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# „Dedication“



In loving remembrance of our late classmate,  
Lorraine Mary Meads, a former member of the  
graduating class of 1951.

# LONG POINTER STAFF



LONG POINTER STAFF

First Row—Paul Cook, Lillian Cabral, Agnes Matenos, Martha Malicoat, Ruby Cabral, Shoy Yee Wong  
 Second Row—Elaine M. Ferreira, Elaine K. Ferreira, Katherine Mayo, Vincent Henrique, John Kelly,  
 Ann Perry, Mary Lou Ferreira, Mr. Gregory FitzGerald, Director

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Sports Editor, Boys	Paul Cook
Sports Editor, Girls	Lillian Cabral
Art Editors	Martha Malicoat, Agnes Matenos, Shoy Yee Wong
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Literary Advisor	Mr. Gregory Fitzgerald
Literary Staff	Ruby Cabral, Ann Perry, Diane Passion, Conrad Malicoat
Business Staff	Lorraine Aresta, Mary Louise Ferreira, Ruby Cabral, Vincent Henrique
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Advisor Mr. Edward Dahill



# EDITORIALS



## SUMMER SITUATION

Why have tourists changed their opinions of Provincetown as an ideal summer resort? Why do so many of the more respectable summer people now shun our shores? Where are the many first-rate artists and real lovers of beauty who once made Provincetown one of the foremost artistic centers of the country?

It is apparent that the summer society of Provincetown is most definitely degenerating—and the cause of this degeneration is a particular type of unwholesome “visitor” who has become a large thorn in the side of Provincetown’s summer life.

This “visitor” parades about freely with his companions and behaves as he pleases. He and his friends have so rapidly increased in number during the past few years that Provincetown has actually become a summertime haven for them.

These individuals, who by now threaten to outnumber the other tourists, disgust and often even frighten away the type of people we should prefer to have. Many parents no longer come here with their children. We can easily sympathize with them, since our present summer society would hardly be a good example for juveniles.

We all know that although art is still prominent in Provincetown, it no longer holds the lofty position of importance that it once occupied. This is because our “friends” have driven many of the true creative spirits elsewhere. Many of these unwanted “visitors” pose as artists or artistic individuals, but in reality, they have overshadowed the real artistic element that was formerly so prevalent here.

We must realize that our town is quite well-known because of its historical and artistic background. Therefore, it is most important that our reputation is kept wholesome and unspoiled. We are largely dependent upon the summer tourist trade; if we allow these “social

degenerates” to give our town a notorious name elsewhere, then that trade eventually will be greatly injured.

If we do not wish to further lower the standards of our town, then we must rid ourselves of these undesirables. This is, by no means, an easy process. However, it is not impossible for we know that in similar circumstances other towns have succeeded.

It is clearly the duty of the parents and older people of the town to see that something is done. Surely, they don’t want their children associating with such unwholesome characters! If the merchants, landlords, and various fraternal orders of the town would cooperate, and if the churches speak out against this horror from the pulpits, sufficiently arousing the people, we could make considerable progress. If these individuals are given the “cold shoulder” by the townspeople, allowed less freedom, and fines and punishments are applied by the police, this annoying group of undesirables will seek haven elsewhere. If we intend to do anything to alleviate the situation, it must be done now, before it is too late!

Agnes Matenos

## REMEMBER?

Juniors! Can you believe you have just one more year to go (for most of us—the fortunate ones)? One more year and then “good-bye” to P.H.S. This year you push and shove the freshmen around, boss the sophomores and “sass” the seniors. The 7th and 8th graders are beneath your dignity (for most of you). You can remember when you were freshmen and your first year upstairs—new teachers, new subjects. When you were sophomores—big stuff but not quite as big as the juniors (and I must admit the seniors also.) But, can you remember the first day of the 7th grade? The loud resounding bells seemed to be a toll of disaster; the trample and shuffle of feet over

head—glaring teachers (remember Mrs. McGrath?)—the long hall and six rooms to memorize.

“Move aside, little punk . . . !” You’d look up and find a junior casting uninterested eyes upon you. Even the 8th graders thought they were big stuff, just because they knew the ropes and had been born before you.

Did you ever count the days until school would be out? Yes, and also, wotta gyp—going a week longer than those little squirts in the lower grades.

Remember the big thrill of **free** movies every Friday?

Then, another year. You might have really wanted to come back—after all, an 8th grader had only four years to go and you could boss the 7th grade “children”.

Occasionally a teacher would send you upstairs on an errand. Which room was Mr. Dahill’s? So you timidly walked into room 7 or 10.

But the next year, no mistakes like that! No, you wore a freshman label then. Do you remember thinking, “Just three more years and I’ll be out of this jail,” or words to that effect? And recall the extra walks down the hall just to catch a glimpse of that manly senior?

But most of that was over when you became a sophomore with permission to have a cake sale. Remember our cake sale? I guess that surprised a lot of people! Those Juniors did get in the way at times, didn’t they? Times weren’t so bad as before and just two more years to go.

September rolls around and you find yourself at the football field on occasional Saturdays, with the honored privilege of selling refreshments. Just think! Now you are a Junior. Not

bad at all! Those Seniors think they’re big shots—well, you are too. Do you think now only one more year? No? (Yes?) maybe not. You can remember, you can recall the fun you’ve had in previous years. But this is the big year. Don’t wish it to breeze by. Like Mr. EJD says, “Tempus fugit” (Time does fly). You can remember a lot that happened to you and a lot will happen this year. And after you turn your tassels in June all you’ll be able to do is “Remember”.

Martha Malicoat, '52

### THE FISHING FLEET

The fishing industry has progressively expanded since the trade was first practiced by some of the earliest settlers of Cape Cod. It has flourished through the years until it has become one of the main industries here, presently employing a large portion of our male population.

The fishing fleet, in addition to its economic importance, has always provided valuable local color. It lends a quaint, picturesque touch to the town that attracts countless tourists each year.

The fishermen are a pleasant, friendly group of men. They have on all occasions displayed an endless sense of generosity through their unselfish contributions to the church and to other worthy causes. They have also donated very generously toward the publication of this high school yearbook.

We, the students of P. H. S. are grateful for the financial aid given us by the fishing fleet, and for the interest they have shown in our school affairs. We wish them all the luck possible in the coming years.



# LITERARY



## DEPARTURE

Dusk was nearing and the air outside was growing colder. The windows of Father MacMahon's little mission home were steaming with a cold vapor. Inside the little abode all was still, the air carrying an unusual atmosphere of intense sadness.

Father "Mac", as he was lovingly called by his faithful followers, was huddled miserably in one, cold, dismal corner of the room, a tattered shawl thrown loosely over his narrow, hunched shoulders.

A handful of skimpily dressed Koreans were closely huddled together in the center of the room, about a small fire, which was the area's only source of heat. Their countenances were pictures of uncertainty, exhaustion, and sorrow. Truly a strange combination!

The small room was bare, except for a tumbled-over cot and an unpainted cabinet.

This strange group seemed to be waiting. For what? They did not know! When? They did not care!

Father "Mac" rose and trudged slowly over to one of the hut's small, rectangular windows and peered out over the adjoining rice paddy. His glance shifted and he gazed upon the tiny, quaint chapel standing nearby. All outside was still, quiet. The only noise was the steady rumble of shells booming at the outskirts of town. How close those guns were coming! No, it wouldn't be long now!

The aging priest turned and moved toward the group. His actions were slow and deliberate. His once handsome face was now taut and showed signs of fatigue and exhaustion. His back was hunched, and he looked a great deal older than his forty-seven years. The last five years had been a terrific ordeal for the priest. He had toiled many hours to build the near-by church and this small home.

Yes, he and the two nuns had virtually per-

formed miracles in this strange, unchristian land called Korea. Nearly two thousand pagan souls had greeted the missionary upon his arrival.

Now, due to his faithful labors there were not fifty people in the whole village who did not nightly attend his simple devotions. How quickly and faithfully these worshippers had taken to their new-found religion! The quaint church and priest's home had been the sole tokens of their strenuous efforts.

It brought tears to Father "Mac's" eyes to think of these people and their accomplishments. How proud he was of these simple but lovable people!

But now Father MacMahon must leave, the victim of that seemingly uncontrollable element—COMMUNISM! For two days the North Korean forces had been hammering at the limits of the town and Army Intelligence had given this tiny hamlet but twenty-four hours of freedom. Father Mac well knew his fate! He would be one of the first to be taken prisoner by the pagan conquerers. Even at this very moment Father Mac could hear the continuous roll of Army trucks heading Southward.

But this was the way the "Father" had wanted it to be. He could have abandoned the town two weeks ago with his nuns. But, no! He had chosen to remain with his friends to the very last. So here he was! Alone, bewildered, yet hopeful!

Father Mac walked to the cabinet in the corner of the room. From it he withdrew a large crucifix with a knotted string attached to one end. He looked at it fondly for a moment, then tenderly placed it around his neck. The beautiful wooden cross hung on his chest as a symbol; one of peace, hope, and security!

Father Mac suddenly became aware of the sound of screeching brakes outside the shack. He turned as three burly men—dirty and khaki-clothed, entered quickly. One yelled gruffly

at the waiting priest in an unfamiliar tongue. Father Mac knew now that his fate had arrived. The town had presumably fallen and now, he too was being taken prisoner. He turned to the head man at the door.

"What do you desire?" he asked in a low tone.

"We have orders," the head captor replied in almost perfect English, "to confiscate any literature or documentary articles praising or pertaining to gods! We have also orders to take any living representatives of this so called god! I presume you are a Father!"

"That is correct," said the priest, "and I am ready to go!"

Then he turned to the group in the center of the room. One of the natives stepped forward. The others stepped back, clutching at each other, terrified.

"I must go now!" said their friend, the priest, "Our Lord has taken me from you. I am yours no longer. Wong, always remember the words of our Lord, and the things that I have taught you. Remember also that when all else seems lost, you still have your Model and Savior, Jesus Christ. Don't ever forget! When times are tough think of the words of Our Lord, 'I am the Resurrection and the Life; he who believeth in Me, although he be dead, shall live and all who believeth and liveth in Me shall not die forever!'" The priest then turned and to his captors said, "I am ready."

They went outside and Father Mac looked for the last time at his chapel, home and his followers. Then he entered the waiting jeep. His friends were now huddled in the doorway, tears clouding their vision. The jeep, carrying away their best friend, rounded the farthest bend in the road in a cloud of dust.

The Koreans, their faces bitten by the extreme cold, turned and slowly entered the crude hut.

Paul Cook, '53

### THE MEAL TICKET

In the bitter cold of dawn, the huge park lay silent and barren. A few snowflakes drifted down from the gray sky onto the frozen ground, and from a distance, the faint stirs of the awakening city drifted into the pary, metallic in the inclement stillness.

Down by a small frozen pond, huddled on a

rusty bench, lay an old man. His thin, sallow face, yellow and drawn from many days of little or nothing to eat, glistened, as though wet with tears—with tiny snowdrops. So still and peaceful, only the hoary trail of his breath showed him to be alive.

Then from off near the river came the shrill scream of a factory whistle, followed by another and another until soon the air was alive with sound.

The old man stirred and opened his eyes. Wrapping his ragged coat about him, he rose and walked down to the pond. A fit of coughing shook him and he held to a tree for support. Then, after plucking a few berries from a scraggly bush, he sat down on the bank to do some wishful thinking.

A small gray squirrel scampered up to him, hopeful for a bread-crumbs or cookie. The old man's face fell as his hands searched fruitlessly in his pockets. They were empty.

"Eh, little feller, Charlie ain't got nothin' fer you today." The squirrel, sensing failure, whisked back into the bushes to eat the meager berries, leaving Charlie sitting looking at the ground.

Suddenly, from around the bend in the path, came another ragged tramp. He was whistling gaily and as he approached he called out "Hey, Charlie, I got somethin' fer you."

Charlie rose and went to meet him. "What-cha got, Lou?"

Lou waved a small card at him. Charlie snatched it and his face lit up as he read it:

CARL'S CAFETERIA

MEAL TICKET

\$2.50

Entitles the holder to

10 meals

He looked with disbelief at Lou. No man in his right mind would give away a meal ticket. Lou snatched it back.

"You can have it for \$2.00. I'm goin' down south to find a job and I won't be able to use it. I've only used it twice. Give me two bucks and it's yours, otherwise I'll sell it to another guy."

Charlie's face fell—\$2.00!!! He didn't have a cent to his name. "Look, Lou, can you wait 'till 5 or 6 tonight? I can give you the dough then." Lou hesitated, "You sure you can get the money?"

"Sure, sure—meet you in front of Carl's at five sharp, O. K.?"

When Lou finally agreed, Charlie hurried out of the park. Once out in the crowd, he began to frantically think of ways to get the money. To be able to have that ticket meant the assurance of food, at least for a while. It was 7:30 and he had about ten hours in which to get it.

Snow was falling thickly and a sharp wind blew through his tattered coat. It seemed hopeless. Apparently there was absolutely no way to get the money except by stealing. Although a tramp and homeless, he was as honest a man as one would find in his predicament. The thought of stealing troubled him. Yet as the day wore on and the gnawing pains of hunger knotted his stomach and the bitter cold paralysed his body, the thought of stealing kept running through his mind. It tore at his senses and rang like a thousand tolling bells in his head. It grew darker and colder and his cough grew worse until sometimes he had to clutch at the sides of buildings to steady himself. He was tossed to and fro by the press, as a storm would toss a leaf. Soon all sense of decorum left him; his eyes took on a strange luster; his body stiffened and he went forward—to steal.

Standing on a busy corner, he watched the multitude throng by. He watched eagerly for a prospective victim. Then, as he stood there, a blind beggar came tapping up near him asking for coins. Charlie watched, fascinated, as the coins dropped into the cup. Then his tortured mind began to form a plan. Starved and cold, the thought of the meal ticket urged him on. He awaited his opportunity—it came. A large over dressed man walked to the beggar and stuffed a wad of bills into the cup. Charlie wandered up to the beggar with two copper buttons from his overcoat in his hand. The beggar, sensing the nearness of someone, smiled eagerly. Charlie dropped the buttons into the cup and, at the same time, snatched two bills from it. Clutching the bills in his hand he ran through the thickening crowd. It was five o'clock. Grasping and choking for breath he stumbled to the front of Carl's. There, standing impatiently in a corner was Lou.

"I thought ya'd never come—did ya get the dough?"

His smile brightened as he received the two dollars. Handing Charlie the ticket, he hurried off into the crowd.

Charlie turned and eagerly stepped into the cafeteria. The warm, spicy smell of the many different foods almost made him faint. He

grabbed a tray and lading it with many pungent dishes, stepped up to the cashier. She took the ticket and looked at it, then at the old, thin, bent man standing in front of her. Softly she said "Sir, this is last year's ticket. I'm sorry but it isn't valid now. But I can sell you one for this year if—." She stopped. The old man had gently put down the heavy tray and was slowly stumbling out the door. Outside, the street lamps glittered like jewels through the swirling snow. And out in a huge park where only tramps live, a small gray squirrel nibbled at a dry red berry—and night set in.

Patti Boogar, '52

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## PARTNERS

The children's ward of the great hospital was busy as nurses hustled about preparing the tiny patients for bed. Sheets were smoothed, backs were rubbed, bandages adjusted and medicines administered, accompanied by varying sounds of shrill dislike or grunts of pleasure as capable hands rubbed away aches caused by lying in bed all day.

In a corner of the ward, eyes shining with interest at the activity going on before him, lay Joey McKinnon. He was the ward's oldest patient, not in years, but in length of stay. For six long months he had lain in bed, too weak to even sit up. Now, his strength slowly returning, he was able to lie propped up against a pillow. To him, even a small thing like that was something to be thankful for.

