

Long

Pointer

1948

Dedication

The class of 1948 wishes to extend their sincere appreciation and gratitude to Mr. Arthur K. Perry, teacher of languages at Provincetown High, with the dedication of this book, their last contribution to the school, to him.

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LONG POINTER STAFF

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EDITORIALS

HUMAN RIGHTS—THE KEY TO WORLD PEACE

As most Americans know and fully realize, the United States is a land of opportunity; a land where a man, if sparked with enough genuine zeal, can rise from "rags to riches" in a mere life-time. This seemingly inconceivable accomplishment is, we all know, only possible in a country where human rights reign supreme. It has often been said, "Anything a man can imagine is possible." This curt phrase expresses the entire nature of our people—a nature which finds no social or financial barrier too difficult to surmount.

Well, after this introductory self-analytic paragraph, I feel, dear reader, that I must go on to tell you of the down-trodden neurotic people who, along with ourselves, are just a group of individuals who have been given a wrong start in life in dictatorships.

First, the Germans, our sworn enemies in the Second World War:—To fully understand the situation, we should appreciate, primarily, the fact that people are the same the world over and only training makes them mentally different. To further the clarification of this decisive matter, I might proceed by relating the enlightening tactics of Hitlerism. Adolph's philosophy was, "The big lie succeeds if we repeat it often enough." Therefore, under herr fuhrer's regime, children were taken away from their parents and were placed in uncomfortable military encampments in order that they might become hardened to a life in which only bare necessities are used. This type of life takes away their human rights but gives them a sort of bold self-sufficiency. Later in life, of course, they instinctively feel something vitally lacking and, as a result, are doomed to a life of continuous search trying to find the "missing link", never realizing that their only solution is human rights. If these embittered people could but just be reached through the medium of speech or any type of correspondence, I'm quite sure that this would bring about a sort of Reformation. This, however, would take time, trouble,

and money, all of which the United States is doling out to the world at large.

Then, of course, the Russian type "civilization" must be considered:—Communism, in my estimation, is one of the most oppressive murderers of human rights ever to be allowed. It not only robs people of their incentive to get ahead, but also of the inborn desire in every man, sometimes called the conscience, verbally and mentally chastizes him for merely belonging to one of a group and not being individualistic in any one thing. The mental picture I have formed after political education is one of fools and geni laboring together for self-preservation. I ask you, and let your heart speak freely, is this fair in a supposedly progressive world? No!—It is not!—nor ever shall be!

I am old enough to comprehend the fact that these crises may not be solved by a mere public display of words on a meaningless piece of paper! They have to be carefully planned and worked out over a number of years.

My humble solution to the problem would be to suggest a complete re-educational program in all the countries which are dominated by the United Nations. This, of course, would all have to be subject to the approval of the dominating lands now in power in Europe, Asia, etc.—Without a doubt, before we even stop to seriously delve into the problem, one of the biggest drawbacks would be Soviet Russia. A re-educational plan would be an unfavorable reflection on them because, in reality, it would teach people the utter worthlessness of their communistic system. Who knows? it might even lead to an uprising against the "God Almighty", Stalin and his cohorts. Thus, as you may readily see, this tremendous factor which, if ignored for very long will present a global "frankenstein".

So you see, after pondering the monstrous affair, you find that your solution simply is no longer a solution and your once brilliant plan goes "Poof!"

The next best thing to do, I think, would be to start a miniature program of our very own in those plans occupied and ruled by all of us

Americans and Britons. This, no matter how microscopic, would be a good start, and, as the sentiment has often been expressed, "The easiest means of educating people is through other people." This is a form of psychology that has worked many times in many different circumstances.

Thus, my humble solution having been presented, I shall close this essay by sincerely hoping that, even if you don't agree with me, you will try to remedy this terrible situation which can only lead the world into a more chaotic condition.

Evellyn F. Rogers, '48

There is one matter of particular importance in the American Educational System which has come to my attention. It has impressed me as being not only unfair but almost completely disregarded.

One of the most important professions in the building of American civilization, that of teaching, is rapidly becoming a serious problem.

It is amazing to note the increasing scarcity of teachers who, after years of teaching, are now forced to find other means of employment. This is brought about by the unbearably high cost of living which they are unable to cope with because of their insufficient salary.

Is it not logical then, that classrooms are losing their teachers when their average annual salary is lower than that of unskilled laborers?

Those who had planned on making teaching their career are now faced with the realization that there are several other vocations which, though not as interesting, perhaps, do offer a great deal more security.

One of the contributing factors to the difficulty of the problem is the indecisive attitude of those, particularly the taxpayers gathered at Town Meeting. Without fully realizing the importance of the situation, they sit back relaxed after much discussion and finally conclude that the teachers in their community are sufficiently well off with their present salary and there is no need for a raise.

However, the problem remains.

Children must be properly educated but again the question arises. How are they to receive an education when there are fewer and fewer teachers available to fill the position?

The lack of qualified teachers usually results

in hiring persons inadequately experienced either because of incomplete education themselves or because of a few years' absence from the teaching profession. Having been away from the job for a space of time, they are suddenly called upon to resume their previous responsibilities. With an insufficient amount of preparation, these persons replace those who have resigned to accept higher paying positions elsewhere.

Personally, I think a teacher's salary should vary according to his or her degree of education and the amount of subjects to be taught by that particular teacher.

Those who begin teaching again after an absence of more than a year should be required to take some kind of "refresher" course. This would enable them to revive their own ideas as well as acquaint them with new ones; thus they could impart to accepting pupils a newer and better knowledge of which they would have a better understanding themselves.

In addition to being under-paid there has been a loss of prestige in this profession and people should be made to understand that teaching consists of a great deal more than short working hours in the winter and nothing to do in the summer.

Virginia Soares, '48

Is the youth of today really prepared for this baffled world rolling in a rut of turmoil? How magnificent would it have been if we could look forward to graduating and going out into a world of peace, and prosperity. A world with its arms open, offering us the greatness of success. However, we are mercilessly tossed out into a frantic world! A world in which cities can be relentlessly destroyed by the flick of a button. Where supersonic planes, atomic bombs, and gigantic rockets are no longer a figment of the imagination or an excerpt from a Buck Rogers' comic, but a reality. Of greatest importance is the threat of communism to stamp out its opponent, democracy, and to ravenously devour, with its iron jaws, its small, defenseless satellites.

Can we prepare ourselves to fight against these prevailing hazardous conditions by sipping cokes and inhaling nicotine? Do you think the average graduate will have the intellect to master these extraordinary feats of power created by our top-notched scientist?

It is because of these transitions that both you and I must make it our duty to improve, elevate, and enrich our generation so that we will be able to promote peace, knowledge, and justice in the future. No one is asking us to be a genius, but the least we can do is to take an immediate interest in current history, both political and economic, and our relations to foreign powers. We must learn to advance ourselves to become faithful citizens, constantly rising against all theories of government which tend to snatch away our civil liberties.

Think carefully of the martyrs that have already been confined by an iron curtain and remember that once the iron curtain falls no human hand can raise it.

Harold Brown, '48

INTELLIGENT READERS

Wanted: INTELLIGENT readers—as many as possible. Anyone is acceptable. Reason: To SAVE the world for democracy. High school education necessary, college preferred.

Thus might run a newspaper ad concerning this issue which is so vital at the present time. But one does not find ads like this in the personnel sections of the newspapers, for although a nation need, it is not treated in such a manner. No, it is by far too delicate a job to be given casual treatment, it must be espoused in the very schools and colleges of the world.

“To SAVE the world for democracy.” How?

In our country . . . view points of all sorts are hurled into the faces of the public. Some are “colored” to fit their author’s purpose, and others distorted to all proportions imaginable. Now, it is plain to see that there is but one right answer and, therefore, the rest must be wrong. But which one is right? There is where the intelligent reader goes to work. He takes into consideration all that is said about a matter, ponders on it, and comes to the only possible conclusion that can be derived without using rash judgement and prejudices in the decision.

In other countries . . . unfortunately in some of the other countries the people are just presented with one side of an issue if they are given any information about it at all. Here a great problem arises not only to the intelligent reader but to all. However, it is the intelligent reader who makes the attempt to use his common reasoning faculties to try and discern if the side is the right one or could there possibly be another.

So the intelligent reader knows, so what? He applies himself to informing those who may not be able to puzzle things out for themselves. He should even apply himself more diligently than those who deface the facts. In fact, in the end it is he who raises or lowers the moral standards of a nation and determines whether or not his nation will be free and democratic or just another subdued state in the regime governed by a group of megalomaniacs.

Phyllis Cabral, '50



LITERARY



NIGHT PICKUP

As Wilbur Dudley walked out of Piffany's, there was a broad grin on his face. "Now she'll realize just how important I am," he mused. Wilbur's wife was the type of woman who was never satisfied. They had a beautiful home out in the residential section of Marvin Heights and they owned a new six-passenger Cadillac, but Mrs. Dudley never stopped nagging for bigger and better things.

Wilbur was now at long last going to please her. Upon receiving a fifteen thousand dollar bonus for an extra-profitable contract, he invested the entire sum in a genuine, pearl necklace. "I'll bet that clerk was some surprised to make such a cash-sale," he thought complacently as he crossed the street to the lot where his car was parked. What Wilbur didn't know was that just a little while before he went into the store a wealthy oil-tycoon had just purchased a \$50,000 diamond bracelet.

Anticipating little the long trip he had ahead of him, he got into his car and started off across town. "May as well have some music," he thought. A program of soft relaxing music was interrupted by a harsh male voice.

"We interrupt this program to bring you a bulletin of the utmost importance. There has just been a break at the State Prison. The prisoner has not as yet been identified, but we believe that he is traveling north on Route 12. Stay tuned to this station for further information."

With the resuming of the soft music, Wilbur regained his ease. As a matter of fact, he completely forgot about the news bulletin. What did he care about an escaped convict, anyway, this was the night he was going to prove to his wife that he "really was a man".

Upon approaching a dark object on the side of the road ahead of him he recognized it to be a hitch-hiker. Drawing his car up he beckoned to the man to get in. With a slight nod of gratitude from the stranger, he started up and drove off.

"How far you going, pal?" asked the stranger.

"I go out to the heights," Wilbur replied.

"That's good, that's where I'm headed."

"My name's Dudley," said Wilbur, "Wilbur Dudley! What's yours."

"My name? Mike."

"It must be pretty tough on the road at night, Mike," Wilbur asked.

"Yeah! Gee, it sure is strange being called a name again and not a number," Mike replied.

"Been in the Army?" inquired Wilbur.

"Nope," he said, "in prison."

Just then Wilbur remembered the radio broadcast. Here he was with a fifteen thousand dollar necklace in his pocket and an escaped convict riding beside him. What had he done now? Of all the people in the world, he had to pick up an escaped convict. All sorts of weird and horrible pictures rushed through his mind.

"He'll rob me," he thought, "and use my car for his get-away." He could picture himself laying on the side of the road, his head split open and covered with blood.

Looking to the side of the road he saw a motorcycle cop and a brilliant plan flashed through his mind. He would speed up, the cop would chase him, and if he made himself difficult enough, he would put Wilbur in jail.

When he pushed down heavy on the accelerator, Mike eyed him questioningly. "I'm late already and this is my anniversary," said Wilbur to avoid arousing any suspicions. Mike merely watched the speedometer,—60—65—70—75—80—85—90! Through the still of the night, the shrill blast of a police siren indicated a motorcycle cop was gaining on Wilbur. Drawing up beside him finally, he muttered, "Pull over to the side, bud." Wilbur did as ordered.

"Do you realize," said the trooper, "that you were doing ninety?"

"You're perfectly right, officer, and I demand that you arrest me."

"Let's see your license and registration," said the trooper.

Wilbur reaching into his pocket, took out his wallet. "I was speeding and it's your duty to arrest me," he said.

The cop looked at him quizzically. "You'd better go home and sleep it off," he said. "Take it easy this time." Giving Wilbur's wallet back to him he got on his bike and drove off.

Wilbur broke out into a cold sweat. His plan had failed to work and he was now at the mercy of the convict. The fear which clutched at his throat was so great that he didn't even dare to look at the convict. Just then he felt a cold hard object pressing into his arm. "This is it," he thought to himself. "He's going to hold me up and leave me here by the roadside to die. Why did I ever pick up this hitch-hiker?"

