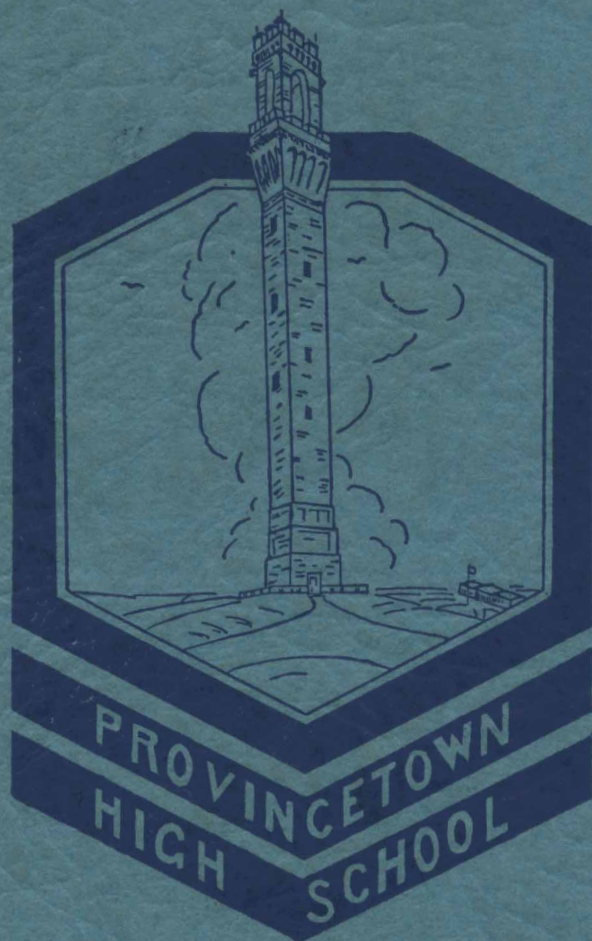


LONG POINTER



1939 - 1940

DEDICATION



To Mr. George F. Leyden, who through his leadership, whole-hearted interest, patience, and generosity has won the recognition of the students and faculty of Provincetown High School.

To Mr. David J. Murphy, who through his untiring effort and cooperation, and unswerving loyalty to the class of '40, has gained the respect and admiration as an outstanding leader.



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LONG POINTER STAFF



LONG POINTER STAFF

Seated: J. Atkins, A. Corea, L. Silva, M. Segura, E. Silva, J. Travis.

Standing: J. Silva, M. Raymond, L. Ferreira, B. Segura, L. Snow, M. Avellar, D. Mooney, M. Cook.

Editor-in-Chief

Assistant Editors

Literary Editor

Social Activities

Humor

Sports Editors

Business

Alumni

Art

Leona Silva

Elizabeth Silva, Mary Segura

Marilyn Raymond

Lucille Snow

Marguerite Cook

Dolores Mooney, Anna Corea, John Silva

Leo Ferreira, Jayne Atkins, Jeanne Travis

Beartice Segura, Matilda Avellar

Virginia Carter



DIRECTORY



Superintendent of Schools

MR. ALTON E. RAMEY

School Board

DR. FRANK O. CASS, Chairman

MR. CHARLES DeRIGGS

MR. SIVERT J. BENSON

Faculty

MR. GEORGE F. LEYDEN, Principal
American History

MR. DAVID J. MURPHY, Ass't Principal
Physical Education, Science, Democracy

MISS ELLEN W. HOURIHANE
English, History

MR. ARTHUR K. PERRY
Biology, French

MR. ANTONE DUARTE
Mathematics, Science, Problems of
American Culture

MR. WALTER COAKLEY
Manual Arts, Citizenship

MISS MARY DOWNS
Household Arts

MR. HAROLD STONE
Commercial Subjects

MISS SHIRLEY LAWRENCE
Latin, Business Science, English

MR. EPHRAIM RIVARD
Mathematics, Hygiene, Advanced
Algebra

MISS MERTIE KELLY
History, Geography, Spelling

MISS MARY JACOBS
English, Drawing

MISS MARY LEWIS
Geography, History, Spelling

MISS IRENE LEWIS
Science, Penmanship

MISS ELIZABETH DeRIGGS
Physical Education

MISS BEATRICE WELSH
Vocal Music

MR. and MRS. THOMAS NASSI
Instrumental Music

MISS ANNA NELSON
School Nurse

Coach
Manager

Coach
Captain
Manager

Coach
Captain
Manager

Coach
Captain

President
Vice President
Secretary
Treasurer
Class Advisor

President
Vice President
Secretary
Treasurer
Class Advisor

President
Vice President
Secretary
Treasurer
Class Advisor

President
Vice President
Secretary
Treasurer
Class Advisor

President
Vice President
Secretary
Treasurer
Other Members

Football

Mr. Antone Duarte
John Silva

Basketball

Mr. Antone Duarte
Lucien Cross
John Silva

Baseball

Mr. David J. Murphy
Raymond Souza
Frank Rosa

Girls' Basketball

Miss Elizabeth DeRiggs
Dolores Mooney

CLASS OFFICERS

Class of '40

Francis Steele
Arthur Patrick
Eleanor Lema
Jeanne Travis
Mr. David J. Murphy

Class of '41

Marguerite Cook
Dolores Mooney
Manuel Packett
John Farroba
Miss Ellen W. Hourihane

Class of '42

Frank Reis
Louis Rivers
Richard Tavers
Frank Alves
Mr. Arthur K. Perry

Class of '43

Isaiah Snow
Reginald Cabral
Kathleen Cordeiro
Philip Cook
Miss Shirley Lawrence

STUDENT COUNCIL

Lucien Cross
Arthur Roderick
Leona Silva
Leona Silva
Warren Roderick '41
Irving Malchman '42
Alfred Crooker '43
John Fields '44



EDITORIALS



THE VALUE OF HOUSEHOLD ARTS

That Household Arts is valuable seems to be self evident, but the following are a few reasons which I believe make it particularly valuable to the high school girl.

The percentage of girls looking forward to a life of bliss is so high that it practically makes it unanimous. That being so, and remembering also that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach; it is fairly safe to assume that the girl who learns how to feed him may be reasonably assured that this ecstatic bliss will be hers.

While this may be sufficient reason in itself and I suggest that it is, there are others which I shall mention.

You have heard that "Health is Wealth" and I am sure that you agree. It is most necessary to know the proper things to eat in order that you may be as healthy and full of vigor as you would like to be. Nutrition enters here. In it we learn the food essentials and how each may be obtained through a carefully chosen diet.

We learn the symptoms of certain deficiency diseases, and how by diet these may be checked. Perhaps if we could take a peek at ourselves in the future, the sight might not be very pleasant. Even now a young girl may gaze into the mirror in her bedroom and see a pale face with rings under her eyes and blemishes on the forehead and chin. Many a girl will cry and do nothing about it, but the wise girl will look to her Health Program.

First of all she will consider her diet and henceforth she will make sure she has in it all the vitamins, minerals and food essentials she has learned to be so necessary. Neither will she forget to take account of the number of hours of sleep which she has been having each night and the amount of fresh air and sunshine and exercise which she has included in her daily routine, so we find the study of nutrition of vital interest to us in everyday lives.

Now let us turn our thoughts for a moment to the advantages of a sewing course. The clothing course should not only teach one the

rudiments of sewing but also correct style, color, and design for various types of figures. Today when everyone is in such a hurry one has no time to make many of her clothes by hand but rather buy those made by dress manufacturers. It is the aim of schools to teach girls how to budget their money wisely for these articles, and how to dress appropriately for all occasions, as good appearance as well as knowledge is an asset in the business world.

The girls also learn to make garments for themselves, make their own alterations and knit. By being able to do these things a girl is able to have more clothes and is better dressed for the same money than another who has no knowledge of these skills.

Jean Travis, '40

THE LONG POINTER

The Long Pointer represents the efforts of the entire Provincetown High School in an endeavor to present to the public a clear view of the type of training which is given the Provincetown High School students.

The most important factor in producing the book is co-operation which places the value of Unity a great deal higher than that achievement by the individual.

The Long Pointer staff at this time wishes to take this opportunity to thank all those who have in any way contributed to the book's success.

We especially wish to thank those who gave financial support and also the "Cape Cod Standard Times" for their generosity in allowing us to reproduce several of their pictures.

We wish to extend our best wishes to the 1941 editorial staff, and we hope that they will have a very fine and prosperous publication.

If you have in no way contributed to our book, you may do your share by promoting it's sale.

Leona Silva '40

VOCATIONAL EDUCATION

The purpose of vocational education is to give training of such a character that when a course is completed the individual may be gainfully employed at a trade. In brief, it prepares boys and girls for their daily life work. In addition to this, it offers opportunities to ambitious men and women already employed at profitable trades to improve themselves that they may advance to positions of greater responsibility. In vocational schools the major emphasis is generally placed upon industry but despite this fact other essentials of a youth's education are not neglected. A great deal of time is devoted to those cultural subjects which will prove useful both in trade as well as in leisure time.