The sudden tap, tap of crutches, then the sound of a cheery voice at his side brought him out of his wakeful dreaminess. He turned to greet his pal, Timmy Ryan, who had just gone through his fifth leg operation. Timmy had been in the ward almost as long as Joey.

Timmy put his crutches down and seated himself on the edge of his friend's bed.

"How's it going, Joey?" he asked with a grin. "You look as though you're enjoying yourself."

"It's sort of fun to watch everybody scurrying around like this. Sort of relieves the monotony," replied Joey. "Maybe one of these days I'll be doing the same thing myself." Then his face clouded and he paused, shaking his head. "I guess I'm just kidding myself. I'm stuck here for good," he said gloomily.

Timmy reached out and gave the boy a gentle poke. "Come on, cheer up, Joey, will

you?" He looked at his friend's face anxiously. "I know it's hard luck to lie here like this day after day while guys like me can go hopping around wherever we want but you'll get there. Why, only today the doctor told me you'd be able to get into a wheel chair soon."

Joey shook his head again and gloom clouded his pale face. "He just says that to cheer me up. It doesn't look like I'll ever get up," he thought.

Timmy looked at the boy in the bed earnestly and smiled. "Look, Joey, you want to bet you'll be up soon? I know you will, and just to prove it I'm taking you into partnership."

Joey's eyes opened wide. "Partnership? What kind of partnership?"

Timmy grinned. "The newspaper business," he grinned. "You and I are going to be a couple of newspapermen. I'm going to have a stand and you can help me. We'll make a lot of money. You wait and see."

Joey's eyes glistened with excitement. "Gosh, Timmy, I guess I'll just have to get better. I wouldn't want to miss that. You really mean it, don't you?"

"Of course," said Timmy. "By that time you'll probably be able to sit up in the wheel chair. It'll be terrific and remember, we'll be partners."

"All right, boys, that's enough for tonight. Timmy, get into bed while I fix Joey's bed. The lights are going out any minute now." The nurse stood smiling before them as Timmy hopped over his bed and crawled in. Joey said nothing. He stared off into space, dreaming of the day when he and Timmy would be out of the hospital and . . . partners.

Soon the room was dark and one by one the others dropped off to sleep. The shaded light on the night nurse's desk cast the only illumination in the huge room.

It was several hours later that Joey, in the midst of a dream about a neon-lighted news stand with a chromium finish suddenly awoke. In the hall could be heard a great hubub and the excited babble of voices. In the ward, several of the children sat up in alarm and called out asking what was wrong. The nurse, with an anxious look, reassured them and told them it was nothing.

Joey, listening attentively, lay back on his pillow and turned toward Timmy as the noise in the halls grew louder.

"Hey, Timmy. Partner," he whispered, there's something wrong."

Timmy sat up and leaned toward Joey. "Don't worry, Joey, the nurse says there's nothing wrong, but if there is, don't be scared. I'll look after you."

Now the noise in the corridors became one of running, frightened people and a wild cry rang out. The scream of FIRE! FIRE!

Wisps of smoke began to creep beneath the doors leading from the ward and the children huddled in their beds, terror plucking at their hearts. The nurse, standing her ground, did everything she could to comfort them.

"They'll be here for you soon," she told them. "Just be calm. We'll all be taken to safety. Be patient."

Suddenly the door burst open and three firemen rushed into the ward, caught up as many children as they could carry under their arms and disappeared into the swirling smoke. "I guess that's all of them," grunted one of them as they ran back into the hall. "Looks like we were just in time."

But in the corner of the ward were two frightened boys. Hidden by the darkness and smoke they had gone unnoticed by the rescue crews. Even their cries for help had gone unheeded. Timmy and Joey were left alone in the empty ward.

They could hear the snapping and crackling of the flames and then smoke came pouring in through the door in great puffs. It made eyes water and throats burn. Although they both tried to be brave, their hearts began to beat faster and faster.

"Timmy, Timmy," cried Joey struggling to sit up. Excitement made his voice quiver. "Run! Run! Don't wait for me. They may not come back."

Timmy climbed out of bed and hobbled over to where Joey lay against the pillows. He leaned over the bed and pulled the boy to a sitting position.

"Quick, Joey, quick," he called hoarsely. "Put your arms around my neck and hold on tight. HURRY."

Using all the strength he could muster, Joey pulled himself up and locked his arms about his friends neck and Timmy slowly rising to his feet, balanced himself with his crutches.

"Hang on tight, Joey," he repeated. "That's right. We're ready to go."

Tap! Tap! Tap! Through the smoldering

smoke towards the doors, he made his way, Joey hanging from him, arms clasped as tightly as possible.

Outside the hospital an excited crowd watched the flames roaring through the empty rooms. From the doorway poured a constant stream of firemen, doctors, and nurses carrying those who couldn't walk and aiding those who could. The scene, illuminated by the flames, had the appearance of a horrible nightmare.

"Are they all out?" anxiously inquired one of the directors of the hospital, who had rushed to the fire from his home.

A weary battalion chief mopped his brow and nodded his head in the affirmative, "There's no one left in the rooms. We've got them all out, according to my reports," he said.

He was interrupted by a frantic nurse, the one in charge of the children's ward. "NO, not all," she half-gasped. "There are still two children in the lower ward. Somehow they were overlooked. They haven't come out yet, I'm sure of it."

The chief moaned, "It's too late now. The flames have cut them off."

"We must save them, we must," cried the hospital director. "Can't something be done?"

"I don't thing so," came the reply, "But we'll have a crack at it anyway."

As the firemen started back to the flaming building, word spread through the crowd that there were still two children in the structure, and a groan of horror went up as the tongues of flame began to shoot out the windows.

Now the crowd stared with fascination as desperate firemen sought to beat back the blaze and gain entrance to the building.

Then, through the confusion of noises, came the sound of two tapping crutches on the hot marble floor. And as they watched, two figures emerged from the red glare that filled the doorway. A moment later Timmy staggered from the entrance with Joey clinging to his back.

Much later he opened his eyes to find a kind face looking down at him.

"Where's Joey?" he whispered hoarsely. "Where's Joey?"

The kind face reassured him. "Quite safe."

Timmy turned over in his bed with a sigh of content. "Me and Joey are partners," he whispered and then, exhausted, drifted off to sleep. Hours later he awoke to find Joey safe and sound in bed.

"You know, Timmy," said Joey, "I'm going to

get well now. I have to. A fellow can't disappoint his partner, can he?"

Paul Chapman, '53

## THE DOG IN THE FIELD

James plodded slowly from the grove of trees that bordered one of his fields. His thick eyebrows were lowering; his face was ominously darkened by a thick beard. He was angry. The hunting bag, slung limply over his broad back, told the story.

A slight movement far in the middle of the field caught his attention. He clutched his gun. A wiry brown dog bounded out from behind a clump of dead grass, but stopped when he saw James. James called to the dog gruffly. The animal raised his little face but ignored the summons. This disobedience kindled the fire of hate and resentment within James. After the third time he had called with no result, James raised the gun to his shoulder and took careful aim. He wouldn't miss . . . and he didn't. The little terrier sprang into the cold air, yowled piteously then dropped writhing to the ground. The echo of the shot still sounded in James' ears when he reached the still form. Without stopping, he kicked the small body and moved on in the direction of the house.

A snake of smoke curled and writhed out of the chimney. James' face grew taut and cruel once more. A picture flashed before him . . . of Nellie . . . his wife. There she would be, in the kitchen, cooking and baking. Naturally apple pie and beans for supper. Always! Always apple pie and beans on Saturday. He thought how he hated beans and pie. He wished he could hurt her . . . well, he had. He had killed HER dog! And he was very pleased with himself. He knew she would nag and scream at him for killing her pet, but the dog had run off from him while he was hunting . . . no dog was going to get away with that.

"No mutt of mine EVER would, with me!" he muttered.

James stomped irately up the back steps. The door opened before he reached it. Nellie stood before him, white with rage.

"You killed my dog," she screamed suddenly. Her voice penetrated and froze his blood. The shrill cry rang and rang in his head until she broke the silence.

"I SAW you KILL my dog . . . WHY?"

WHY? You evil, evil brute! . . . OHH! I, I, you cruel . . . evil, cruel, mean, inhuman BEAST," she shrilled.

James looked at Nellie. Shallow face; the mole on her neck that sprouted three black hairs, dark and ugly. Hollow black eyes, stringy, wispy, black hair. The thin patched dress, six years old, was covered by her dirty, torn apron, spotted and dusted with flour. Her hands were wet, red and rough. A smudge of flour smooched her bony cheek.

She began to yell at him again. Yelling, screaming, shrieking. Her small form stood defiantly before him. James clutched his gun. She backed away as he raised it threateningly.

"You wouldn't dare touch me, James—you wouldn't dare!" she screeched.

He raised the heavy weapon and struck Nellie. He just meant to hurt her, but the ice had broken. Twenty-five years of heavy toil and labor on the farm urged him on. He struck blindly at her crumpled form at his feet. Pounding, hacking, crushing, beating until his strength was spent.

His hands were numb and cold, sticky with his wife's blood.

His legs were weak, the blood hammered in his head and made him reel.

"Taught that dog not to run away from me—killed them both, always nagging—better close door—cold out—should get wood—the body!"

James tripped over Nellie's body. He cast a frightened glance at his feet. "Get rid of it—must. Where? Always nagging—I fixed her—must bury her—ground is too frozen—burn? No—smell. Hide? No, bury—chop hole—" he mumbled. "Yes, dig hole, dig hole, dig a hole, bury Nellie, can't let it be known; tell friends she's gone. Gone where? Gone, gone, gone away. Yes—away. Where?"

The odor of baking pie stopped him from thinking of Nellie. Wisps of smoke puffed and curled from the oven. Her pie was burning. He clomped heavily to the stove and opened the oven door. He burned his hand on the hot iron and backed away in pain. Laughter made him stop and look about. He started as he saw Nellie's faded form standing beside the stove with a pot holder in her hand. She was laughing, laughing; a high mocking laugh. She waved the holder at him, he felt the rush of cool air and turned his head.

The door was open. He hurriedly went to close it, then cautiously turned around. Nellie

was not there any more. "That pie," he muttered, "it's smoking a lot, it's burnt. Must be taken out. Yes, but where are the potholders? Where does she keep them? Ah, here. Here they are."

He shielded his eyes from the blast of heat and smoke from the dark cubicle. James pulled the sizzling remains of the pastry out and threw it in the garbage box, then turned to tend to his injured hand.

The sun was setting. It was a cold, purple, grey and pink streaked sky. The wind howled and the bobbing shadow of a tree moved on the window pane.

His eyes undulated with the movement. Up and down, up and down. A noise distracted his attention. He looked about quickly. A dark shadow whisked by the doorway. "Playing jokes, you witch, playing jokes on me. Oh, no, you won't. I'll bury you quickly, right now, right away. Where's my shovel? Here, in the doorway—blasted broom—in the way, just like her—in the way—nagging always, telling me, asking, begging, demanding, getting in the way. Yes, Jim boy, you showed her—you showed her!"

James lit the lamp in the small entry-way. Nellie looked small, insignificant, defeated—lying in a beaten, mutilated hump. James gingerly pulled Nellie by her drenched, stained dress down the rickety stairs and out across the yard. The wind whipped about him as he trudged toward the orchard. The light of the newly risen moon lent an eerie aspect to the frozen ground. James hacked and chopped away at the grave for her.

Hours later James shuffled slowly back to the house. The moon was waning. He trudged into the still house and fell on the sofa and slept.

Three nights later James sat in front of the range with his feet on the table. For thirteen years he hadn't put his feet on this table without Nellie yapping at him. He felt uneasy somehow. The wind screeched around the house, building up around it a wall of ice and coldness to keep the hate, jealousy, ugliness and evil within from poisoning the clean fallen snow and the peaceful, sleeping countryside.

The murder dwelt in James constantly and he often thought of the dog—her dog . . . . .

This night he absently flipped slowly through an old magazine. A scratching came from the door. James jumped up. He clutched the seat

of his chair. That was no mistake. He heard that scratch. It WAS that dog.

James walked slowly to the door and listened. A plaintive whining was audible. He locked the door and shoved a chair under the latch.

Next morning he hesitated before the door. Through the diamond shaped window he could see the cold grey outside. He stepped out with the axe to get wood. The axe fell from his hands. His steps faltered. Around the door steps were the tracks of a small dog. They led off into the field. James rubbed his eyes incredulously. "What's this? Dog tracks? Nellie's dog? But he's dead, out in that field—yes, out in that field." James gathered a large armful of wood and half ran, half walked back to the seclusion of the house. All day long he fed his tormented mind with half-remembered tales of horror, of the prints, and the body. In the afternoon he slept fitfully beside the stove. It was deathly silent. There was no wind and no noise.

James woke suddenly remembering that he hadn't fed his cow and two horses all day. He dreaded the idea of walking out across the yard under such a bright moon. Someone might see him, but his sense of duty urged him remorselessly on—to take water and food to his live stock.

Later James wearily trudged back again, heavily laden with a pail of milk, eggs, and some apples. He halted. A little figure was perched on the stoop of the door. He saw it move, then dart away. James readjusted his load and went on slowly. He finally reached the steps. As he mounted them, a howl froze him. He dropped his load which spilled and clattered down the stairs. Out on the path he had just made, the silhouette of a little dog contrasted with the deathly white of the snow, head lifted in a mournful wowl. James ran inside the house and locked the door. He cringed in the flickering light beside the range. Nellie walked into the kitchen, stopped, and cast a haughty glance at him, then laughed.

He threw the lid handle at her. A splintering crash echoed back and forth. He did not want to look up. All night long he sat with his head in his hands. When the sun rose the next morning, he wearily, slowly, dared to look up. The kitchen window was broken. "How did that happen? Oh! Stupid of me. She really wasn't there—of course not—mustn't let my imagination run away with me," he said aloud.

"Must not let anything like that happen. It's all over with — done — mustn't — can't — won't."

He fixed the window with cardboard, then went out to fetch wood. He stepped on the frozen trail of milk and broken eggs—fell with a crunching thud down the icy stairs. He rose, cursing, and on the way back with an extra large armload of logs, he fell again. He painfully got up. He had hurt his arm. When he turned to pick up his wood, he saw fresh dog prints.

Panic blanched his face. "But that dog, he's dead, I killed him—he can't be alive. Just my imagination. She's playing tricks on me—silly of me to imagine such foolish things." His arm throbbed with pain.

As he was going in the door a cheery "Hello!" stopped him. Down on the road that lead into town one of the neighboring farmers had stopped his sleigh, and was waving and calling to him. James made out the words, "church tomorrow." Without answering he ran back into the house, and stood in the entryway, watching. Through the small window he saw the farmer hesitate as if undecided, then drive off.

James' heart pounded and his head throbbed with fear. "Tomorrow—**church**? That meant today was Saturday. Saturday? Impossible—a whole week had passed. Nellie had been dead for a week—one long week. Tomorrow was Sunday! Sunday. Nellie used to go to church—church—who wants to go to church? I can't . . . They'd know. Tomorrow they'll stop and see why we didn't go last week . . ."

James sank wearily into a chair. His head spun and whirled—around and around. Dogs—pallid, thin women—snow, churches, blood, sleighs, guns, dogs, pies, lid handles blurred together before his eyes. He slumped over and slept.

A whining and scratching at the door woke him suddenly. The pain in his arm dulled his senses. "Must let the dog in. Dog? What dog?" James looked about him. He got up and groped on the wall for the lamp. His eyes dilated with horror. Nellie stood watching him with a cruel smirk on her face. She walked by him and into the parlor. He didn't think she even bothered to open the door but he didn't want to look. A persistent **scratch, scratch** sounded clearly and distinctly, but this time it

wasn't at the door. It was closer. It seemed in the room.

