

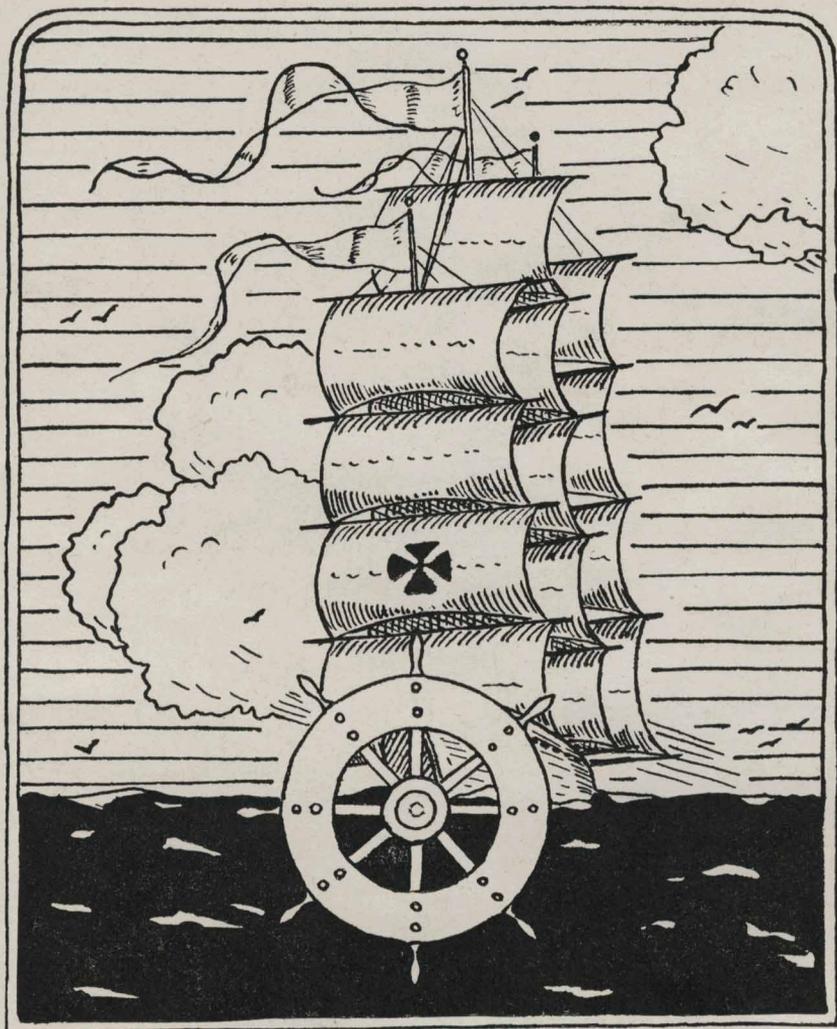
Long

Pointer

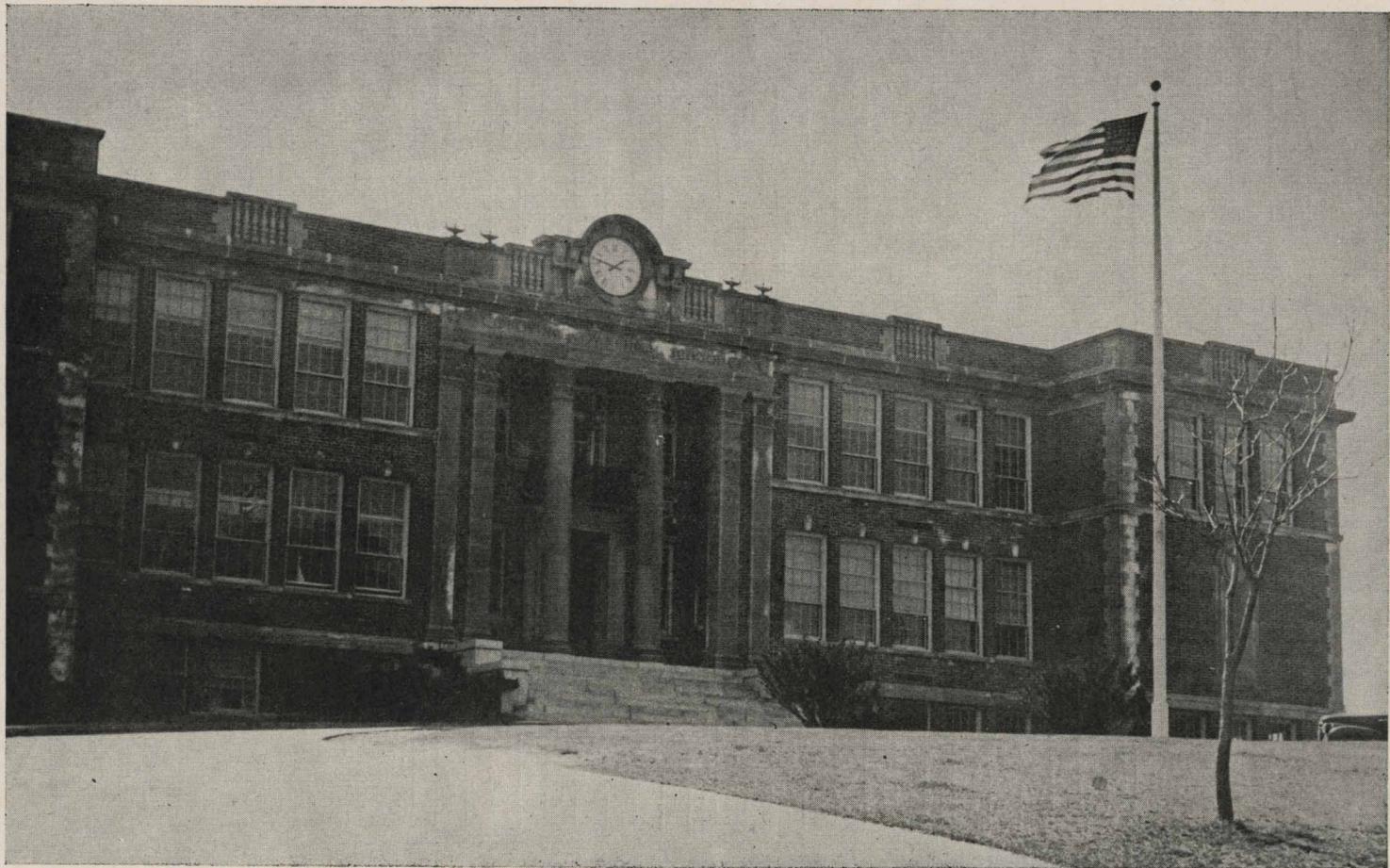
1946

PROVINCETOWN
HIGH SCHOOL

The LONG POINTER



PROVINCETOWN HIGH SCHOOL



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Dedication

This issue of the P. H. S. *Long Pointer* is dedicated to the members of the nineteen forty-six basketball team, who carried their banners so triumphantly in the Eastern Massachusetts and South Shore Tournaments; and to their coach, David J. Murphy.



LONG POINTER STAFF

First Row—Francis Rowe, Louise Souza, Mary Rogers, Erlin Hogan, Leo Murphy
 Second Row—Truxtun Hackett, Hilda Noones, Hellen Matenos, Richard Baumgartner

LONG POINTER STAFF

Mr. Perry, faculty advisor, and the members of the *Long Pointer* staff wish to thank anyone who has contributed to the publication in any way.

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Inside P. H. S. ~ ~ ~

BEHIND THE SCENES AT P. H. S.