Experience has revealed that there is necessity for schools in which boys and girls shall be trained in habits of industry and economy and to offer them such courses as may be suited to their various capacities.

Dr. Link once stated that "No man will be regarded as educated, on the high school level, unless he has achieved some form of superiority in keeping with his aptitudes, whether this superiority be in mathematics, shop work, medicine, engineering, bookkeeping, cooking, dancing, farming or some activity for which there is a possible commercial use or which can serve as a stepping stone to a vocational career."

Eleanor M. Lema '40

"THE MEANING OF FRIENDSHIP"

There is no greater blessing than a real friendship. The word "friendship" sends a thrill of joy and happiness into our hearts merely to hear it or to see it in print. There is nothing which counts so much as a real friendship. Health, prosperity, talent, power,—these are all important things—but can they be compared to the love of a friend?

Some one said, "It may be true that one with a thousand friends has not a friend to spare, but it is also true that if you have one friend whom you can trust absolutely, whose love is as certain as the sun rise, you have no quarrel with life."

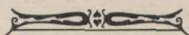
True friendships are kept firm and intact by such things as tolerance, unselfishness, genuine honesty, sincerity, sympathetic understanding, true affections, and a real kinship of interests.

All the wealth of the world cannot buy true friendship and once such a relationship is gone, it can seldom be recovered. It takes so little of worldly or natural things to be a friend.

True friendship often grows slowly as some flowers, they need increasing watering and weeding and the constant sunshine of love to make them grow beautiful.

In a word the secret of friendship and the most beautiful result of it is self-forgetfulness—a desire to give and not to take.

Elizabeth Silva '40





LITERARY



THE CURSE OF THE RIOLAKA

In the sweltering heat of the sun, a small safari wound its weary way through the jungle. In the distance the great purple mountains rose. All around great trees towered to mighty heights, vines and creepers lay in tangled masses, over the warm, moist ground and the fragrant perfume of orchids filled the heavy air.

Two men led the safari. They were of large build and had a friendly appearance but if one looked into their eyes they would be startled to find a cold and greedy look, the look of a snake.

They had been going since early morning and were very tired but still the men pushed on. As the safari neared the mountains a feeling of restlessness hung over it. The men knew it and that is why they kept on. It had taken them several days of bribing to get even that handful of men to come with them.

They were headed for the mountains that reared their snow capped peaks ahead. Finally one of the white men flung down his rifle and spoke.

"Listen, Ned, we've been going since early this morning, through this forsaken jungle and I don't care what you're going to do but I'm staying here for the night."

"Well, O. K., I guess you're right," replied the other white man, "but we've got to keep an eye on these boys because they'll run out on us if we turn our backs on them." With that he made a motion to the men to put their packs down and set up camp for the night.

After the men had eaten, they sat by the camp fire and spoke in low tones often casting glances at the natives who were acting very restless and uneasy. Finally they rose and went into their tents.

The next morning Dick woke to hear a scuffling and grunting outside the tent. Finally he heard a thud and all was still. Then the tent flaps were pulled back and Ned stood before him.

"Well, we certainly are in a fine mess. We should have kept guard over those natives. They have left. I caught old Wambi though and I'll

make him tell us what they all are so afraid of if it is the last thing that I do."

Dick got up, pulled his boots on and caught up his helmet. Stepping out into the warm sunshine flickering through the trees and hearing the birds twittering, it seemed as if nothing could be wrong, but when he looked down and saw the still form of the unconscious native he knew what a plight they were in.

He was startled out of his daydreaming by the groaning of the native. He looked down and saw that he was now conscious and sitting up. Dick called Ned to him and asked if he thought that he could find out why the natives left now.

Ned asked where the men had gone. The old man chattered in his native tongue with a look of fear on his wizened brown face.

"He says they have gone home. Away from these mountains which bear the ancient curse and if we don't leave soon we will be struck down by the curse."

Dick laughed, but an anxious look came over his face.

"What curse? The old fool must be crazy," he asked.

Again Ned spoke in the native's tongue and the native refused to speak for a moment but when he did it was with such fear and terror in his voice that the two men looked at each other in surprise.

"Riolaka, Riolaka," he cried in a trembling voice.

Dick and Ned laughed till even the birds in the trees above them flew away in surprise and indignation at being so rudely interrupted at their singing.

Suddenly the native made a dash for the jungle and disappeared from view in the deep underbrush.

"Well, I guess that's that," Dick said as they recovered from the sudden shock of the native's disappearance. "It looks like we will have to go ahead by ourselves."

About an hour later, with only the very essentials that they needed they left for the moun-

tains. About an hour later, they arrived at the foot of the mountains.

"Whew, here we are at last," Dick sighed. "I certainly hope all this is worth it. Where is the map?"

"Here it is, it says it is found in the formation of three stones."

"This must be it here. See these three stones?"

"Now we walk fifty paces straight up the mountain and go to the large stone and push."

They went up the mountain, and then came to a large stone. They pushed and to their surprise the stone slid out of place and in its stead a doorway was seen. In the shadows beyond, a flight of steps was seen going into the mountains. Over the doorway an inscription was chiseled into the stone.

"What does it say, Ned?"

"It says, Be it known that whosoever enters this sacred portal shall never return. So says Riolaka."

"Phooey, it's just a silly superstition and doesn't mean anything. Come on let's go."

They started down the steps and as they faded out of sight in the gloom a rumbling came from the very depths of the mountain. Then a great eruption came. The earth shot up into the air for hundreds of feet. Then all was still. The dust settled back. The vultures came back and circled over the spot where the men had entered their tomb.

The curse of Riolaka had struck.

Katherine Witherstine '42

"THE SAP"

Rose was a nice girl even though she worked in one of the worst of New York's many bad night clubs. She was a perfect blond with blue eyes and a trusting expression that attracted the most notorious gangsters. Rose had never wanted to work in such a place, but one must earn her daily bread.

Things had almost reached the breaking point when, one night she met Ted Andrews. He was the most attractive young man she had ever seen and she was swept off her feet. Ted didn't seem to have any visible means of support, but that didn't matter for she loved him. Even the fact that all working men were "saps" to Ted did not shake Rose's love for him.

At last they planned to run away to get mar-

ried. There weren't any parents to stop them, but Rose's contract was supposed to run for two years and it still had four months to go. The evening they were to leave Ted came into Rose's room where she was packing an old hat box. In response to her questions he dumped the contents on the bed. Ten, hundreds, thousands; those were the denominations that spilled out of the box like a snow storm. Quickly they were packed in a suit case and the two were off.

We pick up the story three weeks later in a little mid-western town where Ted and Rose have bought a little cottage. The first thing Ted did when he arrived was to bury the money in a metal box and plant a tree over it. By the aid of an old friend Ted secured a position as a traveling salesman with the huge plant that dominated the town. Thus Rose was left alone most of the time. She was curious about all the money that Ted had buried in the back yard. It must be counterfeit or Ted would not have buried it. This knowledge sometimes sent a little shiver of fear through her. Finally she dug up the box, burned the illegal money and reburied the box.

Three years have gone by, and Ted is now a district sales manager. He still calls working men "saps", but no longer so vehemently. The little cottage is now beautiful with velvet lawn, beautiful shrubs, delicate tasty furnishings. Rose is happy and never thinks now of the illegal money she destroyed.

Suddenly one day Ted bursts into the room. A newspaper is clutched in his hand and his face is flushed. He spreads it before her.

"Look!" he shouts, "It's all ours now."

"What is ours?" asks Rose, her heart beating loudly.

"The cash I buried of course," he replies. "Jake was killed in that prison break yesterday, and it's all ours now."

Trembling she grasps his coat lapels. "Ted do you really want that money?" she asks.

"Course" he shouts, "I want you to have everything, furs, Paris pent-house, and everything."

"I don't want it Ted, it's wrong," she replies.

Then a soft light came into her eyes. Slowly her lips formed the words that were to change Ted's whole conception of life. "We are going to have a baby," she said.

Ted, who had called all working men "saps" was now one himself. He didn't say a word, but just gazed at Rose.

Finally he spoke hoarsely, "You're right," he said, "guess we don't want the stuff after all. Don't worry, honey, I'll be good, I'll beat the saps at their own game. I'll be general Sales Manager inside of two years and then you can have those things anyway."

Frank Peters '40

A MORAL VICTORY

The intelligentsia of Hemolin Medical College had decided that Hemolin must have a football team, if its prestige in the world of education was to be upheld. So one, Dick Mason, like a score of other boys, was notified, that due to his record as fullback of Winston High he was to be accorded the honor of having one of their scouts watch him play and decide accordingly if his performance merited a scholarship to their college.

Now Dick Mason, like many other boys, who had a small sister, who had a cut, which they bandaged, dreamed of being a doctor. To these simple operations could be traced the source of every potential doctor's dream, which was of being lauded by a whole nation in humble gratitude for their discovery of a very dangerous germ. So we can understand why this news had so much import to a Dick Mason of poor parents.

Inside the locker room of Winston High on that afternoon of the last game of the season, Dick Mason had just finished getting into his uniform. As game time approached, Coach Higgins with a finesse that could be acquired only after years of experience, cleared the locker room of all well-wishers, of whom one had a sure touchdown play and another knew a weakness in the Richfield line through which any play could go for at least ten yards.