James lifted the lamp from the wall and gingerly searched the corners of the parlor. Nothing but dust, under the sofa and a lost spool of thread.

The lamp grew dim. The rasping kept on, punctuated with intermittent yelps and whines. The kitchen! It seemed to be in the kitchen. He walked straight to the stove and stopped. In the eerie wavering glow James saw a small quizzical face peering in the window. A little paw lifted and scratched at the window casing.

James picked up a poker and started to run toward the window. He crashed into a chair and fell, striking his head on the table. The lamp dropped and crashed on the floor.

James moaned and twisted. Everything seemed bright and warm. "Summer? Sunday, perhaps . . . Sundays were always warm and light . . . hot—very hot—"

The next morning dawned bright and much warmer. The McKenzies jogged along the slushy road on their way to church. A little brown dog ran up to them, barking . . .

"Stop, Tom," Amy McKenzie said. "Isn't that Jim and Nellie's dog? He looks a lot like our Teddy."

"Yeah. He's been around a lot. Seems to like the Holton's collie pretty well. C'm'ere, little fella!" Tom picked the dog up. He whined and lapped his face.

"It's amazing how much he looks like our Teddy, isn't it? I wish I knew where Teddy is. The Holtons say he hasn't been around their place at all."

"Yeah, he does look exactly like Teddy. Why shouldn't he, bein' off the same litter—?"

Amy cuddled the little dog in her arms. "Yes, you're the image of our Teddy," she crooned. "Wish you'd tell me where he is . . ."

She was interrupted by a shout from Tom. "Look, Amy—For God's sake, look!"

He stopped the wagon and they both stared in horror at the smoldering ruins of the house.

"Oh, Tom!" Amy wailed. "What'll we do? Where are Jim and Nellie? Oh, Tom—oh, Tom—! Where would they be?"

Tom ran up to the ruins and investigated. He discovered the charred remains of James' body, then turned and walked slowly down the path, back to the wagon.

"I seen him," said Tom, "but not her. We better get into town and report this." He started the horse. The little dog turned his head and looked back at the house. He crawled into Amy's lap and settled down, whimpering. "Yes, yes—you do look like my Teddy," she said sadly. "And you needn't worry—I'll keep you now. You haven't got a home any more. Just like my little Teddy."

As they disappeared around the bend toward town, a single wisp of smoke curled its way upward from the charred remains of the farmhouse.

Martha Malicoat

### THE LITTLE PAPER BOY

It was a very cold and blustery winter day. The wind was howling, and at one corner stood a very small, ragged looking boy. In his hand he held some newspapers which he kept shifting from one side to the other. There were no gloves on his hands and his jacket was patched and torn. Even his shoes were torn through at the soles. The wind was chill as he turned his back to it. It seemed as if the wind wanted to snatch him up and squeeze the breath from him. No one stopped to buy a paper. He started to sing a song of his own trying to forget the bitter cold. The song went something like this:

"Please buy a paper from me,  
Please, Please, Please!"

People continued to pass him by and he thought, "Why is life so unkind to me?" Tall smoke covered buildings seemed to peer at him as if they were mocking him. He shivered and sat down on a box. The wind began to blow harder than ever, and it began to snow. He got up from the rickety old box and went around the corner. No one saw him again that day, but the next morning at the corner where he had stood so many times before, was a limp figure lying in the snow. It was a little paper boy. Even as he lay there the wind howling through the buildings, seemed to be repeating his song:

"Please buy a paper from me,  
It is very cold as you can see!"

The snow continued to fall on the boy—tired and weak with hunger—while he waited for God or another friend who would help him from his troubles.

Constance Pavao, 8A



# SENIORS



## SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

First Row—Lillian Cabral, President; Melvyn Enos, Vice President  
Second Row—Diane Passion, Treasurer; Mr. Arthur P. Malchman, Advisor; Veronica Alves, Secretary



VERONICA ALVES

Hobby: Being with ??  
Pet Peeve: Cracking knuckles  
Ambition: To always keep a threesome  
Beneath her wild upheaval a constant heart  
is beating.



LORRAINE ARESTA

Hobby: Reading and Music  
Pet Peeve: Back-slappers  
Ambition: To be happy and successful  
A sweet, calm girl, with eyes of earnest ray,  
and olive cheek, at each emotion glowing.



PAULA BENT

Hobby: Ballet and Knitting for Mylan  
Pet Peeve: Driving with a pillow  
Ambition: A Ballerina or a successful house-  
wife  
Flushed with the beautiful motion of the  
dance.



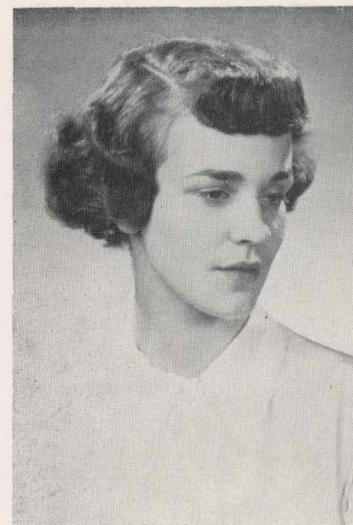
JOAN BROWN

Hobby: "George"  
Pet Peeve: Crooked pictures  
Ambition: To be a good nurse  
Her voice was ever soft, gentle, and low,—  
an excellent thing in woman.



LILLIAN CABRAL

Hobby: Sports  
Pet Peeve: People who don't voice their own  
opinions  
I cannot be content with less than heaven.  
(ED's note—Maybe that explains her  
moods)



RUBY CABRAL

Hobby: Literature, Ballet, Dating  
Pet Peeve: False Modesty  
Ambition: To Live, Love and be Happy  
That I should love a bright particular star  
and think to wed it.



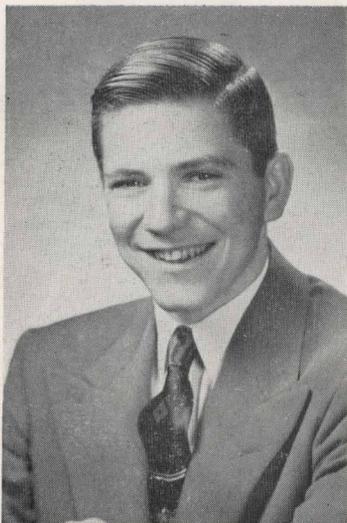
## JOAN CHRISTOPHER

Hobby: Waiting for J. W.  
 Pet Peeve: Gossips  
 Ambition: To have one  
 Her blue eyes wait and watch the sea in  
 patience.



## KENNETH ENOS

Hobby: Drawing  
 Pet Peeve: English, Rm. 7  
 Ambition: A career in the Service  
 High erected thoughts seated in the heart of  
 courtesy.



## MELVYN ENOS

Hobby: Watching T. V.  
 Pet Peeve: Untied shoes  
 Ambition: To be a great success  
 His right eye was a good little eye,  
 But his left eye loved to roam.



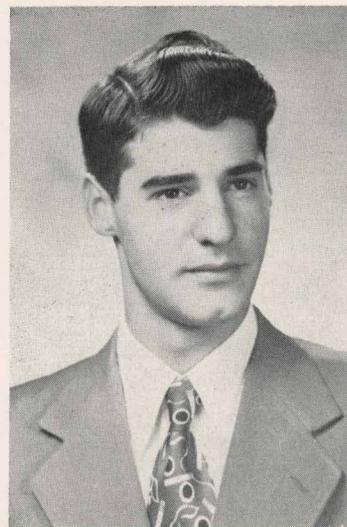
## MARY LOUISE FERREIRA

Hobby: Sports and Music  
 Pet Peeve: Moody People  
 Ambition: To be successful  
 In small proportions we just beauties see,  
 And in short measures life may perfect be.



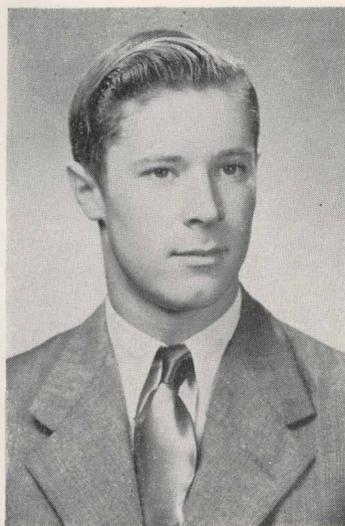
## BARBARA FROST

Hobby: Rifle Practice  
 Pet Peeve: Gum-snappers  
 Ambition: To be happy  
 Her thoughts are as still  
 As the waters under a ruined mill.



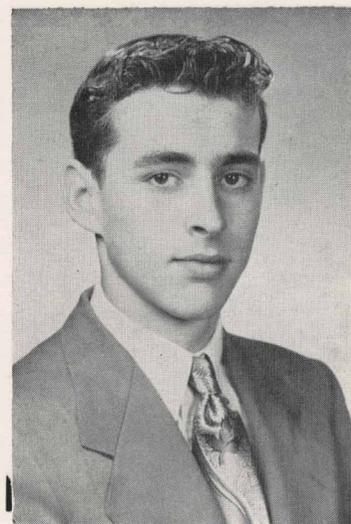
## VINCENT HENRIQUE

Hobby: Eating  
 Pet Peeve: Conceited women  
 Ambition: To die of old age  
 I'm sure care is an enemy to life.



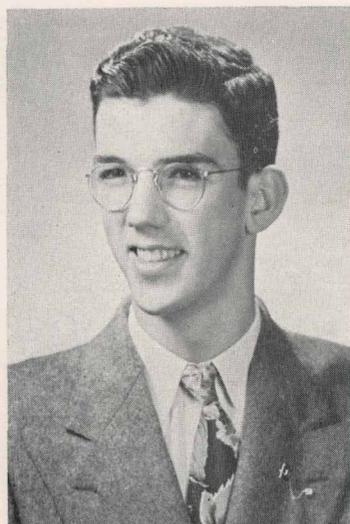
THOMAS HOLWAY

Hobby: Baseball  
Pet Peeve: Being so far from Somerset  
Ambition: To be a Jet Plane Pilot  
Silence is a true friend who never betrays.



JOHN JASON

Hobby: Sports  
Pet Peeve: English, Rm. 7  
Ambition: Mechanic  
The web of life is of a mingled yarn,  
good and ill together.



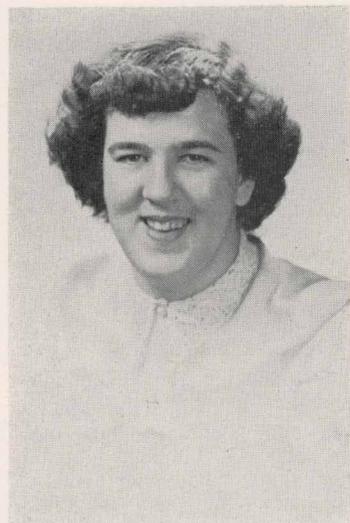
JOHN KELLY

Hobby: Danger  
Pet Peeve: The thing in Room 11  
Ambition: To know something about myself  
that Peter Morris doesn't  
Nothing will make me feel good  
But the sun-baked fields  
And the dense dank wood



CAROL LEE

Hobby: Dancing  
Pet Peeve: Being disappointed  
Ambition: To be satisfied  
Oh, Love's but a dance,  
Where time plays the fiddle!



DELORES LEMA

Hobby: Knitting, Collecting Earrings  
Pet Peeve: English IV  
Ambition: To visit Portugal  
As merry as the day is long!



MARY LEMA

Hobby: Listening to the record "Abba  
Dabba"!  
Pet Peeve: People who aren't understanding  
Ambition: To be happy and successful in  
everything I do  
Heart on her Lips, and Soul within her eyes,  
Soft as her Clime, and sunny as her Skies.



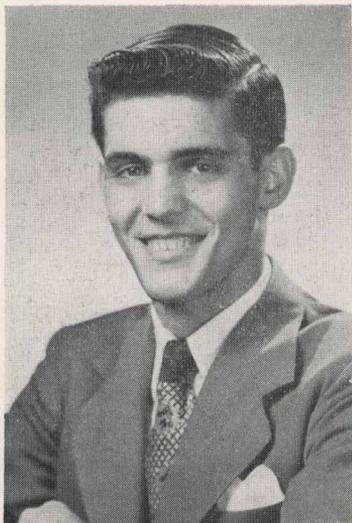
AGNES MATENOS

Hobby: Art, Loafing  
 Pet Peeve: Men who part their hair in the middle  
 Ambition: To be completely independent  
 Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep.



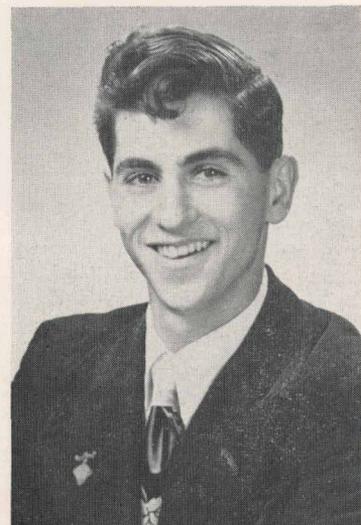
HELEN MARTIN

Hobby: Dancing  
 Pet Peeve: School  
 Ambition: To leave P'town  
 She is a woman, therefore to be woo'd;  
 She is a woman, therefore to be won.



JAMES MEADS

Hobby: Hunting, Fishing, Athletics  
 Pet Peeve: Gullible women  
 Ambition: U. S. Navy  
 And a woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a smoke.



RICHARD MEDEIROS

Hobby: M. R. S.  
 Pet Peeve: It's a secret  
 Ambition: Mechanic  
 My love is like a red, red rose.



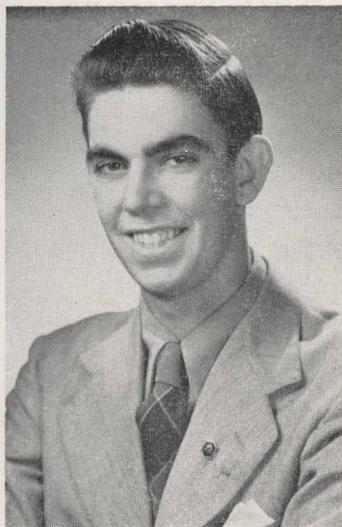
GEORGE MILLER

Hobby: Speed  
 Pet Peeve: Lack of Excitement  
 Ambition: More Speed  
 The great man is he who does not lose his child's heart.



JOYCE MORRIS

Hobby: Being with a certain party  
 Pet Peeve: Old Selfish People  
 Ambition: To live a very happy life with that party  
 The hand that hath made you fair hath made you good.



NEIL NELSON

Hobby: Sports  
Pet Peeve: Shy girls  
Ambition: To join the Marines  
See how she leans her cheek upon her hand;  
O, that I were a glove upon that hand  
That I might touch that cheek.



DIANE PASSION

Hobby: Enjoying life with a certain party  
Pet Peeve: Inconsiderate people  
Ambition: To make up my mind  
Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale her  
infinite variety.



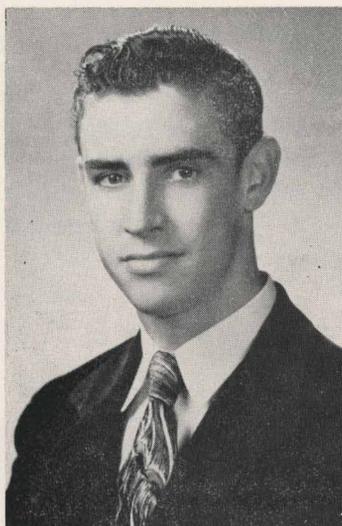
ANN PERRY

Hobby: Photography, Driving  
Pet Peeve: People who are always right  
Ambition: To live up to expectations  
They are never alone who are accompanied  
with noble thoughts.



