





The Senior Class of 1947 respectfully dedicates this issue of the Long Pointer to Doctor Frank O. Cass in appreciation of the thirty years which he has devoted so faithfully as a member of the Provincetown School Committee.

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# LONG POINTER STAFF



## LONG POINTER STAFF

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Sophomore Class Helen McCaffrey  
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# Editorials



Again this June, another graduating class will leave Provincetown High and take its place in a confused world. Nations are still envious of one another, each having a lust for power and world domination. There is threat of more warfare and the spine-chilling thought of the potential power of the split atom.

Yes, this year's seniors will have much to contend with. Servicemen have taken advantage of the G. I. Bill of Rights and are going to the colleges, filling the classrooms that this year's seniors normally would have occupied. Many skilled workers, trained during the war, are taking the place of the apprentice machinists.

Competition is keen. Security and success will come only to those who have prepared themselves for the future.

Up to now, other people have helped us make our most important decisions. From now on we must think for ourselves, putting to a test all the knowledge that we have acquired through twelve years of schooling.

No matter what the outcome of our venture into this strange world, you may be certain that this year's seniors will do their utmost to justify your faith in them.

William Costa, '47

## TOO LATE

As I look back on my four years in high school and compare each year with the others, I notice one outstanding fact. The senior year is as unlike the other three as night and day—black and white.

During the first three years, the class to me was just a collection of boys and girls who happened to be the same age and were more or less thrown together in a group. We proudly declared ourselves honorable Freshmen, distinguished Sophomores, and so on, but these were merely words without real meaning.

Now, when it is nearly time to separate, we realize just what our class means. Somehow we

have come closer together in understanding and we seem to work together in complete harmony. Perhaps the cause lies in the many activities in which we have all entered in some way. We are working and striving for a common goal—our last grand fling in New York. As I realize that all too soon we will say good-bye and depart on many separate roads, I regret that this feeling of oneness and common interest could not have been discovered sooner. This is the explanation of the change that comes over so many students when graduation arrives. All during high school they had been anticipating with extreme impatience, that "Day of Days", and yet, when it came, there were unmistakable tears in their eyes. They too realized too late the meaning of the word "class".

Jane Rosenthal, '47

## THE THREE-FOLD BASIS OF DEMOCRACY

Democracy, in its true sense, is not practiced in this country. It would not be practical for the one hundred thirty million citizens of the United States to gather in one place and vote on every measure affecting them. Therefore, we have a representative, or republican, form of government except in some small communities which still retain the Town Meeting. This Town Meeting is the truest form of democracy in that the people gather together, discuss and vote on all measures affecting them and those within the jurisdiction of their community.

Even in a small community the Town Meeting would not be feasible except on the triple basis of education, information, and participation. Naturally, without these three the people would not be informed enough to decide on measures influencing their lives.

Education is the mainspring of the democracy. While being educated, the future adult is having his opinions, prejudices, and habits formed. During the period while he is under the direct influence of teachers, he is forming opinions

which will last, in the most part, throughout his life. He is prey to indoctrination by any political machine, which, to be successful, must aim at educating youth to its principals. Obviously, if the youth of a country are given a good, sound education and led successfully through the maze of politics, they will be invaluable citizens. The results of education may be clearly seen in the youth of Nazi Germany. Membership in the youth groups was compulsory. By constant supervision from birth to death, and by careful selection of leadership pliable to their cause, the Nazis produced a whole generation of fanatics. Their minds were so molded that any other line of thought seemed illogical.

The next requisite to democracy is participation. Naturally, if not all of the people participate in discussion and voting on measures, there cannot be said to be a "rule of the people". As long as anyone is prevented from voting for any reason, except age, and as long as anyone refuses to vote because the significance of his vote is not impressed on him, we shall not have a democracy. The prejudices relating to race, creed, or color are constant reminders to us of how easily people's minds are turned by a lack of education on a subject. When you deny a person the privilege of participation, you not only hurt that person, but you deny to yourself the contribution which that person might have made, and you encourage factions of dissatisfaction and distrust which eventually will menace you as well as those you have cast out.

To vote on any measure one should be duly informed of all the "ins" and "outs" of it. That is the duty of information. As a doctor must refer to medical books for all the new trends in medicine even after his graduation, so the citizen must refer to newspapers, radios, etc. for the reasons and developments of each new problem which confronts him in the field of politics. His education forms a basis for his understanding, and his information a basis for decision.

Although these things seem related to such an extent that they are one, they are distinct elements able to exist apart from the others. They are found in many forms of government, not together, but separated by time or class barriers. They are unique in that when they are not mixed they form the purest of direct government. That is the type that the human race has been fighting for since people have banded together in tribes.

Patricia Mager, '47

## TRADITION

It is perhaps the love of tradition in man which eventually brings about the destruction and downfall of him. That downfall is the pit into which man falls as effortlessly as a pebble falls down a well. This "well" might easily be called war, one from which all do not return and few return unharmed. It was said by David Jordan in his book, "War's Aftermath":

"And each fresh slaughter dwarfs the breed of men,

The unreturning ever are the brave."

From the various annals of history have come famous battles which were fought either by aggressive or unaggressive nations because of a love of tradition—that undefinable something which makes people patriotic; that something which made Frenchmen weep on a certain June day in 1940 when German troops marched through the Arch of Triumph; that something which makes the English love carnations and Buckingham Palace; that which makes Americans feel their hearts in their throats when they see their flag waving and hear a Marine band playing. You will find these famous battles and causes in history but you will also read that in each battle man becomes more and more fierce and uses more violent methods for the extermination of his fellow man (or should I say, his "enemy"?). And after each war, man goes back to his tradition, loving it more because he fought for it.

To clarify the point which I am trying to put over, I will take a fictitious character, Joe Bard.

Joe Bard came from an average American family, grew up in a suburban community, went to his Junior Prom with his best girl, graduated from high school with not too bad a scholastic rating. He got a job and was going out Saturday nights with the fellows and occasionally taking some girl out dancing. This was when everyone did the shag, skirts were getting shorter and there was great talk of making a movie out of "Gone with the Wind". Jean Harlow was then the hottest thing in the movies. Things went by and everything seemed swell. The depression was over and nobody except a lot of cranks on street corners talked about "that Hitler Guy" in Germany. Besides, thought Joe Bard, they wouldn't try it again. They were beaten too badly the last time. His old man had told him a dozen yarns about the last war.

That's what Joe Bard thought. That's what

everyone thought. Then Hitler went into the Rhineland and followed out a plan which three generations ago a man by the name of Maurice Joly had written out on world domination called "The Protocols of the Wise Men of Zion".

Joe Bard still went on working and everyone said, "They wouldn't dare!"

Then one Sunday morning when Joe Bard was sitting at the dining room table with the sun shining in through the windows overlooking the Main Street, with its snow-covered sidewalks and neatly spaced houses, he heard what all America heard:

"At ——— this morning, the Japs attacked Pearl Harbor and——"

Joe Bard's pretty little world was smashed and there was nothing to do but enlist.

As Joe Bard sat in a foxhole a hundred years later, he thought back about what he had read in some book about that country in which he'd lived—that country with its Washingtons and Lincolns, its great plains and sunny California. He thought of all the things which had happened to that country of his which had always seemed to come out on top, and he knew that he wasn't just fighting for that beer on Saturday night and that house on Main Street—he was fighting for Lincoln and Washington and all the guys that

were killed behind the earthen walls on Breed's Hill.

It's tough for a guy in the middle of a sweltering jungle to have ideals and it's even tougher for a guy to live up to them, or should I say, it's tougher for a guy to live?

On May 27, Anno Domini 1944, Mrs. Bard, in her little house on Main Street, received a telegram.

Now in this postwar era, we have crossed that pit again—that "well" called war—and times are good again. There are still a lot of tales of Joe Bards on Main Street who are having their beers on Saturday nights and going to work on Monday mornings—

But remember this when you think of our great traditions:

"Blow out, you bugles, over the rich Dead!  
There's none of these so lonely and poor of old,  
But, dying, has made us rarer gifts than gold.  
These laid the world away, poured out the red  
Sweet wine of youth; gave up the years to be  
Of work and joy, and that unhop'd serene,  
That men call age; and those who would have  
been,

Their sons, they gave, their immortality."

(Rupert Brooke)

Nancy Whorf, '48



# Literary



## CONFESSIONS OF A MUSIC LOVER

Operatic singers have long fascinated me and I often sit by the radio, enthralled, the victim of their throaty sonorescence. This concentrated attention has led many to suppose me an ardent fan of the classics. Not wishing to deceive them, I hereby divulge my secret.

Of the tremulous sopranos I am the choicest prey, for their lofty voices are capable of stirring in me the most varied emotions—Number one: excitement bordering on frenzy. This is produced when the voice starts low, at first barely perceptible, then gradually soaring higher and higher until the soprano reaches the utmost peak of her range, when it swoops down suddenly like a skyrocket. Now my pulse is throbbing, my hair is on end and I'm ready to grab my coat and dash to the fire. The siren has blasted!

The singer pauses (gasping for air? or dousing the flame with a drink?) and I clutch the radio feverishly, muscles tense, steeling myself for the ingenious torture to descend upon my palpitating brain. With a terrific outburst of carbon dioxide, she begins and I experience Number two: impatience or distress. This is perhaps most familiar as the a<sup>a</sup>a method, when the singer attaches herself to two piercingly shrill notes and, sans paroles, reciprocates between them, producing a sharp machine-gun effect or the unpleasant tapping of pebbles on a pane of glass. I generally can withstand this for only a period of seconds, after which I either scream, "Doctor, pull that tooth!" or "Announcer, slap that lady on the back a few times!" Then I shut off the radio.

The third sensation witnessed by yours truly, the operatic fiend, is that of breathlessness or utter strangulation, usually occurring at the end of a song and accompanied by complete collapse on the part of the vocalist. This I call suspended vibration, or what a car horn does when it gets stuck. It is the sustained note at the close of the selection when the horns, drums and whatnot of the orchestra race in a brilliant crescendo to

outblow and out-triumph the singer. She, in turn, stands her ground and everyone is ekeing out each last particle of breath to the very finish. I am flat on the floor, my face purple with the hopeless exhaustion of the struggle. It all creates a terrific furor, the soprano gripping the mike and "sopraning" for all she's worth until, with one tremendous crash, the music ends. Bang! I sometimes fear this last is the falling of the vocalist, having finally been successfully silenced by a tap on the head from the exasperated conductor. At this point I wearily steep my own head in ice water and resolve never again to let operatic music so upset me. However, the very next day I find myself tuning in Rise Stevens and experiencing the patter of pebbles on polished panes all over again.

Now, let's lower our lorgnettes and switch on some jive, huh?

Erlin Hogan, '47

## UNTIL TOMORROW

The days at my mission were stifling hot, characteristic of this section of China. Perspiration poured down my face as I said Mass each day for the small Chinese congregation, assisted by a small friend.

During my few months at the mission, I had instantly taken to him. He made an amusing sight, coming scarcely up to my knees, vested in his homemade frock, which formed a colorful background for a long single braid which dangled as he jerked his little head to and fro. His assistance, especially verbal, at Mass was extremely poor, but entirely welcomed.

I first met Chiang while he was scurrying after his mother, who was carrying a huge basket through the center of the village. After encouraging both him and his parents to come and visit me, we became very intimate friends.

Unfortunately, since then, much has hap-

pened. Chiang's father had gone to war and his mother died a month later with a rare disease. For me there was no alternative but to take him under my personal care.

Often, while sitting in the chapel, saying my daily office or supplying an enthusiastic parishioner with some religious information, I would gaze out over the rolling hills and spy Chiang amusing himself with his friends in their well-liked folk games. This sight and the mere thought that my small station, which was rapidly progressing, would be no more, brought tears into my eyes. Laboriously I had toiled to build our little chapel with its seating capacity of thirty-five. Even more burdensome was the struggle to win the souls to occupy it.