The boys were now ready to go through the ceremonies, which must, as an ancient custom, precede every football game. In the corner of the room, an old bench which threatened to collapse at any moment, served as a rub-down table. On this the boys took turns at giving each other sound blows on the back, after which each in his turn would rise and solemnly state that because of the rub-down, his body now felt ever so much better.

Then the players were given a pep talk and pranced out onto the field. There, like mechanized robots, they broke into small groups and charged meaningly up and down the field at

the mythical enemy. The small boys of Winston, also had their part in the ceremony. They were busily employed making faces and sticking their tongues out at the Richfield players. After these events were dispensed with, the game was ready to begin.

What the spectator saw wasn't a spectacular game. Instead he saw a contest played by boys, who made up in enthusiasm what they lacked in the finer points of the game. The game was what could be expected of high school boys, who practiced a month, were given a suit and told to do or die.

The spectator saw a Winston team trailing by six points in the third quarter, march from their territory to Richfield's thirty. Then he saw a run around end by a Dick Mason of Winston that scored a touchdown, thereby knotting the score at six all. In the last quarter, the spectator saw each team desperately attempt to score with fantastic laterals and reverses, as the game ended in a deadlock.

A jubilant Dick Mason waited in the office of Coach Higgins, as the scout was to tell him of his decision on that same day. Mason was positive that he would be awarded the scholarship. At last in came Coach Higgins with a portly man by his side, who proved to be the scout. After the introductions, they came to the real reason for their meeting. After clearing his throat the scout informed a confident Dick Mason of his decision.

"I'm very sorry," began the scout, "but I don't believe I am able to award you the scholarship that——"

He had been suddenly interrupted by Mason, who jumped from his chair, with an amazed look on his face, that seemed to ask how this could be.

Coach Higgins hastily took charge of the situation.

"You see, Dick," he explained, "on that forward pass play for the extra point, you showed a decided lack of teamwork. All that mattered to you was your scholarship. If the team won or lost wasn't important. There were three receivers in the clear on that play and you, as the forward passer, could have easily won the game with a half decent pass. You were so wrapped up with your scholarship that you didn't attempt to score the extra point for a team victory but just stood there and allowed yourself to be tackled."

When Coach Higgins had finished, Mason

stood bewildered in the middle of the room not knowing what to do or say. Then as tears began to trickle slowly down his cheeks, he ran awkwardly out of the room.

"I know" mumbled Coach Higgins, more to himself than the scout beside him, "that I was hard on him but it was for the best. That's one lesson he will carry with him all through life. It's better that he should learn now than later, that teamwork is the essential thing. At first it will be hard on him, but he's made of good stuff and he'll get over it."

"Why he's only a junior," said Coach Higgins, in a burst of remembrance. "Next year he probably will have plenty of offers. I almost forgot about that. Sure, next year he'll be bigger, more experienced. Why I'm glad this has happened. He didn't get his scholarship, but it was a moral victory. That's what it is, a moral victory."

Irving Malchman '42

THE LAND OF PROMISE

Dan looked back on the years he had lived in Ireland with his wife and two children, Michael and Patricia. He was wondering how they all looked now.

"I wish they were here with me," he said sadly, as he walked to his flat on East 14th Street.

Dan O'Leary had come to America in 1909 to try to earn a living. He had told his wife that when he had enough money he would send it to her and she could pack up with the two children and come over by boat to America.

He had succeeded in getting a good job that paid him about thirty-five dollars a week. He had saved half of his pay every week for the coming of his family. However, fate stepped in when the depression came, dwindling his salary to twenty dollars and his hopes for the future looked darker than ever. Out of his salary he had to pay rent, and food bills. Occasionally he bought himself a few articles of clothing.

He had received a letter from his wife the other day telling him that Michael and Patricia were now old enough to be working, to help support their mother as money wasn't too plenti-

ful. Michael was now sixteen and Patsy was eighteen.

How feverently he wished that the four of them could once more be together. It was years ago—fifteen years to be exact—how the time had flown!

He had not answered that letter right away as was his wont for his spirits had been lowered to the extent that nothing seemed to matter now. He had lost his job and the money that he received from odd jobs allowed him to buy only the absolute necessities.

Should he write back and tell his family he was a failure? No, he couldn't bear the thought of the disappointment the three over there would face. How he missed them all!

He must keep plugging on for didn't he already have half of the necessary passage money? Yet it had taken him fifteen years to save up that much. Molly, his wife, had been faithful to him—writing encouraging letters, telling him that the three had been getting along with few hardships and hoped they would soon be able to share life together again.

These letters only added to the growing pain in his heart. He was getting older all the time and it didn't seem right to work all day, come home to two little rooms in the evening with no one to cook his meals. Would he ever find happiness again?

All these depressing thoughts were running through his mind as he trudged along, and so absorbed was he, that he didn't notice that he had passed his flat and was heading toward the river.

A fog horn hooted in the distance as the twilight slowly gathered in. A silhouette of a man could be seen walking towards the end of the wharf where the water was deep. A passerby might have heard these last words of the man, before he walked off the pier and fell with a splash into the cold water of East River!

"Molly, I'm coming to you—we will be together again and I'm not going to be alone any more."

The river flowed on and three days after, the body of a man was cast up on the shore three miles away. No one claimed it and Dan O'Leary died an unknown man in a country far away from his family and friends and was heard from no more by his loving wife and children.

June Whiddon '40



POETRY



MY BROTHER JOE

It all seems so long ago
With Mother, Dad and me
And chubby little baby Joe
Upon my father's knee.

Sitting in the twilight dim
Gathered round the fire
Some funny story Dad would tell
Of which we'd never tire.

A chubby finger in his mouth
In mother's arms he lies,
And baby Joe would gurgle low
Blinking his sleepy eyes.

So off to bed with nodding head,
Tucked under coverlet white,
And bending low my mother dear
Would kiss him a warm goodnight.

Three years have passed and Joe has grown
From a bouncing baby boy
To a walking, talking, laughing lad
Who fills our hearts with joy.

Three more years fly by, Joe starts to school
Blue suit, white shirt and tie.
Mother looks proudly on her son
And bids him their first good bye.

From primary to grammar school
From grammar school to high,
And now he is a college lad.
My how the years fly by!

I see him as in yesterday;
How Dad and Mom would plan
The future for their baby son
Who's grown to be a man.

I see him now with winning smile,
With strong and manly grace
On holidays his presence always
Brightened up the place.

He'd tell me of his college chums
And a certain girl called Mae

Whom he hoped to (confidentially)
Wed as his wife some day.

His college days are at an end
And graduation near.
He'll leave us now and go away
The boy we love so dear.

June Whiddon, '40.

TO MR. MURPHY

He is our advisor, good and true,
And we all like him with heart and mind.
Cross words from him are very few,
Far between and hard to find.

He helps us along and over rough ways.
He smooths out each ruffie and kink.
He is just what we need to brighten our days,
To help us forget about pens and ink.

We'll try to please him and want him to know
That whatever he does is all right with us,
And when school days are finished and onward
we go
Into his teachings we'll put our trust.

Jeanne Travis, '40.

AMERICAN HISTORY CLASS

The class begins; we sit at ease,
Mr. Leyden calls for, "Home work, please."
Hilda Marshall's is lost and Jean Banks is too.
Leona Silva doesn't know what to do.
Jayne Atkins forgot her book,
And Marilyn Raymond sits with that innocent
look,
Till Mr. Leyden says, "Stand up! Don't look so
glum.
What is the rule, now, tell us, come."
And weakly replies the doleful mite,
"Double the home work for tonight."

Jeanne Travis, '40.

REMINISCENCE

As I sit here and wonder
 What the future holds,
 A very frightened feeling
 Creeps into my soul.

I haven't bothered to study hard
 For June seems far away,
 But then it comes upon me
 Like a debt I cannot pay.

Now listen, my dear Freshmen,
 The years are very short.
 Take heed of all your teachers
 And the things that you are taught.

For the time will soon be here
 When you are in my place.
 May you have the best of luck
 And not my footsteps trace.

Arthur C. Patrick, '40.

WOULDN'T IT BE STRANGE IF:

Leona and Elizabeth were gold instead of Silva.
 Francis were iron instead of Steele.
 Dorothy were aster instead of Rose.
 Hilda were a general instead of a Marshall.
 Marjorie were green instead of Grey.
 Raymond were night instead of Days.
 Mary were a trip instead of a Cruz.
 Lucien were cheery instead of Cross.
 Viola were bake instead of Cook.
 Robert were red instead of Brown.
 Jean were vaults instead of Banks.

Our Teachers Were:

Rocks instead of Stone.
 Ups instead of Downs.
Coaley instead of **Coakley**.
 Greek instead of Welsh.

Marilyn Raymond, '40.



