

Long Pointer

☆ 1949 ☆

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PROVINCETOWN HIGH SCHOOL

PROVINCETOWN, MASS.



INDEX

DEDICATION	2
LONG POINTER STAFF	3
SCHOOL DIRECTORY	4
EDITORIALS	5
LITERARY	8
INTRODUCING THE SENIORS	17
CLASS PICTURES	25, 26
ACTIVITIES	27
SPORTS	33
HUMOR	39
ALUMNI	42

DEDICATION



ALTON E. RAMEY
Superintendent

The graduating class of 1949 dedicates this book to our superintendent of schools, Mr. Alton E. Ramey, for his loyal and faithful service during the past seventeen years.



First Row: left to right: Betty Volton, Mary Miller, Maureen Flores, Marilyn Chapman, Dorothy Mannato, Eileen Passion, Deborah Brown, Phyllis Cabral.
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EDITORIALS

Human Rights — The Key To World Peace

ALL over the world today chaos reigns. The once prosperous Europe is now broken up (homes, families and hearts). In many places only wisps of smoke and the stench of rotted flesh remain where once cities and towns stood. A few gaunt uprights now stand as phantoms where beautiful churches and galleries, centuries old, had proudly displayed their priceless architecture to generations. Much of the work of the famous and the least known builders must now be rebuilt. But we must first ask ourselves: Will the toil be in vain? Will the cruel scourgings of war descend upon the world again? We here in America have been blessed so far. Now there are new, more powerful weapons and the threat of atomic destruction. What assurance have we that our shores are safe? The only answer is—we have none. But should we just sit back and say to ourselves, "I'm going to be destroyed. I can't do anything about it. I'm no superman!"? Are we? If we are, if we in America do that, we are not Americans and do not deserve the rights that we have.

Yes, we have rights, rights that our forefathers fought for so bravely. It was for all rights that our fathers and brothers fought and for which so many of them now lie buried on foreign shores. Can we, their people, refuse to hear their plaintive cries for peace? Cannot their whispered pleadings beat upon our hearts so that we may open them to others? Hear them! Listen! They beg us to remember what they died for, what might happen if we do not help others to respect human rights.

We hear, but yet there are some of us who ask, "What can we do? Where is the key to world peace?" The key is found within our hearts, our minds. Those of every creed, color and race must look upon one another as brothers and equal. This being so, everyone, regardless of his station in life, deserves human rights. Everyone must strive in a never-ending effort to see that the rights that God gave everyone are constantly respected. We must think that the other fellow deserves all the freedoms that

we have, even if his beliefs may be contrary to ours. We must strive to see the other fellow's point of view. If he is in the wrong, or has a wrong viewpoint, we should in a neighborly manner set his views straight, if he wants us to. If his heart is laden with sorrows we should sympathize and try to help him. Be a true neighbor to everyone. Think of the rights and privileges that belong to others. We should keep this constantly in mind.

A scheming disregard of human rights is what has encouraged war. Through clever use of propaganda, people of foreign countries have been led to believe that it is right to oppress others. In our time, Germany was the best example of this. As soon as the Hitler party gained a foothold in the government it grew until every German businessman as well as peasant was influenced. At every opportunity their creed was forced upon the minds of the people. Their doctrine stressed that the rights of people were to be disregarded until—oh yes, they always said "until"—their objective was obtained. Their ultimate goal was to control the peoples of the world. How far this objective succeeded we all know, but the cruel destruction of people and cities and homes was not the extent of their oppression.

They crushed and confused the minds of their youth, who thought only to obey and even die for the leaders. The falsity of this position, in other words, the misconception of the importance of the leaders, grew, and as it did, all knowledge and recognition of a Supreme Being was cast aside until these dictators considered themselves almost a deity. In such an environment and through years of learning, from childhood, most of the youth of these countries was oblivious to the existence of a God and if they did believe there was one, they dared not admit it. Such had become their allegiance to these greedy, conceited, self-appointed rulers.

In World War II, Japan was also an aggressor but in that connection they are partially excused for the Emperor and his divinity has

been their religion for centuries. Their training therefore was different, but with broadened education their lust for power soon overcame human rights. If, instead, the leaders had impressed the doctrine of equality, hundreds of lives would have been saved. Dreams of happiness would have been fulfilled. The youth would have had in their minds and hearts the foundation of good leadership and good government—love and consideration for all man. We would not have the confused world, both politically and economically, that now exists.

Of course the advancement of the world cannot be held back wisely for technological trends have broadened and diversified, but the world must choose the proper way to use the gifts of knowledge that it has. It must share this knowledge. Everyone must think before he acts. Think—is this fair? Will it help everyone, not just a few? If our honest answer is "No", then for the sake of our posterity, forget it or do something that will aid all.

If the United Nations Assembly, in their deliberations, will keep in mind our Constitution

(because, after all, they used it as a pattern for their Charter), human rights will not be abused. Then and only then will its mission, its most desperate mission, not fail and come to the rescue of the confused world. With civil war breaking out and thriving in so many countries all over Europe, we must, as a nation, come to the aid of the rightful party. Of course there will be mistakes, but we learn from mistakes, and if one is made the nation, as a solid unit, should correct it.

The United World must abide by and say, as did the authors of the Declaration of Independence:

"We hold these truths to be self-evident; that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

With this as a standard only then will the world have clasped to its heart the Key to World Peace—Human Rights.

Dorothy M. Mannato, '49



"Great Expectations"

I CAN clearly remember as though it were yesterday when I was back in the third grade. I would look up to the high and mighty fourth graders in awe and admiration. Once in a while I would sit in my seat with my mouth wide open, day dreaming of the day, I would be in the fourth grade.

Yes, that year finally passed, and I found myself in the fourth grade among my day dreams. They were dreams no longer, but reality. I was in the middle of the fourth grade now and like any other youngster just longing to be out of that old Western School and into that beautiful, new, white building on Bradford Street.

At last I succeeded and was roaming around the Bradford School when, alas, that also became a "dump" to all the pupils including myself. I can't explain the feeling, but I suppose it's just human nature to be always wanting what the other fellow has.

Like any other ordinary student, I passed from the fifth grade to the sixth. No one could ever imagine how fluttery I was in my last year there. During afternoon recesses I would

sit by the window, watching the High School let out and all the "kids" coming over the hill.

Then came June 17, 1945 and we had our class day on which I left behind me all my mistakes and memories to those underclassmates who followed. In September 1945 I along with other friends of mine would for the first time journey up Winslow Street Hill in "Great Expectation" of the coming years to be spent in the Provincetown High School. I attended my first class, shaking and nervous like anyone going into an airplane for the first time.

I got over the newness after a while but, oh, was I disappointed when I discovered this new school, the high school, was just another place of learning and not any of the wonders I had expected.

I am now a Sophomore in High School, but although there are still a lot of things I don't know, I have learned the lesson, that no matter where you are or what position you hold in life there is always someone or something that you would look upon and wish that you were like.

Shirley Souza, '51

Atomic Age — War or Peace

DESPITE all that has been said about atomic power, I feel that one thing has not been made completely clear. That is; the destruction that it is capable of inflicting on the human race.

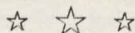
I find in talking with numerous people that the subject of atomic power is received with a certain degree of vagueness. People do not seem to realize the destructive force of the atomic bomb; and even if they do, they do not seem to think that it concerns their immediate lives. Of course, if we were suddenly to receive reports to the effect that Boston had been wiped off the face of the earth by an atomic bomb, we would quickly come to our senses, but, it would be too late then, wouldn't it? The atomic war would have begun—perhaps even ended!

We, the people of the United States of America, are supposed to have been brought up to believe that brotherly love, kindness and,

above all, tolerance are the best of policies. Yet here we are preparing to plunge ourselves into a third world war, a war in which the loss of life on both sides will be tremendous. Most of all, however, we persist in passively stating that another war is inevitable, as if that were the only course to take. The point that I am trying to make is this: What has happened to the American way of life when the people, who are supposed to be free, allow themselves to be hurled from one war right into another? Are we so uncivilized that we must resort to force rather than allow our beliefs to stand for themselves?

The next few years will tell the tale as to whether two nations, holders of two different ideological beliefs, must constantly be at each other's throats or whether they are able to work together for the common goal of peace on earth, good will towards men.

John T. Ross, '50





LITERARY

Bewildered

I'D been walking for blocks, all alone, feeling the thick, damp fog clinging to my face; ruining my make up. Each step seemed an eternity, as I stopped and lit a cigarette. There is a secret mystery connected to a foggy night which only sensuous people can feel. I walked and walked till my legs ached. I thought and thought until my mind was in a state of bewilderment. He wanted me now, and all I wanted to do was hurt him, like he had once hurt me.

I could picture him, pipe in mouth, relaxing on a couch close to the fireplace, listening to his favorite records. How well I remember that pipe and its sweet fragrant aroma of tobacco.

It's been a year, five months, and three days since we've seen or heard from each other. I promised myself I would never see him again, but here I was walking slowly to a fate worse than death. I felt like the fool who walks mutely, with his eyes closed, over a precipice at the end of the world. I clutched my fists, but walked on. My hair, now in strings, lapped

back and forth, now and then, on my forehead by the tap of a gentle breeze.

I turned the corner and saw a dim light through the trees and fog. Yes, this was the same house on the hill where we had once danced, laughed and sang together. It hadn't changed a bit and it never would in my mind.

By this time I was climbing the stairs to the top of the hill—one flight, two flights. Reaching the yard I threw my cigarette to the ground and stood there looking at the last flight of stairs which led to the door. Courage was what I really needed now. As I attempted the first step, I heard someone at the door, at least I thought I did. I looked up slowly through the fog. The fog was thick but not thick enough to hid the strong face, the side burns, and the pipe.

I mounted the stairs quickly now, and before I knew it I was running to him and he to me. He held me tightly in his arms and I pressed my tear-stained face to his. What a fool I was to think I could hurt him! A divorce was now the most distant thought in my mind.

Patricia Perry, '51



"Big Nothing"

DAVID ROMEO always had everything he ever wanted. If he wanted candy or some other delectable food, before or after a meal, he got it. David was never refused any toy or amusement. His mother and father went out of their way, all together too much, to give him the best of everything.

Before he started school his mother was a private tutor to him, so that when he did start school David always had the best of marks and scholastically was the envy of his friends.

This caused him to be a very "big-headed" boy. He boasted about the things he did, and bragged about his marks, friends, and family. David had the idea that everything he did was superior to anything anyone else could do. In spite of this, he always had friends.

David was a very good-looking boy and took part in all the school sports. He was a good sport because he always won and could brag about it afterwards. To top this David was an excellent dancer so many girls had crushes on him.

As a high school student, he was President of his class and always on one committee or another. All the girls swooned over him, because he was, "just what the doctor ordered" for high school girls. He always had plenty of dates and if one girl refused a date with him, he could always ask another. Many girls' hearts were broken by him and David ranked as the most superb heart-breaker in town.

When just a Freshman at college, he got his punishment for being spoiled. The girls con-

spired against him. At first he didn't mind because he knew they really liked him, but were just trying to pay him back for his hypocritical attitude.

Then came his big downfall, when lovely Janet Black entered college. He fell for her the minute he saw her. After a week of walking in clouds and sleepless nights he asked her for a date. She accepted and fell for him. But alas! he was always bragging. He even boasted about his date with Janet.

The rest of the crowd heard about this and invited Janet to a mass meeting of their club. They arranged a plan where "Jan" would refuse all dates offered by David until he got over his highfalutin ideas. The rest of the girls complied with this arrangement by refusing dates also.

The next day the class was to vote for a chairman for the big dance, David sure of winning came in, as usual, bragging! Elections took a different course this time and the most bashful boy in the room was elected.

For three weeks this went on. It broke David's heart everytime Janet refused a date. The girls were glad because now he was getting a taste of his own medicine. But it also broke Janet's heart everytime she refused.

Slowly and surely David seemed to quiet down. Every once in a while he would have an outburst of courage and start asking for dates, at the same time bragging. Even he didn't like the results.

Janet arranged for another mass meeting and asked if she could at least go to the big dance with David. The rest of the girls agreed, on one condition, that she would bring in a truthful report on how much boasting David did.

Meanwhile, David was talking to "Chucky" his best friend. He asked, "Why won't Janet go out with me? Have I got hydrophobia? Not one girl will go on a date with me."

Chucky answered, "If you knew, you wouldn't like it."

"Do you know? Will you tell me if I promise not to get angry, no matter what it is?"

"You talk too much, about yourself. Janet doesn't like it and neither do the other girls."

"Why not? If I do something exceptional I have a right to talk about it."

"Sure, sure, but if you just let people find out for themselves, they would like you, David Romeo, a lot better than they do."

"What am I supposed to talk about? I'm the only person around here who can do anything."

"That's just what I mean, get that idea out of your head. A lot of people do great things. Why, look at George! He made the winning touchdown of the game today."

"I know, Chucky, but you've got to admit we wouldn't have won that game today without me. But, I'll tell you what. If I can get a date with Janet for the big dance I'll try your idea. I'm going to ask her right now."

Janet dancing with David felt wonderful. He hadn't mentioned himself, or anything great he had done all evening. He was actually talking about how George won the football game.

When Janet and David were on her doorstep she said, "I'm glad you don't boast anymore."

"Boast? Who me? Why, let me tell you—I'm not going to anymore." They both laughed.

Frances Crave, '51



Conscience At Rest

SOME young boys were playing "Follow the Leader" in the vacant lot next to the library. All the boys, ten in number, were playing but if one looked closely they could perceive a pale, skinny boy named Jackie off by himself in one corner of the lot, sitting on a small log.

