

DEDICATION

The Nineteen Hundred Forty-Five Issue
Of The Long Pointer
Is Dedicated
To The Men and Women
Graduates of Provincetown High School and
The Faculty
Who Are Serving In
The Armed Services
Of the United States of America

TABLE OF CONTENTS

| | |
|------------------------------|----|
| Dedication | 1 |
| Long Pointer Staff | 3 |
| Directory | 4 |
| Editorials | 5 |
| Literary | 8 |
| Poetry | 16 |
| Seniors | 19 |
| Junior High | 27 |
| Activities | 30 |
| Sports | 33 |
| Alumni | 36 |
| Humor | 38 |
| Advertisements | 39 |

LONG POINTER STAFF



LONG POINTER STAFF

Front Row—Gloria E. Silva, Clarice Joseph, Alberta De Silva, Elaine Gaspa, Elizabeth Dyer, Betty Ann Lusk, Louise Souza

Second Row—Miss Marie Courtney, Selma Robinson, Dorothy Fratus, Georgianna Edwards, Hope Souza, Elaine Enos, Jane Rosenthal

Rear—Anibal Oliver, Nancy Whorf, Maurice Ferreira, May Rogers, Hilda Noones, William Costa, Richard Baumgartner

| | |
|---------------------------|--|
| Editor in Chief | Elizabeth Dyer |
| Assistant Editor in Chief | Betty Ann Lusk |
| Literary Editor | Louise Souza |
| Art Editor | Nancy Whorf |
| Financial Secretaries | Louise Souza, Robert Silva, Regina Dutra |
| Publicity Agents | Louise Souza, Robert Silva, Regina Dutra |
| Sports Writer for Boys | Maurice Ferreira |
| Sports Writer for Girls | Dorothy Fratus |
| Alumni | Clarice Joseph, Gloria E. Silva |
| Senior Personals | Jeanne Lynch, Louine Janopolis, Gloria E. Silva, Edward Perry, George Smith, Clarice Joseph |
| Literary Department | Louise Souza, William Costa, Hilda Noones, Selma Robinson, Mary Rogers, Erlin Hogan, Jane Rosenthal, Hope Souza, Anibal Oliver, Richard Baumgartner, Georgiana Edwards, Jeanne Lynch |
| Humor | Alberta DeSilva, Elaine Gaspa |
| Faculty Advisor | Miss Marie E. Courtney |
| Business Manager | Miss Kathleen Medeiros |

Miss Marie Courtney, Faculty Advisor, and the members of the Long Pointer Staff wish to thank all those who have contributed to the publication of the Long Pointer.



DIRECTORY



FACULTY

First Row—Marie Courtney, Helen Bartley, Virginia West, Emma Martin

Second Row—Beatrice Buttles, Mrs. Josie Stevens, Mary Lewis

Third Row—John McGrath, George Leyden, Ernest Saunders, Edward Dahill, David Murphy, Alton Ramey

Superintendent of Schools

MR. ALTON E. RAMEY

School Board

DR. FRANK O. CASS

MR. SIVERT J. BENSON, Chairman

MR. CHARLES DeRIGGS

Faculty

MR. GEORGE LEYDEN, Principal

American History

MR. DAVID J. MURPHY, Ass't Principal

Physical Education, Physics, Aeronautics

MISS KATHLEEN MEDEIROS

Commercial Subjects

MISS EMMA MARTIN

French, Latin, Portuguese

MR. EDWARD J. DAHILL

Mathematics, Biology

MISS MARY LEWIS

Geography, History, Spelling,

Business Science

MISS MARIE E. COURTNEY

English

MISS HELEN BARTLEY

Household Arts, Democracy

MISS VIRGINIA WEST

English

MISS BEATRICE BUTTLES

Mathematics, Hygiene

MR. JOHN McGRATH

Science, Penmanship

MRS. JOSIE STEVENS

Physical Education, Citizenship

MR. ERNEST SAUNDERS

Manual Arts

MISS BEATRICE WELSH

Vocal Music

MR. and MRS. THOMAS NASSI

Instrumental Music

MRS. HELEN PIERCE

School Nurse



EDITORIALS

LOOKING AHEAD

Many of us don't realize now what lies ahead for us in the future. Our future lives will become what we make them now. When this war ends, we will find ourselves faced with new peacetime problems. The present youth of America, you and I, will have the responsibility of solving those problems.

New fields will be open to us; science, languages, and mathematics will indeed play an important part in this new era. Therefore, what type of position could a person obtain if he were unfamiliar with these subjects? There will be many international contacts after the war in which linguists will be of much value. Scientists will be in greater demand than ever, and since there will be more persons available for jobs, requirements will become more rigid.

Your high school education is preparing you for your future life. Think of the future and make the most of your educational opportunities **now**.

Jane Rosenthal, '47

THE OPEN DOOR

High School—I wonder how many of us realize what this means to us.

For many students this is the last time the door of formal education will be open to them. This statement cannot be emphasized enough! The very last chance to learn those subjects of vital importance to everyone hoping to be useful to our great democracy! English, math and history—these are important to every person, no matter what his occupation or mode of life may be. One cannot live through a single day without using them: English, the language we speak; math, used daily in business; history, the happenings of today dependent on the events of yesterday. Could YOU live without any one of these?

Those students fortunate enough to have the opportunity of higher education (colleges, junior colleges, or various technical schools), should also realize that high school is the foundation for

these higher institutions of learning. Evidence of this is shown by the fact that colleges, with very few exceptions, require a high scholastic average from entering students. In fact, college is a continuation of the secondary school.

With these facts firmly fixed in our minds, let us, while we still have the chance, resolve to make the most of our secondary education.

You students with part of your high school years still left, accept this as a challenge: make the most of this opportunity while the door of education is still open to you.

Betty Ann Lusk '46

BOOKS

Books are friends. Those who have discovered this have found something valuable which can never be destroyed. You never know by looking at a book what pleasure may be derived from reading it. Good books have what sometimes seems an almost magical power to transform an everyday person into an entirely new individual and for a while you may become a small boy, a sea captain, or an explorer as the case may be. You need never be lonely when you have books for then you may travel to the far corners of the earth where you delve into the mysteries of the unfathomable East, tramp through steaming jungles, or breathe in the splendor of the fabulous Orient. All these things and more can happen to you while sitting in your own armchair and reading the words on a printed page. It seems all but impossible yet it is true.

In addition to being an enjoyable pastime, reading is also a profitable one. Through books you become acquainted with many domestic and foreign phrases of which you would be otherwise unaware. Books also increase your vocabulary, for they put unfamiliar words at your command. In every way books add to your refinement and culture by helping to educate you in a subtle, pleasant way. Books are truly good friends.

Mary Rogers, '46

COOPERATION

What makes one class, team, or business successful when another with just as many or more talents fails? I believe the answer is "cooperation". "What is cooperation?" someone asks. The dictionary says that cooperation is "the voluntary association for a number of persons working jointly together for the same end."

For example, in a class, all members must work with the others in order to make a dance or cake sale successful. If everybody does this, the class will be able to go to New York or attain whatever its goal may be.

The same is true of a basketball team; only cooperation is called "teamwork" in this case. A good player is willing to sacrifice his own personal desires for that of his team. For instance, the player should give the ball to the person who is most able at that time to score, instead of trying to make the score himself.

Cooperation, therefore, is one of the most important things that a group of students can have if they are to be successful now or later in life.

Elizabeth Dyer, '45

WITH LIBERTY AND JUSTICE FOR ALL

As you begin reading this, look around you. You see no scenes of horror, no war-ruined homes. You don't have to fear for your lives, nor run when you see a plane. No, because you live in America. Make the most of it!

Here in the United States, you are free to say what you think; you can go to any church you please, and you have the opportunity of attending the finest schools in the world. You can have a town meeting and choose your own officers. If you get into trouble, you have the advantage of a fair trial.

Things such as these seem common and every day to you, but do you realize that there are people like you in other countries who have forgotten such things, or perhaps they may not even have heard of them.

You're lucky; just plain lucky to be living in a land like this. Remember it and keep in your heart always the knowledge that this is the country "with liberty and justice for all".

Selma Robinson '46

HOW LITTLE HE ASKS

War. To parents it means the absence of loved ones; perhaps for a time, or perhaps for all time. To boys in their late teens it represents the confusion and indecision of their future. Undoubtedly, to every one of us here at home the war is a current event that we read about, and argue about, and yes, gripe about. But to the boy in the fighting zone it is reality—hard, cold, horrible reality. Unlike us, he cannot escape. His days become an endless period of struggle for life; a struggle for the life of his principles.

On the battle fields he finds filth, disease, and countless, unimaginable hardships compounded with the torments of his tricky foe. There is no recreation for him there, nothing to relax his tired mind and aching body.

What then makes him fight on? His boundless faith in YOU. So it is you, therefore, who must give him all the moral support he needs. This can be done simply by writing to him today and every day. Only YOUR LETTERS can give him the will to go on. How little he asks!

Hilda Noones, '46

DO UNTO THEM

"Bellantine Apartments", that was the sign, a very beautiful sign with huge, bold letters and a border of early American scroll. The man paused doubtfully on the front step. Maybe he had better look around some more. Maybe the rates would be too high.

And yet the grounds, the high, sky-reaching building, the tiny balconys surrounding the front windows, the long sweep of lawn and the restful trees and flowering shrubs had a powerful appeal. No place had ever looked more inviting, no birds had ever sung so cheerfully, none had been so friendly as these nature loving, carefree American people. Charles Berger groped for his limited English vocabulary as a small boy shouted, "Hi, mistah." His hands went to his pockets in embarrassment when a young lady asked the time and he found he could make no answer. In one pocket, a roomy American pocket, was an identification card: "Charles Berger, Austrian, trade—electrician." Its sides were frayed from many months of inspection, but the face which was

glued to its cover bore the expression of a man who has new hope in life.