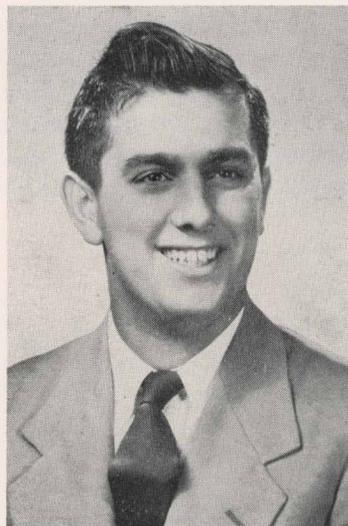
PATRICIA PERRY

Hobby: Swimming, Dancing, Art  
Pet Peeve: Kids who block traffic in the  
corridors  
Ambition: To find complete happiness in a  
cottage by the sea  
I feel within me  
A place above all earthly dignities  
A still and quiet conscience.



GEORGE ROSS

Hobby: Handicraft and Sports  
Pet Peeve: Getting up early  
Ambition: To own a convertible car  
My strength is as the strength of ten because  
my heart is pure.



ROBERT SOUZA

Hobby: Sports  
Pet Peeve: English, Rm. 7  
Ambition: To play Big League Baseball  
Whate'er we're told, the noblest gold,  
Is truth of heart and honest dealing.



## SHIRLEY SOUZA

Hobby: A Graduate of '49  
 Pet Peeve: People who are jealous of others'  
 good fortunes  
 Ambition: To be happy, and to live to see  
 the year 2000  
 Not every head can wear the crown  
 That the hands of love bestow.

## BEVERLY SYLVIA

Hobby: Collecting Pins  
 Pet Peeve: Room 11  
 Ambition: To become a Nurse  
 I'd rather lean upon a breast  
 Responsive to my own,  
 Than sit pavilioned gorgeously  
 Upon a kingly throne.



## GLADYS TARVIS

Hobby: Sports, Knitting, Cooking,  
 Reading  
 Pet Peeve: A certain party with initials  
 C. M.  
 Ambition: To live a long and happy life  
 with Joe  
 A few can touch the magic string  
 And noisy fame is proud to win them:  
 Alas for those that never sing  
 But die with all their music in them.

## RONALD WHITE

Hobby: Hunting  
 Pet Peeve: English, Rm. 7  
 Ambition: To be an Electrician  
 Oh, Love is fair, and love is rare,  
 But love goes over lightly.



## FRANCIS CARLOS

Hobby: Flying  
 Pet Peeve: English, Rm. 7  
 Ambition: To be a Pilot  
 Life is just a bowl of cherries.

## PETER MORRIS

Hobby: Danger  
 Pet Peeve: Girls who think they are, but  
 aren't, and never could be  
 Ambition: To know something about myself  
 that Jack Kelly doesn't  
 When I was two-less-twenty  
 I heard a wise man say,  
 "Give crowns and pounds and guineas  
 But not your heart away".

## CLASS HISTORY

The happiest years of our school life began September, 1947, when we entered our Freshman year. To us high school was then a novelty, and we were filled with many bright and ambitious plans for the four years ahead. Unfortunately, we were considered extremely immature and inexperienced by the faculty and were forced to postpone all these preparations until the following year when we should be a bit more "grown-up".

However, we were given a very hearty welcome by the Senior Class of '48, who sponsored a Freshman Reception for our benefit.

We also held our first class meeting. Generally speaking, disorder ruled, but we somehow managed to elect the following:—

President	George Miller
Vice-President	Melvyn Enos
Secretary	Veronica Alves
Treasurer	Mary Ferreira

Mr. McGrath was appointed as our class advisor, and after much serious debating we established the huge sum of 25c per month for class dues.

We began our Sophomore year with the anticipation of our first social activity—a dance in April. This affair, which we thoughtfully named the "Sophomore Special", certainly lived up to its title. The outcome was a small fortune which paved the way to our future goal, The New York Trip.

Class officers this year were:—

President	Mary Ferreira
Vice-President	Melvyn Enos
Secretary	Veronica Alves
Treasurer	Diane Passion

As class advisor we chose Miss DeRiggs.

Our Junior year proved one of varied activity. It started with one the greatest flops, both financially and socially, that the students of P.H.S. have ever known—our Hallowe'en Dance. Imagine, we didn't even clear our expenses!

Then, as if that wasn't enough for one year, the much-dreaded Junior declamations rolled in with the Ides of March. Surprisingly enough, we all survived the ordeal. Finalists were Ruby Cabral, Lillian Cabral, Joan Brown, Diane Passion, Gladys Tarvis, Lorraine Meads, and Paula Bent, who all did an excellent job.

Afterwards we could well afford to relax and enjoy approaching events—the Junior and Senior Proms. They both turned out to be gala affairs, thus bringing our Junior year to a close with pleasant memories.

Last year we elected:—

President	George Miller
Vice-President	Melvyn Enos
Secretary	Veronica Alves
Treasurer	Diane Passion
Class Advisor	Mr. Dahill

This, our Senior year, has been the busiest. Each day was spent in some money-making scheme to insure our class trip. We have sponsored many activities, all of which have been great financial successes. Among the outstanding were a chicken pie supper, which was said to be one of the best and most orderly affairs ever held, and our class play, which proved to be an exciting new experience for all who participated. Other prominent events were the Freshman Reception, Twirp Dance, and two cake sales, all of which have insured our trip to New York this April.

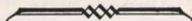
This year's officers are:—

President	Lillian Cabral
Vice-President	Melvyn Enos
Secretary	Veronica Alves
Treasurer	Diane Passion
Class Advisor	Mr. Malchman

Most of us have enjoyed high school, but this final year has really been the nicest of them all. Ever since our Freshman days, we have looked forward eagerly to graduation, but now that it approaches, our attitude is somewhat changed as we sadly wish that the end was not quite so near.

**SENIOR SUPERLATIVES**

Best dressed girl	Diane Passion	Class pet	George Miller
Best dressed boy	Vincent Henrique	Most conceited boy	Vincent Henrique
Best girl dancer	Carol Lee	Most conceited girl	Joan Brown
Best boy dancer	Richard Medeiros	Class flirt	Mary Lema
Girl athlete	Gladys Tarvis	Biggest drag with the faculty	Lillian Cabral
Boy athlete	James Meads	Personality plus	Joan Christopher
Class actor	George Ross	First to have a bay window	Robert Souza
Class actress	Ruby Cabral	First to be married	Shirley Souza
Most bashful boy	Thompson Holway	Class pest	Neil Nelson
Class artist	Agnes Matenos	Most popular girl	Joan Christopher
Best girl student	Lillian Cabral	Best disposition	Delores Lema
Best boy student	John Kelly	Most versatile	George Miller
Girl with the best figure	Patricia Perry	Perfect lover	James Meads
Boy with the best physique	James Meads	Class songstress	Mary Ferreira
Girl most likely to succeed	Lillian Cabral	Most talkative	Carol Lee
Boy most likely to succeed	George Ross	Most reserved	Barbara Frost
Class acrobat	Paula Bent	Favorite teacher	Mr. Malchman
Wittiest	George Miller	Laziest	Carol Lee
Most dignified	Ruby Cabral	Man-hater	Patricia Perry
Class baby	Melvyn Enos	Woman-hater	Peter Morris
Done most for class	Lillian Cabral	Million-dollar smile	Ronald White
Most attractive girl	Ruby Cabral	Class typist	Delores Lema
Handsomest boy	Richard Medeiros		

**FREE VERSE**

A hillside gathers moss and there  
 She clings  
 With gentleness and green  
 Not wanting a mountain  
 So satisfied is she.  
 An emerald fastened to a golden mound  
 Unseen by the Hoe of Time  
 Just silence—silence, soft green silence.

Ruby Cabral, '51

My heart cries out within me—  
 It groans and twists and strains  
 To break the bonds that hold it fastened to the  
 flesh;  
 For it longs to soar o'er the shifting sands of  
 endless dunes,  
 To roll and crash with the roaring ocean.  
 But I cannot flee, for I am the prisoner of my  
 body.

Agnes Matenos, '51

My soul was as white as a fish's belly—  
 Shedding salty water sins like a duck.  
 Now it lies there on the sand  
 For all the winds to peck and flies to eat.  
 Take a rock; crush and empty it  
 That all its ghastly contents will gurgle  
 Into the frenzy of the sea.  
 I am free!

Ruby Cabral, '51



# UNDERGRADS



JUNIOR CLASS

## THE JUNIORS

This year the Juniors had the privilege of selling refreshments at the football and basketball games. It was a good season and we made good profits.

Then on November 3rd, 1950 the Class of '52 presented "The Harvest Dance". This was considered to be one of the most successful dances this year. The gym was decorated with brown, green, and yellow streamers; balloons, and scarecrows; corn, pumpkins, and fall leaves. Much fun was had by all while dancing all kinds of novelty numbers; music on records and by the Hepcats.

Months before May 11th, plans were being made for the Annual Junior Prom. The theme was Snow White with the class colors green and white. Scarcely a junior was without some task such as painting dwarfs, apples, flowers, birds or skunks for the decorations. Chairman of the decoration committee, Phyllis Packett, with Phyllis White, Lorelee Drake and Martha Malicoat made a huge back drop of trees and a

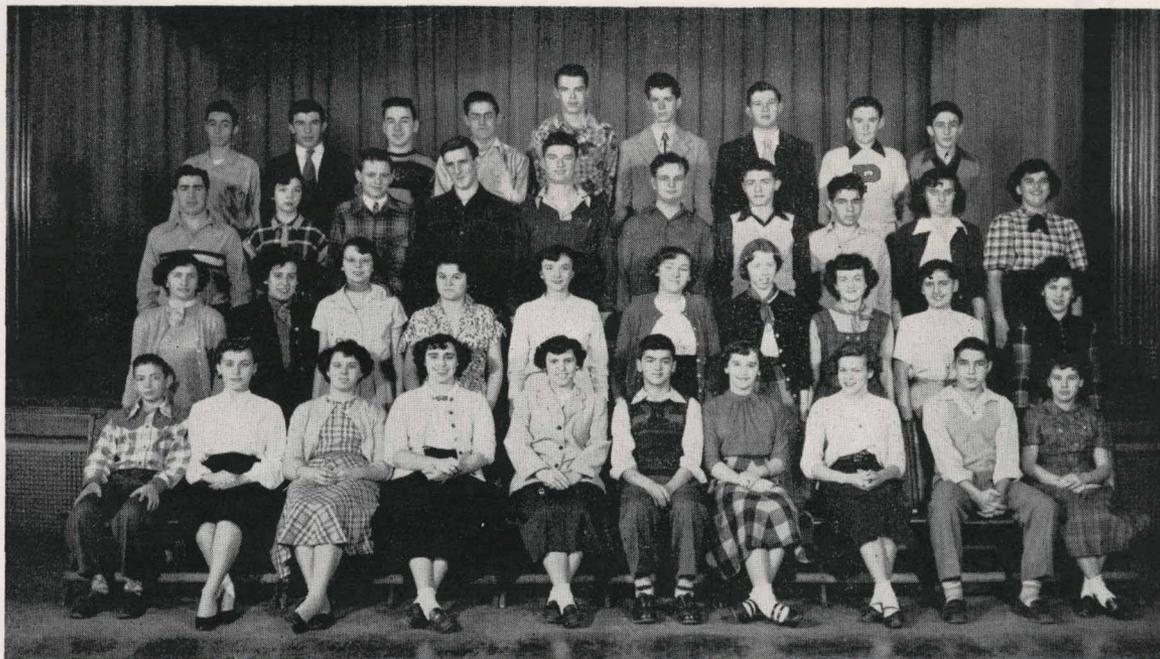
mountain topped by the "Wilitus" castle for the Town Hall stage.

Naturally it rained during the night of the prom. But this didn't seem to discourage many for there was a large crowd dancing to music by Manny Silva's Top Hatters.

Right now a few (un) lucky juniors are trying (vainly?) to memorize a declamation for the grand finals on May 25th. These happy people are:

Phyllis Packett	"The Waltz"
Eileen Passion	"Ma at the P. T. A."
Lorelee Drake	"The Young King"
Patti Boogar	"Anthony's Speech from Julius Caesar"

Mylan Costa	"The Undelivered Letter"
Phyllis White	"United We Stand"
Roland Salvador	"Come Clean"
Ann Silvia	"The Littlest Angel"
Harriet Paine	"Problems of the South"
Martha Malicoat	"The Mad Man"



SOPHOMORE CLASS

## THE SOPHOMORES

Early in September, the busy Sophomore Class of Provincetown High School convened for their first class meeting, called primarily for the purpose of electing officers. The officers chosen for the year included:—

President	Paul Cook
Vice-President	Yvonne Roderick
Secretary	Elaine K. Ferreira
Treasurer	Marguerite Meads

Miss Kathleen J. Medeiros was chosen Class Advisor.

Shortly afterwards, the Sophs again met, this time to begin plans for a combination cake sale and raffle. Mrs. Marian Bent made a large, handsome rug which she generously donated to the class. On November 18, at Robinson's Store, the event took place. The affair proved to be a gigantic success, netting nearly \$200.00,

by far the largest amount made on any such event for a good many years.

Various class meetings took place, to discuss other business during the remainder of the year, until the entire class again met to begin plans for an amateur show to take place in February. Rehearsals immediately began and on February 6, the "Sophomore Follies" was presented to the Catholic Daughters of America, at their annual banquet. The show went off splendidly, and for days afterwards the "Daughters" were still raving about the "Follies". The same show was put on as an assembly the following Friday at the high school. Again the show met with great favor from the students and guests.

We hope that the remainder of the year will prove as happy and profitable for the Sophomores.



FRESHMAN CLASS

## *FRESHMAN ACTIVITIES*

Since this is the first of the four high school years for the Freshmen, as usual, they are not allowed to initiate any activities. These 9th graders devote much of their time to being students rather than social butterflies. They gaze with envy at the more frivolous upper-classmen who flit hither and yon on the dance floor while they trudge about with great piles of books that are heavy enough to make them round-shouldered. Thus, the Freshmen attend dances given by Juniors and Seniors for their fun, waiting anxiously until they will be able to have their own entertainment. Wait until they have assimilated all this knowledge that the upper-grade intellectuals seem to have acquired.

### **Freshman Reception**

Weeks before the big night, the Freshmen students began to discuss their first important event—the Freshman Reception. Everyone was

worrying about clothes, and of course who would be the partner.

Finally on September 20th, the gymnasium was decorated with comic book covers on the walls! The Seniors were ready to share a dull evening with a “bunch of youngsters” while many parents proudly looked at their little ones, who not long ago had shown them their first report cards. The grand march began at nine o'clock and it was carried out beautifully. Recorded music was provided by well-known orchestras, and spotlight dancing was a feature of the evening. As usual, the lasses outnumbered the lads. Thus most of the girls sat quietly praying that eventually they would be asked to take a few steps on the floor before the evening could end.

During the intermission tasty refreshments were served by the Seniors. The dance ended at eleven and a gay time was had by all (including the 12th graders).



JUNIOR HIGH CLASSES

## *JUNIOR HIGH*

Junior High, besides its academic importance, serves to introduce each grade-school pupil to the high school way of life. The young students at first seem a bit bewildered by the whole process, but gradually the strangeness wears off, and they too, accept the six-year routine.

Junior High subjects are carefully planned to give each pupil a well-balanced background for his later high school course. Pupils take the usual subjects, such as English, Mathematics, General Science, Geography, History, etc., plus a few extras like Penmanship, Art, Household Arts, and Woodworking. A few have already demonstrated skill and talent by winning art prizes in contests sponsored by the Nautilus Club and the American Legion.