"Hey, Jackie! how about playing 'Follow the Leader' with us?"

"No, thank you," came the reply in a frail voice.

"Aw! don't be a sissy all your life," one of the boys replied.

"I'm not being a sissy, I just don't care to play that game," was Jackie's answer.

"Oh! yes you are," they all blurted out at once. "and besides that—you're just yellow," put in one of the boys.

"Listen, if I don't want to play I don't have to—so why not leave me alone?"

"Jackie's a sissy—Jackie's afraidy cat—Jackie's yellow," the boys kept repeating.

"Shut up, I don't want to play—go away and let me be my myself."

But still the boys kept saying mean things to irritate him and finally, not being able to endure the strain caused by the boisterous shouting, Jackie consented to play.

A new leader was chosen and they proceeded to jump barrels, slide down chutes, walk fences, and several other rather dangerous activities. When they were almost out of tricks, one of the boys spied a narrow plank six feet from the ground.

"Let's walk across that," said one.

"O.K. that sounds exciting," agreed still another.

They had all crossed safely except for Jackie who had become very nervous and had no desire whatsoever to cross it. He knew they would know he was afraid and already several had started to vex him with more unpleasant names. He was half way across when his foot slipped and he plunged to the ground. As he landed, his head struck a jagged piece of rock and he lay there motionless.

All signs of gaiety left the other children as they called his name and tried to arouse him. Finally, one child ran to the nearest house for

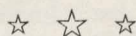
help while the rest just stood there petrified with fear. Poor Jackie just lay there motionless, his face void of all color and the blood trickling from the cut on his head.

At last help arrived and Jackie was rushed to the hospital where he regained consciousness, but his condition began to decline rapidly and in a very faint voice, he asked, "Did I prove to them I wasn't a sissy and a coward like they thought I was?"

"Yes," answered his mother between sobs.

A proud smile passed over his face as he drew his last breath.

Marilyn Chapman, '49



The Height of Chemistry

AS some of you already know I enrolled in the Chemistry class last year. Now I wasn't the greatest chemist in the world, but Mr. Murphy swears I was the biggest menace. Friday after Friday, which was our day for experiments, something drastic would happen to me.

One Friday I singed my lab-mate's hair and eyebrows by lighting a faulty burner.

The following Friday I nearly choked to death after opening a large bottle of hydrochloric acid and breathing deeply.

Another time while testing acids and bases by tasting, I tasted too much acid and yelled for an hour with a burnt tongue.

Of course, one of my minor accidents occurred when I burnt a large hole in my white blouse and the following Friday another hole in a new skirt my mother had just bought me. I still haven't heard the end of that.

Then there was the time when our beloved Mr. Murphy was the closest he has ever been to resigning that time we were supposed to test an egg, sausage, potato and a slice of bread for acid. But, of course, that was dull so I made a Mulligan Stew. What a look on Mr. Murphy's face when he saw me cooking the above articles in a glass beaker over a Bunsen Burner. That wasn't so bad, but when I tried to make one of the boys eat the so-called stew Mr. M. nearly passed out.

A couple of weeks later I was in the midst of an experiment when I needed a certain acid. I rushed up to the closet but found one of the students had already taken it. Sweetly I asked for the acid but he was in a jovial mood and so said, "No." Well I really did need that acid and quickly, too, or my experiment would be a complete flop and he certainly was exasperating. After pleading a few minutes for the acid I lost my temper completely, picking up a dirty, wet rag and threw it. Missing the objective by a mile, I spent the afternoon washing the wall.

But the event which stands foremost in my mind happened when the class had to collect oxygen through a process involving phosphorous. Now phosphorus is a very dangerous element for in contact with air, it busts into flame and so it is usually kept in water or some other liquid. Well I know all this valuable information now but at that time I knew "nary a thing". Anyway I got the bottle containing the phosphorous, took a good sized chunk, laid it on the lab bench and was about to cut a piece when I remembered I didn't have a knife. Leaving the phosphorous on the bench I inquired about another knife. My lab-mate (being a bit more learned than myself) quickly put it back into the bottle and thus saved me from another tragedy. But there was more in store for me that day and fate would not be cheated by a wise lab-mate.

Calling Mr. Murphy he cut a piece of phosphorous, removed it from the water and was about to put it in a closed beaker when the tiny piece burst into flames causing a small disturbance. At the sight of this I became panic-stricken and thought of what would have happened if the enormous chunk I had, had caught fire. The answers to these thoughts frightened me. However, I continued my experiment and was about to collect oxygen when I heard a loud noise—turning around I saw one of the student's experiment blow up. Well this happening in the same day as the fire I almost caused, really disturbed me. Becoming shakier by the moment, I suddenly heard a tiny sputtering. Turning quickly around again I saw that the sputtering came from my experiment and it looked as if it were going to explode any time. That was the end of me. Feeling very faint I quickly sat down and started to shake and shake and shake. I just couldn't stop. Mr. Murpby was completely helpless. He gave me smelling salts and another solution which he

mixed himself but it did no good what-so-ever. I continued to shake. Finally he suggested that I go outdoors and get some fresh air. Accepting this as a solution, I started down the stairs leading to the outdoors. Reaching the second flight of stairs, shaking all the way too, I was about to start down them when I met our price-less principal Mr. L. who came stalking around the corner just then. As usual he asked the same questions, "Where are you going? Why? What for? How?" and so on. Answering them as best I could, while holding on to the rail-

ing for "dear life", I finally reached the bottom step and went outdoors. Breathing the fresh air, I once again felt like myself and having revived completely only an unpleasant memory remains of my experiences for that day.

I could go on forever, well almost, but I think that these examples are enough to prove that only an experienced chemist as myself could get into experiences such as I have related.

As was said by my other chemistry colleagues, "Never a dull moment!" Don't you agree?

Ellen Ross, '49



"Too Much Imagination"

IT was a mid-summer night, and the glowing moon cast occasional shadows as it slowly and silently moved in and out of the huge, low set black clouds. Nights like that could be really beautiful to some people.

Jean made a striking contrast to the night, as she walked down long Main Street; her white dress flowing lightly out with the soft breeze, and her high heels tapping in a rhythmic click-click on the cement pavement.

On and on she went, passing the closed shops swiftly, stopping for nothing. Then she went into the lighted doorway of a drugstore. She sighed a little, as if she were very glad to reach it. Ordering a soda, she went over and sat in an empty booth.

"Darn it," she thought, "I knew I shouldn't have gone to see that ridiculous murder picture. Every little shadow seems to be someone about to jump out and strangle me. I wish I had some company."

Just then she looked up, and in the little mirror on the wall, she could see a man looking at her, or rather in her direction.

"No," she thought, "It's ridiculous. There goes my fool imagination again."

However, every time she glanced up, the results proved the same. He was, very definitely, looking at her. Nervously she hurried and finished her soda. Paying for it she left very quickly. As she left, she could see the man's face clearly pictured before her—coal black hair, with dark heavy eyes. But, the thing that impressed her most was his hands. When he lit that cigarette, they looked so big and strong. Soon, without realizing it, she was almost running. Once she paused and glanced back. What she saw made her heart jump. Out of the lighted doorway, and into the street, that man was

coming!!! He looked up and then down the street. Why, it was fantastic, but he was now coming down the street in her direction. Her imagination was in full control now, and she gave free reign to the wild thoughts racing through her mind.

She started to run. One—two—three blocks went by. She glanced back. A strangled cry escaped her throat!! The man was running also!! Her dress whipped madly around her legs, and seemed to hamper her every step. She was running as fast as she possibly could, and still he was gaining on her. Could he have shouted at her? He had!! There she heard it again! One more block and she would reach her street. Finally she came to it. She was almost home. Just a little bit further. She counted each and every house as she fairly flew by. Then she was home. "Thank God," she thought, "I have made it safely."

Once inside, leaning against the door which she had already locked, she struggled to stop shaking. Suddenly she froze with horror. Very faintly she could hear the soft tapping of someone's running feet. Nearer and nearer, they came down the street, and then as they seemed ever so near, they ceased. She dared not move. She listened, straining her ears for the least sound. Someone was coming up the walk very cautiously. Then there came a soft knock at the door. This startled her and she let out a half choked cry. Too late—she realized this was the wrong thing to do. Then she heard a voice, muffled by the closed door.

"Hey Lady, for the love of Mike, will you open this door? I ain't gonna hurt you! I've been chasing you now for at least a half hour, and all I want to do is give you back this darn wallet of yours. You know, the one that you dropped in the drugstore!!!"

Carol Santos, '49

Not All Treasure Is Gold

RUSTY, the tramp, after finishing the cup of coffee a kind old gentleman had bought him, decided it was time to get some sleep. He crossed the main street and walked toward the Town Square. He found a nice comfortable park bench right beside the bronze horse which stood in the center of the square. He was just about to doze off when a breeze came along and blew a paper into his face. He sat up grumbling and was just about to tear it to shreds when he noticed that there was writing on it. Being a curious fellow he opened it and as he read it his eyes grew rounder and rounder. Written on the paper were these words:

If to you the voice of treasure calls,
then I can help you out my friend,
For there within the castle walls
your want for treasure is sure to end.

On the bottom of the paper was a picture of a skull and cross-bones. Rusty had been in the town before, and he knew that the only castle here was on Blackstone Bluff. He picked up his handkerchief, which contained all of his worldly possessions, and started running as fast as he could to the castle. On arriving there he sat down to rest. That was a mistake. All sorts of thoughts began racing through his head. Maybe someone else knew about the treasure. If he went in that person might try to kill him. Maybe there was some ghost or goblin lurking there and if he tried to get the treasure they might throw a spell over him.

The castle itself looked mysterious and forbidding. He finally forced himself to go to the door. It creaked as he opened it. Since nothing else happened he walked in. The place was barren of furniture except for a small table

which stood in the center of the room. It wasn't the table that caught his eye though, it was the small metal box that stood on top of it. He picked it up and it felt heavy in his hand. Now that he had the treasure he was going to get out of that castle as fast as he could. He ran all the way back to town. He opened the box and inside was a five dollar bill.

The first thing he decided to buy with the money was a good dinner. Since all of the restaurants were closed he had to be satisfied with a snack from Joe's Soda Fountain. He was just about to open the door to go in when he heard the word treasure mentioned. Instead of going in he realized what had happened. There was a group of high school boys and girls inside. They were telling Joe how they were having a treasure hunt, but when they got to the Town Square, they couldn't find the last clue which was supposed to be there. Joe told them to look again. Maybe in their excitement they had passed by it. That was enough for Rusty. He raced back to the Town Square, placed the clue under the hoof of the bronze horse and then raced back to the castle. He didn't think about being afraid to go in. He ran inside, placed the box on the table and waited. The boys and girls had taken Joe's advice and found the clue where Rusty had put it. They soon came running up the hill and burst into the castle. In a few minutes there were shouts of joy as they found the treasure.

Rusty's stomach was empty but he didn't mind. The happy looks on the faces of the boys and girls was all he needed to make him completely happy.

Marguerite Meads, '53



The Voice Of Freedom

OH, how I would love to live a free, wild life, roaming the vast dunes! I would denounce civilization, society, and my name. I would give up anything to have the biting wind whipping around me, to have the hot sun burning down on me, and to have the cool rain, refreshing and wet, falling on me.

To wander early in the morn thru the velvet mists in the valleys, to walk thru the gathering dusk over the swooping crests and, finally, to rest under a diamond studded sky with the shimmering, silver moonlight bathing the pale sand with its jewel light.

I want to live alone, commune with nature. My music, a weird symphony of the pines,

whispering softly in the valleys, the screaming wailing gulls and mighty roaring surf foaming up on the pebble strewn beach.

But, instead of the freedom I want, I am a slave of civilization and a prisoner of ethics. Instead of nature's own melodious voice, I hear the harsh, cold statements; "You're a dreamer" - - - "unable to face reality" - - - "sooner or later a mental case".

Someday, regardless of what people say or think, I will achieve my desires even if it means my ashes being scattered to the four winds when I die. I want freedom and I will have it!

Patricia Boogar, '52

Perilous Adventure

THE motor sputtered and gurgled, then stopped completely. There we were stranded, just the two of us in a middle sized motor boat, five miles off shore.

Elaine mumbled sarcastically, "I suppose that salesman didn't tell you what to do in case that confounded motor broke down, did he?"

"Of course not silly," I stammered, "there is supposed to be a four year guarantee on it."

The question was, what could we two helpless girls do?

The time was flying by and the sea was growing restless, and uneasy.

We tried rowing for a while but after a fruitless endeavor, we fell back in exhaustion waiting for a miraculous rescue.

However, we were growing tired and hungry and then unexpectedly the boat tipped to one side and I heard violent cries from my pal.

"Don't pull! Just hold me by my legs!" She floundered farther across the water, and I gripped her by her knees. "That's it," she wailed panic stricken, "now pull me up!"

I gave a heave and just then the boat, caught by a big wave, rolled far over and I landed flat on my back with my girl friend sprawled across me!

Out of breath she gasped, "You all right!" "Sure," I exclaimed, "we don't have troubles enough but you have to go and fall overboard."

My companion was pale with grief and her cold hand grasped mine. She huddled next to me. "Surely there must be a party searching for us."

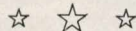
Just as if her words had flashed an S.O.S. message, across the water came a Coast Guard crash-boat.

We were pulled onto the boat and were given first aid. The captain told us my father had phoned in an alarm.