Charles Berger felt good just standing on this American street corner staring at the sign "Bellantine Apartments", waiting for that little spur of courage which would send him in. He liked the dull thud of a newspaper hitting the porch on which it had been thrown as the newsboy made his rounds. And yet, those other emigrants, were they standing now on a street, any street, as the late afternoon dusk stole across the west, watching the children in a neighborly lot, hearing the happy laughter of Americans, breathing America's lifegiving air in long thirsty gulps, delighting in the song of a bird, happy because an American woman smiled their way? He hoped they were.

And now that courage has come, here is the door, his hand on the knob. America will not fail him, for he is an American too! Come on America, help make our foreign friends more wanted.

Erlin Hogan '47

THE DEFENDANT'S PLEA

The courtroom is silent as Maria Texeira approaches the stand to plead her case:

"The youth of America has gone wild!"

"Juveniles imitate gay '20's!"

"Delinquency zooms upward!"

These words have been "slapped" onto newspapers in huge black and white lettering; your ears are still ringing from these same words uttered by raving radio reporters, local parish priests, or the head of some "Good Will Community Club:"—and your thoughts have become worried ones over tomorrow's generation. You have denounced the willful girls who call themselves "Service Morale Boosters" and the young, disorderly, teen-aged boys cluttering up pool rooms or crowding in dark alleys, at late hours. You've talked with each other about all these things and voiced an opinion before letting the "offending person" put in his side of the story.

And so this is why, your Honor, I take this opportunity to speak for all American youngsters who are today in the same or similar predicament in which I now stand.

I, Maria Texeira, have been charged with

disorderly conduct, and since you have heard my parents' denunciation of me and their inability to "straighten" me out, you're going to send me to a girl's reformatory. I'm not up here to say I'm sorry, thereby playing on your sympathy, but I want to be able to cry out to all you older, sober people, that we're not wholly responsible.

I stand as hundreds of kids who, since their babyhood, remember only hunger, poverty, and frightening fights between parents. We crouched in the corners with fear, and so through our youth we still remained crouched, because there was no one there to lift us up and smooth away our fears and inferiority complexes.

The years went by and there came changes, and we, as products of Mother Nature, changed with it. We poverty-stricken offsprings welcomed the war and its hurried request for war workers; for it meant work for parents, more money, food, and possibly a chance to be like anyone else. We visualized so many things! We shouldn't have—for we were unprepared for the disappointment! The war did mean more money and work, but not for us! Prohibition days never had a boom like this! The reek of liquor only deepened the hatred for our environment.

Our parents went off and left us—they forgot we were older now. And so with a yearning for companionship and a little love, we went out into the streets which were to become so familiar. We're not bad girls, as you are wont to believe, but only sick for friendship and other things which human nature craves but which were deprived us. We have done nothing wrong! But you can't see that. You expect us to stay home and maybe care for all the little sisters and brothers, clean up the dirt; and when we turn around we're still confronted with more of it!

Tell all those who shout: "Delinquency on the march upward!" to change it to "Parental Duties on the March Downward!" Put that in black and white and underneath say: "Youth cries out for a chance to survive midst a throng of supposed Samaritans!" And as a finishing touch sign it—Maria Texeira and a thousand other law-breakers!

Louise Souza, '46



LITERARY



PROGRESS RETARDED

The most irritating noise, say some people, is that ever familiar and popular crackle caused by the back jaws while chewing gum. Since it bellows forth in its true glory while the mouth is ajar, it is not an uncommon sight to see two out of every three gum chewers, briskly walking by, with the interior of their mouths naked to the world, busily chewing and popping their gum. I have only recently been able to produce a snap that I would not feel ashamed to compare with any avid chewer's. This feat, I assure you, has only become possible through lengthy, intensive jaw-breaking and tongue-twisting exercises. Making good progress in this field, you can readily sympathize with me when day by day Spearmint, Doublemint, Teabury, and Juicy Fruit have vanished from the display counters. Weary after trekking from store to store, I have concluded that my lessons will have to be deferred until after the duration. Visioning the post war period, I see the bright future; a contented me, and a package of beloved GUM.

Louise Souza '46

"SOULS OF EBONY"

Granville House was a massive old eighteenth century building, which seemed alien among the other homes on Douglas Avenue. Its sole occupant was a middle aged woman who cared little for its appearance. Few had seen her and she proved to be quite a source of interest.

The one room which she used, a parlor, was continually in a state of disorder. Three mahogany bookcases graced its walls, each book in them bearing the marks of much reference. Papers and unsharpened pencils were strewn about the floor and stale cigarette butts lent their stagnant odor to the air. The three dormer windows were always securely locked so that no breeze might rustle the cherished manuscript kept on the table nearby.

Clothed in men's gray slacks, her shirt sleeves rolled high, Miss Skeiner was working on a novel, a novel over which she had been laboring

for the past three years. Like a possessed woman she had shut herself away from everyone until she could at last present a true masterpiece to the world.

Some shook their heads in pity and others said she was ruining her entire life by keeping herself locked in that damp, old building.

The only visitor the old house received was the neighbor's girl who brought the groceries and performed other tasks.

By no means did Miss Skeiner need money, for she had been well supported by her father's legacy, but wished only to add her bit to the works of the nation. Therefore she had turned her hand to—"Souls of Ebony". A few times, when the book progressed too badly, she tore her hair in anguish; and realizing how badly she needed the air and contact with other people, imagined herself to be going insane. Her body had grown plump and lazy from inactivity, but her face had become wizened and sunken from thought and worry.

This was to be no ordinary story; it would be a masterpiece, a work to top all works. It would place her in the class with hundreds of great authors whose books had been read the world over. It must be a success, it must!

The errand girl became frightened when Miss Skeiner was moody and raged like this, for little did the inhabitants of peaceful Douglas Avenue know of the incomplete manuscript over which she toiled both night and day.

Years passed. Granville House was much in need of repair; the roof leaked, and the very wood was rotting.

Miss Skeiner felt the end to be near; she was not so young as she once was.

Finish it, finish it, finish it; time, more time, time . . . The novel was still not ready. New wrinkles were forming in her forehead and the lines around her mouth had deepened.

One afternoon the neighbor's girl received no answer to her call when she went to ask for the list of groceries. Startled, she shouted her news to the town. Men and women alike came from their homes. Curiosity shrouded the faces of all. The house was pillaged and its furnishings

sold. Miss Skeiner was buried, after which men from the lumberyard proceeded to tear down the old Granville Mansion.

Months later, two of the men found a yellowed volume lying face up among the rubble. In bold letters it proudly displayed the title—"Souls of Ebony."

Erlin Hogan '47

NATURE'S PAINT POT

When I visited the Painted Desert in Arizona, which is often referred to as Nature's Paint Pot, I was awed by the magnificent array of colors found there. Rising under shimmering heat waves, acres of multi-colored sand and rock stretched before my vision like a huge carpet. The sun, traveling across the sky, transformed the colored desert into a huge opal. Although in the daytime the trip under the desert sun is scorching, it is well worth the discomfort to view this gorgeous spectacle. Seeing this natural wonder is an experience I shall never forget, and I am sure that everyone who appreciates the beauty of nature feels the same way about the Painted Desert.

Betty Ann Lusk '46

WITH ANGELS' VOICES

The peasants seldom took notice of Franz Weitner, for he was like them; a simple, quiet, rustic peasant. He took his vegetables to town on Saturday, he cared for his small farm patiently and diligently, and went to the same church as they did on Sundays. His life was one of any normal farmer of the German district in Pennsylvania.

But yet in some of these peasants and peasants of other places, there must be a spark of genius and talent, hidden and untended; hidden in the smallest corner of their hearts, and untended because of their rural and settled environment. Perhaps Franz was one of these. His outward manner revealed nothing of the emotions he felt in his breast, but yet I felt that there was something in this man.

I think it was during the Holy Hour on a Sunday afternoon, when I sensed within me that I was sitting near a person of intense religious devotion. (Why I should feel such a sensation is still a mystery to me. Yet, it seemed as if I were meant to know this man, and maybe this is

the reason for my writing his story.) I turned my head and glanced curiously at him. He was unaware of my stolen glance, and I'm quite sure he was unaware of anyone else in the church. He was alone in the hidden vault of his emotions. His gaze was directed toward the tabernacle of the altar, and his soft, searching eyes seemed to have visioned an image—*forbidden* to his fellow worshippers—for his face set in a smile of translucent holiness.

The organ was playing the "Ave Maria" and its commanding qualities brought back to me the story of St. Bernadette in the Grotto. I lowered my head and the organ's tone died away in the distance as a Gregorian Chant.

At the end of the service everyone filed out, but Franz sat quietly in his accustomed corner of the pew. Only the choir remained; they were practicing some songs for the next Sunday. The twilight, along with the music, crowded in against him; but he sat still, a lonely figure, contemplating his past, his unfulfilled ambitions, and perhaps even his present ambitions.

It was later, when I became friendly with him, that I realized the truth of my words. Beneath Franz's country-like manner, there was a passion to do something great. I discovered that this passion was both simple and great, humble and proud. He simply had a passion to compose a great song that he would feel proud to present to the Almighty as a present from his humble self. A song that would be as illustrious as Schubert's "Ave Maria" and Marlotte's arrangement of "The Lord's Prayer"; illustrious in meaning but simple in expression.