School is essentially an establishment for imparting the knowledge of the teachers to the students. It would be dull indeed if there were no relief from the monotony of painful processes necessary if the desired results are to be realized. We find American History much more digestible when flavored with seemingly irrelevant topics which crop up from time to time. The fact that the Orleans gym, prior to the construction of the new school, was so small that one could expectorate in such a manner that the substance acted upon could easily traverse the entire length of the gym, is hardly pertinent to the question of slavery. Elevator boys have little or nothing to do with labor conditions in 1874, but to learn from one's instructor that they too have their ups and downs, makes it possible for one to forget that there are still twenty minutes left to the period, and nothing to look forward to at its termination except English for which he is unprepared.

For the members of the Chemistry class, the lab period every Friday in which, more often than not, noxious gases generated simultaneously, and diffused throughout the room creating an atmosphere bearable only by those whose noses have been exposed to this condition over a period of weeks, often provides incidents, which although painful to some, provide amusement to the majority of the class. One such incident was when Dick "Slow-Reflex" Baumgartner stood immobile as a jet of icy cold water played upon his astonished countenance from the Leibig condenser with which he had been conducting an unsuccessful experiment. Even in the formal class periods we are apt to deviate from the routine studies of chlorine, flourine, and boron, and get some interesting sidelights on our instructor's adventures working for the gas company, or be told how to distinguish real gems from artificial ones "Woolworth the price".

Students of Mr. Dahill's fifth period study hall thought it apropos when one Thursday the weekly announcement of Instrumental Music rehearsal on the daily notices was followed by one stating that Anacin was available in the office for those suffering from headaches. Reassured, they vigorously resumed their efforts trying to make the books of the imaginary H. W. Goode Company balance.

Another slip made by our principal the other day seemed significant. In referring to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, he substituted the word "animals" for "children." Hmm

We try not to forget, however, that school is "essentially an establishment for imparting the knowledge of the teachers to the students."

PREREQUISITE FOR CHEMISTRY

Written from experience, this warning is dedicated to prospective Chemistry students.

The unsuspecting Junior or Senior gleefully enters the first lab period of his career with numerous precautions from the instructor still ringing in his ears, only to shock that venerated personage by unheedingly breaking a beaker or test tube during the first three minutes. When the first five or six such accidents occur, the offender stands stricken with a guilty expression on his countenance and the pieces in his hand, ready to receive his punishment. But after a dozen or so such incidents, the student becomes accomplished in the art of hiding broken apparatus, and therefore the possibility of discovery is lessened.

When you break a smaller piece of apparatus (test tube, glass rod, or beaker) the people around you concentrate on their own experiment, creating no air of suspicion or guilt around your bench; before the instructor can arrive, the pieces are popped into a drawer, and no one is the wiser. If a retort or one of the three-yard-long pieces of tubing is broken (I have had recent experience with the latter) it is exceedingly difficult—I might say impossible—to hide. The only solution is to admit your carelessness, and take your punishment like a man.

Another warning—Pyrex, the more expensive glass, has a tendency to break more easily than ordinary glass. A broken pyrex vessel, if discovered, is likely to call down upon the head of that unfortunate person a more irate scolding. One compensation: the noise of breaking pyrex is less than the cracking, grating tell-tale noise of ordinary glass.

To lessen the percentage of breakage, and therefore Provincetown taxes, I suggest the prerequisite of Chemistry be weekly practice washing your mother's best china.

Betty Lusk, '46

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ON SMOKING

by

A NON-SMOKER—

These lines are written purely on the basis of observation, not experience, and any resemblance of the persons herein described to actual individuals is purely coincidental.

Smoking is a constant source of concern to hundreds of high school and prep school principals through the country. It is the cause of countless pupils' being expelled or suspended from schools annually. The careful observer is amazed to see the devices and stratagems the smokers use to outwit the principal, and the counter measures the principal employs to trap the pupils. I am acquainted with several boys who smoke every day, rain or shine; come hell or high water, at approximately the same time, and I am acquainted with some of the methods they use to

avoid detection. The principal—let us call him, for convenience, a purely hypothetical name: Mr. L.—knows they smoke, but he is only human, and cannot be eternally vigilant, so the smokers watch his every move, and at the precise moment that he decides to enter the lunch room and satiate his appetite (for he must have his nourishment) the watching boys perceive some unconscious habitual motion of his body, and say, "There he goes," and straightway scurry en masse for the nearest exit. Occasionally, for all their pains, Mr. L. deviates from his habits slightly, and appears upon the scene of their smoking. Instantly, several cigarets are dexterously placed in several pockets, held in several hands in such a way as to minimize danger of burning: (1) the pocket, and (2) the hand. Once in a while Mr. L., being of an observant nature, will perceive fine wisps of smoke emanating from the pockets of the boys. If he is in a particularly jocose mood, he will keep his observations to himself and detain the boys, assuming an attitude of nonchalance, talking tediously about irrelevant things, and otherwise requiring their presence. If he should take this course, his patience is invariably rewarded by the sight of beads of cold perspiration trickling down the faces of his victims, and later, in a few cases, by a twinge of agony on one or two faces as the boys muster up courage enough to pinch their cigarets between their fingers.

It is at moments like these that he feels that his vigilance is rewarded.

After Mr. L. has once discovered this method of concealing the cigarets, the boys find it necessary to resort to another of a long list of tricks and the situation regresses to its original point.

Of course, they can recognize the walk of the principal, as can everyone in the school, and they cultivate their auditory apparatus, being careful to wash their ears every morning and evening, so as to detect him at surprising distances. In order, however to make more certain his detection before he comes on the scene, they station a deputation of watch-dogs along his route of approach to warn them.

In addition to these ordinary smokers who smoke outside the building, there are a few a *very* few extraordinary souls who smoke within the school. The punishment in this case is much more severe, usually instant expulsion, and so nobody but a fool would smoke in the school-house. It is because nobody but a fool would smoke in the building, and they think Mr. L. knows it, that some smoke in the lavatories almost (they think) without danger. Who would ever suspect anybody of smoking in such a dangerous place? Mr. L., perhaps.

Those who smoke in the building are usually the cold and calculating ones, and they have it all worked out to a system. As they kick open the door, one hand is reaching for a cigaret in a pocket while the other hand grasps a match in the other pocket. As they pass a wall, the match is scratched, and the cigaret is in their mouth. They enter a booth in two steps, but by that time the cigaret is half gone, and they leave the bathroom thirty seconds after they entered it, having thrown a half-inch butt in the bowl.

To cope with these methods, the principal resorts to counter attack. He makes it his point to appear in the most unusual places at the most unexpected times, and he habitually slinks around the building, limping or otherwise disguising his footsteps so as to surprise any miscreants. He has developed the technique of flinging open the lavatory doors as he walks by and glancing in. His olfactory organs are developed to an amazing degree in the art of detecting smoke and smokers' breath.

Usually the principal bears no malice against the smokers. He understands them, and the only reason he seeks them out at all is to keep some semblance of order in the school. Many principals, I don't doubt, get as much pleasure out of their little games of hide and seek with the smokers as do the boys themselves, and the boys certainly get a thrill out of matching wits with the principal, and indeed, I know some boys whose prime reason for smoking is their love of the daily battle of wits with Mr. L.

Francis Rowe, Jr., '46

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NATURE'S MISTAKE

Why is it that boys usually have wavy, curly hair rather than girls? They seem to dislike it, while girls practically drool over it. Boys try hopelessly to plaster it down with hair tonics, while, on the other hand, girls desperately try to curl their straight, stringy hair. You'll often see boys unconsciously curl their locks, but if you mention it they'll blush and flatten them down. Maybe it's because boys dislike being called "sissies" that they try to conceal their curls, but at any rate girls still envy them. If the unfortunate girls and the fortunate boys could have some kind of compromise, everyone would be content.