We then told the story of our perilous adventure and the Coast Guard returned home with two frightened be-draggled girls.

It isn't that I didn't know how to run the motor—nothing of the sort. Later they told me I pulled the wrong knob and stalled it.

Eileen Passion, '52



Cathy's Mom And Dad

IT was one of those cold, quiet nights when the distant bark of a dog or the whinnying of a horse sounded very near at hand. The snow was silently falling. It seemed that if anything moved it would break the stillness of the night.

At about ten o'clock Cathy finished reading a good mystery book by her favorite authoress. She lay in bed thinking of all the excitement she would have tomorrow. Tomorrow would be her birthday! She was going to have a real birthday party with a big cake and presents, and she was going to ask her best friends to come. They included Marjorie, Nancy, Joyce, Gail, Catherine and, of course, she couldn't forget Janet and Claire, her best friends at the orphanage. You see, Cathy would be fifteen tomorrow and she had never had a birthday party or gotten any birthday presents before, because her parents had died when she was very young. She had lived at the orphanage, that is, up until four weeks ago when she was adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Scott.

In Cathy's opinion they were the two dearest people on the earth and the best of parents ever. Finally she dozed off hearing only the faint tick tock of the clock. Suddenly she awoke with a start. Far off in the distance she could hear a faint whistle. Then it began to get louder and it became very piercing! She thought she must be dreaming. All kinds of thoughts raced through her mind! Oh! that whistle! She couldn't stand it any longer!

There were more whistles—they sounded like fire engines and sirens!! It couldn't be!

Cathy jumped out of bed and looked out the window. The sky was red! On the far end of the house she could see red flames dancing and black smoke curling in the air! The house was burning!! All her thoughts of a wonderful life and home vanished and there was fear and terror in her thoughts! She hollered, "Mom, Dad" and raced to the far end of the house where the flames hadn't reached, shaking Mr. and Mrs. Scott, she hollered, "The house is burning, the house is burning." Still she could hear the echo of the whistles. Mr. and Mrs. Scott awoke and the three ran outdoors. Mrs. Scott had her arms around Cathy, as Cathy burst out crying. Mrs. Scott was saying, "There! There! everything is all right." The next thing Cathy knew she was in her bed. Tears were streaming down her face. Mom was sitting on the bed saying, "There, there, everything is all right. You were screaming and crying. It is morning and don't forget, today is your birthday. I have something extra special for you."

Then Cathy knew, it had all been just a horrible dream and today would be the best day she would spend in her whole fifteen years. As Mrs. Scott was going down stairs Cathy said half out loud, "Just think, at last I have a real Mother and Father. I'll be right down, Mom."

Margaret Rich, 8A

The Little Man Who Was There

IN the little village called Whipsaw, where I live, there is a legend known by many people. They say that in a cave somewhere near Whipsaw Creek is a leprechaun who does both evil and good deeds. Of course only the oldest people believe it.

The current of Whipsaw Creek was running faster than I had ever seen it. For three days there had been almost constant rain. I had been excused from school that day, so I walked home alone instead of with the "gang". It was the third day the creek had been like this and the townspeople were afraid it would overflow. I stopped on the bridge a moment and leaned over the rail to watch the water. It was inky black and cold looking. It was foaming like a mad animal at the mouth and gurgling fiercely. It was swirling and swishing along the banks trying to get over them. I soon found I could not take my eyes off it; it seemed to cast a spell over me and say, "Come, come where all is quiet and peaceful."

The gurgling and swishing sounds died away and I felt myself falling. I didn't realize it until the icy water closed around my body, and my head pounded fiercely. I tried to scream, but I just couldn't. I was too scared! I gasped for breath as I felt myself sinking fast. I grabbed for rocks but the swirling mad waters just push-

ed me on. The falls were about one hundred yards away from me now. I could hear the thunder of the water as it fell to a sheer fifty foot drop below. Try as I would I couldn't grab the rocks. I was dashed up against one of the rocks and a searing pain in my right leg told me it was broken. I was going under for the second time, so with my last ounce of strength I let out a feeble "help", but no one came. At last I knew that it was of no use. I was going to die, and by a horrible death. A turn in the current pushed me against another rock, I felt a pain in my left side then all went black.

Hours later I woke, to find myself lying on the bank of the creek. I went to sit up but a searing pain on my left side and right leg told me I had some broken ribs and a broken leg and goodness knows how many cuts and bruises. But how in the world did I get here? I didn't get out myself. Then I spied them—two tiny footprints near my feet. I knew at once it must have been the leprechaun, but that was supposed to be a legend—but was it? I have kept this to myself and even to this day no one but myself knows whether it was the leprechaun that saved me or some other miracle.

To avoid any misunderstandings I have told people that I owe my salvation to a stranger.

Elaine Ferreira, '53



The North-East Storm

UP went the flags, flying so high,
Black and red against the gray sky;
It spread a warning through-out P-town,
For fishermen to put their anchors down.

For a North-East storm was coming their way,
Whitecaps started up in the bay;
The barometer was falling,— falling fast,
And on the boats, the snow was cast.

A sheet of ice, then a sheet of snow
And the barometer was twenty-nine low;
Inside the family told stories round the table
While the furious blizzard was itself like a fable.

All through the night, the snow did fall,
And all through the town, it covered all;
The wind was cracking just like a whip,
It even chapped the toughest lip.

The trees were bending South-Westward way,
The branches were having their dancing and play;

For in the air, the leaves did wave,
And now North Wind has Nature a slave.

A shutter came loose, and then a bang,
It struck the window like a rattle-snake fang;
And the wind went whining through-out the trees,

Like a little boy when his sorrows are released.

So that was the great New England Storm,
And everybody was inside—so warm;
Watching the snow while they had their feast
Piled up on the ground by the old "North East."

George Bowley, 7A

"IN A CORNER OF MY DREAM"

THERE'S a little mountain cabin by a wild-wood stream
Tucked away in the corner of my favorite dream.

A log-rustic cabin with a tall harp-pine
To catch the wind's music and make it mine.
Down from its porch, where gray squirrels play.
Long purple canyons fall away.

From its windows the dawn's first opals glow
And garnets of sunset are last to go.

Near the moon-edged clouds of night's blue dome,
It signals the little lights of home.

Oh, I can see it in winter weather,
Smoke from its chimney like a feather.

With an eider-down coverlet up to its chin.
And a door that zippers all warmth within;
Then three dear things of the heart's desire;
You, a dream, and a good wood fire.

With nobody knowing where we are
But a guardian pine and a wishing star.

Rachel Silva, '51



TO THE FRESHMAN FROM A SENIOR

OH you poor little freshman
How sorry we feel for you
As you struggle bravely
With the equation $2x$ and 2 .

If your schedule is confusing
You have troubles any day
Ask your sophomore sisters
They'll swish them right away.

And don't discourage easily
Think of the coming years
You'll be a senior someday
And give forth with lusty cheers.

You too can be as beautiful
As those pretty senior girls
You too can wear an updo
And say good-bye to those curls.

We let you see our heroes
Let you loudly sigh and swoon
And hope that you soon
May share with them a harvest moon.

But in all seriousness, freshies,
As your years in dear P.H.S. start
I wish you every happy hour here
From the bottom of my heart.

Dorothy Mannato, '49

THE STOLEN HEART

SAILOR boy with eyes of blue,
Always fickle never true,
Stole my heart, stole my love,
God was watching from above.

It's a sin to steal a heart,
When you tear it all apart.
Made me laugh made me cry,
Made me wish that I could die!

Sailor boy with hair so blond,
When you left he came along.
Brushed away my salty tears,
Then he banished all my fears.

Won my heart back for me
Took it with him 'cross the sea.
Left me sad, left me blue
I promised always to be true.

Sailor boy hair black and wavy,
Came along all dressed in Navy.
Liked his eyes, liked his walk,
Liked his smile, liked his talk.

Made me happy once again,
Happier than I'd ever been.
Brought my heart back C. O. D.
Let me see now that makes three.

Sailor boy, hair, flaming red,
Told me that his name was Ed.
Kissed me till my lips were sore,
Still I could have cried for more.

At the dock we said good-bye,
Kissed and kissed and how I cried.
As his ship sailed far away,
Another took his place that day!

Met a guy whose name was Jack,
Then my heart came leaping back.
Jack was quiet, Jack was shy,
So he said but what a lie!

Ferris wheel went round and round,
Like my heart then up and down,
Laughter filled the summer air,
Not a worry, not a care.

All too soon the night must leave,
Ah what a tangled web I weave!
Arms that hold me Oh so tight
Peaceful calm the summer night,

I love you, so give me your heart
Kiss me dear before we part.
All innocence tears in my eyes,
"I gave it to another guy!"

Another ship another night,
Oh, I'm in an awful plight,
Letters coming every day,
What to do what to say!

One is all I want to pick,
The trouble is I know not which,
Before I a nervous breakdown start,
Tell me Lord—Who has my heart!?

Marjorie Perry, '49

IF I KNEW YOU

IF I knew you
 And you knew me
 I feel quite sure
 We would agree.
 All your faults
 Would soon disappear,
 If I saw you
 Transparent clear.
 And also on your part
 You'd soon forget
 The faults in me
 You now regret.
 No ugly traits
 Would either see
 If I knew you
 And you knew me.

Thelma Williams, '49

☆ ☆

SUNSET on the water paints a picture true,
 Sunset on the water from blue a scarlet hue.
 She sat upon the sand, the waves would lap the
 shore,
 They mingled with the evening breeze and
 whispered—never more.
 Far out on the sea, ablaze with scarlet fire,
 Above the sea gulls wheeling higher ever higher,
 She sees a ship come sailing in, reflecting back
 the skies,
 The light that glances from its sides reflects
 within her eyes.
 A soft caress, a hand to press, a kiss so tenderly,
 A beating heart, lips that part and know of
 ecstasy.
 A laugh of love, the sky above, within a scarlet
 dream,
 And in two eyes, that match the skies, a sparkle
 and a gleam.
 The stars look down, without a sound, where
 two lovers kiss,
 The moon that night, its silvery light, witness
 of such bliss.
 A night to play, neath stars so gay, and follow
 your own heart,
 Think not of days, that pass away, when you
 must be apart.
 With the dawn, a gloomy morn, a sad and
 sweet refrain,
 Two lovers part, each take a heart, that beats
 about the same
 A blazing sun, to call to one, and ache that
 dulls the heart,
 Who knows the ache, a heart must take, when
 two lovers part.
 She sits and waits, destined by fate, a ship upon
 the sea.
 Her heart was closed, to glances bold, her lover
 held the keys.

The evening breeze, from off the seas, told a
 story true,
 Of the girl, with golden curls, and boy in navy
 blue.
 She sees a ship come sailing in reflecting back
 the skies.
 The light that glances from its sides, reflects
 within her eyes.
 Yet still she sits upon the sand, the waves still
 lap the shore
 And mingled with the evening breeze they
 whisper—never more.

Marjorie Perry, '49

☆ ☆

LOOK up at the sky, look down at the sea,
 Could one ask for more; it is calling to me.
 Calling, calling; white stars shining down,
 White stars on a cold and desolate town
 How long have I asked and cried for its roar?
 How long, how long since I stood on the shore?
 Ding, dong, from the old town hall bell,
 Peeling out softly over the dell.
 When did I first long for the sea,
 When I was sad and dreams came to me.
 When I read books that made my heart pound,
 Sea stories they were; a treasure I'd found.
 Why did these tales my fancy strike so?
 'Cause I could hear the sea winds that blow.
 And always I'd dreamed of sailing away,
 Before I knew that dreams didn't pay,
 For life isn't made of things spun of dreams,
 It's hard and it's real and not what it seems.
 You don't walk along with the world in your
 hands,
 The world leads you and you follow its plans.
 In my mind a symbol the sea was to me
 It was my desire my prayer to be free.
 But no one is free in the true sense of the word,
 No, no one is free not even the bird.
 For always there's someone higher than you,
 No better perhaps, that I've found true.
 Show me a man who lives by no rule,
 And you'll show me a man who's insane as a
 fool.
 Does my heart stop aching for the roar of the
 sea?
 No never for it always keeps calling to me.
 For if it should stop then why should I live?
 If there's nothing to have there is nothing to
 give.
 Dreams though but hollow mockery
 Stopped—then how bleak it would be!
 And though in my mind they will never come
 true,
 My heart says they will, and in my heart they
 do!