He had already started his song and was nearing its end. At times he would tell me that his ferver needed strengthening, and he would go to the church and listen to the great religious music played by the organ. Strengthened, he would return to his work.

After completing it, he gave it to me to read and to help him choose a title. I brought the piece home and played it on my piano. How like the composer the music was! The soft notes rambled on and then died away. Its sweetness reminded me of Angels' Voices—yes—that was it! With Angels' Voices!

I was proud of my friend and also of the title I had chosen. Rushing to his home the next morning, I realized that I was too late. It was like an omen! I was told that he had passed away during the night of a supposed heart attack. But I knew better! His work was done

and so he was merely called back to his Maker.

As a last tribute to my dear friend, I received permission to play his composition at his funeral mass. As I once more played the piece, I remembered things past: The Holy hour, St. Bernadette—and then a new thought crossed my mind. It was a sensation rather than a thought. It was the thrill of sensing Franz's soul, soaring through space, accompanied "With Angels' Voices".

Louise Souza '46

REFLECTIONS

It was late afternoon.

He sat on the pier's edge, his legs swaying slightly, looking down at the water. Waves slapped the pilings gently as if to break the silence respectfully. He sat with his chin in his hands, his elbows on his knees; thinking. Who can say of what he thought? The home of his youth, perhaps a woman; perhaps of his entire life.

He was not old, that is, in the sense that white hair and a wrinkled face indicate age, but he had lived—perhaps indeed he thought of a life already lived.

Now and then he looked at the grey sky, but quickly turned away. The incessant beating of the waves dulled his brain. At times his eyes closed, only to open again, staring vacantly.

For nearly an hour he sat thus, seldom moving, and was overpowered but not overjoyed with memories, was attracted but not impressed; until at length the air grew damp and the shadows, deeper. Above one star glimmered dimly.

It was later now. Across the street in the cafe the lights were on. A few people drifted in and out. In a corner a drunk hit the table top with his fist; glasses tinkled as they struck one another. A tall man rose, moved wearily to the piano, sat down, and mechanically, discordantly beat upon the keys.

On the pier the man moved slightly. He was, obviously, still deep in thought. The spell was broken, yet he shivered, not because the air had grown so cold, but because a great wave of loneliness had swept over him, had awakened all the old sights and sounds; old dreams, old hopes, old laughs, old tears, old sighs, old loves.

He looked at the water, black now, and silent because the voices and the piano rang so loudly,

and at once saw everything and nothing; saw his face rising and falling, but saw nothing.

He leaned forward intently, his eyes wide and searching, and saw only the face, nothing more. As if striving to see a sight in the depths he leaned farther, knew he was falling, smiled strangely, and did not care.

Across the street somebody turned on another light; the glasses tinkled, the cafe was crowded. A woman laughed a high screaming, raucous laugh and the notes of the piano came louder and faster; the tempo ever increasing, louder and harsher, almost deafening!

Far above a cloud rose. In a moment the one faint star was gone.

John Whorf '45

A CITY AT WAR

I could not sleep. I was worried whether or not my city was working hard enough to aid in carrying our country to victory. I rose from my bed and sat down near my window. Down below at the foot of the hill was San Francisco. It was late, but still the lights in the homes and factories were burning. It was now a "city at war". Warships were moving from the fog-shrouded harbor, under the Golden Gate Bridge, and out to sea. They might never return. This fog-shrouded city might be the last American city they would ever see.

At the docks other ships were being moved in by powerful, stubby tugs, to replace those that were sailing. These ships were to be loaded with fuel for tanks and planes, artillery, ammunition, or a thousand other items. Some were to carry troops to foreign shores from which many will never return.

Riveting machines were pounding noisily in the shipyards, but it was a wonderful sound, for every blast of that gun meant another rivet driven into a Liberty Ship that would carry American supplies to American boys around the world.

The blue light from the welders' torches and the welders in their strange headgear looked like some hideous sea monster. Amazingly though, these men were just the opposite. They were soldiers of production building sub-chasers to defeat the Japanese submarines, the monsters that preyed on Allied shipping in the Pacific; or repairing destroyers that were damaged so that they might return to battle for revenge.

I rose from my chair with all these thoughts running through my mind. I was now convinced that men and women who worked and fought tirelessly day and night, could not be defeated. I could now sleep.

William Costa '47

TWO GOLD STARS

She sat alone in her old and long-used rocking chair under the old oak tree. She was excited at welcoming her afternoon visitor and yet a feeling of sadness filled her heart.

Mrs. Tierney was a middle-aged woman who was exceptionally gray for her years. Her cheeks were flushed red and the wrinkles on her forehead showed signs of weariness and despair. She lived alone now and in her own sweet way chose her own friends and companions. Mrs. Tierney was not a woman of society. No, they did not accept cripples, much less a person whom they considered low standing in society. But although she was helpless she had given a husband and now a son to the service of her country, which meant more than society could ever contribute.

Twenty-five years ago Mrs. Tierney was in Washington awaiting the same ceremony for her husband as was now about to take place for her son. Mrs. Tierney was young then and had taken the strain of death's notice more strongly than now. World War II carried with it much sadness, for it brought about the death of her only son, Robert. She had not been prepared for another death especially since Bob was so young and had not had a chance to live.

As her thoughts raced from husband to son she noticed her guest approaching the familiar, white picket gate. He was clad in an Army officer's uniform and held the rank of Lieutenant Colonel. They talked of things in general for a while even though she seemed to be quite disturbed about his real purpose in coming. He, too, was concerned about omitting the war from their conversation, but found it almost impossible.

As the sun was about to set, the officer rose and cleared his throat. There was nothing formal in his speech, but sadly he referred to her son and his heroic deeds. He stated that he once had had the honor of meeting this fine lad and that words could not express his sincere sympathy upon hearing of his "passing away." He

said that he knew, as did many others, why Robert had suffered and died. Lastly, he pinned the Army's Distinguished Service Cross on her dress, explaining that it was presented to her upon the death of her son, who had fought and died in battle beyond the line of duty. There were tears in her eyes and her face had grown pale and taut. He tried to comfort her, but knowing that anything he could say would be inadequate he turned slowly and walked away. As he left she heard the creaking of the gate as it closed behind him, leaving her alone.

The glory of the setting sun shone upon her and as she looked into the heavens she heard a voice from within speaking these unforgettable words, "Blessed Are They That Mourn For They Shall Be Comforted."

Bertha Perry, '46

JOURNEY INTO THE UNKNOWN

It is now the year 2,000 and I am an old man, past my seventieth year. Having finished my mighty task of narrating to my three young grandchildren some trivial story of make-believe land, I find myself perspiring heavily, so I retire to my favorite chaise-lounge on the porch. Sitting here comfortably with the cool nocturnal breeze refreshing me, I fall into a deep reminiscing mood of happy adventurous days gone by.

It was back in the year 1965 during one of my travels throughout the earth that I met an old scientist of ill repute, who told me that he had built a rocket-propelled ship that he believed could be sent anywhere in the solar system. The scientist, a Doctor Xavier, believed that my first journey should be to the Planet Venus, which he believed to be inhabited.

After many weeks of preparation, I finally embarked on my strange journey to the mysterious unknown. After many days of flying through seemingly-endless space I finally entered into the gravity field of Venus. Before I was able to land, however, I had to go through billowy layers of dense cloud formations. Finally I landed and to my surprise I was met by people—yes, people of extremely light complexion, and of small stature.

The civilization of Venus was much more backward than that of our own; but after my trip back to earth people were so stirred by my experience, that within a few years Venus was as well civilized as earth.

And here I am thinking of my experiences, and am living on Venus; not a strange thing to say now, but just think—back in 1945 I would have been considered a maniac or a dreamer if I had written this.

Anibal Oliver '45

COME HELL OR HIGH WATER

It came unexpectedly. Before anyone knew or had any idea what was going on, large steel missiles of death, dropped by planes of a supposedly weak nation, had torn large sections out of the sides of ships, destroyed airdromes, harbor installations and worst of all, human lives. Thick black clouds of smoke rolled skywards, shutting out the sun, making the whole landscape seem as night. The air was full of strange sounds. In the distance the wail of a descending bomb grew louder and louder until you thought there was no end to its horrifying shriek, finally hitting the earth with a resounding thud that sent waves of fear over you. The earth trembled and shook. Fires raged on both sides. The terrified screeches of dying men could be heard everywhere. Suddenly, from behind a large black cloud of drifting smoke, a small plane appeared. On the under-sides of its wings was the unmistakable insignia of the rising sun.

As you stand there fascinated, the sudden realization sweeps over you that the plane is diving straight at you. Fear and panic suddenly become your master. Nearby, about seven yards away, you suddenly notice an abandoned fox hole. The scream of the diving plane is loud in your ears. Head first you dive into the fox hole as the first burst of the raiders' guns spatter the ground a few yards off. As the nose of the plane rises, the tattoo of bullets comes nearer and nearer until finally they plop into the dust all around you. As the plane passes, you remain in a cramped position luckily unscathed until finally the planes drone off in the distance. Slowly you rise up out of your fox hole and stare bewilderedly at the mass destruction all about you. So this is war. Suddenly in the midst of all the wreckage, and smoke, there appeared the faint but familiar outline of The Stars and Stripes, ragged and torn, but still flying in the wind. A sudden feeling of pride sweeps over you, your heart swells with pride, and you weep. Yes, you weep, and you get down on your knees and give

thanks to God that that flag still flies, and that it is your flag, and you are proud of it. Therefore it is up to every one of us to buy U. S. War Bonds and Stamps to keep that flag flying "come hell or high water."

