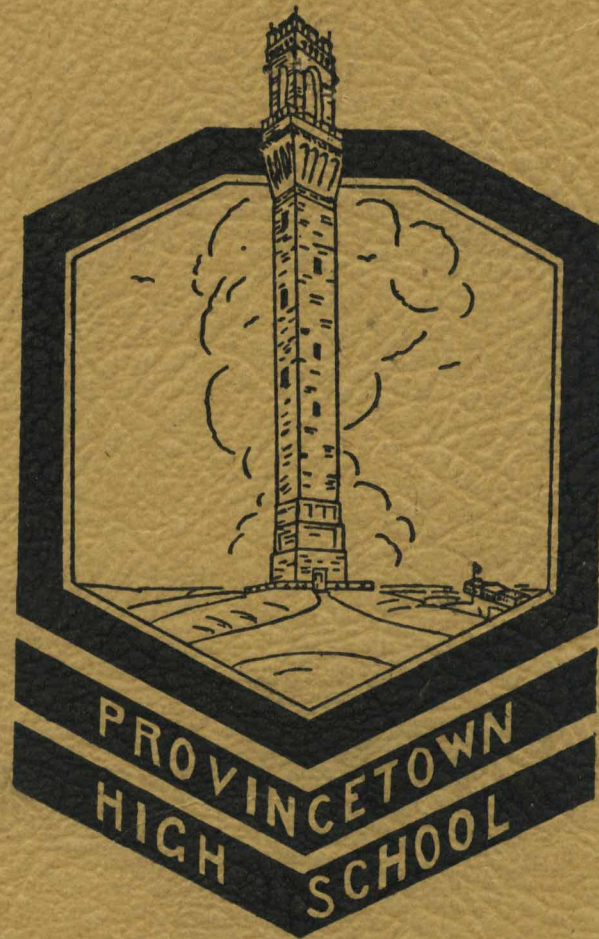


**LONG
POINTER**



1943 - 1944



DEDICATION

The Nineteen Forty-Four 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 Forces
Of the United States of America

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Dedication	1
Long Pointer Staff	4
Directory	5
Editorials	6
Literary	8
Seniors	16
Sports	25
Alumni	27
Humor	29
Advertisements	31

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LONG POINTER STAFF

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Humor,	Inez Smith, Marguerite Loring, Kathleen Segura, Regina Dutra, Clarice Joseph, Margaret Ventura
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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 to the publication of the Long Pointer.



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EDITORIALS

GOOD STUDENT GOVERNMENT

Student government is an organization of importance in most American schools today. Members are elected by the student body and their function is to make the laws and rules by which the students are governed.

This organization, in order to be efficient, must be composed of pupils who have a sincere and honest desire to better the school. These students should be trusted and well liked in order to hold the confidence of the student body and to lead them.

The council makes fair and just laws by which the various classes are governed. It settles disputes between classes and helps to promote unity and good will among them. The council should help to organize clubs and societies that provide enjoyment plus education for the students and remain alert for new ideas and for the general improvement of the school.

The student council prepares students to govern and to be governed wisely and justly. In this way the students are prepared to become the citizens of tomorrow.

Elizabeth Dyer, '45

DO SOME MORE

The little old lady in the slightly tattered, but very clean black coat bustled up to the window in the post office, which had a sign above it with the words "War Bonds" printed on it. To the busy postal clerk this lady was just another customer with eighteen dollars and seventy-five cents to purchase a War Bond.

He didn't realize how long she had been saving her money in an old cracked sugar bowl on the top shelf of her pantry, and maybe he didn't care. But you see, this gentle little woman had a son who was doing an important job as a tail-gunner with the United States Army Air Force and she realized how much she could help by buying bonds. That is why she had such a happy light in her eyes as she handed her money to the clerk. Yes, it had taken her a great deal of time to save enough, and more time would be

needed before she could save the sufficient amount for another bond, but she knew that she was helping to bring her son back safely and a warm feeling of satisfaction passed over her when her treasured purchase was placed in her hands.

There are many people who should realize how helpful they could be if they would only put some of their money into circulation by buying more bonds.

"You Can Always Do More," should be everyone's slogan.

Gloria E. Silva, '45

COOPERATION

The cooperation of the pupils is asked by the school department in connection with the sale of war stamps.

In the beginning of the year the sale of war stamps increased daily, but now that spring has come everyone is buying sodas and cokes at the drugstore and the sale of war stamps is decreasing.

If the soldiers and sailors at the front left their posts, we wouldn't be so certain of winning this war.

Many ask themselves—Is it necessary for us to buy war bonds and stamps? Do you think that the men at the front ask themselves—Is it necessary to win the war?

The boys at the front need ammunition and the spirit to win, so the next time you saunter into the drugstore ask yourself—Is it necessary to buy a coke or is it necessary to help to win the war by buying more stamps and bonds?

Then buy that war stamp or that bond with your extra money.

Kathleen Segura, '45

BE REASONABLE!!!!!!

This winter I met a young girl—a German refugee—and I believe that if it hadn't been for this experience, what I now write would never have occurred to me.



PROVINCETOWN HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

People say that they are reasonable before they have even thought about it. Certainly they are reasonable—but to whom? Themselves?

This girl had spent her early years in Germany, but her father's business took the family to France and here they lived for the next decade. The children went to private schools because public schools are considered inferior in Europe and those who can afford a better education, have it—Reasonable? Why of course, to those who can afford it. But, you say, that isn't so bad—anyone who really wants to learn can always find a way. I agree—but things got more "reasonable", as time went on.

In September, 1939, France and Great Britain declared war on Germany and all aliens were interned, my friend's family included. But they disliked the Germans—they had been persecuted!!!! However, it was "reasonable" to suspect them.

And then the French forbade them to leave the country, but if they appeared on the street, they were taken to jail! Very reasonable! To be sure, in these times of havoc and chaos there is some excuse, but hardly a sufficient one.

And finally in June, when Paris fell, my friend's family fled! Besieged on all sides, not daring to let their German ancestry be known to the French, not daring to remain in the path of the Germans, they had no refuse—no haven. But then, be reasonable!! What could these people expect? They were aliens and it was their country that had started this awful cataclysm.

When the war is over, what will become of these people, of the conquered people, of all the people in the world, if the majority of them continue to act "reasonable"? The most ghastly, horrible things that can happen to man have not yet taken place if we do not realize what being reasonable really means. If a law is made, it must be kept, but why should it be a law if it does not reasonably judge, and if it is not a just law?

It is said that when we have reached the age of reason, then we are completely developed mentally. But if we are not really reasonable—if we do not consider all sides, not merely our own—then we are still children.

Carol Whorf, '44



LITERARY



IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT

Strange things can happen in a crowded subway station, especially on a rainy night. Take for example, the story told to me by an extremely reliable person. It may be true, I couldn't tell you that for certain; but I'll let you decide.

As I said, it was one of those wet evenings, and the date was April 1. The last minute crowds trampled one another, rushing for the few feet of standing room left in the last car of a northward-bound train. Another was due along any minute now, but these people had things to do; some had jobs, others were late for appointments. You know how it is.

Anyway, no one paid any attention to the thin, shivering figure of an old man, huddled near a corner of the candy stand. His faded eyes looked with bewilderment at the hurrying mass of humanity. He obviously was as unused to such a crowd, as you and I are to champagne or caviar.

