

LONG POINTER



1942 - 1943



DEDICATION

The Nineteen Forty-Three Issue
Of The Long Pointer
Is Dedicated
To The Men and Women
Graduates of Provincetown High School and
The Faculty
Who Are Serving In
The Armed Services
Of the United States of America

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LONG POINTER STAFF

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Miss Ellen Hourihane, Faculty Advisor, and the members of the Long Pointer Staff wish to thank all those who have contributed in any way to the publication of the Long Pointer.



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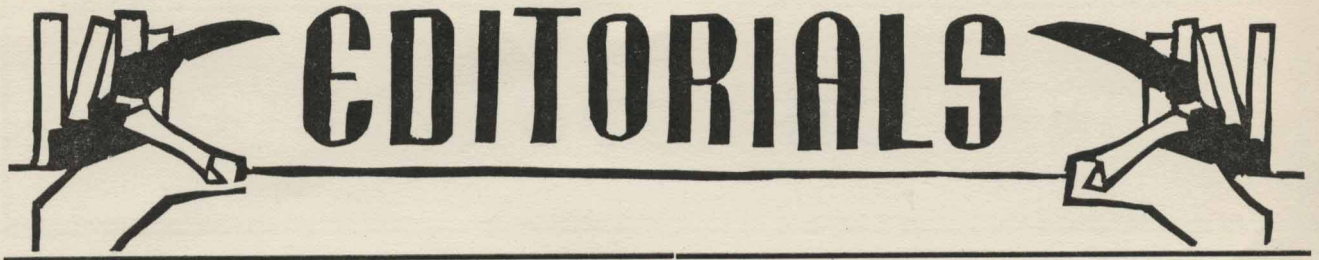
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VICTORY

ON BUYING WAR STAMPS

Have you ever known the thrill of sticking the war stamp into your book?

Well, if not, it certainly is time that you, and all of us, get started. The stamp book may look bare at first and as if it contains hundreds of blank sheets; nevertheless, if each pupil put aside fifty cents each week all summer, and that is a minimum, he would have five dollars at the end of the summer toward another, or your first bond.

Most of us can spare even more. In the summer there are jobs. Some people could even afford immediately to buy some bonds.

Considering that these days one can flutter away a dollar with no regrets and get next to nothing for it, we should all be glad to not only invest our money with Uncle Sam, but also to help the war effort by investing in War Stamps and War Bonds this summer.

Wendy Hackett, '44

A VICTORY GARDEN

Have you ever heard of a purple stamp? Oh, yes, there are blue ones for canned goods, and red ones for meats, but have you ever heard of a purple one? Well, neither have I, but I'm just supposing—suppose that we did have purple stamps—for vegetables! It's possible, isn't it? We didn't think that there wouldn't be plenty of meat and butter, did we? And yet now we would have nothing if we didn't have the little red stamps.

But there's no reason why purple stamps should exist, at least, for vegetables—for what stops us from raising our own? Even the smallest plot of land is enough for lettuce or cabbage.

If there is little land, but plenty of space above it, peas and beans will grow. And then of course, there's no end to the number and variety of vegetables than can be grown on a larger piece of land.

And sandy soil is no excuse for not having a victory garden, because any soil on the Cape can be made to grow something. We may have to revert to the ancient methods of commerce and trade or swap our vegetables with one another, but at least, we'll have the vegetables.

Flowers are beautiful things, but the question is—can we eat them? If so, grow all the petunias and marigolds and cosmos that you want, but if your palate is more particular—start a VICTORY GARDEN NOW!!!

Carol Whorf, '44

CLOTHES

The war today has either prevented or hindered us from buying many of the things we once considered necessities.

As yet we have no clothes rationing, but who knows just when the government may consider this necessary?

The best thing to do is to see that we take special care of each article. Although we still may obtain articles, they are not always so well made or so durable as those purchased before "Pearl Harbor".

Remember our many pleated skirts? Those are things of the past for the duration.

Today even the cleaners are so rushed that in many cases they can not help you.

What every one should do is see that his clothes are kept in good order. Press them when needed. After wearing dresses or skirts hang them in a closet. Darn or mend immedi-

ately any small tears that may appear. Thus, a stitch in time saves nine and saves for the war effort.

Ellen Lynch, '44

UNCLE SAM WANTS OUR PENNIES

Our country, these United States of America, is facing the greatest crisis in all history. It is our job, everyone of us, to win this war so that once again we'll know the meaning of peace.

Metals are one of the greatest essentials of our war time production. It is our duty to save our pennies, and to give our collection to our government. In this way we will be doing our part with the feeling that we are not letting our boys down.

Our future security depends upon us, the public, upon every red blooded American, so let's get into the scrap to lick the Japs with our copper.

Our small sacrifices cannot be compared with the things which our fighting men are doing, for we are just lending our money, while they are giving their lives. So start today to save your pennies to keep the assembly lines rolling to a closer and total Victory.

Barbara Alexander, '43

The Manual Training Department has worked as usual this year. Classes have been depleted because many boys have either joined the service or have been called to duty. Some of the most active in Manual Training have been keenly missed. Many have returned for short visits and we are glad to see them. All

showed an appreciation of the seriousness of their new life. All looked fit and ready to take on whatever life has in store for them. We pray for their safe return.

Much time and effort has been employed building model planes for the United States Navy. This project is a definite contribution to the war effort and the boys engaged in this work have shown deep interest. It is doubtful if any greater privilege has been accorded the schools of this nation than that represented by this all out war effort in the making of model planes. These model airplanes are a necessary part of our war program.

E. W. Saunders

The Vocational Household Arts classes have been assisting the local Red Cross Chapter with surgical dressings. The pupils devote two periods weekly to this work. There are three size bandages: the two inch square; the four inch square compresses; and the large rectangular compress. The classes have been working on the four inch square compress.

Other members of the high school body have been making these bandages on Friday afternoons at the Town Hall.

During the year the Vocational Household Arts classes also attended a Red Cross First Aid Course, for which they will receive certificates.

Red Cross Canteen and Nutrition courses, each consisting of twenty hours were conducted on Wednesday afternoons for two hours by Anna T. Greene, Household Arts instructor. These courses were attended by women of the community.

Anna T. Greene



LITERARY



GOOD LUCK CHARMS DON'T ALWAYS WORK

Everyone in the country, at some time or other, has probably read about the great battles and great heroes of the war.

Well, this story isn't going to be about a big battle, national heroes, or anything else very important to the war, but it did have a great affect on the lives of two men.

One of these men was a member of Major-General Patton's Tank Corps and the other was a member of General Rommel's Tank Division. Now it seems that these two men had the same weakness to a certain extent. Their weakness wasn't exactly the same, but the general name for their troubles was "superstition". They each had objects which they believed brought them good luck at all times.

General Patton's man, Ambrose Rueben Higgerby, wouldn't be seen without at least one rabbit foot around his neck and in battle he always had his favorite clenched between his teeth. In his tank he also had some of the less important ones suspended on the walls. His favorite was always the left hind leg of a Texas jackrabbit.

General Rommel's man, Anthony Marcalini, had his tank decorated with many horseshoes brought with him from Italy. He also had one favorite which he thought brought him more luck than the others. This came from his girl's riding horse.

The day of their meeting started out as usual, but the events of the day were to prove very discouraging to them, to one more than to the other. Both started out with two other tanks on a regular morning patrol of the desert.

Tony was gazing proudly on his horseshoes and humming the strains of his favorite Italian Opera.

Ambrose was smoothing the hair on his many rabbit feet and singing more than a little off key, a combination of "Barrel House Bessie" and "I Wanna Big Fat Mamma". With this fact one may see they also shared a mutual delight in good music.

Their units met on a level space between several sandstone rocks. Ambrose and Tony, being leaders, went at each other with guns blazing. The others singled out opponents and went roaring after each other.

Their little private battle lasted for perhaps fifteen minutes. They were chasing each other around the rocks, neither in any special hurry to finish the battle, when one of Ambrose's shells hit exceptionally close to Tony's tank. Tony reached up to pat his horseshoe to get its charm working, but he could not find it. He decided that one of the jolts the tank had taken had knocked it to the floor. He looked down for it, not paying attention to the direction that his tank was taking. Now the Italian tanks may be the best in the world, but no tank can hit a rock at sixty miles an hour and survive.

Ambrose was so surprised when he saw the destruction of the Italian tank that he almost swallowed his rabbit's foot. He coughed it up and it fell to the floor. Ambrose left it there and got out to inspect the other tank. He found the driver dead on the floor clutching his horseshoe.

He collected his other tanks and headed home thanking each foot separately for its help in bringing him victory.