The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex	House of Spies	House: P. H. S.
Edgar and Celeste		Spies: Faculty
Confucious Say	Brave Tears	Graduation Night
Leona Silva	Conquest of Fear	Students Taking Exams
Senior Class on Train	Engines and Brass Bands	P. H. S. Band
Strange Cargo	We Kids	The Seniors
Seventh Heaven	A Man and His Dreams	Man: Patrick
Amercian History Class		Dreams: Betty Brackett
Jitterbug Jamboree	Babes in Arms	Seniors in N. Y.
P. H. S. Gym Floor; Lunch Time	Baby Me	Marilyn Raymond
Gone With the Wind	Lets Make Memories Tonight	Seniors on Arrival at N. Y.
Students after Dismissal Bell	Lets Disappear	Seniors on Eve of Departure from N. Y.
Stars of Hollywood	Little Man Who Wasn't There	Arthur Patrick
Cast of "What a Life"	Three Little Maids From School Are We	M. Andrews, T. Rosa, I. Angelo
Raymond Days	I Didn't Know What Time It Was	Seniors Explaining to Chaperons
Provincetown High School	Nightmare	Senior English Class
Jayne Atkins	Just for a Thrill	Breaking Rules
Mr. Perry	Dinner Music for a Pack of Hungry Cannibals	Music at Lunch Hour
Francis Steele and Mary Mott	It's Funny to Everyone but Me	Pat Explaining Poor Marks
P. H. S. Teachers	Jumpy Nerves	Exam Week
Junior Prom	Running Wild	Seniors in N. Y.
The Parting of the Ways		
Senior Class at Graduation		
Come and Get It		
Lunch Hour		
You Can't Stop Me from Dreaming		
Viola Cook		
Th Silent One		
Marjorie Gray		
The Killer Diller		
Arthur I. Costa		
Rip Van Winkle		
Edgar Francis		
Provincetown Advocate		
Hilda Marshall		
Wall Street		
Marilyn Raymond		
Our Dumb Animals		
American History Class		
Substitute Lover		
Raymond Souza		

INTRODUCING THE SENIORS



MARY J. ANDREWS

Here's to Mary who's always been helpful
For her gay manner we'll always be grateful.
Whose secretarial ability has been a help to the teachers during the
term examinations. Although she works in the office, types and mimeo-
graphs for the school, she is faithful to her studies.

IRENE R. ANGELO

Irene's days have been filled with fun
She never leaves anything undone.

Irene is always eager to help anyone and tries to keep people happy.
She has done office work faithfully for two years and has served on
committees.



JAYNE W. ATKINS

Jayne always has a smile
Which makes every minute worthwhile.

At last Jayne's acting ability has become known. She successfully por-
trayed a lead in the Senior play "What A Life." She has a sunny and
lovable disposition that makes her welcome everywhere.

JEAN M. BANKS

Jean hasn't been known to be unfair
In everything, she takes great care.

She's friendly, sociable, polite and dependable. We are sure that her
desire to become a surgery nurse will be achieved. She has been
faithful in her service in class committees and is always willing to help.



ROBERT E. BROWN

Of Bob, who is the quiet one,
We really wonder if he enjoys any fun.

Bob's the quiet boy of our class. He served on many committees; played
in the orchestra; was a member of the cast of "What A Life" and a par-
ticipant in class functions.

BARBARA J. CABRAL

The quiet member of our class
 But she really is a loyal lass.
 There's little to say about Babs, because she's so quiet, except that she's
 a friendly and kind person and liked by all. To be a nurse is Babs am-
 dition and we give her our best wishes.



JANE E. CABRAL

All know that her nursing ability will carry her to great heights.
 She has served on committees and helped us in our class activities. We
 Jane's another quiet member of our class but like Babs she is friendly.
 But they really think she's very nice.
 The boys can't break thru Jane's heart of ice.



VIOLA F. COOK

Viola is the one who hardly recites
 So how do we know when she's wrong or right.
 Although Vi rarely participated in our school activities she was
 always willing to help whenever she could. Our best wishes are with
 Vi in whatever she decides to do.



ANN C. COREA

Best wishes Ann.
 It won't be long now before we girls will be going to Ann's beauty parlor.
 basketball team for two years. Her ambition is to be a beauty culturist.
 Her eagerness to help, her cheerful and sunny disposition made her a
 desirable classmate. She has successfully played guard on the
 Has always been known to play fair.
 Ann our basketball player



ARTHUR I. COSTA

Arthur's "superb" English was always a laugh to us in English class. He
 was Miss Hourihane's favorite pupil for correcting the "ings" during
 oral English recitations.
 We know will be Art's smallest strife.
 To be a success in life



LUCIEN P. CROSS

He won fame as our basketball captain and also in baseball and football.
 He was prominent in all class activities and one of our best ticket sellers.
 He is liked by all, especially the girls. His part in the senior play proves
 that he has acting ability.
 Is a favorite of the girls it seems.
 In, the head of the teams





MARY A. CRUZ

Here's to Mary, everybody's friend
And to her our best wishes we do send.

Mary has secretarial ability and is a most efficient member of the office staff. Her speed in typing is remarkable and yet she's trying to surpass her own speed. Lots of luck Mary in the commercial field.

RAYMOND H. DAYS

He answers aloud
But always seems to be in a cloud.

Another basketball player is Darpy. His pleasing personality has won him many friends. He was active in all class functions and served on many committees. He brought us many laughs in the senior play as the carefree detective.



MAUREEN M. DIGNES

Maureen's the one with very light hair
We bet she'll take the prize in any fair.

Maureen's a new member of the class. Although we seldom see her because of her office work we still think a lot of her. Her sunny smile will carry her far.

LEO J. FERREIRA

Here's to Leo who is tall and straight
For school he is never, never late.

Leo has shown his ability as a business manager when he was chosen as manager of practically all our outstanding activities. Where credit is due, Leo is there to receive it.



EDGAR W. FRANCIS, Jr.

All our luck to this Truro lad
Whose gaiety will never let him be sad.

Although Gar is a new member of our class we appreciate him immensely. A star in all sports, Gar is a favorite with all pupils. We shall always remember his breath-taken attempts in Mr. Murphy's gym assemblies. We wish him all the luck in the world in his chosen profession of aeronautics. We're certain to hear great things from him.

MARJORIE E. GRAY

Our wishes to Marjorie, Marty for short,
Who's really not a bad sort.

Midgie's our Truro lass. Although she lives in Truro she has done her share for the class. Much success Midge in your chosen career.



ELEANOR M. LEMA

Eleanor is always so neat
We all think she's very sweet.

Eleanor's sweet smile will always be in our memories. She has served successfully for four years as the secretary of our class. She was a faithful participant on committees and a member of the National Honor Society. Everyone knows about her pleasing manner, disposition and personality. We are certain she'll succeed as a telephone operator.



HILDA L. MARSHALL

Of Hilda we have a suspicion
Maybe to be a speaker is her ambition.

Hilda's one of the cheeriest members of our class. She's a second Arlene Harris and we can prove it. As a player on the basketball squad and a perfect mother in the the senior play, Hildegarde has been a grand addition to our class.

MARY T. MOTT

Always cheerful, always gay
That's our Mary in every way.

She was an active member of the basketball team and has served on various committees. We are certain that Mary's efficiency and capabilities will take her far.



ARTHUR C. PATRICK

Pat's ambition is to get to the coast
And when he returns of the girls he will boast.

Besides being the best dressed boy in the class he is also remembered for other achievements. They include: vice president, senior year, a declamation winner, service on many committees, active in school functions and a member of the senior play cast.



FRANK A. PETERS

All the class surely agree,
That Frank will obtain his master's degree.

Frank is also a new member of the class. His tall, gentlemanly manner became known by the entire school. We could always depend on Frank for an answer in American History. We are sure he will achieve his ambition to obtain a master's degree.



MARILYN S. RAYMOND

Here's to Lyn who's always gay
With us her smile will always stay.

We seldom saw a frown on Mem's face. Her smile has won her many a friend. She has proven herself a most capable school treasurer. She has helped on committees and has been an active member in all class functions.





JOHN J. RODERICK

Of John there isn't much to say,
 Except we'll think of him when we are old and gray.
 John's our manual training "whiz", besides having the advantage of
 being told that he looks like John Garfield, by the girls. Maybe that
 advantage will carry him to great fame.. We hope so!

MARY E. ROGERS

To Mary who is very urbane
 And her ideals she's always ready to maintain.
 Mary's ability in shorthand and typing will never be forgotten by her
 shorthand classmates. She has served on committees and has partici-
 pated in our activities.



THEODORA F. ROSA

Teddy's our bundle of noise
 And is liked by the Gloucester boys.
 Teddy's cheery manner will be a pleasing memory for all of us. Her
 good nature has won her many friends especially among the opposite
 sex.

DOROTHY A. ROSE

Those who are destined for future fame
 Will have to make room for Dorothy's name.
 Dot's the dancer of the class. She has been a good classmate and friend.
 We will not be surprised, some day, to see Dot's name in lights.



MARY A. SEGURA

Mary's smile is so bright
 And so all of us it does delight.
 Another cheery member of the class. Her smile was always wel-
 comed by us any time. She was one of the winners of the Junior
 Declamation, an office worker, and assistant editor of the Long Pointer.