Once he ventured forth, but a girl, leaning on her escort's arm, stepped heavily upon his poorly covered foot with the spike heel of her open toe shoe. His eyes watered at the sudden pain. Blindly, he groped his way back to the haven of the candy stand.

What was he waiting for? Why was he there? Even he didn't know. He only knew what those words, those terrifying words, meant in the telegram he had received. Feeling in his pocket for the message, he could hear the crackling stiffness of it, as his coarsened fingers touched it. How could such a tiny piece of paper, with so few words on it, mean heartbreak to an old, tired man?

Perhaps you're wondering what was written in that fatal telegram. So did I, but the one who told me this story made me wait, so I shall make you wait, too.

He took the paper from his pocket; crushed it fiercely in his palm.

The roar of a train became audible, and the crowd milled forward once again; the old man with it.

He was shoved this way and that by the rain-soaked people. He succeeded in getting to the very front of the mob, right near the edge of the platform.

Then it happened—I guess you knew all along—the old man jumped before the oncoming train. His gaunt figure was crushed, like the “proverbial” straw, beneath the wheels of a car.

I'll save you from the details of his mangled body, although my teller was not so lenient.

As he was laid on the cold, cement platform of the station, someone noticed the paper in his hand. Another took it from his clenched fist, and read the now blood-spattered message. It said:

“The Navy Department deeply regrets to inform you that your grandson was killed in action in the performance of his duty and in the service of his country. The Department extends to you its sincerest sympathy in your great loss.”

Then as his wallet was examined for identification, one of the onlookers read, “Nicholas Baronsky, 194 East Broadway” and the addressee of the telegram was “Kenneth Baronsky, 294 West Broadway”.

Selma Robinson, '46

A PROUD PROFESSION

It was a clear, sunshiny, May morning and as Peggy Martin was eating her breakfast she was thinking happily of her graduation from Fremont High School in three weeks.

Peggy had planned to enter college when she graduated, but the war had changed her plans. She was too young to join any of the services and she really wanted to serve her country in some way.

Yesterday she had received a letter from her friend, Dick O'Brien, who was somewhere in Italy and as she read the letter again this morning, she remembered how proud she felt when he had received his silver wings. He was doing his part. Why shouldn't she do hers?

But this was not the time for merely thinking

about it. She must hurry or she'd be late for school.

As she hurried on her way she tried to think of some way in which she could serve her country. She had collected scrap, bought War Bonds, and given to the Red Cross, but this did not seem enough.

That evening as Peggy and her parents were sitting in the living room listening to the radio, they heard an announcement, which said "Uncle Sam needs nurses. If you are 18 years of age, or over, and have a high school education, you can help your country by enlisting in the U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps."

Peggy listened attentively. Now she knew how she could help join the fight for freedom.

Two weeks after graduation Peggy left her home one morning. She was on her way to a near-by hospital where she was to become a member of the U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps.

Girls! If you want to see this war won in a hurry, "Join the U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps." It's a proud profession! You're not only helping Uncle Sam, but you're also helping yourself. Why not enlist today?

Dorothy Fratus, '45

ONE AFTERNOON

It was early on a breezy summer afternoon and the blue of the sky was intense. The bay was choppy with the hint of a storm, but for the present not a cloud showed anywhere and the plaza was crowded with people in white linen and sun glasses. It was a perfect day for the fair.

A bald committeeman hiding for the day under a white Panama hat, laughed noisily and informed a young woman behind the pot-holder booth that he'd selected the date back in January. "Must have known it'd be a good day. Never go wrong. I figured it out by algebra."

There were other people too—hundreds of them—children with balloons, children with colored nurses, children running loose, some with chocolate ice cream on their white shirts; girls with sailors; boy scouts in shorts selling little American flags; middle aged women in mantillas of black lace; high school pupils in plaid shirts; middle aged men drinking soda pop—the usual types—lounging and laughing, eating and dancing and allowing themselves to relax after the strain of work.

Jan Jones had come into town with the Harrises, her next door neighbors, and within half an hour had successfully escaped them. She pushed through the crowd toward the north side of the large plaza. Despite the fact that her flowered chintz dress was sleeveless and its neckline was low she was exhausted with the heat and dampness. The wind ruffled her hair with irritating warmth. Her feet felt slimy in her Mexican espadrilles. Spotting a friend in a lemonade booth she stopped and bought a glass of it for thirteen cents. That was their system. Everything had an odd price and in those extra pennies lay the profit. After all the cause was worthy enough and she was thirsty. Jan's friend, Tillie, had on a broomstick skirt and a gay kerchief. Jan smiled at the girl's serious expression as she counted the money. She was dark and vivacious.

"We've made \$18.77 in only two hours. I can't imagine where the extra nickel came from. I guess it was a tip but I'll give it to the cause." Tillie dropped the coins one by one into the box.

"You're generous!" Jan said with a hint of malice and smiled archly. The lemonade was icy and it made her teeth ache. "Are any of the kids around, or do they have to work?"

"If it's Bimson you're after, he's telling fortunes over near Elgar Haye," Tillie said rather brusquely. Elgar Haye was the town's great benefactor and his statue stood in the west corner of the plaza. Tillie went on. "He has a red and green turban on in case you don't recognize him."

"And saddle shoes, I suppose," Jan said. She motioned a vague good-bye and ambled away. Tillie turned down her mouth and lowered her eyelids. Jan's half smile and critical eyes irked her enormously. Another customer came and her eyes brightened again.

Jan felt cooler now in the shade of the row of palms that lined that side of the park. She bought an American flag from a boy scout because he bothered her so much.

"How much?" she asked feeling in her pockets. The boy scout smiled sheepishly and said, "What ever it's worth. We're trying to get enough for hunting knives after we give half to the cause."

Jan took the flag and said, "Sounds like a good idea. Here."

The boy had eyes the color of the ocean and they sparkled. Jan slipped a Canadian penny

and a slug nickel into the box. "Gee," said the boy, "Sounds like four bits. Thanks lady."

Bored with it she gave the flag to a fat little boy who grinned warmly at everyone and when she had turned away he promptly broke the stick and threw the flag to the ground. Jan laughed and moved toward him. The child looked at her, recoiled, burst into tears and stumbled away.

Jan lingered on her way to Blimson's booth. She watched the parade with its huge floats and papier-mache figures as it circled the plaza; she ate spun sugar and popcorn balls and three hotdogs and fudge and several bananas; she stopped to talk to her half brother, some sailors, and then her former English teacher. The last was a youngish man with mild eyes.

Jan offered him some fudge. "Thanks," he said and popped a huge piece into his mouth. His cheeks bulged as he chewed and Jan laughed. "Here, keep it all." She handed him the closed bag which he held in his hand like a child. "Do you like English at college? Chaucer's pretty stiff, but you were always a receptive pupil."

"Was I?" she asked. "You never told me so then." She looked so young and flattered. Mr. Windle was in a responsive mood. He felt rather ashamed of the feeling. He remembered her in the 10th grade—a selfish little brat.

"You would have laughed. You were different then." He fumbled for words. Jan smiled her half smile and said as she turned and left him:

"My, my, Mr. Windle, you're a very perceptive professor."