They roared into camp about an hour later. The tanks went to their places, but Ambrose, the driver, was having a little trouble in getting a Texas jackrabbit's left hind leg out of his steering control. Before he knew it he felt the tank jolt and heard a crash of steel.

He got out and discovered that he had run over General Patton's private jeep. When Patton heard about this, he told Ambrose that if he were caught with any rabbit feet in the tank again he would give him thirty days in the guard house and he made it worse by giving Ambrose K. P. duty for fourteen days.

That night as Ambrose looked at the mountain of potatoes before him, he pulled out his rabbit's foot and as he looked at it, he wondered if the foot were worth his K. P. duty? Then he wondered whether or not the Italian Tank

Corpsman would believe in Lucky Charms in that far-off world. This certainly was food for thought while he peeled and peeled potatoes.

Isaiah Snow, '43

MY HERO

Jackie Duncan was a mischievous little boy of eight years. He thrived on mischief and making a general nuisance of himself to mankind.

His mother showered devotion upon him lavishly, thus spoiling him, and when he deserved punishment she could not reprimand him, for he would look at her with such soulful, appealing eyes and her anger would dwindle to nothing.

One warm, sunny day Jackie was nonchalantly walking down the avenue whistling a gay tune, but his mind was active, trying to conceive a plan wherein he could cause trouble. Suddenly his attention was focused upon a tiny girl who was sitting on the steps looking lovingly at a doll that she held in her arms.

She had moved into the neighborhood just a few days ago, and Jackie was very pleased at the idea of such a lovely neighbor. He cautiously moved to her and asked in a shy tone, "What's your name?"

"Susan Mayton," replied the little girl.

Jackie gazed admiringly at her; she was a lovely picture to behold, with her golden ringlets and large baby blue eyes. Her nose had a saucy tilt and was covered with tiny freckles. Yes, Jackie thought, I must get to know her better. Just then his reverie was broken by Mrs. Mayton's call and Susan made a hasty retreat into the house.

All day long Jackie thought of Susan and he decided that the next morning he would pass her house in order to carry her books to school.

Bright and early the next morning, Jackie sauntered casually past her house, but to his amazement, who should be waiting for Susan but Tommy Summers. Jackie became furious when he saw Susan join Tommy who carried her books, but Jackie was a determined little lad and he intended to make Susan think he was important.

His opportunity came soon, for the fourth grade had decided to hold a picnic in Farmer Brown's pasture and Susan and Tommy were

to be present at the gathering. Jackie gazed lovingly at Susan and he stared jealously at Tommy.

The children decided to play hide and seek. Susan ran near the pasture and Tommy ran a few paces behind her, and they both ran into some bushes and hid there.

Jackie made sure not to let Susan out of his sight and he hid near her.

Suddenly Susan screamed and Jackie became horror-stricken when he saw the reason why she screamed. Farmer Brown's ferocious bull was directly in Susan's path. Tommy was frightened and ran, but Jackie quickly ran to Susan's aid and gathered her in his arms just out of danger.

Everyone praised Jackie for his heroic efforts and to his surprise Susan threw her arms around him, impulsively calling him, "My Hero."

Barbara Cabral, '43

MATILDA'S JUST FINE

Mrs. Withers sat on the top step, blocking my doorway. I regarded her soft bulk, encased in widow's black, with no enthusiasm. I was writing a book, a murder mystery, and I had hurried home from the office eager to get at my typewriter.

"Matilda," she said primly, "is hiding in your apartment."

"Matilda?" I repeated vaguely. "Hiding?"

"From that awful man. He ought to be put behind bars."

"Who ought to?"

"The janitor. He attacked Matilda."

I gasped. "In my apartment?"

Mrs. Withers shook her silver head. "In the basement. Matilda went down there just to look around. She had to flee from him up the fire escape. Luckily, your window was open."

I gave my key to Mrs. Withers. "Perhaps you would like to go in first," I suggested.

"You're a thoughtful young man." Mrs. Withers clutched my forearm and hoisted herself. "Naturally Matilda's in no state to meet strangers."

Mrs. Withers entered my apartment. She found Matilda crouched under the kitchen sink. Matilda acknowledged our introduction by removing both some of my sock and a piece of

skin from my ankle. I have never cared for cats nor they for me.

After that, Mrs. Withers and I were on neighborly terms. She lived on the street floor and her ear became attuned to the sound of my latchkey. She would engage me with reports of the continued feud between the janitor and Matilda, and make kindly inquiries about my book. She worried, in her motherly way, because writing, she said, made me look peaked.

The book did, indeed, take so much of my time and energy that I was on the verge of exhaustion. I was working at top speed because an editor was interested in my idea of a murderer who committed his homicides with practically undetectable poison. I know this sounds like the old story, but such poisons do exist, and I had come across one that could be easily obtained.

Finally I finished the book and sent it to the editor. But it might be weeks before I heard his verdict. Therefore, to ease the suspense, I invited myself to visit a friend on his Connecticut farm.

There was a couple of day's work to do at the office before I left. On the third morning, I left my apartment with my suitcases and as I opened the lobby door, I found a messenger boy scanning the names on the mailboxes. He was delivering my manuscript. It had been rejected in almost record time. The editor wrote that he liked the story, but that he would have doubts about publishing it as he did "not wish to publicize such an easy and detectable method of murder."

I was furious. I would protest—and vigorously. But just now I had little time to make my train, so, to save the climb of four flights, I knocked on Mrs. Wither's door and left the manuscript with her.

Ten days later I returned. Mrs. Withers scurried out with greetings and my manuscript. I inquired politely concerning her health and Matilda's.

"Matilda's just fine," Mrs. Withers said. "She likes the new janitor."

"We have a **new** janitor?" I asked.

Mrs. Withers smiled sadly and said, "The old one died. Quite suddenly."

"How did he die?" I ventured.

"No one knows," she said placidly. "One day he was around as usual, and the next day he

was dead. I understand the doctors were very much puzzled."

I started up the stairs very much puzzled.

When I was inside my apartment, I examined the wrapping of the manuscript carefully, and it looked smooth, so I tried to forget the foolish idea which was forming in my mind.

An elderly lady? Just because of a cat?

Ridiculous!

But one thing still bothers me. When I unwrapped the manuscript I found among the pages a long gray hair.

The editor is bald.

Mary L. Baumgartner, '44

LAND OF OUTANOWHERE

"Oh, mother, I have such a headache," I wailed.

"There are aspirins in the medicine cabinet, dear, take only one," said mother.

I went to the cabinet and fumbled around for the box, and took what I thought was the right one.

My head was spinning around and around, and I felt as though I were surrounded by a fog.

I took two pills, not bothering to see if they were the correct ones, and fell across the bed.

I awoke a few hours later, but where was everyone?

"Mother, mother, where are you?" No answer.

Where am I? What is this place? How did I get here? Hundreds of such questions flashed through my mind, as I glanced around me.

I found myself in an orchard, but, my goodness, such an orchard! The trees instead of being green and brown were yellow and blue. They bore fruit, but not apples, oranges, pears, or peaches. Some bore money; others, funny looking hats; some pots and pans; others rubber tires.

What sort of place was this, that everything grew on trees? I thought of how wonderful it would be to have such trees in my back yard.

Then suddenly I heard a twig snap in back of me, and turned around to look at the oddest creature I had ever seen.

His head was round and large as a basketball, atop of which was perched, square in the center, a red derby. He wore glasses and from

behind his ear stood what looked like the antennae on a radio. He had an enormous torso, clothed in a dotted violet shirt. I could hardly see his legs, there was so little of them. He wore a pair of trousers, one side a striped yellow and the other side a checked green. Horror of horrors, but he looked a sight! I was so interested in his appearance, that I forgot to be frightened.

Then he spoke in a voice, rolling from deep within him.

"You are a prisoner in the Land of Outanowhere. Come with me."

I followed, curious as to what lay ahead of me.

We stopped before a large building, made of marble blocks. I thought it the castle of the king.

We were admitted and I was placed in the care of guards, to be taken to the prison camp. When we reached there, I was admitted to a cell to wait until the king called for me. The guard outside the cell was talkative. I asked what he thought they would do with me.

"You are the first person, in five years to come here from earth. They will make you fight the Hitlerian, the most ferocious and horrible looking beast I have ever seen," he said.

I lay awake all night thinking of the beast.

The next morning the guard stopped outside the cell door, rattled the key in the lock, and beckoned me to follow him.

He led me to a large arena and stopped before the Royal Balcony.