Day after day the Jap forces approached. Nearer and nearer they came like an enormous hand shadowing us. That hand, Heaven forbid, would soon fall and we would be no more. At night, as I took my usual walk through the garden behind the chapel, the surrounding skies around the horizon appeared more and more like an enclosing forest fire, due to the advancing enemy. This finally became unbearable and we were forced to join the line of refugees who were trying to escape the menace of the Japanese.

After Chiang and I had made our last heart-breaking farewell to our little chapel, we started toward the bridge which led out of the town. Most of the village occupants were well on their way and the soldiers were already raiding and burning the huts.

As we were crossing the bridge, Chiang's hand clutched in mine, I heard the zing of a bullet from a long distance rifle. Before I could turn around, I fell to the ground, seriously wounded. I had not realized that my long, black cassock, flowing in the gentle wind, made me visible for quite a distance.

At once Chiang fell before me and in broken English cried, "Father, Father, Tome fore they teel you!"

"Chiang, it is the good Lord's wish that I remain here,," I said, knowing that I would soon die. "You must go on. Hurry! Catch up with the other villagers and they will care for you, my son." It was twice as hard for me to see him leave as it was to persuade him to go, but, nevertheless, I succeeded.

With much anguish, I managed to raise my wounded body and watch Chiang as he turned the bend. Knowing there was no hope for me in

this world, I falteringly uttered my prayers as my irksome body plunged over the bridge.

Harold Brown, '48

## THE PERFECT CRIME

### I

The perfect crime—at last I had found it! For many years now I had endured the unbearable tortures and torments of my aging, ailing aunt—obeying her every desire, coddling her every whim—all the while despising her for the weak, nearsighted, trusting fool that she was. Could the old witch not see that I lived only for the day when she would die and I would come into her inheritance?

At first it had been easy, for the desire for wealth was then vivid in my mind and I went about my task with the fervid vigor of anticipation. The doctor had given her but five years to live. Five years! Such a short time, and such a sum of money!

The years dragged slowly—one, two, three, four, five, then six and seven, and then ten and twelve. Would the fiend never die? Time wore on and still she lived. The time came when I could bear her sickly smile and glassy stare no longer; I planned to murder her! Night after night I lay in bed, devising and discarding plan after plan. It must be foolproof, a perfect crime.

So at last I had found it! For the remainder of the night I lay tossing in bed. I could hardly wait for the moment (it had to be the "perfect" moment) when I could put my ingenious scheme into operation.

At last the long awaited day arrived. Oh, you would have laughed to see the precautions I took! The old woman was feeling particularly well and I was unusually kind to her. We had dinner on the patio and I spent the whole afternoon catering to her every desire. Every step had been so carefully planned. I had gone over it time after time and finally produced the flawless plan which I was about to use—I prayed that it would not fail!

First she had her afternoon nap. A feeling of extreme repulsion came over me as I watched her sleeping in the deck chair in the sun, but this feeling was suppressed by the sensation of anticipation when I realized that in a matter of hours I would be the wealthy Miss A. At last the shadows deepened and night fell. The old woman stirred and awakened. It was not diffi-



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cult to persuade her to walk with me by the river road, for she had not been down that way, she said, since she had become ill. At last my plan had begun to take shape. The old fool could not know that the walk had not been repaired in years; she could not know that it was rotten, through and through!

The old woman was unusually talkative as we walked toward the river. On and on she rambled until I could hardly bear the droning monotone which she used. How I wanted to kill her then! Only the terrifying thought of retribution stopped me from curling my fingers around her small, wrinkled throat. How I wanted to feel her warm, pulsing flesh beneath my fingers and hear the crack of her bones as she took her last breath of life!

It took an exorbitant, almost unbearable, amount of self-control to carry my original plan through, but I was rewarded when I heard the surging of the mighty river—faint at first, then louder and louder, reaching an almost deafening crescendo. I did not realize how cold it had become until the old woman beside me shivered. A strong wind had come up and the tall trees by the river were bending and swaying with the

fierceness of the breeze howling through them. The moon shining on the murky waters gave the night an ominous atmosphere of death.

Finally we reached the walk. I felt a tug at my arm and turned to see the old woman pulling me away. The surging roar of the current was so deafening that I could not hear her speak but I surmised from her gestures that she wanted to turn back. Turn back? The woman was mad! I forced her to the outer edge of the walk—down below were the black swirling waters. A sudden clutching movement told me that she had discovered that I was planning to murder her. There on the high walk we grappled. I did not realize before that the old witch was so strong. As we tussled, I felt the boards beneath us give way. Just in time I jumped to safety, hearing the piercing, heart-freezing shrieks of the old woman as she fell into the murky shrouds below!

The coroner said it was an accident.

## II

Many years have passed and I still live in the old woman's house near the river. No one comes near the old place now. People say I am insane, for every morning for these past twenty years I have gone down to the bank of that mighty river

to seek my inheritance. Yes, the inheritance which the old woman left to me. It seems that all she had was a priceless diamond which she had worn at all times, concealed on a thin chain about her neck.

Helen Matenos, '47

### EDMOND LAPART, NOVELIST

The following was related to me by my friend, Edmond Lapart. Edmond worked as a cook on luxury liners sailing from Marseilles to all parts of the world. Sometimes he tired of the sea and worked for a while in a big hotel at Paris or on the Riviera, preferably Monte Carlo (he liked a game of roulette and poker).

Once when he returned from India, he applied at one of the best agencies in Marseilles for a position. The clerk who knew him said, "Edmond, I have just the thing for you. How would you like to be grand chef at the imperial court of Russia?"

The next month we find Edmond at the imperial court. One evening at a gala occasion when all the royal family was present, the chefs were asked to each prepare a special dish from his country and personally serve it. Edmond prepared a "piece montee" in the form of the Eiffel Tower—a very fancy and decorative work, fashioned of creme puffs fastened with a form of caramel and decorated with bonbons and delicate sugar flowers.

When Edmond appeared in the spacious hall and made the round of the tables with his masterpiece, everyone exclaimed in wonder and admiration. The evening was very successful, but a strange thing happened. In a few days it was an open secret at the court that the niece of the Czar had fallen in love with Edmond. Czar Nicholas sent for him and informed him that he would soon be a member of the royal family. He bestowed a title upon him and gave him a neighboring chateau. The engagement was formally announced and there were banquets to celebrate it.

But soon Edmond began to think of his mother and friends and sunny Marseilles. He worried about settling down in such a far country, so he went to the Czar and said, how could he, Edmond Lapart, lose his country? What would his friends say?—and besides, it's too cold in Russia!

Helene Edel, '47

### THE FUTURE

What does the future hold for us? Will it be an age of speed and mechanical life? You wake up in the morning by a very soft but exceedingly penetrable alarm clock, yawn and turn over on your luxurious mattress of plaxtex, push a button and artificial arms with grips of steel start to wash and dress you. When your alarm went off, it set the automatic dial which will have your breakfast cooked in a few minutes. Well, that didn't take long—now just push that button and your breakfast will be served. Now you are ready for the office. As you walk past the photoelectric beam, the door opens automatically and closes after you leave. It will only take a few minutes before the Atomic Subway flashes by, so be ready because it doesn't wait. Zip!! And now you're on! Didn't think you'd make it, but it's easy after a while. Here is your stop. Be careful when you get off. Now take the Midget Subway, 14 miles beneath the surface, that will take you to your desk. After a hard day at the office (pushing buttons), you board the subway, homeward bound. As you enter the door, you automatically set the mechanism which will set the table and get supper for you. After you have eaten and the dishes have been done and put away (more buttons to press, of course, you listen to the radio, but you are lucky as you have a new television set. Later, you do the only old fashioned thing, as you are only normal—fall asleep.

Michael Janoplis, '48

### A TYPICAL DAY AT P. H. S.

As I leaped from my bed at 7:45 this morning, I had no foreboding that anything unusual would happen to me today. (I should have known that such premonitions don't mean a thing in my life.)

Upon my arrival at school, I was extremely tired and found no better place to refresh myself than General Math class. After my little cat nap, I was able to think somewhat clearer and came to the conclusion that it would be a wonderful feeling not to have to attend Latin II this period (and every other third period). Being a "woman of determination", I spoke to the principal, Mr. L----, about it and, after pensively looking over my life card, he consented with the conclusion that my dropping out would benefit

the class. This "came off" fairly smoothly as did third period, STUDY.

During the ten-minute recess, I tried to do my one-hour assignment in French II, but my cramming apparently did not suffice for Mr. P--- thoughtfully dubbed me "the dumbest kid in the dumbest class in the high school". (I suppose that makes me very stupid in his estimation.)

Fifth period went very well as did lunch period. Sixth period, according to custom, afforded quite a generous nap, for we had the usual lecture.

Then came seventh period, the one eventful class that I look forward to so enthusiastically every Monday and Wednesday—no other than mechanical drawing with "that charming gentleman of the T-square", Mr. P---.

Thus, one more day is spent in useless toil.

Evelyn Rogers, '48

### THE LITTLE RUGGED CROSS

Many years ago (at the time of the Kaiser) in a cavern near the outskirts of Berlin, there was constructed a little wooden cross which would be a symbol of courage and loyalty for all Americans in the future.

It all started during World War One when the Americans were approaching the gates of Berlin. An advance detachment of soldiers was to go ahead of its outfit to avoid approaching danger. The detachment had been traveling for about 15 minutes when, suddenly, machine gun fire rang out. Men fell to the ground and were surrounded on all sides. When the situation seemed entirely hopeless, a soldier shouted, pointing to a nearby cavern from which emanated a brilliant glow of light. The men dashed for its shelter and, once inside, were attracted to a small delicately carved cross, chipped by bullets but still standing. Suddenly, through the mouth of the cavern, which offered little shelter for the men, came a burst of gunfire. The loud, self-assured voice of a German soldier rang out, demanding them to surrender when, from the little cross came a magnificent glare of light. The men fell to their knees in fear and reverence.

One of them said, "If we surrender to the Germans, what will become of our outfit? They'll be wiped out too. One of us has to get through."

The ten men prepared to make a dash to their comrades. They shot out of the cavern like madmen. Amazingly, there was no opposition for, from out of nowhere, reinforcements had arrived. The new men said that they had seen a large glare of light about the cavern and, fortunately, had decided to investigate.

They all stared at the little cross which had tumbled to the ground, its job well done.

John Lambrou, '48

### A SON'S FAITH

Four days until Christmas—only four short days to get the all-important letter on its way.

"Daddy will be so happy", mused little Tommy as he earnestly pounced into the cozy armchair by the fire, armed with a copious supply of paper and a chewed stub of pencil. "It's been a long time since he's seen us and he'll want to know what's been goin' on."

So the minutes flew by as Tommy scribbled the loving missive to his Dad, heedless of time and the rapidly approaching darkness. On and on he rambled, about his new baby sister, the train he expected from Santa, and the never-ending list of occurrences in school which were especially interesting in Tommy's estimation. But above all, he told how much everyone missed him, "most of all, me", read the childish scrawl. "I wish you could come home for Christmas and see all my presents."

Then, deciding he had given enough news for the moment, Tommy carefully sealed the precious letter, addressed it, and sped down to the letter-box on the corner as quickly as his chubby limbs would carry him. With the metallic click of the shutter as it received the precious message, Tommy smiled and slowly started home, visualizing the joy in his father's face as he read the boyish prattle.

But that white envelope containing the simple love of a loyal and faithful son never reached its destination. It reached the Dead Letter Office instead, marked "Address Unknown" and there it remained, for across the neat white envelope in childish scrawl were these words: "To Daddy—in Heaven".