Mr. Windle watched her walk away. She almost seemed to float. She disappeared in the crowd and he turned. He gritted his teeth and swore. Then analyzed her type. She was one of those people who force you to be nice to them even if they're perfectly objectionable. He hated himself. He remembered the candy he'd been clutching so tightly. He opened the bag and looked in. It was full of chewed chewing gum wrapped in bits of paper. He scrunched it up in his hand.

Ten minutes later a screech of brakes and a piercing cry quieted the crowd. The unnatural silence was broken with realization of what had happened. Cries, orders and hysterical sobbing commenced. A policeman rushed up, calling and holding the people back. The driver of the truck that hit her looked like a comedy char-

acter in his pirate costume—wringing his hands and saying, "I didn't see her. The sun was in my eyes." Mr. Windle was near the front and blanched at what he saw. In the road lay a crumpled body in a flowered chintz dress covered with blood.

"She's dead," said the officer.

Women fainted. Children ran away. Old ladies brushed away tears.

A white haired man standing next to Mr. Windle said, making a motion to blow his nose, "Such a pretty young child! She must have had lots of boy friends and a whole life ahead of her. Fate is cruel. Too bad it couldn't have been one of us old timers."

Mr. Windle winced. He remembered her half smile and as he turned his back upon the tragedy threw a crumpled bag to the ground in disgust. "Too bad," he said.

Wendy Hackett, '44

I FEARED THE LIGHT

The man stood at one of the intricate machines at Lockheed, bent intently over his work. As I gazed at him I thought, "Gee, you're lucky kid; you don't know what war means."

Just then the kid looked up, and yes, he looked right at me. Slowly he advanced a few steps, hesitated, then with set lips and a determined look in his eyes, he came forward. He didn't give me a chance to speak, but hesitatingly at first, and then calmly, he told me this story:

Yes, he had been a soldier, a good one too, and he had served his Uncle Sam for almost three years. Everything was going along fine until one night, while engaged in jungle fighting, he had gotten into the line of fire, and his hand had been shot away. Then came months of pain, and heartache, and loneliness. But he had been lucky—so very lucky—for just then a prosthetist was stationed in North Africa who had discovered a method whereby parts of the body could be fashioned from latex rubber. He had made the kid a hand, complete with pores and color, and now that soldier had rebuilt his life and was working in a defense plant.

He paused. Speechless, I stared at him, and then slowly and deliberately I looked at his hand. It was incredible! The hand which he held up to me was life-like, and flexible, and it could hold small objects.

You ask why this kid told me his story? Well, you see, I, too, lost a hand while fighting for my country, but I was given a clumsy wooden hand covered with a black leather glove which made people flinch when they looked at me. That is why I feared the light.

Hilda Noones, '45

THE LAST RAID

Noel Haolley lived with his grandmother in a tiny village in England. He was a small, frail boy about nine years old, with dark, curly hair and eyes which were as blue as the sky that fatal day.

For such a young boy he had experienced many bombings. He had become accustomed to the sight of ruined homes and the sight of the lifeless bodies of boys and girls who were once his friends and playmates. The thought which entered his mind after each bombing was, "When will the Germans come again?" But of course there was no way of knowing, for the Germans were sly and planned surprise attacks when they were least expected. They would come with their reign of destruction and shatter towns and villages to nothingness. After all they were the rulers of the world, the master race. No one could tell them what to do.

However, today Noel was quite cheerful. There hadn't been a raid for seventy-two hours. What a relief to be playing in the sunshine once again! Noel had spent so much of his time in a shelter that he had almost forgotten the sweet odor of fresh air.

That night as Noel was getting ready for bed, he heard the screeching of the sirens which warned the people of a raid. Both he and his grandmother rushed to the shelter.

Noel could already hear the rumbling of the bombers in the distance and the faint sound of falling bombs. For the first time in a long while Noel was frightened—frightened because somehow he felt that this would be the worst raid. It would have to be. Wouldn't those Nazis have to make up for the days they didn't destroy the homes of thousands of innocent people?

The bombs were falling close by now. Noel clung to his grandmother and tried to cover his ears to shut out the sound of the bombs.

Then it came. The one thing that Noel had known would happen sooner or later. First the roar of the planes flying very low and then the

crash of a bomb which seemed to have been aimed purposely at that little shelter.

When Noel awoke, he found himself in a hospital. A nurse looked over toward him when he suddenly opened his eyes. "What has happened to my grandmother?" he asked. The nurse looked at him and replied. "I'm sorry, you see she"—Noel would not let her finish. He knew she had been killed. The lonely, sad look on his face made tears come to the nurse's eyes.

The following day an American family visited the hospital. They had obtained permission to go back to America and wished to adopt Noel and take him back with them. It didn't matter much to Noel—nothing mattered anymore.

When they were finally on their way to the United States Noel wondered what America would be like. Did they have bombings every day? Did they have street lights? Were the people starving? He was assured that the people were happy and that America was peaceful. It suddenly became clear to Noel that he was going to like this new country and a bright beam shone on his face. Yes, it had been a long time since he had smiled and one could readily see that he was happy once again.

Clarice Joseph

Somewhere in Europe
April 27, 1944

Dear Joe,

With the mail system as slow as it sometimes is, I hope this will reach you in time for your graduation. You know, Joe, this isn't an ordinary graduation. You are graduating from High School and for a diploma, they are going to give you a Draft Card, and for your scholastic effort they are going to send you to a school of higher knowledge. A school where they will teach you to shoot a Thompson sub-machine gun, or to fly a "P-51", or perhaps to a radio school where you can learn all about that new Frequency modulation radio. It's all free too—sure the government is going to pay for your future education. They are going to buy your clothes and even give you an allowance while you're learning. That's all well and good, but they aren't finished with you. When you're fresh out of school they give you a lovely trip home to see Mom and Dad, and Sis, and Mary. About that time you'll be "braggin" about your outfit and singing patriotic songs and telling all the kids who are listening that

there is nothing like military life. You'll have your picture taken in your uniform and you'll be thinking as you ride back from those heavenly ten days, "It's not a bad war after all."

But from then on things are a little different. They send you down to some little camp south of one of the big sea coast cities and you'll sort of kick around for a couple of weeks. Oh, they'll keep you busy, drilling, listening to lectures, commando stuff, but you're not doing anything really—just stalling for time. Then one day they put you in a truck and down to the Sea Coast you go; you get your last view of that good old American Coast from the sides of a troop ship so loaded with fellows that you scarcely have room to move. That fellow behind you pokes his elbow in your ribs, but you don't care, you know he's trying to get that last glimpse too, and you wave; there isn't anybody there on the docks you know, but you wave anyway.

Then for a couple of days, sometimes a couple of weeks, you do pretty nearly what you wish, to pass the time. You get tired of playing cards and it's so hot at noon that you keep on your shirt in order not to get too much of that sun. All around men are sick, and homesick and tired.

Finally, you arrive at your destination and before long you are in the fight. It's pretty tough at first to go out there to kill the kids that look so much like those back home, but shortly you have plenty of time to think the whole thing over. Things are bad—but they could be worse, I've had a good look at some of the German Supermen and it's going to take more than those men and their Hitler to conquer us. Perhaps the world as it is today doesn't seem like much to fight for, hardly a fit world for anyone to live in—but we have at least a start on the road to Democracy, and better living.