The king said I was condemned as a spy and forced to fight the Hitlerian. The guards left the arena, and a large door at the northern end was opened. A huge, green, scaly monster, breathing fire slowly approached. I had no weapon, so I started to run, until I found myself against the wall. The monster was coming closer, closer and closer. I could feel the heat of his breath against my face. O-o-o-h, his mouth was opened wide. He's going to eat me. I let out a scream and fell completely exhausted to the ground.

"Johnny, Johnny, what's the matter? Were you dreaming? Wake up, it's time for dinner," said the soothing voice of my mother.

Edith Sawyer, '43

THE HEROIC COWARD

Ever since Don had gone to grade school his friends called him a sissy, because he wouldn't fight and if he were scolded by his mother he would run up to his room to cry.

He was quite tall for his age, but no one was afraid of him and they often tormented Don by calling him "fraidy cat".

Although Don was a retiring coward he was skilled with his fingers and with a few pieces of wire he could make some kind of gadget which would work. Before he was sixteen he had patented several inventions concerning aviation, and these were now being used.

After some time had passed he made a recording device, which would automatically tell the speed of a plane if the pilot happened to "blackout" during a dive. He gave this invention to the Army Air Corps and they conferred upon him a medal for special duty to his country. It wasn't long before this instrument was installed in all new army planes, especially pursuit jobs.

The people of his town started to wonder how he knew so much about planes, because to their knowledge, Don had never been near one. Well, they didn't have to wonder too long because upon graduating he told some of his friends that he had been taking private flying lessons for nearly two years and he also told them that he had joined the Air Corps. They all thought it was quite a joke, but he told them that it was true and he was going to Pensacola.

"Wow, you certainly selected a difficult one this time," said one of the boys.

Now we find the commanding officer of Pensacola talking to Don. "I'm sorry Jones, but you'll have to do better on your next flight or else you're 'washed out' as a pilot," he said.

Three days later it was his time to solo and all the planes were lined up for the "take off". When Don's turn came he did his loops and barrel-rolls with excellent precision. When he landed, his commander said he had passed.

A few weeks had elapsed and then Don received his chance to show whether or not he were really a coward. The aircraft carrier on which he was stationed, entered a small harbor near the Aleutian Islands, but they weren't there very long when they had to go into action. The Japs were coming and the American fliers took off.

They hadn't been gone twenty minutes when

Don returned. He opened his cockpit, started to wave and then headed his plane to sea. When his commander saw this he felt ill, because one of his men had turned yellow, or so he thought.

As the commander looked at the Jap carrier through his field glasses, he saw that they were sending up all their planes and he thought that this was the end, but then he saw a plane on the horizon and by the number on the wings he knew it was Don's.

Watching the plane, with his nerves on edge, he saw it go into a terrific power dive, crashing on the flight deck of the Jap carrier.

Don was posthumously awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross, and proved to his friends that Don was not a coward.

Jean Days, '43

LUCKY

He was a commercial pilot. His name was Smith. A very common name, but it seemed to stand for something. His country, maybe, a country made up of common people, with very common names. This, he thought, was his last flight for Association Airlines. Soon he'd join the Air Force as many of his pals had already done, and take a crack at those little yellow men who had so treacherously dared to stab the United States in the back. It was funny handling that big plane all alone, without the usual passengers, but the government had recommended that the public use trains and busses. Yessir, December seventh had changed a lot of things. He wondered what it would be like to watch a Zero stagger and fall to earth before his guns. Just like hitting clay pigeons. He'd fix the little yellow rats. He glanced at the instrument panel. Everything O. K. Soon he'd be in Los Angles; only the Rockies left now. He had sort of a fear of the Rockies. Or maybe it was respect for the ragged, sharp peaks. As he had flown over them many times before, his mind had pondered over the thought of crashing on one of those jagged peaks. NEVER! He had resolved.

Now, on this, his last flight, such a thing could never happen. There was so much to be done out there, over the waters of the Pacific, so many ships and planes that needed to be manned.

He suddenly awoke to realization that the plane was in a crazy spin! He grabbed the controls. Jammed! Fooled! Any man's a fool to dream when he's flying!

Vainly he strove to straighten the ship. Down, down, down in a never ending fall. Smith gathered his nerve. His face set in lines of determination. He had to pull out of this so he could fight. He had too!

They found him the next day, staggering down the side of the mountain, dazed and bewildered. Not a scratch on him. Not injured in the smallest way and behind him his plane lay smashed and mangled. He was just plain lucky and the odd part of it was that it never occurred to anybody that maybe some invisible power saved him to fight for his country.

John Whorf, '45

THE BREAKING OF THE SHELL

Babs Foster always got what she wanted. And why shouldn't she? Wasn't her father president of the People's Trust Bank? Didn't her mother have a monthly allowance from a deceased uncle who had found a diamond mine in Africa? Naturally she was always the best dressed girl in the Freshman class at Washington Irving High School; got next to the best marks in her room, and walked away with the honor of being voted the prettiest girl in the Junior High, when she was in the eighth grade.

It seemed strange that never had a boy asked her if he might carry her books home for her, nor had many girls asked her to join them for cokes after school. Why? Because from the top of her shiny pompadoured hair to the tip of her snug little pumps, Babs Foster was conceited. Oh, yes, she tried hard not to be, but her conceit always flared up at the wrong time. People said that her mother was like that, too, but her father was the jolliest person in all of Willis City. It didn't make any difference to him that he was a little richer than the other men of the town. He knew that he worked just as hard as any of them, even as hard as Dave Leonard's father, who was Mayor.

Dave was in Babs' class, and even though his father held one of the highest positions in the town, he wasn't in the least like Babs. Why, he had scores of friends, and he was the only Freshman on both the basketball and football

teams. He had tried, as had Mr. Foster, to get Babs out of the hard shell which separated her from the other Freshmen, but to no avail. She had outwardly ignored him, but way down deep inside, she knew that she hated herself for doing so, and wished with all her heart that she could be like the other girls and could get Dave to center all of his attention on her.

One day something happened that brought a great change to all of that. Babs was crossing Main Street, her head in the air as usual, when two classmates saw her. "Look at her, the conceited thing," remarked one. "You'd think she owned the whole world."

The other replied excitedly, "Never mind her! There's Dave Leonard waving to us across the street."

When Babs heard the first girl's accusation, she flung her head higher in the air and proceeded to cross the busy street without looking where she was going.

She never could remember what happened then, but when she heard a terrified voice calling, "Look out, Babs!" she turned and saw a truck speeding at her. So filled with horror was she, that she couldn't move in any direction. She closed her eyes and waited for the disaster which was sure to come.

Then suddenly she had the sensation of being shoved aside, away from the impending danger. She was weak from fright, but as the screech of brakes, a dull thud, and a cry of pain reached her ears, she picked herself out of the gutter where she had made a three point landing.

Without looking, she knew what had happened. Dave Leonard had pushed her out of harm's way and had been struck by the truck himself!

It appeared that Dave had a fractured skull, and in the worry-filled days that followed, no one kept closer vigilance at the hospital than Babs. All thoughts of superior feelings had gone. She was thankful for one thing, and that was that no one blamed her for Dave's condition. If anyone felt that it was her fault, he tactfully hid that feeling. She was now closer to her classmates than she had ever been. She was rewarded for her cheerfulness towards all, for after what had seemed years, Dave was released from the hospital.

Later, the class had a welcome-back party for Dave, but Babs felt as if she were the one being greeted. Everyone was friendly to her;

she was invited to join groups at the corner drug store; girls took her home with them for parties; but best of all, she was Dave's girl.

The hard shell had finally been broken and Babs was what she should have been; a happy, friendly Freshman.

Selma Robinson, '46

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE TURQUOISE RING

For many years I had been in the possession of a wealthy Jewish family in Vienna, and it was the custom, that as soon as the daughter of my master became of age, I was to be given to her.

How well I remember the day when I was presented to Leah, the young and beautiful daughter of Jacob! Previously I had been kept in a large vault, and although I knew that here I was safe, I could hardly bear the place, for it was so dark and dusty.

They came for me on a perfect Viennese day. When Jacob opened the door of my prison, sunlight flooded the small chamber and crowded out all the gloom which I had known so long. Then as my master stepped aside I felt the warmth of the sunlight as it spread over me, and I blinked at it contentedly. Carefully I was removed from the vault and laid on a white satin bed of cloth; and it was from here that I first beheld Leah, my new mistress, who was the most exquisite creature that I had ever seen.

How happy I was for the few short months I was with her! During this time I always appeared at my best because of the care and attention I received. But then Shylock, a professional money-lender, was admitted to the halls, and because of his interest in Leah, she had very little time to spend on me.

