cliff 300 feet high if I didn't marry him."

Jane E.: "Sounds like a big bluff to me."

\* \* \* \*

## REINCARNATION

Edward: "Sure I believe in reincarnation."

Carolyn: "You do?"

Edward: "I'll say, and when I come back to earth, I want to be a mattress."

Carolyn: "A mattress? Why?"

Edward: "So I can lie in bed all day."

\* \* \* \*

Joann P.: "When my grandfather died he left me \$10,000."

Shirley A.: "That's nothing. When my grandfather died he left the earth."

\* \* \* \*

Velma: "My uncle had his face lifted."

Kathryn: "How did they do it?"

Velma: "With a piece of rope around his neck."

\* \* \* \*

Vivian: "Do you file your nails?"

Lucille: "No, I cut them off and throw them away."

\* \* \* \*

George K.: "What size shoes do you wear?"

John M.: "Well, I take six, but seven feels so good—I buy eights."

\* \* \* \*

Optician: "How many lines can you read on that chart?"

Marian F.: "What chart?"

\* \* \* \*

Flea: "I call my girl 'Cream of Wheat'."

James H.: "Why?"

Flea: "Because she's so mushy."

## EXPLANATION

Man may have more courage than woman, but he doesn't get half the chance to show his backbone.

\* \* \* \*

Barbara C.: "What is it that walks, talks, sleeps, eats and still is dead?"

Snippy: "What?"

Barbara: "You."

\* \* \* \*

Beatrice: "I hear they're going to run Herman Silva for President."

Mary: "That's impossible. They will never be able to get his nose on a three cent stamp."

\* \* \* \*

Cop: "Who was driving when this accident happened?"

"Frank Alves: "No one. We were all sitting in the back seat."

\* \* \* \*

Richard M.: "I have a white hen that lays brown eggs."

Carol W.: "What's so wonderful about that?"

Richard M.: "Can you do it?"

\* \* \* \*

Anthony J.: (boasting) "I've got a million dollars, a yacht, a country house, a town house, six automobiles, a chauffeur, a butler, a maid, a cook, etc., etc. Whatta you got?"

William P.: "I've gotta go."

\* \* \* \*

## OPTIMIST

An optimist is anybody who doesn't care what happens as long as it happens to somebody else.

\* \* \* \*

## HUMOR

A gag is something you push down the people's throats whether they like it or not.

\* \* \* \*

G. Lopes: "Why do old maids wear cotton gloves?"

Marian R.: "I don't know, why?"

G. Lopes: "'Cause they haven't any kids."

## P. H. S. WEATHER REPORT

Chili today and hot-tamale.

\* \* \* \*

Marian R. (talking to the weatherman):  
"How about a shower tonight?"

Weatherman: "That's all right with me; if you need one, take one!"

\* \* \* \*

Louie R.: "There has never been a woman appointed to the Weather Brueau."

Basil: "Why?"

Louie R.: "The weather is changeable enough as it is."

\* \* \* \*

Hersey T.: "I'm a tailor in a lawyer's office."

E. Rosa: "A tailor in a lawyer's office?"

Hersey T.: "Yes, I press suits."

\* \* \* \*

Manuel S.: "Were you ever up before the Judge?"

Norbert S.: "I don't know; what time does the Judge get up?"

\* \* \* \*

Judge: "Order, order, order in the court!"

Louie R.: (prisoner) "I'll take a ham sandwich on rye."

\* \* \* \*

Josephine C.: "Have you ever been in want?"

Ruth C.: "I don't know, what town is it near?"

\* \* \* \*

Telephone Operator: "It's long distance from Washington."

Helen R. (Hangs up): "It sure is. Anyone knows that."

\* \* \* \*

Edith S.: "You should get a job in the Weather Bureau."

David: "Why?"

Edith S.: "You're an expert on wind."

\* \* \* \*

Ronald C.: "Which travels faster, heat or cold?"

John W.: "Heat."

Ronald C.: "What makes you think so?"

John W.: "Because you catch cold."

\* \* \* \*

Reggie C.: "What is the difference between a girl and a horse?"

Richard R.: "I don't know."

Reggie C.: "I'll bet you have some swell dates."

## A PROVERB

Remember, bread cast on the water always returns.

Bread cast on the water may return, but the dough this country cast across the ocean didn't.

\* \* \* \*

One day after coming back from Army maneuvers, this young soldier found a pair of socks, sent to him as a gift from a firm back home. The footgear was not all that could be desired, but to be polite he wrote the girl a note This is what he wrote:

I use one for a hammock and one for a mitt.

Some socks! Some fit!

I hope we meet after I've done my bit,

But who in the devil taught you to knit?

V. Souza, '42.

\* \* \* \*

Anthony D.: "Why do they refer to Nature as a woman?"

Insley C.: "Because they can't find out how old it is."

\* \* \* \*

(Mr. Leyden to Paula J. in history class.)

Mr. Leyden: "You'll drive me to my grave."

Paula: "Well, you didn't expect to walk there, did you?"

\* \* \* \*

Mussolini and Hitler were in a close conference. Weighty problems were under discussion. "Herr Hitler," says Musso, "when this war is over you and I will be the greatest dictators the world has ever seen. We will have everything we want; of course we won't want everything there is!"

"Righto," said Hitler, as he patted Musso on the head. "Now go ahead and shine the other shoe."

V. Souza, '42.

\* \* \* \*

Beatrice S.: "Is it raining outside?"

Josephine D.: "Did you ever see it raining inside?"

\* \* \* \*

Isaiah S.: "Are you a Russian spy?"

Robert O.: "No, I'm a mincepie."

Isaiah S.: "You've gotta lot of crust."

\* \* \* \*

(Mr. Leyden to postmaster)

Mr. Leyden: "What's that peculiar odor I smell around this post office?"

Postmaster: "Probably the dead letters."

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