That night of Graduation, I'll be there—Sure I'll be out there in that audience and when I see your freckled face back there somewhere in the third or fourth row, I'll be proud, mighty proud of my kid brother who isn't going to be a kid much longer, because soon he will be one of America's fighting men.

The "Sarg" is hollering—I've got to see what's up. Write when you find time and give my love to all the family.

Your Big Brother,
Mike

Jean Allison, '44

WE REGRET TO INFORM YOU

The dawn crept through the cold, grey sky picking out the hollow skeletons of burnt-out tanks, the tangled barb wire hanging from rotting posts, and the scarred jagged holes in the earth. Here and there a twisted body lay, but over all there seemed to prevail the awful silence of death. Long rows of vacant trenches burrowed through the earth. An empty machine gun stood, a silent sentinel, beside its forever quiet crew and in the distance one might see the shambles of a little town.

The Red Cross ambulance, startling red and white in a grey morning, bumped across the rough ground searching vainly for life among the dead. Suddenly it jerked to an abrupt halt beside a ragged hole scooped out by a big shell. Quickly two stretcher-bearers and a nurse hurried from the truck.

At the bottom of the crater a boy in khaki lay, his breath coming in quick, uneven gasps. His helmet had fallen off exposing damp blonde hair clinging to a moist forehead on which beads of perspiration stood in large drops. A thin stream of blood slowly trickled down his pale face and neck into his open collar . . . The front of his uniform had been torn away by machine gun bullets and he was bleeding with alarming rapidity. He clenched his teeth as a spasm of pain racked his young frame and opened very blue eyes to gaze in wonder at the nurse who wiped his face and forehead.

"Water, please," he said in a low, choked voice.

The nurse took a bit of clean cloth, moistened it in the canteen at her side and rubbed it on his dry, caked lips. The two bearers stepped forward to lift him into the waiting ambulance, but the nurse realizing that the boy was dying, motioned them back. Suddenly the nurse saw a smile playing on his lips and bent forward to hear the low spoken words coming from him. The words seemed to be parts of a letter for at first he mumbled, "My dear boy." Then—"I wonder where you are and what you are doing on this your nineteenth birthday." A long pause and then—"With all our love, Mom." The boy had evidently memorized a whole letter. Looking down she saw a thumb-worn letter and a small snapshot clasped tightly in his hand. The boy shuddered as the pain again passed through his body and then he turned his head away and died.

The nurse was new, inexperienced and as yet unhardened to the tragedies of war. Many thoughts passed through her mind as she looked at the boyish sprinkle of freckles across the bridge of a straight short nose on a face too young to die. Yes, far, far too young to die! Words trailed across her mind. This would mean a telegram with the heartbreaking words "killed in action" and another gold star would replace a blue one on a white field. This boy would not "come marching down Fifth Avenue". No, and he was so young to have to die; he had not yet lived. But gazing into the quiet face, serene in death she saw deep burrows in what should have been a smooth forehead and she noticed a mesh of fine lines around the still, young mouth betraying that he had heard, seen and felt the full horror of war. She knew then that the boy of nineteen had become a man.

Mary Rogers, '46

OUT OF THE BLUE

Connie was a Freshman; just like thousands in any high school in these United States. She had attractive dark hair that she had just taken permanently out of braids. She was seriously thinking of getting a permanent, but since her mother had said no, no it would have to remain. Connie's face was interesting and attractive, and her eyes often sparkled with lively interest, but her sisters often told her she was homely. This distressed her and she wished that she might be like the other girls, for Connie didn't know now that she had charms that the others could never have.

Connie didn't have a boy friend and this was a cause of constant distress and unhappiness. No one to take her to the movies and more important, to the Promenade. The truth was that she had a crush on a certain Junior boy, named Henry, who already had a girl and didn't know that Connie existed.

As the Prom approached, Connie was a picture of gloom. Her friends advised her to accept the boy next door for an escort, but he was barely out of kneepants and not sufficiently sophisticated. Her only wish was that Henry's girl would break a leg or catch a cold and die of pneumonia.

On the night of the Prom, Connie didn't eat any supper which was unusual, even in her deepest gloom. In her room Connie suddenly

decided that she had to go to the Prom alone. Hurriedly she dressed, grabbed her cloak and dashed from the house. She paid her way despite the surprised glances of the by-standers; somehow she didn't care anymore. She sat quietly on the sidelines until she spied Henry sitting dejectedly in a corner. Connie pushed and shoved her way through the throng to him and proceeded to comfort him. His girl was dancing gaily and had simply deserted him for a more attractive swain. After refreshments Henry began to take some notice of Connie. He decided that she really was attractive and silently wondered why he had not noticed her before.

It is needless to say that Connie had a wonderful evening and when Henry took her home he asked her to attend the Senior Promenade with him.

Slowly and silently Connie went to her room, now convinced that she was like other girls.

Elizabeth Dyer, '45

MY LAST DAY

Battle Field
World War II

Dear Mary,

Another day has passed and taken many adventures and memories with it. This has been the most important day in my life as well as the last.

Just a few hours ago we were on the battlefield in a damp foxhole. The men were scared—scared blue—for there was no telling if one would leave the foxhole dead or alive.

It was just before the zero hour. Joe Davis was sitting next to me, and Johnny Smith was on the other side. Joe was grasping a picture of his wife and kid in his hand—the kid he had never seen.

Johnnie was thinking of home, of his mother, whom he had never loved and appreciated so much as he did now, and of his kid brother with whom he had fought constantly, but whom he loved.

There was a deep silence, and only a whisper now and then, since the enemy was too close for comfort.

A shot was fired through the air! Everyone hurried to his position.

We had that machine gun going for a good

half hour when someone shouted telling of our first wounded.

It was Joe Davis. He had been hit in the heart and as we tore open his shirt we saw the picture swarming in blood. The picture of his precious wife and the kid he shall never see, for poor Joe died a few minutes afterwards.

Casualties came in fast after this and there was no time for mourning over Joe. I tried to aid them, but mere aid didn't help much.

Then came the fellow I had always hoped would never get hurt. Johnny Smith, a typical farm boy and only nineteen. He's one of the millions of young boys that never had a chance to get out in the world to see what it's like or to obtain a position. And now, it looks as though he never would. He asked me to tell him the truth, "Would there be much chance?" Imagine my answering truthfully!

Johnny knew the blood plasma was running low and he wanted my answer straight or not at all.

Getting up all the courage I ever had possessed, I answered him in a hesitant but frank No. That's all he wanted to know. And with a scanty smile cracking the corners of his lips he said, "Then give the plasma where it can do some good."

Although against regulations, I stayed by Johnny and he asked me to help him pray during the last few minutes of his life. Can you imagine me, Jim Kelley, praying! Why, I never believed in God before, less in prayer. But believe me, I prayed and prayed plenty hard too, and I wasn't afraid or ashamed either because with Johnny's help I prayed aloud. The only prayer that I had ever said before was the one we had to say in school. And so together we finished "The Our Father". Johnny said, "But deliver us from evil—" And that was all because Johnny died in my arms.

Just as I was about to get up, a German sniper threw a grenade upon us and that was the last I remember.

All my comrades died within the same hour.

Next week when the Fifth Army has taken over this territory in which their bodies lie, they will be given funeral services and a formal burial. I was the only one fortunate enough to escape death, and I am now at a Red Cross Station. They're trying to make life's last moments as pleasant as possible, but the only thing that could comfort me was writing this letter to you.