Marjorie Perry, '49



SENIORS



SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

(left to right)

Mary Silva

Secretary

William Costa

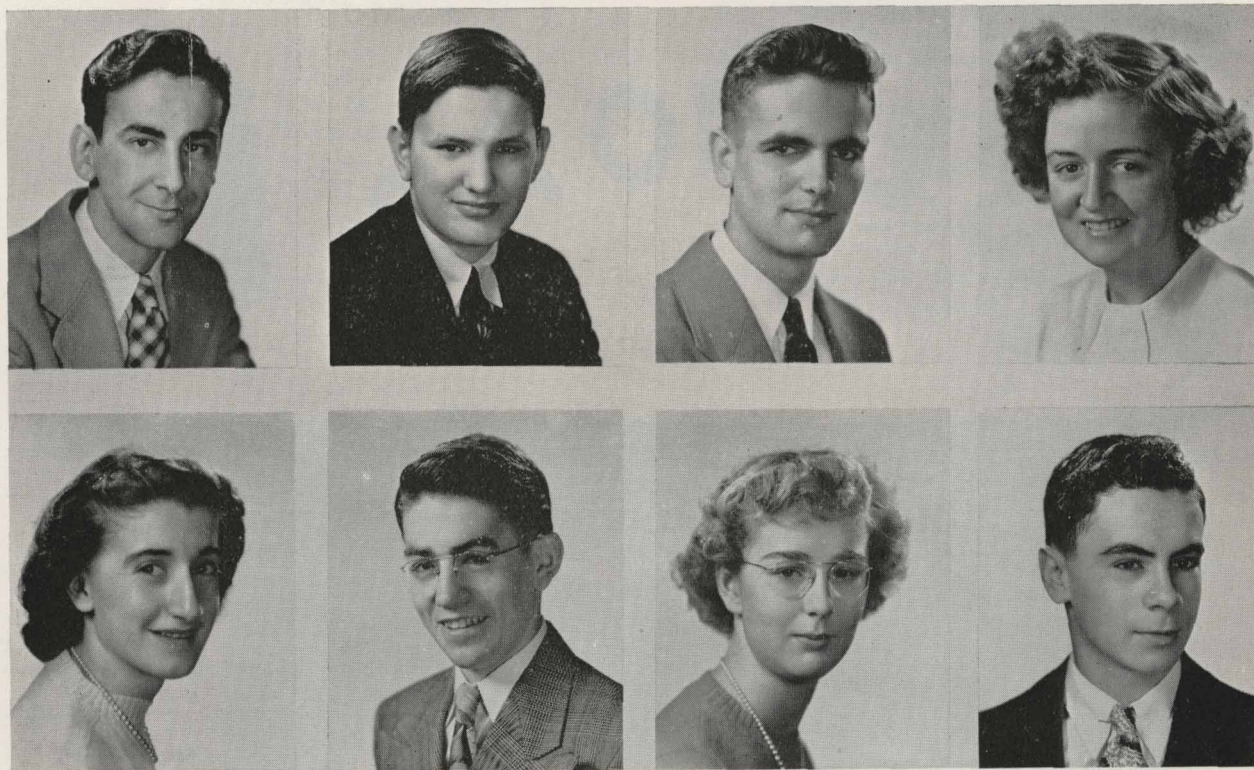
Vice President

Kathleen Carlos

President

Helen McCaffrey

Treasurer



RICHARD ANDREWS

Hobby: Playing guitar
 Pet Peeve: 5th period
 Ambition: To be an aeronautical engineer

*He's quiet and shy we all know,
 But when he sings, Ob, Ob, Ob.*

LEROY ATKINS

Hobby: Sleeping late as many mornings as I can
 Pet Peeve: Cold classrooms
 Ambition: Live to collect my social security benefits

*Studious, quiet, and very shy,
 The women really scare this guy.*

FRANK CABRAL

Hobby: Fishing and sports
 Pet Peeve: Riding whales
 Ambition: To live up to my mother's expectations

*Always tardy, always late,
 Put the blame on last night's date.*

DOROTHY CAHOON

Hobby: Stamp collecting, rowing, and swimming
 Pet Peeve: None
 Ambition: Airline Hostess

*Dot from Truro, who wants to fly,
 Will think of us while in the sky.*

KATHLEEN CARLOS

Hobby: Bookkeeping
 Pet Peeve: A certain person who delights in embarrassing others

Ambition: To travel around the world

*Work and strive for the class,
 That's our President, a mighty fine lass.*

GEORGE CHAPMAN

Hobby: Chauffeur
 Pet Peeve: 1st period—Room 13
 Ambition: To be a chef at the Waldorf Astoria

*Here comes something down the street
 Beware! It's Buddy in his jeep.*

MARILYN CHAPMAN

Hobby: Sports and music
 Pet Peeve: Certain people
 Ambition: To be a medical secretary and have many friends

*Lots of work and little play,
 That's Chappie trying to get that A.*

WILLIAM COSTA

Hobby: A freshman girl
 Pet Peeve: English—Room 13
 Ambition: To make a million dollars

*He's a doll, he's a dream,
 The one for whom the girls all scream.*



WILFRED FERREIRA

Hobby: Hunting
 Pet Peeve: English
 Ambition: To be a cobbler

*Wilfred, in school, seems very shy,
 But in Eastham and Orleans he's quite the guy.*

GERTRUDE FRANCIS

Hobby: Sports and books
 Pet Peeve: Teachers with "pets"
 Ambition: To have money and travel

*To go to Boston is her ambition,
 For its fulfillment we are wishing.*

JEAN KAESLAU

Hobby: Doing nothing
 Pet Peeve: People who work
 Ambition: To be a millionaire

*Here's to our World War II Vet,
 A nicer guy, you've never met.*

ANTHONY LEONARD

Hobby: Sleeping late
 Pet Peeve: Working
 Ambition: Darn little

*Broken hearts he leaves behind
 A true love will be ever find.*

KENNETH MACARA

Hobby: To enjoy life and have a good time
 Pet Peeve: Women who wear steel gray stockings
 Ambition: To be a millionaire

*To B.U. he'll go at last,
 Best wishes Kenny from your class.*

DOROTHY MANNATO

Hobby: Meeting people
 Pet Peeve: Keeping quiet
 Ambition: To be a good nurse

*Never a frown on her face,
 She'll always smile in any case.*

KENNETH MARTIN

Hobby: Hunting
 Pet Peeve: Waltzing
 Ambition: To be a machinist

*A hunting and fishing Kenny goes
 There's nothing about nature he doesn't know.*

HELEN McCAFFREY

Hobby: Cooking
 Pet Peeve: Certain pests
 Ambition: To be happy

*Helen who sings her blues away,
 Waits for Billy through the days.*



MILTON MORGAN

Hobby: Dancing with Mary L.
 Pet Peeve: Getting up early
 Ambition: To join the army

*To dance with Mary is his joy,
 A smoothie on his feet, this boy.*

KENNETH NOLET

Hobby: Sports
 Pet Peeve: Stubborn women
 Ambition: ?

*Happy go lucky, smiling through,
 He'll always do his best for you.*

BARBARA PEREIRA

Hobby: Drawing and teasing Antoine
 Pet Peeve: Being called "Miss Cesspool of 1949"
 Ambition: To star as "Junior Miss" on Broadway

*Sweet and lovely, what a gal,
 Personality plus, everyone's pal.*

HELEN PERRY

Hobby: Knitting
 Pet Peeve: To get up at seven in the morning
 Ambition: To be successful

*Helen, the girl we'll always remember,
 Will be a blushing bride in September.*

MARJORIE PERRY

Hobby: Talking with strangers
 Pet Peeve: Critical people
 Ambition: To live fast and die young

*In a class she does belong,
 Writing poetry all day long.*

NORMAN ROSE

Hobby: Milking cows
 Pet Peeve: 1st period
 Ambition: To use an electric milker

*His lunch each day we did enjoy,
 Our thanks to Truro's NATURE boy.*

ELLEN ROSS

Hobby: Dancing
 Pet Peeve: English IV
 Ambition: To be successful

*Ellen who is gay and witty,
 Lived our trip to New York City.*

BERNARD SANTOS

Hobby: Basketball
 Pet Peeve: Room 7
 Ambition: To be successful

*In sports he really is a star,
 He rates on top with us by far.*



CAROL SANTOS

Hobby: Reading nice books
 Pet Peeve: Spoiled children
 Ambition: To be as independent as possible

*She nabbed our Captain as you see,
 And cheered him on to victory.*

ANTOINETTE SEGURA

Hobby: Typing and dancing
 Pet Peeve: News from the A & P
 Ambition: To travel abroad

*Slender, tender, and tall,
 With Mr. Leyden, she beats them all.*

ELEANOR SILVA

Hobby: Sports
 Pet Peeve: Family back seat drivers
 Ambition: To be a good Math. teacher

*Math she hopes to teach some day,
 At Jackson she'll start on her way.*

MARY SILVA

Hobby: Swimming
 Pet Peeve: Boys who don't shave
 Ambition: To visit Cuba (with a certain party)

*Typing, typing all day long,
 In work like this, she's never wrong.*

STEPHEN SIMMONS

Hobby: Sports
 Pet Peeve: Getting up for school
 Ambition: To be a millionaire

*We once thought that Steve was shy,
 Now we know he's a real good guy.*

OSCAR SNOW

Hobby: Sports and good cooking
 Pet Peeve: Finger nail biting
 Ambition: To have a fair job, a good wife, and four nice children

*Oscar and his love affair
 Once had us all up in the air.*

ROBERT SNOW

Hobby: Sports
 Pet Peeve: Getting up at seven in the morning
 Ambition: Being a bellhop in a swanky hotel

*Singing, whistling all day through,
 He'll cheer you up when you are blue.*

RUTH RODA SOUZA

Hobby: Swimming and dancing
 Pet Peeve: Having to wait
 Ambition: To help in the fulfillment of my husband's ambitions

*Soon she'll cross the great wide sea,
 For Frank is waiting there, you see.*



ROSE STEELE

Hobby: Music and reading
 Pet Peeve: Our possessive men
 Ambition: Happiness with that "certain party"
*Singing was once her greatest ambition
 But to be a good housewife is her mission.*

ANTHONY TRAVERS

Hobby: Sports
 Pet Peeve: Self-centered people
 Ambition: "That certain party"
*Tony, who's always on the beam,
 Brought fame and victory to our team.*

LEROY VALENTINE

Hobby: Sports, especially baseball
 Pet Peeve: Oral talks
 Ambition: To be a self-made man
*A second Einstein someday he'll be
 This lad who'll go on to M.I.T.*

RUSSELL WATTS

Hobby: Hunting, fishing, and trapping
 Pet Peeve: Game Wardens
 Ambition: To have a hunting lodge in Vermont
*Russ and Barbs we always see,
 Together and happy as can be.*

THELMA WILLIAMS

Hobby: Playing the piano and sax
 Pet Peeve: Oral talks for Mr. Gagnon
 Ambition: To join the WAVES
*From Truro came this charming lass,
 We're proud to have her in our class.*

JOHN COOK

No picture
 Hobby: Sports
 Pet Peeve: Office
 Ambition: To play professional football
*"Peacy" with his hair cut short,
 Makes the girls swoon a lot.*

Senior Superlatives

<i>Best Dressed Girl</i>	Mary Silva	<i>Man Hater</i>	Dorothy Cahoon
<i>Best Boy Dancer</i>	Oscar Snow	<i>Biggest Drag with the Faculty</i>	Kathleen Carlos
<i>Best Girl Athlete</i>	Eleanor Silva	<i>Class Pet</i>	Barbara Pereira
<i>Class Actress</i>	Barbara Pereira	<i>Woman Hater</i>	LeRoy Atkins
<i>Best Boy Musician</i>	Richard Andrews	<i>Personality Plus</i>	Barbara Pereira
<i>Most Bashful Girl</i>	Marjorie Perry	<i>Best Boy Student</i>	LeRoy Valentine
<i>Class Artist</i>	Ellen Ross	<i>Boy with Best Physique</i>	Bernard Santos
<i>Best Girl Student</i>	Marilyn Chapman	<i>Most Original</i>	Frank Cabral
<i>Most Bashful Boy</i>	LeRoy Valentine	<i>Class Orator</i>	Jean Keaselau
<i>Class Actor</i>	Norman Rose	<i>First to have Bay Window</i>	Norman Rose
<i>Girl With Most Poise</i>	Antoinette Segura	<i>First to be Married</i>	Helen Perry
<i>Girl With Best Figure</i>	Helen McCaffrey	<i>Biggest Appetite</i>	Kathleen Carlos
<i>Most Athletic Boy</i>	Bernard Santos	<i>Class Pest</i>	Kenneth Macara
<i>Class Acrobat</i>	Milton Morgan	<i>Favorite Teacher</i>	Mr. Dahill
<i>Best Girl Dancer</i>	Eleanor Silva	<i>Most Conceited Girl</i>	Carol Santos
<i>Most Likely to Succeed</i>	Marilyn Chapman	<i>Done Most for P.H.S.</i>	Kathleen Carlos
<i>Wittiest</i>	Ellen Ross	<i>Most Popular Girl</i>	Mary Silva
<i>Most Dignified</i>	Helen McCaffrey	<i>Most Popular Boy</i>	William Costa
<i>Class Baby</i>	Stephen Simmons	<i>Best Disposition</i>	Barbara Pereira
<i>Done Most for Class</i>	Kathleen Carlos	<i>Most Ambitious</i>	Marilyn Chapman
<i>Best Dressed Boy</i>	Kenneth Macara	<i>Most Generous</i>	George Chapman
<i>Most Attractive Girl</i>	Antoinette Segura	<i>Perfect Lover</i>	Robert Snow
<i>Most Conceited Boy</i>	Kenneth Nolet	<i>Class Songstress</i>	Helen McCaffrey
<i>Best Girl Musician</i>	Gertrude Francis	<i>Most Talkative</i>	Dorothy Mannato
<i>Handsome Boy</i>	Jean Kaeselau	<i>Laziest</i>	John Cook
<i>Million Dollar Smile</i>	Anthony Leonard	<i>Most Dramatic</i>	Dorothy Mannato
<i>Class Clown</i>	Robert Snow		
<i>Class Flirt</i>	Ellen Ross		



S —mooth	Anthony Travers
E —ngaged	Rose Steele
N —ice	Jean Keaselau
I —mpish	Barbara Pereira
O —hhh	Anthony Leonard
R —eckless	George Chapman
S —uper	Antoinette Segura

S —ophisticated	Ruby Cabral
O —bstinate	Mary Ferreira
P —est	Vincent Henrique
H —umorist	Carol Lee
O —K.	James Meads
M —oody	Lillian Cabral
O —ld Faithful	Barbara Frost
R —ascal	George Miller
E —asy-going	Richard Medeiros
S —tar	Robert Souza



Lower Classmen's Corner

J —olly	Eugene Packett
U —nbalanced	James Crawley
N —aughty	Doris Brown
I —mpossible	Margaret Jason
O —utstanding	Michael Whorf
R —acketeer	Kenneth Mayo
S —quirt	Austin Rose

F —resh	Barry Correiro
R —efined	Loralee Drake
E —motional	Rita Meads
S —well	Daniel Gomes
H —ilarious	Joseph Manta
M —asculine	Mylan Costa
E —ligible	Lawrence Segura
N —ice	Joan Souza

To Provincetown High School

"Yours is the earth and all that's in it"
Kipling wrote long years ago;
Today, we realize his meaning,
As out into the world we go.