I shall never forget the beautiful moonlit night when I was given to Shylock. Leah had evidently sensed the importance of this forthcoming meeting, for she had been in a very nervous state as she awaited the arrival of her suitor. Perhaps it could have been credited to her woman's intuition, but before the evening was over, Leah was engaged to Shylock, and there I was in his possession, trying to bear up under his many greedy glances.

Three long months followed, months, which to me, were the worst of any in my existence. Shylock loved to boast about my costliness, and

always made it a point to have me on display whenever anyone visited him. He liked only those things which had value, and could be used to impress his many wealthy friends. Therefore he admired and prized me. In spite of all the people who visited the halls, I was very lonely and homesick, and longed to see Leah again.

There came a day, shortly after the third month of my stay, when all the household was in a turmoil. Servants hurried about the house decorating the archways and chandeliers with many beautifully-colored flowers, and laying soft carpets of velvet in the ballroom. From dawn until midday the aroma of delicacies filled every room and countless numbers of tailors entered Shylock's chambers until sundown. While living with Leah I had seen this same procedure many times so I knew that some sort of feast was about to take place, but I couldn't imagine what occasion merited such a magnificent spread.

Shortly after sundown a large caravan approached, and I recognized it at once as that which belonged to Leah. As it drew nearer, Shylock, who seemed extremely nervous, went to greet his guests. When the carriage at the head of the caravan came to a stop, Leah, arrayed in a white gown, alighted from the coach. It was then I realized that Leah was to be married this very night to Shylock, and I was happy, for I knew that I was to be with my beloved mistress once more.

Hilda Noones, '46

THE SUB-CONSCIOUS

The drugstore was crowded and smoky. The new fluorescent lights gave everyone a queer sallow look and Mary, in a corner booth felt that the whole atmosphere was very dreamlike. She couldn't remember a Saturday night for ages when the gang hadn't sat in the same booth and had the same sort of conversation. Everyone knew everyone else's secrets and Mary rather wondered whether she liked such intimacy. She noticed a sailor across the room. He was smoking a pipe. She turned away and looked at the boy across from her. He smiled. The conversation was about some girl who'd left school to get married. It seemed all perfectly sane. She was almost twenty and only a sophomore; but to them it was a topic that would last quite a while.

"I wouldn't quit school for **any** man," the conversation ran.

"Neither would I, but he was a **soldier**," Kay said in tones of awe, "and suppose you loved him?"

"I couldn't love a soldier. They're all conceited." She turned haughtily and Herbie blew smoke in her face. A soldier with a strawberry soda in his hand gave her a dirty look. She didn't notice him. Mary looked over at Francis who was arguing with Herbie now about I. Q.'s.

"Anyone with an I. Q. of more than 140 I'll keep away from. Above that they're all freaks." Francis was smoking. She remembered how he used to thrill her. She shuddered inwardly and rubbed her eyes. Herbie went on.

"That's because yours is only 121. Personally I think—"

Mary got up and went over to the fountain to mix herself a coke. The sailor with the pipe looked up and smiled. Without thinking Mary smiled back, then turned and went back to the table. The conversation had switched to the Juniors. Kay was very emphatic on the subject. They were fools and snobs.

There was a lull in the conversation and Mary spotted Dinah's blonde hair just entering across the door, followed by a tall, rather stooped-shouldered young man. They made their way to the booth. Mary could tell even from a distance that Dinah was trying her best to make a hit with the stooped-shouldered man. They greeted her pleasantly and she introduced him as John Derrick of Chicago. While he went to get ice cream Dinah explained that he was a writer and asked them please not to seem too illiterate. His current topic of conversation was Freud. Yes, his first remark was:

"Do you believe in the Freudian theory of humor?" Herbie said he'd only read Freud on Dreams and hadn't reached that part yet. Francis said he liked his humor humorous and no one laughed. Mary thought the whole thing disgusting. The whole gang seemed so dumb when they were really put to the test. The only thing she knew about Freud was unmentionable. She turned suddenly, realizing that the sailor with the pipe was staring at her. She fiddled with her gold bracelet nervously. She wished she knew him. She'd never met any of the sailors. She felt she must see some one new. She pondered over how to go about it.

John Derrick seemed to be dominating the

conversation. He was saying, "Bah! But have you ever read Farrell? He's a genius. Now you take 'Studs Lonigan'." Mary knew that Dinah would rush out for it as soon as possible. She noticed the sailor with the pipe get up and wander over. The conversation was back to Freud.

"Yes," said John, getting very serious and cocking his head, "you know that's a fact. I had a leather bound copy of Ibsen that my father gave me on my seventeenth birthday, and I left it at my uncle's. I hated that man. He was a villian. But, a week later, when I went back to get it I realized that I was glad to go back and I couldn't tell why. My uncle was just as odious as ever. Maybe it was his wife's chambermaid. She was rather pretty." He paused feeling that he was making quite an impression.

"You mean?" asked Francis who had been listening with his mouth gaping, "that when you leave something somewhere it means you want to go back? Gee—"

And Dinah put in, "Why, I'm always leaving my lipstick in school. Isn't that peculiar? Why should I want to go back there?" Francis laughed. He seemed a little irritated by John Derrick who looked completely serious and went on.

"Yes, you can't fool your sub-conscious . . ."

Mary sneered inwardly. The whole thing was silly. How would Freud explain her leaving her locket in the bathtub? She certainly didn't want to go take another bath. It was all forgetfulness. At least **her** sub-conscious wasn't so full of ulterior motives.

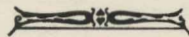
She felt completely repelled by her whole surroundings. Kay was talking too much. Herbie thought himself funny. Dinah was trying to make a big impression and Mary's mind revolted at the thought of having to look at Francis who was looking very young, innocent, and bored. She could no longer stand John Derrick's intellectual conversation.

That is probably why, in utter disgust she left the drugstore with the sailor who was smoking the pipe. She'd never been out with a sailor before and he seemed very agreeable. He put his arm around her waist.

Then suddenly she remembered something. She'd left her gold bracelet at the drugstore. She tore herself away and gasped, "Oh, I'm sorry—I forgot," and ran back. The sailor was unmoved. He went on smoking his pipe.

She stumbled and almost fell. It wasn't only the bracelet and it wasn't only **sub-conscious**. She had the most pressing urge to see Francis' innocent brown eyes.

Wendy Hackett, '44





POETRY



THE FINAL SEASON

Again the season comes around
 To wish the friends we know,
 The sincerest greetings
 As on our way we go.

The war may bring it's worries,
 Army camps and trenches too,
 But, oh, we hope it won't disturb
 The cheeriness in you.

Here's what we wish you all.
 A year of Victory,
 A year of hopes and dreams that come true
 And years of the best there is for you.

A year in which hearts filled with pride,
 In thought that we all work side by side.
 To stage a fight and win a war
 So America will live forever more.

Shirley Davis, '43

TO THE JUNIORS

Busy as Bees
 Out gathering Honey,
 They're the Class
 That makes the money.

Hard at their work
 All the day,
 Brilliant scholars,
 Happy and gay.

It's our last year
 We like to brag,
 We accuse you Juniors
 Of having a drag.

But we, the Seniors,
 Think you're O. K.
 Regardless of what
 You may hear us say.

We hope you have
 A Senior Year,
 That's full of fun
 Good luck and cheer.

Priscilla Sants, '43

HARDSHIPS OF THE SENIOR CLASS (OR)

IT SHOULDN'T HAPPEN TO A DOG

Our Freshman year was rough and gay
 And to fool was what we did all day.
 Seldom did we do any kind of study,
 But carried on talk with everybody.

The teachers said we were off on the wrong
 foot,
 And we earned a reputation as black as soot.
 Little respect we got from all teachers,
 And we were regarded a bad class by our
 features.

Our Sophomore year came, and what a trial
 Teachers were bearing down on us, no denial.
 They took all the fun from every lad and lass,
 Especially the teacher who taught English Class.

Our Junior year came and we settled down,
 And to do some studying we went right to town.
 We were beginning to get a better reputation,
 After all had said his Junior Declamation.

In our Senior year we started with 32 strong,
 But we weren't able to keep them for long.
 Because Uncle Sam came and took them away,
 And there wasn't a thing that we could say.

Seven have gone and a few more will go
 Each and every one a darn good fellow,
 There are some more Uncle Sam will call
 So that Democracy will never fall.

Now this is the end of my story
 Of the Senior class and all of its glory.
 And there is one thing the class can say,
 It certainly gave plenty to the U. S. A.

Our class is getting smaller by the day,
 There is no use in going away.
 We didn't have many of our activities,
 For fear of suffering more humiliaties.

Of all the classes we were hardest hit,
 No rubber, no gas, no Senior trip.
 No food, no meat, no Senior supper we had
 And the entire class is certainly sad.