Right now, all the young pupils are industriously working on projects to be shown during Open-house, an event next June at which each parent will have the opportunity of inspecting his child's school environment. Special features will be colorful student displays of geometric designs in Math class, and diagrams of natural life in the General Science room.

The eighth graders, who are by this time veterans of Junior High life, are now being allowed to select their High School courses. They must choose carefully, for the next four years will probably be the most important in molding them into future citizens and equipping them to plan their life's work wisely.



# ACTIVITIES



## SENIOR PLAY CAST

First Row—Joan Brown, Lillian Cabral, George Ross, Vincent Henrique, Veronica Alves  
Second Row—Paul Cook, Diane Passion, Joan Christopher, Mary Lou Ferreira, Melyvn Enos,  
Mr. Gregory FitzGerald, Director

Third Row—Ronald White, George Miller, James Meads, John Kelly, Kenneth Enos, Thompson Holway

## SENIOR PLAY

On December 11 and 12, two responsive audiences were treated to a first rate production of John Nash's "They Gave Him a Co-ed", put on in fine style by the Senior Class of 1951.

Starring were George Ross and Ruby Cabral as Dean Brown and Gloria Manson, respectively, who frequently "brought the house down" with the witty lines in their humorous love scenes.

Taking next honors were Vinny Henrique as Gary Blaine and Lillian Cabral as Una Scanlon, that feudin' member of the Scanlon fold.

The scene takes place at Cold Canyon College, a typical institute of higher learning. The plot concerns the topic of the day, the new dean, Charles Bradley Brown, played admirably

by George Miller, whose arrival is momentarily expected. Up pops a new student, Dean Brown, a hillbilly, unmindful of his educational shortcomings, but frank and breezy as a youth can be. His name electrifies the group of students and then the fun begins. Dean Brown, mistaken for the real dean, is showered with numerous offerings including an office, a large salary and a pretty secretary, portrayed by Ruby Cabral, who is kept in constant turmoil because of the boyish actions of her so-called boss.

Then, lo and behold, the real dean arrives, but is thought by the unknowing students, to be an escaped lunatic who only that day had run away from the Cold Canyon Asylum.

Then another screwball by the name of Roland Graves, played by Paul Cook, shows up and has all the young co-eds pose on the sofa.



#### STUDENT COUNCIL

First Row—Mr. David J. Murphy, Advisor; Joan Kenny, Robert Malaquias, Vincent Henrique, Barbara Frost, Josephine Marshall

Second Row—Paul Chapman, George Gaspa, Clifford Taylor, Robert Welsh, David Hautenen

Soon after, the real lunatic, played hilariously by John Kelley, shows up, and is immediately apprehended by the students.

Rounding out a well chosen cast were Joan Christopher, Diane Passion, Lorraine Aresta, Veronica Alves, and Mary Louise Ferreira, as Emily Wayne, Marge Thornhill, Ione Babson, Mabel Reese and Beth Hanson respectively, all pretty co-eds of the college.

Also Melvyn Enos, Kenneth Enos, and Roland White as Chuck Rhoades, Dal Thomas and Herb Grant respectively, playing young college students.

And last but not least were Joan Brown as the registrar and James Meads as a young men "just sittin' around".

This production was directed by Mr. Gregory FitzGerald and scenery was in charge of Mr. Richard Santos.

On behalf of the Senior Class, I thank all who helped in any way to make this production the success that it was.

#### STUDENT COUNCIL

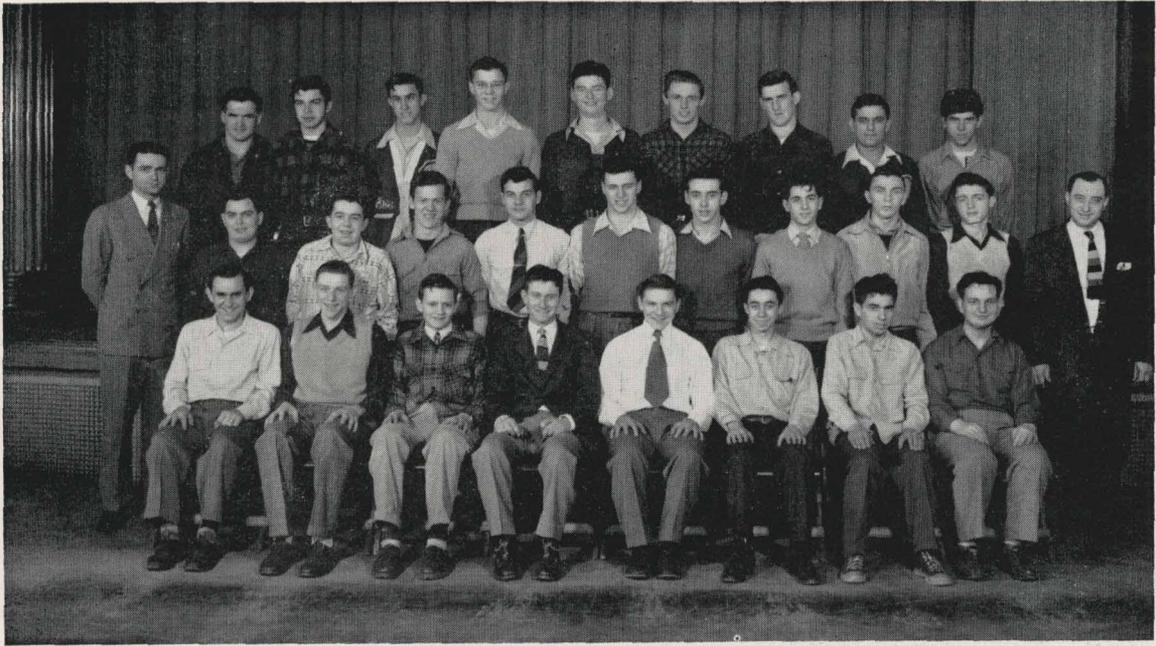
The student council is a representative body of pupils from the various classes, established

chiefly for the purpose of assuring harmonious relations between students and faculty. They hold meetings at regular intervals to discuss recent problems affecting the student body, or to undertake some constructive new project.

This year's council includes—President, Vincent Henrique; Vice-president, Ronald Malaquias; Secretary and Treasurer, Joan Kenney. Committee members are Barbara Frost, George Gaspa, Clifford Taylor, Paul Chapman, Josephine Marshall, David Hautanen, and Robert Welsh.

This year has been an especially active one for the committee. All members attended the Student Council Convention at Sharon on November 16, then elected Vincent Henrique to represent P.H.S. on Good Government Day at Boston. As basketball games they ushered about members of the visiting teams to make them feel at home, and served them refreshments. The Council sponsored a dance for the Nantucket team, and even gave dancing lessons to the seventh and eighth graders.

We feel quite proud of the fine work our Student Council has been doing under the supervision of Mr. David Murphy. We hope that they will continue to carry on as splendidly in the future.



VOCATIONAL GROUP

### ASSEMBLIES

Unlike previous years, this year's assemblies have been especially enjoyable to every student. Besides the announcements made by our principal, Mr. George F. Leyden, we had many outside speakers that held our attention with their interesting speeches. There was Mr. Salom Rizk, who shared with us his adventurous journey from a poverty-stricken town in Syria to America and a talk on different types of life insurance by a Mr. Reed.

Many motion pictures were shown during our assemblies. To mention a few, there were "Careers in Making," "Down Through the Ages" and "We Can Beat The A-Bomb".

We won't forget that excellent Christmas Play sponsored by the junior high school, under the supervision of our music instructor, Miss Beatrice Welsh. Then of course, the hilarious "Sophomore Follies", presented by the talented 10th graders.

We hope for a continuing variety in our assembly presentations.

### VOCATIONAL SCHOOL

This is the second successful year for the Vocational School. By now the boys have had practical experience in many major repairs. Under the supervision of their capable instructors, they've done odd jobs for the fishing fleet

and also have taken an important part in the major repairing of the diesel generators at the Light & Power Company.

Due to the size of the fishing fleet and the large number of automobiles here during the summer, there is a great need for this type of education. The work at the vocational school is largely concerned with practical experience, the remainder consisting of a few regular academic-type courses. Already a few of the boys are employed in some of the Provincetown garages.

A course in Diesel Engines is planned for the Vocational school, in the near future. This course will begin as soon as some of the necessary equipment is obtained. It undoubtedly will prove invaluable to the students and in general, the whole town.

The boys were very sorry to lose Mr. Roberts after his temporary substitution for Mr. Betten-court. The latter left earlier in the year for extended duty with the Navy but is now with us again after his recent discharge.

### THE CHESS CLUB

This year, another extra curricular activity has been added in our school. It is the Chess Club. The idea was originated by our English teacher, Mr. Gregory FitzGerald, and he is also our coach.

After the Chess Club was organized, it



PROVINCETOWN HIGH SCHOOL BAND AND ORCHESTRA

became quite popular and attracted many new members. We have one meeting every Monday in the school's library, but any member may play after school at any time. Our first out of town match is to be with Harwich in which our top five members will compete. The club hopes to play other chess clubs.

The members include: David Johnson; Morgan Muren; Joseph Manta, Co-captain; Joseph Patrick; Mylan Costa, Treasurer; Robert Morris; Donald Morris; Richard Christopher; John Gregory; George Ross; David Murphy, Secretary; and Conrad Malicoat, Captain.

### IF YOU SEEK

Seek Beauty  
 And you shall always find God, love and song.  
 Nothing in this whole universe  
 Can surpass His creations of Beauty.  
 Whether on a deserted wharf  
 With seagulls flying about; or,  
 In a crowded streetcar,  
 If you seek, seek Beauty, and you  
 Shall always find God about.  
 Nothing is so pleasant, as to be consoled  
 By His creations. So,  
 If you seek, seek Beauty and you  
 Shall always find God about.

Joan Brown, '51

### A WILD ROSE

I see a rose unfold her petals  
 And spread her tender leaves,  
 To say to a power beyond the skies  
 "I love the gentle breeze,  
 (and still I have a thorn)"

I bend to take the fragrance in,  
 My being into wonder flows.  
 And eager is my thirsty breath  
 For this bewitching rose,  
 (I notice not the thorn).

Harriett Paine, '52



# SPORTS



## FOOTBALL SQUAD

First Row—Conrad Enos, Neil Nelson, Dennis Arresta, Melvyn Enos, James Meads, Vincent Henrique, Peter Morris

Second Row—Philbert Roderick, Manuel Macara, Robert Souza, John Jason, George Gaspa, Dorrance Lincoln, Richard Hopwood, Paul Cook, Manager

Third Row—William Delaney, Coach; Frank DeMello, Joseph Patrick, Manuel Jason, Stephen Perry, John Kelley, Ronald White, Conrad Malicoat

## FOOTBALL SEASON

On September 7, twenty-five mostly inexperienced but willing candidates reported to Coach William Delaney, Provincetown High School's new football coach, eager to carry the orange and black colors of P. H. S. into the 1950 gridiron season.

Coach Delaney succeeded Mr. Amos Taylor, former high school coach, who had left for a similar position at New Bedford High School. The new coach was faced with the task of rebuilding the entire center of the line. Gone from last year's squad were such stalwarts as Pat Mooney, tackle; Austin Rose, backfield; Bruce Tarvers, guard; Warren Witherstine, center; and Robert Meads, quarterback.

Immediately two weeks of intense practice were launched and in that short time Coach Delaney had chosen his starting line up. The starting line up was as follows: Ends, Conrad

Enos and Peter Morris; tackles, Vinny Henrique and Neil Nelson; guards, George Ross and James Meads, and center, Melvin Enos. In the backfield were Johnny Jason, quarterback; George Gaspa and Manny Macara, half backs; and Robert Souza, fullback. As usual the problem of suitable substitutes was difficult. Available for substitution were veterans Jackie Kelly, Manuel Jason, Don Lincoln, and newcomers Richard Hopwood, Steve Perry, Clifford Taylor, Conrad Malicoat, Joseph Patrick, Ronald White, Phil Roderick, and Dennis Arresta. Out of this group however, there were but two or three who could be freely substituted and thus be of help to the new gridiron coach in the first stages of the campaign.

As well prepared as possible, the 1950 Provincetown football squad traveled to Nantucket in quest of their first victory.

The game began badly, Johnny Correia going

on a one-man running rampage to trample the locals and lead his team to a 13-0 victory over the visiting Provincetown gridmen. Passing and pass defense were the weakest points, consequently the home forces never got rolling and due to several severe penalties never seriously threatened to score.

The gallant P-towners returned home to prepare for their coming encounter with a strong Somerset eleven. The Narraganset Leagers bit Provincetown with full force, forcing a 20-0 win over the local eleven. Although not quite able to hit paydirt, the gridsters of P.H.S. looked much improved since their first showing. Gaspa, Souza and Enos looked promising with some fancy running, but they didn't get far for the strong Somerset defense stopped them cold.

With determination the team journeyed to Yarmouth, meeting their rival high school. Yarmouth entered the game with fire in their hearts, seeking to revenge the previous year's upset. For the first time during the year, Provincetown was able to hit paydirt. Yarmouth's first touchdown came early in the first quarter when a fumble was recovered by the Dolphins on Provincetown's 10 yard line. Yarmouth continued on a rampage in the second quarter, when after a long 60 yard drive, Freeman Cash tossed a long pass into the waiting arms of Teddy Jason in the end zone. Another short pass netted the point after. Quite evident in this first half was the local team's still weak pass defense.

Continuing right where they left off, Yarmouth after receiving a weak Provincetown punt, once more crossed the double lines to make it 19-0 for Yarmouth. Studley of Yarmouth kicked the extra point. Yarmouth's reign continued in the final frame as Small grabbed a Gaspa pass and ran all the way to spring Yarmouth into a big 26-0 lead. And then, Provincetown came to life. Connie Enos, after a quarterback hand-off raced 70 yards for Provincetown's first tally. After big "Blan" Souza went through for the extra point, Provincetown kicked off and Yarmouth carried to their own 40. After regaining the ball it was Enos again who hit paydirt on a 35 yard scamper.

The next opponent for the Cape enders was Bourne. In a drenching rainstorm Bourne won a grinding victory over the home troops. In the final seconds of the hard fought contest, with

most of Bourne's reserves on deck, Conrad Enos took a long pass from fullback Souza and scampered over the double lines. John Jason sneaked through for the extra point, on the game's last play. Bourne countered in each of the first two quarters due to some fine running of Sorenti and Bradford. After that the rain came and the fumbles of the Orange and Black were a great disadvantage. P-town was in possession of the ball on Bourne's five yard line when a Provincetown fumble cost a probable touchdown. Outstanding for Provincetown were Gaspa, Meads and Peter Morris, with Dixon, Bradford and Sorenti looking well for Bourne.

Then on Armistice Day, the Cape gridders played host to Nantucket. For the first time during the season, Provincetown left the game without a defeat. The brave, but unfortunate Orange and Black, looked exceptionally well. For a time it looked like P-town would run all over the Whalers. Conrad Enos skirted his own right end for a forty yard run and the game's first touchdown. Shortly after, Provincetown again crossed the double line, only to have the play nullified by a penalty. With P-town leading by a one touchdown margin, 6-0, John Correia marched his team mates to the 2 yard line where he went over to tie the score 6-6.

The third quarter was scoreless, ending with the main spark of the Nantucket squad, Correia, holding the ball on Provincetown's 2 yard line. On the first play of the final stanza, over went Johnnie to shoot the islanders into a 12-6 lead. Conway went across for the extra point, making the score 13-6.