We've walked the halls of P'town High,
And we have learned our lessons here.
A door, by the years unfastened,
Swings wide to all our visions clear.

As now we don our shining armor,
We leave our sports, our studies, too,
To enter into wider spheres,
That summon the brave and the true.

For each must play his role alone,
Each in his own constructive way;
May ideals formed at Alma Mater
Guide and lead us every day.

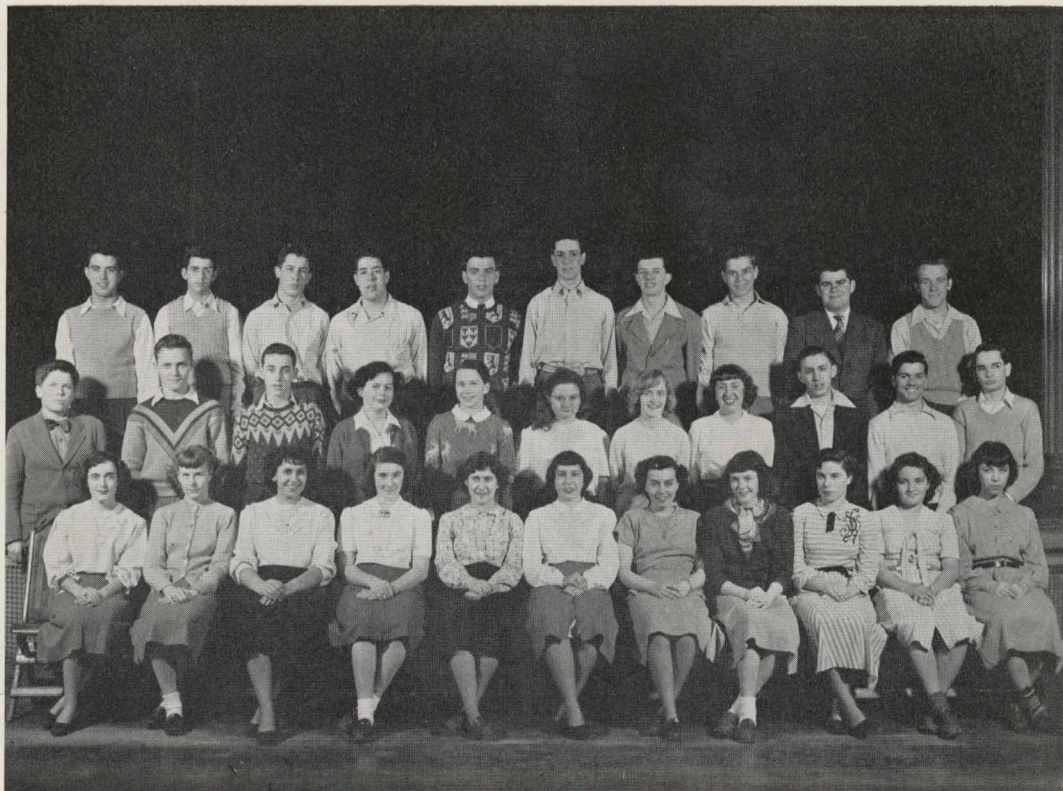
We promise to lack in courage
And to ourselves we shall be true.
We'll hold the faith you gave to us,
As a flaming torch with brilliant hue.

We shall take our places in the world,
With the great and those of power
Most will play a minor role,
Some above all men will tower.

So, with keen joy and a singing heart,
We now advance to a bright, new day.
We feel the grip of your hands then part,
Your wishes speed us on our way.

Now ours is all the world to conquer,
May the grace of God enlighten our eyes,
And may the Class of '49'
Be emblazoned in gold across the skies.

Barbara Pereira, '49



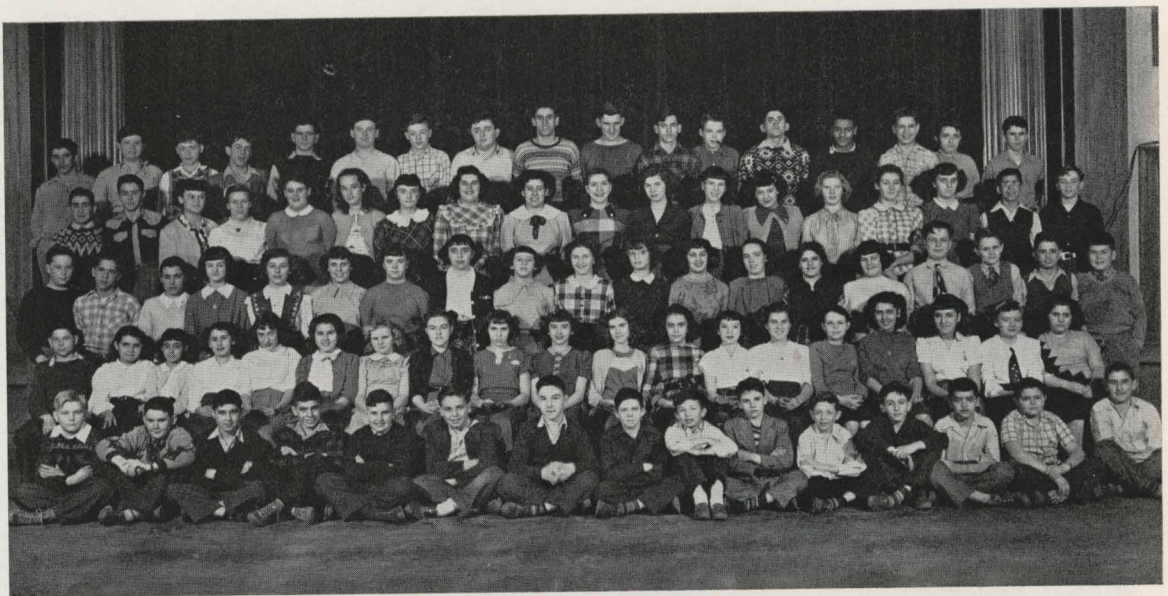
JUNIOR CLASS



SOPHOMORE CLASS



FRESHMEN CLASS



JUNIOR HIGH



activities

Freshman Reception

ON Friday evening September 24, 1948, the Freshman Reception, first social event of the season, was sponsored by the Seniors in the high school gym. Refreshments of cup cakes, candy, ice cream and cake were served to the Freshmen by their Senior partners. Tag

dances, broom dances, Virginia Reels, and Spotlight Dancing were held in the colorfully decorated gym. Highlight of the evening was the Grand March led by Kathleen Carlos and Joseph Manta, Presidents of the Senior and Freshman classes respectively.

Kathleen Carlos, '49



Halloween Dance

ON October 29, 1948, the annual Halloween Dance was presented in the Provincetown High School Gymnasium by the Junior Class. This affair was considered to be most successful. There was dancing from 7:30 to 11 with time out for refreshments and the drawing of the winning raffle ticket. This raffle prize was a braided rug which was donated

to the class by Mrs. John Anthony, the grandmother of the class vice-president. The drawing found Miss Sheila Days the holder of the winning ticket. The gymnasium was decorated with orange and black streamers with the usual ghosts and goblins adorning the walls and fixtures.

Wilfred Costa, '50



The Senior Play

THE Senior Play, under the direction of Mr. Antoine Gagnon, was a smash hit. Barbara Pereira proved to be the scintillating star of the production, which was extremely well-cast.

The chatter between Barbara and Mary Silva, the antics of Marilyn Chapman as Hilda, and the excellent portrayal of their roles by Eleanor Silva and Norman Rose helped greatly to make the play the success it was.

Performers and their stage names were:

Barbara Pereira	Judy Graves
Eleanor Silva	Grace Graves
Norman Rose	Harry Graves
Dorothy Mannato	Lois Graves
Mary Silva	Fluffy Adams
Antoinette Segura	Ellen Curtis
Kenneth Macara	J. B. Curtis
Frank Cabral	Uncle Willis
Marilyn Chapman	Hilda
Robert Snow	Messenger Boy

Oscar Snow	Barlow Adams
William Costa	Stirling Brown
Kenneth Nolet	Tommy Arbuckle
Kenneth Nolet	Henry Arbuckle
George Chapman	Haskell Cummings
Russel Watts	Joe
Russel Watts	Charles

Due to the illness of Kenneth Nolet, Mr. Gagnon was forced to appear in the dual role as Tommy and Henry Arbuckle. Naturally the appearance of a faculty member on the stage brought forth gales of laughter and applause.

The cast played to a capacity crowd and the play was talked about for many days.

The Seniors are indebted to Mr. Chester G. Peck for the use of furniture, and to the Harbor Vanity Shoppe and Edward Turner for makeup.

Betty Volton, '50



SENIOR PLAY CAST

First Row: left to right: Mary Silva, Marilyn Chapman, Antoinette Segura, Barbara Pereira, Norman Rose, Eleanor Silva, Dorothy Mannato, Kenneth Nolet.
 Second Row: Kenneth Macara, William Costa, George Chapman, Robert Snow, Oscar Snow, Russell Watts, Frank Cabral.



Minstrel Show

ON February 28 in P.H.S. auditorium, the class of 1950 presented the minstrel show, "Great Day".

The hall was filled to capacity even though Mother Nature blessed them with a down pour of snow and sleet.

Of course the hit of the show was, "Mammy Boy", Mike Whorf, with his wonderful interpretation of Al Jolson.

Other outstanding acts were Eugene Packett's strenuous bout with the invisible phantom, which brought forth many hilarious chuckles; George Miller's baton twirling; Mike, Eugene, Warren, and Barrie's supposedly playing of Lieberstraum, on harmonicas which later proved to be a record backstage; Thelma and Debby singing Frankie and Johnny; and Pat, Barrie, Warren, and Mary tapping to "By the Beautiful Sea" in old fashioned bathing suits accompanied by sand pails.

The show was such a success, that a repeat performance was necessary the following evening in order that everyone who so wanted, could witness this Junior Class "extravaganza".

- Oh, You Beautiful Doll* Inez and Chorus
- Melancholy Baby*
- Cruising Down the River*
- For Me and My Gal* Mary and Dick
- Battle of the Century* Sachmo
- Frankie and Johnny* Thelma and Debby
- By the Beautiful Sea* .. Pat, Bones, Mary, Tambo
- Twelfth Street Rag* George Miller
- Pretty Baby* Bones
- Roll on Mississippi* Chorus
- Summertime* Dick, Bones, Ebony
- Lieberstraum* End Men
- Old Man River* Entire Company
- Dark Town Poker Club* .. Tambo, and End Men
- Mammy* Ebony

CAST

- Mr. Interlocutor Wilfred Costa
- End Men—Bones Barrie Bell
- Ebony Michael Whorf
- Sachmo Eugene Packett
- Tambo Warren Witherstine

CHORUS

- Bruce Tarvers Margaret Jason
- Marion Silva James Crawley
- Kenneth Mayo Dorrance Lincoln

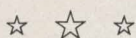
SONGS

- Waitin' for the Robert E. Lee* Chorus
- Sweet Georgia Brown* End Men and Dick
- That's My Weakness Now* .. Debby and Ebony
- The Man I Love* Kathleen Nascimento

Gloria Silva	John Santos	Inez Macara	Richard Andrews
Louis Souza	Phyllis Cabral	George Ross	Patricia Jackett
Melvin Thomas	Kathleen Nascimento	George Miller	John Ross
John Jason	Joanne Oliver	Mary Louise Ferreira	
Veronica Leonard	Martha Watson		
Mildred Joseph	Deborah Brown		
Robert Meads	Wilfred Costa		
Marilyn Cote	Mary Miller		

STAGE CREW

Charles Malaquias	Robert Days
	Barbara Pereira, '49



The Juniors at Declamation Time

ONE sunny day in February as the teacher read the notice that the Junior declamations were to be heard March 21, 22, 23, and 24 the Juniors realized that they had almost forgotten about them. Throughout the school the groans and moans of the Juniors contrasted sharply with the laughing and joking of the Seniors.

The victims knew that choosing selections would prove difficult and they were thinking so hard and fast that one could almost hear the "wheels turning" in their little heads.

The library did a flourishing business as did Miss Medeiros' typing room.

After finding a good but short declamation and having it typed they began the tedious process of memorizing their selections. From almost every seat occupied by a Junior one could hear the repitious mumbling of lines or a few choice expressions as a line would be forgotten.

During the days that followed there was an overwhelming demand for aspirins as an antidote for headaches which the declamations had caused our Juniors.



MINSTREL SHOW CAST



P.H.S. BAND AND ORCHESTRA

As the days slipped by, the third year class regained their self confidence by reciting their declamations over and over again, void of errors, to patient and confident friends. But there still existed the pending fear of being chosen for the finals—Heaven forbid!