"Here, buddy, you dropped this when you took your wallet out," said Mike. Wilbur looked down. There in Mike's hand was the little, narrow box that contained the necklace.

"Gee, you sure told that cop off," he beamed. "You're not afraid of anything, are you?"

Wilbur uttered an inaudible sigh of relief.

"Nah!" he boasted, "nothing!"

Joseph Fratus, '48

THE LITTLE MAN IN GRAY

Eric Martin was by no means evil. He was, as is the majority, essentially good, but over a long period of time, virtue had crept out of his soul and in its stead was a false pride and hardness. Only one person was important in this existence and that was Eric Martin.

It was a sunny day during the season when spring and summer tussle for superiority. Eric was standing on the stoop, glancing through his mail. A few personal letters, a bill and a plea from the Cancer Association for money. The letter he dropped in the corner disposal basket. Everybody wants money, he thought.

Eric was going to spend a pleasant day at the track. The anticipation of a few cool drinks and the excitement caused him to quicken his step.

At the opposite corner Eric stopped, withdrew a ten dollar check from his pocket, put it into the return envelope for the cancer drive and mailed it. Why? He had, he thought, thrown the envelope away. He had no intention of sending that money. Then why?

In this perplexed mood, he continued walking more slowly now. He felt he was being watched or followed. As he turned to see, he caught sight of a small man staring at him from across the street. A feeling of apprehension came over Eric.

The man was dressed entirely in grey. His eyes were a soft yet piercing blue. His whole aspect was "grey". He looked like the result of a puff of smoke. He appeared embarrassed at being observed.

Eric hastened down the subway stairs into a waiting train, he turned, the little man had not followed him.

The train lurched forward and rumbled toward the outskirts of town. As it passed under the slums it made its customary stop. Eric was going to the end of the line, yet he rose and started out. He tried to stop himself, he couldn't. He became frightened. "What's the matter with me?" he asked himself. What had happened, my mind is right yet I have no control. Eric was carried by an inexplicable force through the turnstile. Suddenly he stopped. There, leaning against the wall stood the little man dressed in grey.

How had he arrived there so rapidly? Why was he following Eric? What did he want? Eric stared in bewilderment. The little man returned the stare with a quiet, understanding look, he seemed to say, "I'm sorry, I don't like to follow you this way but I have to." Eric moved, or was moved up the steps and onto the street. He suddenly realized where he was.

Eric had been married once, and for various reasons had left his wife. He never saw or aided her again. She lived in the slums on a meager salary. This was where he had been taken.

He rounded the corner and went up three flights of a cold water flat for which the slums are famous. On the door was tacked the name Kathleen Martin. From his wallet, Eric took two hundred dollars that he was going to use for betting, wrapped it in a piece of paper, and slid it under the door.

As Eric returned to the street, he instantly saw his pursuer. It suddenly dawned on Eric. This man, for some reason was the instigating force that was causing his uncontrollable actions. Why? Why, thought Eric? What is he? What does he want?

Eric started to run for the subway. His feet felt heavy; he was weighted down; he couldn't move. He turned and looked in terror at the little man in gray. The man was shaking his head slowly and in his fright, Eric would swear he heard him say, "You may try, but you can not flee from me."

In his sound state, Eric, strangely enough, reflected for a moment trying to comprehend

this situation. Then his face expressed complete disbelief and horror. It couldn't be, it's impossible, such things don't happen, he thought.

He breathed deeply and on the exhale, a frantic curse escaped his lips. Eric mustered up every bit of mental and physical strength he had and forced himself to run. He suddenly felt his feet reacting as he desired, he felt released. He stopped at the curb, the little man was close behind.

Eric hailed a cab, jumped in, commanded the driver to go anywhere, but to go there fast. Beads of cold sweat were trickling down Eric's temples. Fright overtook him again, when, through the rear-view mirror he saw, perched in the rear seat of the cab following, a slight gray figure.

"Ten dollars if you lose that cab following us," announced Eric. The accelerator kissed the floor and the hack careened madly through the narrow city streets. The other in rapid pursuit.

The driver swore. "Hold yourself, Mack," he barked and with that, the brake screeched and the cab began to spin. Through the roof window, Eric saw the city reel and spin. He saw the cab with the little man collide with his own cab. All hell broke loose, flames appeared from nowhere, a million things passed through Eric's mind in the next few conscious seconds. One thing he knew and that was that he did not want to die. He told God so, he begged forgiveness for any and all his iniquities, but most of all, "God let me live, I don't want to die—I've learned." Darkness and pain engulfed him.

When Eric next opened his eyes, he was in pain, his whole body ached, there was dried blood on his hands and face. He was lying on the curb with a coat over him. The remnants of two cabs smoldered in the gutter.

A policeman towered above him and said, "You were lucky, the two drivers were badly mangled."

Eric looked again at the wrecked cabs, nothing but burnt, twisted, steel. It was amazing how anyone had lived through it, a miracle. "Thank you," Eric muttered, seemingly to no one.

Eric remembered, his heart sank, he was almost afraid, but he asked the cop, "What about the little man who was in the other cab?"

"Man. What man?"

LIFE, LOVE, AND THE WEATHER

It had been hot all day. That sticky hotness that takes the very life out of you was smothering the town. Even the harbor was placid, calm and a lazy blue mist clung to the point. The stark whiteness of canvas sails stood out against the powder blue, and every so often, a little hot gust of wind made them flutter as would a nervous woman.

The beaches were packed with hot, sweating people clustered together eating lettuce and tomato sandwiches and not talking. Looking at the scene from a distance, beaches always remind me of a lot of dead bodies lying in grotesque positions, that no one wants to go to the trouble of burying.

The day wore on and the damp heat continued. Night was like hell, itself, like a dark pocket, close and somehow foreboding.

I went down-town with its banging screen doors and irritating vacationists cramped into honking cars. Little boys were out selling pop corn and people strolled by in their clean, new clothes and citrinella. I marveled that, of so many, I knew so few.

As I remember, it was then that the car drew up to the curb. I glanced casually at it. A familiar voice spoke, a voice which made my mind race back to the summer three years ago and David. He had been wonderful to be with and to talk to. We were always going somewhere together, drinking coffee and spending hours over a cigarette. In those days, we did a lot of dreaming. We were going to have a family; an even number of kids because it's bad luck to have them in odd numbers. There were a lot of dreams about houses and furniture and what we'd call the first baby. I was so very happy, because it seemed that there was something to look forward to, to live for, fight for, and life was not merely a preliminary to death any more. But I was too busy being happy to realize that David didn't mean it. He was amused by the whole thing, and although he never loved me, he liked my company, or so he said, and as such, it ended. Everyone said that it really was quite amusing the way it had all turned out. I suppose I was young and sentimental then. I believed a lot of things. I don't believe in anything, anymore.

The door of the car opened and even before the head emerged, I knew it would be David. David with his dark eyes and that lock of straight black hair which always fell over his

eyes. It always made me want to push it back. He stood there and I knew then I could never tell him anything of what had happened that fall after he'd left. He had left with a laugh and a "You'll forget me as soon as I've gone" and I stood looking into the smirking face of humanity.

The conversation was congenial and David hadn't changed, but I had. We went into a neighboring drugstore. We sat there on the moist, leatheret and sweat trickled down the back of my neck. My God! it was hot. I looked down into my drink and thought of other drinks and David. He told me of what he'd done for the past three years, of what he thought and desired. It was just the same as before. He always spoke in terms of himself and never you. I sat and listened. He was sincere and amusing, and I don't think it ever occurred to him, he was very egotistical. He would have been completely astonished. We finished our drink and left.

David suggested a drive. We drove over to Longnook Beach and the breeze blew through the car and I had time to think. We parked the car on the edge of a cliff under a white-hot moon. It stared down upon an unresponsive stretch of white sand below. It looked cool and soft and it was.

As we drove back to town sometime later, he said he'd like to stop for a cigarette by the roadside. I didn't have any plan in mind. I just wanted to hurt him the way he had hurt me three years ago. He had come back to taunt me, as before. To play with me as a cruel little child will catch a fly and slowly pull its legs and wings off. He will then laugh and throw it away to let it wriggle helplessly around on the ground. He sat there smoking and talking in that self-assured way. My eyes wandered to the dashboard and the glove compartment which would never close. I saw the flash light.

It was one of those shiny chromium covered ones. I reached over to pick it up. It fitted into my palm nicely.

It's a very funny feeling to hate someone you once loved. The feeling is a combination of strength and sadness. Strength because you have conquered something which made you weak, and sadness, well sadness because a living image of beauty and love is dead and gone.

I sat there gripping that flashlight my palm moist, a dull feeling in the pit of my stomach. The moonlight shone through the window and

shone upon him. In the light, I could just see his face, and he was smiling that self-satisfied smirk. He pulled me over to him and that's when I hit him. I hit him with all the strength I had. Again and again, I hit him for every time he laughed at me. The chromium flashlight wasn't shiny anymore. It was bloody and covered with that straight black hair. I looked at him slumped by the wheel and I reached over and that lock of hair, now bloody, which always fell over his eyes was pushed back.

I got out of the car and started walking. The heat broke that night and the rain came down. I walked in the rain. I felt cool, walking in the rain, cool and clean.

Nancy Whorf, '48

A SERVICE ADVENTURE

It was a warm afternoon in mid-April, our ship was moored to a buoy in Yokohama harbor. Over the side, slung on the davits, was the landing craft, or LCVP, in it were myself and "Mac" Leary, Motor Machinist, Third class. We had been working for several days reassembling a diesel engine and were making final checks prior to the test run.

As "Mac" gave the signal, the boat was lowered further until she was about three feet above the water. The engine, with working covers off, was turned over and started. "Mac" accelerated the throttle and checked the timing. I, in the meantime, checked the fuel pump. While this was going on, the governor pin, without our knowledge, had worked its way loose and released the throttle. The engine increased RPM rapidly, I checked the dial reading, it was passing twenty hundred RPM, the highest I had seen it run; beyond that, I didn't know what to expect. My first sense was to turn off the fuel from the tanks, that I did, but there was still plenty of fuel in the pump and engine to run it a good ten minutes. "Mac" attempted to force the fuel injector rack downward, thereby stopping the fuel from reaching the injectors, but in this attempt, he did not realize that the injector nearest his hand, had butchered the ends of his fingers.

I glanced at the dial, which now read about thirty-nine hundred, as it continued to race upward into the forties.

"Mac" shouted something to me, but it was lost in the high pitched drone of the engine. I

took it for granted that he wanted help with the injector rack, as I sensed that only a matter of minutes remained to do anything. We placed the palms of our hands on the rack, and pushed downward, but the deafening roar continued to get louder. The dial was now on its third trip around, somewhere near forty-nine hundred RPM. Officers and men alike, shouted directions at us from the rail above, but it didn't sound like English when it reached our ears. My nerves were tense, I had an idea that this earthly situation wouldn't last much longer. I contemplated on going over the side, but physically, I probably wouldn't have gotten far. It was while in this trance of staring at the engine that some fool (I thought) threw a coat at me. I wasn't cold, but strangely enough I did the right thing,—putting it over the air intake, the deafening roar came to a sudden end. I sank, in exhaustion to the floor of the cockpit. The serene silence that velvetyed the echoes of other engines at a distance rang in my ears.

Jean Kaeselau, '49

THE GHOST SHIP

One October afternoon just before dusk, a whaling vessel was seen sailing into South Truro harbor. The relatives of those aboard the vessel were standing on the hill in front of the old South Truro Church watching passage of the vessel. Since the bay was rough that afternoon, these bystanders thought nothing of it when the men did not come ashore.

The next morning, most of the townspeople hurried down to the beach to welcome home those aboard the ship. To everyone's amazement, there seemed to be no sign of life aboard the ship. Finally, some of the fishermen in the crowd decided that something must be wrong, and rowed out to the vessel in a dory. On boarding the ship, they found a very strange sight, for there was the cat sleeping peacefully under the stove, and the coffee pot boiling on the top,—but there were no signs of the men at all.

When the searching party returned to shore, no one believed their story, which they told about the ghost ship. Later on in November, two dories were found on the beach, and the bodies which were believed to be those of the crew were found between Provincetown and Wellfleet.