Barbara Fanning, 7-A

Literary

LIFE'S BLOOD

The fat man lolled at his desk fingering with bejeweled hands a bit of crinkled parchment. His eyes under their heavy lids glittered with greed as he studied the translation before him. Apparently he came to a decision, for he leaned forward to press one of the many buttons on a board before him.

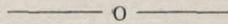
Two men appeared in answer to his summons. They so resembled each other in every minute detail that it was almost unbelievable. When they stood before him the fat man began, in a dull monotone which betrayed none of his inner passion, to tell them of a fabulous ruby, called "Life's Blood" which according to the parchment was supposedly in the possession of an Arabian potentate. It was to be the mission of Ibn and Saud to obtain this "bauble" for him and with this curt command they were dismissed. He sat alone and became so absorbed in the contemplation that he did not hear an adjoining door open or see a figure enveloped in white come stealthily into the room with one upraised hand holding a gleaming dagger. A strong thrust, a spurt of blood, and the fat man was a lifeless lump of clay.

Several days later the watchful eye of Allah saw the twins, all unaware of subsequent events, guiding their camels through a teeming bazaar in Nedj. The open stalls displayed beautiful craftsmanship to tempt the passer-by. On one side they could see huge bolts of silver and scarlet, hammered copper bracelets, anklets of gold. Other booths exhibited intricately carved necklaces and pins of ivory and jade together with beaded slippers and gilded sandals. But having grown up among these things Ibn and Saud paid scant attention, and instead, sent their camel boy to make inquiries concerning the mysterious "House of the Crescent Moon". The boy led them into a dim alley to a house marked by a silver crescent where they were evidently expected, for a servant immediately bade them enter. After a lengthy wait, they were ushered into a luxurious apartment. The floor was deeply carpeted and the walls were completely covered by tapestries of fanciful designs in blues, greens, and gold. A marble fountain splashed gently in an adjacent plaza, where exotic flowers bloomed, perfuming the air with a sweet, heady fragrance. Here and there, throughout the room, were scattered low tables laden with fruits and sweetmeats. Upon a dais at the farther end of the room a profusion of silk pillows was scattered about, and a carafe stood within reach of the beautiful girl who was silently regarding the twins as they drew nearer. She was the loveliest creature they had ever seen, with dark hair which fell in a cloud about her bare shoulders and eyes, dark, liquid and almond-shaped with heavy lashes veiling them. Her skin was creamy, and curving lips stained with henna completed the flawless face. She was dressed in filmy yellow trousers, short green jacket and matching sandals.

Her voice as she told them of the events following their departure was low. She went on to explain that "Life's Blood" had belonged to her father and that it would bring immense wealth to its owner but that there was an ancient curse upon it and thus far all of its possessors had lived unhappily and died before their time. This ruby was theirs for the asking for she lived in daily fear of what might befall her because of it.

The twins exchanged a glance and in that look each knew what the other's answer would be. They turned to the girl and silently nodded, whereupon she reached for a small silver casket and with a shudder, held the blood-red ruby toward them.

Mary Rogers, '46



HICCUPS

The dictionary defines it thus—"a sharp gasping sound made by a quick spasmodic inhalation of breath, due to contraction of the diaphragm and glottis." Now many people have written essays about hiccups in which they have attempted to give a simple, concise definition, but have they succeeded? No!

The first recorded victim of hiccups was Aristophanes, who was a very hearty eater. His physician prescribed drinking a glass of water, gargling, and holding his breath. (I don't know whether or not poor Aristophanes was supposed to perform these simultaneously.) Anyway, it didn't work. Finally in desperation, Aristophanes tickled his nose with a feather. This acted as a counter-irritant. It worked!! The racket stopped.

All of us have, at some time, suffered an attack of hiccups. Hearty eaters, drunkards, people who fast, and gum-chewers are its special victims.

First I shall discuss hearty eaters. These are the people who, when they sit down at the table, scrutinize the mashed potato hills and spinach swamps to be conquered, carefully choose their weapons, and vigorously "charge". They do not subside until the enemy has been completely demolished. Why do they have the hiccups? It is the counter-attack of the morsels they have consumed.

The drunkards. All night the drunkard sits in a saloon taking his pleasures as he may. Each drop of liquor gives new vigor to his tired mind. He relaxes. At last he is so elated he is not content to conceal his happiness, but opens his mouth and hiccups to the world that everything is milk and honey.

People who fast. If nature has been unkind we, the people, must take matters into our own hands so—we fast. We eat nothing all day for days until finally our over-tired mechanism rebels; our stomach goes on strike. It sends up its protest via the hiccup.

Last, the gum-chewers. Regardless of protests sent forth from the so-

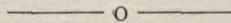
called "cultured set" people *will* chew gum. They arise from their beds in the morning, "unstick" a wad of gum from their bedpost, and plop it into their eager mouths. At breakfast they merely chew the gum with one side of their jaws while the other side busily munches food. This performance is repeated at lunch time and again at dinner. At work, they chew gum, in the movies they chew gum, and then at bedtime back goes the gum to its bedpost cradle. This goes on for some time. Finally the jaws become tired, and the stomach weary of receiving excess moisture. Hic!

Millions of people have suggested millions of cures. Experts have had chronic victims of the hiccups standing on their heads, spinning around while drinking water, holding their breath until they turn blue in the face, but all to no avail. They are ridiculed; they are tortured; their bodies are racked with pain as they vibrate with the hics; they become weak; they are exhausted; they are made to retire to their beds. Some even die.

Brilliant medics burn the midnight oil in an attempt to outwit the hiccup. They rant; they rave; they tear their hair; and at last, at-last—hic, the hiccup attacks. But we learn by our mistakes. Torn by a convulsion the medic faithfully enters in his journal at the end of a long list of causes—

Excitement brings about hiccups. Keep calm.

Hilda Noones, '46



WHEN A DOUBLE BASS BECOMES A BULL FIDDLE

It is late evening and the concert hall is dimly lighted. In a far corner a battered object casts a crude and shapeless shadow upon the margin of the sloping stage. The shadow takes the form of one large body, a chipped scroll protruding above four pegs inserted in an elongated neck. The twilight weaves strange patterns about its cumbrous being. Stands have been thrust aside with careless abandon and several instruments lie idly in their cases where their players have temporarily discarded them. A crumpled score litters the shiny grand piano. All is still and ghostlike as a naughty intruder steals her way into this cache of dormant music. Forthwith, the body with the neck and scholl takes life two small hands are making with the slapstick. The lofty double bass, discarding its eminence and polish becomes an old bull fiddle as jazz rends the peace. The concert hall wakes up. An oboe shudders in its box, while a saxophone stands up and listens. Chopin is finished. Cugat has arrived and is raising havoc on the double bass. A violin's belly does the loop-the-loop in astonishment at this pleasant change. The conductor's baton begins to mark the rhythm and a kettle drum literally bubbles over. All the while the fiddle is producing the "Basin Street Blues" assisted by the hands of an able Grable. The neat

feet below a reet pleat beat the sweet ; the music hall has come alive.

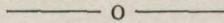
It is morning now at the concert hall and the maestros are assembling their eminent selves in dignified manner below the uplifted hand of the concert master ; fifty-two stiff-necks in broad white collars. A disgruntled virtuoso in the second row is accusing his associate of having broken his pet reed and the double bass player may be heard to remark in amazement as to how his strings manage to stay in tune over night. Finally, the director has gathered his host of violas, horns and contra-bassoons and Moskowski and Baccherine march in grand procession from the lips and fingers of the artists out into the mid-morning air. Chopin rules once more ! At sunset the players are through, the stands scattered hither and there, and the larger instruments left behind in worn and various sized cases as the performers parade in stately fashion through the hall's massive door, taking Mr. Chopin with them.