The inevitable day arrived as the Juniors patiently awaited the arrival of the faculty in the auditorium. They kept running over their notes in hopes that a last glance might help. What seemed like years to the anxious Juniors was actually only a matter of minutes until all of the faculty piled in not even one being delayed or absent.

The fear-stricken Juniors recited their declamations in clear resonant voices. They were so good—the Juniors were even surprised.

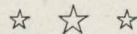
They had performed such a magnificent job that the task of choosing the ten best winners proved to be a most difficult burden for the faculty.

However, the judges finally decided upon the following ten:

Mary Miller — James Crawley
 Marilyn Cote — John Santos
 Phyllis Cabral — Wilfred Costa
 Deborah Brown — Eugene Packett
 Veronica Leonard — Warren Witherstine

I'm still not quite sure why I should be telling you this now, because, you see, next year I'll be a Junior and would probably be able to give you a better idea of what one goes through since "experience is the best teacher."

Vincent Henrique



The Annual Concert

IN spite of several illnesses (mostly measles and mumps) on the part of some of the participants of our annual concert and some broken instruments, everything went along rather smoothly. The P.H.S. Band, adorned in their orange and black uniforms, and three majorcttes started the program. After two "peppy" marches by this organization, there was a clarinet solo by Inez Macara and a sax duet by Marion Silva and Manuel Jason followed, both bringing a round of applause. The Band reentered the spotlight and played two more marches.

After making their glorious, colorful, exit, the Governor Bradford School Orchestra, which won a lot of fame in New Bedford last year,

ascended the stairs to the stage. After the playing of "America the Beautiful" and "Carnival of Venice" Stephen Goveia played a violin solo which required much memorization, but he was equal to the task and the audience gave him a big hand. "Merry Widow Waltz" and "Annie Rooney" followed, both being well appreciated by the audience. Then Estelle Souza, one of last year's members of this group, played a violin solo which was well received. This was followed by two more pieces of the orchestra, "Southern Roses" and "Marine Hymn".

Next on the program came the little fourth grade symphonette classes. They played, and, as usual, the audience was quite amused with some of the actions that went on.

Last, but by no means least, was the performance by the High School Orchestra. The girls in evening gowns, and the boys in dark suits, seemed to "dress up" the orchestra. The first number played by the orchestra was "Regimental March". This was followed by "In Old Vienna", a selection of waltzes. Both pieces were well played and well received by the audience. Then, yours truly had a solo on the bassoon (you can look up its description in the dictionary if you have never heard of a bassoon). It was a fairly popular piece called "On the Waterfall". The orchestra then played "Bohemian Girl", a number recognized by many. Marilyn Motta and Jean Roda stepped into the spotlight next with a trumpet duet, "The Pals Polka", which went over well with the audience. The orchestra continued the program with "Entrance and March of the Peers". Then Helen McCaffrey, song-bird of the school, sang "The Waltz Song from Romeo and Juliet" and, as

always did splendidly.

While Mr. Nassi was talking to the audience, expressing his thanks to various people for making his teaching of instrumental music a happy time, there was a lot of activity going on behind his back. The Concert Mistress, Deborah Brown, was getting ready to present a gift to him. She made a short, straight from the heart, talk and presented Mr. and Mrs. Nassi with a pair of sterling silver candle-stick holders and a sterling silver plate with engravings.

The orchestra continued with "Americana", a selection of favorite American tunes. The program was then concluded with the audience joining the orchestra in "The Star Spangled Banner".

Everyone went home happy over the way the concert turned out, but sad to think that this is Mr. and Mrs. Nassi's last year of teaching instrumental music.

Barbara Days, '50



National Honor Society

MEMBERSHIP in the National Honor Society is awarded to those pupils who prove themselves to be outstanding in scholarship, leadership, character and service. It is the most coveted honor to be achieved in high school.

This society, since its organization, has had a marked influence on the undergraduates. It has inspired them to do their best to have a firm, noble, and honorable character, to develop an ability for leadership, to strive to serve others willingly, and to work for a high scholastic standing.

Senior members are Kathleen Carlos and

Eleanor Silva, who were elected in their junior year, Marilyn Chapman, Mary Silva, and Helen McCaffrey, who were elected this year. Three juniors also enjoyed this same honor this year, they were Betty Volton, Phyllis Cabral, and Wilfred Costa.

On class day those elected will repeat a pledge and will receive membership cards.

Graduation night the five seniors will give speeches.

We hope that National Honor Society will be the goal of all the students in years to come.

Eleanor Silva, '49



Assemblies

THE school year was marked periodically with many interesting movies and several entertaining assemblies as follows:

ASSEMBLIES

- Talent Show
- Award of Plaque for Driver Education by Rudolph King, Registrar of Motor Vehicles.
- Speaker on Economics (girls)
- Red Cross (Accident Prevention)
- Boy Scout Awards
- Basketball Awards
- Navy Recruiting (boys)
- Thanksgiving (Skit)
- Christmas (Singing by assemblage)

MOVIES

- The Last Days of Pompeii

Swiss Family Robinson

Silent Service

Operations Crossroads

Six March of Time Series

Household Arts Movies:

Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow
(Food Preservation)

Balanced Way (adequate diets)

As You Like Them (canned foods)

Magic in the Kitchen (milk desserts)

Meat and Romance

Guide to Better Buying

Red Wagon (Story of Swifts)

Construction of Automobile

How to Play Baseball

Playtown, U. S. A.

Deborah Brown, '50

Bleacher Fund

EARLY in December the cheerleaders took up a collection on three successive nights in the Provincetown Theatre, netting a profit of fifty-four dollars which started the Bleacher Drive rolling.

Shortly after the Christmas vacation the pupils took part in a tag day raising the total considerably.

With the weather cold but clear one Saturday the foundation for the bleachers were laid on Monument Field.

The building committee consisting of Mrs.

Elmer Greensfelder, Mr. David Murphy and chairman Dr. Thomas F. Perry continued their plans, this time for portable bleachers.

Contributions bolstered the fund a great deal but not enough to complete the work so a Giant Whist Party was planned under the supervision of Mrs. Anthony P. Tarvers. This activity was such a financial success that it enabled the work to be completed.

Our thanks go out to the committee and the PTA for generously giving of their time to this praise-worthy project.

Mary Miller, '50



Life Adjustment Course

ANOTHER new course entitled Life Adjustment was introduced this year. This course, which is at present open only to seniors, aims to equip the student with more than just algebraic formulae with which to adapt himself to the problems of the present, as well as the future.

Every Friday that it was possible, third period we filed eagerly in to Mr. Malchman's home room and discussed the question which we had decided upon previous to the meeting.

At our first meeting which we called—After Graduation - What?, Mr. Taylor, Mr. Williams, and Miss DeRiggs obligingly acted as a panel to which we directed questions concerning the Armed Services, while Mr. Leyden gave us information about application for colleges. There were so many questions that were still unanswered, that the subject was carried over into another meeting.

With the approach of the basketball game with Nantucket, the boys and girls in the course, who were hosts and hostesses to the visiting teams, were briefed on last minute details.

At our next meeting we discussed various points about school that we liked or disliked. A petition to the school committee to allow

smoking at specified places at specified times was drawn up as a result of this meeting.

At the next meeting a group of parents were kind enough to come up and discuss with us Boy-Girl Relationships. At this meeting the number of dates that should be allowed per week and how late we should be allowed to stay out was discussed. This meeting showed to many of us how fair the parents are trying to be and that some of them do realize that we are no longer babies.

Seven representatives of the course were invited to a meeting of the Parent-Teachers Association where they became the panel. At this, "going steady" was discussed.

The next Friday, with the approach of the Senior Trip, we talked over any questions that might arise during our stay in New York.

These courses are springing up all over the country and are truly an aid to the life adjustment of the teenager. We have been very fortunate we believe in having this course made available to us.

All those who have taken the course wish to thank everyone who has worked to make it the success that it is. We want especially to thank Mr. Arthur Malchman who worked so patiently and tirelessly for us.

Dorothy Mannato, '49



Driver Education

WE have had a course introduced to us this year called Driver Education. It is a course given only to Juniors and Seniors as they are of the age which allows them to be eligible for a license and as they will be operating cars by the time they are graduated from school or soon after.

Young drivers age 16-20 are involved in five times as many fatal accidents as drivers in the 45-60 age group. Since this is an automobile age this course helps us to become prepared to

live safely in a society which uses cars to such a great extent.

Expert guidance is given us in this course under the direction of Mr. Richard Santos. He instills in us the proper attitudes and habits of driving that will stay with us throughout the years.

Through greater efficiency at the wheel and more intelligent driving on the highways the Driver Education program we hope will help to save many lives.

Helen McCaffrey, '49



SPORTS



Football

WITH sixteen unexperienced boys, Coach Amos Taylor acknowledged the fact which he had already learned, that miracles can not be performed with untried numbers. Closing the 1948-49 season the Provincetown High eleven suffered eight straight setbacks for lady-luck never once played into their hands.

For the second successive season the squad consisted of only a small number of players, therefore, Coach Taylor could select no first string lineup at the start. Those participating included Captain John Cook, Austin Rose, Norman Rose, Frank Cabral, Ernest Cordeiro, Robert Meads and Manny Macara who combined their talents to form the backfield while Anthony Leonard, George Gaspa, Arthur Mooney, Daniel Gomes, Eugene Packet, Bruce Tarvers, Warren Witherstine, Richard Veira, Vincent Henrique and John Rose played the various positions in the line.

Although they lacked weight and most of them, the much needed experience, the team, many times made fine showings and should be commended for its hard work.

The first two games of the season found the Cape-tippers getting white-washed by the red and white of both Falmouth and Barnstable.

The Falmouth "Giants" had little trouble finding holes in the Provincetown line as they ran and passed the pigskin for a 33-0 victory. Following this the Barnstable team didn't have such an easy time of it. Every yard which was made was well fought for even though the tilt ended with a 13-0 victory for the "Raiders".

In the next contest against Harwich the Orange and Black gave one of their best demonstrations of the year as, sparked by Captain John Cook, they had their opponents running in circles. Cook broke the scoreless duel in the latter part of the first canto as he nipped off 35 yards and struck pay dirt. The conversion was missed. Seconds later the Harwich Club sent "Jake" Marcellino around right end to score. Their attempt for the extra point was successful and the period ended Harwich 7 Provincetown 6. The second stanza found Provincetown wasting no time in scoring. Cook

again went plunging over from the three-yard line and a running play for the conversion meant a 13 to 7 lead for the Taylor-men. But the Bulldogs would not give in, and on an end around in the final seconds of play Lopes scored, tying it up once again. The kick which meant the game, soared between the goal posts and Harwich emerged victorious.

A similar game was seen the following week as Provincetown battled Bourne in a nip and tuck contest. However the local boys suffered their fourth defeat. We led for two quarters on Ernie Cordeiro's touchdown and conversion but in the second half Bourne tallied for two T.D's and it was a 12 to 7 win for the upper Capers.

Next the Tabor J. V's uncorked a 28 to 0 victory over Provincetown. It wasn't bad enough just to witness a superior squad but they out-weighted and out-played to the greatest extent.

In a game at Yarmouth the upper Capers took the measure of Provincetown by a score of 28 to 7. It was a case of "The Luck of the Irish" as far as Yarmouth was concerned. The defeat was due to the fine aerial attack of Yarmouth. Three sensational catches of thrown passes were made by Yarmouth's ends, all resulting in t.d's. Trailing all through the game, Provincetown threatened many times, and more than often it looked good for us. In the third quarter Quarterback Cook threw a bullet pass to the end and if it had not been for the overall tension it would have meant a score.

It was the small fullback, Austin Rose, for the Cape-enders who got the worst of it as he suffered a broken thumb.

A return game with the Harwich Bulldogs, was Provincetown 7th defeat. John Cook galloped 23 yards for the touchdown and then he ran the conversion to give Provincetown a quick 7 to 0 lead. In the third quarter Harwich hopped on the high-schoolers with two snappy touch-downs plus the extra points and this meant the game.

The last game of the season was the all-around "heart-breaker" for Provincetown.



*First Row: left to right: Gladys Tarvers, Mary Ferreira, Carol Lee, Kathleen Nascimento, Eleanor Silva, Captain; Doris Brown, Lillian Cabral, Joyce Morris.
Second Row: left to right: Betty DeRiggs, Coach; Ruth Ferreira, Ellen Ross, Helen Martin,, Joan Christopher, Marilyn Chapman, Manager.*

The game opened with Gaspa streaking down the field for 19 yards and the lead. In the second period Cook racked up his 4th touchdown of the season and it looked like Provincetown's first victory. But as always that last half means everything and it *was* everything for our club.

Nightingale, the quarterback, and Pemberton, the fullback tied the score in the remaining periods but Dick Fellows, Barnstable quarter-

back squeezed through Provincetown's line for the only extra point of the game and the victory for Barnstable.

Although Provincetown never cracked the victory column they knew one thing that they had the stuff to keep going. The school should be proud of the results that Coach Taylor got out of his young inexperienced boys and remember, "next year is another year".