Provincetown's last touchdown came on an interception by Robert Souza, who toted the pigskin to the Whalers' 40. Then it was Cliff Taylor, after catching a pass from Souza, who crossed the goal line. George Gaspa rushed the extra point, tying the ballgame 13-13. That was the way it ended! Even though we were not able to win the game, Provincetown was very fortunate in tying the strong Nantucket eleven.

One week later, the Provincetown forces traveled to Falmouth for their final fray of the season. The team played without the services of Meads, Ross, and Gaspa, who were injured in the early stages of the contest. Substituting freely, the strong Falmouth outfit won easily from a discouraged and dejected P-town squad. Although not able to score, Provincetown threatened to do so several times during the



GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

First Row—Yvonne Roderick, Lillian Cabral, Gladys Tarvis, Mary Ferreira, Joan Christopher, Joyce Morris  
 Second Row—Elaine Silva, Manager; Eileen Perry, Inez Macara, Ruth Ferreira, Martha Malicoat,  
 Loretta Steele, Joan Kenny, Elaine Ferreira, Miss DeRiggs, Coach

contest. When the final whistle blew the out-classed, but courageous Provincetown lads were well behind by a score of 27-0.

Although not once able to win, the scrappy Provincetown team never quit. Even when the boys were trailing as they were often enough, they still gave their all. Always fighting, always trying, the gridders of P.H.S. went down in championship style! Already spring practice is scheduled. Talk is already flying about the coming gridiron season. The boys returning for another year are determined and confident of breaking into the win column in the ensuing season. If spirit can take the place of action, watch out upper Cape, because little old P-town may be dangerous!

Those receiving letters were as follows:

Dennis Aresta, Philbert Roderick, John Jason, Peter Morris, Clifford Taylor, Richard Hopwood, Jack Kelly and Manuel Jason. Those receiving certificates were Capt. James Meads, Vincent Henrique, Conrad Enos, George Gaspa, Manuel Macara, Neil Nelson, George Ross, Robert Souza, Melvyn Enos and Paul Cook, manager. Francis Aresta was assistant manager.

Following is a listing of the season's scores:

September 30	Provincetown	0	Nantucket	13
October	Provincetown	0	Somerset	21
October 28	Provincetown	13	Yarmouth	27

November	Provincetown	7	Bourne	20
November 11	Provincetown	13	Nantucket	13
November 18	Provincetown	0	Falmouth	27

Paul Cook, '53

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

The 1950-51 girls' team of Provincetown High School placed second in the Lower Cape Basketball League with a 6-2 record as in the preceding year. The season ended the night of February 17 with the last game at Nantucket.

The first game with Orleans ended in defeat. After this loss, Provincetown went on to win the next 3 games which were with Wellfleet, Chatham, and Harwich. The 7 following games resulted in 3 wins and 4 defeats. After a second defeat at the hands of Orleans, our team then won every other game. Our victories included the tilts with Wellfleet, Chatham and Harwich and we lost to Barnstable, Nantucket and Yarmouth. The first game of the year ended in another defeat at the hands of Nantucket giving us a total of 6 wins and 6 defeats for the season including both league and non-league games.

High scoring honors go to Gladys Tarvis who made 205 points giving her an average of 17 points per game, followed by Mary Lou Ferreira

with 121 points. Yvonne Roderick was third with 47 points and Martha Alves fourth with 36 points.

Highest scoring honors for an individual game also goes to Gladys Tarvis with 27 points made in the Nantucket game at Nantucket.

Next year's team will suffer the loss of five members of this year's team. These five are: Co-captains Gladys Tarvis and Mary Lou Ferreira; Lillian Cabral, Joyce Morris, and Joan Christopher.

Although the absence of these seniors will be felt, next year's team will have had the experience of playing before a crowd and should prove to be a winning team.

Lillian Cabral, '51

### BOYS' BASKETBALL

The basketballs started banging away at the backboards late in November when Coach David J. Murphy, Cape Cod's own "Mr. Basketball", called his 1949-50 champs together for their first practice session of the new year.

All Provincetown fans were confident as the opening roll call found such stalwarts as Captain James Meads, Robert "Blan" Souza, Kenny Ferreira, Conrad Enos and George Gaspa, all former first team men. Reporting along with the foregoing were such outstanding subs as George Ross, Kenny Silva, Joe Manta, Dennis Aresta, and Kip Taylor together with many others who were ready to accept the challenge of anything to come before them.

Coach Murphy immediately settled his squad down to business in anticipation of their first league battle of the season against Orleans High School, P-town's long time basketball rival. In preparation for this encounter, a game was scheduled against the Provincetown Alumni team, whose roster was composed of the high school stars of other years. A little of what might come was witnessed in this event as the P.H.S. basketeers scored twenty-one field goals, while holding the former stars to a mere nine tallies. The high school's close and seemingly impenetrable defense puzzled the Alumni and proved to be a large factor in the winning of this one sided affair, which was eventually captured by the schoolboys by a 55-26 margin.

Two nights later the Orange and Black journeyed to Orleans for their first league battle of the season. Orleans was chosen by the

experts as the team to give the local quintet the biggest race for the lower Cape diadem. Provincetown was kept pretty well in check by the usually dangerous Cardinals for the first quarter which ended in a 13-9 lead for P-town. The fast moving Cape-enders started to roll after that, however, and at the half way mark this strong combine had amassed a 21 point lead. Provincetown continued to dominate the action and at the final whistle the basketeers from the tip of the Cape had wound up their first league triumph—76-29. Kenny Ferreira dropped in 15 points while Conrad Enos contributed 13 to spearhead the attack.

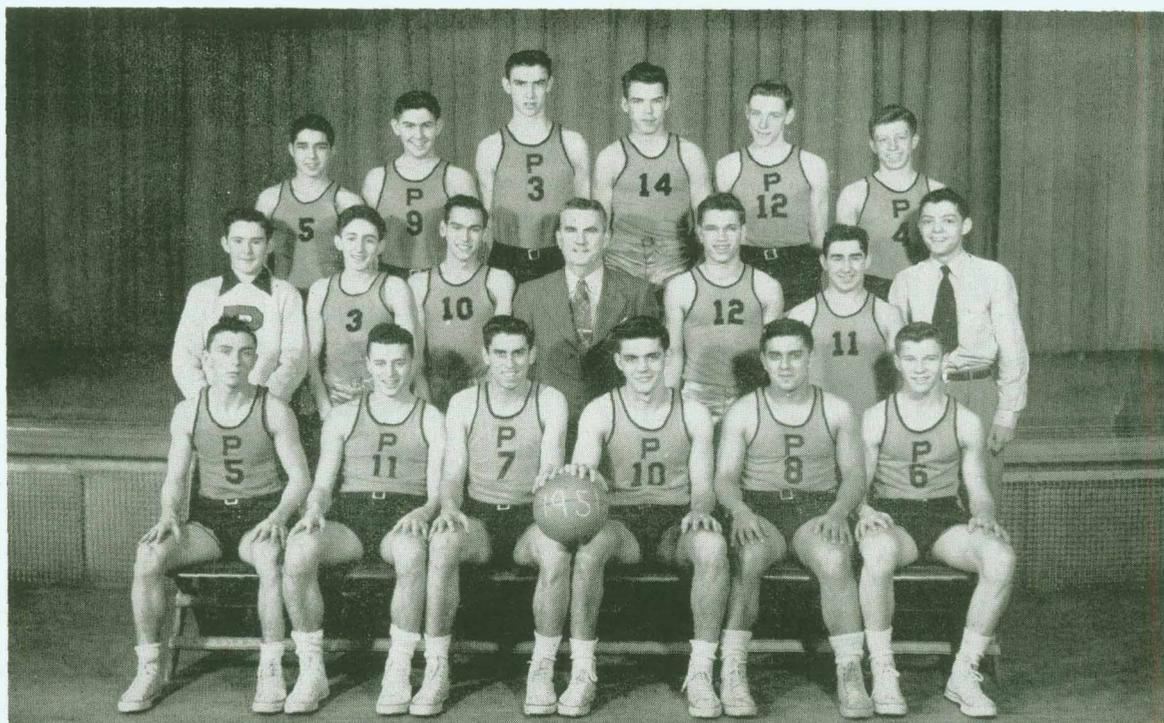
This game left little doubt in the minds of sports fans as to which team to watch in the lower division.

Provincetown's next foe was tiny, defenseless Wellfleet. This game proved to be another slaughter for our lower Cape neighbors but excellent practice for Coach Murphy's second and third team reserves, who saw most of the game's action. The contest ended in a 95-30 rout.

The Tuesday following the Christmas vacation found the Cape hoopsters traveling to Chatham to meet a vastly improved Chatham High quintet in Provincetown's fourth game of the season. The league leading Cape-enders met considerable resistance in the first half as the Chatham forces matched the highly favored P'town squad basket for basket. And at the end of the second period, the Murphymen were leading by a scant 2 points. After the rest period, however, the Orange and Black broke loose, scoring 21 points in the third stanza to Chatham's 2. Producing a smooth running offense, the Orange Jets ran wild scoring at will to win by a 59-31 margin, annexing the fourth straight win and third straight league victory.

Next on the agenda for P-town was Harwich High, with our team notching its 5th win 77-33. Enos and Taylor paved the way with 23 and 15 markers, respectively.

The Friday following, the Cape-enders played host to a highly regarded Bourne outfit from the banks of the canal; their first battle with an Upper Cape aggregation. After holding the home team in the first two quarters, Bourne wilted in the final frames under the clock-like offense of the local warriors. The first half of the contest ended with the home squad holding a slight 8 point lead. But, in the final half,



## BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM

First Row—Conrad Enos, George Gaspa, Kenneth Ferreira, James Meads, Robert Souza, Laurence Segura  
 Second Row—David Murphy, Manager; Paul Chapman; Joseph Patrick; Mr. David J. Murphy, Coach;  
 Henry Hautenen; Manuel Jason; Roland Salvador, Assistant Manager  
 Third Row—William Henrique, Dennis Aresta, George Ross, Conrad Malicoat,  
 Clifford Taylor, Kenneth Silva

Bourne was smothered, and when the last whistle had sounded was on the wrong end of a 66-44 score. Enos and Ferreira again paced the assault with 21 markers apiece, with Capt. Meads looking well.

The competition for Coach Murphy's men had been slight, therefore a contest was arranged with the Orleans Legion five, a tough semi-pro outfit. Few were the fans who gave the lower Cape schoolboy champs much of a chance at the hands of this organization. However they were proven wrong as the P.H.S. five in one of the finest games of the season, completely dazed the Legionnaires with a 49-26 victory. Leading most of the way, the undefeated P-town basketeers rained 22 field goals through the nets to Orleans' 11. The one-two punch of Enos and Ferreira again showed the way with 29 points to their mutual credit.

Next came battles with Orleans and Wellfleet High Schools, both taken with ease by the locals. Clouting Orleans with a 68-35 win, and Wellfleet with a 77-31 victory, the Provincetown cagers were victorious in their 8th and 9th games.

The next victory came not quite so easily for the Orange Flashes. At this game our players found themselves on the short end of a 19-17 half time score. The worried Provincetown cagers put on the steam in the third and fourth stanzas to forge ahead and win the ballgame. Due to the spectacular performance of "Ducky" Nickula, Barnstable High School was able to hold down the usually high scoring Orange and Black, but behind the achievements of Ken Ferreira and Conrad Enos, and the outstanding floor jobs of Gaspa and Segura, the P.H.S. express was able to maintain a lead and eventually win out, 46-36.

Following this hectic clash, the local school lads voyaged to Orleans once again to meet the powerful Legion group. Deadly on its home court, the Orleans outfit led most of the way behind the two man show of Stan and Buzzy Wilcox who each registered 18 tallies. Still trailing at the end of the third canto, the home forces went out in a do or die fashion for the final period of the clash. Playing a terrific brand of ball, the Orange and Black managed to slice Orleans' lead considerably and with

three seconds to go in this thriller, the Murphy-men were 1 point ahead. The whistle then sounded and Provincetown had captured its 11th win of the campaign in true dramatic fashion. The boys of P. H. S. had come from behind and gone on in true championship fashion to add another victory to its long line of triumphs, but this time by a scant one point margin. Score 49-48.

The Provincetown Basketballers needed only one more to win to capture the lower Cape crown. The needed victory came from Chatham High School a few nights later, when the league leading P-town champs turned in a decisive 53-45 win over a fighting Chatham five. Surprising our boys with an unsuspected battle, the Chatham High forces, due to some fine shooting by Bloomer and Doane, nearly toppled the local champs. But with Ferreira and Enos rallying in the scoring department and Souza and Meads controlling the "boards", the Chatham quintet didn't quite make the grade. But with this victory the Provincetown High squad had once again won the lower Cape Cod school-boy championship.

Next, as the lower Cape stars were eyeing the approaching fray with Yarmouth, there followed two quick victories. The first over Nantucket High was by a 83-42 margin. The second, although by a closer score, came just as easily, to the tune of 35-21 over Harwich.

And then came the big night! On February 13, the undefeated charges of Coach David Murphy traveled to Yarmouth. The two best Cape teams were on display. On one hand were the Dolphins, a tall, rangy quintet led by Capt. Freeman Cash, and sporting such players as Lenny Love and Fred Dustin, two towering 6 foot backboard controllers. On the other hand were the P-towners from the Cape-tip, the unbeaten lower division champs who also boasted of their share of super athletes in the persons of Enos and Gaspa, two shifty forwards, and dead shots from the front court; also Ferreira, lanky pivot man, and the Cape's high scorer; and last but not least, Meads and Souza, two battle scarred veterans who could hold their own under the baskets.

Yarmouth was very probably the team Murphy's lads would be meeting in March at the Camp Edwards Arena in quest of the Cape championship. One more victory over Bourne was all that was needed to seize the upper Cape honors. Two of the Cape's best schoolboy

outfits were meeting in this first class match. One team would go down in defeat. Which would it be?

Both teams started out very cautiously. Provincetown sprang into a first quarter lead behind baskets by Gaspa and Ferreira. The action of the first two cantos was rather slow; however, the scoring was kept at a minimum. At half time the Cape enders were in front by a scant 13-12 score. After intermission, though, the Yarmouth lads shot ahead behind the scoring efforts of Freeman Cash and Lenny Love. The battle consequently grew thicker and at the end of the third frame the Green and White from the upper Cape were sporting a two point advantage over the local five. Yarmouth continued to lead the way, Cash and Love constantly hitting the baskets. The action grew tense, the clock showed but four minutes to go and Provincetown on the wrong end of a 30-23 score. Until the end of the ballgame the gallant P-town troop tried in vain to regain its lead, but to no avail, as the Yarmouth quintet stayed in front to capture the affair by a mere 4 point margin, 34-30.

Showing no ill effects from its Yarmouth loss, the Orange and Black sailed to Nantucket for a return match with the islanders. The Provincetown cage men had little trouble stacking up its 15th victory of the season with a 52-13 landslide over the Whalers.

Then on the anniversary of the birthday of Gen. George Washington, the classy Provincetown champs took to the hardwood of the Camp Edwards Arena in defense of their Cape Cod Championship title. Opposing Provincetown was the outfit that had previously defeated them, Yarmouth. The ready and waiting forces of Coach Murphy entered the game confident of beating their opponents.

It was immediately apparent from the beginning that this game was to be a first rate thriller. Ferreira started off with his usual speed and quickly tossed in two baskets that put Provincetown into an early lead. Yarmouth next racked up a foul shot and as the P-town fans went wild, Capt. James Meads whipped in three outsiders to shoot the locals into an unexpected 12-3 lead. Both teams traded baskets and at the end of a well fought first quarter, Provincetown was leading 13-7.

It was the same story in the second quarter, as Enos, Ferreira and Gaspa constantly hit the target. Yarmouth successfully captured only

two field goals in this period which ended with the score 27-12.