Many stories have been told concerning the

fate of those aboard, but all are merely based on speculation and to this day the true story remains another mystery of the sea.

Louise Grozier, '50

I AM PROVINCETOWN

I am the town of Provincetown. I was born November 11th, 1620, that memorable date of the Pilgrim's Landing. I am proud of my birth, for it was I who was the beginning of this great country of ours. Sometimes people seem to forget that it was here on my shore that the Pilgrims first touched America and not in Plymouth.

In 1620, I was rather a barren piece of land, only about three miles long and one mile wide with nothing to look at but an endless sea of shifting sand. I guess that's why the Pilgrims stayed on my shores exactly thirteen days.

I have always been different from the rest of the Cape; the rest of the world even. Probably the main reason for this, is that I am the end of the land; the last pumping-off place. I have often been called the "Gangplank of America". Sometimes I rather favor this distinction, but at other times, it is very difficult to live it down. Perhaps another reason for my difference is the odd shape of my land. If you look at a map of Provincetown, you will see what appears to be an arm with a long skinny finger at the end pointing out into the Atlantic. This finger is Long Point, the tip of Cape Cod. Imagine the thrill of standing on this thin strip of land and realizing that all of America is behind you.

My history has been as fluctuating as the tides that worry my beaches. Why, in 1764, I was actually forgotten in the census because of my very insignificance. I guess I could hardly have been called a town then. There were exactly three settled families and five sheep living on my land that year. But, then, a high peak in my history came during the War of 1812 and the Revolution when I was a very important town teeming with life. Into the haven of my harbor came all sorts of ships, looking for a place to repair and a refuge. I really don't know how to account for my unstable history. Maybe my unsteadiness can be laid to the sands that are eternally threatening to engulf me; but maybe, after all, it is the character of my people that makes me so.

The first settlers who ever touched on my

shores, the Pilgrims, were a gentle, God-loving race. This little group of about fifty people was responsible for the framing of the "First Gospel of Americanism," the Mayflower Compact. John Quincy Adams paid us a great compliment when he said, "The compact drawn up at Provincetown is as important as the Declaration of Independence and was its forerunner." It was the first form of civilized government to be presented in our country. A large stone memorial commemorating the compact is now at the foot of the hill on which the Pilgrim's Monument stands. The Mayflower Compact is such an important part of my history that I think you should read the exact words of this great document.

"In the Name of God, Amen: We, whose names are underwritten, the loyal subjects of our dread sovereign, Lord King James, by the grace of God, of Great Britain, France and Ireland, King, Defender of the faith, etc., having undertaken for the glory of God, and the advancement of the Christian faith and the honor of our King and country, a voyage to plant the first colony in the northern part of Virginia, do by these present, solemnly and mutually, in the presence of God, and one another, covenant and combine ourselves together into a civil body politic, for the better ordering and preservation and furtherance of the ends aforesaid; and by the virtue hereof do enact, constitute and frame such just and equal laws, ordinances, acts, constitutions, and offices from time to time, as shall be thought most meet and convenient for the general good of the colony; into which we promise all, due submission and obedience. In witness thereof we have here underscribed our names at Cape Cod, the 11th of November in the year of the reign of our Sovereign, Lord King James of England, France and Ireland."

Another very important memorial to the Pilgrims is the Pilgrim Monument. A huge shaft of granite, standing 252 feet high, it is modeled after a famous tower in Venice. It took eighteen years for my people to bring this monument into being. Since then it has become the focal point of interest in my town. It commands a magnificent view of the town. On a clear day the outline of Boston can be seen. I am very proud of the Pilgrims and I am glad they are so well remembered.

After the Pilgrims, my history was as barren as my lonely beaches. But about twenty-five years after the Pilgrims' advent. I became a fish-

ing hamlet. The sea had at last given me a break. Those fishing people were a strong, indomitable race. I guess they had to be to combat those ever encroaching sands of mine. Those dunes at once lure and discourage prospective inhabitants. I have always been afraid that these treacherous sands would some day bury me completely. The character of the dunes was ingrained in these early people of mine for although they were unconquerable, they were always on the move. The town then, was just a group of fishing shacks and wharves along the beach. Yet by 1893 a populous village had grown with houses, shops, churches, and schools. But not a single one of these held a title to any of my land. This odd situation was because I was then a Province of the Massachusetts Bay Colony which is the reason for my name—Provincetown. This unusual civic arrangement was the main reason for the rise and fall of the population of that period.

Fishing has always been the main occupation of my people. But since then the atmosphere has changed. I have become a wonderfully, quaint, vacation spot for hundreds of tourists. My shores are dotted with tourist cabins and everywhere among my houses you see Rooms, Guests and Accommodations signs which are the outstanding mark of a resort town. The old people are still here but the tourists overrun everything. I have already tired of these poking, prying people who are never satisfied until they have nosed out every corner from shore to shore. I often long for the old days when I was just a village of simple, seafaring folk who wanted nothing more out of life than to be happy.

They are everywhere, these tourists, searching and exploring. But with all their probings they never understand me. You have to be born here on this narrow spit of land and only then you'll know what it is to be a living part of Provincetown.

Another great change has also come to me. My people have changed. It has been a gradual change, and not a bad one at all, for the character of any people that live on my land will always be strong and God fearing. It is the race that has been changed. Silently, persistently, and without any spectacular ovation, those ever-smiling men and women from across the sea in Portugal have taken over my land. Much in the same manner as the Pilgrims they have come. They are everywhere—they are the fishermen, mainly, the storekeepers and the teachers in the

schools even. They are a warm, laughing people so unlike the rather dour Pilgrims. The tourists coming here often remark that it is like going into a foreign world—for everywhere you see dark-haired, lively children. It didn't take the tourists long to find out that these Portuguese have an overwhelming fondness for nicknames. Everybody has a nickname from a woman called "Mrs. Jazz Garters" to a can called "Skunk". Never ashamed of their nickname, they use them as often as their legal epithets. This is just one of the little characteristics of these new people of mine.

Besides the tourists in the summer, there is another group which has done a lot for my reputation. These are the artists that come every summer without fail to paint my picturesque shores. They are the only people who can truly show others that my land is not a barren waste as has always been commonly thought, but really a beautiful symmetry of flowing dunes and sky. They have found a way to express the true soul of Provincetown by making lovely glowing colors into pictures of lasting beauty that will be treasured by many generations in the future. I have been the birthplace and inspiration of many famous artists. An art gallery has been erected in memory of the most outstanding of my artist sons, Charles Hawthorne. Here his work as well as that of the other artists of Provincetown is displayed. From his teachings many other well-known artists such as John Whorf, Charles Kaesleau, and Moffett have achieved fame. I have had more names in Who's Who than any other town of my size in America. I am glad that I have at last been able to contribute something worthwhile to posterity.

But, if, on one hand, I have been subject matter for beautiful pictures I have also been the scene of countless disasters. My history has always been punctuated with terrible shipwrecks. Literally hundreds of men have lost their lives on my shores. Then recently there was the Great Fire in 1931 which lasted for a week and threatened the whole of Provincetown. Also, about that time, there was the sinking of the S-4, a submarine, off Long Point. Forty people died horribly, under water, at that time. Then in 1938 a great hurricane swept my shores and I was again almost swept off the map. But I cannot be held accountable for these things for God created them as surely as He created the narrow piece of land to cause them.

My history has been fully as eventful as the

history of our country. It has been a long story of terrifying hardships, of puny human strength pitted against the almighty power of nature and God. But through it all has run that strong, silken thread of courage, unbreakable and mighty, that is inherent in all my people—the people of Provincetown. No one knows what my future will be but Destiny. Perhaps my enemies, the sea and the sand will finally overcome me. But I do know that whatever my future history is, there will be another vast change in it. And I know that no matter what this change may hold for my people, their eternal beacon, courage, will guide them through the crisis.

Lorraine Brown, '48

Material and information obtained from following: Time and The Town, Mary Heaton Vorse; The Pilgrims and Their Monument, Carpenter; Cape Cod Ahoy, Tarbell; A Pilgrim Returns to Cape Cod, Edward Rowe Snow; Cape Cod Pilot.

THE DOOMED CONCERT

I have frequently taken part in many concerts; however, none was so doomed to failure as the one which a combined group of college and high school students gave at the Music Camp in Brewster.

On a bright moonlit, August evening in 1946, Mr. Santag, our maestro, ceremoniously mounted the golden podium and raised his ill-fated baton.—We were off. Soon after this auspicious start, we played the first note of this concert which was doomed.

The fact that the trombonist's well-oiled slide slipped off during her cherished solo was a generous source of amusement to us but wasn't detrimental to the piece in any way because a quick-witted trumpeter finished the solo understandingly. The next selection was a racy ballad in which an envious soprano shared her much-awaited solo with a cornet.—She thought, "of all things!—a cornet!"

The nervous cornetist, being carried away with the fast tempo, thrust his mute in his horn fiercely. Ah!—but when his time came for solo, instead of accompaniment, his mute steadfastly retained its position.—Suddenly, he gave one furious jerk on it and it came out with a loud, laugh-provoking pop! The soprano, in all her true prima-donna form, became absolutely

fiery and refused to acknowledge her tremendous ovation or to reappear for a much-wanted, planned encore.

The highlight or "last straw" of the evening came when I, taking part in a piece, which was for stringed instruments only, broke a string on the bass fiddle. I was playing rather fast on the top G string when the lowest E string snapped. It so happened that I was leaning over it at the time trying to keep up with the fast pace and, when out of nowhere I received a stinging sensation on my stomach, naturally I yelled!—Poor Mr. Santag, completely bewildered by this time just closed his eyes and kept waving the stick. This to him was a life-like nightmare.

Two years have elapsed since that evening and Mr. Santag, a very nice fellow, has never made another attempt to ask us to play for him again. (We wonder why???????)

Evelyn Rogers, '48

A THING OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOREVER

Love much and be not afraid, for in this world there is enough bitterness. Hate, and I, along with the universe shall pity you. Look around and see, yes, behold the wonders of the material things but look deeper into those which aren't seen. For, there, is the real, genuine—your kingdom—grasp it and never let it go. You will hear music—strange, sweet music—but the songs unheard are sweeter.

Have you ever given yourself the privilege of straying through the mysterious forest, shaded on a fresh windfree morning? The dew is still on the leaves, trees, and moss, but pick a great stately tree and lie beneath it, feel the earth under you—the softness, richness, and wholeness which has the power to produce cedars, elms and flowers. Drift into the beauty about you and hold it in your mind. Listen to the birds wooing you. Could their wings, using the earth as a magical carpet, take you to some place—supernatural—a place of which one only dreams?

Again, for your gain, take a trip on wings of thought as if in a high fever and visualize a forest. A forest of the mind having a beauty all its own, an everlasting beauty. It seems a vision, but you won't forget it nor trade it—no—never! What earth is it that holds you here to fascination. An earth producing love, truth, and goodness, although these virtues are unseen they are

here. We are here by a divine love. And the birds here sing a greater song—a sonata—luring you into their paradise. See now, we are in a supernatural world—a world of life-long love.

If I could but write what my eyes wish to say surely you, too, would see that it is the abstract things in life that are lasting. And because life and love are beautiful, one does not see difficulty in Keats' phrase "A Thing of Beauty is a Joy Forever."

Ruby Cabral, '51

A STORY OF ADDITION

"Dear Sue, I am sending you a hamster. Her name is Elisabeth. Love, Uncle Bill."

My mother ranted and raved, but it was no use because the next day, a box arrived containing not only Elisabeth but also her husband, Jeremiah. A note said "Elisabeth would be lonesome."

Well, I built a house and coop with feeding and watering facilities and watched them for a few days. My, they were stupid, I thought many times, and so little by little I got tired of them.

One day, when I came home from school, I was violently attacked by my mother.

"Just you come around to Elisabeth's coop and see!"; she roared.

Before I could say anything she had jet propelled me around there and—Holy Cow—not one Elisabeth but six little Elisabeths and Jeremiahs. I exclaimed how cute, but that only got me two weeks of washing the dishes.

I went around town looking for prospective buyers. One day two weeks later when I came home, my mother was waiting for me wide-eyed and foaming at the mouth.

"12—12—12—12," she cackled, "all over there are Elisabeths and Jeremiahs: twelve more!"

Sure enough, when I looked there were twelve little ones.