Twilight again disilluminates the dusty stage. Shadows resume their former positions. Presently, as though all the while awaiting its nocturnal cue, the double bass discards its daytime grandeur and the naughty intruder reigns inside the auditorium once more. Four polished fingernails gleam against the silver strings and a right hand swings a bow. Two feet beat a hep step stamping out the time as the crickets prance in their lodgings. A drum gives out with a rare air and all the fiddles tune up to a jolly holiday for strings, while a woodwind trills a sweet treat. The brass class paints the good old blues and a mello cello does the town red with a moderato pizzicato mixed up in an allegretto larghetto served on a lish dish with an animato stacatto. Then a toot flute brings it back to a tempo with a decrescendo endo for a finale marziale. Finally the bull fiddle resumes its role as a double bass with a maestoso grandioso, as the naughty intruder leaves the hall in a declamando glissando by the slide trombone.

Early the next morning, Chopin mounts the podium for the concert dress rehearsal. The orchestra is supposed to present its first Spring program that evening. Thousands will attend. But the trombonist has no thoughts for this. Evidently his horn has been tampered with. The slide works too freely and is warm and moist. Rehearsals proceed nevertheless, and that evening fifty-one stiff necks adjust their high starched collars, don their spats and monocles and enter the concert stage. I say fifty-one, for the double bass player was absent and a certain battered instrument leaned gloomily in a corner, casting the shadow of its misshapen likeness about the assembling audience. The conductor and Chopin ascended the stage together and the concert began. Gounod and Bellini joined hand in hand in grand musical fantasy . . . Then, suddenly and quite unexpectedly a change took place. The naughty intruder had arrived, and the double bass assumed

the role of a bull fiddle. Hot licks showered the startled people. A clarinetist fumbled and sweated and fumed in agony. He had no control over his unruly instrument. It had united with a bull fiddle in a neat beat. The other players soon lost control of their instruments. Even the oboes and violins were turning. The audience stood on its feet and roared; everyone was laughing and singing—while the conductor's head was spinning. The virtuosos' monocles drooped and their stiff collars wilted. Chopin and Cugat were at swords' points. The concert hall had come to life and jazz was making havoc. Even the musicians slightly succumbed to this astonishing change. The crickets in the rafters were marking time and fiddling with glee. A prestissimo larghissimo joined a morendo crescendo in a hep step as light red fingers with a vivace face turned a double bass into a bull fiddle. Cugat had claimed the podium!

Erlin Hogan, '47



"DEATH ON THE GALLOWS"

Two hours the jury had been out. Two solid hours. "How much longer?" I kept asking myself, "How much longer before they make up their filthy minds!" Ten minutes slipped by. Ten minutes of terrifying anxiety and fearful anticipation.

I glanced around the courtroom. At the door two policemen stood like granite statutes. Many of the people had dozed in their seats while others jabbered endlessly, stealing occasional glances at me and pointing accusing fingers at me. I wanted to shout to them and deny my guilt but it would have been useless. Others sat silently, bolt-upright in their chairs and stared coldly at me while I stared stupidly back. Next to me sat my attorney, silent, thoughtful. In him I had placed all my trust, all my faith. Had I done so in vain? Time would tell. The waiting became almost unbearable. Waiting was worse than anything I had yet known. Finally when my patience seemed at an end the back door of the courthouse opened slowly and slowly the jury filed out. Their faces were grim, firm. They entered the jury box and sat down. My nerves tingled and my eyes became watery.

The judge spoke: "Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, have you reached a verdict?"

The foreman arose and answered: "We have, your honor. We find the defendent guilty as charged."

I jumped up quickly and shouted behind tear-filled eyes, "I didn't do it. I didn't do it!" My attorney grabbed me by the arm and pulled me back sharply. Immediately the courtroom became a turmoil. Above it all I heard the judge's commanding voice yelling for order, and the pounding of his gavel. Slowly the confusion subsided and the room finally became orderly.

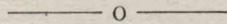
I was called to the stand to receive my sentence, by attorney at my side. I seemed to be in my own little atmosphere. All outside seemed far away. The judge's voice was almost inaudible but I already knew what the sentence was. I was to be hanged by the neck until dead. I barely moved. I was in a stupor, in a world unknown from which there seemed no return. Vaguely I remember being led from the courtroom amid the flashes of cameras and the the rapid-fire questions of gum-chewing reporters. The cameras recorded no emotions, the questions received no answers.

And so today I was to die; and for what? Was it because I had killed; though God knows I hadn't, or was it because of the bungling stupidity, the senseless accusations of men against an innocent?

I rose from my bunk and walked slowly to the window of my cell. within a few minutes the sun would climb up over the horizon. To most it meant life; to me it meant death.

The footsteps of the guards echo through the corridors. "Oh God, why must I die for the sin of another?" As they draw closer the low murmuring of the Padre serves only as a reminder that death is near. Slowly I am taken from my cell to the place of execution. Here I am roughly bound, blindfolded and the rope placed around my neck and as the Padre reads the last blessings in a low monotone, the immortal words from far-off Calvary ring out in my heart: "Father forgive them for they know not what they do."

Leo F. Murphy, '47



THOUGHTS OF PROVINCETOWN

The silhouettes of fishing boats
Like silent sentries stand
To guard the harbor till the dawn
When life awakens with the morn.

The waters gently lapping on the beach
Screaming seagulls diving for a fish
Old wharves that walk into the bay
Are well known scenes we love so well.

The shifting sands of all our dunes
With a coast guard station here and there
Cool salty breeze blowing o'er the land
These together make our little town,

Mary Lou Lopez, '46

PROVINCETOWN

Down a long winding road through barren land,
 Scrub oak, scrub pine, but mostly sand.
 Then we come to a town at the very end—
 Narrow streets, small houses and, around some bend,
 A flock of ramblers pink and red
 Adjoining some cottage or hiding some shed.
 It all seems so quaint, unreal and rare,
 The sea piling in and the salty air
 Give one such a feeling of joy and life,
 That it seems unreal that there should be strife.
 Let us linger awhile and look around,
 And enjoy to the full our quaint Provincetown.

Helen Janopolis, '46

————— o —————

TO—

Last night you and I sat silently
 And watched for fallen stars—
 Lost souls of man, seeking rest—
 The lights of town were in the distance
 The waters peacefully patted at the wharf.

I thought of many things last night—
 While looking at the stars—
 Of you and me and all those lights
 Shining down upon the town
 While all the people heedlessly caroused
 But you and I sat and looked
 For fallen stars.

Patricia Mager, '47

Seniors



CAROL ALVES

Carol has done so much for the class,
Her smile we'll always remember,
For she is such a happy lass,
From January till December.



RICHARD BAUMGARTNER

Maybe the postman never rings twice,
But when he does, it sure is nice.
Intelligent—talkative and faithful friend,
He's in the middle of any new trend.



ROSE CARDINAL

Take a little sunshine,
Mix it with some beaux
Add a lot of friendship,
And you've got Rose.



GERALD COSTA

He's engaged in a struggle
Terrific and grim—
Will he conquer English?
Or it vanquish him?

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MARY LOUISE LOPEZ

She's pleasant and obliging
Behind the money tray;
And she makes the lunch hour smoother
In a hundred little ways.

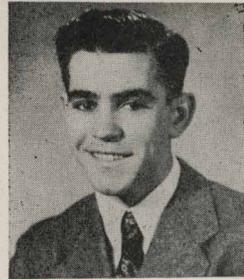


ELIZABETH LUSK

She's very neat and charming too
Gentle manners, tried and true.
Her intelligence rates a loud applause
To hear her is a refreshing pause.