ELIZABETH J. SILVA

The girl who always gets caught chewing gum
 But she really is a lot of fun.
 Liz is the girl who always got caught chewing gum no matter in what
 room. A winner of the Junior Declamations, an assistant editor of the
 Long Pointer, office worker and participant in school activities are all
 to her credit. She had a smile for every one, no matter who.



LEONA M. SILVA

A girl sincere in work and play
The kind that always saves the day.

Her many accomplishments include, Vice-president of our class, junior year, editor-in-chief of the Long Pointer, committee member and active in all our class projects. She was a winner of the Declamations. Her friendly smile adds to her charming nature.



RAYMOND W. SOUZA

Swy is the favorite of the girls
Because of his beautiful dark curls.

Swy's curly hair has been the envy of the class. He's considered the sheik of the class, isn't he girls? His excellent playing in all sports was admired by everyone. We are certain his friendly manner will take him far.



FRANCIS J. STEELE

To our class president we drink a toast
And of him we'll always boast.

"Farmer" has served most successfully as our class president for two years. He won honor as a winner of the Declamations and as Henry Aldridge in "What A Life". He has played four years of intramural basketball and has been an excellent ticket seller.



KATHLEEN B. TINKHAM

Here's to Benny of Truro hills,
Who's very fond of all sorts of thrills.

She wasn't very active in our class functions because she lived in North Truro. She's a cute little miss, although rather shy, she has won her way into our hearts. Good luck Benny.



JEANNE A. TRAVIS

She looks so quiet until she get's going
Then she's a riot and doesn't need any towing.

Jeanne's been our most successful class treasurer for three years. We shall miss her demands for class dues. She played the efficient secretary in the senior play, served on many committees, a participant in class activities and a member of the Long Pointer staff. We wish her luck as a journalist.



NORINE E. VALENTINE

As quiet as the North wind
As serious as Puck.

Val's our bundle of laughs and giggles. No matter where she was, there was always a laugh. She filled our days with fun. One of our champion ticket sellers, she has done a great deal for our class and she knows we've appreciated her.

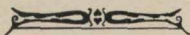




JUNE F. WHIDDON

It's nice to be natural
If you're naturally nice.

Here's to June, the class artist and musician. We always depended on June for our advertising posters and she was always ready to comply. June is both artistic and musical so we are certain she will succeed in whatever field she decides to train.



SENIOR SUPERLATIVES

Biggest Drag with the Faculty	Leona Silva
Most Conceited	Lucien Cross
Class Vamp	Leona Silva
Best Looking Boy	Raymond Souza
Most Attractive Girl	Jayne Atkins
Best Physique	John Roderick
Best Figure	Hilda Marshall
Most Studious	Frank Peters
Class Artist	June Whiddon
Best Girl Dancer	Dorothy Rose
Best Boy Dancer	Arthur Patrick
Most Likely to Succeed	Mary Mott
Most Dignified	Barbara Cabral
Class Orator	Francis Steele
Boy with Most Personality	Arthur Patrick
Girl with Most Personality	Eleanor Lema
Most Athletic Girl	Anna Corea
Most Athletic Boy	Edgar Francis
Class Actress	Jean Travis
Class Actor	Raymond Days
Wittiest	Arthur Patrick
Most Bashful	Robert Brown
Best Dressed Girl	Mary Segura
Best Dressed Boy	Arthur Patrick
Class Musician	June Whiddon
Class Baby	Marilyn Raymond
First to be Married	Theдора Rosa
First to Have a Bay Window	Leo Ferreiro
Most Popular Girl	Hilda Marshall
Most Popular Boy	Arthur Patrick
Most Versatile	Elizabeth Silva
Class Pest	Norine Valentine
Most Tactful	Mary Rogers
Class Egoist	Francis Steele
Most Reserved	Mary Cruz

Woman Hater
Man Hater
Class Tomboy
Most Flirtatious

Done Most For P. H. S.
Best Natured Girl
Class Typist
Most Agreeable
Dean of Women

Frank Peters
Jane Cabral
Jean Banks
Mary Andrews
Irene Angelo
Eleanor Lema
Kathleen Tinkham
Marjorie Gray
Viola Cook
Maureen Dignes

HIGH SCHOLASTIC STANDING

Seniors

Mary Andrews	Barbara Cabral
Edgar Francis	Mary Mott
Mary Rogers	June Whiddon

Juniors

Eugene Perry	Marguerite Cook
Warren Perry	John Rose

Sophomores

Lucille Snow	Herman Silva
Matilda Avellar	Edwina Crawley
Barbara Crocker	Paula Jette
Velma Perry	

Freshman

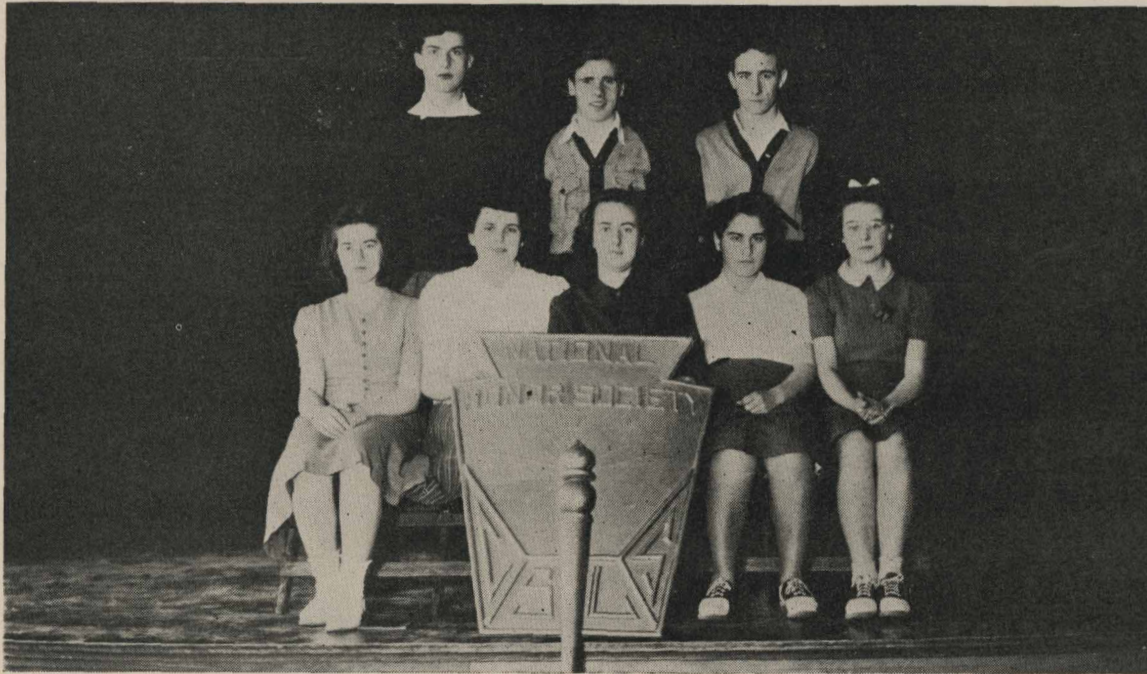
Arthur Joseph	Gilbert Rose
Issaih Snow	Francis Ventura

HIGH HONORS

Irving Malchman	Louis Rivers
Edward O'Rork	Mary Roda
Helen Rogers	



ACTIVITIES



NATIONAL HONOR SOCIETY

Seated: Marguerite Cook, Leona Silva, Mary Rogers, Eleanor Lema, Marilyn Raymond.
Standing: Leo Ferreira, Warren Roderick, Lucien Cross.

NATIONAL HONOR SOCIETY

Eight students were recently elected to the National Honor Society. Members are chosen for their leadership, character, scholarship and service. Scholarship counts for the largest number of points.

This system helps to better the school, for it acts as an incentive for better student participation in activities, mental or extracurricular.

New members selected this year are: Eleanor Lema '40, Leona Silva '40, Marilyn Raymond '40, Mary Rogers '40, Lucien Cross '40, Leo Ferreira '40, Marguerite Cook '41 and Warren Roderick '41.

Leona Silva, '40.

ASSEMBLIES

We have had various assemblies this year. All have been amusing and entertaining.

Mr. Coakley, with his Citizenship class, gave

an assembly in commemoration of Armistice Day, which consisted of was songs sung by the entire school.

F. W. Putman entertained our faculty with his address "After School What?"

Miss Mary Jacobs gave a school assembly.

The athletic assembly was given by Coach Duarte. The cheer leaders lead the school in P. H. S. cheers.

Mr. F. Lane of Wellfleet gave an educational talk on the Phillipines, which he visited in his trip around the world.

Miss Finnell was responsible for our entertaining Christmas assembly. Members of her class dramatized some of the scenes from Charles Dickens' "Christmas Carol".

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

Mr. Leyden showed the picture "Touching All Bases", a National League game.

On Friday, the ninth of February, Miss Irene Lewis gave on assembly in honor of Lincoln.

On Monday, the twelfth of February, records were played giving episodes of Lincoln's life. Miss Lewis gave a play entitled "A Birthday Present for Lincoln."