Jane Rosenthal, '47

7<sup>th</sup> 8<sup>th</sup> 9<sup>th</sup>



### THE PROBLEM OF PREJUDICE

Now that the war has been won and the world is again at peace, to many the job of being patriotic has been completed. These people probably have never heard of being patriotic during times of peace. Some of the same people are, without the realization of it, trying to instigate another very harmful war, similar to the war we fought less than a century ago. The war which separated the country in Lincoln's time is now threatening to do the same in our time. Intolerance not only of Negroes, but of many races, religions, and nationalities is becoming more and more a serious problem in the United States.

In our large cities there are sections where most of the Chinese people make their homes, there are colored sections, Italian sections, and various other groups have formed sections. More and more people are referring to other people's ancestries instead of considering the people as Americans like themselves. Why must these different groups be segregated? Why must persons carry their old prejudices to this country instead of uniting? Men were not segregated on the battlefield, and no distinctions were made on the casualty lists.

This is not the rule, however. Rather, it is the exception. After all, ours was the first country to introduce practical democracy on a large scale. The large majority of our people is fine and truly democratic. It is the bigoted minority, however, which is bringing disgrace to the name of American democracy here and abroad.

We are trying to convert our former enemies to our democratic way of life and we cannot blame them for being a bit cynical when we condemn fascism and nazism and then allow such men as Bilbo, Rankin, and Talmadge to freely spread prejudices within our country.

We must clean house first before we give advice to our neighbors, and if we aspire to world democracy, we must do away with men

such as these and the type of thinking among ourselves that supports these men.

Remember, democracy, like charity, begins at home.

Phyllis Robinson, 9th Grade

### THE GOOD LITTLE FOLK

A little child, ah, such a blessing and joy! Do you realize that some people actually believe that? But really, how can anyone who has had the appalling "pleasure" of living for a period of time with one of these two-legged terrors make a statement like that?

Although children are not supposed to have, very much sense or knowledge, their unlimited ability to wrap you around their itty-bitsy little finger and then take you for all you are worth has me completely baffled. I know from experience for I have lived with such a person—put her to bed, fed her and done all the chores necessary to keep her happy and contented. If you think they are always "bundles of joy", I would advise you to banish that utterly absurd thought from your mind.

Th tactics these "little shavers" use to win the affections of the older folks would be amazing even to the biggest wolf. You come home from school or work; they run to meet you and fling their chubby little arms around your legs. Then they either begin to scratch the flesh from your bones with their long little fingernails or they use their established "pull" to win candy, pennies, and other such things from you.

Thank heaven, night eventually comes when, you think, their little heads droop and they start on their journey to "Nod". However, the majority has quite a complicated nightly ritual which must be gone over every night—a series of drinks of water, several stories read, and perhaps playing in Mommy's bed for a while before they go to theirs. The boldest will exhibit their charming personalities by keeping their parents or sitter busy until nine or ten o'clock.



SEVENTH GRADE

Eventually, the "little darlings" really do get to sleep. "Peace at last", you sigh as you sink into the nearest chair to rest before you prepare for bed.

Just as you are dozing off in your warm, comfortable bed, the little demon wakes up and immediately commences to "holler" his head off!

A little child, ah, such a blessing and joy!

Phyllis Cabral, 9th Grade

### "I AM THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE"

I had covered many executions in my six years with the Morning Star and had seen many criminals pay their debt to society, but I felt that the boy who was to die tonight was innocent. Bruce Thompson, a detective friend of mine, had worked with me for nearly two weeks to try to prove that the boy was innocent, but we could find no clues.

"Fielding's story", said the district attorney, "doesn't hold water."

This is the story told to me by Robert Fielding:

One stormy night, Fielding had stopped at a drugstore around closing time to pick up a package for his mother. At the same time, a poorly dressed man carrying a gun entered the store, shot and killed the keeper and fled, leaving Fielding holding the gun. The district attorney had built up a circumstantial evidence case againse him.

All hope seemed to be lost. No trace of the burglar could be found. There were no witnesses to the crime—no one to back up the boy's story.

The night was dark and clear as his mother walked into the cell to see him for the last time. As I stood with the sergeant at the desk, words stuck in my throat and my heart pounded heavily within me.

As the time drew near, Fr. James, a friend of his mother, came out from the city. I looked into the cell as I passed by, nervously glancing at my watch and puffing on my eighth cigarette, hoping for something to break. As Fr. James began to read, I saw a tear run down the boy's face as he held a beautiful golden crucifix close to his heart. The hour was at hand when the sorrowful journey would begin. As they drew near, the great wooden beams of the gallows loomed up before him. He stood on the platform, raised his eyes to heaven and smiled. Somehow I knew Robert Fielding was innocent and God knew it too. The hood was then placed over his head—in a few minutes it was over.

As they took his body down and placed it on the stretcher, the officer at the desk came running in and reported that a shabbily dressed man, dying of pneumonia and over-exposure down by the waterfront, had confessed to the killing of the store-keeper, just before his death.

The tall firmly-set sergeant broke down when he heard of it. The cigarette dropped from my mouth. Everyone was stunned!—shocked! No one spoke. I thought, he has been delivered from a dark world of worries, misfortunes, and



EIGHTH GRADE

troubles into a beautiful world of new life and happiness, away from those who incriminate innocent people to save their own lives. Our heads bowed as Fr. James knelt down and began to read:

“I am the resurrection and the life; he who believeth in Me, although he be dead, shall live; and everyone who liveth and believeth in Me shall not die forever.”

Wilfred Costa, 9th Grade

### MY PAL ALGY

The Robinsons, a gracious and hospitable family, first brought the poor little kitten into their humble realm one cold Saturday afternoon. He had been frozen, from his long thin tail to his little wet nose, and was so very thin that he could just barely cast a shadow. He was taken in, fed, and supplied with a warm and cozy bed. His newly adopted family overlooked any “mistakes” he made the first few weeks and fed him as well as the family itself. No one could see any reason why he shouldn’t be perfectly happy and contented, but soon Algy (short for Algebra, which was his name) strutted around the house as cold and aloof as an icicle. No one could pet him unless he caught the kitten off his guard and got someone to hold his paws down.

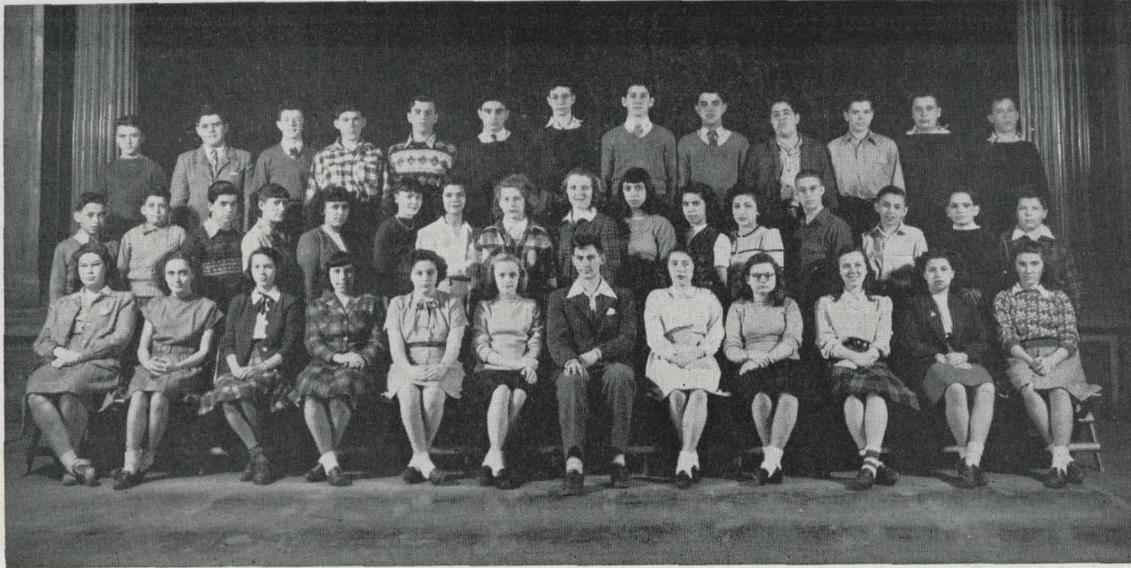
One afternoon when Algy was strolling majestically around the house, assuming the air that everyone should bow when he passed, he found

an opportunity to run away through an open door. He took advantage of this chance and tottered out into the cold, chill air. Evidently he hadn’t been too fond of his home because he never came back to it. The family gave up all hopes of ever hearing from him again until one afternoon when a friend who had known Algy chanced to wander into the poolroom. What he saw there left him agape. There was Algy, contentedly sitting on one of the pool tables, still looking as majestic as ever!

Phyllis Robinson, 9th Grade

### PASSING PARADE

Studying a person’s actions and expressions in a subway has always been a fascinating pastime. You’re sitting in a stuffy subway, surrounded by people of all shapes, sizes and types. Sitting next to you is a thin, plainly dressed woman, with three squealing brats gathered around her. The children look as if they had just been scrubbed until they shone. Using your imagination, you feel that this family lives in the slum section and is always fighting. Across the aisle is a typical night-club playboy who has a weary expression on his face and “bags” under his eyes. (Guess where he was the night before—?) He tries in vain to catch a few winks of sleep but finds it impossible because of the noise and confusion about him. Ah, yes, there’s always the big bully who elbows his way through the crowd



NINTH GRADE

despite irritated glances and insulting remarks. Standing patiently in the aisle is a group of high school girls who are gabbing rapidly while chewing madly on gobs of gum (Yanks Bubble Gum). From head to toe they're dressed as teen-agers with their father's shirt, brother's dungarees, bobby-sox and loafers. Also in this bedlam is the happily-married man who has been rushed off to work while promising his wife to ask the boss for a raise. Around his mouth are traces of an egg breakfast which are partly concealed by a newspaper.

There you have a few examples of the many types of people who ride the subway.

Barbara Fanning, 8A

### A MOONLIT NIGHT

It was a warm, peaceful summer night. The radiant moon sent a pathway of shimmering light over the ink-black water and the only audible sound was the quiet whispering of the waves as they lapped gently against the pilings. In the distance, sharply outlined against the silver moon was the triangular shaped figure of a gleaming white sail. I wondered who was out sailing at this time of night and envied them, for it was warm and clear, the perfect night for sailing. I lowered my head, stared blankly at the shadows of the wharf and drifted from one topic of thought to another. When I raised it several moments later the sail was nowhere to be seen and the ray of moonlight was clear and

perfect, nowhere marred by a ship or other object floating on the water. As I started home, I felt a warm and happy sensation, created by the enchantment of a moonlit night.

Agnes Matenos, 8A

### CHILDHOOD BONERS

As we look back on our childhood days, we discover many foolish mistakes that we have made.

I remember once in the first grade when my teacher asked me what a hippopotamus was. I replied, "A fat lady." When my teacher asked how I had arrived at that conclusion, I answered that I had heard a man call his fat neighbor a hippopotamus. After school I found myself writing, "A hippopotamus is an animal", two hundred times on the board.

Again, in the third grade we were asked to write a composition. I didn't know then the definition of composition but had seen a movie concerning the fact that the compositions of Chopin were masterpieces. I reasoned that a composition must be a piece of Chopin's music. You can guess the rest.

In the fifth grade I made a mistake which was not as great as the others but still very silly. One of the teachers had a fossil which another wanted. The latter sent me to get it and I asked for a faucet. The other teacher told me to ask the janitor for one and the janitor came up to my teacher's room to ask why she wanted a

faucet. When she explained to us what she wanted, you can imagine my embarrassment.