James Meads, '43

THE SENIOR BOYS

The Senior boys were put in 1-A,
So the Army took them all away.
As a result the class is small
Pretty soon we'll have none at all.

Although they are no longer here,
Still to us they are quite dear.
And we're proud as we can be
Because they'll help to win the victory.

Jean Days, '43

SELECTIVE SERVICE

What's happened to the Senior Class?
It sure does look forlorn,
I think the real reason is
The Senior Boys have gone.

Gee, but I sure do miss them,
There's Bobby, Frank and Joe,
And boy when they start fighting
It's Woe Unto the Foe!

Reggie was the studious type,
He certainly knew his history,
How he remembered all the dates
To me is still a mystery.

But when it came to Shorthand
Jimmy was the Wiz,
He never did his homework
But got A in every quiz.

Austin was quite bashful,
The girls all called him shy,
But all the boys will tell you
He was a regular guy.

Let's not forget our Bernard,
He had the curly hair,
They gave him a Navy hair cut
And now his head is bare.

Francis was good natured
We called him Dean of Smiles,
But he now is in the Army
He hikes for miles and miles.

We didn't think we'd miss them,
When they were with us here,
But now that they have gone to War
To us—Their Lives are Dear.

Priscilla Sants, '43

HONORABLE JAPAN

In Washington not long ago,
There came an envoy from Tokyo.
He bowed and scraped at Roosevelt's feet
And asked him to inspect the Japanese Fleet.

It seemed a plot was under way,
That Japanese agents had carefully planned,
To kidnap the leader of the U. S. A.
Once they were out of sight of land.

F. D. R. was on the alert,
And said he could not go.
With danger he did not wish to flirt
And knew their politeness was just a show.

Nomura began to speak of peace,
And told Roosevelt to remember
That they did not want war in the East.
Then came the Seventh of December.

Pearl Harbor was attacked on that day,
And a state of war existed
Between Japan and the U. S. A.
In which millions of men enlisted.

The Japs will be sorry they started the fight,
When we are knocking at their gate.
They will probably see the light
But it will be about four years too late.

Richard Roda, '43

THE SNEAKY TRIO

On this earth is a paper-hanger named Hitler,
Whom the Nazis love and admire.
And all we American people desire
Is to have him strung up by a wire.

A scum on this earth named Mussolini
Thought he would get far with his dreaming.
But we Americans know it will never be,
For our boys will stop him from scheming.

Last but not least, there's another beast,
A slant-eyed sneaking Japanese,
Who thought to attack by surprise was fun,
Until Uncle Sam got behind the gun.

Put them all together and what have we?
Just three sneaks, all with a different thought,
Who think that big-shots they someday will be,
Come on boys, shoot them down for you and for
me.

Shirley Davis, '43

"ONE DAY IN THE ARMY"

I was drafted in the Army
And put in the Infantry.
Why they put me in that class
Is more than I can see.

Now we get up at five in the morning
At the very crack of dawn,
And at that time every day
I wish I hadn't been born.

Now when we have our breakfast
There is an awful fuss,
Some of the guys claim
That the food is practically mush.

When the Sergeant orders us for marching
We don't really mind it much,
But after thirty miles he should know
That our feet can stand just so much.

After marching the Sergeant asks us boys
Are you very tired?
One young soldier says
Yuh, Sarge how's about me getting fired?

The Sarge looked at Johnny
And handed him a knife of steel,
And said, listen yardbird
There's three bushels of potatoes to peel.

When the Sarge says that's enough boys
The guys cheer and roar,
But let me tell you
Our dogs were very sore.

I went into the barracks
And sat near the hall,
When just then
I heard the Sergeant call.

Perry, my pal,
He chuckled and said with glee,
How about keeping a date
With a girl for me?

Now listen Sarge
I'm hardly the type of guy,
But give me a little encouragement
And I think I'll try.

The Sarge told me to meet her at the station
And to be very polite,
But when I saw her picture,
I nearly died of fright.

The Sarge said listen, Bill
Don't get disgusted so,
For this picture was taken
Many years ago.

O. K. Sarge,
But I think that you should know,
That I'm short of green paper
That we boys call dough.

I got ten bucks
And headed for the station,
And when I saw the girl
I had a great sensation.

I took her to the movies
And the U. S. O.
Boy, I'm telling you
She was O. K. O.

We walked out on the balcony,
Where the bright yellow moon shone,
Just then the clock struck two
And I had to take her home.

I walked back to the barracks
And who was sitting there,
But the Sarge waiting patiently
But very much in despair.

Sarge, I said, don't worry
She asked for you a lot,
But confidentially
I didn't think her taste was so hot.

Good night Sarge,
I think I'll hit the hay,
If you want me to take her out again,
Just name the day.

William Perry, '43

**"PRAISE THE LORD AND SHARE
THE MEAT AND BUTTER"**

Praise the Lord and share the meat and butter.
Praise the Lord, my stamps are all aflutter.
The United States Government said it
You got to give Sam credit,
For a son-of-a-gun of a hoarder was he.
Praise the Lord and share the meat and butter,
Praise the Lord, my stamps are all aflutter.
Praise the Lord and use your ration quota
And we'll all have no fear.

William Souza, '43

Uncle Sam will get me soon,
 I wish it were this afternoon.
 For I am glad my country to serve,
 Because we Yanks have plenty of nerve.
 We are not afraid of Hirohito
 That tiny yellow Mosquito.
 We will smash Tojo (Tokyo)
 From above to below.
 The Japs thought themselves one step ahead,
 When at Pearl Harbor our boys were caught
 in bed.
 Those Japs are a dirty race,
 Just as dirty as their face.
 One day our power will be known
 And they will wish they hadn't shown
 How stupid they could be
 To pick on you and me.

William Souza, '43

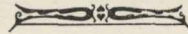
WHEN THE WAR IS OVER

When this foul war is over
 And the boys come home again
 When the fields are filled with clover
 The fun will then begin.

 They will no longer feel blue
 When they are back in town
 And old friendships they renew
 When Hitler and Tojo are six feet down.

 It won't take long to put them under
 When they meet my classmates
 Because I know by thunder
 Because I know darn well
 Tojo and Hitler will meet in "hell".

Jean Days, '43



SENIOR SUPERLATIVES

Most Conceited	Barbara Cabral	Best Dressed Girl	Katherine Hill
Class Vamp	Priscilla Sants	Best Dressed Boy	Isaiah Snow
Best Looking Boy	Isaiah Snow	Class Musician	Esther Stone
Most Attractive Girl	Kathleen Cordeiro	Class Baby	Joseph Cabral
Best Physique	Matthew Costa	First to be Married	Barbara Alexander
Best Figure	Barbara Cabral	First to Have a Bay Window	Arthur Joseph
Most Studious	Reginald Cabral	Most Popular Girl	Priscilla Sants
Class Artist	Esther Stone	Most Popular Boy	James Simmons
Best Girl Dancer	Priscilla Sants	Most Versatile	Edith Sawyer
Best Boy Dancer	Reginald Cabral	Class Pest	William Sylvia
Most Likely to Succeed	Isaiah Snow	Most Tactful	Shirley Davis
Most Dignified	Barbara Cabral	Most Reserved	Katherine Hill
Class Orator	Reginald Cabral	Class Tomboy	Lil Holway
Boy with Most Personality	Isaiah Snow	Most Flirtatious	Jean Days
Girl with Most Personality	Barbara Alexander	Done Most for P. H. S.	Edith Sawyer
Most Athletic Boy	Matthew Costa	Best Natured Girl	Shirley Davis
Most Athletic Girl	Lil Holway	Most Agreeable	Joseph Reis
Wittiest	Joseph Cabral	Class Typist	Edith Sawyer
Most Bashful	Austin Banks	Dean of Women	Lil Holway



SENIORS



Men in the Service

Austin Robert Banks, U. S. Army

Frank Costa, U. S. Navy

Matthew James Costa, U. S. Army

Joseph Lawrence Reis, U. S. Navy

James Sterling Simmons, U. S. Navy

William Howard Souza, U. S. Navy

Francis John Ventura, U. S. Army

Bernard Francis Viera, U. S. Navy

Reginald Warren Cabral, U. S. Navy (picture not available)

Robert Eugene Oliver, U. S. Navy (picture not available)

Barbara Elizabeth Alexander

Joseph Manuel Cabral

Barbara Camille Cabral

Eva Elizabeth Cook

Kathleen Agnes Cordeiro

Gertrude Irene DaLuze

Jean Charlotte Days

Shirley Madalene Davis

Katherine Rose Hill

Philomena Elsie Holway

Arthur Francis Joseph

James Francis Meads

Richard Francis Roda

Priscilla Carolyn Sants

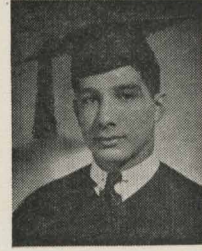
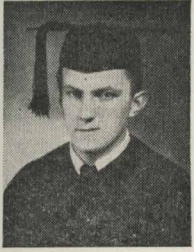
Isaiah Snow, Jr.