Leo Murphy, '47

THE SECRET OF THE CYMBALS

Almost everyone knows that that sudden grating clash on the eardrum frequently heard in school bands is made by cymbals. Most people, to whom this noise seems unmusical and undeserving of a place in the band, blame the unfortunate person playing them, or the conductor. This is very unfair to all concerned, because the inferior cymbals themselves are to blame and nothing else. There is only one kind of cymbal in the world that gives the desired sound, and this kind has been made by the Zildjian family since 1623. This is especially remarkable, as nobody else, not even our most learned scientists, knows the secret that gives to cymbals that silvery clash that only the Zildjian's have. Avedis Zildjian, a coppersmith who lived near Constantinople, discovered the secret; and ever since, the senior Zildjian has been entrusted with it, no one else. Now the senior Zildjian is in Quincy, Massachusetts, where he has a small factory; but if anything should happen to him before he passes on the secret, all people are doomed to listen to discordant clashes forever.

Elizabeth S. Dyer '45

ESCAPE

About sundown on the 30th of May, when sailing in a convoy with the *Susquehana*, *Antigone*, and *Rymdam*, and escorted by American and French destroyers, the signal was given for the escort to leave us and proceed to duty assigned. We continued in line formation, zig-zagging continuously, the *Rymdam* being on our left and the other two ships on our right.

About 1:00 A. M. this U-90 sighted us. As she found herself in the direct rays of the moon she dropped back and trailed us until she had obtained our base course. She then made a wide detour, and submerging, took up a position intercepting our base course a few miles in advance.

At 9:00 A. M. on the next morning, I had gone off watch from my station and was just finishing breakfast when the ship was rocked

by a double explosion. I immediately ran to my battle station, but before I reached it another explosion occurred under No. 11 lifeboat. The submarine had fired three torpedoes at us at a distance of about 800 yards, the first two striking us forward near the bridge, and the third one in the engine-room. The sub then immediately submerged to avoid the Rydam. The ship was sinking fast and in a few minutes orders were given to abandon ship. Having made sure all hands had abandoned ship, I stepped from the quarterdeck upon a life raft floating alongside.

At 9:30 the ship went down. I was on the life raft until 9:45 when one of our boats picked me up.

About five minutes later the submarine returned to the surface and made its way through the nests of lifeboats and rafts.

I lay down in the stern sheets and covered my stripes with my body, but the ruse was probably discovered for the submarine approached within 50 yards. The Captain on the sub put the megaphone to his mouth and sang out, "Come aboard." We pulled alongside and I stepped aboard. As I did so a German sailor came behind me and took my gun. I made my way to the conning tower, where the captain asked if I were the commanding officer of the President Lincoln. I told him "No", but that I thought that the captain had gone down with the ship. He informed me that he was Captain Remy of the U-90, and that he had orders to take the senior naval officer prisoner whenever he sank a navy ship; that I would either get the captain or remain in his place. I shouted to the men in the lifeboats, asking them if they had seen the captain. After several negative answers I was taken prisoner by the Nazi Captain. We proceeded on the surface making about five knots. We were headed for Wilhelmshaven and only stopped at an uninhabited island to shoot a few sheep. Before getting to Wilhelmshaven we passed through several locks which appeared to be in very good shape and well guarded. I was imprisoned there for two days.

After a thorough searching of all prisoners they herded us into a train.

I noticed we were on an upgrade making slow pace. The guards were alert every minute and kept their guns pointed at me at all times. After the train had reached the top of the rise it gained speed rapidly. I decided that this was the best time to try to escape. The train was traveling

about 40 miles per hour. I caught one of the guards half dozing and the other looking in the other direction. With a run and jump I dove through the window of the car and fell upon the second rails. My knees were hurt so badly that I could not bend them. I struggled to my feet and tried to shuffle off towards the hills and forest a few hundred yards away, but by that time the guards were out of the train firing at me. I kept on going as long as I could and then turned around and found the guards were only 75 yards away, so I held up my hands as a sign of surrender. One of the guards had just fired the shot passing between my ear and shoulder, and had they continued firing they would have surely hit me. When I turned they were on me in a few seconds. The first guard turned his gun end for end, grasping the muzzle, and struck me over the head as I half lay and half sat on the side of the hill. I remember rolling down hill gaining additional impetus from their boots. They kicked me until I got up, and when I was up they knocked me down again with their guns.

I noticed many people working in the fields who came over to look on. Finally in knocking me down the seventh or eighth time one of the guards struck me across the back of the head and the gun broke in two at the small of the stock. Villingen was about five miles away. They marched me down the road at as near double time as I could make shuffling along. They were beating and kicking me continuously. We finally arrived at the prison camp, and I collapsed on the Guardhouse porch. Then I was put to bed in one of the guard's cells. For three days I could not move and the vermin that infested the place made it almost unbearable. Later when I recuperated enough to move my arms and upper body, I was able to keep most of the vermin away while I was awake. My body was covered with large red eruptions, for the German fleas are as poisonous as the German propaganda.

At Villingen the food was practically the same as at Karlsruhe; probably a little better. At least we did not notice that it was so bad because we seldom ate it, having instead our regular parcels from the Red Cross.

The Germans had finally decided to make Villingen an exclusively American camp. On October 7th all the Russian Officers were to be shifted to the North of Germany. We knew that that meant a thorough search for the fol-

lowing day. Once before we had undergone a search but fortunately the Germans were deceived by the exemplary conduct of the men in my barracks, and passed us by. I had a complete set of tools, over 100 large screws, taken from all the doors of the camp, and four long iron chains. These were necessary in almost any plan for escape that we might devise and I could not afford to lose them.

On Sunday, October 6th, the day before the Russians were to leave, I called a meeting in my barracks of the twelve other officers whom I knew were interested in getting away. I insisted that we go that night.

Our plan was to try to go over or out through the fences in the different parts of the yard simultaneously. We divided up into four teams. I had the first team, consisting of two aviators and myself; Major Brown, the second team, consisting of one other aviator and two infantry officers; Lieutenant Willis of the Lafayette Escadrille, the third team, consisting of three other aviators; the fourth team was composed of two aviators who decided to come at the last minute.

The defense works of the camp consisted first of barred windows in the barracks which ran parallel to the outer fences; then a ditch filled with barbed wire and surmounted by a four foot barbed wire fence. About seven feet outside was the last artificial defense—a barbed wire fence about eight or ten feet high with the top wires curved inward out of the vertical plans of the rest of the fence. This was to prevent anyone from climbing over, which would have been simple with a fence straight up and down. Outside the outer fence was a line of sentries about one for every thirty yards and inside the yard there were two sentries who patrolled at their discretion.

The plan of the first team was to cut the iron grating of the window in my barracks and launch a bridge through the opening out to the top of the outer barbed wire fences. We were then to crawl along the bridge and drop down outside the wire. The second team had wire cutters and was to cut through the outer wire. The third team was to go out the main gate with the guard off duty when he would rush out in pursuit of the other teams. The fourth team was to build a small ladder and climb over the outer fence.

At 10:30 P. M. the barrack's lights were turned out as usual. Shortly afterward the signal was given and a team of aviators threw

the chains and short circuited all the lights in the camp. As the lights went out my team threw the bridge across and the three of us got out. The sentries tried to halt us and fired, but not being able to see in the darkness, all the shots went wild. I continued on for about two miles where I had a rendezvous with Lieutenant Willis. We walked through the mountains for nights and after the seventh night at 2:00 A. M. we swam the Rhine in the vicinity of Hanstein and were then in Swiss territory. The Swiss turned me over to the American Legation at Berne, from whence I proceeded to London by way of Paris. I know that of the thirteen officers who attempted to escape at least five were able to get out of camp, and at least three of us arrived safely in Switzerland. Of the others I have no positive information.

Creighton Morris, '47

LIFE'S GREAT TRAGEDY

I hate people who cry at weddings!! Some time ago I attended the wedding of a certain young social butterfly. She looked stunning in her white satins and silks. Why on earth people were crying I can't tell. They acted as though they were attending a funeral or some other equally sad occasion.

The only way I can figure it out is that the bride's mother thinks that her daughter has been cheated, and the bridegroom's mother believes that her son has been "hooked"; so they both cry on each other's shoulder.

After the ceremony was completed, a friend sauntered up to the bride and said convincingly, "Darling, you look lovely," and immediately burst into bitter tears. That poor bride; I'll bet she spent the rest of her life trying to puzzle out what terrible thing had happened to make that strange creature cry.

There are some people who think that a wedding is not complete unless tears are shed—so they go for that express purpose. Others go to see which of the mothers will give in first and have to be carried from the scene in a state of convulsions.

My ambition is to see a wedding during which there is no shedding of tears, and no exclamations such as: "my poor John" or "my poor Betty". I'd like to see just a plain, honest-to-goodness happy one!!

Georgiana N. Edwards '45

MY PRIDE AND JOY

I never realized before what a large number of relatives I have, until recently, at a family reunion, we had to hire a restaurant to accommodate us all. Everyone had on his newest, most attractive clothes, including myself, and we all tried to appear better than the others. I was strutting back and forth, pretending to be concerned about Phil's cold or Clara's baby, but all the while drawing attention to my beautiful ruffled dress, which was my pride and joy. One aunt very cordially came up to me and said, "What a lovely dress you have on. Size eleven, isn't it?" I nodded, puzzled at her last remark, but soon forgot it in the excitement of a roast chicken dinner. When I finally arrived home, tired, but extremely happy, I changed my dress and laid it over the bed, ready to be hung up. I still get the willies when I think of what I saw. There, hanging innocently from the belt loop, was the sales tag, with the size, price, et cetera, plainly marked. My pride and joy? Nuts!!