The Hood's Milk Company showed pictures after school in the auditorium. They served ice cream during school hours. Everyone enjoyed it.

"You're in the Navy Now" was shown with Wallace Beery, the movie actor, drawing laughs from the pupils.

These and other entertaining assemblies have been given by the teachers of our High School and by our principal, Mr. Leyden.

THE STUDENT COUNCIL

The Council for 1939-40 has given a dance and raffle with the Seniors to raise money to pay for the electric reproducing machine in the gym.

In past years, as now, this group tries to supply the wants of the scholars. Some of the articles given by the Council in former years are: deeper baskets in the cafeteria and rubbers for library chairs.

The Council of 1939-40 consists of the following: Seniors, President, Lucien Cross, Leona Silva, Secretary and Treasurer; Juniors, Vice-President, Arthur Roderick, Warren Roderick; Sophomores, Irving Malchman; Freshmen, Alfred Crooker; Junior High, John Fields.

THE FRESHMAN RECEPTION

On September 22, 1939, the Seniors again gave the newcomers to P. H. S. a grand welcome. The grand march was lead by the officers of the Senior and Freshman class.

Refreshments were served in the cafeteria, as always. They consisted of punch and cake.

Music was furnished by Pat and his Pals.

THE HALLOWEEN-VICTORY DANCE

This dance was sponsored by the Junior Class on October 28. The gym was decorated with blue and white footballs and helmets in honor of Nantucket, and black and orange for Provincetown. Cheer leaders made the decorations.

Refreshments were served in the cafeteria, which consisted of punch, cake and candy.

Pat and his Pals furnished the music.

TURKEY WHIST

On November 24, the Seniors sponsored a turkey whist, for the purpose of raising money for their annual trip to New York, in the gym.

Six turkeys were raffled and one door prize was given.

Refreshments were served in the cafeteria.

JUNIOR DECLAMATIONS

The Declamations came in two groups this year. The girls gave theirs on Tuesday, March 26 and the boys delivered theirs Monday, April 1.

Ten Juniors, five girls and five boys were chosen to compete in the finals which were held on Monday, June 10th.

The ten chosen are:

Virginia Carter, Barbara Cross, Marguerite Cook, Elizabeth Martin, Dolores Mooney, Eugene Perry, Warren Roderick, Arthur Roderick, John Silva and Francis Mooney.

THE SENIOR TRIP

The Senior Class went to New York for a five day visit during the April vacation.

We left for New York from Providence and saw many interesting things such as Times Square at night, Museum of Natural History, Hayden Planetarium, Radio City Music Hall and St. Patrick's Cathedral.

The trip was made a success with the help of Mr. Murphy, our class advisor, and by the accompaniment of Miss Elizabeth DeRiggs and Mr. George F. Leyden.

Leona Silva, '40.

THE ANCHORAGE

The Anchorage was a sophomore paper again this year. Miss Hourihane supervised the writing of the paper while the senior typists printed it. The sophomores hope that they have pleased and interested their readers.

The people who contributed to the writings of the paper included: Irving Malchman, Josephine Dignes, Matilda Avellar, Mary Roda, Barbara Crocker, Lewis Rivers, Dorothy King, Katherine Witherstine, Frank Alves, Insley Caton, Ethel Whiddon, Edwina Crawley and Beatrice Segura.



SENIOR FLAY CAST

Seated: F. Steele, J. Travis, R. Brown, J. Atkins, L. Cross, R. Days, F. Peters, J. Banks.
Standing: A. Patrick, M. Andrews, E. Perry, A. Costa, Mr. Perry, M. Rogers, M. Mott, N. Valentine,
T. Rosa, I. Angelo, H. Marshall.

THE SENIOR PLAY

On Friday, April 5th ,the Senior Class presented a rollicking comedy, "What A Life", showing typical school life. The play was centered about Henry Aldrich, who found trouble everywhere he looked and happened to be.

The play was under the supervision of Mr. Perry, who made real actors out of:

Henry Aldrich Francis Steele
Mrs. Aldrich Hilda Marshall
George Bigelow Lucien Cross
Miss Wheeler Mary Rogers

Miss Eggleston Mary Mott
Miss Pike Jeanne Banks
Bill Eugene Perry
Mr. Ferguson Raymond Days
Mary Mary Andrews
Mr. Bradley Frank Peters
Mr. Nelson Arthur Patrick
Mr. Patteson Robert Brown
Miss Shea Jeanne Travis
Barbara Pearson Jayne Atkins
Gertie Thedora Rosa
Miss Johnson Norine Valentine
Mr. Vecchito Arthur I. Costa



JUNIOR HIGH



JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL

THEY SHALL NOT KNOW

Sam opened his eyes. Gradually, the hazy mist which surrounded him cleared and the clean white walls of the hospital ward took a more definite shape. At his side a bowl of fragrant American Beauties broke the monotony of that glaring white.

For a while Sam lay there, his mind as blank as that sheet of paper which so often finds its way to the trash basket, with not so much as a smudge of ink on it. But Sam was content not to think. His only thoughts, anyway, would be ones of self-pity and anguish. He would try to drive such thoughts out, but what was the use? A good-for-nothing! That was what he was and always would be!!

Sam Elgin had been a young reporter on the "Daily Globe." Life had been a thrill to him then, as he rushed through crowded streets to reach the scene of a startling traffic accident, or struggled through flames and smoke to get a sought-after story. But now, with all hope and longed-for excitement gone, how dreary and useless life seemed!

About a week ago he had stood on the running-board of a speeding police car. Down the winding road, a story awaited him and his

paper, for a band of gangsters, who had done everything from petty stealing to murder, were making their get away! Sam just had to get that story.

And then the horrible moment had come! The police car swerved around a turn in the road and Sam was hurled from the running-board, under the madly racing wheels of the car!! When the police car pulled to a stop five seconds later, Sam lay prostrate on the ground, with both of his once active legs crushed, and embedded in a pool of blood!

In the silent hospital room Sam clenched his fists and shut his eyes tight, to keep from the inevitable screaming. He had been told that he was fortunate to still be alive. But what good would that be to him, what good would that ever be to him when both his legs were gone, gone forever?

They did not know—doctors and nurses and friends—they did not know what he'd been through! Only those who had been afflicted in the same way would know—and those who, in future years, would be crippled—they would know!

Suddenly he thought of little children who, through heedlessness, would know only too

well—Sam opened his eyes! He could save them—those boys and girls. They would cease to risk their lives and limbs through recklessly dashing across highways, “hooking” rides, and other similar dangerous practices so prevalent among children today.

He could still write! Write great articles which would stir these children and guide them into the the paths of safety.

Suddenly his heart was filled with gladness! He could certainly be of some use now. He would save the lives and “legs” of little children and young folks so that they would never know the excruciating agony, both mental and physical, the utter hopelessness that had been his.

Sam Elgin closed his eyes and smiled.

Carol Whorf, 8A.

A BAREFOOT BOY

“Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!”

This verse ran through my mind as I sat under a tree and watched a barefoot boy trudging along with his small lap-eared dog trailing along behind him. He had on old trousers which were patched in so many places they now looked like a patch work quilt. On his big toe was an enormous bandage which at one time must have been white. A poor excuse for a hat, pushed onto the back of his head, was torn in many places and had so many dabs of paint on it that it now looked like an artist’s discarded paint-rag. Swung over his shoulder was a fishing tackle that must have known better days, and in his right hand was a rusty tin which surely contained some worms for bait. Yet, in spite of this, could any boy be happier than this one?

Ellen Lynch, 8A.

BEAUTY WITH WINGS

One afternoon as I strolled leisurely down one of Maine’s many winding, little country paths I happened to notice a graceful butterfly darting in and out among the reeds that grow by the side of the road. There was nothing haughty about him as he flew gayly about. I suddenly realized that he had not always been the colorful, blithe, beautiful thing that flitted before me. Oh no! Once he had been a detestible caterpillar that everyone scorned. Now he was something that any entomologist would have been proud to possess. His gossamer wings were purple with a slight tint of yellow that reflected in the still

water of the marsh with such splendor that you forgot to notice the lanky reeds that provided his environment. As I continued to enjoy the beauty of his presence I felt sure that no one would have the heart to cast a net over him. For by doing so they would be blotting out one of nature’s most precious possessions that add so much bliss and joy to people’s lives all over the world.

Gloria Silva, 7 A.

MOTHER

No poem, no song, no words so few,
No moon, no stars, no sky of blue,
Nothing of beauty rare and true
Can amply voice my thoughts of you.

In time of need, when things seem low,
In sickness, health, when ill winds blow,
In right or wrong, you good bestow,—
Love’s heaped on me from you—I know.

Now, when I stop to think, it’s clear,
That through God’s grace you’ve been so near;
So thanks to Him Who keeps you here—
My faithful friend, my Mother dear.

Barbara Weed, '44.