Despite all the aforementioned boners, it is a comforting thought to know that I am not alone in my folly. What foolishness are you guilty of?

George Ross, 8A

### RACIAL UNITY

America needs racial unity. All of us need to team together. We need to work together, heart and soul, every race and creed, every color and nationality.

A Negro should be able to go to the polls without being beaten and thrown out. A Jew should be able to go into public places without being pushed around and avoided. All religious groups should be able to worship in their own way without being scoffed at. We may come to the bad end Germany came to because of some unpatriotic people in America.

Remember what Hitler said? "We, the 'Super Race', after conquering our enemies, shall rule the world."

They did not, however, because other nations said differently.

Our soldiers didn't go around forcing other soldiers out of their foxholes just because they were Jews. They didn't refuse to carry a wounded buddy to medical help because he was a Negro. No, they worked together like a team, but when they returned, they found everyone as individuals. They looked up bewilderedly at their flag, wondering who owned it.

We all own our flag. Every living person is a stockholder in our flag, but unless we are careful, the stock will collapse. Every person owns his own star and stripe, but that does not make him sole possessor of the flag.

He cannot say, "I think I want to own the flag as my own, so move over."

We should all say, "We are a team; let's work together."

So, you see, racial unity is necessary to make a better, stronger, greater and truer America.

Patricia Boogar, 7A

### A REMEDY FOR CHRISTOPHER

A little three-year-old boy and his father were strolling down the wharf one day. Suddenly the little boy ran head and pointed to a huge fin-back whale, saying in his childish way, "Wook at the whale, Daddy. Isn't he big?"

"Yes, Christopher," his father said, "that's the whale the Coast Guard found and brought in. He's sick."

Suddenly Christopher's face clouded as he returned, "Wook at all the boys pulling the skin off. He muth be thad. All whales muth be thad," he ended in a very grave and solemn way.

"Oh, no!" his father exclaimed quickly, "Lot's of whales are very happy."

Christopher just looked down at his shoes and, with his hands behind him, slowly shook his head.

All the rest of the day Christopher's face was sad and disheartening. He ate little and when his father asked him what was wrong, he just sighed and said that nothing, nothing at all was wrong. But Christopher's father knew what was wrong and that night he did some very secret "Cloak and Dagger" work down in the basement.

The next morning, instead of Christopher's usually cheerful face and sparkling eyes, a clouded, tear-stained face appeared at the stairway and Christopher slouched slowly down the steps. After breakfast (at which Christopher had eaten practically nothing) his father brought his cup down with a bang.

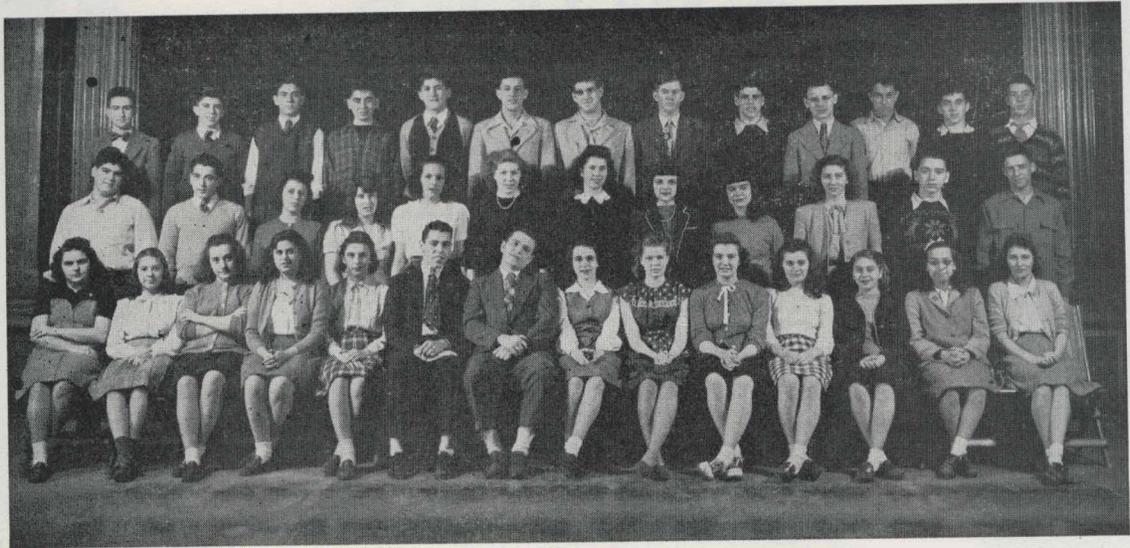
"Christopher!" he said very sternly, "I want to talk to you."

"Yeth, Daddy," Christopher replied quietly.

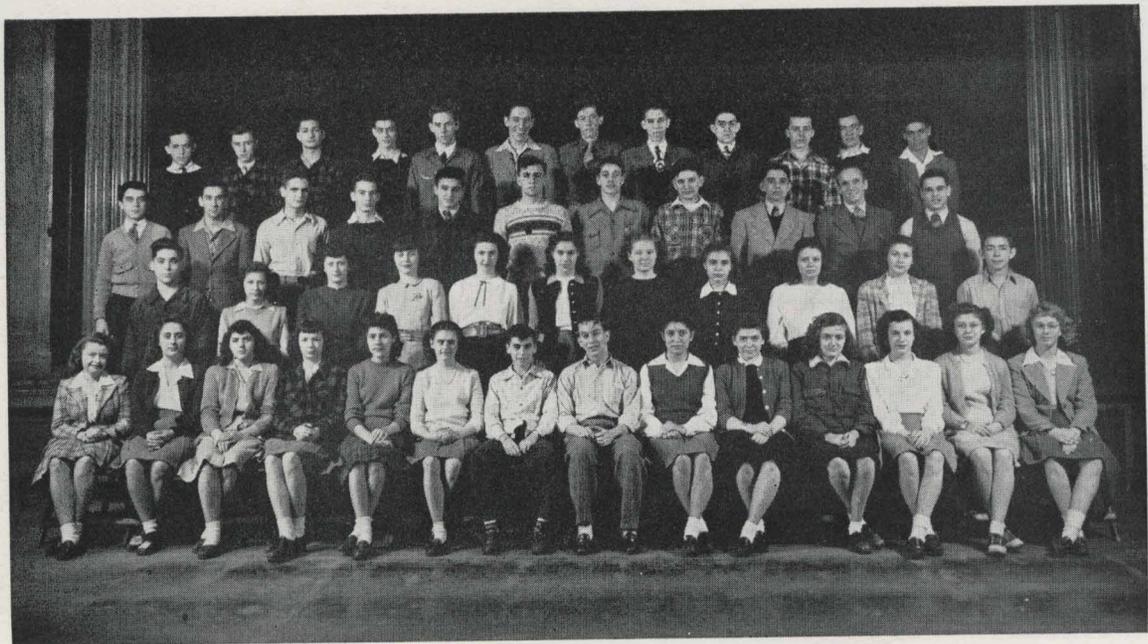
His father led him out to the living room and said, "Look on the table."

Suddenly Christopher's face lighted and with a happy exclamation he ran to the table, for there was a little carved whale with four wheels attached and a string so it was able to be pulled along. Especially important was a wide smile carved to show it was a "very happy whale."

Wendl Thomas, 7A



THE JUNIOR CLASS



SOPHOMORE CLASS



# SENIORS



ANNA BENNETT

Neat and tidy, always gay,  
A blushing bride she'll be someday.

Hobby: Dancing

Pet Peeve: Early rising

Ambition: To be happy and contented



PHILIP CABRAL

Listen to that laughter, hear those guffaws;  
Jackons's back with his "hee-haw-haw's".

Hobby: Sports

Pet Peeve: Review Math

Ambition: White collar job



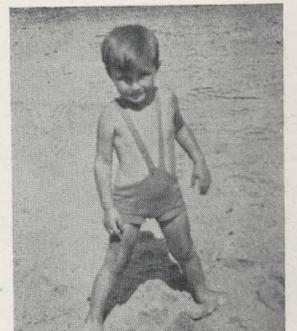
ROBERT CAMBRA

On the surface to everyone, Bobby is a tease.  
But way down deep, we know quite well, he  
really aims to please.

Hobby: Modelmaker

Pet Peeve: Being broke

Ambition: Mechanic





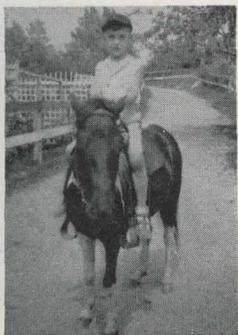
WARREN COSTA

Whenever he hears the fiddle played,  
He knows it's Veronica's serenade.

Hobby: Driving

Pet Peeve: Cafeteria food

Ambition: To have piles of money



WILLIAM COSTA

Now here's the lad who merits praise;  
His extra study surely pays.

Hobbies: Hunting and working

Pet Peeve: Possessive women

Ambition: To be an engineer



CLARICE CRAWLEY

Clarice is the quiet and thoughtful kind;  
No better friend could anyone find.

Hobby: Movies

Pet Peeve: School

Ambition: To be a good housewife



MURIEL DUTRA

With dancing eyes and jet-black hair,  
A frown from "Mert" is very rare.

Hobbies: Sports, cooking and sewing

Pet Peeve: Writing essays

Ambition: To be successful





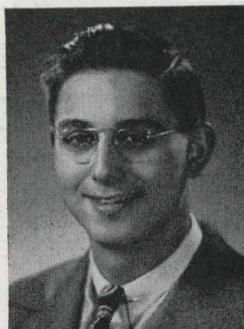
## HELENE EDEL

We'll remember "Fifi" after she's gone  
For her two long braids and her big bass  
horn.

Hobby: Fishing

Pet Peeve: Vitamin pills

Ambition: To grow my braids to the ground, and  
to play with the Boston Symphony



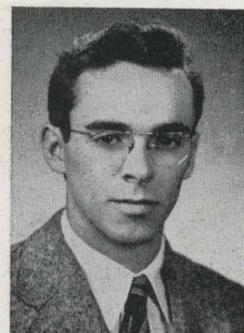
## MANUEL FERREIRA

Listen to that thump; hear that hack?  
Is it Mr. Leyden, or has Manny come back?

Hobby: Comedian

Pet Peeve: Teacher's pets

Ambition: To make people happy



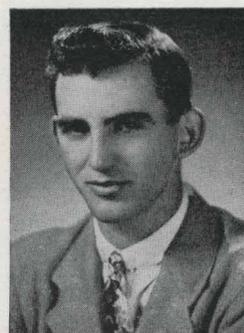
## MAURICE FERREIRA

Don's let him fool you, our silent sheik,  
For he shyly hides a wolfish streak.

Hobby: Sports

Pet Peeve: Working

Ambition: To own a Cadillac



## EARL FLORES

If you want your dream house built in town,  
Call on "Blaney". (It will never come  
down.)

Hobby: To design houses

Pet Peeve: Mr. Dahill

Ambition: To have many romances



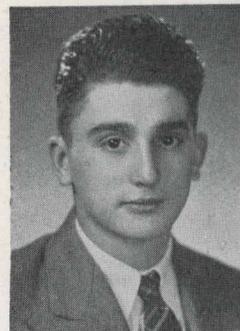
JOHN FRATUS

If "J" stood for jolly, and "F" for friend,  
You'd have a true John Fratus blend.

Hobbies: Hunting and sleeping

Pet Peeve: The hole in the doughnut

Ambition: To marry a rich old woman



ERLIN HOGAN

Versatile, original, artistic temperament;  
Sprightly wit and clownish pranks that  
cause much merriment.