The hundreds of Provincetown fans assembled at the spacious Arena, returned after half time, expecting to see the vastly superior P-town squad trample the Yarmouth five. But as the third canto commenced Provincetown was visibly playing a much poorer brand of basketball compared to what they had exhibited during the first half. Constantly missing easy chances, passing badly and throwing away many scoring opportunities, the P-town Orange and Black was vulnerable to Yarmouth's terrific attack. Taking full advantage of Provincetown's downfall, the Dolphins closed the gap in the score until they were trailing by only seven points.

At the start of the final period, Yarmouth capitalized on one field goal and one foul shot to narrow the differential five points, but fortunately for the home team, they never came any closer. With little more than four minutes to play, Ferreira began to find the basket as did Enos. In a short time the Murphymen had once again built up a 10 point lead. Yarmouth never threatened after that. The championship contest was eventually captured by the Provincetown High School Cagers by a 41-35 margin.

For the second straight year, Provincetown High School had captured the All Cape Championship. Our boys returned home that night proud and happy, now ready to await their expected invitation to participate in the Eastern Massachusetts "Tech Tourney" in the Class C division at the Boston Garden.

Chosen to participate in this highly regarded schoolboy tourney, Provincetown High was picked by the Boston sports writers as the tourney's dark horse. So on March 6, fifteen dangerous and scrappy P-town cagemen took to the spacious floor at the Garden facing Acton, a highly regarded contender. The P-town Jets looked nothing short of sensational as they completely dazed the Acton lads, and gained their first tourney win by a 76-39 score.

Moving two days later to the semi-finals, the Murphymen were pitted against Punchard High of Andover, chosen previously as the tourney favorite. The game was close all the way with the long, outside shots of Punchard definitely a factor of their offense. But, due to the scoring achievements of Ferreira and Enos and and the floorwork and backboard work of

Gaspa, Souza and Meads, Provincetown was able to come through and in a last quarter spurt, secure the victory by a nine-point margin; score 49-40.

The next night would be decisive, as Provincetown was matched against a tall Chelmsford quintet in the Class C finals. Since all members of this team were more than six feet tall, the game would be a difficult one to win.

Provincetown High began well, playing good basketball. Enos, Gaspa and Ferreira hit the basket regularly and at the half the Cape Cod League Champions were sporting a 32-27 lead. Provincetown continued to lead throughout the third period, with Carruthers of Chelmsford, proving a constant thorn in the side of P-town's defense. Collecting 27 points, the fast left forward continually hit the target from all over the floor. Provincetown, meanwhile, was still maintaining its 5 point lead over Chelmsford and looked certain to win the Class C title. However, with about four minutes of the classic remaining to be played and Provincetown in front by a score of 53-47, Enos had to leave the ballgame because of injuries. Taking advantage of the absence of one of our stars, Chelmsford immediately went to work on that narrow lead and one minute later when Enos re-entered the ballgame, the home forces were ahead by a mere one point margin of 54-53. A quick field goal and successful foul shot gained Chelmsford a 2 point lead, but with 78 seconds remaining, Ferreira tied up the ballgame 56 all with one more field goal.

But, Chelmsford's foul line ability was decisive as they connected with one more free throw to forge ahead by one point. P-town couldn't regain the lead and a few seconds later, the contest ended. Only Chelmsford's superiority at the foul line proved a winning factor. Not matching either the speed, floorwork or show of our boys, Chelmsford succeeded, however in converting 17 out of twenty-five free flips, while the best P-town could do was 4 out of 17. Proving a superior team in all other departments, the gallant Orange and Black Champs had lost the Tech Tourney final in exactly the same way it won its Cape Cod Championship game—on foul shots. But even champions have poor days!

Although not able to bring home the "bacon" in the Tech Tourney, Provincetown must be praised for their mighty efforts.

Provincetown can well be proud of Coach



CHEERLEADERS

Circle—Ruth Ferreira, Betty Ross, Sonya Passion, Mary Lou Ferreira, Elaine M. Ferreira, Elaine K. Ferreira, Lorraine Flores, Lillian Cabral

David Murphy, his gallant basketeers, and their truly enviable seasonal records.

**Facts and Figures**

Ken Ferreira, the high school's dead eye center, led his team with scoring honors, scoring a total of 313 points.

Forwards Conrad Enos and George Gaspa came next with 265 and 182 points, respectively.

Capt. James Meads also went over the 100 mark boasting 139 points.

Other individual scoring went as follows:

Souza, 41; Segura, 43; Taylor, 60; Ross, 53; Silva, 68; Aresta, 75; Manta, 50; and Hautanen 7 points.

The P. H. S. reserves also did quite well. Their record was 4-0. They beat the Bourne reserves, the Wildcats, and the Orleans Legion twice.

David Murphy Jr. and Roland Salvador did a fine job as managers of the team.

Conrad Enos and Kenneth Ferreira were elected by Boston newswriters to the Tech Tourney Class C all star team.

59	Chatham	31
77	Harwich	33
66	Bourne	44
49	Orleans Legion	26
68	Orleans	35
77	Wellfleet	31
46	Barnstable	36
49	Orleans Legion	48
53	Chatham	45
83	Nantucket	42
30	Yarmouth	34
56	Nantucket	13
35	Harwich	21
	<b>Championship Game</b>	
41	Yarmouth	35
	<b>Tech Tourney</b>	
76	Acton	39
49	Punchard	40
56	Chelmsford	57

Paul Cook, '53

**Seasonal Record**

We		They
55	Alumni	26
76	Orleans	29
95	Wellfleet	30

**CHEERLEADERS**

The cheerleaders this year have been doing much to boost the morale of our team during the football and basketball seasons. They accompanied the boys to all games, displaying

to the people of other towns some of our school spirit.

We are proud of our cheerleaders, who are certainly worthy of our fine teams. The students of Provincetown High are indebted to the following, our cheerleader squad, for the support they have given to our team:

Lillian Cabral, Ruth Ferreira, Mary L. Ferreira, Elaine M. Ferreira, Betty Ross, Lorraine Flores, Elaine K. Ferreira, and Soyna Passion.

### BASEBALL AT P. H. S.

The anxious eyes of Provincetown baseball fans are now focused on Coach William Delaney and the 20 or more eager candidates who reported on March 21, opening day of practice.

Reporting were veterans, Conrad Enos, Ken Ferreira, George Gaspa, and Neil Nelson,

pitchers; Blan Souza, catcher; George Ross, first base; Joe Manta, second base; Kenny Silva, shortstop; John Jason and Tom Holway, outfield. About ten newcomers turned out also, but it will be some time before Coach Delaney will have chosen his squads.

Most fans will remember how the powerful 1950 baseball nine missed the lower Cape Championship by a small margin in the final stages of the season last June. With a seasoned, experienced man at the helm, and a team composed of many capable veterans, Provincetown should provide the Cape with plenty of action.

Little can be foretold now of how we will fare in the coming season, but Coach Delaney, and his team are ready and confident.

The first game of the season will be played at Harwich against Harwich High on April 27.

Paul Cook, '53



### WE THANK THEE, LORD

We thank Thee, Lord, for the quiet after the noise;

The comfort after the pain,  
For all good things, Dear Lord, we thank Thee,  
again and again.

Joyous is the laughter after sorrow,  
And the sun that comes after the cloud,  
We humbly kneel before Thee, Lord, with head  
and body bowed.

For the laughter of children's voices,  
And the noises of animals too,  
We, all of Your living creatures, reverently  
thank You.

For land and sea and sky,  
And nature everywhere,  
You will hear these thanks, Lord, in every  
person's prayer.

For all these treasures and countless more,  
For beauty that words can never express,  
Almighty God we thank Thee most for Thy  
great kindness.

Margaret Rich

### DIRGE

Mouldy bed of rotting bones,  
Clammy earth and yellowed stones—  
In mosey vases, dried up flowers  
Turn sodden in the misty showers.  
Each corpse is trapped, not one is free.  
This graveyard's not the place for me.

No hole for me when I am dead.  
No heavy stone upon my head.  
Just build me up a funeral pyre,  
And lay me in the friendly fire.  
Then put my ashes in an urn  
And take me where the oceans churn.

Then when the winds are blowing free,  
And fog slides over the restless sea,  
Cast out my dust; Pray, fling it wide.  
Scatter it where the clawing tide  
Will snatch it up, and from the shore,  
Bear me to my Evermore.

Patti Boogar, '52



# ALUMNI



1948

Kenneth Alves—attending University of Massachusetts.  
Marjorie Aust—married and registered nurse.  
Harold Brown—junior at Harvard College.  
Lorraine Brown—secretary to the probation officer.  
Patricia Cabral—married and living in town.  
Eleanor Corcoran—assistant librarian at the public library.  
Ernest DeSilva—U. S. Army.  
Joseph Enos—U. S. Marines.  
Ruth Enos—married and working at Adams' Pharmacy.  
Robert Ferreira—at home.  
Joseph Fratus—U. S. Army.  
Marion Grozier—U. S. Air Force.  
John R. Henrique—working in town.  
Michael Janopolis—U. S. Navy.  
Domingo Joseph—U. S. Navy.  
Stuart Joseph—U. S. Marines.  
David Kelley—working in town.  
Robert Kelley—working at the First National Store in Orleans.  
John Lambrou—working at Marcey's Oil Co.  
Kenneth Medeiros—at home.  
Anthony Merrill—U. S. Navy.  
Alan Moffett—American International College.  
Doris Morris—married and living in Truro.  
Francis Motta—working at the A. & P.  
Dorothy Perry—married and living in town.  
Eric Rogers—U. S. Navy.  
Evelyn Rogers—working in Boston.  
Loretta Silva—living in North Truro.  
Norma Simmons—married and living in town.  
Elizabeth Smith—married and working in Connecticut.  
Virginia Soares—married and living in town.  
Frank Souza—U. S. Army.  
John Souza—U. S. Marines.  
Kathleen Souza—married and living in town.  
Veronica Taves—married and living in town.  
Helen Thomas—living in town.  
Nancy Whorf—married and living in town.  
William Wilson—attending Tufts College.

1949

Richard Andrews—at home.  
LeRoy Atkins—working at the Advocate Press.  
Frank Cabral—U. S. Navy.  
Dorothy Cahoon—Hyannis Nursing School.  
Kathleen Carlos—bookkeeper at James J. Perry's.  
George Chapman—U. S. Air Force.  
Marilyn Chapman—Senior at Becker Junior College.  
William Costa—U. S. Air Force.  
Wilfred Ferreira—fishing and working in his father's shoe store.  
Gertrude Francis—telephone operator.  
Jean Kaeselau—living in town.  
Anthony Leonard—fishing.  
Kenneth Macara—U. S. Navy.  
Dorothy Mannato—nurse's training.  
Kenneth Martin—at home.  
Helen McCaffrey—working at the First National Bank.  
Milton Morgan—U. S. Army.  
Kenneth Nolet—U. S. Navy.  
Barbara Perreira—married and living in Weymouth.  
Helen Perry—married and living in town.  
Marjorie Perry—married and living down South.  
Norman Rose—working at Allen & Allen.  
Ellen Ross—married and living in town.  
Bernard Santos—working at First National Store.  
Carol Santos—nurse's training at St. Luke's Hospital.  
Antoinette Segura—working at the Cape and Vineyard Light and Power Co.  
Eleanor Silva—Sophomore at Boston University.  
Mary Silva—married and living in town.  
Stephen Simmons—Navy Air Force.  
Oscar Snow—at home.  
Robert Snow—U. S. Army.  
Ruth Roda Souza—married and living in Okinawa.  
Rose Steele—married and living in town.  
Anthony Tarvers—U. S. Air Force.  
Russell Watts—working at Watts' Filling Station.

Leroy Valentine—attending Northeastern.  
Thelma Williams—working at the Harbor  
Vanity.  
John Cook—working at the First National  
Store.

**1950**

Shirley Anthony—secretary to Sivert J. Benson.  
Barrie Bell—in Florida.  
Deborah Brown—working at Seamen's Savings  
Bank.  
Doris Brown—at home.  
Phyllis Cabral—freshman at Boston University.  
Wilfred Costa—studying at Saint Francis  
College.  
Marilyn Cote—freshman at Becker Junior  
College.  
James Crawley—U. S. Air Force.  
Barbara Days—freshman at Salem Teachers'  
College.  
Lois Francis—nurse's training.  
Thomas Francis—at home.  
Patricia Jackett—working at Adams' Phar-  
macy.  
Margaret Jason—married and living in town.  
Mildred Joseph—married and living in town.  
Veronica Leonard—married and living in town.  
Charles Malaquias—U. S. Air Force.  
Robert Meads—U. S. Navy.

Mary Miller—freshman at LaSalle.  
Kathleen Nascimento—at home.  
Joanne Oliver—Hyannis Nursing School.  
Austin Rose—working at the Shell Filling  
Station in Truro.  
John Ross—living in town.  
Clifford Santos—working at Paige Bros.  
Garage.  
John Santos—bookkeeper at Suburban Gas  
Corp.  
Cecelia Silva—attending Wilfred's Beauty  
Academy.  
Gloria Silva—telephone operater.  
Marion Silva—attending Fanny Farmer's Cook-  
ing School.  
Eleanor Small—Hyannis Nursing School.  
Alfred Souza—at home.  
Lewis Souza—U. S. Army.  
Bruce Tarvers—working at Bryant's Market.  
Melvyn Thomas—working at Duarte's Chev-  
rolet Garage.  
Betty Volton—freshman at Bridgewater State  
Teacher's College.  
Martha Watson—married and living in town.  
Warren Witherstine—freshman at Syracuse  
University.  
Michael Whorf—U. S. Air Force.  
Arthur Mooney—U. S. Marines.



**THE PILGRIMS**

Have you ever watched the ocean,  
on a black and stormy day?  
Have you ever looked across the Harbor,  
and out into the bay?  
Have you ever stopped to watch the ocean  
as it roars,  
And thought that the Pilgrims were the very  
first to ever grace our shores?

A strong breed of people,  
who sailed for day on day.  
So that they might worship,  
in their own simple way.  
A courageous group of people  
who sailed across the sea.  
To dwell among the rivers and forests,  
in the land of the free.

Carol O'Donnell



# HUMOR



Nantucket guest: "Does your cafeteria have good food?"

Joan C.: "They treat us like Grecian Gods."

Nantucket guest: "Oh? How's that?"

Joan C.: "Burnt offerings every day."

\* \* \* \* \*

Carol: "I'm going to Adams'. Is there anything you need?"

Helen: "Yes, will you get me some tooth-paste?"

Carol: "What's the matter? Your teeth comin' loose?"

\* \* \* \* \*

If Mr. Dahill can remember so many jokes,  
With all the details that mold them,  
Why can't he recall with equal skill,  
How many times he's told them?

\* \* \* \* \*

Barbara: "Don't you feel well?"

Pat: "No, I have a horrible cold."

Joyce: "Why don't you go down to the humor department and get some Penicillin from their moldy, old jokes?"

\* \* \* \* \*

Johnny: "I fell from a sixty-five foot ladder today."

Melvin: "It's a miracle you weren't killed!"

Johnny: "I only fell off the first rung."

\* \* \* \* \*

Mrs. Enos: "Did you thank Mrs. Hart for the party when you left?"

Kenny: "No, Mama, I didn't."

Mrs. Enos: "Why not? I've always told you to be courteous."

Kenny: "But I was being courteous. The little boy before me thanked her and Mrs. Hart said, 'Don't mention it,' so I didn't."

\* \* \* \* \*

In Africa some of the native tribes practice the strange custom of beating the ground with clubs and uttering wild, blood-curdling yells. Anthropologists call this a form of primitive self-expression. We call it golf.

\* \* \* \* \*

Veronica: "I hear Stalin has a new hobby."