This meant more hunting for owners. Nothing happened the next two months, but after returning from a visit to my dear uncle Bill, I discovered not 12—not 18—not 30—but 67 all over. The boy who was taking care of them had moved them into the garage. Great Guns! what'll I do. Not only Elisabeth was having children but Elisabeth I, II, III, IV, V, VI, VII, VIII, IX, and X were having children by the dozen.

A man from some world wide poll came to the house to ask if we thought hamsters were good to eat. Mom asked coyly if he'd like to try one then batted him on the head with the broom.

Now there are 102 hamsters. They are now living in the house, garage, numerous coops, and all over.

Patricia Boogar, 8A

PROVINCETOWN

Fishermen of the Cape
 Play resort; Harbor
 for ships,
 Noisy, fishy, foreign
 Town of the Portuguese.

They tell me you are quaint—and it is
 the truth; for I have seen your
 narrow street lanes and the fishing
 scows and the tiny shops,

Come and show me another town so prideful
 of its Artist colony and so gifted
 with its Pilgrim legendry.

Yet, beneath this bright cover lies their
 vain war; the people versus treacherous
 Nature.

Laughing and fighting, never surrendering
 to the eternal blast of wind and sand;
 Proud to be fishy and foreign and joyfully
 Bohemian—Proud of these things
 because they are Provincetown!

Lorraine Brown, '43

A EULOGY TO JUNIORS

I wish to extend my sympathy
 To the Juniors, proud and bold.
 They scorn the lower classmen,
 To them give glances cold.

But, ah, how soon their pride is gone
 Their boldness is seen no more
 For the knowledge of a certain week,
 Leaves all of them quite sore.

I need say little more, I guess,
 I'm sure you know it's true—
 There's "Junior Declamation Time,"
 When sympathy is due.

Deborah Brown, '50

NIGHT OF MAGIC

The stars were out, the sky was bright;
 Day had passed, and it was night.
 The moon sent a pathway of shimmering gold
 That seemed to hint of a tale untold.
 It shone on the bay with a silvery gleam
 That made this exquisite picture seem
 As if it all were derived from some dream.

The waves lapped gently against the sand
 As peace reigned here with a gentle hand.
 I gazed in awe at the beauty here;
 The moon so full, the sky so clear,
 The water so smooth, the stars so bright,
 The breeze so gentle, the pathway of light
 All blended together on this calm summer night.

Agnes Matenos, '51

"MY MAINE"

Think of the forests, lakes, and all
 Think of the gray whi-poor-will's call,
 The beautiful mountains and plains
 All portray a picture of My Maine.

Its pine trees tall and mountains high,
 Reach high in splendor to the sky,
 All its sparkling rivers untamed,
 Add up to tell you that it's My Maine.

I have heard the crickets calling
 Seen lonely, dark shadows falling,
 And gay butterflies that remain
 In the sun all day; that's My Maine.

I have seen the stars in the blue
 Shine through the pines and mountains too,
 DeMonts saw this, too, when he claimed
 That this land would be called My Maine.

Think of the doe nursing her fawn
 In dark lonely thickets at dawn,
 And beavers building their domain
 Are Nature's children, in My Maine.

You can hear the nightingale's song
 Being sung in a wondrous throng,
 Its voice so sweet will e'er remain
 A sound of beauty in My Maine.

The cool brooks where little trout swim
 In a parade of charming vim
 And little tad-poles do the same
 In graceful ways, in pools, in Maine.

I have seen a calm, clear lagoon
 At night by the light of her moon,
 Where the crane would stand, as though lame,
 On a leg, proud to be in My Maine.

Think of the gay chipmunks at play
 On a beautiful, sunny day,
 And little squirrels play a game
 Till the bright sun falls in My Maine.

Richard Michaud, '50

The giant swells like monsters rose all topped
 with creamy spray
 Then turned to shimmering gold by the sunset's
 brilliant ray
 Then scurrying clouds shut out the light, as
 black as they could be
 And screeching wind and sheets of rain all filled
 the blackened sea
 One lone ship defied all this that nature so had
 planned
 One lone ship who MIGHTY! PROUD! was
 launched, to the music of a band
 Whose crew had stood upon her deck spotless
 in uniform
 Men full of courage, full of faith, men who were
 good and strong
 Now as she tossed and pitched, at the mercy of
 the sea
 It made her seem much smaller, but her courage
 all could see
 For her courage and defiance rang above the
 screaming wind
 Her courage and defiance—the spirit of her
 men!
 They weren't super-human; just people like you
 and I
 Filled with their private troubles which shone in
 their hearts and eyes.
 You could hear the snapping of the ship as it
 rose with each frothy swell
 Then with a lurch down again between the
 waves it fell.
 Would she rise again? Would this fall be her
 last?
 Once more above the hungry sea rose her
 mighty mast!
 And onward through the night, she went fighting
 nature back

Small she might be, compared to sea, but cour-
 age, she did not lack
 Then with a brilliance so full of joy and light,
 that it must go untold
 The winds died down, the rain had stopped,
 dawn touched the world with gold!
 It fell upon the little ship which plowed its way
 along
 Such joy the sunlight's beauty brought could fill
 the seas with song.
 Reflecting back from her gleaming sides
 Reflecting back towards the sea and the skies!
 Sail on, oh ship, sail on upon the sea—
 Sail on, sail on, unto eternity!
 For your courage and defiance shall ring above
 the screaming wind
 Your courage and defiance—The spirit of your
 men!

Marjorie L. Perry, '49

PICTURESQUE PROVINCETOWN

Far off, the coast I could barely see
 A sandy beach, and many a tree,
 But gliding in, on a boat supreme
 I made out figures as in a dream.

Majestic trees seemed to shelter o'er
 The small gay cabins that lined the shore,
 And from a distance I could see
 A towering monument o'erlooking the sea.

Along the wharves and beside the floats,
 The seagulls drifted like wooden boats;
 Then some would spread their wings to fly
 Up into the spacious, cloudless sky.

Various kinds of boats docked at the pier
 From which crowds came, afar and near;
 Not only to see the manifold sight
 But to catch a glimpse of Long Point Light.

All of these things, and many more too,
 Describe our town, a dream come true;
 But until the scarlet sun bends its head
 down
 You've never seen a more picturesque
 Provincetown.

Patricia C. Perry, '51



SENIORS



KENNETH ALVES

Hobby: Hunting and fishing

Pet Peeve: Women

Ambition: To be a veterinarian

We grant altho' he had much wit,
He was very shy of using it.



MARJORIE AUST

Hobby: Cooking and Sewing

Pet Peeve: Mice

Ambition: To have a penthouse

Frailty, thy name is woman!



JANICE BOWLEY

Hobby: Knitting

Pet Peeve: Winter

Ambition: To be successful

Ah, Is love? It is a pretty thing
As sweet unto a shepherd as a king.





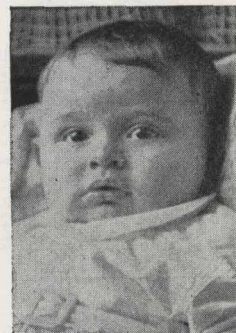
HAROLD BROWN

Hobby: Music

Pet Peeve: Algebra II

Ambition: To get up in the world

Up, Up, My Friend and quite your books
 Oh surely you'll grow double
 Up, Up, My Friend and clear your looks
 Why all this toil and trouble.



LORRAINE BROWN

Hobby: Dressmaking

Pet Peeve: Noisy people

Ambition: To be happy

There's such a charm in melancholy
 I would not if I could be gay.



PATRICIA CABRAL

Hobby: Saving love letters

Pet Peeve: Apartment hunting

Ambition: To become the mother of twins

Haste thee, Nymph and bring with thee
 Jest, and youthful jollity
 Quips, and cranks and wanton smiles
 Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles.



ELEANOR CORCORAN

Hobby: Horses

Pet Peeve: Racial Discrimination

Ambition: To be successful

Serene, I fold my hands and wait
 Nor care for wind, or tide, or sea
 I rave no more 'gainst Time or Fate
 For, lo, my own shall come to me.





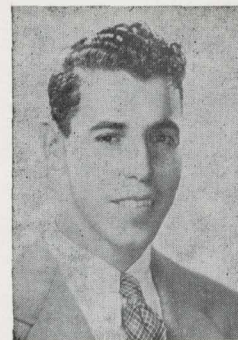
ERNEST DeSILVA

Hobby: Collecting snapshots

Pet Peeve: English

Ambition: To be happy and successful

I've a friend over the sea
I like her but she loves me.



JOSEPH ENOS

Hobby: Drawing

Pet Peeve: Room XI

Ambition: To be a Marine

Into each life some rain must fall.



RUTH ENOS

Hobby: Sports

Pet Peeve: Review Math

Ambition: To be a success

Her mirth the world required
She bathed it in smiles of glee.



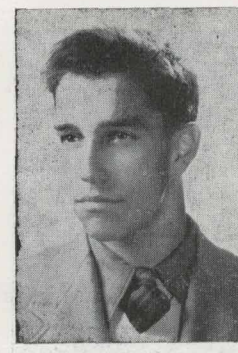
ROBERT FERREIRA

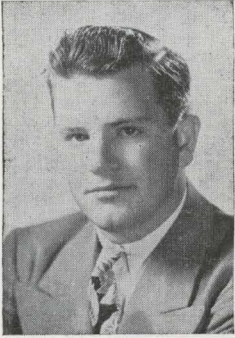
Hobby: Sports

Pet Peeve: Going to school

Ambition: To be successful

O sleep it is a gentle thing
Beloved from pole to pole.





JOSEPH FRATUS

Hobby: Eating

Pet Peeve: George F.

Ambition: To join the Marines as a general and
work up to President.

Eat thou and drink, for tomorrow thou shalt
die.



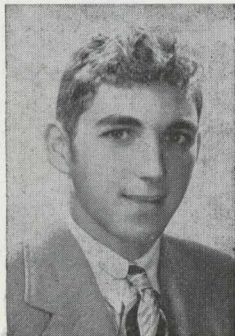
MARION GROZIER

Hobby: Housework

Pet Peeve: 1st and 2nd periods

Ambition: To be successful

Human companionship has its seasons
Like the year and one leads to the next.



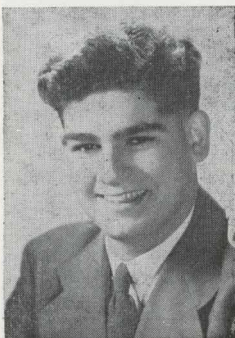
JOHN R. HENRIQUE

Hobby: Blonde on Court Street

Pet Peeve: English

Ambition: Mechanic

Fain would I change that note
To which fond Love hath charmed me.



MICHAEL JANOPOLIS

Hobby: Hunting

Pet Peeve: Being told no

Ambition: To own a Cadillac convertible

How happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will
Whose armour is his honest thought
And simple truth his skill.

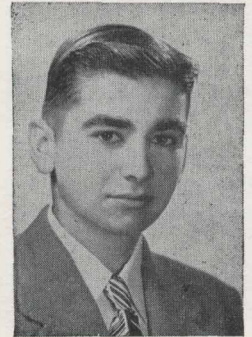




DOMINGO JOSEPH

Hobby: Sports
Pet Peeve: Getting up for school
Ambition: To retire young

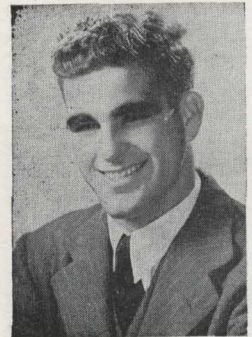
When I was two less twenty
I heard a wise man say
Give crowns and pounds and guineas
But not your heart away.



STUART JOSEPH

Hobby: Taking things apart
Pet Peeve: Staying home nights
Ambition: To marry a million-dollar baby

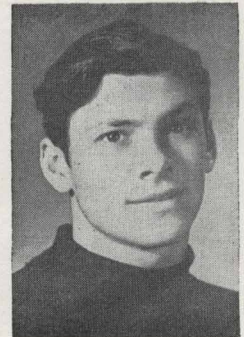
I've taken my fun where I've found it
I've rogued and I've ranged in my time
I've 'ad my pickin' a sweet hearts
And four a' the lot was prime.