Hobby: Music

Pet Peeve: Mathematics

Ambition: To be a social worker



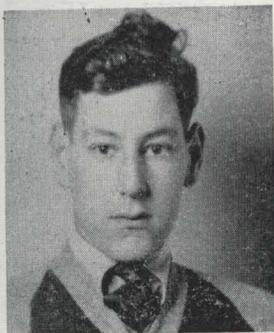
LOUIS JOSEPH

Although he is the carefree kind,  
Louie is our "master-mind".

Hobbies: Coin collecting, photography, reading  
and swimming

Pet Peeve: Second rate movies

Ambition: To be true to myself and friends at all  
times (and to be a beachcomber)



LOUISE JOSEPH

Who has the captivating charms? Will you  
tell me, please?

Who has the glamour in the class? You  
guessed it. Louise.

Hobbies: Dancing and swimming

Pet Peeve: Facetious men

Ambition: To be happy





### ELINOR LOPES

Typing, typing, all day long;  
This little lady can never go wrong.

Hobby: Typing

Pet Peeve: None

Ambition: To be a successful secretary



### PATRICIA MAGER

Quiet and scholarly, it's certainly true,  
Pat's the girl with a high I. Q.

Hobby: Books

Pet Peeve: My "uncle"

Ambition: To write a book banned in Boston



### HELEN MARTIN

Jolly, merry, happy and gay;  
That's our Helen in every way.

Hobby: Typing

Pet Peeve: School

Ambition: To be successful



### HELEN MATENOS

Helen, the leader of our class,  
Is, indeed, a versatile lass.

Hobby: Working out algebra and physics problems

Pet Peeves: Garlic and people who say "Hey!"  
(Although I do it myself.)

Ambition: To get a B. S. and also have a maroon roadster





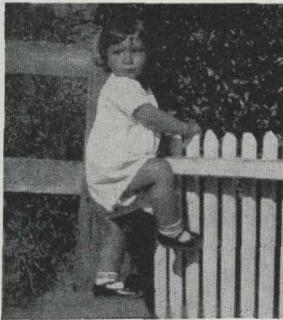
PAULINE MCKINNEY

Pauline's the gal who likes to sing,  
She's a top-notch favorite in everything.

Hobby: Singing and drawing

Pet Peeve: Being called a "Shader"

Ambition: To make Richard open the door



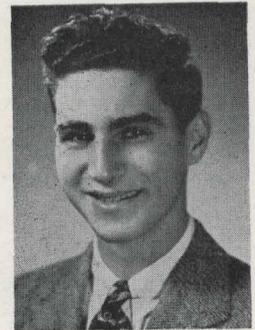
FRANCIS MEDEIROS

"Moko", the other half of "Speed"  
Is bashful, cute and a friend indeed.

Hobby: Talking

Pet Peeve: Getting up for school

Ambition: U. S. Navy



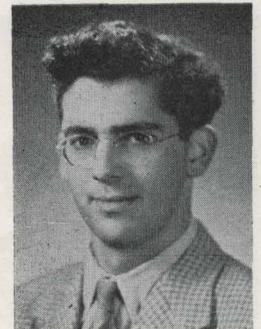
LIONEL MEDEIROS

Hilarious "Oogie" of our Senior Play,  
Or curly-haired "Panalla", as others may say.

Hobby: Photography ✓

Pet Peeve: Getting up at seven in the morning

Ambition: To be a traveling salesman



RICHARD MEDEIROS

"Speed" is the composition boy;  
His oral talks are our pride and joy.

Hobby: Sleeping

Pet Peeve: School

Ambition: To be an undertaker





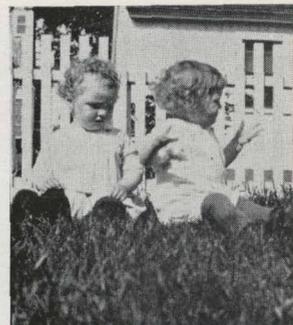
## LEO MURPHY

Our accomplished Chopin of P. H. S.;  
We know he'll be a great success.

Hobby: Music

Pet Peeve: Room XI

Ambition: To play "Chopsticks" at Carnegie Hall



## LORETTA MURPHY

Here's to the "Judy" of our play;  
She may be on the stage someday.

Hobby: Men

Pet Peeve: Examinations

Ambition :To settle down



## LILLIAN PHILLIPS

Noted for her laughter and happy smile,  
She knows that cheer is always in style.

Hobbies: Singing and dancing

Pet Peeve: Boring classes

Ambition: To be a friend to all and achieve some good



## PAULA RAYMOND

Mr. Leyden's grin in History class  
Is definitely caused by that Raymond lass.

Hobby: Sports

Pet Peeve: Thoughts of marriage

Ambition: To be a nurse





SYLVIA RAYMOND

Chatter, chatter, chatter, chaw, chaw, chaw!

Strange that Sylvia hasn't dislocated her jaw.

Hobby: Hairdressing

Pet Peeve: None

Ambition: To be happy



LOUIS REIS

Our handsome seabee, Louis Reis,  
Has made school more pleasant in many ways.

Hobby: Tiddley Winks

Pet Peeve: Women

Ambition: Puddle Jumper (Ed. note: We don't think Louie is taking the L. P. seriously)



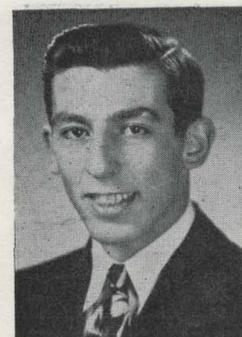
IRVING RODERICK

Rabbits fear him; deer go a-running,  
Whenever Irving goes a-gunning.

Hobby: Hunting

Pet Peeve: Back seat drivers

Ambition: To live up to my name. (Rabbit, that is!)



THERESA ROSA

In every class she's wide awake, that is, 'til  
number six;

In History she falls asleep and then she's  
in a fix.

Hobby: Sports

Pet Peeve: Gossiping

Ambition: To stay single





### JANE ANN ROSENTHAL

Jane strives for the highest ideal;  
May serious study happy fruits yield.

Hobby: Music

Pet Peeve: Alarm clocks

Ambition: To wear a size twelve



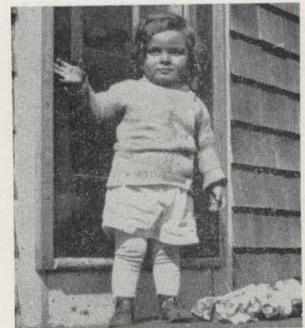
### DONALD SILVA

Donald is Alaska-bound  
With his great big gun and his hunting  
hound

Hobby: Hunting

Pet Peeve: Going to school five days a week

Ambition: To be a success



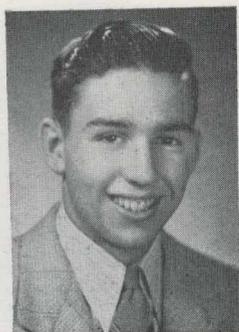
### HELEN SILVA

Every dress is spotless, every wrinkle  
pressed;  
She knows the secret to success—always  
look your best.

Hobbies: Swimming and skating

Pet Peeve: Boring classes

Ambition: To be a flyer



### ROBERT SILVA

Whether dancing or playing basketball, he's  
a wow on the floor;  
Either way, he's sure to make a score.

Hobby: Sports

Pet Peeve: Vocal Music

Ambition: To be on accountant





LOUISE SMITH

Hurry! Hurry! You'll be late!  
Jimmy's cute but school won't wait!

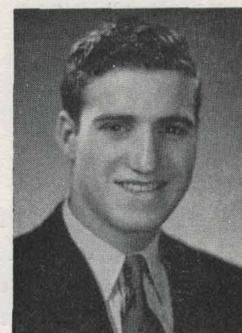
Hobby: Getting into trouble  
Pet Peeve: Getting up in the morning  
Ambition: To be successful in the future



GEORGE VALENTINE

Here's the fellow who's a real card shark;  
He's all right in the light but watch out in  
the dark!

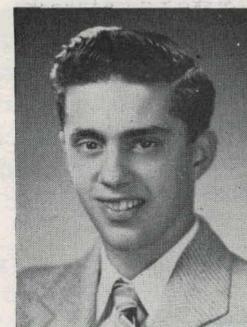
Hobby: Breaking girls' hearts  
Pet Peeve: Women  
Ambition: To join the Foreign Legion



RICHARD VOLTON

Dick's sturdy, strong and hardy;  
In spite of this, he's always tardy.

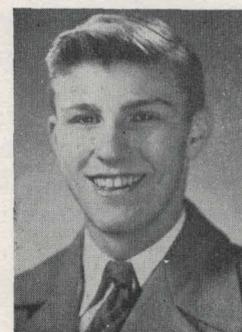
Hobby: Eating  
Pet Peeve: Sophomores  
Ambition: To be a coxswain

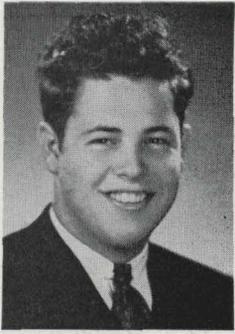


CARL WAKEFIELD

The boy of whom the girls are fond,  
Is Carl, the Senior's rugged blonde.

Hobbies: Mechanics, eating and sleeping  
Pet Peeve: Helpless females  
Ambition: Many a person has an ambition; the  
idea is to fulfill it. Doctor





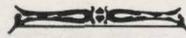
## JOSEPH WHITE

Always sunny, never blue;  
He'll land a helping hand to you.

Hobby: Rifle practice

Pet Peeve: Scraping paint

Ambition: To be an ensign in the Navy



## TO THE CLASS OF '47

To the class of '47  
Few words do not suffice,  
So to those who follow after—  
Please heed this good advice.

First, a freshman—  
All things seem very strange;  
Second, a sophomore  
And, already there's a change.  
Then, quite suddenly you'll find  
Only two years left of the same old grind.  
That's the year when you become  
A Junior, much respected;  
The term sounds good, but, to a Senior,  
You're seldom, if ever, accepted.

The poor, inexperienced Sophomore,  
The Freshman, humbler still,  
All fear the mighty Senior—  
But the Junior defies his will.

It's not really such a tough proposition  
To gain such well-earned recognition,  
For once you've reached your last year high,  
You actually wonder how you ever got by.

They "get away with murder"  
Or (at least so to speak)  
Always manage to get whatever  
They started out to seek.

The immortal Senior, superior  
Who considers the Junior inferior,  
And the conflict between  
With competition so keen  
Extends throughout the year.

To put up with such beings  
When they reach sophistication,  
Requires a lot of patience  
Or, r-a-w-ther, toleration.  
Raawly, they're Seniors  
And oh—so demure,  
Whenever they have a problem  
It's they who become obscure.

You might not like this little verse;  
It isn't very funny,  
But it was written for the yearbook's sake,  
Not for the sake of money.  
It has no poetic value  
And has very little rhyme,—  
Blank verse I think you call it  
(As was done in Shakespeare's time).  
It may have been provoking,  
Of this, there is some doubt,  
But in spite of all such joking  
You know what it's all about.  
Besides the fact we meant no harm  
And now bid you farewell,  
Your pride remains, and so you see,  
Your soul we did not quell.