Esther Frances Stone

William Ernest Sylvia

Edith Mae Sawyer

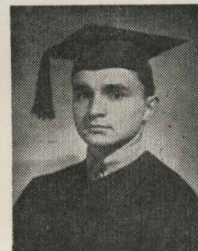
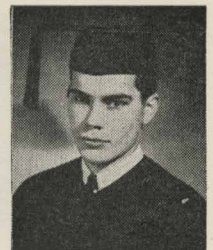
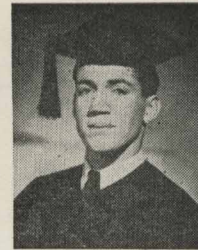
Class of 1943



Men

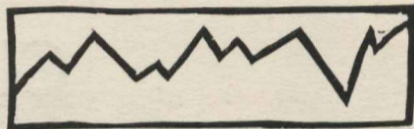
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Service





auto



graphs



FRESHMAN CLASS



SOPHOMORE CLASS



JUNIOR CLASS



activities



JUNIOR-SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL BAND

The assemblies this year have been few and far between, but those that we have seen were exceptionally good ones.

At the beginning of the year, Mr. Leyden secured some full length movies which made very entertaining assemblies, but because of their length it was more convenient to show them after school. However, considering some of the pictures—Geronimo, The Last of the Mohicans, and The Crusades—it was a pleasure to stay after school.

Miss Mederios' assembly, "A Quiet Home Wedding" was given in January. This play, a comedy, told about a wedding which never took place due to the wild antics of friends and family. The distraught characters were:

- Father Bernard Robinson
- Mother Carol Whorf
- Jody Jeanne Lynch
- Junior Elmer Silva
- Connie (the prospective bride) Jane Enos
- Gertie (the flustered friend) ..Margaret Ventura
- Mrs. Tweedy Ellen Lynch
- Mrs. GadwoodJean Allison

- Billy Gadwood
- Arthur Ventura
- Horace (the bridegroom) Joseph Bent
- Miss MacSnoop Eleanor Patrick

Although the cast succeeded in ruining part of the scenery in order to make the play more realistic, nothing really drastic happened and the play progressed smoothly.

In December, Miss Burke gave a Christmas play which illustrated the different types of Christmas spirit today. The cast was as follows:

- Madonna Kathleen Joseph
- Two Angels Jean Allison, Carol Whorf
- Irish Washwoman Ellen Lynch
- Two Shop Girls Jeanne Lynch, Eleanor Patrick
- Business Man Hersey Taylor
- Small Boys William Costa, Christopher Tobey, Harold Brown

HALLOWEEN DANCE

The Juniors gave a belated Halloween Dance in November, using orange and black decora-

tions and vast quantities of paper autumn leaves, which did wonders in improving the High School gymnasium. Cocoa and cake were sold in the cafeteria during intermission and although it was long after Halloween, no one seemed to mind.

SCHOOL CONCERT

Mr. Nassi's annual concert was given in April and, as usual, was very entertaining; each group of students performing capably.

The fourth grades of the Western and Center schools conducted a contest, each trying unsuccessfully to outdo the other, for both sides played well.

The Governor Bradford and High School Band then played several marches and Miss Yvonne Flores, as majorette, led them.

Following this, the High School orchestra played and Mr. George F. Leyden sang "The Bells of Saint Mary" and "A Perfect Day".

At the conclusion of the program, the audience sang "The Star Spangled Banner".

THE JUNIOR PLAY

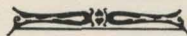
This year the Juniors will present the annual school play on the fourteenth of May. "Girl Shy" is the name of it (this play was given ten years ago and so should be very amusing to all the graduates who participated in it then) and as the title suggests, it is about a young boy who can't accustom himself to the opposite sex.

The play is under the direction of Miss Kathleen Medeiros and Mrs. Phebe Rogers.

THE JUNIOR PROMENADE

On May twenty-first comes the event that all the Junior Class has been waiting for—the Junior Promenade. The Juniors believe that patriotic decorations have been used so often, in recent years, that the class will decorate the Town Hall with flowers and musical notes so that spring, although it has not been too prompt in arriving, will really be here.

The George Ladino Orchestra will furnish the music, playing a concert, followed by the Grand March and then dancing until one o'clock.



TRADEWINDS

Girl's Version

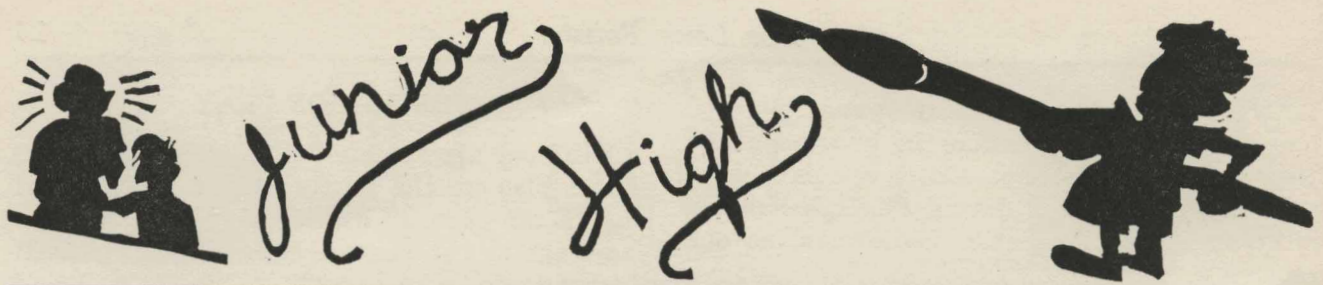
I think that I shall never see
 A boy who quite appeals to me,
 A boy who doesn't flirt and tease
 A boy who always tries to please;
 A boy who keeps his shirt tail in,
 A boy without a silly grin.
 These fools are loved by girls like me,
 But I think I prefer a tree.

Boy's Version

I think that I shall never see
 A girl refuse a meal that's free,
 A girl who doesn't ever wear
 A lot of doo-dads in her hair.
 Girls are loved by fools like me,
 'Cause who on earth could kiss a tree!

REMEMBER

- . . . when a woman's place was in the home?
- . . . when "Surrender" was many people's favorite odor instead of gasoline?
- . . . when the coal bin was brimming with those ebony lumps to make a blazing fire?
- . . . when people walked for pleasure?
- . . . when pocketbooks were filled with knick-knacks not ration books?
- . . . when a little spilled sugar just meant sweeping it up?
- . . . when people had "coffee nerves?"
- . . . when four in a car was a crowd?
- . . . when commencement week followed the same old groove?
- . . . those days are past.



JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL

STAMP BULLETS

A little boy bought a twenty five cent defense stamp which was enough to purchase three rifle cartridges. Soon a transport carrying soldiers and supplies, including the three cartridges, left San Francisco. In about three weeks, the ship arrived at an American base in the Pacific. The ship was unloaded and companies of soldiers were formed to go into the jungle and surround a Japanese camp.

A soldier named Al Winters had the three defense stamp bullets in his rifle. As his company came closer to the camp, he saw three Japanese soldiers creeping up behind another American soldier. He took careful aim and killed the Japanese soldiers. A defense stamp had saved the life of an American fighter.

Jane Rosenthal, 8A

CARELESSNESS OF TONGUE

Your tongue is the greatest weapon of war. Many of our boys, your relatives and friends, have died just because of your tongue. Without realizing the danger of what you are saying, you tell where your brother is, or give out other valuable information. A small man with big ears is behind you and others, collecting information from here and there. This spy listens,

and your information, which you so generously gave, becomes a valuable aid to the enemy. So always remember, "Guard your tongue."

Lillian Phillips, 8A

YOUR JOE

All was quiet and serene,
 When out of the ominous sky,
 The bombs and bullets came unseen,
 And I watched my comrade die.
 Watched him die with no one near
 Who could make it easier to go;
 No one by to wait and hear
 The last breath go from Joe.
 Your Joe died while fighting hard,
 So you could still be free.
 While you were crabbing for more land,
 Your Joe died right by me.
 I was lucky, only broke my arm,
 When struck, quite close, a grenade,
 But unlucky Joe, now safe from harm,
 Was hit, and a hero was made.
 He gave his life to save you
 From the Jap and Nazi tramps;
 So help us kill those rats, too,
 By buying Bonds and Stamps.