EIGHTH GRADE SUPERLATIVES

In order to compose the following, the girls in the class of '44 got together. I have written it all down and hope that everyone will agree with us:

Best Girl Student	Carol Whorf
Best Boy Student	John Fields
Girl with Best Figure	Ellen Lynch
Boy with Best Physique	William Pacelleni
Best Dressed Girl	Lurana Higgins
Most Athletic Girl	Jane Enos
Most Athletic Boy	Robert Cordeiro
Best Girl Dancer	Eleanor Patrick
Best Boy Dancer	Elmer Silva
Most Attractive Girl	Mary Gaspie
Handsomest Boy	William Pacellini
Most Popular Girl	Kathleen Joseph
Most Popular Boy	John Fields
Class Artist	Carol Whorf
Class Pest	Manuel Rego
Class Fun Maker	Joseph Bent
Biggest Drag with Faculty	Carol Whorf
Most Likely to Succeed	Ward Smith
Most Conceited	Gilbert Martin
Class Flirt	Jane Enos



SPORTS



GIRLS' BASKETBALL SQUAD

Seated: P. Holway, D. Enos, P. Jette, D. Mooney, A. Corea, M. Cook.

Standing: M. Mott, L. Snow, M. Avellar, E. Cook, B. Alexander, Coach, Miss Elizabeth DeRiggs.

FOOTBALL

The P. H. S. football season ended with a flashing victory over Yarmouth.

Although outweighed by most of the Cape teams the boys fought hard throughout the season.

Coach Duarte's team for next year looks very promising. They will be under the leadership of Captain Arthur D. Roderick.

The record of the games is as follows:

Team	We	They
Coyle (away)	0	26
Yarmouth (home)	12	13
Barnstable (home)	0	28
Bourne (away)	7	10
Nantucket (home)	6	12
Wareham (away)	0	18
Yarmouth (home)	13	0

J. Silva, '41.

GIRL'S BASKETBALL

The girl's basketball team, under the excellent coaching of Miss Elizabeth DeRiggs,

completed a fairly successful season with a victory over the Yarmouth sextet on March 8.

Although, at the beginning of the season, the team was inexperienced, it made a fine showing. Out of the ten games played four were won, one tied and five lost.

The prospects for next year look very good for only one first team guard, Annie Corea, and one second team forward, Mary Mott, will leave us in June.

The schedule and scores were as follows:

Date	We	They	
Jan. 3	31	19	Wellfleet (home)
Jan. 12	13	13	Orleans (away)
Jan. 23	21	17	Wellfleet (away)
Jan. 26	31	10	Orleans (home)
Feb. 3	11	28	Hyannis (home)
Feb. 6	36	41	Yarmouth (home)
Feb. 9	12	23	Hyannis (away)
Feb. 10	18	18	Harwich (away)
Feb. 28	13	17	Harwich (home)
Mar. 8	19	16	Yarmouth (away)

Dolores Mooney, '41.

Anna Corea, '40.



BOYS' BASKETBALL SQUAD

R. Souza, A. Roderick, E. Francis, F. Reis, A. Thomas, W. Roderick, V. Pacellini, A. Joseph,
J. Sants, L. Cross.

Standing in rear: L. Rivers, Coach Duarte.

BOY'S BASKETBALL

The P. H. S. basketball team finished a fairly successful season by defeating five opponents and bowing to six.

The boys wish to thank Coach Duarte for his excellent supervision and help.

The summary of the games is as follows:

Team	We	They
Wellfleet (home)	52	19
Orleans (away)	22	33

Bourne (away)	13	19
Wellfleet (away)	38	36
Orleans (home)	28	40
Barnstable (home)	27	35
Harwich (home)	16	14
Yarmouth (home)	41	17
Barnstable (away)	23	50
Harwich (away)	34	36
Yarmouth (away)	35	34

J. Silva, '41.



ALUMNI



1935

Albert Avellar: Engaged to be married to Jane Ufford of Middleboro.

John Alexander: Employed by his father and has recently married.

Howard Burch: Is attending New Hampshire State College.

Catherine Chapman: Married to Chester Smith and living in Provincetown.

Elaine Claxton: Employed in the Provincetown Book Shop in the summer.

Mary Collinson: Teaching the second grade in Provincetown.

Frederick Comee: Graduate of Harvard, now on a lecturing tour.

Philip Croteau: Private in the U. S. Army, and is stationed at Panama.

Bernard Days: Postman at Provincetown married and the father of a boy.

William Days: Employed in the Atlantic Coast Fisheries.

Dorothy Enos: Waitress at Taylors.

Florence Enos: Waitress.

Elizabeth Fratus: Secretary for Provincetown Selectmen.

Leo Gracie: At Coast Guard Station, recently married Irene Patrick.

Charles Haywood: Painter, also married to Grace Thomas.

Paul Jason: Employed at General Motors.

Hernaldo Kelley: Employed in First National Store in Wellfleet and recently married.

Mildred King: Married and mother of a baby girl.

Irene Macara: Clerk in Miss Livingston's Ice Cream Parlor.

Vanessa MacFarlane: Waitress at Harbor Lunch.

Clifton Nelson: Owns a farm in Truro.

Laura McClure: Married and living in Truro.

Harold Paige: Attending Boston University.

Maribeth Paige: Graduated from Regis College. Married and living in Lincoln.

Herman Rivard: Employed by his father.

Anthony Roda: Bookkeeper at Paige Brothers Garage.

Lloyd Rose: Employed by his father, carpentering.

Philomena Santos: Married and living in Connecticut.

Louise Silva: Married to Hubert Summers, now living in Hyannis.

Victoria Silva: Waitress in summer.

Anthony Souza: Carpenter in Provincetown.

Isadore Souza: Coast Guard at Nantucket.

Robert Stalker: Attending Massachusetts School of Pharmacy.

Ruth Silva: Married and living in Provincetown.

Marian Silva: Married to John O'Donnell.

William Tasha: Working on the N. Y. A.

Grace Thomas: Married and living in Provincetown.

Mary Viegas: Is a telephone operator.

Ida Williams: Waitress at Blue Moon.

1936

Joseph Andrews: 3rd Engineer on United Fruit Line.

Eleanor Burch: Attending Music Conservatory at Boston.

Patricia Cass: Attending Jackson College.

Francelina Coelho: Hairdresser in Provincetown.

Janice Earl: Graduating from College in Long Island.

Anna Enos: Bookkeeper for Happy Home Furniture Company.

Robert Hannum: On a Coast Guard Cutter.

Ruth Jason: Secretary and Bookkeeper at Atlantic Coast Fisheries.

Lloyd Jonas: Employed in Boston. Attends school at night at Northeastern University for a degree.

Norbert Macara: Fishing.

Vivian Malaquias: Married and living in Boston.

Mary Marshall: Married and living in Boston.

Kathleen Mederios: Attending Salem State Teachers College.

Charlotte Perry: Employed at the Advocate Gift Shop.

Henrietta Perry: Married and living in Truro.

Leland Perry: Employed in Boston.

Mary Ellen Perry: Married and living in Provincetown.

Reginald Perry: Is a Senior at Tufts College.
Doris Ramos: Attending Regis College.
Ruth Ramos: Married and living in Provincetown.
Albert Rego: Employed in Cape Cod Traps.
Margaret Roberts: Attending Emerson College.
Catherine Rock: Employed in Brooklyn.
Remigo Roda: Attending Massachusetts State College at Amherst.
Virginia Roderick: Married to Joseph Taves and living in Provincetown.
Lucille Santos: Married and living in San Diego.
Kenneth Simmons: Attending a Diesel Engine School in Boston.
Jane Stahl: Attending her last year at Pembroke College, Rhode Island.
Flora Thomas: Married and living in Provincetown.
Arthur Ventura: Employed at Atlantic Coast Fisheries.
Lawrence Weed: Painter.

1937

Francis Avellar: Waitress in summer.
Irma Batt: Working on N. Y. A.
Wallace Bent: Employed at Atlantic Coast Fisheries.
Mary Brazil: Married to William Segura and living in Provincetown. They are the proud parents of a baby boy.
Marguerite Caton: Employed by N. Y. A.
Ethleon Chapman: Married to Richard Rowe.
Robert Collinson: Attending Wentworth Institute in Boston.
Arthur Cross: Attending Hyannis State Teachers College.
Dennis Encarnation: Clerk at the First National Store.
Leonard Enos: Clerk at First National Store.
Bridget Gaspa: Married to Fred de Avellar and living in Provincetown.
Manuel Goveia: Clerk in First National Store and married to Agnes Rego.
Phillip Hannum: Attending Tufts College.
Margaret Nelson: Hairdresser at Mira Mar.
Arnold Oliver: Attending Bridgewater State Teachers College.
Mary Martin Orfao: Secretary for Probation Officer.
Irene Patrick: Recently married to Leo Gracie.
Joseph Perry: Fishing.

Genevieve Perry: Working at the Health Department.
Emma Pond: Working with the School Department.
Adeline Reis: Time keeper for the N. Y. A.
Donald Rivard: Attending Tufts College.
Stephen Roderick: Employed at Perry's Market and married to Evangeline Rose.
Clinton Rogers: Employed in Chain Store at Rhode Island.
Helen Silva: Secretary at Light and Power Company.
Mary Ann Silva: Married to Clarence Prada of Quincy, where she makes her home.
John Snow: Attending Boston University.
Marjorie Stalker: Married and living in Florida.
Kathryn Summers: Working at Adams Pharmacy.
Sherman Sylvia: Fishing.
John Thomas: Fishing in Chatham.
Walter Turner: Attending Hyannis State Teachers College.