FRANCIS MEADS

Dashing smile—sporting ways
Lots of class when he plays,
Tall, dark and handsome, too
Hubba, hubba, woo, woo!



HILDA NOONES

We've found her very helpful
When we want a favor done;
She's pleasant and attractive
Yet seeks no place in the sun.

BERTHA PERRY

Bertha has done a lot for the class.
We're sure this lass will never be last.





WARREN PERRY

We fear he secretly hopes to send
 Into the deepest tropics
 Any teacher who demands of him
 Those hated oral topics.

BEATRICE RAYMOND

She's not in the least pugnacious
 But everyone knows
 That no good purpose would be gained
 By stepping on her toes.



SELMA ROBINSON

"I think that I shall never scan
 A tree as lovely as a man."

BERNARD RODERICK

The Lauritz Melchior of our group
 He'd stand out in any troupe.
 Infectious smiles and winning ways
 It's root! Root! When he plays.



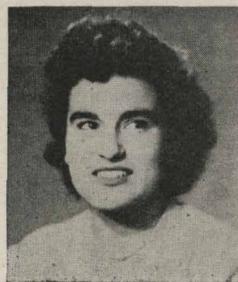
BARBARA ROGERS

She does not choose the spotlight,
 For she is quite content
 To do the task that lies at hand,
 Nor others' fame resent.



MARY ROGERS

Mary has such a sweet smile
Our thoughts of her will always last
Many others have graduated,
But by none is she surpassed.



FRANCIS ROWE

Specs and books are a common sight
Surrounding Frankie day and night.

ELSA SALLES

Elsa has her brushes
What may we expect?
She's out to make a poster—
She'll get the right effect.



CLIFFORD SILVA

Contented with life and what he has
A wonderful husband for some lass
On fishing and hunting he can debate
Cooperation is his noteworthy trait.

LOUISE SIMMONS

Not given to outbursts
Of grief or of despair,
Asorbed in her tasks—
May she happily fare.





HOPE SOUZA

Hope is not a boistrous lass,
 We know the reason why
 It's because she's thinking,
 Not because she's shy.

LOUISE SOUZA

Service to her school and class
 She's given in full measure
 We hope that from it she will reap
 Fond memories to treasure.



WILBUR WHITE

Watch that boy on the floor
 Dribble down and pass galore
 He's awfully nice and intelligent, too
 A friend indeed and one that's true.

ETHEL WILLIAMS

A *senior* boy you'd think she'd like
 The idea has been flouted
 She has made it clear to us
 That she, for one can doubt it.



CLASS OF 1946

On a momentous day in the autumn of '42 the Freshmen who were to graduate in 1946 made their entrance into P.H.S. At our first class meeting we selected Miss Jacobs as our advisor and the following members as class officers:

President: Creighton Morris
Vice President: Wilbur White
Secretary: Selma Robinson
Treasurer: Carol Alves

Our Freshman Reception, which provided much amusement for the participants and on-lookers alike, officially ushered us into high school early in September.

We began our Sophomore year by electing several new class officers and choosing Mr. Murphy as our advisor.

President: Wilbur White
Vice President: Hilda Noones
Secretary: Dick Baumgartner
Treasurer: Carol Alves

We sponsored the Hallowe'en dance and closed a successful paper drive. The shadow of war fell upon us when several of our members joined the armed forces.

The Junior year found us under the leadership of Miss Martin and our class officers who were as follows:

President: Hilda Noones
Vice President: Louise Souza
Secretary: Selma Robinson
Treasurer: Carol Alves

Planning in advance for our then distant Senior Trip, we gave a spotlight dance and cake sale and, in addition, held a second paper drive. With the completion of Junior Declamations in April we looked forward to the Junior Prom with much anticipation. On May 30 we danced to the music of George Ladino and his orchestra during a prom which was definitely a social success.

At the beginning of our senior year we had the distinction of being the class which had the most money at this point in its four years. With a definite end in mind, the Senior Trip, we chose the guidance of Miss Medeiros, and these class members as officers:

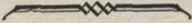
President: Louise Souza
Vice President: Selma Robinson
Secretary: Carol Alves
Treasurer: Dick Baumgartner

All members of the class began immediately to cooperate in a number of activities designed to aid us in reaching our objective. We started by presenting the Freshmen to the school in a very successful reception in September. Then we followed with two cake sales and three raffles

one of which included a beautifully decorated cake donated by Mr. John Edwards. Next, we sold stationery, Christmas cards and wrapping paper to the townspeople who were extremely cooperative in aiding us in all possible ways. Later, we served 275 at a chicken pie supper which established a record, and, most important, succeeded in pleasing all of our guests. In the spring we gave a bean supper which stands out as a dismal failure but we managed to break even on that. Our final activity was another chicken pie supper which seemed doomed, but, despite various obstacles and through our combined efforts and the able assistance of the mothers, we came through with flying colors to mark another success to our credit.

The aftermath of war threatened to take several more of our boys but, happily, they received deferments and together with the rest of us are looking forward to June 20, Graduation Day.