Mr. Malchman: "What is it?"

Veronica: "Collecting China."

Mr. Malchman to American History Class:

"In 1830 a merchant in Springfield, Illinois put a 'Boy Wanted' sign in his window. Later that day a long, lanky youth came into the store and applied for the job.

"I just came up from Indiana," he said. "I've been helping my father split rails down there. I taught myself to read and write in front of the fireplace. Now I'd like to get a job here in Illinois, work real hard, and maybe someday be President of the United States."

"That's fine, young man," said the store owner. "What is your name?"

"Abe," answered the boy.

"And your last name, son?"

"Humperdinck."

\* \* \* \* \*

Jimmy Meads, the high school football star, failed an exam and was given a zero. This, of course, made him ineligible for future games. Mr. Leyden asked Mr. FitzGerald why he had failed.

Mr. FitzGerald: "He was cheating."

Mr. Leyden: "Did you see him? Did he admit it?"

"Mr. FitzGerald: "No. But he sat next to my best student and they had identical answers."

Mr. Leyden: "Does this prove he cheated?"

Mr. FitzGerald: "No, but on the last question my best student wrote, 'I don't know' and your football player wrote 'Me either'."

\* \* \* \* \*

Beverly to customer: "I have stewed kidneys, boiled tongue, fried liver, and pig's feet."

Customer: "Don't tell me your troubles. Just bring me some vegetable soup."

\* \* \* \* \*

Ann: "My father and I know everything in the world."

Lorraine: "All right, if you're so smart, where's Africa?"

Ann: (after thinking awhile) "That must be one of those things my father knows."

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. Souza: "I hear our son is playing on the football team. What position does he play?"

Mrs. Souza: "He's one of the drawbacks, I think."

Shirley: "My mother talks to herself."

Delores: "So does my mother, but she doesn't know it. She thinks I'm listening."

\* \* \* \* \*

Paula: "So Medeiros is a big gun in the school?"

Peggy: "Yep. He's been fired seven times."

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. Roberts: "What's Western Union?"

Francis: "Cowboy underwear, of course."

\* \* \* \* \*

Sitting in a crowded bus, Tommy suddenly buried his face in his hands.

Mary Louise (standing nearby): "Are you ill?"

Tommy: "No. I just hate to see a woman standing."

\* \* \* \* \*

Jackie: "I've got the fastest shooting father in Truro."

Peter: "Oh, I bet my father's faster than yours."

Jackie: "What's his name?"

Peter: "Toeless George."

\* \* \* \* \*

During a true-false exam, Mr. Gagnon saw Ronny flipping a coin before he filled in each answer. At the end of the class period this guy was the only one that remained, still earnestly flipping his coin. When Mr. Gagnon asked why he hadn't finished, Ronny looked up and replied, "Oh, I'm just checking my answers."

\* \* \* \* \*

Neil: "Would you call for help if I kissed you?"

Lucille: "Not unless you needed it."

\* \* \* \* \*

Two men were flying east in a passenger plane, making the first air trip of their lives. The plane landed at St. Louis, and a little red truck sped up to its side to refuel it. The plane landed again at Cleveland and again the little red truck dashed up to it. The third stop was Albany and the same thing happened.

The first of the two men looked at his watch and turned to his companion. "This plane makes wonderful time."

"Yep," said the other, "and that little red truck ain't doin' so bad either."

\* \* \* \* \*

Miss Medeiros: "I believe you missed my class yesterday."

Lillian: "Why, no, I didn't, not in the least."

Jackie: "At the prom last night my suspenders broke right in the middle of the dance floor."

Diane: "Weren't you terribly embarrassed?"

Jackie: "No, Peter had them on."

\* \* \* \* \*

While stuck in a snow drift, Miller and Meads saw a Saint Bernard dog coming toward them with a large keg under his chin.

Miller: "Oh, look! Here comes man's best friend!"

Meads: "And look at the big dog, too!"

\* \* \* \* \*

### DEFINITIONS

A man seldom succeeds in stealing a kiss without an accomplice.

One thing a woman can't keep under her hat is a new hairdo.

A girdle is an elastic supplement to a stern reality.

The only slim thing about many a woman's figure is the chance of getting it back.

Money may talk but it never gives itself away.

Wild flowers fade fast, but blooming idiots seem to last forever.

Hades hath no fury like a woman in an auto.

The average income of college men is about midnight.

It's healthy to breathe through your nose—besides it keeps your mouth shut.

The greatest undeveloped territory in the world is under your hat.

\* \* \* \* \*

Dedicated to Mr. Murphy—

Sing a song of sulfide,

A beaker full of lime,

Four and twenty test tubes

Breaking all the time.

When the cork is taken out

Flames begin to reek,

Isn't that an awful mess

To have five times a week?

\* \* \* \* \*

Joan: "It looks like a storm. You'd better stay for dinner."

Agnes: "Oh, thanks, but I don't think it's bad enough for that."

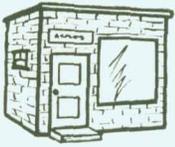
\* \* \* \* \*

Mary had a bathing suit

It's style filled her with doubt.

The farther she got into it—

The farther she got out.



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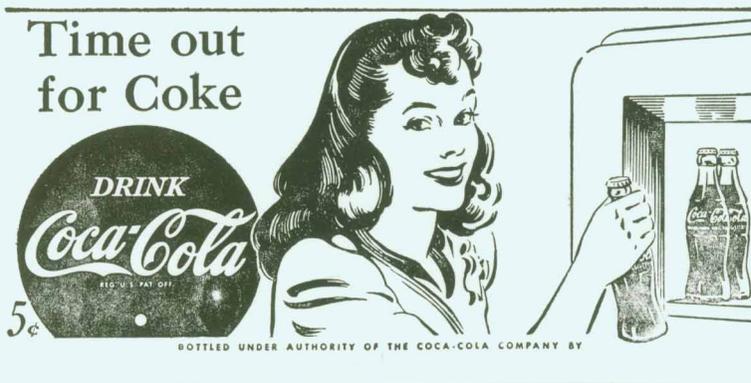
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**"Your Royal Typewriter Dealer"**

19 SHERMAN SQ., HYANNIS, MASS.

Royal Portable

Royal Standard

Royal Electric

Sales

Service

Rentals

All Makes

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COMPLIMENTS

OF

**THE WILLIAM H. YOUNG INSURANCE AGENCY, INC.**

MYRICK C. YOUNG

ELIZABETH R. CARLOS

Agents

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**T. F. PERRY, PH. B., M. D.**

234 Commercial Street

PROVINCETOWN, MASSACHUSETTS

Office hours daily except Wednesdays and Sundays

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**SEAMEN'S SAVINGS BANK**

PROVINCETOWN, MASSACHUSETTS

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.

## **The Bedding Center**

**HOME FURNISHINGS**

Opposite Town Hall

## **The Mayflower Gift Shops**

**THE CORNER GIFT SHOP**

250 Commercial Street

**THE MAYFLOWER GIFT SHOP**

317 Commercial Street

**THE PROVINCETOWN INN GIFT SHOP**

Compliments

of

**Arnold's, Inc.**

329 Commercial Street

Telephone 885

## **Patrick's Newsstand**

Commercial Street

Provincetown, Massachusetts

Compliments

of

**Wong's**

## **The Cutler Pharmacy, Inc.**

Purveyor to the public of

**Fine Cosmetics**

**Dependable Drugs**

**Reliable Service for**

**Your Prescriptions**

## **The Flower Shop**

Telephone 976

Compliments

of

**Pilgrim House Restaurant**

and

**Sea Dragon**

**J. Lewis, Prop.**

Compliments  
of  
**Max A. Berman, O.D.**

Compliments  
of  
**Provincetown Advocate  
and Printery**  
Commercial Street

Compliments  
of  
**Loring's Taxi**  
Telephone 279

Compliments  
of  
**Tarvers' Taxi**

Compliments  
of  
**Bryant's Market**  
**FINE FOODS**  
Provincetown, Mass.

Compliments  
of  
**Rev. John A. Silvia**

Compliments  
of  
**Galeforce Farm**  
Joseph Alves

Compliments  
of  
**Dr. Bertram S. Killian**

Compliments  
of  
**Tarvers' Package Store**

Everything for the  
Fisherman and Builder  
**Lands End  
Marine Supply, Inc.**

**George P. Avila**  
FINE WATCH REPAIRING  
Provincetown, Mass.

Look Your Best  
The Cut of Your Hair Counts  
**A. E. Souza's Barber Shop**  
Results — Not Excuses  
291 Commercial Street  
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Compliments  
of  
**Sivert Benson**

Compliments  
of  
**Harbor Vanity Shoppe**

Compliments  
of  
**Dr. and Mrs. Stalker**

Compliments  
of  
**Jesse Rogers'  
Bowling Alley**

**Provincetown Shoe Hospital**

Corner Bradford and Court Street

Telephone 1091-W

**George J. Silva, Prop.**

Compliments

of

**The Cottage**

149 Commercial Street

**Patrician Shop**

212 Bradford Street

**LUNCHEONETTE SODA BAR**

**Newspapers**

**Magazines**

**Higgins' Lumber Company**

**BUILDING MATERIALS**

Telephone 150

**Cabral's Market**

Will and Emily Gordon

**MEATS and GROCERIES**

34 Bradford Street

Telephone 270

Compliments

of

**Peters Express**

**Owned and Operated by**

**James W. Enos**

Compliments

of

**Peters' Service Station**

Compliments

of

**James J. Perry & Son**

Compliments  
of  
**Provincetown  
Firemen's Association**

**Duarte Motors**  
Chevrolet — Oldsmobile  
SALES and SERVICE

Compliments  
of  
**Perry's Market**

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of  
**Provincetown  
Welding Works**  
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**It's Hubert's**

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**Provincetown-Boston  
Airline**  
Daily Scheduled Multi-Engine Service  
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MEATS and GROCERIES  
Bradford Street      Telephone 509

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of

**The Cozy Corner**

147 Commercial Street

Compliments  
of

**Korner Kitchen**

Compliments  
of

**Josette's**

145 Commercial Street

Telephone 478

Compliments  
of

**J. A. Lopes**

**THE MEN'S SHOP**

Compliments  
of

**Allen & Allen**

Compliments  
of

**Priscilla Gift Shop**

Opposite Post Office

Compliments  
of

**East Harbor Cottages**

Provincetown, Mass.

**B. H. Dyer & Company**

Commercial Street

Provincetown, Mass.

Compliments  
of

**Provincetown Inn**

**Chester G. Peck, Manager**

Telephone 1030

Compliments  
of

**Henrique's Taxi**

**24 HOUR SERVICE**

Telephone 544

Compliments  
of

**The Coffee Shop**

97 Bradford Street

**Provincetown  
Bus Line, Inc.**

**Provincetown Ice Co.**

Telephone 907

12 Holway Avenue

Compliments  
of

**Delft Haven**

Compliments  
of

**Harbor Lunch**

Compliments  
of

**The New York Store**

Head of Town Wharf

**Pilgrim Paper Corporation**

**PAPER MERCHANTS**

157 Federal Street  
Boston, Mass.

**Bentley & Simon, Inc.**

7 West 36th St., New York 18, N. Y.

Manufacturers of  
**CHOIR GOWNS**  
**PULPIT ROBES**  
**CAPS, GOWNS, HOODS**  
**for All Degrees**

Outfitters to over 3000 Schools,  
Colleges, and Churches

Compliments  
of

**Isadore Ferreira's  
Shoe Shop**

Compliments  
of

**Dr. and Mrs.  
John D. McCurtain**

315 Commercial Street

Compliments  
of

**Provincetown Liquor Mart**

Compliments  
of

**Lai & Sons**

Compliments  
of

**H. J. Robinson**

Compliments  
of

**Judge and Mrs. Welsh**

Compliments  
of  
**F. A. Days and Sons**  
Plumbing, Heating  
General Contracting  
Building Materials

Compliments  
of  
**Rivard, Inc.**

**Hide-a-way Club**  
or  
**Jolly Jacks**  
On Pier

Compliments  
of  
**Watts' Mobilgas Station**

**Casa Vistosa**  
Tel. 22 Parking  
Elsie T. Ferreira  
274 Commercial Street  
Provincetown, Mass.

**Ernest Perry**  
PUBLIC ACCOUNTANT  
3 Carver Street  
Provincetown, Mass.  
Telephone 31

Oil Retail Tel. 386

**Steele's Oil Company**  
Leo J. Rogers, Prop.  
14 Court Street  
Provincetown, Mass.

**Flyer's Boat Yard**  
BUILDING and REPAIRING  
94 Commercial Street  
Telephone 898

**NICKERSON FUNERAL SERVICE**

WELLFLEET

ORLEANS

BOURNE

LAUNDERING

DRY CLEANING

**ACME LAUNDRY COMPANY, INC.**

Cash and Carry at Patrick's

RUG CLEANING

FUR STORAGE

**D. F. MUNROE COMPANY**

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289 Congress Street

Boston, Massachusetts

George Gibson — School Street, Chatham, Massachusetts  
Telephone Chatham 302

Monroe Palmer — Osterville  
Telephone Osterville 830

COMPLIMENTS

OF

**HOTEL VICTORIA**

Seventh Avenue at 51st Street

NEW YORK, N. Y.

**P. J. Murphy, General Manager**

# Compliments of Our Fishing Fleet

Boat's Name	-	-	-	-	-	-	JOAN AND TOM
Weight	-	-	-	-	-	-	45 Tons
Length	-	-	-	-	-	-	62 Feet, 9 Inches
Capacity	-	-	-	-	-	-	50 Thousand
Engine	-	-	-	-	-	-	Buda "170"
Captain	-	-	-	-	-	-	Manuel Thomas

Boat's Name	-	-	-	-	-	-	SEA FOX
Weight	-	-	-	-	-	-	35 Tons
Length	-	-	-	-	-	-	60 Feet
Capacity	-	-	-	-	-	-	40 Thousand
Engine	-	-	-	-	-	-	Buda "170"
Captain	-	-	-	-	-	-	Manuel P. Henrique

Boat's Name	-	-	-	-	-	-	JOHN DAVID
Weight	-	-	-	-	-	-	44 Tons
Length	-	-	-	-	-	-	61 Feet, 2 Inches
Capacity	-	-	-	-	-	-	50 Thousand
Engine	-	-	-	-	-	-	Buda "170"
Captain	-	-	-	-	-	-	John Russe

Boat's Name	-	-	-	-	-	-	CLARA M
Weight	-	-	-	-	-	-	19 Tons
Length	-	-	-	-	-	-	60 Feet
Capacity	-	-	-	-	-	-	20 Thousand
Engine	-	-	-	-	-	-	Caterpillar "115"
Captain	-	-	-	-	-	-	Godinho

Boat's Name	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	SHIRLEY AND ROLAND
Weight	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	35 Thousand
Length	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	60 Feet
Capacity	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	40 Thousand
Engine	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Lazy Bones "135"
Captain	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Louis Salvador

Boat's Name	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	RENEVA
Weight	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	35 Tons
Length	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	60 Feet
Capacity	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	50 Thousand
Engine	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Murphy "115"
Captain	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Salvador Vasques

Boat's Name	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	CAPE COD
Weight	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	35 Tons
Length	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	60 Feet
Capacity	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	50 Thousand
Engine	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Buda "171"
Captain	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Manuel Phillips

Boat's Name	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	C. R. & M.
Weight	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	56 Tons
Length	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	65 Feet
Capacity	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	21 Tons
Engine	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Buda "330"
Captain	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Fred Salvador

Boat's Name	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	PLYMOUTH BELLE
Weight	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	45 Tons
Length	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	162 Feet
Capacity	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	55 Thousand
Captain	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Seraphine Codinho