George M. Roza, '47

WHAT DO YOU SAY?

One less Jap on his way—
A defense stamp each day,
What do you say?

A bond a week
Vengeance will reek—
What do you say?

The more scrap we get,
The less the war debt
What do you say?

Let's join in the fight
For honor and right—
What do you say?

James Ferreira, 8B

ON TO VICTORY

If all our fighting men abroad, can give their
lives to win,
I feel that we, here safe at home, should help
out with a grin.
Don't use the car for pleasure drives, it only
wastes the tires;
Save gas for tanks to get our boys across the
jungle mires.
Because the old one springs a leak, don't buy
a brand new hose,
But have it fixed, for in this way, you'll help
to beat our foes.
Don't hoard the butter and the sugar, coffee
and the tea,
For if you do, you'll make it hard to gain our
victory.

Give ten per cent of what you earn as your
security,
And under tyrant Nazi rule you'll never have
to be.
So if we want to live in peace, then let us give
a hand
To preserve a thriving nation, our own United
Land.

Erlin Hogan, 8A

THE RED CROSS

The Red Cross, angels are said to be,
By men now fighting across the sea.
They risk their lives to help our men
Live to come home to their friends again.

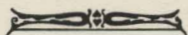
In floods and disasters they're always there,
To give the unfortunates good food and care.
So if you have money in excess amounts,
Give much to the Red Cross—it really counts.

William F. Watts, '47

THANKFULNESS

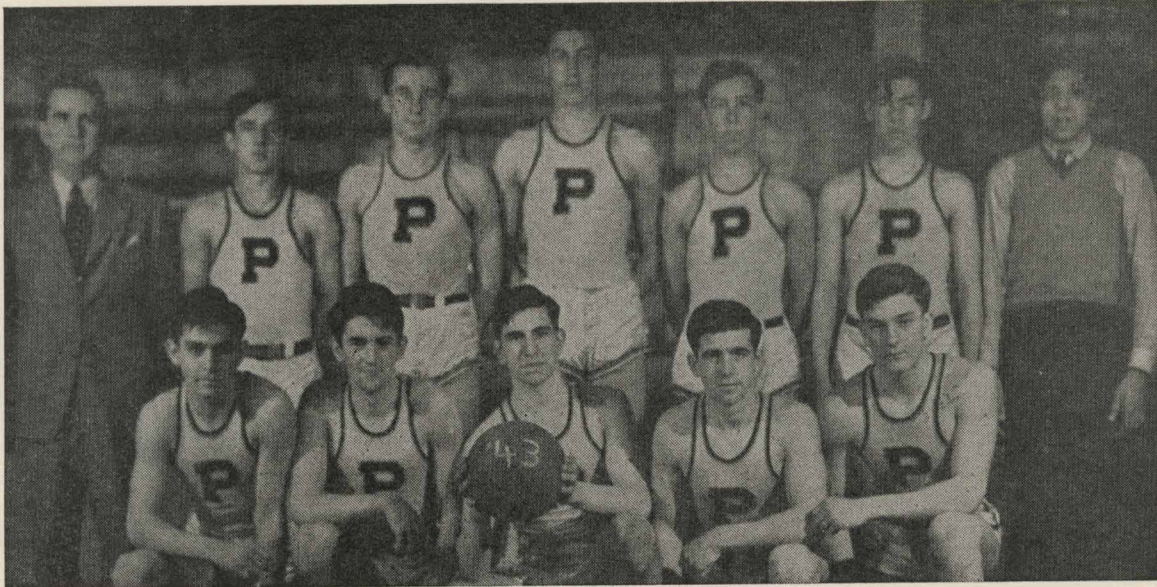
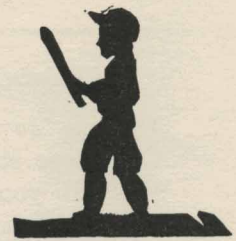
If I were you, I'd thank the spring
For the lovely trees
Swaying in the breeze,
For the sweet flowers with colors bright and
gay,
For the soft green grass, and for a perfect day.

Eleanor Corcoran, 7B





SPORTS



1943 BASKETBALL TEAM

FOOTBALL

The football season did not look very promising, but Mr. Leyden decided he would take only a few games. So as a consequence, only four games were carried out. The results were two wins and two defeats. With Dave Roderick hitting the opponent's forward lines and Matt Costa chucking the ball to Joseph Bent, we defeated Yarmouth twice and were defeated by Bourne 7 to 0.

Dave made All-Cape fullback and also co-captain. Joseph Bent made All-Cape second team.

Mr. Harrington, who donated \$100 to the school for sweaters, also gave up much of his time in assisting Mr. Leyden.

The following is a list of the scores of our four games:

Provincetown	0	Bourne	7
Provincetown	21	Yarmouth	0
Provincetown	0	Barnstable	21
Provincetown	24	Yarmouth	0
—	—	—	—
	45		28

INTERCLASS BASKETBALL

The Sophomores defeated the Seniors and the Juniors defeated the Freshmen in a close game. The final game between the Juniors and Sophomores was played on a Friday, third period.

At the half the sophomores were leading, 14 to 13. Oliver scored all 14 points. In the last half Oliver was tied by Bent and only scored 4 more points. The final score was 32 to 28 in favor of the Juniors.

BASKETBALL

The basketball season was very successful, although the full schedule only consisted of six games. We won all six games played. This was due to the fine coaching of Mr. Murphy, who filled Coach Duarte's place very well.

Leading scorer for the team was Anibal Oliver with one hundred points. Next in line were Richard Packett and Elmer Silva, with fifty-four and fifty-two points respectively. The two guards Arthur Ventura and George Smith played for the most part a defensive game, but scored forty-six points between them.

There were no Seniors on the team this year. The same ten players will be back unless they join some branch of the service.

One of the reasons why we were undefeated was that we had a very capable second team mainly: Joseph Bent, Francis Meads, Matthew Steele, Bernard Robinson, Manuel Rego.

The following are the scores of our six games:

Provincetown 52	Provincetown Inn	10
Provincetown 21	Alumnae	10
Provincetown 46	St. Peter's	20
Provincetown 54	Army	21
Provincetown 45	Provincetown Inn	23
Provincetown 37	Race Point	17
255		101

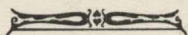
BASEBALL

The baseball season will be very busy for there are two games with Orleans and several games with service teams. The service teams will also be much better competition in baseball than they were in basketball.

As yet there has not been any practice, but a rough line-up has been given.

Catcher: Richard Packett or Matthew Steele
 Pitcher: Hersey Taylor or Anibal Oliver
 1st base: Elmer Silva or A. Souza
 2nd base: Matthew Costa
 3rd base: Manuel Rego or George Smith
 Short Stop: Arthur Ventura
 Fielders: Joseph Bent, Francis Meads
 Manuel Rego, George Smith
 Richard Baumgartner, Clayton Enos
 William Silvia

Elmer Silva



WOULDN'T IT BE FUNNY IF:

- William were gold instead of Sylva.
- Katherine were plain instead of Hill.
- Jean were nights instead of Days.
- Isaiah were rain instead of Snow.
- Eva were bake instead of Cook.
- Esther were rock instead of Stone.
- Matthew were sell(a) instead of Cost(a).
- Richard were walk(a) instead of Rode(a).
- James were you(ads) instead of Me(ads).
- Edith were See(yer) instead of Saw(yer).
- Lill were entry instead of Holway (hallway).
- Kathleen were twine(ero) instead of Cordeiro).
- Joseph were taxi(ral) instead of Cab(ral).
- Priscilla were dollars instead of Sants (cents).
- Gertrude were Da(Win) instead of DaLuze (DaLose).
- Austin were dunes instead of Banks.
- Barbara C. were chrysanthemum instead of Camille.
- Arthur were Jos (que-q) instead of Jos(eph-f).
- Barbara A. were Alex(but)er instead of Alex-(and)er.
- Shirley were Dav(was) instead of Dav(is).
- William were Billy Low instead of Billy High.

Edith Sawyer, '43

DID YOU EVER HEAR ABOUT THE MORON:—

- Who cut off his left side so he would be all right?
- Who sat in the middle of the street with two pieces of bread in each hand waiting for some traffic jam?
- Who pushed the cow off the cliff so he could see the Jersey Bounce?
- Who took a bale of hay to bed with him to feed his nightmare?
- Who put bread crumbs in his shoes to feed his pigeon toes?
- Who jumped off the Empire State Building to show people he had courage?
- Who went looking for the Board of Education so he went to the lumber yard?
- Who ran through a screen door and strained himself?
- Who used the stepladder upside down so he wouldn't have to fall so far if anything went wrong?