A nurse is helping me as my hand is quivering and my nerves are on edge. I am becoming very weak, and the distant objects are becoming dimmer and dimmer. My hands are becoming colder and it is hard to grip the pencil so I must ask the nurse to take the rest in dictation.

And Mary honey—remember, just because they're dead, and I too, will never come back, we can no longer believe in democracy and faith, but I want you always to remember, that in America, a free country, you may always live a life free from fear.

Only don't forget that the war's not won yet and that all the blood you donate, and the Bonds you buy, and the donations to charity and organizations such as the Red Cross and Salvation Army and the many sacrifices you make, don't win the war, but only bring it one step nearer to the road of victory.

Love,

Jim Kelley

Bertha Perry, '46

DEAR DIARY

Monday, June 7, ---

Dear Diary:

Today was my last day at business school. I start as Mrs. Van Astervilt's secretary-companion tomorrow—WISH ME LUCK.

Tuesday, June 8, ---

Dear Diary,

My first day at work! And what a day! I have met my employer and I think I am going to like her and my work very much. But first let me tell you about the family—Mrs. Van Astervilt is a widow with a daughter and two sons. I haven't met the elder son yet. but the younger son is home from school and is as boyish as my own brothers, but the daughter—such sophistication. I wonder what the elder boy is like? ? ?

Wednesday, June 9, ---

Dear Diary,

Well, I discovered what work a secretary-companion has to do. I write letters, I walk dogs, I fill in when another hand at bridge is needed, I give the maids their orders for the day, and I am supposed to be a walking encyclopedia.—Well, a job is a job anyway!

Goodnight, diary.

P. S. The elder son's name is Jeremiah.

Saturday, July 17, ---

Dear Diary,

I've been so busy—garden parties, tea parties, bridge, dinners—I wonder how they ever got along before I came. I don't envy anyone in society.

It's rush—rush—rush—all the day long.

Well, I guess I can take it if they can!

Sophisticated Dorothy is O. K. She even comes to me for advice—Imagine that!

So far this family is swell!

Sunday, July 25, ---

What a week! Please excuse the delay in writing, but let me tell you—Jeremiah arrived Wednesday night. Whoever named him Jeremiah had bats in the belfry—he should have been named "Apollo"—He's tall, tanned to perfection, and such hair! Carrot colored—but oh—what he does to my heart! I can't write

any more. Words can't describe how I feel.

Night---

P. S. He told me to call him Jerry.

Sunday, August 27, ---

Dear Diary,

This will be the last time I'll write to you as Carol Lee Spenser.—Tomorrow, Jerry and I are to be married at the Holy Name Church at two o'clock.

So much has happened since I last wrote.

Mrs. Van Astervilt knew mother and dad long ago. That's why she hired me as her companion.

She is wonderful to me. I know mother and dad, if they were living, would be glad that she is going to be my mother-in-law.

I'm so happy—Tomorrow I'll belong to the family.—Tomorrow life begins for me.

Love,

Carol Lee, for the last time Spenser.

Margaret I. Ventura, '44



FRIENDS' APART

Dear one, wherever you may be,
 You know that my heart is with thee;
 When you heard your country's call
 You left your friends, one and all;
 The days seem long since we're apart,
 But I know that you're doing your part.
 You're doing your job with all your might,
 Because you know you're fighting for your
 country's right.
 God is merciful and just,
 And in Him I put all my trust;
 I know when your job is done
 And the war is won
 You'll come back once more to find
 The friends you left behind.

Dorothy Fratus, '45

DEDICATED TO A LAD IN THE UNITED STATES NAVY

There is a lad far across the deep blue sea
 Who is fighting and killing to make a better
 world for me

He is a brave, young fellow of just nineteen
 Whose future after the war he has already fore-
 seen.

He is over on one of those islands praying in his
 heart

That someday he can tip over Hirohito's apple
 cart.

There are also many other fellows similar to him
 That didn't join the Navy to learn to swim.

They have been fighting for many days and
 nights

To bring on all over the world those everlasting
 lights.

Please dear people if you sympathize at all
 Do your best to appeal to the Blood Donor's
 Call.

Janet E. McClure, '45



SENIORS



JEAN ISOBEL ALLISON

Jean will always wear a smile
No matter what the test,
So that in a little while
As a nurse, she'll do her best.

Hobby: Literature, dancing, sports.

Ambition: To make some accomplishment in the field of medicine.

MARY LOUISE BAUMGARTNER

Mary has worked hard and long
In all her high school courses,
Some day we hope she'll have her dream
To see the West and horses.

Hobby: Music, horses, movies.

Ambition: To be a Navy nurse.



JOSEPH SANTOS BENT

To Joe we wish the best of luck
We certainly wish him here,
But when this war is over
We'll see him—never fear.

MIRIAM BOOGAR BRIGHT

Our best to Mimi; the object of boys' sighs
The captain of the girls' basketball
We know she'll succeed with the F. B. I.
Climb upward, Mimi, you'll never fall.

Hobby: Sports, dancing, literature.

Ambition: To be successful in my job with the F. B. I.



BERNICE MADELINE DUTRA

Bernice's future seems to be all set
In Hyannis she will dwell,
For soon that lad whom she has met
Will make her heart with pride swell.

Hobby: Dancing, cooking, crocheting.

Ambition: To be an A-1 housewife.

JANE ELIZABETH ENOS

Jane is queen of the girl athletes
In basketball she did excel,
Very few feel that one competes
Because Jane did everything so well.

Hobby: Basketball, typing.

Ambition: To be a secretary.



VICTOR JOSEPH FERRIERA

Vic's laughter runs through the hall
And causes much commotion,
He likes the girls both short and tall
But seldom displays any emotion.

Hobby: Hunting, skating, reading.

Ambition: Not to have a care in the world.



JOHN DUTRA FIELDS, JR.

We all hope that Midgie
Who may soon learn to fly,
Will always remember
His days at Provincetown High.

Hobby: Dancing, reading.

Ambition: To be a pilot.



MARY WENDY HACKETT

In English class her arguments
Are really very sane.
Someday she hopes to write a book
And we will wish her fame.

Hobby: Drawing, writing, collecting records.

Ambition: To go to Europe and to write a book.



LURANA ASBURY HIGGINS

Blonde, pretty, very jolly
She dances and she swims.
We never know what she will do
She has so many whims.

Hobby: Movies, dancing, swimming.

Ambition: To work with the F. B. I.



ROBERT ALDEN HIGGINS

Bob is a sober lad
We seldom know he's near,
But his friendship can be had
He's made that point so clear.

Hobby: Sports, hiking.

Ambition: To be a radio operator.





LEONA LOUISE JOSEPH

Leona is our "number please" girl,
 She's nice as she can be,
 She seems to be quite happy
 And that pleases you and me.

Hobby: Dancing, reading.

Ambition: To be a successful telephone operator.

ELLEN BARBARA LYNCH

Ellen is a gracious girl
 Who knows her history
 But now her heart's in a whirl
 For that lad across the sea.

Hobby: Literature, Music.

Ambition: To be happy.



KATHLEEN ANN MALAQUIAS

Success is really something
 That takes time to achieve,
 But, Kat will have her share of it
 That's what we all believe.

Hobby: Swimming, reading.

Ambition: To be successful.