MEMORIES

Smoke Gets in Your Eyes	Boy's Room
Open the Door, Richard	Pauline
My Buddy	Joe "Sweet" and Mr. Leyden
It's All Over Now	Class of '47
Aren't You Glad You're You?	Carl Wakefield
Linger in My Arms a Little Longer,	
Baby	Lewis Reis
An Apple For the Teacher	Helen Matenos
MacNamara's Band	P. H. S. Band
Queenie	Louise Joseph
Old MacDonald	John Fratus
Mr. Five by Five	Richard M.
You Drive It	Francis M.
They're Wearing Them Higher in	
Hawaii	Paula Raymond
A Hunting I Will Go	Bobby Cambra
Baby Face	Mr. Dahill
Stompin' at the Savoy	New York Trip
Mamma's Little Baby	Robert Silva
Here Comes the Bride	Anna Bennett and
	Louise Smith
Turkey in the Straw	Mr. Potts
Prisoner of Love	Irving Roderick
Ireland Must Be Heaven	Mr. Murphy
When a Gypsy Makes Her Violin	
Cry	Warren Costa
Hinky Dinkey Parley Voo	Fifi Edel
You Keep Coming Back Like	
a Song	Donald Silva
How Cute Can You Be?	Mr. McGrath
One More Tomorrow	Lionel Medeiros
Holy, Holy, Holy!	Manuel Ferreira
Huggin' and a'Chalkin'	Sylvia Raymond
The Nutcracker Suite	American History
Where Did You Get That Hat	Helen Martin



SENIOR SUPERLATIVES

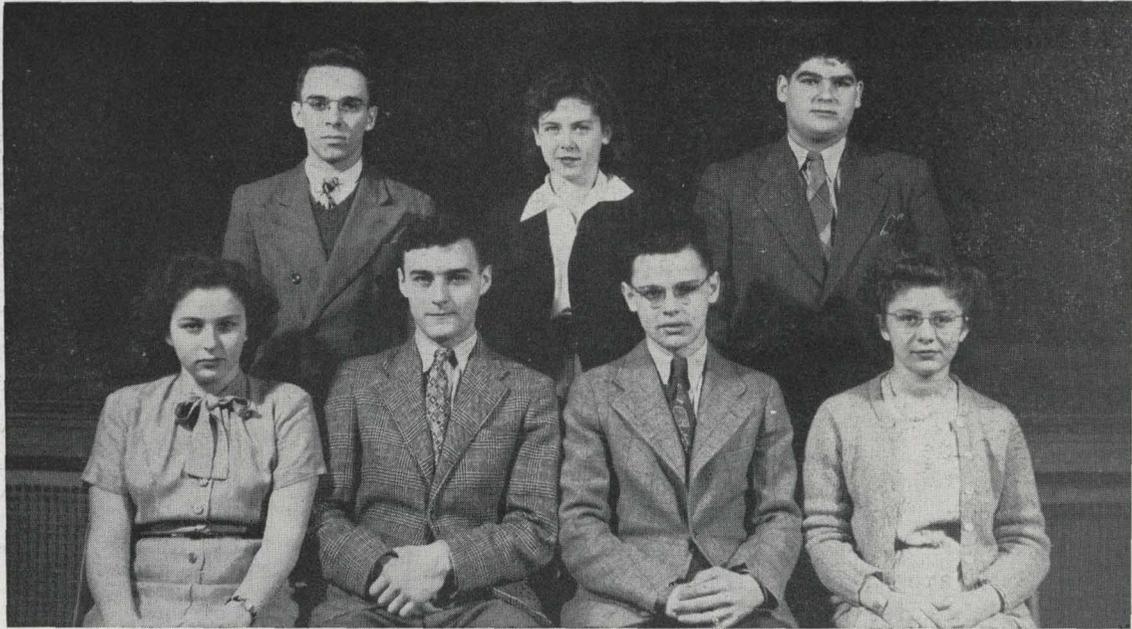
(Staff note: The Superlatives this year were taken on the basis of a class vote, not, as was previously done, by a few members of the class.)

Biggest drag with the faculty	Helen Matenos
First to have a bay window	Richard Medeiros
Done the most for P. H. S.	Helen Matenos
Best figure	Louise Smith
Best physique	Carl Wakefield
Most attractive boy	William Costa
Most attractive girl	Louise Joseph
Best boy dancer	Lewis Reis
Best girl dancer	Muriel Dutra
Boy with most personality	Irving Roderick

Girl with most personality	Pauline McKinney
Best dressed girl	Helen Silva
Best dressed boy	Richard Volton
Most reserved	Jane Rosenthal
Most flirtatious	Loretta Murphy
Class tomboy	Paula Raymond
First to be married	Anna Bennett
Most athletic boy	Phillip Cabral
Most athletic girl	Theresa Rosa
Class actor	William Costa
Class actress	Helen Matenos
Class pet	Elinor Lopes
Woman hater	Maurice Ferreira
Man hater	Helene Edel
Best natured girl	Sylvia Raymond
Best natured boy	Francis Medeiros
Most versatile	Helen Matenos
Wittiest	Manuel Ferreira
Most dignified	Jane Rosenthal
Class songstress	Pauline McKinney
Class orator	Robert Silva
Boy most likely to succeed	William Costa
Girl most likely to succeed	Helen Matenos
Class typist	Leo Murphy
Most tactful	Jane Rosenthal
Class musician	Helene Edel



# Activities



## STUDENT COUNCIL

First Row—P. Robinson, W. Costa, pres., H. Brown, H. McCaffrey  
Second Row—M. Ferreira, B. Fanning, M. Janoplis

## THE STUDENT COUNCIL

In the last decade, America has risen to heights never before equaled in the history of the modern world. More and more it has become necessary for citizens to take on active parts in government to determine our internal and foreign policies, for it is an immense task to wield this power intelligently. It is the duty of every citizen and each must accept this duty willingly.

Government, however, is complicated. It is, therefore, necessary for citizens to be properly trained that they will not make incorrigible blunders.

One of the best ways of instructing them when they are young is through the Student Council. This is a committee of the representatives from each class which meets at regular intervals to discuss affairs that have a bearing on the welfare of the entire student body.

A president, elected by the committee members, presides over the meetings, aided by the vice-president and secretary-treasurer. These

with the other members discuss suggestions of students and faculty members. The best of those suggestions are acted upon.

Carrying on like the government of our nation (on a much smaller scale, of course) it does everything possible to establish tranquility between the faculty and students and carry out constructive enterprises.

William Costa, '47

## THE FRESHMAN RECEPTION

The first social event of the season was the Freshman Reception, sponsored annually by the senior class to officially welcome the Freshmen into the high school.

The affair this year was very successful: many townspeople and parents attended as well as the students themselves. The officers of the senior class led the Grand March and dancing followed to the music of all the name bands played on the school amplifying system.



**P. H. S. BAND**

First Row—D. Mannato, G. Francis, T. Williams, M. Silva, Y. Flores, V. Soares, E. Lopes,  
M. Chapman, M. Ferreira  
Second Row—D. White, E. Rogers, E. Hogan, P. White, A. Matenos, L. Brown, L. Cabral, E. Jason  
Third Row—M. Thomas, H. Brown, R. Medeiros, E. Rogers, M. Ferreira, P. Cabral, G. Ross

The gym was decorated appropriately and spotlight dancing added a festive note to the occasion.

During intermission, refreshments were served in the cafeteria.

Helen Matenos, '47

**P. H. S. BAND AND ORCHESTRA**

The highlight of the organization this year was the annual concert presented on Thursday evening, February 13, and conducted by Thomas Nassi.

The program was opened by the Governor Bradford School Orchestra which played several selections including various solos and duets.

The members of the High School Orchestra performed several difficult selections remarkably well. Soloists of the evening were Helen McCaffrey, vocalist, and Veronica Taves and Kenneth Macara, violinists.

The fourth grade symphonette classes added an amusing and entertaining addition to the evening.

Outstanding this year was the P. H. S. Band which merits much praise for the persistence and determination of its loyal members. A trombone novelty, excellently performed by Evelyn Rogers and Lorraine Brown, delighted the audience.

A gift was presented to Mr. Nassi from the group by the concert mistress, Veronica Taves, and the program was brought to a close by singing our national anthem, "The Star Spangled Banner."

Jane Rosenthal, '47

**THE HALLOWEEN DANCE**

There is little doubt that the Halloween Dance, sponsored by the Junior Class, was a social as well as a financial success.

It was on this occasion that the evening's highlight was cast upon the "Teen Age Swingers"—an organization composed of fellow students of unusual musical ability who supplied a most suitable source of music by giving their unique rendition of the popular tunes.

Black cats, witches and various decorations,



#### CHEERLEADERS

L. to R.—Betty Volton, Helen McCaffrey, Eleanor Silva, Barbara Worth, Mary Miller

characteristic of the date signified, made the gym appear most attractively and appropriately decorated. In addition, spotlight dancing supplied the proper atmosphere for the occasion.

During a short intermission, refreshments were served in the cafeteria.

The evening's entertainment attracted many townspeople whose presence, in addition to the supporting attendance of the students themselves, helped make the dance a success.

Virginia Soares, '48

#### ASSEMBLIES

The outstanding assembly this year was Mr. Malchman's talent show. It was certainly a fine display of talent, with an entertaining variety of performers. Pauline McKinney did an excellent job as mistress of ceremonies and the "Teen Age Swingsters" provided the necessary "hot" music.

Mrs. Andrews gave the annual Christmas play which was well done and very different.

Motion pictures shown this year were:

- Guadalcanal Diary
- Immortal Sergeant
- Kidnapped
- Berkeley Square
- Foreign Correspondent
- The Sullivans
- Ten Gentlemen from West Point
- The Keys of the Kingdom
- The Count of Monte Cristo

The Red Cross

Picture on New York

Careful Driving and Rules of the Road

A Bell for Adano

Jane Rosenthal, '47

#### OUR CHEERLEADERS

The staff of the Long Pointer wishes to congratulate the cheerleaders for the fine work they have done this year. Under the guidance of their advisor, Mrs. McGrath, we are proud to say that they have done much to extend the school spirit during the basketball season. We hope that future cheerleaders will take a tip from these girls who have set such a fine example.

The cheerleaders are as follows:

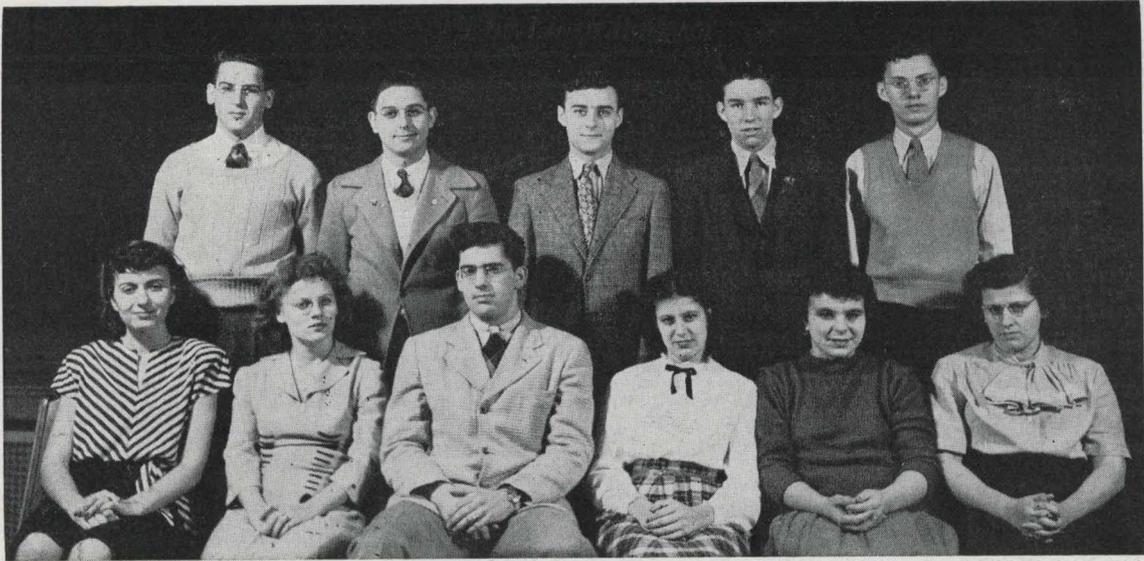
- |                  |                 |
|------------------|-----------------|
| Mary Miller      | Barbara Worth   |
| Mary Silva       | Eleanor Silva   |
| Elizabeth Volton | Helen McCaffrey |

Helen Matenos, '47

#### THE JUNIOR DECLAMATIONS

The annual Junior Declamations were delivered in the auditorium from March 24 through March 26. The students' speaking abilities were based on memory, voice, interpretation, pronunciation, enunciation and stage manner.