'Lil' Holway, '43



ALUMNI NOTES



1939-40

Mary Andrews—Telephone Operator.
Irene Angelo—Married.
Jayne Atkins—Married to William McFarland.
Jean Banks—Joined the W. A. V. E. S.
Robert E. Brown—U. S. Navy SK 1/c.
Jane Cabral—In California.
Barbara Cabral—Training in Chelsea Memorial Hospital.
Viola Cook—In Boston.
Anna Corea—At home.
Arthur Costa—U. S. Army.
Lucien P. Cross—U. S. Navy.
Mary Cruz—Telephone Operator.
Raymond Days—U. S. Coast Guard.
Maureen Dignes—Secretary in Boston.
Leo Ferreira—Studying for the priesthood.
Edgar Francis—Married to Celeste Macara and father of a baby boy.
Marjorie Gray—At home.
Eleanor Lema—Married to William Lucas and mother of a baby boy.
Hilda Marshall—Married.
Mary Mott—Married.
Arthur Patrick—U. S. Navy.
Frank Peters—U. S. Marines.
Marilyn Raymond—Married and living on Long Island, New York.
John Roderick—Working in a defense plant.
Mary Rogers—Secretary at Ford Garage.
Theodore Rosa—Married.
Dorothy Rose—Working in Wellfleet.
Mary Segura—Bookkeeper at Burch's Market.
Elizabeth Silva—Civil Service position.
Leona Silva—Ration Board.
Raymond Souza—U. S. Coast Guard.
Francis J. Steele—U. S. Army.
Kathleen Tinkham—Working in Wellfleet.
Jeanne Travis—At home.
Norine Valentine—Working in a defense plant.
June Whiddon—Married.

1940-41

Marguerite Cook—Working in Northampton, Mass.
John Silva—U. S. Army.

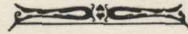
Arthur Roderick—U. S. Army.
Francis Mooney—U. S. Army.
Elizabeth Martin—Working at Arnold's.
Ernest Adams—U. S. Army.
John Farroba—U. S. Coast Guard.
Warren Roderick—U. S. Army.
Anthony Rego—U. S. Coast Guard.
Lucy Bent—At home.
Elizabeth Gaspa—Working in Cambridge.
Mary Jason—Married to Raphael Merrill and mother of a baby girl.
Barbara Cross—Bookkeeper at the Chevrolet Garage.
Verna Rose—Married and living in Wellfleet, Mass.
Manuel Packett—Portsmouth Navy Yard.
Eugene Perry—U. S. Army.
John Rose—U. S. Army.
Joseph Edwards—U. S. Army.
Dolores Mooney—Truro Rationing Board.

1941-42

Frank Alves—U. S. Navy.
Shirley Atwood—Working in a defense plant.
Matilda Avellar—Married to Raymond Souza.
Insley Caton—U. S. Navy.
Ruth Costa—Telephone Operator.
Josephine Crave—Living in New Bedford.
Edwina Crawley — International College, Springfield, Mass.
Barbara Crocker—Living in Falmouth.
Mary DaLuze—Working in New York.
Josephine Dignes—Married.
Cecelia Francis—Working in Boston.
Mary Hanson—At home.
Paulette Jette—Working in Rhode Island.
Anthony Joseph—U. S. Army.
Dorothy King—Bookkeeper at the Cape Cod Garage.
Germania Lopes—Working at Atlantic Coast Fisheries.
Irving Malchman—U. S. Army.
Isabel Menangas—Working in Worcester, Mass.
Elizabeth Moffett—University of Vermont.
John Morris, Jr.—U. S. Army.
Eleanor Noons—At home.
Edward O'Rork—U. S. Navy.

Carolyn Patrick—Chamberlain School of Design, Boston, Mass.
 Velma Perry — Working at Provincetown Theatre.
 Constance Phillips—Working in a defense plant.
 Louis Rivers—Fishing.
 Mary Roda—Married and living in Fairhaven, Mass.
 Marion Roderick—Working in a defense plant.
 Warren Perry—U. S. Coast Guard.
 Helen Rogers — Becker Business College, Worcester, Mass.
 Frank Rosa, Jr.—U. S. Navy.
 Alma Rose—Married.

Elmer Rose—U. S. Navy.
 Basil Santos, Jr.—U. S. Navy.
 Isabel Santos—At home.
 Beatrice Segura—Bookkeeper at Peter's Express.
 Herman DeSilva—U. S. Navy.
 Louise Silva—Married.
 Norbert Silva—Working at the Fisherman's Market.
 Manuel Simmons—U. S. Navy.
 Lucille Snow—Working in Wellfleet.
 Marguerite Souza—Telephone Operator.
 Ethel Whiddon—Married.
 Kathryn Witherstine—At home.



GOOD MANNERS QUIZ

Do you say "good morning" to your teachers, or do you come to school sleepy and cross, grumbling because you don't have your homework done? yes no

Do you shout across the room to your friends? yes no

Do you act reverent while the "Lord's Prayer" is being said, and do you stand at attention while saluting the Flag? yes no

Do you answer questions politely, or do you remain seated, mumbling, "I don't know"? yes no

Do you wait patiently for the teacher to answer your raised hand or do you whirl it madly in the air? yes no

Do you **walk** down the hall or do you drag yourself along slowing traffic? yes no

Do you excuse yourself when you walk in front of people? yes no

Do you "doodle" on your books forgetting they are school property? yes no

Do you rush down the stairs at lunch disregarding others? We are all **hungry!** yes no

Do you use your table manners or do you eat as if you hadn't seen food in days? yes no

Do you respect the teachers and try to help them? yes no

Do you borrow pencils and forget to return them? yes no

Do you comb your hair in class? yes no

Do you listen to the person reciting? yes no

Do you place papers on the teacher's desk or do you sling them? yes no

If your score is low you are not **an average pupil**; if it is a high score you are, no doubt, a superior pupil.

Jean Allison, '44



HUMOR



During the war, George stayed home—worked on the farm instead. One day while he was milking a cow, a soldier came along and said:

“You slacker! Why aren’t you at the front?”

George: “Because there isn’t any milk at that end.”

* * * *

Joe: “I’m a lady killer.”

Maggie: “Yeah, they take one look at you and drop dead.”

* * * *

Anibal: “Why did you kiss that girl in the dark last night?”

George S.: “Since seeing her in the daylight, I’ve been wondering myself.”

* * * *

Ellen: “Men are all alike.”

Mag: “Yep—men are all I like, too.”

* * * *

Jeanne: “I had an awful headache last night.”

Bernice: “Yes, I saw him with you.”

* * * *

Cobra: “Keep your feet where they belong.”

Arthur J.: “Don’t tempt me.”

* * * *

Hersey: “There’s no justice in the universe.”

Miss Brooks: “Why so?”

Hersey: “Well, night falls but it’s always day that breaks.”

* * * *

“Mother,” asked Silva when the family had guests for dinner, “is the dessert too rich for me or is there enough to go around?”

* * * *

English Teacher: “John, please correct this sentence: “Girls is naturally better looking than boys.”

John: “Girls is artificially better looking than boys.”

* * * *

Mr. Leyden: “How old would a person be who was born in 1894?”

Cobra: “Man or woman?”

Miss Brooks: “Why is it that lightning never strikes twice in the same place?”

Dick B.: “Because when it strikes once the same place isn’t there any more.”

* * * *

He had a fever, so we put him in the cellar to heat the house.

* * * *

Barbara: “Boys make me sick.”

Lil: “Me too, but why?”

Barbara: “The only reason they don’t use make-up is they are so vain they think they don’t need it.”

* * * *

Ben: “Keep still, I’m trying to think.”

Elmer: “Experimenting again, eh?”

* * * *

Wendy: “Should I stop writing poetry?”

Miss Hourihane: “No, begin!”

* * * *

Mr. Murphy coaching basketball: “And remember that basketball develops individuality, initiative, and leadership. Now get out on the floor and do exactly as I tell you.”

* * * *

Isaiah: “Here’s a picture of my sweetheart. Gee, is she wonderful. She fell from Heaven right into my arms.”

Arthur J.: “She looks like she fell on her face.”

* * * *

Mr. Leyden: “Give for one year the number of tons of coal shipped out of the United States.”

Matt C.: “1942—none.”

* * * *

Miss Hourihane: “Midge, what is a synonym?”

Midge: “A synonym is a word you use when you can’t spell the other one.”

* * * *

Joe: “So your girl’s a dancer.”

Art: “Yeah—she’s a toe dancer—she dances all over my toes.”

Kathleen Joseph
Gilbert Martin

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