Selma Robinson '46

THE PERFECT CRIME (?)

On the afternoon of September 10th as I took my usual stroll through the wood which borders the small town of _____, I thought over the conversation I had had with Inspector Burgess on the disappearance of one Lucy Watson. The Inspector was definitely stumped, for six months had passed since her strange disappearance and no trace of her had been found. Since I was the last person to see Miss Watson, naturally the police took an interest in me, and I consequently became interested in the case.

I had lived in this small peaceful town for three years, and had, during that time (I presume) won the respect and admiration of several of its citizens. I had been a criminal lawyer before coming to this haven and often I would offer my services to the police, who, I'm afraid, did not appreciate them very much.

However, I had made one friend on the force, that one being Inspector Thos. Burgess. Although he was by no means a very intelligent person, he had an uncanny way of "finding his man", and bringing him to justice.

Upon this occasion, Burgess appealed to me for a kind of moral support, for as I learned dur-

ing our conversation, he had definitely come to a stone wall in his investigation, and the poor fellow was batting his head against it for all his worth, but to no avail.

I strolled along the rutted, sandy road, with my dog Brill at my heels when suddenly, as though he scented something in the bushes, he leaped through the low underbrush at the side of the road. I could hear him thrashing about and barking crazily, and thinking that he had caught a rabbit, I plunged into the brush after him.

I soon found that what I had thought to be a solid wall of shrubbery had been broken by a hardly discernable path, and as I hurried along it seemed that Brill became even more excited. Suddenly, my foot found something soft and, as the weight of my body rested upon it, my foot sank deeper into whatever it had touched. I looked down and was consumed with nausea. In that one quick glance, I saw that I had stepped on the body of what had once been a human being.

When next I woke, the Inspector was standing over me, looking as I thought, rather old and tired. I looked about me at the room and furnishings, and when my eyes reached his again I knew!

He explained that while I was unconscious I had told all. Of meeting Lucy here in _____ and recognizing her as the woman I had known in Chicago, the woman who had wrecked my life then and would wreck it again here in the town where I had sought refuge. I could not—I would not allow it, and so—I killed her and placed her body where it couldn't be found. But I forgot! and that day, when Brill barked, I didn't know, I couldn't realize that he might not be barking at a mere rabbit. The shock of suddenly coming upon the result of my horrible crime in that fashion was too much. I fainted, as a woman would.

As I sit here in my cell, waiting for my hour to come, I write my story. The padre has just left and the Inspector has already come and gone twice this morning. They have left me here in this lonely, dingy cell to reflect remorsefully upon my crime. To gain my own selfish ends I have ruined my whole life and have wronged innocent people. Can there be any greater sorrow than mine?

Georgiana Edwards, '45



POETRY



BOOKKEEPING

This poem was inspired by and is dedicated to the bookkeeping students seen everywhere slaving over those interesting, figure covered papers.

Reams of paper and figures;
Pens and pencils galore;
Covering chairs and tables—
Spreading onto the floor.

Ledgers and files and invoices, too;
Hours and hours of study to do;
Assets and credits all to post;
Blots of ink worse than most.

The poor students dance
With blue and red stamps;
Yellow invoices—blue tickets, too,
Sweetened through with sugar coupons, few.

Bystanders, amazed and perplexed,
Interrupt with diverting comments,
Adding to the general confusion of
The work of the Bookkeeping student.

Through it all,
Some students survive
Answering the call:
“More accountants, arise!”

Betty Ann Lusk, '46

IT WILL LAST

There, it brightly shone up in the sky,
While upon her knees she knelt;
For that star, so clear and far above,
Meant more to her than wealth.
They had watched it twinkle every night,
And soon it was their guide;
For their love had burned a glowing light
That would last till both had died.
Now he was gone and would never come back,
But she could not even cry,
For she knew that love like theirs would last,
Like that twinkling star in the sky.

Jeanne W. Lynch, '45

WHEN ALL THESE STARS HAVE GONE

When all these stars have gone
And dawn presents itself—
In joyous raiment,
And you have left for all eternity,
I still shall return
To this sheltered spot—far from all sound of
Man.
I still shall see you,
Standing in the sun,
Like some fair apparition.

And I shall dream of moonlight nights
When far below the waters whispered to the
sands,
And when fair Diana lights the candles of the
night,
I will remember you unto eternity.

Patricia Mager, '47

BUCHENWALD

“Here Europe's millions were put to the torch.”

These bore neither injury, greed, nor hate,
Yet, one upon the other, here they lie
Charred all—beyond knowing—so to sate
The hand that struck until they longed to die!
Deathbound, these sang not little cares and
fears;
Life, however small and drear, was all their
song.

These writhed in flames that burned the tears
In eyes, that seared the wise, and scorched the
strong!

Now, in thy dark, O Earth, we wait the dawn,
Wherein, once more, their stricken hearts grow
bright

With laughter, and young love, and godly
peace;

Wherein, at last, the sad, lost lives and worn,
Find warm the fainting glow and strange the
light;

And gain the final, unforget, release.

John Whorf, '45

HIGH SCHOOL REVIEW

When you become a Senior
And graduation nears,
You'll look back on the fun you've had
In each of those four years.

The thrill when we became Freshmen
Could never be compared,
And we were certain every day
That our lessons were prepared.

And then came our Sophomore year
With work and fun galore,
We slackened in our homework
For we liked the fun much more.

Quickly our Junior year came in
And fewer boys were seen,
For war had made them conscious of
The age of seventeen.

Our last year was welcomed most of all
As everyone will say,
For it meant the end of school work
And more sleep for us each day.

But when we go out into the world
In these times of strife,
We'll look back on our school days
As the best ones of our life.

Clarice Joseph, '45

JUST ANOTHER DAY

There once was a flyer named Joe
Who found he had no place to go,
So he jumped in his plane
And he started a flame
On a city that's called Tokyo.

When he dropped his bombs he turned around:
Then the ack-ack came up from the ground.
The shells barely missed him
Today, Luck most have kissed him
For he came close to being shot down.

When he dropped his bombs and turned to leave,
He still had a trick up his sleeve.
He flew close to the ground,
Shot the Japs that were 'round,
Till everyone looked like a sieve.

George Valentine, '47

THIS IS THE ROAD TO ADVENTURE

Two strong legs, a hound dog,
And a day that is crisp and mild,
This is a road to adventure
For many a venturesome child.

But there are other roads to adventure;
The trolley, the bus, and the train,
Battling the blizzards of winter,
Or enjoying the touch of the rain.

There's the secret of asking questions,
Of learning something each day,
There can be no greater adventure
Than the thoughts we store away.

It's the stupid child who sits and cries
For lack of things to do,
Because if you seek adventure,
Adventure will come to you.

There are many roads to adventure,
But the longest one I know
Is the road that leads to dreaming,
Where the happiest people go.

This is imagination,
And it's not too far away,
'Most everybody takes this road
In all they do and say.

Yes, this is the road to adventure,
A road that is worn and frail,
For many have sought life's treasures
Upon this familiar trail.

Erlin Hogan, '47

SPRING RETURNS

The warm weather and the rain
Will make the grass grow green.
The lady's slipper, buttercup,
And columbine serene,
Their dainty heads
To the bright sun will turn.
The sweetly scented violet,
In softest moss embedded
Behind ferns and briars hiding
Along the wooded paths,
Will repeat to us the tiding
Spring is here!

Helene Edel, '47

DECEMBER 7, 1941

On that treacherous, cold December day
The Heavens above were dark and gray.
Then and there the enemy appeared
Looking like birds all gray and weird.

A sergeant who asked permission to watch
Saw and reported the big gray blotch,
But though they heard the motors' roar
They could not believe that this was War.

Even Commanders Kimmel and Short
Took no notice of this report.
So thus unheeded on came they
Over the mountains, over the bay.

Then death did rain from the deadly skies
Then people arose with horrified cries.
The task was finished—but barely done
When Nippon knew that he hadn't won.

Kaeselau, '46

ADAMS DRUG STORE

The corner drug store, as everyone knows,
Is where most every pupil goes.
Before eight o'clock we all meet,
And sit in a booth and have something to eat.
We smoke cigarettes 'til five minutes of eight,
And then come to school, hoping we're not late.
While there, we discuss the teachers and such,
If they heard us, they wouldn't be flattered
much.

The lesson not done, which is due in the morning,
We copy, rather than get an "E" warning.
And so, after this great trial and tribulation,
We will gladly welcome our New York vacation.

Robert Dutra, '45

Do men appreciate such things
As dunes and clouds and trees
And all the happiness they bring
To those who cannot see.

The man who cannot see just dreams
How everything about him looks
And only dreams of things supreme
Like skies and fields and brooks.

He hears of far off places
And things of mystery
He pictures the different faces
Of his friends he cannot see.

He hopes that someday he will find
The things he dreams of now
And leave his frantic mind in peace
With not a darkened cloud.

George Smith, '45

I WOULD I HAD A FLOWER—

I would I had a flower
Whose every petal was a word
Spoken, but not to be forgotten,
Whose every leaf was a beautiful sight
Seen, but not to be forgotten,
A flower whose perfume was a blend of earth
and sky,
The grass at dawn, and clover in bloom,
The pounding sea with misty spray,
Whose color was made of memories.
Rare moments when earth and heaven were as
one.
Oh! Give me a flower so pure, so lovely,
And I will be content to wander from this earth
Into other regions unknown to man.

Patricia Mager, '47



SENIORS



BERNICE BENT

Here's to our boogie woogie girl
Who we know will find her place in the world.
Hobby: Playing piano and singing.
Ambition: To be a dress designer.