DAVID KELLY

Hobby: None
Pet Peeve: None
Ambition: Darned little

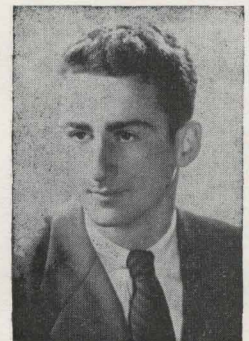
A sin who tell us love can die
With life all other passions fly
All others are but vanity.



ROBERT KELLY

Hobby: Dancing
Pet Peeve: Room VII
Ambition: To play with the Boston Celtics

Little man, what now—





JOHN LAMBROU

Hobby: Playing the clarinet

Pet Peeve: Working

Ambition: To be successful

Law! wot do they understand?
I've a neater, sweeter maiden
In a cleaner, greener land.



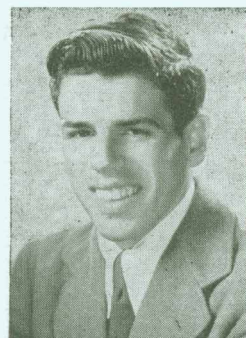
KENNETH MEDEIROS

Hobby: Fishing

Pet Peeve: Being broke

Ambition: To make my first million

From toil he wins his spirit's light
From busy day the peaceful night
Rich, from the very want of wealth,
In heaven's best treasures, peace and
health.



ANTHONY MERRILL

Hobby: Football

Pet Peeve: Getting up early

Ambition: To be successful

Does the road wind uphill all the way?
Yes, to the very end.
Will the day's journey take the whole day
long?
From morn to night my friend.



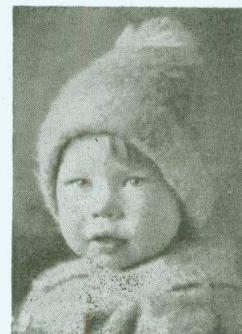
ALAN MOFFETT

Hobby: Sports

Pet Peeve: Working

Ambition: To be rich

Allan-a-Dale was n'er belted a knight
Though his spur be as sharp, and his blade
as bright.
Alan-a-Dale is no baron or lord
Yet twenty tall yeomen, will draw at his
word.





DORIS MORRIS

Hobby: Cooking

Pet Peeve: Mr. Perry

Ambition: To be a good wife

To whom you give with all your heart,
As your own heart you love.



FRANCIS MOTTA

Hobby: Sports

Pet Peeve: Algebra

Ambition: To be an engineer

Better by far you should forget and smile
Than that you should remember and be sad



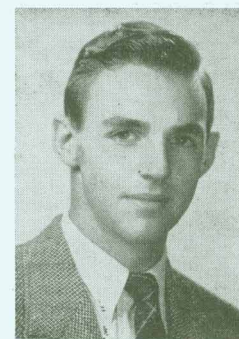
PETER NICKLE

Hobby: Loafing

Pet Peeve: Women

Ambition: Medicine

Go fetch to me a pint o' wine
And fill it in a silver tassie
That I may drink before I go
A service to my bonnie lassie.



DOROTHY PERRY

Hobby: Dancing, swimming

Pet Peeve: Men

Ambition: To be a beautician

Oh woman in our hours of ease
Uncertain, coy and hard to please.





ERIC ROGERS

Hobby: None

Pet Peeve: Movie Gum-throwers

Ambition: Landscape

To be or not to be, that is the question
 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
 The slings and arrows of outrageous
 fortune
 Or to take arms against a sea of Troubles.



EVELYN ROGERS

Hobby: Making money

Pet Peeve: Lack of money

Ambition: To get rich quick

In youth from rock to rock I went
 From hill to hill in discontent.



LORETTA SILVA

Hobby: Sewing and knitting

Pet Peeve: A certain North Truro boy

Ambition: To be successful

But on and up, where Nature's heart
 Beats strong amid the hills.



NORMA SIMMONS

Hobby: Sewing

Pet Peeve: Clowns and coy husbands

Ambition: To steal a fortune

Break! Break! break
 On thy cold gray stone o sea
 And I would that my tongue could utter
 The thoughts that arise in me.





ELIZABETH SMITH

Hobby: Knitting

Pet Peeve: The new look—padded hips

Ambition: To be a success

And when two men have loved a woman
well
Each hating each through love and death's
deceit.



VIRGINIA SOARES

Hobby: Music

Pet Peeve: Mathematics

Ambition: To make up my mind
(Ed.'s note: People make up your mind for you)

Three years she grew in sun and shower
Then Nature said a lovelier flower
On earth was never sown.



FRANK SOUZA

Hobby: Photography

Pet Peeve: Room XI

Ambition: To join the Marines

Dear Ruth, more happily set free
With nobler zeal I burn.



JOHN SOUZA

Hobby: Breathing

Pet Peeve: Room XII

Ambition: United States Navy

Who 'er she be
That not impossible she
That will command my heart and me.





KATHLEEN SOUZA

Hobby: Sports

Pet Peeve: "Butch"

Ambition: To travel around the world

Sweet, be proud of those two eyes
Which starlike sparkle in their skies.



VERONICA TAVES

Hobby: Practicing the violin

Pet Peeve: Tattooed men

Ambition: To play in Carnegie Hall

Come down, O maiden, from yonder
Mountain height.

(Here's to Veronica and her magic violin)



HELEN THOMAS

Hobby: Reading

Pet Peeve: Review Math class

Ambition: To be successful in life

Good to forgive,
Best to forget,
Living we fret.



CHRISTOPHER TRACY

Hobby: G. B.

Pet Peeve: R. B.

Ambition: G. T.

Why so pale and wan fond lover
Prithee! Why so pale?



NANCY WHORF



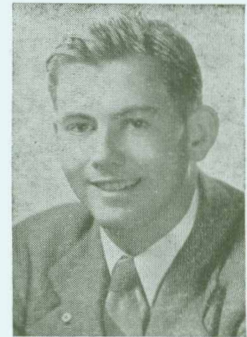
Hobby: thoughts of raising eight or maybe ten kids
 Pet Peeve: human beings
 Ambition: to get married (how stupid can we get)
 Someday I'll think of days gone by and laugh
 But now each thought is sad and full of dread
 For love had knocked upon my lonely door
 And when I went to answer, quickly fled.



WILLIAM WILSON



Hobby: Stamp collecting, photography
 Pet Peeve: Intolerance
 Ambition: Success
 Why William on that old gray stone
 Thus for the length of half a day
 Why William sit you thus alone
 And dream your time away.



SENIOR SUPERLATIVES

Best girl student
 Class artist
 Class actor
 Girl with most poise
 Most subtle
 Girl with best figure
 Most athletic boy
 Class acrobat
 Most bashful
 Best girl dancer
 Most likely to succeed
 Wittiest
 Most dignified
 Class baby
 Done most for class
 Best dressed boy
 Most attractive girl
 Most conceited boy
 Class musician
 Handsomest boy
 Million dollar smile
 Class Clown
 Most conceited girl

Norma Simmons
 Nancy Whorf
 David Kelly
 Virginia Soares
 Domingo Joseph
 Veronica Taves
 Francis Motta
 Richard Henrique
 Alan Moffett
 Patricia Cabrai
 Harold Brown
 Ernest DeSilva, Jr.
 Janice Bowley
 Evelyn Rogers
 Elizabeth Smith
 Joseph Fratus
 Virginia Soares
 Christopher Tracey
 Evelyn Rogers
 David Kelly
 Kenneth Alves
 Robert Kelly
 Veronica Taves

Class flirt
 Man hater
 Best dressed girl
 Most reserved
 Biggest drags with faculty
 Class pet
 Most athletic girl
 Woman hater
 Personality Plus
 Best boy student
 Most tactful
 Most original
 Class orator
 Best boy dancer
 First to have a bay window
 First to be married
 Biggest appetite
 Class Pest
 Class actress
 Class favorite
 Boy with best physique

Marion Grozier
 Eleanor Cocoran
 Marjorie Aust
 Lorraine Brown
 "Sweet & Pancake"
 (Fratus & Whorf—that is!)
 Dorothy Perry
 Ruth Enos
 Robert Ferreira
 Joseph Fratus
 Harold Brown
 Virginia Soares
 Nancy Whorf
 William Wilson
 Robert Kelly
 Michael Janopolis
 Doris Morris
 Peter Nickle
 Helen Thomas
 Patricia Cabral
 Mr. Dahill
 John Lambrou

SENIOR CLASS HISTORY (1948)

When reminded by our elders that our high school days are the happiest and best of our life, we, unthinkingly, scoff and shrug our shoulders. But such things as class day and graduation exercises bring to realization that this last year was our last chance to enjoy a true friendship bonded by common fears and happy events. With this introduction in mind, I implore you, Seniors, to recall with me the past history of our class and all undergraduates to heed our mistakes.

We began our Freshman year as an unusually intelligent group, with many bright ideas and ambitions, which were soon to decline rapidly as the years passed. Despite this, however, I maintain to this present day that our class is truly different, unusual, and more talented than any previous class to graduate from PHS.

The annual Freshman Reception sponsored by the graduating class of '43 welcomed us in mid-September. At our first meeting we proceeded on a long and weary road with the election of the following representatives:

President—Harold Brown
 Vice President—Joseph Santos
 Treasurer—Ernest DeSilva, Jr.
 Secretary—John Lambrou
 Student Council—Harold Brown
 Advisor—Mr. Murphy

Thus emerged the notorious smarty-alecks (so called by upper classmen) who were the first to defy the submission to our elders, upper classmen. The following year the faculty looked forward to our future with "Great Expectations"; however, breaking all rules of consistency we shed our studious aspects and claimed the well-deserved title—"hellions". There was nothing awe-striking to us about this unexpected change, it was just that they had been so amazed by our scholastic abilities that they either ignored or were unaware of our actions in study halls and in music class.

We strived hard to amass a small fortune for the senior trip and emerged victorious with a financially successful Halloween Dance and basket raffle of rationed articles.

Classmates serving time that year were:

President—Ernest DeSilva, Jr.
 Vice President—Christopher Tracey
 Secretary—Elizabeth Smith
 Treasurer—Joseph Fratus

(this accounts for the deficiency in our funds)

We were ably advised by a former member of the faculty, Miss Emma T. Martin, and Michael Janopolis was elected to the Student Council.

P. S.—our new idea of \$.25 per month for class dues was soon to prove a wise idea with the financial "flop" of a series of activities to come.

The Junior Declamations came and went in the March of the following year with an unrestrained sigh of relief, the winners being: Nancy Whorf, Patricia Cabral, Harold Brown and Ernest DeSilva.

Syd Ross and his orchestra was hired for our Junior Prom and everyone accused us of cheating the public. It was later explained that he had been hired until 12:00 P. M. contrary to the common belief that the party would break up no sooner than one o'clock.