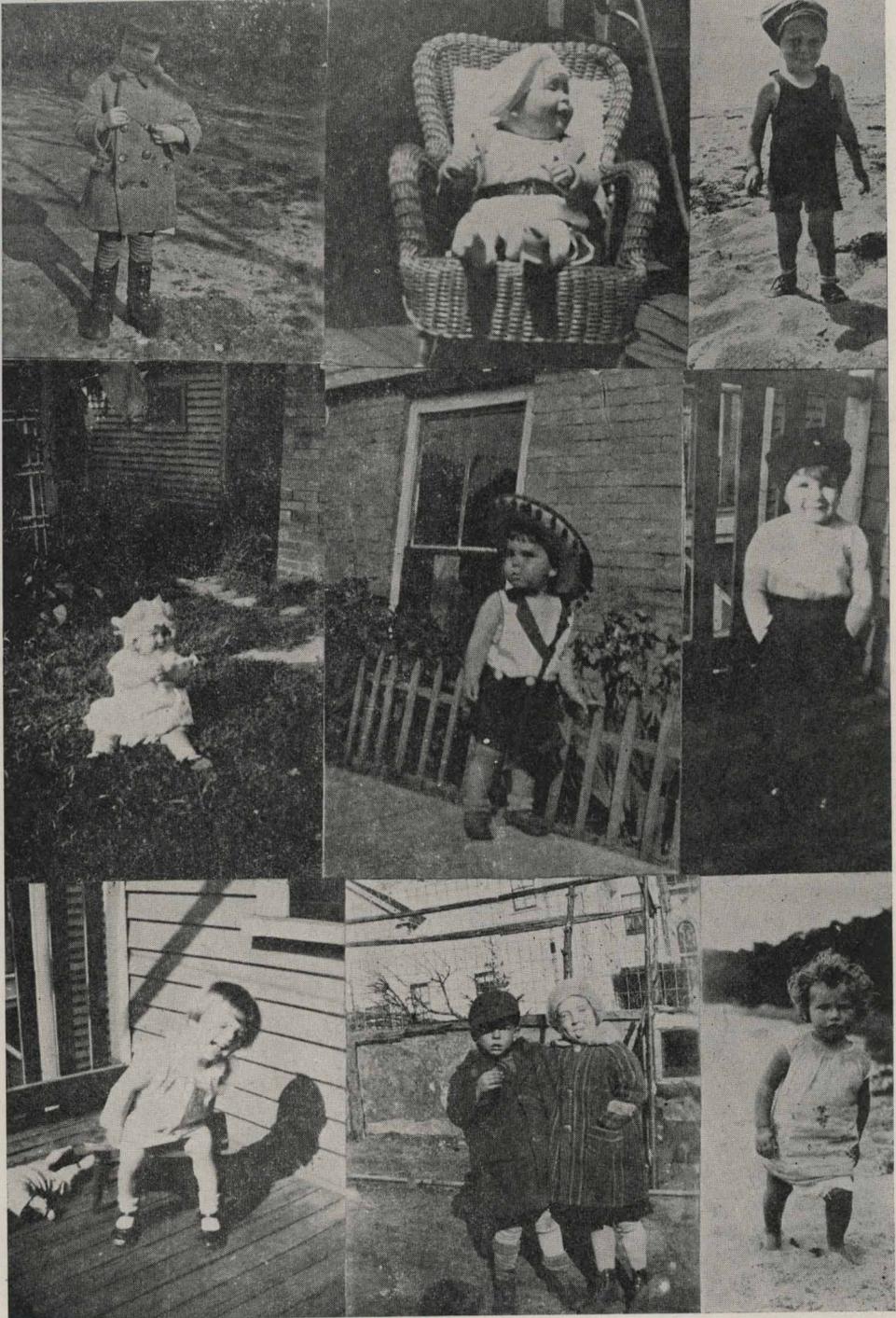
Mary Rogers, '46



SONGS

Till the End of Time	American History
My Shining Hour	Graduation
Ireland Must Be Heaven	Mr. Leyden
Who Are We To Say?	Senior Class
Memories	School Days
Haven't Time To Be A Millionaire	Faculty
An Apple for the Teacher	"Shaders"
Personality	Sonny Roderick
Dark Eyes	Helen Janopolis
Somebody's Walking in My Dreams	Mike Blue
Constantly	Homework
The Shiek of Araby	Honka
Aren't You Glad You're You?	M. Perry
Gimme a Little Kiss, Will Ya, Huh?	Bea Raymond
What do You Want to Make those Eyes at Me, For?	Mary Lou
Oklahoma Where the Winds Come Sweepin' Up the Plains	Carol Alves
In My Merry Oldsmobile	Kippy Silva
Ain't I Never Gonna Get a Girl in My Arms?	Red Perry
Smoke Gets In My Eyes	Barbara Rogers
Ain't Got a Dime to My Name	Frankie Rowe
Tea for Two, and Two for Tea	Truxtun Hackett
Some Sunday Morning	Ethel Williams
No Letters Today	Dick Baumgartner
Three O'clock in the Morning	Joe Farroba
Together	Rose and Louise
Well, A Hubba, Hubba, Hubba	Veteran Faculty Members
I am Calling You	The Draft

Hilda Noones and Louise Simmons, '46



AS WE ONCE WERE
(See page 34)



JUNIOR CLASS



SOPHOMORE CLASS



FRESHMAN CLASS



JUNIOR HIGH

Activities



NATIONAL HONOR SOCIETY

First Row—Louise Souza, Selma Robinson

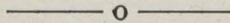
Second Row—Francis Rowe, Jane Rosenthal, Hellen Matenos, Hilda Noones, Wilbur White

STUDENT COUNCIL

At the first meeting the officers were elected: Hilda Noones, president; Hellen Matenos, vice-president; Truxtun Hackett, secretary; and William Costa, treasurer.

The major accomplishment made this year was the complete reorganization of the school library. All the books were classified according to the Dewey Decimal System. Student librarians were appointed by the council, and a new set of rules was drawn up.

Several meetings were held during the year. Many subjects were discussed, such as plans for assemblies, improvement of the school lunch, and the possible sponsoring of social functions, but none materialized.



• P. H. S. ORCHESTRA

The Provincetown High School Orchestra has completed a very successful year, having given two concerts—its regular annual concert and one with the All-Cape Symphony Orchestra.

The Fourteenth Annual Concert was held on March 14, 1946 in the high school auditorium. Opening the program were the young elemen-



PROVINCETOWN HIGH SCHOOL BAND

tary school students, playing their symphonettes. Following them was the Governor Bradford School Orchestra, which played several selections and featured some soloists. The program continued with selections by the P. H. S. Orchestra, and concluded with a number of spirited marches by the P. H. S. Band. The highlights of the evening were the three solos:

“Hungarian Dance No. 5”—Brahms, a violin solo by Veronica Taves.

“Carnival of Venice”—a clarinet solo by Elinor Lopes.

“True Friends”—a trumpet duet by Thelma Williams and Gertrude Francis.

The affair was highly successful. The scenery was designed by various members of the orchestra and band. Black musical instruments and notes against a gold background provided a colorful setting for the orchestra.

During the year, enough money was raised to enable the orchestra members to attend a Sunday afternoon concert at Symphony Hall in Boston. There they saw Dr. Koussivitsky conduct the Boston Symphony Orchestra playing some music by Wagner—a never-to-be-forgotten experience.

During the last week of March, several orchestra members were selected to participate in the New England Festival at New Britain, Connecticut, a yearly affair where music-minded students from all over New England meet to discuss their musical aspirations. Highlighting this eventful week was a concert held on the last day and broadcast over a radio network.

ASSEMBLIES

During the past year, the P. H. S. Dramatic Club, under the direction of Miss Virginia West, produced one play—a smash hit, "What's Cookin' ", and at the time this is being written, have another production in the rehearsal stage.

"What's Cookin' ", a one act comedy, featured William Wilson as Frank Armstrong, an amateur chef. Frank in persuading his avocation, develops a recipe composed of leftovers, and his sister, Josephine (Muriel Dutra), unknown to him, enters it in a contest. To the amazement of everyone but the audience, his concoction wins first prize, and Frank becomes Frances to collect the reward. The high point of the play occurs when Frank is dressed in feminine attire for that purpose.

The supporting characters were Betty Smith, Kenneth Macara, Marilyn Chapman, Lionel Medeiros, Ernest DeSilva, Helen McCaffrey, and Robert Kelley.

The Dramatic Club, which was formed only last year, has so far produced two plays, both of them successful, and if it continues producing results of the same quality, seems to have a bright future in store.

This year, as in past years, Mr. Leyden obtained several old motion pictures, of educational as well as entertainment value, which he showed during the regular Friday assembly periods. Among these were such old favorites as "Brigham Young," "Captain Caution," and "A Message to Garcia".

At Christmas, Miss Martin and Mr. and Mrs. McGrath collaborated to produce a pageant entitled, "A True Symbol of Christmas." This production dealt with the restoration of the colonial city of Williamsburg, Virginia, with funds donated by Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr. Dorothy Mannato and Helen McCaffrey were the vocal soloists and the characters were: Lady Elizabeth Wren, Helen Matenos; Sir Christopher Wren, Wilfred Costa; Cynthia Tucker, Gloria Silva; Clyde Tucker, Thomas Lusk; and dancers, Paula Bent, Veronica Alves, Frances Crave, Mary Lema, and Rachel Silva; with Paula Bent doing a ballet solo. A tabloid, "The Symbol of Christmas," was portrayed by Veronica Leonard and George Miller. The P. H. S. Chorus afterwards sang "Jingle Bells", and "Joy to the World".

BOYS' BASKETBALL

The 1945-46 boys' basketball team compiled the most successful record in the school's history. Although not undefeated, losing two out of twenty-two contests for a .909 percentage, the club brought home the bacon in the Class B South Shore Tournament in Brockton and the Class C Eastern Massachusetts Interscholastic Tournament held in the Boston Garden. The patient, painstaking efforts which Coach Dave Murphy put into this championship team came to light when the Orange and Black tripped undefeated Weston to gain the Eastern Mass. crown.

Other Provincetown teams, although undefeated, never reached the heights attained by this year's squad.