ANNA CHAPMAN

To Anna, who's so flighty and gay;
We know she'll be a success some day.
Hobby: Swimming and basketball.
Ambition: To further my education.

ALBERTA De SILVA

Alberta's future is locked and sealed
With a little red-headed soldier named Fields.
Hobby: Dramatics.
Ambition: To make a good wife.



GORDON DUTRA

Gordon's called "Duke" by his many friends
And to him we'll not need to make amends.
Hobby: Sports.
Ambition: To be successful.

REGINA DUTRA

Our Regina, so very demure and petite,
Will smile at any future she'll meet.
Hobby: Dancing.
Ambition: To be a good dancer.





ROBERT DUTRA

Many thanks to Bobbie, who beats out the jive,
For keeping our class always so alive.

Hobby: Playing piano.

Ambition: To be a success.

ELIZABETH DYER

Liz, our calm and gracious lass,
Will be a success as in the past.

Hobby: Music.

Ambition: To travel around the world.



GEORGIANA EDWARDS

She's always quiet and always fair
And never seems to have a moment to spare.

Hobby: Reading.

Ambition: To be a successful secretary.



ELAINE ENOS

Elaine, who is both quiet and gay,
Will be at the top of the ladder some day.

Hobby: Hairdressing.

Ambition: To be a success.



CHARLES FRANCIS

To Charlie, who is our farmer boy,
The soil will bring untold joy.

Hobby: Farming.

Ambition: To own a farm.



DOROTHY FRATUS

To Dorothy Mae we give our best
We know she'll always pass the test.

Hobby: Collecting stamps.

Ambition: To be successful.



ELAINE GASPA

Elaine has such a beautiful voice,
We wonder if radio will be her choice.

Hobby: Dancing.

Ambition: To be a beautician.



LOUINE JANOPOLIS

To Louine, our flirtatious little lass;
Only "gold braids" are in her class.

Hobby: Sports.

Ambition: To be happy.

CLARICE JOSEPH

Always in a hurry, always in a rush,
But a girl who'll never give one the brush.

Hobby: Swimming and dancing.

Ambition: Uncertain.



JEANNE LYNCH

Jeanne has the temper of our class,
But when it flares it rarely lasts.

Hobby: Reading.

Ambition: To be rich.

JANET McCLURE

Fluttering here, fluttering there
Janet's the girl who's everywhere.

Hobby: Collecting souvenirs.

Ambition: To tour the West.



CAROLINE MENANGAS

Every morning in her place
Caroline's is a familiar face.

Hobby: Dancing.

Ambition: To be happy.



ALAN MOFFETT

To Alan who always seemed so shy
We know we'll see him by and by.

Hobby: Sports.

Ambition: To be happy.

ANIBAL OLIVER

A. James Oliver is our dark haired sheik.
A look from him will leave you weak.

Hobby: Sports.

Ambition: To be successful.



JOANN PAINE

Slowly she'll move, and slowly she'll talk
But for her friends she's solid as rock.

Hobby: Sewing.

Ambition: To be a dress designer.



EDWARD PERRY

Never a rowdy, never loud
But always noticed in a crowd.

Hobby: Mechanics.

Ambition: To have a white-collar job.



RODNEY ROCK

Hidden humor in our class we had
But never expected it from this lad.

Hobby: Sailing.

Ambition: To be a fluent speaker.



MARY RODERICK

Mary, our athlete, should succeed
Because she has always taken the lead.

Hobby: Swimming.

Ambition: To be successful.



REGINA SANTOS

Jeanie, our dark haired glamour girl
Leaves hearts behind her in a whirl.

Hobby: Drawing.

Ambition: To be a dress designer.



RUDOLPH SANTOS

Calm, quiet and always assured;
In his presence we've never been bored.

Hobby: Sports.

Ambition: To be successful.

KATHLEEN SEGURA

To Kathleen, who soon will be a wife,
We wish much happiness in life.

Hobby: Swimming.

Ambition: To be a success.



GLORIA A. SILVA

Gloria's always quiet and shy
Her popularity is very high.

Hobby: Sewing.

Ambition: To be an A-1 housewife.

GLORIA E. SILVA

Even tempered, fair as can be,
No one should know her better than we.

Hobby: Dancing.

Ambition: To be happy.



JOSEPH SILVA

Joe, our boy in Navy Blue,
Is doing his part for our country, too.

Hobby: Sports.

Ambition: To be happy.



GEORGE SMITH

Brother has always been our pet.
On his success we're willing to bet.

Hobby: Sports.

Ambition: To marry and raise a large family.

INEZ SMITH

Sometimes happy, sometimes blue
She'll try to do her best for you.

Hobby: Dancing and talking.

Ambition: Undecided.



MATTHEW STEELE

Leading us through thick and thin
Our president strived for us to win.

Hobby: Gymnastics.

Ambition: To be a store proprietor.

LORRAINE WHITE

Lorraine, so jolly and so gay,
Her laughter we have heard each day.

Hobby: Dancing.

Ambition: To be happy.



JOHN WHORF

If Johnny would only concentrate
We know his art would make him great.

Hobby: None.

Ambition: To be a success.

CLASS HISTORY

The class of 1945 in its Freshman year was a large one under the direction of Mr. Thomas Rivard. During this year we had one activity, a Christmas Dance, which was very successful.

In our Sophomore year, with Miss Burke as our class advisor, we put on a Halloween Dance. The gymnasium was decorated in Halloween fashion with recorded music.

Our Junior year found us awakening to the fact that we needed more activities to raise money. Under the direction of Miss Martin plans were made for our Junior Prom. The dance was held at the Town Hall with music furnished by Jay Mando and his orchestra. During this year we had our Junior Declamations.

In our Senior year, under the direction of Miss Medeiros, aided by Matthew Steele our president, we made plans that involved much work. Our first activity was the Freshman Reception, a dance introducing the Freshmen to high school society. Each Senior escorted a Freshman in the grand march which was led by Matthew Steele and Ruth Enos. After this we had a cake sale which was very successful. The next two activities were two New England Suppers given two weeks apart. We also raffled off a quilt donated by Mrs. Perry of Truro. These activities brought in a considerable sum which was devoted to our Senior trip.

Mary Roderick, '45

HIT PARADE

| | |
|-----------------|--|
| Bernice Bent | "So Little Time" |
| Elaine Enos | "Please Don't Say No" |
| Lorraine White | "They're Either Too Young Or Too Old" |
| Regina Santos | "Don't Fence Me In" |
| Joanne Paine | "If Dreams Came True" |
| Clarice Joseph | "An Hour Never Passes" |
| Gloria E. Silva | "To Have And To Hold" |
| Edward Perry | "The One I Love Belongs To Somebody Else" |

| | |
|----------------------|--|
| John Whorf | "She Don't Love Me Like She Used To" |
| Alberta DeSilva | "I'll Walk Alone" |
| Jeanne Lynch | "The Very Thought Of You" |
| Elaine Gaspa | "Let Me Love You Tonight" |
| Mary Roderick | "Time Waits For No One" |
| Dorothy Fratus | "What Are You Doing The Rest of Your Life" |
| Caroline Menangas | "Time Will Tell" |
| Robert Dutra | "You Always Hurt The One You Love" |
| Anibal Oliver | "Let Me Love You Tonight" |
| Inez Smith | "Oh Johnny" |
| Louine Janpolis | "Whisper That You Love Me" stLLi s oCfsk RHhM |
| Charles Francis | "Every Day Of My Life" |
| Janet McClure | "How Many Hearts Have You Broken?" |
| Matthew Steele | "It Can't Be Wrong" |
| Joseph Silva | "Wish You Were Waiting For Me" |
| George Smith | "Night And Day" |
| Alan Moffett | "Sleeping In The Sun" |
| Rudolph Santos | "For Me And My Gal" |
| Gordon Dutra | "I'll Be Down To Get You In A Taxi, Honey" |
| Rodney Rock | "Love Is Just Around The Corner" |
| Gloria A. Silva | "Sleepy Town Gal" |
| Georgiana Edwards | "Sweet And Lovely" |
| Kathleen Segura | "Kiss The Boys Goodbye" |
| Anna Chapman | "Naughty But Nice" |
| Regina Dutra | "I'll Get By" |
| Elizabeth Dyer | "Music Makes Charm" |
| Detention | "There I Go Again" |
| Recall | "Always" |
| Teachers | "I've Got You Under My Skin" |
| P. H. S. | "Where Do We Go From Here?" |
| English Class | "Accentuate The Positive" |
| American History | "Sunday, Monday, and Always" |
| Mr. Leyden | "At The End Of A Perfect Day" |
| Day After Graduation | "What A Difference A Day Makes" |
| First Grade | "Long Ago And Far Away" |
| Cafeteria | "One Meat Ball" |
| | Alberta DeSilva, '45 |