President—Joseph Fratus
 Vice President—Norma Simmons
 Treasurer—Ernest DeSilva, Jr.
 Secretary—Elizabeth Smith
 Student Council—Harold Brown
 Michael Janopolis
 Class Advisor—Mr. Dahill

Our senior year has progressed slowly and carefully with a blanket raffle, cake sale, chicken-pie supper, and dance, none of which can be called a success either financially or socially. Everyone is again watching the senior class. Will they be able to raise the money for a senior trip to New York or will Wellfleet prove interesting after all? That optimistic, and slightly egotistical group of Freshmen has experienced many downfalls and disappointments but the question remaining is—have we learned from our experiences? To the onlooker, we have developed a casual and indifferent appearance which is in reality a defense mechanism for we are truly fearful of risking our few chances on big prospects. No matter what the outcome, we remain truly thankful to the following class officers and advisors who were chosen to represent us in this, our last, our senior year:

President—Michael Janopolis
 Vice President—Harold Brown
 Treasurer—Ernest DeSilva, Jr.
 Secretary—Elizabeth Smith
 Student Council—Norma Simmons
 Joseph Fratus
 Class Advisor—Miss Kathleen Medeiros



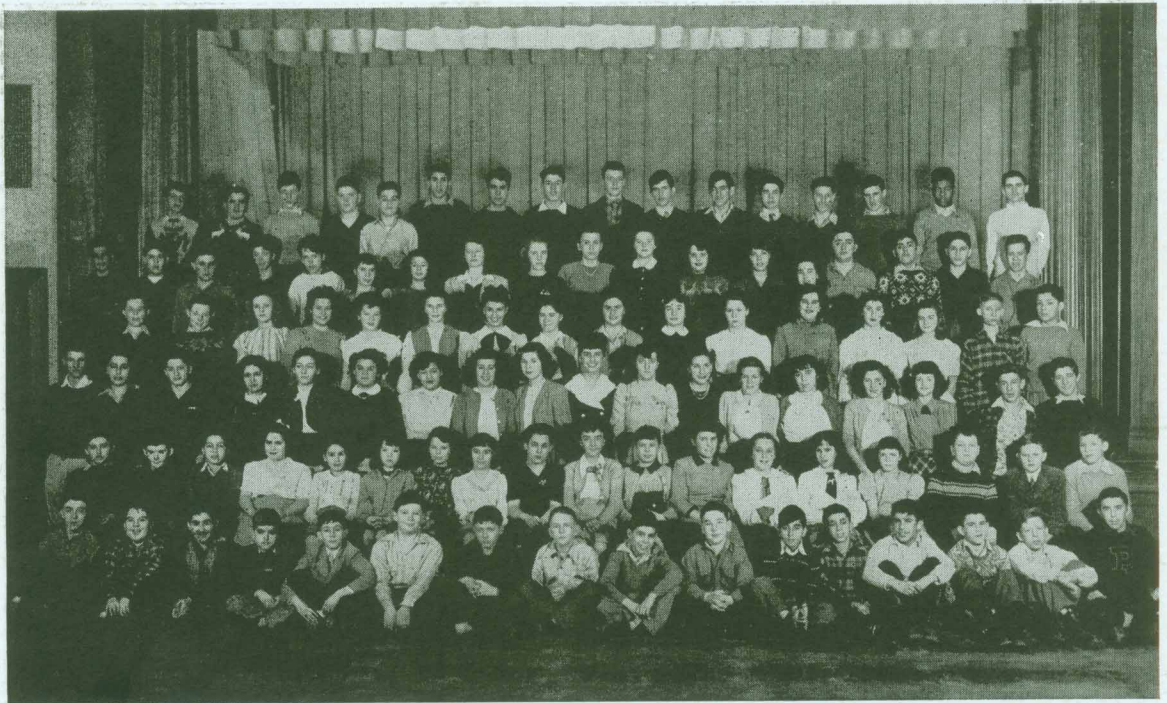
JUNIOR CLASS



SOPHOMORE CLASS



FRESHMAN CLASS



JUNIOR HIGH



activities



STUDENT COUNCIL

First Row—Lillian Cabral, Eleanor Silva, Norma Simmons, Patricia Boogar

Second Row—Robert Meads, Stephen Simmons, Joseph Fratus

ANNUAL CONCERT

As the houselights dimmed, the expectant audience impatiently awaited one fleeting vision of their evening-clothed offspring. First on the program were the symphonettes whose delightful peeping was actually "out of this world." They received a tremendous ovation from proud parents and rain-soaked patrons alike.

Next on the "Hit Parade" was the Governor Bradford School Orchestra. This group of promising musicians (ages, nine to twelve years) showed excellent playing ability and have been widely acclaimed by many high school music supervisors as being the best instrumental group, considering age and playing

experience, on the entire Cape.—As Mrs. Nassi so aptly put it, "There are no 'chair warmers' there!"

From this group, a charming petite lass named Estelle Souza played a comparatively difficult violin solo, Toseli's Serenade. Although she was perceptively nervous, she retained her co-ordination, which so many even experienced performers lose, and breezed through with the ease of an accomplished player.

Then, as the audience incessantly applauded, the celebrated orchestra retired and the Junior High School Band members took their places. They didn't make too great an impression but in true "Nassian" philosophy—I say, "Give them time!"



SENIOR CLASS TRIP

The misfortuned band had no sooner retired from the stage when the high and mighty Senior High School Orchestra dreamily floated onto the stage mid a colorful array of pastel evening gowns somewhat modified by the boys' dark suits. Their first piece was a Mendelssohn's Chorale which could, in all reality, be called a warmer-up. Then they rushed through Gluck's Petite Suite de Ballet doing justice to all four movements. This was followed by a clarinet duet excellently done by Barbara Days and Carol Rego. It was Bellini's Duet from Norma, a mass of intricate runs and arpeggios.

Handel's Largo from the opera Xerxes was the title of a solo superbly done, with orchestral accompaniment, by Veronica Taves and her seemingly magic violin. The orchestra came to a close by playing a spirited Czechoslovakian Gypsy Dance and Ivanovici's Danube Waves.

Topping a brief intermission the P. H. S. Band took over the stage and after two preliminary marches they played their carefully selected overture, On the Volga. This was, of course, fully appreciated by all.

Now the spotlight fell on the songbird of P. H. S., Helen McCaffrey. She sang the extremely difficult Mad Scene from Lucia de Lamermoor by Donizetti. She was ably accompanied

by Mrs. John Gregory, piano, and Mr. Thomas Nassi, flute. Everyone was enthralled by it and Helen graciously obliged when they demanded an encore.

Yours truly was the last solo performer on the slate and played the Blue Bells of Scotland including its three variations.

The performance ended with the playing of the Star Spangled Banner and the presentation of a gift to Mr. Nassi from the P. H. S. Band and Orchestra; merely a token of our esteem and appreciation. On this happy note the concert ended.

Evelyn F. Rogers, '48

THE FRESHMAN RECEPTION

At 8:00 P. M., September 26, 1947 the confident Seniors welcomed the star-gazing Freshmen into the first of four long years at Provincetown High School with the annual Freshman Reception. Admiring mothers gazed upon their little sons and daughters who just a few years ago, so it seems, had been wearing diapers. For the Seniors, it was just the beginning of a dull evening with a "bunch of kids". The march began at nine o'clock and



FRESHMAN RECEPTION

was carried through with but few mistakes. Music was played by first-rate orchestras (on records) and spotlight dancing began. Most of the Freshmen girls stood against the wall with their fingers crossed behind their backs hoping

for a rush of dance offers. The dance was over at 11:00 (since all good Freshmen go to bed before midnight) and the Freshmen left in a partially hypnotized condition which resulted from the fun that was had by all.

Barbara Fanning



SPORTS



FOOTBALL (1947-48)

For the first time during a span of five years Provincetown added a "new look" to the Cape-tip high school athletic program with the inception of football. Team's coach, Amos Taylor, an alumnus of Brown University, started an almost futile task with the approaching football season.

On the first day of practice twenty youngsters turned out in an attempt to make the team. It was harder work than the candidates counted on but, after three weeks of tough training, Coach Taylor found these "green" players better than expected. By the time the initial contest came, the first string lineup had been picked and they were raring to go. Because of the few boys who went out for football there was no special first squad as all participated in playing. The boys on the squad were Bernard Santos, Oscar Snow, John Lambrou, John Cook, Philip Packett and Pete Nickle in the backfield while Captain Joseph Fratus, Ernest Cordeiro, Anthony Leonard, Francis Motta, Stuart Joseph, Joseph Enos, Kenneth Macara, Eugene Packett, Michael Janopolis, Anthony Merrill, Richard Henrique, John Souza, Robert Kelly, and Domingo Joseph played various positions in the line.

So on a bright Saturday morning the school bus left with the team for its first opponent. Although the team was defeated by Bourne 13-0, it received a 'baptism of fire'. The next two games were also defeats for the "Orange and Black" as Yarmouth trounced them 15-0 and the Barnstable seconds handed them a 14-6 loss. But regardless of these defeats the team was acquiring the needed experience. In a return match with Barnstable, the high school broke into the win column, taking their first victory since '43 as they clipped the "Red Raiders" 19-0. On the second play of the game the scintillating halfback, Oscar Snow, carried the pigskin 55 yards for a touchdown. This would have been enough to win but Cook and again Snow scored to "ice" the ball game.

The following week Provincetown, fresh from a 19-0 victory over Barnstable, racked up its second win as they blanked Harwich Boys Club 31-0. There was no particularly exciting part

in the ball game as P-town scored almost at will.

For the next tilt, Provincetown was slated to travel to Marion to play the Tabor seconds. This game accounted for the play of the year as right halfback, Bernard Santos, held his own and scampered 95 yards for the t. d. Immediately Tabor tied the score and in the final period they raced the ball over the goal line for the necessary margin of victory.

On a typical November afternoon the local high school won its third game of the year as once again they vanquished the Harwich Boys Club 35-0. Oscar Snow registered 2 touchdowns and four times ran the extra point successfully for high scoring honors. John Lambrou also ran for 2 t. d.'s while Bernard Santos and John Cook tallied once. Fratus was good for the conversion.

The final tussle was at Yarmouth, a rough and tumble battle which turned into fisticuffs. Fans poured from the stands, anxious to poke or be poked. But the game finished with Provincetown on the small end of an 18-7 score.

That is the way the football season went, being fairly successful with a 3 and 5 win and loss record and a season full of spirit.

Considering the team's lacking in number and experience the P-town '47 squad which pioneered its post war football effort, compiled an impressive record for the teams to follow.

Facts and Figures

The team scored a total of 104 points in 8 contests while holding their opponents to 78 points.

Left halfback, Oscar Snow, who, by-the-way, was the second highest scorer on the Cape and highest of the Provincetown squad, tallied 7 touchdowns and 4 conversions for a grand total of 46 points. Bernard Santos, right halfback, followed next with 3 touchdowns. Quarterback, John Lambrou and Fullback, John Cook followed next with 2 touchdowns each. Backfield substitute, Peter Nickle and Anthony Merrill, a spare left end, scored a 6-pointer apiece.

Captain Joseph Fratus scored 4 points by means of kicking extra points.



GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

First Row—Eleanor Silva, Barbara Worth, Kathleen Nascimento, Ruth Enos, (Captain), Lillian Cabral, Carol Lee
 Second Row—Mary Ferreira, Joyce Morris, Gladys Tarvers, Helen Martin, Miss Elizabeth DeRiggs (Coach)

Every single player did a very exceptional job in playing his position.

Schedule and Results

	we	they
Provincetown vs. Bourne (A)	0	13
Barnstable 2nds vs. Provincetown (H)	6	14
Yarmouth vs. Provincetown (H)	0	15
Provincetown vs. Barnstable (A)	19	0
Harwich vs. Provincetown (H)	31	0
Provincetown vs. Tabor (A)	6	12
Harwich vs. Provincetown (H)	35	0
Provincetown vs. Yarmouth (A)	7	18
	—	—
	104	78

Michael Whorf, '50

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

As it was predicted last year, the 1948 Girls' Team was really in fine shape this year. They won six games and had a very good scoring

average. The girls played as a team should. They knew what plays to make and when—that's what piles up the points! Of course, this could never have been done without practice and more practice. But they did it and very faithfully. So, between the practice and Miss DeRiggs' expert coaching, it was inevitable that a fine team would result.

In general, the games went along smoothly. The girls won at least one game from each of the teams played except Orleans which triumphed over our girls twice. An interesting fact about this is that one of our best forwards, Helen Martinot, transferred to Orleans this year and played against us.

As the situation is now next year's team seems to be a future winner. The team will suffer only one loss when Ruth Enos, the center forward, graduates in June. Ruthie has been a most faithful and earnest player, as well as a fine team mate and her leaving will be sincerely felt. But, with the first team still going strong and a

41

very excellent second team coming up, I think it is safe to say that next year the Girls' Team will be going places!

	We	They
Harwich	24	13
Barnstable	13	24
Wellfleet	32	6
Orleans	18	23
Yarmouth	37	26
Orleans	15	24
Harwich	31	17
Barnstable	23	21
Wellfleet	42	18

Won 6

Lost 3

Lorraine Brown, '48

BOYS' BASKETBALL

This year, as every year, Coach David Murphy put out one of his unusually fine basketball squads. The Cape was divided into two divisions, upper and lower, and Provincetown, being in the Lower Cape, faced keen competition from its bitter court rival, Orleans High. Although Orleans was the real threat, Harwich was the "underdog".

The candidates for the team were Bernie Santos, Anthony Travers, Francis Motta, and Oscar Snow—all varsity men in '46. Robert Snow, who finally won the center spot, was a slow and inaccurate shooter the previous year, but Coach Murphy turned him into a fine pivot man. Then there was the second team which consisted of Robert Souza, Steven Simmons, John Avellar, Kenneth Nolet, and James Meads. Utility players were John Cook, John Taves, Philip Henrique, Robert Ferreira, John Souza, and Kenneth Macara.