DOWN THE LINE

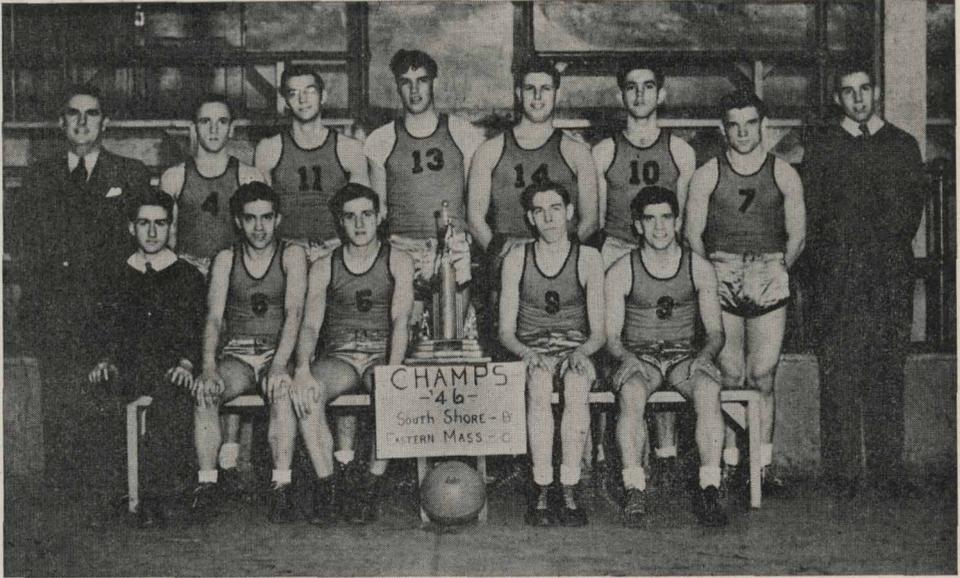
With Captain Francis "Honka" Meads, Bernard "Barshy" Santos, Bernard "Sonny" Roderick, Clayton "Mike" Enos, Wilbur "Willie" White, and Joe "Valesca" Farroba performing in near-perfect fashion, the team opened the season with easy victories over the Alumni and twice over Wellfleet. The next encounter was a stirring last-minute 39-38 triumph over the newly-organized Provincetown Amateur Athletic Club on the High School floor. Yarmouth away was easy, but in the return match with the powerful P.A.A.C., the high school suffered its first setback in a 40-37 overtime affair at the Town Hall.

At Barnstable, the Cape-Tippers edged their traditional rivals, 38-35, Orleans took a drubbing on our floor, and Harwich was vanquished on its own court in a rough contest. Minus the services of Captain Meads, the boys topped the Radar Rascals of Wellfleet in an overtime game, 36-34.

An invading Yarmouth quintet took a severe beating, and the Orange and Black toppled Orleans away as Santos and Meads gave an unparalleled exhibition of one-handed shooting.

Journeying up the Cape for its lone clash with Bourne, the team used a revamped lineup, owing to the illness of Bernard Santos, high-scoring forward. The boys led 19-10 at the end of the first quarter, due to brilliant shooting by White, Enos, and Roderick, but suffered a letdown in the last three periods, scoring only 12 points while Bourne poured 25 through the nets. After tying the score at 31-all, Provincetown was unable to overcome two quick Bourne baskets, and came out on the short end of a 35-31 score, its second and final defeat of the season. The team massacred Harwich at P.H.S. in the final game of the regular season.

The team's bid to the Brockton South Shore Tournament brought Provincetown the Class B trophy for the second straight year as it rolled to four successive victories over East Bridgewater, Pembroke, Hanover, and Howard by margins of 46, 14, 27, and 10 points, respectively. Prov-



BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM

First Row—Asst. manager Robert Kelley, Richard Volton, George Valentine, Lawrence Packett, Philip Cabral

Second Row—Coach David Murphy, Bernard Santos, Wilbur White, Bernard Roderick, Joseph Farroba, Captain Francis Meads, Clayton Enos, Manager Robert Silva

incetown needs but one more Brockton title to gain permanent possession of the trophy.

On the strength of its superb showing, the team was invited to compete in the newly-formed Class C division of the Eastern Mass. Tournament at the Boston Garden. In the opening game Ipswich was outclassed in a record 68-31 slaughter as Barshy Santos tallied 31 points for a new schoolboy tournament mark. The next tilt ended with Somerset the victims, 52-27, and the Cape-Tip representatives, dubbed "The Little Giant Killers," seemed quite at home on the spacious Garden floor as they prepared for the championship clash with Weston.

March 9, the day of the finals was a veritable Cape Cod holiday as hundreds of lower Capers journeyed to the Hub by limousine, jalopy, fish truck, train, or thumb to witness this climactic contest, and they were not to be disappointed. The Fabulous Fishermen went right to work on the Weston Wonderboys (winners of 39 straight) but the game was no pushover. Trailing by 9 points at the beginning of the last quarter, Weston staged a desperate rally which brought them only 2 points in arrears of P-town. With the score 36-34 and the Cape rooters in a state of frenzy, Santos came through with three quick points to sew up the game and the title, 39-34. The P.H.S. Band lent its melodious support to the hometown cause. Provincetown had scaled the heights of its ambitions.



GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

First Row—P. Raymond, E. Silva, Y. Flores, R. Enos, K. Nascimento,
H. Martinot, T. Rosa

Second Row—M. Silva, D. Brown, L. Santos, K. Souza, L. Santos,
A. Segura, Coach Elizabeth DeRiggs

FACTS AND FIGURES

The team scored 1099 points in 22 contests, an average of 49.99 per game, while holding its opponents to 607, an average of 27.59. Scoring 359 points in seven tournament games (200 at Brockton, 159 at Boston) the squad averaged 51.3, slightly more than the season's level, and allowed the enemy 195 points, or 27.86 per tilt.

Bernard Santos, right forward, led the team with 305 points in 21 games (134 field goals, 37 foul goals), average 14.52 points per game; Captain Francis Meads, left forward, 287 points in 20 games (128 fields, 31 fouls), average 14.35; Bernard Roderick, center, 168 points in 22 games (75 fields, 18 fouls), average 7.64; Clayton Enos, right guard, 77 points in 21 games (31 fields, 15 fouls); Wilbur White, left guard, 109 points in 22 games (41 fields, 27 fouls); Joe Farroba, guard, 34 points in 20 games (15 fields, 4 fouls). The rest of the second team, including Philip Cabral, Richard Volton, Lawrence Packett, and George Valentine scored 119 points, Cabral and Volton showing the way with 33 apiece.

Provincetown has now won a record fourteen straight tournament games during the last three years under Coach Murphy's guidance: 3 in Bourne, 1944; 4 in Brockton, 1945; ditto in '46; and 3 in Boston, '46. . . Incidentally, Hanover, Howard and Weston defeated by Provincetown

in this year's tournament play, were all undefeated teams boasting impressive records . . . Santos and Meads, 1-2 in individual scoring at the Garden with 57 and 50 points respectively, were selected on the all-tournament Class C team . . . In Coach Murphy's four years at the helm, the team has lost only four games, by a total margin of twelve points. . . During the past fourteen years, Provincetown's teams have won 195 games while losing but 34 for a percentage of .853. . . The team was well feted by the Anchor and Ark Club and the Lions Club. At the latter affair guest speakers were Henry McCarthy, director of the M.I.T. Tournament, and Henry P. Willman, physical director at the Brockton Y.M.C.A. The boys were presented with pins, gold rings, a basketball and a plaque to come later from Boston, and gold basketballs from Brockton.