JUNIOR CLASS

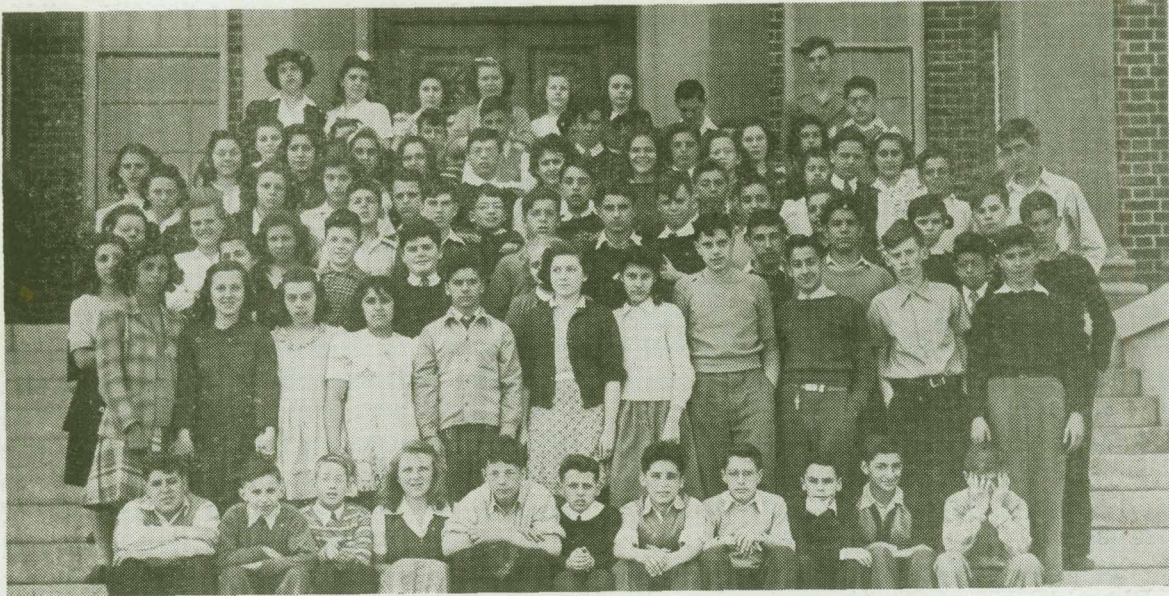


SOPHOMORE CLASS



FRESHMAN CLASS

 Junior High



JUNIOR HIGH

SNOWFLAKES

Once upon a time there were two snowflakes. One was square and the other was round. They were part of a great snowstorm. There were millions of other snowflakes in the storm with them. They were high in the sky.

These two snowflakes were very friendly. Their names were Joe and Joan.

Since a snowflake's life is not very long, these two snowflakes were talking very rapidly about how they would like to live.

Joe said, "I would like to be a part of a mighty snowman, who would be about five feet high. Then I could look down on all the other snowflakes."

Joan said, "I would like to be part of a great patch of pure white snow that was fenced in. Then everybody could look at me but could not walk on me."

The snowflakes got their wish for soon afterward they hit the ground.

Joe was part of a snowman and Joan was part of a pretty field of snow.

So they lived happily for a few days until the sun came out from behind the clouds and started

melting the snow. Joe fell off the snowman and landed right beside Joan. They said goodbye and were both washed down the sewer and into the sea.

Tommy Lusk, 7A

POOR ME

I'm nobody's friend! Everyone hates me. I'm just a helpless little skunk. Won't someone be my friend? What's the matter with me, any way? I remember my mother saying something about halitosis. I wish I knew what that is!

Oh, here comes Peter Rabbit. Maybe he'll talk to me.

"Hello, Peter Rabbit."

"A skunk, golly!"

Now he's gone. What can I do? Oh, look at that pretty skunk over there. I'll go over and introduce myself. Gee, that skunk is funny looking. He has no stripes down his back. Well, I'll go over there just the same.

"Hello, pretty skunk."

"Oh, migosh, a skunk, and he thinks I'm a skunk, too!"

"Well, aren't cha?"

"Of course not, silly, I'm a cat!"

Oh, phooey, he's going, too. What's the matter with me? Don't I have a good personality or something? I wish I were dead! Look, I think I see my girl friend, Flower. Yes, it is.

"Hello, Flower!"

"Hi, Stinky! Whatcha doin'?"

"Nothin'! Why?"

"I thought maybe we could play tag."

"That's a good idea. Not 'it'!"

"Okay, I'll give you ten!"

I think I'll run over here. Oh, here's a good spot. What's that long thing coiled up there? It looks like a hose. It's alive!

"Flower, c'mere quick!"

"Why?"

"Something long and thin is coiled up here in the grass!"

"Run, it's a snake!"

I'm running for my life now. Maybe the snake has halitosis, too. I think I'll ask him.

"Hey, Mr. Snake, have you got halitosis, too?"

"Sssssssssss"

"You don't say. Hey, quit hugging me so tight. Flower's my girl, not you! Hey, Mr. Snake, you're choking me—"

"Gee, I wonder why he ran off so fast. All I did was—Oh, there's Flower."

"My hero!"

"All I did was—aw skip it!"

"Here comes Donald, our other skunk friend."

"Goodbye, Stinky. I think I'll play with Donald a while."

See, nobody loves me. I'm just a poor skunk with a case of halitosis. I wish I were dead!

Phyllis Robinson, 7A

"OLD IRONSIDES"

"Old Ironsides", is the nickname given to the U. S. S. Constitution. This mighty ship of war now rests in Boston Navy Yard. Her days were days of glory, days when she slipped across the cold, icy, waters of the Atlantic. I see her now with her guns blazing. She slowly turns and with all her power, rams into the crippled, burning, half sunk British ship and sends it to Davy Jones' locker. She was the commander of the sea and its mighty ruler. All British ships feared this mass of power. Then one day she came across the Sommerset, British man of war. No ship ever dared to come in contact with this

mighty vessel. They fought a bloody battle, but the Sommerset was badly damaged and went ashore on the New England coast. "Old Ironsides" was then taken to Boston Navy Yard and it has remained there to this day.

Wilfred Costa, 7A

IT COULDN'T HAPPEN TO YOU

Janice was never so happy to get home from school as she was this day. In her pocket were Frank Sinatra's measurements which she had secured by some ingenious plan.

Frankie's sweater was to be blue. That she'd decided. She would put his initials on the pocket.

"Oh, it'll be just out of this world," she exclaimed. "I'll show that Nancy," she murmured. "Frankie's just as good as Van Johnson and besides, he doesn't take as much yarn."

When Janice's mother returned from the canteen that afternoon, she found Janice knitting. She was biting her lip and her hair lay in moist curls all over her forehead. Apparently she wasn't progressing very well.

"Oh, mother," she wailed, "how'll I ever finish Frankie's sweater before Nancy finishes Van's?"

"Who is Frankie, who is Van, and who taught you to knit?" her mother demanded.

There followed a rapid explanation of how she and Nancy had pictured their dream men in sweaters which they themselves had knit.

"If it will keep you busy, go right ahead," said her mother.

For a month and a half each girl returned home immediately after school with grim determination set on her face.

The girls finished the sweaters within a week of each other and promptly sent them off.

On the following Saturday both girls received boxes. There was a locket from Van and a bracelet from Frankie and an autographed picture of each.

For two weeks both girls refused food and just walked around on air. Finally the fathers of both girls threatened to destroy the treasured locket and bracelet if the girls didn't settle down.

The girls have forgotten about that episode for there are two new juniors at the high school who are simply too "drooly" for words.

Elizabeth Volton, 7A

DOING THEIR BEST

"Yep, it's I, Ruthie Mac, my dolly, Sally Ann Mac, and my nice new knitting needles and yarn doing our very best Red Cross club work. It all happened in school one day when Miss Highwater said, 'Now we are all big enough to begin to do some little thing to help in the war effort.'"

"What shall it be?" No sooner had this been said when we all wanted a Red Cross Club. This we got, as you can see by my agonizing struggles with these knitting needles.

"They are the most disobedient needles I have ever had. Oh, I can't say that because I have never owned a pair. Well, I know they're the most disobedient ones I have ever seen, for all the other ones mind their mistresses and very well at that. I keep trying to get it through their bony skulls that they are supposed to do as the knitting book says, but no, they won't! It's probably because they were born naturally dumb."

"You'll never get anything done if you expect us to do that all by ourselves, Ruthie Mac."

"Huh, did anyone call me?"

"Yes, I did. It's we, your knitting needles, so don't look around and try to see us. It's about time you began to cooperate with us, for if you want to get anything done that's what you'll have to do. It really is easy. See, first you put me through that yarn loop, then raise the yarn around me and pull it through. Just do that over and over. Then you're knitting. Now isn't that easy?"

"Yes, I am beginning to 'ketch' on now."

"I betcha I could do it, if you'd let me, Ruthie."

"Now, don't tell me that you're talking too, Sally Ann?"

"Yes, I am and I betcha I could, too."

"I wouldn't be one bit surprised, for I know that you would like to do your bit, too. Now, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, I would, but I am only a doll so I can't do anything to help. Oh, wait a minute. Couldn't

you give me to your Red Cross Club and then they will send me across to comfort some poor little girl?"

"Sally, you know I think I will. Yes, my mind is made up. This very day I will. You know what? I'm going to cooperate with my knitting needles and finish what I am doing and take both of you to school. Then all of us will really be doing our very, very best!"

Phyllis Cabral, 7A

DEATH UNDER A SILVERY MOON

It was a quiet night in which sounds carry loud and fast. The moon shone down on the cold, white, northland like a silvery flood. Everything was still, with nothing to be seen but a shadowy something moving swiftly along.

It was a young wolf that had evidently sensed the prey that would serve as his meal. His eyes glowed in the moonlight and the sharp keen features of his face told of his true wolf ancestry.

On the scene appeared another animal, a deer. His antlers stood out proudly on his head and his keen nose sniffed the crisp, cool air. He seemed not to know that danger was close at hand.

The young wolf had cleverly shifted to a position where the wind would not carry his scent to the prey. Creeping cautiously, stealthily, pausing now and then to watch the deer's every move and to sniff the air, he came very close and crouched, ready for the kill, his every muscle tense and alert.