Michael Whorf, '50



Girls' Basketball

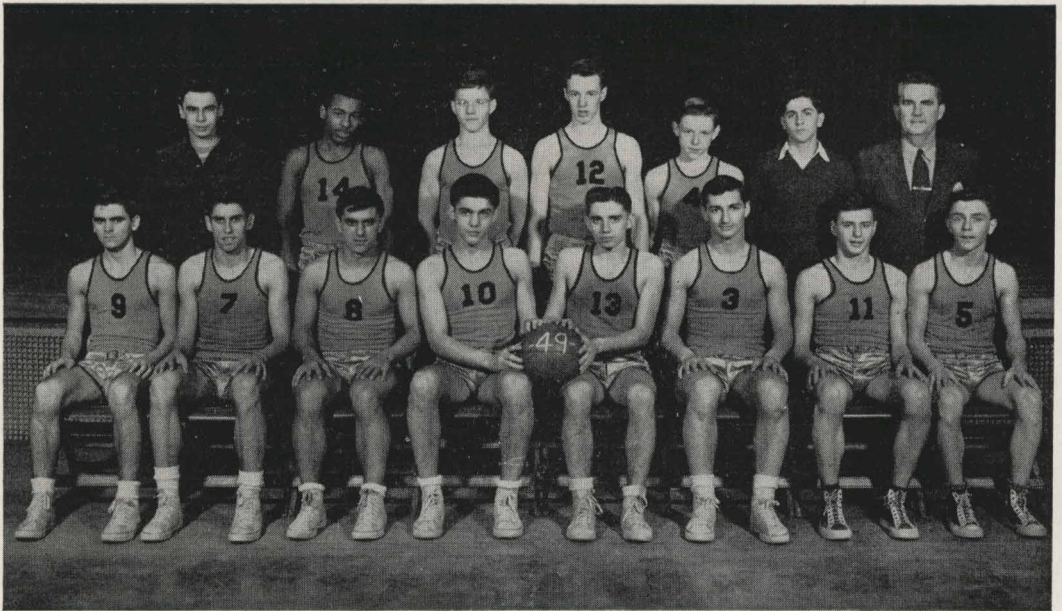
AS was predicted last year, the girls' team went places this year. For the first time in history, a girls' playoff was organized at Camp Edwards. It with with a little "bad luck" that our girls lost to Sandwich by one point, but they were Lower Cape Champions losing only one Lower Cape game to Orleans, and tying one with Harwich.

Of course if it hadn't been for the patience of our coach, Miss Elizabeth DeRiggs, and the willingness of the girls to show up faithfully for practice, this could never have been accomplished.

The year's schedule went along very smoothly, the girls' main opponents being Barnstable and Orleans.

The girls outscored their opponents by an

eighty-three point margin. However, if it hadn't been for Eleanor Silva who scored two points during the Chatham game, the margin would have been slightly less. As we take each of the forwards in turn, we find that Kathleen Nascimento was high scorer with 109 points—an average of 9.9 per game. Carol Lee followed close behind with 108 points, an average of 9 per game. Gladys Tarvers netted 69 points, while Mary Louise Ferreira chalked up 15 points, an average of 5.8 and 1.5 respectively per game. Helen Martin followed with 9 points, an average of .9 per game, with Ruth Ferreira racking up 6 points, an average of 1 per game. Eleanor Silva scored 2 points, an average of 2 per game. Let's not forget too how well the guards played.



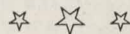
First Row: left to right: Joseph Manta, Kenneth Ferreira, Robert Souza, James Meads, Anthony Travers, Captain; Stephen Simmons, George Gaspa, Conrad Enos.
Second Row: left to right: William Costa, Manager; Daniel Gomes, Lawrence Segura, Kenneth Nolet, Clifford Taylor, Richard Medeiros, Assistant Manager; David J. Murphy, Coach.

The situation looks promising for next year, although the services of three girls—Kathleen Nascimento-center forward, Eleanor Silva-center guard, and Ellen Ross-center guard, will be missing. All have been earnest and faithful players, as well as fine team-mates and their leaving will be sincerely felt.

However, the team is still going strong, and there are many promising players coming up and I'm sure they'll be a winning team.

Come on girls—Let's bring home the Cape Trophy next year!

Marilyn Chapman, '49



Boys' Basketball

WITH a team which had lost four star performers the previous year Coach Murphy faced the task of rebuilding another one of his championship basketball clubs. Being left with only one regular and finding four others who could play the fast ball, which Provincetown is noted for, was a job indeed.

On the opening of practice twelve men reported for try-outs and it so happened that the coach found what he was looking for. He built his team around Captain Anthony Travers, a fast, experienced, ball handler with a "dead eye" for the hoop. Next he selected diminutive George Gaspa whose floor work rated him the other forward position. The center was Kenneth Ferreira, a gangling Junior high lad, who possessed an excellent "bucket shot" and was "made" for the job. Steve Simmons clinched the right guard spot and at mid court his shooting was feared by other quintets on Cape Cod. Last but not least was Jimmie Meads one of the best back-board men on the peninsula.

Not a threat as a point getter, Jimmie out-jumped the tallest men for the rebounds as well as the top. The second team consisted of Conrad Enos, Robert Souza, Daniel Gomes, Lawrence Segura, Clifford Taylor, Joseph Manta and Kenneth Nolet.

Thus Coach Murphy was ready for the tough pennant race which was to follow.

Two exhibition games with the Delft Haven club opened the season for the Murphy-men and both resulted in 41-31 and 62-41 defeats.

The next tilt found the Cape-tippers slated to play their bitter rival, Orleans High School, in the first conference game of the year. From the opening jump to the final horn it was a thriller and anybody's ball game right up to the end.

With 1½ minutes remaining to play Provincetown was behind by 4 points and a victory for the Orange and Black looked uncertain. But Travers closed the gap with a screamer from the side and the score stood 36-34. Then after pilfering the ball Ken Ferreira looped in

a one hander to tie the game. A sudden hush fell over the crowd as Meads set heavily for a free throw following a foul against him.

Less than 25 seconds to play and the left guard in position to become a hero. The ball sailed through the air and swished through the meshes, for the victory.

In the next two games P.H.S. found little trouble in beating Chatham and Bourne by scores of 51-37 and 62-44.

It was on January 15th when Provincetown lost its first scholastic game of the '49 campaign. This town of thriller-diller basketball won true to form as the Barnstable High School Raiders upset Provincetown 51-50 at our gym before a packed house.

The local cagers started off like a whirlwind, grabbing a 19-10 lead at the end of the first canto, mainly on field goal popping by Captain Tony Travers and George Gaspa.

As the game went on, Provincetown's lead disappeared and at the end of three quarters of play, P-town had a slim advantage of 34-33.

Then the fire works broke-out, the Cape-enders attempted to strengthen their precious lead in the last period, only to have Barnstable roar back to win out in the last breath-taking second by a score of 51-50.

Gaspa led the individual scoring for the night with 15 points, followed by Travers and Fish 14 apiece, and Ed Nelson, who played a brilliant game, scoring 11.

This "heartbreaker" had little to do with Provincetown's success in the future for they rung up four straight triumphs against Harwich, Wellfleet, Yarmouth and Chatham.

It was the contest against Yarmouth which proved to be the most exciting and the only game of the year where P-town was forced to go into an over-time period.

The fighting five from Yarmouth made a gallant comeback in the last quarter to tie up the regular game at 43 but that allowed Provincetown's sharpshooters to retake the lead and "ice" the ball game.

It was the upper-Capers, Bob Kendrick who copied scoring honors for the night with 16 points; Travers was close behind with 15.

If it were not for a 46-38 defeat for the high-schoolers, their string of victories would have gone to seven but the Delft Haven club continued to hold the upper hand and paced by Bernie Santos they made it three in a row.

Immediately, the Murphy basketekers swung back into their winning ways as they bowled over Harwich, Nantucket and Wellfleet.

Nantucket almost scored an upset as they took an early half time lead, but some sensational basket popping by Ferreira and Travers

stopped the Islanders cold and P.H.S. won 51-38.

Next the local youths travelled to Barnstable and Orleans and both times they were trounced, by scores of 53-38 and 46-33.

Neither defeat had any effect on the boys winning the Lower Cape Championship. With a seven and one record they were entitled to play Barnstable in the Camp Edwards arena. More than 2,500 people jammed into the arena and it was 2,500 people who saw one of the best championship games ever played.

Barnstable, who had the nudge over the Cape-enders because of their two previous victories, floored a team of boys all well over 6 feet while Provincetown's boys, being considerably smaller, relied on their speed to carry them to a victory. The Red Raiders height played the chief part in defeating Provincetown 58-47. It was big Ed "Lord" Nelson, Richard Fellows and Sonny Perry who raced through Provincetown's defense to get most of Barnstable's points. Provincetown, although losing, had its star performers also for Travers and Meads were spectacular in scoring and back-board work.

After tasting three defeats in a row and one a championship contest they ventured to Brockton and with determined hearts set their sights on the Tourney cup. Provincetown High advanced to the semi-finals as it knocked off the Bridgewater club 51-27 and rocked the Canal boys 49-32.

It was hardly a happy day for Provincetown, as they were favored to oust Holbrook to gain the finals, but were taken by surprise and lost 47-36.

Thus the Orange and Black wound up the basketball season, not entirely a great one, but a promising one as far as next year is concerned. Coach Murphy loses only one regular and with four boys who really know the game after a year of play, he hopes for the best as the rest of Provincetown does.

FACTS AND FIGURES

In the 1949 campaign the team scored a total of 964 points for an average of 48.2 points a game, while they held their opponents to 839 for an average of 42 points a game.

Captain Anthony Travers led not only his team in scoring but also the Lower Cape League with 135 field goals, 34 foul shots for a total of 304.

Runner up was Ken Ferreira with 102 field goals, 17 foul shots all of which summed up to 221 points.

George Gaspa came in third with 56 field goals, 17 foul shots and a total of 129 markers.

James Meads tossed in 34 field goals, 14 foul shots and wound up the season with 82 counters.

Steven Simmons and utility guard Robert Souza were tied for fifth spot as each made 74 points. Steve Simmons coming on 32 field goals and 16 foul shots.

Conrad Enos ranked next in line as he looped in 18 field goals and 5 foul shots for 41 points.

21 points was the next highest on Provincetown's scoring list and it was Kenney Nolet who got them, by popping in 8 field goals and 5 foul shots.

Daniel Gomes and Clifford Taylor, a guard and forward, tied each other with 8 points. Gomes, meeting the nets with 3 field goals and 2 foul shots while Taylor got 4 field goals.

Lawrence Segura got himself a field goal while Joe Manta made a foul shot to end Provincetown's scoring roundup.

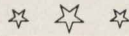
Here is a run down of Provincetown's record for the season.

Provincetown	Opponent	We	They
Provincetown vs. Delft Haven	31	41
Provincetown vs. Delft Haven	41	62
Provincetown vs. Orleans	37	36
Provincetown vs. Chatham	51	37
Provincetown vs. Bourne	62	44
Provincetown vs. Barnstable	50	51
Provincetown vs. Harwich	66	35
Provincetown vs. Wellfleet	56	38
Provincetown vs. Yarmouth	49	45
Provincetown vs. Chatham	73	58
Provincetown vs. Delft Haven	46	38
Provincetown vs. Harwich	51	29
Provincetown vs. Nantucket	51	38
Provincetown vs. Wellfleet	54	25
Provincetown vs. Barnstable	53	38
Provincetown vs. Orleans	46	33

CHAMPIONSHIP

Provincetown vs. Barnstable	58	47
Provincetown vs. Bridgewater	51	27
Provincetown vs. Bourne	49	32
Provincetown vs. Holbrook	47	36

Michael Whorf, '50



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 Look Sharp, Feel Sharp, Be Sharp
 The Man Who Knows
 Experience Is The Best Teacher
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 Saving With Safety
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 It Floats

Bubble Gum Chewers
 Stephen Simmons
 William Costa and Kenneth Nolet
 Lord Save Me From Taylor
 Homework????
 10 Minute Recess
 G. F. L.
 Report Cards
 Cafeteria
 Ellen Ross
 Mr. Kelley
 Diplomas
 Morning of April 18th
 Mr. Malchman
 Advice To Freshmen
 Hotel Victoria
 Cokes at Adam's
 Senior Suppers
 Junior Class
 2nd Period P.H.S. Cafeteria
 Graduation
 Buddy's Jeep
 Banshee II



First Row: left to right: Mary Ferreira, Christina Segura, Mascot, Mary Silva.

Second Row: Betty Volton, Marilyn Cote, Ruth Ferreira, Mary Miller, Patricia Jackett, Lillian Cabral.

Cheerleaders

THE Student Council elected eight cheerleaders in September. Mary Silva, Lillian Cabral, Mary Miller and Betty Volton were re-elected and Patricia Jackett, Mary Ferreira, Ruth Ferreira and Marilyn Cote were added to the roster. Mary Miller was chosen as captain, and Mr. Edward Dahill of the faculty as adviser.

Again this year, the girls staged a pre-game parade, pep rally and dance which was a big success. The local fire department donated trucks for the event and the P.H.S. band provided music. Coach Amos Taylor introduced individually the members of his football squad, and after a few cheers were given, all adjourned to the gym for dancing.

During the football season, dances were held to enable the cheerleaders to make money for their new uniforms. The uniforms were a pro-

duct of eight imaginative minds (the cheerleaders). Mrs. William F. Silva embroidered monograms on the uniforms in record time to enable the girls to appear in their new uniforms at the Barnstable game. As a token of appreciation the girls presented Mrs. Silva a plant.

Christina Segura was chosen again as mascot for the basketball season. The cheerleaders accompanied the team to all the basketball and football games, and to the Brockton Basketball tournament.

On April 7, the cheerleaders were guests at a Lower Cape Basketball Championship Night held in the gym.

Mary Miller, '50

Betty Volton, '50



HUMOR

Bud: Hiya, Beautiful, want a ride?
 Cute Blond: No thanks, I'm walking home
 from one now.

* * *
 Angry Cop: Hey there kid don'cha know this
 is a safety zone?