— o —

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

The Girls' team was not as successful this year as usual, but considering that they had no regular coach until the middle of the season they did not do too badly for themselves. A summary of the games follows:

Provincetown 18; Alumnae 19	Provincetown 4; Harwich 32
Provincetown 36; Wellfleet 38	Provincetown 18; Yarmouth 19
Provincetown 15; Wellfleet 36	Provincetown 11; Orleans 14
Provincetown 17; Yarmouth 31	Provincetown 24; Barnstable 47
Provincetown 4; Barnstable 46	Provincetown 16; Harwich 23
Provincetown 30; Orleans 31	

AS WE ONCE WERE

Top, left to right—Louise Simmons; Francis Rowe; Selma Robinson
 Second row, left to right—Bertha Perry; Francis Meads; Betty Lusk
 Bottom, left to right—Betty Lusk; Clifford Silva; Bertha Perry

(See picture on page 25)

Alumnae

1942-43

Austin Banks—U. S. Army.
Frank Costa—U. S. Navy.
Matthew Costa—Recently discharged from U. S. Army.
James Simmons — Recently discharged from U. S. Navy.
William Souza—Recently discharged from U. S. Navy.
Francis Ventura — Recently discharged from U. S. Army.
Bernard Viera—Recently discharged from U. S. Navy.
Reginald Cabral—U. S. Navy.
Robert Eugene Oliver — Recently discharged from U. S. Navy.
Barbara Alexander — Vocalist at the Atlantic House.
Joseph Cabral—U. S. Army, at present in Germany.
Barbara Cabral—Working as a buyer in New York.
Eva Cook—Married.
Kathleen Cordeiro—Married and at present living in Oklahoma.
Jean Days—Telephone operator.
Shirley Davis—Working in Quincy, Mass.
Katherine Hill—Private nurse.
Arthur Joseph—Recently discharged from U. S. Army.
James Meads—Recently discharged from U. S. Army.
Richard Roda—U. S. Army.
Priscilla Sants—married.
Isaiah Snow, Jr.—U. S. Navy.
Esther Stone—Married.
William Sylvia—U. S. Army.
Edith Sawyer—Married.

1943-44

Jean Allison—Cadet Nurse Corps.
Mary Louise Baumgartner — Nurse's training.
Joseph Bent—U. S. Army.
Miriam Bright—Married and living in Washington.
Bernice Dutra—Married and living in Hyannis.
Jane Enos—Married and living in New York.
Victor Ferreira—U. S. Navy.

John Fields, Jr.—U. S. Army Air Corps.
Wendy Hackett—Attending Swarthmore College.
Lurana Higgins—Attending Chamberlain School of Design in Boston.
Robert Higgins — U. S. Army and married.
Leona Joseph—Telephone operator.
Ellen Lynch—Married.
Kathleen Malaquias Joseph—X-ray technician.
Gilbert Martin—Clerk in A. & P.
Richard Packett—U. S. Army.
Eleanor Patrick—Married.
Clifton Perry—U. S. Army and married.
Elizabeth Perry—Married and living in New York.
William Perry—Government worker in Japan.
Bernard Robinson—U. S. Army.
George Rose—U. S. Army.
Elmer Silva—U. S. Navy.
Clara Smith—Working in Boston.
Manuel Souza—U. S. Army.
Edward Turner—U. S. Navy.
Shirley Veara — Working in Harbor Vanity.
Arthur Ventura—U. S. Army.
Margaret Ventura—Married.
Carol Whorf—Married.
Margaret Ventura—Married.

1944-45

Bernice Bent—Bookkeeper for Marcey's Oil Co.
Anna Chapman — Working at Adam's Pharmacy.
Robert Dutra — Working at the Sea Dragon.
Gordon Dutra—U. S. Navy.
Elizabeth Dyer—Attending Bates College.
Georgiana Edwards—Working at Chef's Lunch.
Elaine Enos—Working at Enos' Trucking Co.
Charles Francis — Working for Horace Snow.
Dorothy Fratus—Training to be a nurse.
Louine Janopolis—Married.
Clarice Joseph — Working at Cutler's Pharmacy.

Janet McClure—Working in Boston.
 Alan Moffett—U. S. Army.
 Anibal Oliver—U. S. Army.
 Joann Paine—Working at the Town Hall.
 Edward Perry—Working as mechanic at Duarte's.
 Rodney Rock—U. S. Maritime Service.
 Rudolph Santos—U. S. Marines.
 Regina Santos — Working for Carter's Electrical Service.
 Kathleen Segura—Married.
 Matthew Steele—U. S. Navy.

Gloria A. Silva—Married.
 Gloria E. Silva — Working at Adams Pharmacy.
 Joseph Silva—U. S. Navy.
 Alberta DeSilva—Working in her father's shop.
 George Smith—U. S. Navy.
 Inez Chickie Smith—Working in Fannie Farmer's in New York.
 Lorraine White—Bookkeeper in Rivard's.
 John Whorf—U. S. Army in Europe.

THE GAINET

A gaunt and solemn bird that flies aimlessly above the waters of the Atlantic Ocean is the Gagnet. Its body, eyes, and sharp beak are similar to those of the sea gull. The color of the bird is a slate gray. Gagnets are sometimes called scavengers because they will eat almost anything. Their main source of food is fish. Gagnets fly high in the sky, soaring in circles until they see a school of fish. Then they dive straight into the icy waters and come up with a small fish. A Gagnet rarely misses its quarry. You can see them diving early on winter mornings for fish.

George F. Miller, 7-A

THE HARBOR AT NIGHT

On still moonlight nights the harbor is a place of extreme beauty. The soft waves lapping on the shore make a pleasant sound, and the reflection of the moon in the water is very inviting. Now and then a minnow can be heard leaping from the water. Boats go through the water leaving a phosphorescent trail like a sea-going comet. "Moon-flakes" tip the waves in this place of splendor. Night swimmers splash showers of light. From across the harbor Long Point's unblinking eye stares at you. There is nothing to destroy the beauty of the harbor.

Warren Witherstine, 8-A

Mrs. R.: "Now you behave yourself when you're at home. What would the teacher say if you acted like that in school?"

Sonny: "She'd say, 'Behave yourself. Remember you're not home now.'"

* * * *

There is always the parent who writes to the principal—" . . . and if all Herbert learns in school is to swear, I'll keep him home and teach him myself."

* * * *

To quit smoking is the easiest thing I ever did. I ought to know because I've done it a thousand times.

* * * *

Man instructor (to new girl)—"I'm putting this rivet in the correct position; when I nod my head, hit it real hard with your hammer."

That's all he remembered until he woke up in a hospital.

* * * *

The school principal was having a discussion with the father of one of the pupils. He said, "James is a good student, but he talks too much." The father replied, "You should meet his mother."

* * * *

Mr. Dahill: "What happens when the human body is submerged in water?"

Evelyn: "The phone rings."

* * * *

William W.—"When I feel like exercising I just lie down until the feeling passes."

* * * *

Mr. Perry: "Chopin died of T. B."

Selma R.: "Too Bad."

* * * *

Mr. Leyden: "Where is Utopia?"

Ethel W.: "Russia."

* * * *

Miss Simmons: "You know, science has made such advances lately, I wouldn't be a bit surprised if sometime soon they do have cows that provide a different flavored milk from each spigot."

Miss Whorf: "No, no. That's udderly ridiculous."

* * * *

Rowe: "Who shall we dedicate the *Long Pointer* to?"

Hackett: "To Gus Aust, . . . without whom this book would never have been printed."

* * * *

Mr. Perry: "I didn't get any assignment from you today."

Miss Janopolis: "Never mind, I'll overlook it this time."

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