1938

Warren Alexander: Employed by his father.
Ethel Bickers: Clerk in a Gift Shop.
Elsie Brown: Bookkeeper at Burch's Market.
Germania Captiva: Waitress. Now working in the N. Y. A.
Kendall Cass: Attending Boston University.
John Costa: Fishing.
Vivian Costa: Working on the N. Y. A. at the Health Department.
Rosa DeRiggs: Secretary to Town Clerk.
Michael Diego: Police Clerk on N. Y. A.
Lewis Eaton: Attending Massachusetts Nautical School.
Julia Ferreira: Working at school on N. Y. A.
Ruth Francis: Working as a hostess in N. Y.
Mildred Gibbs: Bookkeeper for Higgins Lumber Company.
Mary Gill: Married and living in Cambridge.
Virginia Henrique: Married and living in Provincetown.
William Hutchins: Joined the Marines and is stationed at Panama.
Louise Lewis: Telephone operator.
Nancy Merrill: Attending Jackson College.
Marguerite Mooney: Attending Kathryn Gibbs Secretarial School.
Marian Perry: Waitress in summer; now working on the N. Y. A.
Emily Rivers: Bookkeeper for Knitting Spop in Truro.

Evangeline Rose: Married to Steve Roderick and living in Provincetown.

Phyllis Rose: Employed at Curtain Factory in Wellfleet.

Florinda Santos: Working on N. Y. A.

Richard Santos: Attending Fitchburg Normal.

Vivian Santos: Working at the Health Department of the N. Y. A.

Dorothy Silva: Attending Framingham State Teachers College.

Margery Stahl: Attending Pembroke University in Rhode Island where she has been chosen junior board member for 1940-1941 of International Relations Club.

Cleveland Woodward: Attending Trinity College in Conn.

Elaine Weed: Working on N. Y. A.

1939

Jean Allen: Attending Jackson College at Medford.

James Carter: Attending Swain School of Art.

John Dyer: Attending Cushin Academy.

Agatha Gill: Married and living in Falmouth.

Ruth Hiebert: Attending Howard Seminary in West Bridgewater.

Jean Jette: Attending Bryant College in Providence, Rhode Island.

Domingo Joseph: Fishing.

Winifred McClure: Employed in Boston.

Marjorie Murchison: Attending Western College in Oxford, Ohio.

Joaquin Rivers: Fishing.

Joseph Roderick: Fishing.

Raymond Roderick: Employed by his father.

Georgianna Rose: Employed in the N. Y. A.

Joseph Santos: Employed at the First National Store.

John Shaw: Employed at Slades Gift Shop.

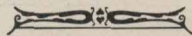
Anna Silva: Taking a post-graduate course.

Arline Silva: Working for Doctor Hammett.

Gabriel Silva: Living in Boston.

Clayton Snow: Taking a post-graduate course.

Isaura Sylvester: Telephone operator.





HUMOR



"Sakes alive! I don't believe any woman could be so fat."

"What are you reading now, Teddy?"

"Why this paper tells about an English woman who lost 2000 pounds."

* * * *

Dopey: "I tell you it was that long. I never saw such a fish."

Edwina: "I believe you."

* * * *

Swy: "Lend me fifty?"

Lucien: "I have only forty."

Swy: "Well then, let me have the forty, and you can owe me ten."

* * * *

Mooney: "What was the most you ever weighed?"

Pat: "140 pounds."

Mooney: "And what was the least you ever weighed?"

Pat: "8½ pounds."

* * * *

Richard Adams: "I don't think I should get zero in this exam."

Mr. Leyden: "I know it, but it's the lowest mark there is."

* * * *

Usher: "How far down do you wish to sit lady?"

Hilda: "All the way of course."

* * * *

Alves: "Hey, you've got the saddle on backwards."

Patrick: "How do you know which way I'm going, Smarty?"

* * * *

Jean: "This is a very large skating rink!"

Proprietor: "Yes, it has a seating capacity of ten-thousand."

* * * *

"Son, you give me another gray hair every time you do wrong."

Roderick: "Gosh Dad, you must have been awful, look at grandpa."

* * * *

Mr. Duarte: "If you had 10 potatoes to divide among three persons, how would you do it?"

Silva: "Mash them."

Mr. Silva: "Well son, how are your marks this term?"

John: "They're under water."

Mr. Silva: "What do you mean?"

John: "Below 'C' level!"

* * * *

Edgar: "So you've left your job, Lucien?"

Lucien: "Yes."

Edgar: "Was your boss surprised to know you were leaving?"

Lucien: "No, he knew it before I did."

* * * *

Does this package belong to you? The name is obliterated.

Begorra, that can't be mine, my name's O'Grady.

* * * *

Boss: "Did you promise to tell this applicant if anything turned up?"

Secretary: "Idid."

Boss: "Well, give him a ring and tell him my nose turned up the moment you mentioned it."

* * * *

Celeste: "Say something soft and sweet to me, dearest."

Gar: "Custard Pie."

* * * *

Mary: "My dog is like one of the family."

Anna: "Which one of the family is he like?"

* * * *

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

Cross: "Yes, I play the trombone."

* * * *

Mr. Stone: "Waiter, there is a fly in my soup, take it out!"

Waiter: "Take it out yourself, I'm no life-guard."

* * * *

Jane: "Billy wanted to kiss me 16 times last night."

Marilyn: "How do you know he did?"

Jane: "Because I counted them."

* * * *

Mother: "I'm afraid you don't like work my good man."

Arthur: "How can I mom, work is what killed my poor wife."

Sammy: "There's something wrong with this cake; it doesn't taste good."

"That's your imagination; it says right in the cook book that it's delicious."

* * * *

Mary: "I'm afraid your dinner will be a bit burnt tonight, darling."

Peter: "Oh, did they have a fire at the delicatessen?"

* * * *

Mr. Stone: "What I say goes."

Mary Andrews: "Yeah, in one ear and out the other."

* * * *

Mary Mott: "Gee, your mind is working like a dynamo."

Marjorie: "You know why? My father was an electrician."

Mary Mott: "Yes—and I'll bet that you were his first shock."

* * * *

Dot Rose: "I think I'll drop Lincoln a line."

Robert: "Don't be silly—how can you?"

Dot Rose: "I've got his Gettysburg Address."

* * * *

Doctor: "What you need is an electric clock."

Souza "Nothing doing, Doc.—I had an uncle who drowned that way up in Sing Sing."

* * * *

Mary Andrews (looking at report card): "Now I'm as famous as Washington."

Mother: "How's that?"

Mary: "I went down in history today."

* * * *

Mr. Perry: "Mooney, is trousers singular or plural?"

Mooney (after much thought): "Singular at the top and plural at the bottom."

* * * *

Mr. Duarte: "Can you tell me where dew comes from?"

Days: "The earth rotates so rapidly that it prespires."

* * * *

Jimmy: "You look like a nice sensible girl. Let's get married."

Teddy: "No, I'm just as nice and sensible as I look."

* * * *

Colored Mammy: "Ah want to see Mr. Tomkins."

Office Boy: "Mr. Tomkins is engaged."

Colored Mammy: "Ah don't want to marry him honey. I just want to see him."

* * * *

Doctor: "Your pulse is as regular as a clock."

Kathleen: "Oh, it ought to be; you have your hand on my wrist watch."

* * * *

Miss Hourihane: "Burns wrote 'To a Mouse'."

Viola Cook: "Did he receive an answer yet?"

* * * *

Norine: "Would you like to go to the Senior Play?"

Waiter: "Oh, Norine! I'd love to."

Norine: "Well be sure to buy your tickets from me."

* * * *

He: "Hello, little girl, want a ride?"

She: "No, thanks, I'm walking back from one now."

* * * *

Dodo: "Did you knock 'em cold in the Latin quiz?"

Beata: "Yes, zero."

* * * *

Mr. Leyden: "Give for one year the number of tons of coal shipped out of the U. S."

Patrick: "1492. None."

* * * *

1st boy: (during intermission) "How did you like that date I dug up for you?"

2nd boy: "Rotten—throw her back and start digging some place else."

* * * *

Rose: "How much do you charge for weighing hogs?"

Agent: "Oh, just get on, I'll weigh you for nothing."

* * * *

PLEASURE BEFORE

A silly young man from the Clyde
In a funeral procession was spied
When asked, "Who is dead?"

He giggled and said,

"I don't know, I just came for a ride."

* * * *

SKIP THIS ONE

There was a young man from the city
Who met what he thought was a kitty
He gave it a pat

Saying, "Nice little cat."

They buried his clothes out of pity.

* * * *

Mr. Farmer: "Why are you running that steam roller over your field?"

Farmer: "I'm going to raise mashed potatoes this year."

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Think twice before you plan,
Think thrice before you act.

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