GILBERT CHARLES MARTIN

For four long years in P. H. S.
 His dancing's been our inspiration.
 We wish him all the luck he needs
 To live up to his mother's expectation.

Hobby: Dancing.

Ambition: To live up to my mother's expectation.



RICHARD PHILIP PACKETT

Here's to one swell lad of P. H. S.
 Who on the ball team plays.
 He always will have success
 Because of his friendly ways.

Hobby: Basketball, baseball.

Ambition: To become a Naval Officer.



ELEANOR JOSEPHINE PATRICK

We thought she'd be an actress,
 But another role she'll play,
 For now she'll be a housewife
 In her own inimitable way.

Hobby: Sports.

Ambition: To be a good wife.



CLIFTON STEPHEN PERRY

He's really quite a dashing lad,
The girls are all enchanted.
And in the Air Corps, he'll send flying
Those men with eyes so slanted.

Hobby: Gunning.

Ambition: To join Navy Air Force.



ELIZABETH AMELIA PERRY

Libby's very quiet,
But very fond of fun.
She's always sweet and friendly
And liked by everyone.

Hobby: Swimming, reading, movies.

Ambition: To make a successful post-war wife.



WILLIAM WARREN PERRY

Bill as corporal in the Army
Will certainly be our friend
And we're anxious to see him
When this terrible war ends.



BERNARD ROBINSON

As a villain or a hero,
Or as somebody's pappy
In our class plays, he's made us laugh
We hope he'll be happy.

Hobby: Sports, gym

Ambition: Success and happiness



GEORGE EVERETT ROSE

George is sometimes very shy,
But also he has brains.
So when he makes a decision
It will be the world that gains.

Hobby: Farming.

Ambition: To be an electrical engineer. ~~XXX~~



ELMER IRVING SILVA

We all cheered Elmer
As center on the team,
And when he's in the Navy
We'll still think him supreme!

Hobby: Basketball, baseball, sleeping.

Ambition: To be an electrical engineer.





CLARA ELIZABETH SMITH

Clara is our poetess,
 Who wrote the class day song.
 We know her life will happy be
 Successful, gay and long.

Hobby: Dancing.

Ambition: To be successful in life.

MANUEL JOSEPH SOUZA

Manny is the most reserved
 Of all the boys we know.
 We know that in all his travels
 He'll never have a foe.

Hobby: Fishing, boating, hunting.

Ambition: To see the world.



EDWARD EDWIN TURNER

Watch out—you movie stars,
 For these brown eyes and that head of curls
 He's not so good at history
 But Oh! Just watch those girls!

Hobby: Skating, fishing, hunting.

Ambition: To be a successful flyer.



SHIRLEY JOSEPHINE VEARA

Shirley is a quiet lass,
 From Truro she does come,
 And with those big blue eyes of hers
 Has charmed most everyone.

Hobby: Collection of miniatures.

Ambition: To be a nurse or hairdresser.



ARTHUR VENTURA

In English class he makes us laugh
 He doesn't work too hard
 But when it comes to basketball,
 He's really a super guard.

Hobby: Sports.

Ambition: To be a coach.



MARGARET ISABEL VENTURA

She has always been a friend
 To those who need her most.
 So to "Maggie" we send the best
 We can offer in way of a toast.

Hobby: To talk, act, and read.

Ambition: To be successful.

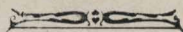


CAROL WING WHORF

Painting pictures is her choice
Next year she will embark
Leaving behind the good old days
But she will leave her mark.

Hobby: Dancing, painting.

Ambition: To make up my mind.



HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF '44

We entered the Provincetown High School in September, 1940 with forty-nine members in our class. We felt suddenly grown-up and held our heads high, as we walked through the halls of P. H. S.

We summoned our first class meeting to elect our class officers:

- President: Joseph Bent
- Vice President: Robert Corderio
- Secretary: Kathleen Joseph
- Treasurer: William Pacellini

Mr. Arthur Perry was elected as our class advisor. At this meeting Mr. Leyden told us that the Seniors were sponsoring a reception for us. We all were excited. Finally the day came, and the Freshman Reception was a social success.

Under the fine leadership of our officers, and advisor, we started to climb the ladder to our two goals. First to graduate; second, to earn enough money to take a trip to New York. The first thing we did was to sponsor a three act comedy, "Don't Tell Mother", under the supervision of Mr. Thomas Rivard. It was a success and enjoyed by all who acted in it, and by those who saw it.

Our class decreased in our Sophomore year. We entered this year with forty-seven members, but during the year a few others left us. A class meeting was called and we elected our class officers:

- President: Kathleen Joseph
- Secretary: Bernice Cabral
- Treasurer: William Pacellini

Mr. Arthur Perry was again chosen our Class Advisor. We decided not to fill the Vice President's Chair left vacant by the death of our class mate, Robert Corderio.

During the year we worked hard. We held a cake sale, which was a financial success and helped to carry us up the ladder toward our goals. In the middle of the year our Treasurer, William Pacellini left us and John Fields was elected his successor.

Our Junior year rolled around much quicker than we realized. In our first class meeting our class officers were elected:

- President: Kathleen Joseph
- Secretary: Bernard Robinson
- Treasurer: Bernice Cabral
- Student Council: John Fields, Elmer Silva

As our class advisor Miss Medeiros was elected.

Realizing that we all must buckle down in order to become successful we held a number of activities through out the year. A \$25 Bond Raffle was first held, and this was exceptionally successful. We then gave a Hallowe'en Dance. Twelve members of the class decorated the gymnasium and the remainder took care of the tickets and brought in food for our dance. This, too, was a success. We held another cake sale in which all the members of the class cooperated and made it financially successful.

Since the Class of 1943 was not sponsoring a play, we were granted permission to present one. After much deliberation, we selected the play,

"Girl Shy". Under the supervision and directorship of Miss Medeiros we presented the play, which was a three act comedy. There were three lower classmen who participated in it, and many helped to decorate, and usher the night of the play. It was enjoyed by all who acted in it, and by those who saw it.

The date for our Junior Prom was set for May 21st. George Ladino and his orchestra provided the music. The evening was a social success despite the driving rain.

After a summer of rest, which we needed after our strenuous Junior Year, we came back as Seniors. In our class meeting we made plans for the year, and definitely decided that despite all obstacles we were going to New York. At this meeting our class officers were chosen:

President: Kathleen Joseph
 Secretary: Bernard Robinson
 Treasurer: Ellen Lynch
 Student Council: Jean Allison, John Fields
 Advisor: Miss Medeiros

We gave the Freshman Reception which was a social success. In the early part of the year we held two cake sales and at the same time raffled two cakes. For some reason our members seemed to lack the spirit of the previous year. There was a definite lull in our activities for awhile. We called another class meeting and at this meeting Mr. Leyden told us that we had to present a plan of our activities for the rest of the year. He also said that we must be certain of the reservations at the hotel and our transportation to New York because the school department wouldn't allow the class to make a badly organized trip. At last everything was arranged. With Mr. Leyden's permission and the permission of the Superintendent, Mr. Ramey and the School Board, we again gained our lost zeal.

We held a Chicken Pie Supper, and to our surprise we had an attendance of a little more than two hundred people. The girls served and the boys washed and dried the dishes, after which many of them complained of "dish-pan hands". A month later we held a Bean Supper and this, too, drew an amazingly large crowd. Oh, yes, the boys had the dish washing job this time also.