The preliminary contest is a requirement of third year English and the winners compete in



SENIOR PLAY CAST

First Row—H. Matenos, L. Murphy, L. Medeiros, M. Dutra, S. Raymond, H. Martin  
 Second Row—L. Reis, M. Ferreira, W. Costa, R. Silva, L. Murphy

the finals. These will be given at a later date when prizes will be awarded by the Lions Club. This years' winners and their selections are as follows:

1. Nancy Whorf, "The Waltz"
2. Norma Simmons, "Useless Mouths"
3. Virginia Soares, "Sentiment"
4. Patricia Cabral, "Beneath American Roofs"
5. Veronica Taves, "The Telltale Heart"
6. Harold Brown, "Night Rider"
7. Kenneth Alves, "King Phillip to the White Settler"
8. Eric Rogers, "This Land and Flag"
9. Ernest DeSilva, "The Hypochondriac"
10. Michael Janopolis, "The Eulogy of the Dog"

Harold Brown, '48

DATE WITH JUDY

At eight o'clock on the night of February 6, the Town Hall curtain arose on one of the most successful school plays given in Provincetown for many seasons—"A Date with Judy", Aleen Leslie's new play concerning the trials and tribulations, heartaches and laughter of a typical American family.

We have all known families like the Fosters—Mr. Foster, the middle-aged businessman, proud of his family but trying hard not to show it to any great extent; Mrs. Foster, the typical American mother; Judy, the lovable sixteen-year-old

daughter who is always willing to be of any assistance, but who seems to have acquired the distressing habit of getting into people's hair; Randolph, the precocious "kid brother" who is about the sanest member of the family; and all the "typical" friends and neighbors which all together make up that great institution, the American family.

Besides being the main social success of the season, "A Date with Judy" was a great success financially, being the main link in the intensive senior drive to finance the annual New York trip.

The cast is as follows:

Judy Foster .....	Loretta Murphy
Randolph Foster .....	William Costa
Mrs. Foster .....	Helen Matenos
Mr. Foster .....	Robert Silva
Oogie Pringle .....	Lionel Medeiros
Hannah .....	Sylvia Raymond
Barbara Winsocket .....	Louise Smith
Mitzi Hoffman .....	Muriel Dutra
Mr. Martindale .....	Lewis Reis
Mrs. Hotchkiss .....	Jane Rosenthal
Eloise Hotchkiss .....	Erlin Hogan
Mrs. Schultzhammer .....	Helen Martin
Rexford Merideth O'Connor ....	Manuel Ferreira
Susie .....	Theresa Rosa
Announcer .....	Leo Murphy

The play was under the direction of Miss Kathleen J. Medeiros.

Helen Matenos, '47



START OF SENIOR TRIP

### THE SENIOR CLASS OF '47

With the New York trip literally "in the bag", the seniors have completed their intensive drive for funds to accomplish this end.

We entered our senior year in September, prepared for what we knew to be a hard year of work ahead and with only \$300 to speak of toward our ultimate goal, the annual trip. The Freshman Reception came first, one of the most successful ever held, I have been told by the "Powers that Be". It seems that the class was so enthused about raising money that they set a record for dance receipts. We were off on the first leg of our journey!

Another great financial success followed as we set another amazing record with our chicken supper. However, many dubious looks went around as forty tired but ravenous waitresses and waiters entered the kitchen for their share after several hours of serving patrons, and found that there was no more food available. One student remarked as he turned away, "Well, we didn't have to sell that many tickets!"

A successful radio raffle and cake sale followed and then the inevitable happened. In all honesty I must say that we, the graduating class of 1947, held the biggest flop ever sponsored by any God-fearing organization in existence—our baked bean supper. Believe me, there is a limit to the number of beans 40 people can eat in one evening (Note: There are 40 in the class). I say it was inevitable because, as the saying goes (or does it?) "All good things must come to an end."

From that point, we plodded slowly along,

worrying about our financial status but not doing much about it. Our one bright hope was the senior play which, thanks to the perseverance of its faithful cast, set us on our way again. By the time April came around, we had managed to scrape together a few more pennies—enough to have our class trip after all.

After reading this over, I have finally come to the conclusion and freely admit that the term, "money-mad senior", used uncomplimentarily, of course, by the faculty, really is apropos after all. However, we are a forgiving group and therefore wish to take this opportunity to thank the members of the faculty and anyone else who has assisted us in any way toward achieving our goal.

Helen Matenos, '47

### NATIONAL HONOR SOCIETY

Four students have been elected by the Provincetown High School faculty to the Provincetown Chapter of the National Honor Society this year, along with the two members held over from last year's elections. The selections are based on the pupils' scholarship, leadership, character and service.

The qualified students are as follows:

#### Seniors

Helen Matenos	Jane Rosenthal
William Costa	Leo Murphy

#### Juniors

Harold Brown	Norma Simmons
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Harold Brown, '48



# SPORTS



## BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM

First Row—R. Ferreira, R. Snow, O. Snow, A. Travers, B. Santos, capt., F. Motta,  
F. Medeiros, R. Silva

Second Row—W. Costa, ass't mgr., R. Kelly, mgr., P. Cabral, R. Volton, S. Simmons, J. Souza,  
C. DeRiggs, M. Ferreira, Mr. Murphy, coach

## BOYS' BASKETBALL

This year more than ever the competition for the basketball championship was very keen with Provincetown, Orleans, and Barnstable chosen as the leading contenders for the title and Harwich and Yarmouth as the teams most likely to score and upset the former.

Although P. H. S. suffered the loss of four regulars, Coach Murphy's call for the first practice session showed an overabundance of talent and he had the difficult task of segregating the starting five.

The first game against the K. of C. Seconds showed the scoring power of both the first and second teams as Provincetown High came out on top 52-38. P. H. S. also proved too much for the Alumni. In the first interscholastic game, Wellfleet fell victim to a superior team 44-13. Wellfleet Legion was also trampled under.

In a thrill-packed battle, an underdog Orleans team scored a surprising win when P-town was nipped 47-44.

Harwich and Yarmouth also toppled as Provincetown began another victory streak. Bourne, who for the last two years has been the only Cape school to defeat us was outclassed in a revenge game 54-40 as we rolled on. The Provincetown A. C., Barnstable, and Wellfleet also fell in quick succession.

In the return game Orleans was trampled under the onslaught of Provincetown baskets. In the last four tilts, P. H. S. remained victorious as the K. of C. Seconds, Harwich, Barnstable, and Chatham were left in the wake of a highly successful season.

Provincetown's last foe before the tournament season began was the K. of C. first team. This game was arranged to observe how P-town would fare against a taller more experienced



## GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

First Row—P. Cabral, B. Worth, K. Nascimento, R. Enos, H. Martinot, Y. Flores, E. Silva, P. Raymond  
 Second Row—M. Silva, ass't mgr., A. Segura, mgr., M. Cote, D. Brown, L. Cabral, M. Ferreira,  
 Miss DeRiggs, coach

team. The result was as expected but not before our team threw a scare into one of the strongest independent teams of the Cape.

With the mythical Cape Championship tucked safely away, Coach Murphy primed the "Defending Class B Champions of the South Shore Tournament" for the initial tourney game. Sharon, with a record of 7 wins and 5 defeats, provided the greatest thrill of the tournament ousting Provincetown 42-41.

The school accepted an invitation to compete in the Eastern Massachusetts Schoolboy Tournament at Boston Garden, the objective of many schools. This time we were more fortunate when we staged a last quarter rally to edge out our Cape foe, Orleans. In the semi-finals, Provincetown soundly thrashed Somerset, a team which was termed one of the strongest quintets in Class C. Wayland accomplished a feat that only two schools before them had done. In the final game at Boston Garden before a host of loudly cheering people, a game but undersized P-town team was humbled, 32-43.

Playing a fast and furious game and exhibiting some of their best basketball, Provincetown tried in vain to stop the razzle-dazzle passing attack of the New Bedford Cinderella Boys, a team comprised of this year's New Bedford High stars.

Although the season was not as successful as

last year's, the stalwart lads of Provincetown High brought home another trophy, a monument to their fine school spirit.

## Season's Record

	We	They
K. of C. Seconds	52	38
Alummi	36	26
Wellfleet	44	13
Wellfleet Legion	53	27
Orleans	<del>44</del>	47 - 1
Harwich	44	31
Yarmouth	32	21
Bourne	54	40
Provincetown A. C.	46	33
Barnstable	59	43
Wellfleet	51	18
Orleans	50	22
K. of C. Seconds	62	38
Harwich	53	42
Barnstable	37	28
Chatham	67	32
K. of C. First Team	32	45 - 3
New Bedford Cinderella Boys	<del>46</del>	52
<b>Brockton Tournament</b>		
Sharon	41	42
<b>M. I. T. Tournament</b>		
Orleans	29	21
Somerset	43	34
Wayland	32	43

Maurice Ferreira, '47

**GIRLS' BASKETBALL**

Our girls' team is really beginning to shape up at last, as evidenced by the fact that four games were won this year. This is certainly a great improvement over last year's schedule when not a single game was won. Most of the success of the team this year has been due to the excellent coaching of Miss Elizabeth DeRiggs who was not with us last year. Her patience was above reproach. Practice was well attended and quite a large number of girls answered Miss DeRiggs' call for players.

Next year's team looks very promising. Most of the first team will be here for another season and it looks as if the second team is in good form also. However, we are losing two members of the first team at graduation. Paula Raymond and Theresa Rosa will be missed by all as they were good team-mates and fine players. In spite of this loss, the girls' team will be in unusually good form next year.

In conclusion, the 1947 girls' team has had a successful season in comparison with other recent years and shows decided improvement. We feel certain, however, that as long as Miss DeRiggs keeps up the fine work she has been doing, we will have a championship team next year.

**Scores**

Home Games

	They	We
Wellfleet	26	14
Orleans	19	16
Harwich	15	19
Barnstable	27	11

Away

	They	We
Wellfleet	26	33
Orleans	26	16
Harwich	25	22
Barnstable	29	14
Yarmouth	22	15

Lorraine Brown, '48



**NIGHT STALLION**

There he stands like a statue,  
 A statue carved in white;  
 His background is the heavens  
 And the inky, coal-black night.  
 His coat is like a mirror,  
 His muscles rippling o'er;  
 His eyes are roving yonder  
 To the far and distant shore.

A neigh rings from the valley below him—  
 He hears it and paws the turf;  
 His answer is like the thunder—  
 Like the roaring of the surf.  
 And, in salute to the sunrise,  
 He rears like a billow of snow,  
 And with a pounding of hoof-beats  
 He canters to the valley below.