The Cape-Tippers started the season by defeating the alumni 54-38 and continued at a merry pace as they sank the P-Town Independents, Knights of Columbus Seconds and defeated the "Blue & White" of Chatham for their first scholastic victory.

The high school then faced the Knights of Columbus in a charity game. The funds were to go to the wounded Matthew Costa, former Provincetown High athlete.

It was a case of youth bowing to age and the veteran experienced Knights won the game 45-35.

Harwich High was the second schoolboy victim of the Orange and Black and the locals

racked up a huge score crushing their opponents 90-55. Expectations were that Harwich might put up a good fight, but the mid-Capers were off color and the Provincetown boys were blazing.

Diminutive Bernard Santos paced his team with 25 points.

Provincetown suffered one of the upsets of the year in the next contest as the Barnstable "Red-Raiders" nipped the Murphy men 46-40.

The fighting Cape-end was powerless and with all the boys "cold" they could not but help face defeat.

The next three opponents fell to their faces as the improving P'town quintet rocked Orleans 53-30, and bowled over Wellfleet and Yarmouth by large scores.

Provincetown's first lower Cape defeat occurred at Orleans as the Maki-Raiders clipped the Provincetown boys 44-34. It was a night of mostly bad luck and some unsatisfactory playing. But apparently the defeat did not effect Provincetown as they racked up a six-game winning streak.

They started it against the Chatham squad as for the second time of the year they rolled up a score of 90. Every player on the team participated and scoring honors went to Oscar Snow with 20 points. Next opponent on the list was Bourne. A fast exciting game was witnessed by nearly 500 fans. The canal boys tried hard to keep up with the opposition but with every player's performance glittering like that of a Pro, the Provincetown squad won 60-50.

The Harwich game was played in the same way. Provincetown had to win in order to tie with Orleans and play off for the lower Cape cup. They did win, and with a close two point margin; fin 62-54.

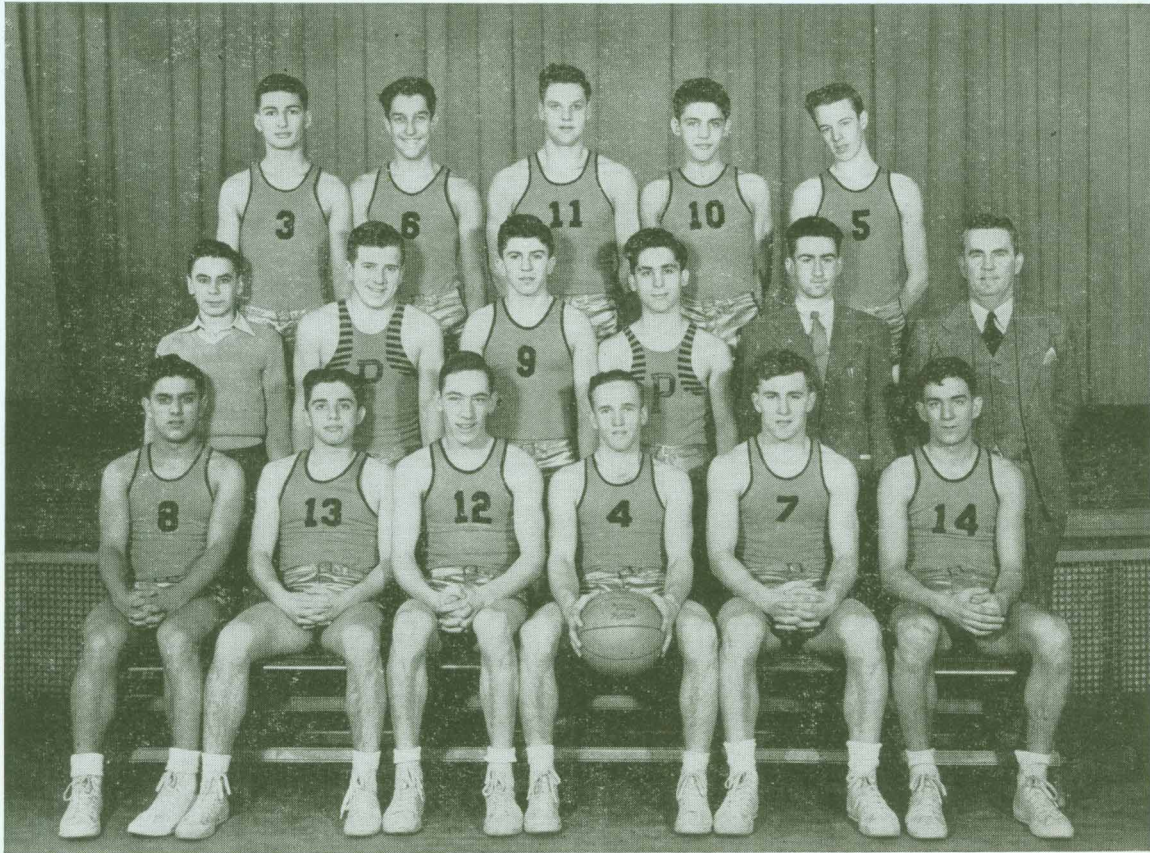
Seeking revenge on the home court against Barnstable, Provincetown "mutilated" the Howes-men 72-42 and thus continued the streak.

The last game of the year saw Provincetown belt Wellfleet 73-41.

So this gave the Cape-end high school a chance to play Orleans for the lower Cape cup.

Every basketball fan on the Cape expected a fast, scintillating, nip-and-tuck, contest, but instead, it was a romp for Provincetown. They wrecked Orleans' defense to tally 30 field goals plus 11 foul shots. "Tony" Travers sparked his team with some sharp shooting and spectacular floor work. In all he netted 22 points.

Meanwhile, in the upper circuit, Bourne



BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM

First Row—Robert Souza, Anthony Travers, Robert Snow, Bernard Santos (Captain), Oscar Snow, Francis Motta
 Second Row—William Costa (Ass't Mgr.), John Taves, John Souza, Kenneth Macara, Robert Kelley (Mgr.), David Murphy (Coach)
 Third Row—Stephen Simmons, Robert Ferreira, John Avellar, James Meads, Kenneth Nolet

wrapped Lawrence to gain the cup and to play Provincetown on a neutral court.

Before this game, the Cape-tip traveled to Brockton to play in the South Shore Tourney. They were slated to play Foxboro, so with determined hearts, they trounced their opponents 50-30. In this game, the team clicked beautifully and with Travers sparking the team, they managed to win without much difficulty.

They were matched against Sharon for the semi-finals and although they put their best effort into the game they were defeated.

The giant center, Don Bailey, ruined Provincetown's chances of winning as he tallied 25 points, which was half of Sharon's final score. The Cape-tip fell in the third quarter and this gave Sharon the ball game. The final score was the Red and Gold of Sharon 50-43.

Returning to the Cape championship; since Provincetown had lost to the Sharon "5", they were now ready to play Bourne.

Performing before a throng of 800 spectators, who jammed the Barnstable High School Auditorium, Provincetown presented the kind of basketball a coach only dreams about, to beat Bourne in the first official interscholastic championship play-off the Cape has ever seen.

In the first period the Cape-enders went wild, scoring from almost any point of the floor. Bourne's defense was loose and this enabled the local boys to gain a 14-8 score. The next stanza followed in much the same order and it was only in the last quarter that Bourne threatened pulling up to five points behind. But with the previous lead, Provincetown had won the title match.

Now the Cape champs received an invitation from Boston Gardens to play in Class C.

Naturally the proud, newly-crowned champs accepted the offer and traveled to the big city to meet Punchard High.

The game was one of the best played by the

boys as they came from behind in the last quarter to win 43-31. The Cape-enders grabbed a lead at first quarter time and although it was only one point, it seemed like a thousand. In the two following periods P-Town lost all their poise and defeat was hanging over their heads. But some slick ball handling and miraculous shooting won the ball game for Provincetown.

They were not as fortunate in the semi-finals as Somerset, defeated by Provincetown for two previous years, pounced on the Orange and Black and defeated them 43-33.

So, with sad drawn faces, they returned home and faced their last opponent of the year, The Fall River Lions. This club contained Durfee High stars and promised to be a good battle. But the high school was not up to par and the Lions pulled out a 49-44 victory. Andy Farrissey was the star for the Fall River team as the tall guard sank 13 field goals and 1 foul for 27 points.

Thus the 1947-48 basketball playing came and ended with the high schoolers making a great show, while giving their best to the game.

Next year the team will be missing four of the varsity men but nevertheless with Travers returning and pacing the way in '49, Coach Murphy should have another good squad.

Facts and Figures

As far as the scoring went, Provincetown had a great year in point making led by Bernie Santos who was the individual high scorer. Provincetown outscored their opponents 1343-886, a 457 point advantage.

The first squad tallied more than three quarters of the points, but the points scored by the second squad made a great difference.

As we take each we find Bernie Santos in the lead with 340 points for an average of 14.2 per game. Robert Snow followed with 285 points for a 11.9 average. Anthony Travers netted 229 points with a 9.5 average and was followed closely by Oscar Snow with 170 points and a 7.1 average per game. Francis Motta, last of the first stringers got 140 points and a 5.9 average.

All the regulars played in 24 games. On the second squad right guard, Robert Souza, tallied 44 points in 19 games for a 2.3 average per game.

Kenneth Nolet gathered 41 points in 11 games for a 3.7 average. Nolet was followed by James Meads with 29 points, a 2.4 for 12 games.

The center on the second squad was John Avellar who tallied 14 points for a 1.3 mark.

The left guard, Steve Simmons, who alternated with John Cook, made 2 points in 9 games for a .2 average while Cook swished in 4 points in five games for a .5 average.

Robert Ferreira tallied 17 points in 21 games and a .8 average and John Souza made 11 markers in 12 tilts for a .9 average.

Philip Henrique managed to sink 11 points in 5 games for a 2.2 average.

Kenneth Macara and John Taves, both guards, made 5 and 3 points for a 1.7 and .4 average in 3 and 4 games.

Season's Record

Provincetown's Opponents	Score	
	We	They
K. of C. Seconds	57	24
P-Town Independents	58	34
Alumni	54	38
Chatham	58	27
K. of C.	35	45
Harwich	90	55
Barnstable	40	46
Wellfleet	62	15
Orleans	53	30
Yarmouth	40	15
Orleans	34	44
Chatham	91	23
Bourne	60	50
Harwich	62	54
Barnstable	72	42
Wellfleet	72	39
Legion	49	42
Fall River Lions	49	44
K. of C. Seconds	69	33

Lower Cape Championship

Provincetown	71	Orleans	33
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Cape Championship

Provincetown	57	Bourne	52
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Brockton Tournament

Provincetown	50	Foxboro	30
Provincetown	43	Sharon	50

Boston Gardens

Provincetown	43	Punchard	31
Provincetown	33	Somerset	43

THE CHEERLEADERS

The trip to the tournament in Boston completed a most successful season for the cheerleaders.

As soon as we were elected in September, we started practice on football cheers, something entirely new to us all.

The highlight of the football season for us was the pre-game parade, pep rally, and dance that we staged on the eve of the Barnstable game. The parade consisted of the high school band,

the football and cheering squads riding resplendent on the town's newest and shiniest fire engine which was generously donated by Fire Chief Lewis, and Coach Taylor flanked by two of the cheerleaders riding in Mr. Williams' convertible. Students carrying torches completed the parade.

The pep rally was held on the steps of the school. Coach Taylor introduced the individual players amidst a response of cheers. Relatives and friends of the cheerleaders donated refreshments for the dance that followed. The proceeds from this went into our uniform fund.

Money from this dance and from the Cheerleaders' Hop enriched our fund sufficiently so that we were able to have new uniforms. The uniforms, made to order this year, were designed by Nancy Whorf. Mrs. William F. Silva provided the monograms for them.

We chose a new member for the basketball season. Four year old Christina Segura became our mascot. She accompanied us to all the games including the tournaments at Brockton and Boston and at each game she made a big hit.

We were guests of the Lions Club at a testimonial banquet given in honor of the victorious Cape Champions. Mr. McCarthy presented our mascot with a tournament pin at this banquet.