Time passed quickly and on April 17th our class left for New York on the 5:22 bus in the morning. We stayed at the Hotel Victoria. There, it is needless to say, we all enjoyed ourselves immensely. We all came home tired, especially the chaperones.

We had reached one of our goals. Graduation is our last but not least rung in our ladder.

We have enjoyed our four years of high school, and hope that the classes to come have as much good fortune and enjoyment as we have had.

Miriam Bright, '44

SO LONG HIGH SCHOOL

So long students
 We're sorry we are through
 We'll be lonely without you.

So long classmates and our teachers too
 We'll be thinking about you.

Soon the skies will change to blue
 Smiles will lighten sorrow.
 So long High School

We must say good-bye
 Make our way for tomorrow.

Clara Smith, '44 and Eleanor Patrick, '44



JUNIOR CLASS



SOPHOMORE CLASS



FRESHMAN CLASS



JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL



SPORTS



BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM

First Row—Arthur Ventura, Elmer Silva, Richard Packett, captain, Anibal Oliver, George Smith, Joseph Silva, assistant manager

Second Row—Rudolph Santos, manager, Francis Meads, Richard Baumgartner, Jeremiah Moynihan, Bernard Robinson, Bernard Santos, Mr. David Murhpy, coach

BASKETBALL

The basketball year was an eventful one. The team was not only Cape Cod Champion, but was invited to the Tournament sponsored by the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Here, by some dealing of fate which no one can ever explain or fully understand, the game was lost by one point after leading by 11 points until the last eight minutes of play.

At the first of the season things looked doubtful because gas rationing made travel difficult, but through the efforts of Coach Murphy, Mr. Leyden, and Mr. Ramey a complete schedule was carried out.

The following is a summary of the games played:

55 P'town	12 Alumni
55 P'town	19 Truro Listening Post

71 P'town	21 Camp Wellfleet
67 P'town	15 Yarmouth H. S.
71 P'town	14 Wellfleet H. S.
54 P'town	44 Barnstable H. S.
56 P'town	24 Orleans H. S.
52 P'town	27 Bourne H. S.
53 P'town	29 Camp Edwards
68 P'town	8 Wellfleet H. S.
40 P'town	27 Orleans H. S.
95 P'town	43 Bourne H. S.
56 P'town	23 Maritime Academy
45 P'town	26 Yarmouth H. S.
70 P'town	35 Barnstable H. S.

M. I. T. Tournament

39 P'town	40 Framingham
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Cape Tournament

57 P'town	19 Yarmouth
57 P'town	35 Bourne



GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

First Row—Clarice Joseph, Inez Smith, Mary Roderick, Miriam Bright, captain, Jane Enos, Anna Chapman, Carol Alves

Second Row—Miss Leah Johnson, assistant coach, Jean Allison, manager, Gloria Silva, Louine Janopolis, Kathleen Segura, Theresa Rosa, Helene Edel, Miss Barbara Derby, coach

57 P'town

43 Falmouth

1128 for

504 against

Leading team scorer in the 19 games was Anibal Oliver with 365. Next in order was Captain Dick Packett with 332, Elmer Silva with 188, Art Ventura with 112, George Smith with 94, and Francis Meads with 76.

The rest of the second team that was very much needed, scored among the four of them 46 points.

The All Tournament selection placed all five of the first team men on its selection. Oliver and Ventura 1st team, Packett and Silva 2nd team, and Smith honorable mention.

In the All Cape selections Oliver, Packett and Ventura were named 1st team. Silva 1st substitute and Smith second team.

Three players received honorable mention at the Tech Tournament. They were Anibal Oliver, Richard Packett and Elmer Silva.

Anibal Oliver, Class of 1945 was elected Captain of the 1945 Team.

The year was extremely successful, due to the expert coaching of David Murphy, who was chosen as coach of the year on the Cape.

The team was given two banquets: one by the Anchor and Ark Club and one by the Lion's Club. Guest speakers at the Lions Club were Thomas Moore and Henry McCarty.

The members of the 1944 Basketball squad wish to extend best wishes for a successful season to the 1945 squad.

Elmer Silva, '44

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Producing qualities of sportsmanship and fine ball playing, the girls' team came out on "top" this season, bringing home a record of six wins and two defeats.

Despite being without a coach at the beginning of the basketball season, the P. H. S. girls' team was organized under supervision of Miss Leah Johnson and Lil Holway. Later, the girls were fortunate to have an official coach, Miss Barbara Derby.

Graduation this year will take Captain Miriam Bright and Jane Enos. The future for next year's team looks very promising and to them and their coach, we want to wish the best of luck.

Games Played

We		They	
27	Yarmouth	19	(Home)
41	Wellfleet	13	(Home)
24	Barnstable	46	(Away)
56	Orleans	6	(Home)
33	Wellfleet	19	(Away)
31	Orleans	12	(Away)
28	Yarmouth	23	(Away)
30	Alumni	34	
20	Alumni	13	

First Team: Captain Miriam Bright, Chickee Smith, Anna Chapman, Jane Enos, Mary Roderick, Clarice Joseph.

Second Team: Gloria E. Silva, Kathleen Segura, Paula Raymond, Carol Alves, Theresa Rosa, Louine Janopolis, Helen Edel.

Jane Enos, '44



ALUMNI NOTES

1939-1940

Mary Andrews—Telephone Operator
 Irene Angelo—Married
 Jayne Atkins—Married to William McFarland
 Jean Banks—W. A. V. E. S.
 Robert E. Brown—U. S. Navy. Married
 Jane Cabral—Working in Quincy
 Barbara Cabral—Nurse's training at Children's Hospital, Boston
 Viola Cook—Working in Washington, D. C.
 Anna Corea—At home
 Arthur Costa—U. S. Army. Recently awarded the Purple Heart
 Lucien P. Cross—U. S. Navy
 Mary Cruz—Telephone Operator
 Raymond Days—U. S. Coast Guard
 Maureen Dignes—Married and living in Boston
 Leo Ferreira—Studying for the priesthood
 Edgar Francis—Married, in the Army Air Corps
 Marjorie Gray—At home
 Eleanor Lema—Married to William Lucas
 Hilda Marshall—Married
 Mary Mott—Married
 Arthur Patrick—U. S. Navy stationed at Philadelphia
 Frank Peters—Teaching at the University of Alabama
 Marilyn Raymond—Married and living at home
 John Roderick—U. S. Army
 Mary Rogers—Secretary at the Ford Garage
 Theodore Rosa—Married
 Dorothy Rose—Working in Wellfleet
 Mary Segura—Bookkeeper at Burch's Market
 Elizabeth Silva—Civil Service position
 Leona Silva—Provincetown 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 Hyannis
 June Whiddon—Married

1940-1941

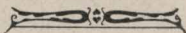
Marguerite Cook—Working in Connecticut
 John Silva—U. S. Army
 Arthur Roderick—U. S. Army
 Francis Mooney—U. S. Army

Elizabeth Martin—Married and working at Marcy'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
 Barbara Cross—Bookkeeper at Chevrolet Garage
 Verna Rose—Married and living in Wellfleet
 Manuel Packett—Working for My Bread Company
 Eugene Perry—U. S. Army
 John Rose—U. S. Army
 Joseph Edwards—U. S. Army
 Dolores Mooney—Truro Ration Board