Barbara: Of course that's why I drove in here.

* * *
 Gert: I nearly drowned in bed last night!
 Ruth: How?
 Gert: The bed spread, the pillow slipped, and
 I fell into the spring.

* * *
 Norman: My car has a very different horn.
 Brother: What kind of horn is that?
 Norman: Oh, it just doesn't give a toot!

* * *
 Mr. Leyden: Well, Cabral, just what is the ex-
 cuse for being late this time?
 Frank: There's a sign down the street that says,
 "School Zone Slow."

* * *
 Her figure is lovely they say
 Her face like the flowers in May
 then they look at me
 and laugh with glee
 And ask how I got this way.

* * *
 In Moscow as you probably know
 The word they say best is, "No"
 we venture a guess
 that if they'd say yes
 The one most surprised would be Joe.

* * *
 The teacher called on me
 To read in the history
 I arose and blushed
 The room became hushed
 I'd been reading a mystery.

* * *
 Kenneth: Pop, I got a licking in school today,
 and it's all your fault.
 Pop: How's that son?
 Kenneth: Remember when I asked you how
 much a million dollars was?
 Pop: Yes I remember.
 Kenneth: Well, a helluva lot ain't the answer.

Dorothy: What's your cat's name?
 Margey: "Ben Hur"
 Dorothy: How'd you happen to choose that
 name?
 Margey: We called him Ben 'till he had kittens.

* * *
 Stevie: Mind if I go skating with you?
 Ellen: Not at all—but—
 Stevie: But what?
 Ellen: But you'd better ask Mike first.
 Stevie: But why?
 Ellen: Gosh, he's taking me!

* * *
 Mr. Malchman: John, who was Anne Boleyn?
 John C.: Anne Boleyn was a flatiron.
 Mr. Malchman: What on earth do you mean?
 John C.: Well, it says here in the history book:
 "Henry, having disposed of Catherine,
 pressed his suit with Anne Boleyn."

* * *
 A. Travers: I'm a little stiff from bowling.
 Coach Murphy: I don't care where you're from!
 Get out on the court.

* * *
 A man touring Europe sent back to his son a
 picture postcard which bore the following
 message: "Dear Son, on the other side you will
 see a picture of the rock from which the Spar-
 tans threw their defective children. Wish you
 were here. Dad.

* * *
 Mr. Gagnon: If I saw a boy beating a donkey
 and I made him stop, what virtue would
 I be showing?
 Ellen: Brotherly love.

* * *
 Mr. Williams: I heard that you and your wife
 had some words.
 Mr. Malchman: Well, I had some, but I didn't
 get a chance to use them.

* * *
 Mr. Taylor: Your recitation reminds me of
 Quebec.
 Brother: How is that?
 Mr. Taylor: Built on a bluff.
 * * *
 Lee: I was at a cat show last night.
 Brownie: Did you win a prize?

Mr. Leyden: What I want is reform. I want
 police reform, I want temperance reform,
 I want social reform, I want—I want—
 Miller: What you want is chloroform.

* * *

Mary: Whenever I'm in the dumps I get a new
 hat.
 John: Oh, so that's where you get them.

* * *

All through the game Vic had loudly urged
 the home team to victory. Suddenly he became
 silent. Turning to Gertrude he whispered, "I've
 lost my voice."

Gertrude: "Don't worry you'll find it in my
 left ear."

* * *

Russell W.: I shot seventeen ducks on my hunt-
 ing trip today.
 LeRoy A.: Were they wild?
 Russell: No, but the farmer who owned them
 was.

* * *

Judge: Order, order, order in the court.
 John C. prisoner: I'll take a ham sandwich on
 rye.

* * *

Mr. Gagnon: How is the second day of the
 week pronounced Toosday or Tuesday?
 Barbara P. Monday.

* * *

Nott and Shott shot it out, Nott was shot
 but Shott was not, so it was better to be Shott
 than Nott. Nott said the shot Shott shot was
 not shot, so who was shot and who was not?

* * *

Daffynishuns
 Apartment—3 rooms and a lot of rumors.
 Chivalry—Turning your head because you hate
 to see a lady standing.
 Closet—A place to hang enough clothes to hide
 a boy friend.
 Kleen-ex—Your former girl friend who has just
 taken a bath.
 Neck—The only thing left after you lose your
 head.
 Gentleman—One who gives a woman the right
 of way to his pocketbook.

* * *

If Mississippi lent Louisiana her New Jersey,
 what would Delaware?
 Alaska!

* * *

Norman: I've had this car for years and never
 had a wreck.
 Buddy: You mean you've had this wreck for
 years and never had a car.

ODE TO BROTHER

It's quite a line I hand the dames
 So clever, slick and smart
 That all my pals are envious of
 All my affairs of heart.

The guys all listen while I shoot
 The bull to Sue and Molly
 He is a card, I hear them say,
 A lady's man, by golly!

* * *

Chick and Oscar were visiting New York for
 the first time, and were not used to elevators.
 They entered a high building and approached
 the closed elevator door and Chick succeeded
 in opening the door and stepped in, falling to
 the basement, the elevator being at another
 floor. He called up to Oscar, "Look out for that
 first step, it's a bad one."

* * *

During the war Norman stayed home and
 worked on the farm instead. One day while he
 was milking a cow a soldier came along and
 said: "You slacker, why aren't you at the front?"
 Norman replied: "Because there ain't any
 milk at that end."

* * *

Brother: Is she a blond or a brunette?
 Chick: Neither, she has a convertible top.

* * *

Morgan: Why did you kiss that girl in the dark
 last night?
 Leonard: Since seeing her in the daylight I've
 been wondering myself.

* * *

Kat: Men are all alike.
 Ant: Yep, men are all I like too.

* * *

Little Jack (upstairs): Mother I can't - - -
 Mother (interrupting): Jack, never say you
 can't. Nothing is impossible if you try.
 Little Jack: O.K. You come up and put the
 toothpaste back in the tube.

* * *

Mary: How did you make out with your school
 exams?
 Ant: Oh, just like Napoleon.
 Mary: What do you mean?
 Ant: I went down in history.

* * *

Dorothy C.: Do you really believe that some
 people can tell the future with cards?
 Eleanor S.: Yes, my mother can. She took one
 look at my report card and told me just
 what would happen when Dad got home.

PROVINCETOWN, MASS.

Norman: I'm quite a near neighbor of yours
now. I'm living just across the river.
Kathleen: I hope you'll drop in some day.

* * *

Boss: Well, didn't you read the letter I sent you?
Office Boy: Yes, sir, I read it inside and outside.
On the inside it said, "You are fired," but
on the outside it said, "Return in five days,"
So here I am.

* * *

NORMAN'S PRAYER

Now I lay me down to sleep
I left my Dodge out on the street.
If it rolls before I wake,
I pray the Lord will pull the brake.



Say It with Music

Nighty But Nice Ellen Ross
Farmer in the Dell Norman Rose
Stay as Sweet as You Are Barbara Pereira
A Fellow Needs a Girl LeRoy Atkins
Aren't You Glad You're You Carol Santos
Shy Guy LeRoy Valentine
Goodbye Mama I'm Off to Yokabama
Ruth Roda
Feudin', Fussin' and Fightin'
George Chapman
After I'm Gone Gertrude Francis
Two Loves Have I Anthony Leonard
Keep 'Em Flying Dorothy Cahoon
Too Many Times Anthony Travers
True Helen McCaffrey
Grieving for You Oscar Snow
Smiles Dorothy Mannato
Two Front Teeth Kenneth Nolet
Just For Now Kathleen Carlos
Always Russell Watts
Anchors Aweigh Marjorie Perry
Frankie and Johnnie Mary Silva and
Antoinette Segura
Just Say That I'm A Friend of Yours
Robert Snow
Give Me the Simple Life Eleanor Small
If I Had the Wings of an Angel John Cook
I'll Walk Alone Marilyn Chapman
A Hunting We Will Go Kenneth Martin
For Every Man There's A Woman
Richard Andrews
If I Loved You Eleanor Silva
Mumbles Wilfred Ferreira
Mickey Thelma Williams
Oh, You Beautiful Doll William Costa
Yours Rose Steele
Chatterbox Kenneth Macara

A famous motor-car manufacturer advertised
that he had put a car together in seven minutes.
The next evening he was called on the phone
at dinnertime and asked whether it was true.

"Yes," was the reply. "Why?"
"Oh, nothing, but I think I have the car."

* * *

A woman went into a department store and
asked: "Where will I find stockings?"
"Aisle C," replied the clerk.

The woman waited ten minutes and then re-
peated: "Where will I find the stockings?"
"Aisle C," said the clerk again.

"That's what you told me a while ago," snapped
the woman, "and you didn't even look. I'll
see for myself!"

You Turned the Tables on Me
Anthony Travers
Together Helen and Barshie
Curly Head Jean Kaeselau
Rum and Coca Cola Milton Morgan
Ain't I Ever Going to Have a Girl
In My Arms Stephen Simmons
Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in The
Morning Frank Cabral
It's the Talk of the Town .. Senior Class (1949)
Money is the Root of All Evil Junior Class
I'll Get By Sophomore Class
Maybe You'll Get There Freshman Class
When Irish Eyes Are Smiling Mr. Murphy
He'll Be Coming Around the Corner
(Mountain) Mr. Leyden
Daddy-O Mr. Dahill
I've Got Plenty of Nothing Mr. Gagnon
Patience and Fortitude Mr. Taylor
Come Rain or Come Shine Miss Medeiros
Tumbling Tumble Weeds Gym Classes
So Tired American History Class
Smoke, Smoke, Smoke Butt Fiends
Secretary Song First Year Typing
Slaughter On Tenth Avenue Cafeteria
Smoke Gets In Your Eyes 10 Minute Recess
Oh, My Aching Head (Heart)
New York Trip
Close As Pages In a Book Mr. Leyden and
Antoinette Segura
Whispering Heard During Exams
Serenade of The Bells Fire Drills
Miss You Last Year's Seniors
In the Good Old Summertime Memories
Until June
Oh, What a Beautiful Morning Saturday
Miracle of the Bells 2 P. M.



ALUMNI NOTES

1947

Anna Bennett—Married and living in Provincetown. She now has a baby son.
 Philip Cabral—U. S. Navy, being transferred to Honolulu for two years.
 Robert Cambra—U. S. Navy.
 Warren Costa—U. S. Navy. He is now stationed in Trinidad.
 William Costa—Sophomore at Harvard University.
 Clarice Crawley—Married and living in Provincetown.
 Muriel Dutra—Married and living in Provincetown.
 Manuel Ferreira—U. S. Navy. He is now at Great Lakes, attending school.
 Maurice Ferreira—U. S. Navy. He is now stationed in Coca Sola, Panama.
 Earl Flores—U. S. Navy. Stationed in Kansas.
 John Fratus—U. S. Army.
 Erlin Hogan—Senior at Laselle College.
 Louis Joseph—U. S. Army.
 Louise Joseph—Married and living in Provincetown.
 Elinor Lopes—Working at Peter's Express Office.
 Patricia Mager—Boston University.
 Helen Martin—Working at Land's End Marine Supply Company.
 Helen Matenos—Sophomore at Radcliffe College.
 Pauline McKinney—Married and living in Provincetown.
 Sylvia Raymond—Telephone Operator.
 Louis Reis—Fishing on the boat "Brother Joe".
 Irving Roderick—Married to Ethel Williams.

1948

Kenneth Alves—Taking Post Graduate Course.
 Marjorie Aust—Taking home nursing course in Boston.
 Harold Brown—Freshman at Harvard.
 Janice Bowley—Assistant to Dr. McCurtain.
 Lorraine Brown—Working for probation officer William E. Silva.
 Patricia Cabral—Working in Boston.
 Eleanor Corcoran—Librarian at the Library.
 Ernest DeSilva—U. S. Army. He is now stationed in Germany.

Joseph Enos—U. S. Marines.
 Ruth Enos—Working at Adam's Pharmacy.
 Robert Ferreira—At home.
 Joseph Fratus—U. S. Army.
 Marion Grozier—At home.
 John R. Henrique—Working at the First National Store.
 Michael Janopolis—Taking a P. G. course.
 Domingo Joseph—U. S. Naval training stationed at Great Lakes.
 Stuart Joseph—U. S. Marines. Now stationed at Pearl Harbor.
 David Kelly—At home.
 Robert Kelly—Working for the First National at Orleans.
 John Lambrou—Working for Acme Laundry.
 Kenneth Medeiros—Working for Provincetown Cold Storage.
 Anthony Merrill—U. S. Training Center.
 Alan Moffett—American International College, Springfield, Mass.
 Doris Morris—Married and living in Truro.
 Francis Motta—Working at the A & P.
 Peter Nickle—University of New Brunswick.
 Dorothy Perry—Working at Carter's Store.
 Eric Rogers—U. S. Naval training center, at Great Lakes.
 Evelyn Rogers—Attending school in Boston.
 Ioretta Silva—At home.
 Norma Simmons—Attending a school in Boston.
 Elizabeth Smith—Working at Adam's Pharmacy.
 Virginia Soares—At home, and engaged to be married.
 Frank Souza—U. S. Army. Now stationed in Japan.
 John Souza—U. S. Marines. Now stationed in Hingham.
 Kathleen Souza—At home.
 Veronica Taves—Married and living in Provincetown.
 Helen Thomas—At home.
 Christopher Tracy—Office boy for New York Newspaper.
 Nancy Whorf—Attending an Art School in Boston.
 William Wilson—Attending Tilton Academy in New Hampshire.

Mary Lema, '51

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