We wish to express our thanks to our advisor, Mrs. McGrath and to all who may have helped us in any way.

Betty Volton



CHEERLEADERS

Left to Right—Mary Silva, Betty Volton (hidden), Eleanor Silva, Christina Segura (mascot), Barbara Worth, Mary Miller, Lillian Cabral



ALUMNI NOTES

Class of 1947

Anna Bennett: Married and living in Provincetown.
 Philip Cabral: U. S. Navy.
 Robert Cambra: U. S. Navy.
 Warren Costa: U. S. Navy.
 William Costa: Freshman at Harvard University.
 Clarice Crawley: At home.
 Muriel Dutra: At home.
 Helene Edel: Commuting with Boston Conservatory of Music.
 Manuel Ferreira: Working at First National Store.
 Maurice Ferreira: U. S. Navy.
 Earl Flores: U. S. Navy.
 John Fratus: U. S. Navy.
 Erlin Hogan: Freshman at Lasell College.
 Louis Joseph: U. S. Army.
 Louise Joseph: Working at Cutler Pharmacy.
 Elinor Lopes: Working at Peter's Express Office.
 Patricia Mager: Freshman at Boston University.
 Helen Martin: Working at Land's End Marine Supply Shop.
 Helen Matenos: Freshman at Radcliffe.
 Pauline McKinney: At home.
 Francis Medeiros: U. S. Navy.
 Lionel Medeiros: Working at A & P store.
 Richard Medeiros: Working at Cold Storage.
 Leo Murphy: Freshman at Bryant & Stratton.
 Loretta Murphy: At home.
 Lillian Phillips: Married and living in Provincetown.
 Paula Raymond: Taking Post Graduate Course at P. H. S.
 Sylvia Raymond: Working at telephone office.
 Louis Reis: Diesel Engine School in New York.
 Irving Roderick: Working at Cold Storage.
 Theresa Rosa: Working at Skipper's Lunch.
 Jane Rosenthal: Freshman at Wellesley College.
 Donald Silva: U. S. Marine.
 Robert Silva: Freshman at Becker Junior College.
 Helen Silva: Working at First National Bank.
 Louise Smith: Married and living in Provincetown.
 George Valentine: Working at Cold Storage.

Richard Volton: U. S. Navy.
 Carl Wakefield: Working at First National Store.
 Joseph White: U. S. Navy.

Ellen Ross, '49

Class of 1946

Richard Baumgartner: U. S. Army in Japan.
 Rose Cardinal: Telephone operator.
 Gerald Costa: Recently discharged from U. S. Army.
 Clayton Enos: Recently discharged from U. S. Army.
 Joe Farroba: Recently discharged from U. S. Army.
 Truston Hackett: Sophomore at Harvard University.
 Henry Helmer: U. S. Army.
 Helen Janopolis: Married and living in Provincetown.
 Mary Lou Lopes: Working at Carter's Electrical Store.
 Elizabeth Ann Lusk: Nursing school.
 Francis Meads: Working at Land's End Marine Supply Co.
 Hilda Noones. Chamberlain School.
 Bertha Perry: Doing photography work in Vermont.
 Warren Perry: Working at a Liggett's in Boston.
 Selma Robinson: Studying at Bryant and Stratton in Boston.
 Bernard Roderick: Fishing in Provincetown.
 Barbara Rogers: Manicurist at the Harbor Vanity Beauty Parlor.
 Mary Rogers: Stenographer for William F. Silva, probation officer.
 Francis Rowe: Sophomore at Harvard University.
 Elsa Salles: Working at Arnold's.
 Clifford Silva: Working at Land's End Marine Supply Co.
 Hope Souza: Working in Boston.
 Wilbur White: Sophomore at M. I. T.
 Louise Simmons: Working at E. J. Rivard's Store.

Mary Silva



humor



BLOW THE MAN DOWN, BOYS

The scene was in the reading room of a large public library. The bibulous gentleman had been reading birth and death statistics.

"Do you know," he remarked, turning suddenly to the man seated on his right, "that every time I breathe a man dies?"

"Very interesting," replied the stranger. "Why don't you chew cloves?"

* * * * *

Teachers think they're funny . . .

Mr. Dahill: "An Englishman resents being called a jerk. A Jew resents being called a kike, but an Irishman doesn't mind being called a 'mick' . . . He's proud of it."

* * * * *

Joe Fratus: "I did my homework last night and I aint been to class for the last three days."

Mr. Dahill: "I haven't been to class for the last three days."

Joe: "You too?"

(Yes we know it happens every year but we can't help it if nothing new ever happens around here . . . Ed.)

* * * * *

Mr. Perry: "We will wait while Mr. Crowley is in deep thought. Mr. Crowley, we await your profound statement . . ."

Crowley: "Huh?"

* * * * *

Miss Reardon: "You threw that paper."

Evelyn: "I did not."

Miss Reardon: "I saw you threw it . . ."

Evelyn: "Through what, rose colored glasses?"

* * * * *

Virginia: "I'm so sick of writing papers on Lincoln. I've done it ever since the first grade."

Norma: "Why didn't you save them?"

* * * * *

THIS AIN'T RIGHT

"Now can anyone tell me what a stoic is?" asked the teacher of the fourth grade. "Very well, Abraham."

"A stoic," answered little Abie, rising, "a stoic is a boid what brings de babies."

LIGHT HOUSEKEEPING

Judge: "Where do you live, my man?"

Tramp No. 1: "Nowhere, yer honor."

Judge: "And where do you live?"

Tramp No. 2: "I've got the room above him."

* * * * *

To the Irish Thrush

He'll sing a merry song for you

And throw a lot of bull.

He'll dance your feet off the floor.

And his little black book is full

* * * * *

To Boudoir Eyes

When Johnny made his debut . . .

The girls went wild with joy.

But they shed a tear of deep regret,

For he has a wife and boy.

* * * * *

To "whomever you think it fits".

She stands and guards the noisy clan . . .

But on this we all agree

So now please listen boys and girls

The best things in life are free.

* * * * *

To the Menace of the stock room

Who's that there, can he be real

He sure is full of the old appeal

Looking at him is a full course meal . . .

Who is it???? Mr. Murphy.

(With apologies to M. Chevalier)

* * * * *

"Well, Bill," asked a neighbor, "hear the boss has a fever. How's his temperature today?"

The hired man scratched his head and decided not to commit himself.

"T'aint fer me to say," he replied. "The boss died last night."

* * * * *

Father: "Well, my son, what did you learn in Sunday school today?"

William: "We learned all about a cross-eyed bear."

Father: "About a what?"

William: "Yes, sir, named Gladly. We learned a song about him: all about 'Gladly, the cross I'd bear'."

BANG!

Mike and Pat were hunting. A big bird flew up in front of them, perched on a tree, and stared disdainfully down. Pat drew a bead, when Mike shouted: "Don't shoot yit, Pat—the gun ain't loaded!"

"Can't help it, Mike—the bird won't wait!"

* * * * *

Mr. Dahill: "Gentlemen, I am dismissing you ten minutes early today. Please go out quietly so as not to wake the other classes."

* * * * *

HUMOR

"Sit down!" said Mr. Leyden.

"I won't!" in an impudent tone.

"Stand up, then—I will be obeyed!"

* * * * *

"Did any of you children ever see an elephant's skin?"

"I have, teacher," said Robert brightly.

"Where was it?"

"On the elephant."

* * * * *

Amos: "Give me a sentence, Kenneth, with the word 'Rotterdam' in it,"

Kenneth: "My sister et my candy, an' I hope it'll rotter dam teeth out!"

* * * * *

Deborah: "I spent last summer in a very pretty city in Switzerland."

Mary: "Berne?"

Deborah: "No, I almost froze."

* * * * *

The modern girl's clothes are like a barbed wire fence. They protect the property without obstructing any of the view."

* * * * *

The height of indifference is shown by the guy who sees a black speck in his pudding and doesn't care whether it's a fly or a raisin.

* * * * *

Virginia: "Did you get anything 'snappy' for the New York Trip?"

Lorraine: "Yeah, a girdle!"

Patron: "Do you ever draw pictures in the nude?"

Artist: "No, I usually wear a smoking jacket."

LITTLE WILLIES

Willie's cute as cute can be!
Beneath his brother, only three,
He lit a stick of dynamite.
Now Buddy's simply out of sight!

Willie on the railroad track—
The engine gave a squeal.
The engineer just took a spade
And scraped him off the wheel.

Willie in the cauldron fell;
See the grief on mother's brow!
Mother loved her darling well;
Darling's quite hard-boiled now.

Willie with a thirst for gore,
Nailed the baby to the door.
Mother said, with humor quaint,
"Willie, dear, don't spoil the paint."

Willie split the baby's head,
To see if brains were gray or red.
Mother, troubled, said to father,
"Children are an awful bother!"

Little Will, with father's gun,
Punctured grandma, just for fun.
Mother frowned at the merry lad:
It was the last shell father had.

* * * * *

ANOTHER IDEA

Admiral: "Lord Tennyson. I'd like you to see my 'Descent Into Hell'."

Lord Tennyson: "I should be charmed to."

* * * * *

Norma: "You look depressed, my friend. What are you thinking of?"

Nancy: "My future."

Norma: "What makes it seem so hopeless?"

Nancy: "My past."

* * * * *

Janice: "I'm not myself tonight."

Eric: "Then we ought to have a good time."

* * * * *

Mr. Perry: "And whatever on earth made you write a paragraph like that?"

E. C. DeSilva: "I quote it, sir, from Dickens."

"Mr. Perry: "Beautiful lines, aren't they?"

SAY IT WITH MUSIC

Maybe	Graduation	Just a Bum	Joe Fratus
Civilization (Bongo, Bongo, Bongo)	P. H. S.	I'll Be Down To Get You In a Taxi,	
What You Don't Know Won't Hurt		Honey	Dickie Henrique
You	Mr. Leyden	You'd Be Surprised	Norma Simmons
The Best Things In Life Are		Tears On My Pillow	Report Cards
Free	Cafeteria meals	Guilty	Evelyn Rogers
If I Only Had a Match	Cigarette fiends	I'm Afraid To Go Home In The	
How Deep Is The Ocean	Lorraine Brown	Dark	Eleanor Cocoran
Now Is The Hour	Leap Year	Every Little Movement Has a	
Mumbles	Alan Moffett	Meaning of its Own	Pat Cabral
Jungle Fantasy	Lunch period	Sweet and Low Down	David Kelly
I Wish I Didn't Love You So	Betty Smith	We Were Sailing Along	Nancy Whorf
A Fellow Needs a Girl	Robert Kelly	Whispering	Virginia Soares
I Still Get Jealous	Stuart Joseph	The Girls Go Crazy About The	
Because	Helen Thomas	Way I Walk	Ernest DeSilva, Jr.
I'll Dance At Your Wedding	Doris Morris	Farewell Blues	Class Day
Sonny Boy	Domingo Joseph	That's My Weakness Now	Veronica Taves
Give Me Those Wide Open Spaces	Loretta Silva	Curly Top	Mike Janopolis
Mammy	Billy Wilson	Ragtime Cowboy Joe	Milton Morgan
The Less I Do, The Less I Want To Do	Mr. Perry	The Girl That I Marry	John Lambrou
Rockin' Horse Cowboy	Kit Tracey	Lady From 29 Palms	Ruthie Enos
Aloha Oe	Janice Bowley	One More Tomorrow	Kenny Medeiros
That's My Desire	Mr. Murphy	The Stars Will Remember	John Souza
In The Good Ole Summertime	Summer vacation	Heartbreaker	Peter Nickle
And So To Bed	American History	A Little On the Lonely Side	Anthony Merrill
Milkman Keep Those Bottles		Tumbling Tumble Weed (Burr)	Bobby Ferreira
Quiet	Kenny Alves	You Forgive Me and I'll Forgive	
Scatterbrain	Dolly Perry	You	Francis Motta
High On A Windy Hill	Mr. McGrath	I Got It Bad	Eric Rogers
Moon-Faced, Starry-Eyed	Kathleen Souza	Near You	Joe Enos
Sentimental Journey	Class trip	Oh, But I Do	Marjorie Aust
		In a Little White Church on the	
		Hill	Harold Brown

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