1941-1942

Frank Alves—U. S. Navy
 Shirley Atwood—Working in Connecticut
 Matilda Avellar—Married to Raymond Souza
 Insley Caton—U. S. Navy
 Ruth Costa—Telephone Operator
 Josephine Crave—Married
 Edwina Crawley—International College, Springfield, Mass.
 Barbara Crocker—Married
 Mary DaLuze—Working in New York
 Josephine Dignes—Married and living in New York
 Doris Enos—Practical Nursing
 Cecelia Francis—Married and living in California
 Mary Hanson—Working in Boston
 Paulette Jette—Married
 Anthony Joseph—U. S. Army
 Dorothy King—Bookkeeper at Cape Cod Garage
 Germania Lopes—Bookkeeper at Atlantic Coast Fisheries
 Irving Malchman—U. S. Army
 Isobel Menangas—Married
 Elizabeth Moffett—University of Vermont
 John Morris, Jr.—U. S. Army, Aviation Cadet
 Eleanor Noons—At home
 Edward O'Rork—U. S. Navy

- Carolyn Patrick—Chamberlain School of Design, Boston
 Velma Perry—Working at Provincetown Theatre
 Constance Phillips—W. A. V. E. S.
 Louis Rivers—Fishing
 Mary Roda—Married and living in Fairhaven
 Marion Roderick—Working in Groton, Conn.
 Warren Perry—U. S. Coast Guard
 Helen Rogers—Working in Bridgeport, Conn.
 Frank Rosa, Jr.—U. S. Navy
 Alma Rose—Married
 Elmer Rose—U. S. Navy
 Basil Santos—U. S. Navy
 Isobel Santos—Working in Connecticut
 Beatrice Segura—Bookkeeper at Paige Bros. Garage
 Herman DeSilva—U. S. Navy
 Louise Silva—Married
 Norbert Silva—Working at South Boston Navy Yard
 Manuel Simmons—U. S. Navy
 Lucille Snow—Married to Warren Perry and living in South Carolina
 Marguerite Souza—Telephone Operator
 Ethel Whiddon—Married
 Kathryn Witherstine—In New York
- 1942-1943**
- Austin Banks—U. S. Army
 Frank Costa—U. S. Navy
 Matthew Costa—U. S. Army
 Joseph Reis—U. S. Navy
 James Simmons—U. S. Navy
 William Souza—U. S. Navy
 Francis Ventura—U. S. Army
 Bernard Viera—U. S. Navy
 Reginal Cabral—U. S. Navy
 Robert Eugene Oliver—U. S. Navy
 Barbara Alexander—Working at Brownell's Pharmacy
 Joseph Cabral—At home
 Barbara Cabral—Edgewood Park Junior College, Briarcliff Manor, N. Y.
 Eva Cook—At home
 Kathleen Cordeiro—Working in Newport, R. I.
 Jean Days—At home
 Shirley Davis—Living in Boston
 Katherine Hill—Attending Nurse's Training School in Boston
 Arthur Joseph—U. S. Army
 James Meads—U. S. Navy
 Richard Roda—Working at the Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company
 Priscilla Sants—Working at the South Boston Navy Yard
 Isaiah Snow, Jr.—U. S. Navy
 Esther Stone—Working for the Boston Daily Record
 William Sylvia—U. S. Army
 Edith Sawyer—Working at Peter's Express





hUMOR



Elmer: Here, take this quarter and go to a show.

Clarice: Now I'll give you fifty cents to let me stay and watch.

* * * *

Miss Hourihane: George, construct a sentence using the word "archaic".

George Rego: We can't have archaic and eat it too.

* * * *

Hackett: What is an opportunist?

Rowe: One who meets the wolf at the door and appears next day in a fur coat.

* * * *

Millie: Do you ever expect to find the perfect girl?

Bill: No, but it's lots of fun hunting.

* * * *

Miss Hourihane: Give some examples of period furniture.

Rock: An electric chair, because it ends a sentence.

* * * *

Anna: Do you love me with all your heart and soul?

Charlie: Uh-Uh.

Anna: Do you think I'm the most beautiful girl in the world?

Charlie: Uh-Uh.

Anna: Do you think my lips are like rose petals?

Charlie: Uh-Uh.

Anna: Oh, you say the most beautiful things!

* * * *

Lurana: Do you wear suspenders, Vic?

Victor: No, why should I wear suspenders.

Lurana: To support your pants.

Victor: Why should I support my pants. They never did anything for me.

* * * *

Packett: Those girls look exactly alike. Are they twins?

Ventura: Oh, no. They went to the same plastic surgeon.

Eddie: What would you take to give me a kiss?

Clarice: Would you really like to know?

Eddie: Yes.

Clarice: Chloroform.

* * * *

Joe Silva: What's the difference between kissing your sister and your sweetheart?

Bob Dutra: About twenty-five seconds.

* * * *

Rock: Do you like talkative women or the other kind?

Cooley: What other kind?

* * * *

Millie: I'm a little hoarse.

Chickie: I knew you weren't a lady.

* * * *

Elaine Enos: I'm afraid of my shadow.

Lorraine: You ought to be—you like a crowd following you.

* * * *

Midge: What are your views on kissing?

Gilly: I haven't any—my girl's hair always gets in my eyes.

* * * *

Chickie: I'm speechless.

Mr. Dahill: Good, just stay that way.

* * * *

Benny in Boston: Yeah, this is a spring chicken all right. I just bit into one of the springs.

* * * *

Allan: Fishing?

Cooley: No, just drowning worms.

* * * *

Mimi: Why did they separate?

Jane: Nobody knows.

Mimi: Oh, how terrible.

* * * *

Miss Hourihane: Now, class, what do we mean by plural?

Seniors: By plural, we mean it's the same thing, only more of it.

John: What do women talk about when they are together?

Jean: Just what the men talk about.

John: Aren't they terrible?

* * * *

Gloria A.: No one has ever complained of a parachute not opening.

* * * *

Robert: Gee, my girl's some dumb, she wanted to know how many quarters there were in a football game.

Eddie: That's nothing, my girl wanted to know if our coach had wheels.

* * * *

Lorraine: Is your dentist a careful one?

Bernice: Yes, he fills my teeth with great pains.

* * * *

George Rose: I have a bad liver, what shall I do about it?

Carol: Take it back to the First National and get your money and points back.

* * * *

Wendy: What's that song they're playing?

Art Ventura: "Go Fly A Kite".

Wendy: Go jump in the lake, I only asked you a question.

Jerry: What's the shape of a kiss?

Mary: I don't know.

Jerry: Well, give me one and we'll call it square.

* * * *

Maggie: What did one casket say to the other casket?

Ellen: I really don't know.

Maggie: Is that you coughing?

* * * *

Mr. Leyden: Hm, so you want a job, eh, do you ever tell lies?

Oliver: No Sir, but I kin learn.

* * * *

Elmer: Can you keep a secret?

Benny: Sure.

Elmer: I need to borrow some money.

Benny: Don't worry, it's just as if I never heard it.

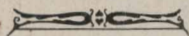
* * * *

J. Paine: Are they keeping their engagement a secret?

K. Segura: Yes, that's what they're telling everybody.

Chickie Smith, '44

Clarice Joseph



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