Patricia Boogar, 7A



# ALUMNI NOTES

## Class of 1945

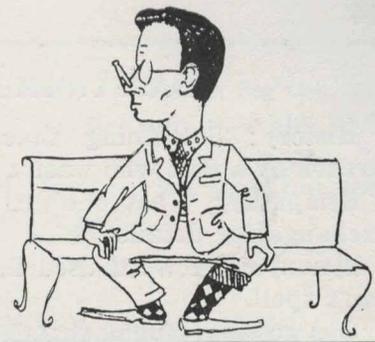
Bernice Bent: Working in Boston.  
 Anna Chapman: At home.  
 Alberta DeSilva: Married to John Fields, Jr.  
 Gordon Dutra: Discharged from U. S. Army and at home.  
 Regina Dutra: Working at Cutler's Pharmacy.  
 Robert Dutra: Working at father's store in North Truro.  
 Elizabeth Dyer: Sophomore at Bates College.  
 Georgianna Edwards: Working at Chef's Lunch.  
 Elaine Enos: At home.  
 Charles Francis: Working at Highland Dairy.  
 Dorothy Fratus: Cadet nurse.  
 Elaine Gaspa: Working at Rivard's Electrical Shop.  
 Louine Janopolis: Married and living in Provincetown.  
 Clarice Joseph: Working at Cutler's Pharmacy.  
 Jeanne Lynch: Married to Ralph Andrews.  
 Janet McClure: Working in stationery store in Boston.  
 Caroline Menangas: Working out of town.  
 Alan Moffett: U. S. Army.  
 Anibal Oliver: At home.  
 Joanne Paine: Working in Town Hall.  
 Edward Perry: Mechanic at Chevrolet Garage.  
 Rodney Rock: Merchant Marine.  
 Mary Roderick: At home.  
 Regina Santos: At home.  
 Rudolph Santos: Discharged from Marine Corps and working at Fisherman's Market.  
 Kathleen Segura: Married and living in Provincetown.  
 Gloria A. Silva: Married and living in Truro.  
 Gloria E. Silva: Working at Adams Pharmacy.  
 Joseph Silva: Discharged from the Navy and at home.  
 George Smith: Discharged from the Navy and working at Marcey's.  
 Matthew Steele: Discharged from the Navy and working in Connecticut.

Inez Smith: Working at Chickie's.  
 Lorraine White: Working at J. Newman and Sons Inc.  
 John Whorf: Discharged from the U. S. Army and at home.

## Class of 1946

Carol Alves: Married and living in Provincetown.  
 Richard Baumgartner: U. S. Army in Japan.  
 Rose Cardinal: Telephone operator.  
 Gerald Costa: U. S. Army.  
 Clayton Enos: U. S. Army.  
 Joe Farroba: U. S. Army.  
 Truxton Hackett: Freshman at Harvard University.  
 Henry Helmer: U. S. Army.  
 Helen Janopolis: Working in New York.  
 Mary Lou Lopes: At home.  
 Elizabeth Ann Lusk: Nursing school.  
 Francis Meads: U. S. Army.  
 Hilda Noonan: Chamberlain School.  
 Bertha Perry: Completed photography courses recently.  
 Warren Perry: At home.  
 Beatrice Raymond: At home.  
 Selma Robinson: At home.  
 Bernard Roderick: Fishing in Provincetown.  
 Barbara Rogers: Wilfred Beauty Academy.  
 Mary Rogers: Stenographer for William Silva, probation officer.  
 Francis Rowe: Freshman at Harvard University.  
 Elsa Salles: Working at Arnold's.  
 Clifford Silva: Working at Land's End Marine Supply Co.  
 Louise Simmons: Working at Robinson's Clothing Store.  
 Hope Souza: Working in Boston.  
 Louise Souza: Telephone operator.  
 Wilbur White: Freshman at M. I. T.  
 Ethel Williams: At home.

# HUMOR



Mr. Devine: "You know, John, they actually named a town after you?"

John: "What town?"

Mr. Devine: "Marblehead."

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. Perry: "Miss Whorf, to be familiar is interesting, but to be too familiar is vulgar."

\* \* \* \* \*

Things the Seniors have to put up with:

Mr. Leyden: "What color are hiccups?"

Helen Matenos: "I don't know."

Mr. Leyden: "BURPle."

\* \* \* \* \*

Richard Medeiros: "The U. S. finally became a creditor rather than a debtor nation."

Mr. Leyden: "Medeiros, the 'b' in debtor is silent like the 'b' in boat—canoe, that is." (A joke, that is!)

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. Leyden: "Who established the 'Open Door' policy?"

Manuel F.: "Richard."

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. Devine: "What is the definition of scones?"

Carol Sants: "Pancakes baked on a girdle."

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. Dahill: "What sweet do you like best?"

Nancy: "Joe 'Sweet'."

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. McGrath: "Look here, you can't go to sleep in my class."

Evelyn: "If you didn't make so much noise, I could."

\* \* \* \* \*

When the white man discovered this country the Indians were running it. There were no taxes. There was no debt. The women did all the work. The white men thought they could improve on a system like that?

—The Dale High Herald

George: "You gonna wear the flowers Bill sent cha?"

Ellen: "I wouldn't wear anything else."

George: "What? Wait 'til I tell Dad!"

\* \* \* \* \*

It's easy to wear a smile  
When life is a piece of cake;  
But the boy worthwhile  
Is the boy who can smile  
When his suspenders break.

\* \* \* \* \*

The reason no woman has ever married the man in the moon is because he only makes a quarter a week, gets full once a month, and stays out all night.—Gallatin High News

\* \* \* \* \*

Helen Martin travelling to New York:

Helen: "Can you give me a room and bath?"

Hotel clerk: "I can give you a room, lady, but you'll have to take your own bath."

\* \* \* \* \*

If Little Red Riding Hood lived today,  
The modern girl would scorn her;  
She only had to meet one wolf,  
Not one at every corner.

—The Blackhawk

\* \* \* \* \*

Teachers delight:

The gum-chewing girl  
And the cud-chewing cow,  
Are somewhat alike,  
Yet different somehow.  
And what is the difference?  
I think I know now—  
It's that clear thoughtful look  
On the face of the COW.

—The Councilor

\* \* \* \* \*

Wilson: Roses are red  
Violets are blue  
I copied your answer  
And I flunked too.

## DAFFYNISHUNS

History: Something that never happened written by a man who wasn't there.

Sympathy: What one girl offers another in exchange for details.

Synonym: A word used in place of one you can't spell.

Old gossips: Young flirts gone to seed.

Dignity: That which all celebrities lose on a closer view.

Friend: A person who dislikes the same people you dislike.

Genius: The person who gets A in solid.

Seniorita: A 12th grade girl.

Disappear: As opposed to dat down dere.

Dynamite: But then again, she might not.

Crime: Used with coffee.

Hymn: Not me.

Poison: A human being.

Poach: Part of a house.

Boycott: Cot for a little kid.

Climate: One way to get up a tree.

\* \* \* \* \*

Geometry:

Given: I love you.

To prove: You love me.

1. I love you.

2. Therefore I am a lover.

3. All the world loves a lover.

4. You are all the world to me.

5. Therefore, you love me.

—The Bagpipe

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. Perry: "There are three kinds of women: the beautiful, the intelligent, and the majority."

\* \* \* \* \*

There was an old spinster named Fan

Who determined to get her a man.

She left for the West

All clad in her best,

But all that she got was a tan.

Jane Rosenthal, '47

\* \* \* \* \*

To Mr. Murphy:

Sing a song of sulphide, beaker full of lime,  
Four and twenty test tubes breaking all the  
time.

When the cork is taken out,

Fumes begin to reek.

Isn't that an awful mess

To have one day each week?

—Ramblings, Deering High School

## COSMOPOLITAN

Waitress: "Hawaii, Gentlemen? You must be Hungary."

Ist Customer: "Yes, Siam, and we can't Rumania long, either. Venice lunch ready?"

Waitress: "I'll Russia to a table. What will you Havana?"

2nd Cutsomer: "Anything at all, but can't Jamaica little speed?"

Waitress: "I don't think we can Fiji that fast, but Alaska."

Ist Customer: "Never mind asking anyone, Just put a Cuba sugar in our Java."

Waitress: "Sweden it yourself. I'm only here to Servia."

2nd Customer: "Denmark on bill and call the Bosphorus. He'll probably Kanya. I don't Bolivia know who I am."

Waitress: "No, and I don't Carribbean. You fellows Armenia."

Boss: "Samoa your wisecracks, it is? What's got India? You think maybe this arguing Alps business?"

Both Customers: "Canada noise. Spain in de neck. We Moscow now."

—The Wildcat

\* \* \* \* \*

To Mr. Devine:

A kiss is a noun, because it is both common and proper;

A kiss is a pronoun, because she stands for it.

A kiss is a verb, because it is either active or passive;

A kiss is an adverb, because it modifies the art.

It is an interjection because it shows strong, sudden feeling;

It is a conjunction because it connects.

—The Wildcat

\* \* \* \* \*

To Mr. Dahill:

He is my teacher; I shall not pass.

He maketh me to go to the board.

He compelleth me to write difficult problems.

He maketh me to sit down for my class' sake.

Yea, though I study until midnight

I gain no knowledge,

For my formulas sorely bother me.

He giveth me "E".

Surely factors and radicals

Shall follow me all the days of my life,

And I shall dwell in the Algebra class forever.

—Marron and Steel

Dad: "Did you have the car out last night, son?"

Maurice: "Yes, dad, I took some of the boys to the high school."

Dad: "Well, tell the boys I found one of their little lace hankies."

\* \* \* \* \*

The steed bit his master;  
How came this to pass?  
He heard the good pastor cry,  
"All flesh is grass."

\* \* \* \* \*

A green little chemist on a green little day  
Mixed some green little chemicals in a green little way;

The green little grasses now tenderly wave  
On the green little chemist's green little grave.

\* \* \* \* \*

Chemist's analysis of a woman:

Symbol: WO

Estimated Weight: One hundred and twenty pounds.

Chemical Properties: Possesses great affinity for gold, silver and other precious stones; melts at warm temperatures, but freezes at any moment; turns green when placed beside a better-looking specimen; able to absorb great quantities of food matter.

Where found: Can be found anywhere man is.

Economic value: A great factor in the distribution of wealth; probably the greatest income reducing agent known.

Caution: Highly explosive.

—Scrippage

\* \* \* \* \*

My Word:

- Robert Sox ..... Bobby Sox
- Non-Workers ..... Loafers
- Richard ..... Dickey
- Vegetable Coats ..... Pea jackets
- Loud noises ..... Bangs (hair)
- Untidy josephs ..... Sloppy joes
- Unhappy slacks ..... Blue jeans

\* \* \* \* \*

Herman: "Cold, honey?"

Louise: "Bout to freeze."

Herman: "Want my coat?"

Louise: "Just the sleeves."

Herman: "Full or empty?"

Louise: "Full, please."

Herman: "Comfy?"

Louise: "Uh? huh!"

A little girl who went to church for the first time was asked by the minister how she liked the service.

"Well," she said, "I liked the music but your commercial was too long."

\* \* \* \* \*

How times change:

Freshman: "Please, mama, let me go out tonight."

Sophomore: "May I go out tonight? The show is over at ten."

Junior: "I'm going out tonight, Dad."

Senior: "Good night, folks. I'll bring in the milk."

\* \* \* \* \*

The Philosopher: "Wolves are like railroad trains—you like to hear the whistle even if you don't want to go any place."

\* \* \* \* \*

Macara: "I dan't like this school."

Flores: "Why?"

Macara: "Some kids just threw a noisy party downstairs."

Flores: "What was wrong with that?"

Macara: "I was the party."

\* \* \* \* \*

My bishop's eyes I've never seen  
Though the lingt in them may shine;  
For when he prays, he closes his  
And when he preaches, mine.

\* \* \* \* \*

I think that I shall never see  
A billboard lovely as a tree.  
Indeed, unless the billboards fall,  
I'll never see a tree at all.

—Ogden Nash

\* \* \* \* \*

Breathes there a man with hide so tough  
Who says two sexes aren't enough?

—Samuel Hoffenstein

\* \* \* \* \*

Grandpapa fell down the drain;  
Couldn't scramble out again.  
Now he's floating down the sewer;  
There's one grandpapa the fewer.

—Harry Graham

\* \* \* \* \*

This spot is the sweetest  
I've seen in my life;  
It raises my flowers  
And covers my wife.

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