The deer sensed danger now and with a sudden burst of fear, tried to dash away, but it was too late. The young wolf had leaped at the deer's throat and now the silence was shattered by the last cry of the dying deer. Then all was silent again, the deer lying motionless on the white snow stained with blood. The wolf, standing over him, raised his nose to the air and out into the night went his challenge of defiance and triumph.

Marjorie Perry, 8A



activities



ASSEMBLIES

A variety of assemblies held during the year added to the entertainment and amusement of the school year.

The numerous motion pictures were enjoyed by everyone. Among the most popular was "The Last Days of Pompeii".

A pageant, under the direction of Miss Martin, was presented by Junior High Pupils for the Christmas assembly.

The Dramatic Club, under Miss West's direction, presented a humorous play entitled, "High School Daze".

Two lectures were given during the year. The first, by Bertha Hughes, from the Educational Department of Hoods Milk, who spoke on the importance of milk in our diet. A second speaker, Lieut Comdr. Manuel, lectured on the necessity of making the most of our education.

During the basketball season several pep assemblies were held; however, the last was the most important. It took place immediately after the Brockton game. Mr. Leyden and Mr. Murphy spoke, after which the coach awarded the victorious team members their silver basketballs while the audience, led by Gordon Dutra, cheered each member.

The monotony of the school week was lessened by the numerous assemblies which were enjoyed by students and teachers alike.

Elaine Enos, '45

THE FRESHMAN RECEPTION

The Freshman Reception, sponsored by the seniors, was held in the early fall, giving a welcome to the newcomers of Provincetown High School.

The class officers of the Senior and Freshman classes led the grand march.

Cake, fudge, and punch were served in the cafeteria as refreshments.

Music was furnished by records played over the amplifying system.

Elaine Enos, '45

NATIONAL HONOR SOCIETY

The Provincetown High School faculty has elected seven students to the National Honor Society. These students are now members of the Provincetown Chapter of the National Honor Society. The selection was based on scholastic rating, character, service, and leadership.

The students with these qualities are as follows:

Seniors

Gloria E. Silva
Dorothy Fratus
Elizabeth Dyer
Mary Roderick

Juniors

Hilda Noones
Selma Robinson
Louise Souza

Elaine Enos, '45

THE 15th ANNUAL CONCERT

The 15th annual concert was held Thursday, May 3, 1945, at 8 P. M. in the school auditorium. The hall was filled with music lovers and fond parents who had come to hear their offsprings perform. Mr. Nassi was conducting as usual.

The program was opened by the Bradford School Orchestra. The most outstanding performer to my mind was John Dunlop who played the sweetest sax I've heard in a long time.

The symphonette classes were amusing as usual. The competition between the Center and Western Schools heightened the interest of the audience. Both classes did equally well.

The P. H. S. Orchestra was better than usual and gave a fine performance. The girls in their evening dresses and the boys in white pants and bow ties were a festive sight against the new gold-tone stage curtains.

"Extase" for viola, flute and piano was played by Mrs. Carmen, Mr. Nassi, and Mrs. Schofield.

The P. H. S. Band in their new uniforms



HIGH SCHOOL BAND

played several well known marches by Souza and other popular composers. Judith Powers, our guest soloist, gave an excellent clarinet solo. She was presented with a gift in appreciation for her fine work. The program was closed by the playing of the Star Spangled Banner.

Elizabeth Dyer, '45

SENIOR TRIP

Monday

Dear Diary,

Here I am at the Hotel Victoria, 7th Avenue and 51st Street in New York City. Am I tired! But so happy. We left P-town on the 5:27 A. M. bus and arrived here at 3:00 P. M. After dinner we went to Radio City Music Hall where we saw the Rockettes and the movie "Without Love". The Rockettes were perfection, especially in "Glory of Easter". It was pouring when the show was over, so am slightly damp, especially my shoes. Goodnight.

Tuesday

Visited the Statue of Liberty and had my first

N. Y. subway ride. Missed the first boat to the are still shaking. So's my stomach. Went to the Hayden Planetarium and was thrilled by the Statue and the sun went behind a cloud, but not my spirits. Climbed to the top and my knees spectacular sunrise. Tonight we saw Sammy Kaye and band in person. Also, movie "I'll Be Seeing You". Went to my first radio broadcast, "Music That Satisfies" starring the new singer, Harry Brine. Wish the girls would stop gabbing. Goodnight.

Wednesday

Well, this has been a day and I've seen plenty. First, a tour of NBC Studios; second, a tour of Rockefeller Center; third, a tour of downtown New York including Chinatown and the Bowery; Fourth, our night off. Enough said.

Thursday

Most of us went shopping or recovered from the night before as this was our day off. This evening we saw Cab Calloway and the movie "God Is My Co-pilot". Have to go to bed very early as we have to catch the 8:00 A. M. train. Goodnight.

Friday

This is the end. I'm worn out both mentally and physically, and so is everyone else. Miss Martin and Mr. and Mrs. King, our chaperones, have been wonderful to us. Someday I'll tell them so. Arrived home at 6:15 P. M., April 20th. Did I tell you I had a wonderful time? Goodnight.

Elizabeth Dyer, '45

SENIOR CLASS SUPPER

A New England supper was sponsored on January 24th by the Senior Class in the Knights of Columbus Hall. The affair was moderately successful in raising funds for the Senior New York Trip.

On February 7th a second supper was held by the Seniors. This supper, in spite of the weather, drew a larger crowd, raising sufficient funds.

Elaine Enos, '45



SENIOR SUPERLATIVES

| | |
|--------------------------------|-------------------|
| Most conceited girl | Jeanne Lynch |
| Most conceited boy | Bill Oliver |
| Best figure (girl) | Mary Roderick |
| Best physique (boy) | George Smith |
| Most attractive boy | John Whorf |
| Most attractive girl | Gloria E. Silva |
| Best boy dancer | George Smith |
| Best girl dancer | Jeanne Lynch |
| Boy with the most personality | Bill Oliver |
| Girl with the most personality | Gloria E. Silva |
| Best dressed girl | Inez Smith |
| Best dressed boy | Edward Perry |
| Most athletic boy | Bill Oliver |
| Most athletic girl | Mary Roderick |
| Actress | Gloria E. Silva |
| Actor | Bill Oliver |
| Class pest | Louine Janopolis |
| Woman hater | Edward Perry |
| Man hater | Elizabeth Dyer |
| Best natured girl | Elizabeth Dyer |
| Best natured boy | George Smith |
| Most versatile | Matt Steele |
| Wittiest | Clarice Joseph |
| Class artist | John Whorf |
| Class orator | Matt Steele |
| Most likely to succeed | Elizabeth Dyer |
| Class typist | Georgiana Edwards |
| Most dignified | Joanne Paine |
| Class musician | Robert Dutra |
| Most tactful | Gordon Dutra |

| | |
|-------------------------------|----------------|
| Most reserved | Elaine Enos |
| Most flirtatious | Regina Santos |
| Class Tomboy | Anna Chapman |
| Biggest drag with the faculty | Dorothy Fratus |
| First to have a Bay Window | Edward Perry |
| Done the most for P. H. S. | Matt Steele |

WOULDN'T IT BE STRANGE IF

Bernice were STRAIGHT instead of BENT
 Mary were POLERick instead of RODERick
 Elaine were OILpa instead of GASpa
 Gloria were GOLD instead of SILV(a)ER
 John were PIER instead of WHORF
 Matt were IRON instead of STEELE
 Rodney were STONE instead of ROCK
 Elizabeth were LIVER instead of DYER
 Anna were ChapWOMAN instead of ChapMAN
 Joanne were ACHE instead of PAINÉ
 Alberta were DeALUMINUM instead of DeSILV(a)ER
 Lorraine were GREEN instead of WHITE
 Bill were PICKLER instead of OLIVER
 Caroline were WOMENangas instead of MENangas
 Georgiana were EdSEARS instead of EdWARDS
 Robert were DuTRY instead of DuTRA
 Janet were ALLURE instead of McClURE

Bernice Bent, '45
 Regina Santos, '45



SPORTS



BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM

First Row—George Smith, Francis Meads, Cpt. Anibal Oliver, Joseph Farroba
Second Row—Coach David Murphy, Frank Rowe, Philip Cabral, Richard Baumgartner, George Valentine,
Manager Robert Silva
Third Row—Wilbur White, Bernard Roderick, Clayton Enos, Bernard Santos

BOYS' BASKETBALL

Once again the P. H. S. Boys' Basketball Team completed a successful season, having won the South Shore Championship.

Coach Murphy started the season by playing town teams.

The first game was against the Naval Training Station, a team which we easily conquered 53-13.

Another easy victory was against the Boys' Club, 49-18.

In an exhibition game in the afternoon, the Alumni, composed mostly of boys in the service, fell under an avalanche of baskets; the ending score being 52-12.

The U. S. N. Destroyer "Schenck" gave the boys a tussle, but when their star player was injured we came out victorious 42-29.

The scholastic season began when we met and defeated Wellfleet High by an overwhelming score of 93-24.

In our next game we played and trampled Orleans 72-31.

Next, Provincetown was victorious over Barnstable, a team which formerly had not been defeated. Barnstable was stopped cold on the short end of a 64-16 score.

In a hard-fought contest a cagey Bourne team handed our quintet its first and only defeat of the season. The first eight minutes told the story as Bourne swept our boys off their feet by scoring 17 points to our 1 in the first quarter. Our team fought all the way to try to gain a lead but fell only four points short when the closing whistle blew. Bourne was the conquerer 43-39.

We left our home court for the first out-of-town game easily vanquishing Harwich 52-31.

Orleans was our prey again but made a good showing of themselves, holding us within eleven points of their score. The score was 52-41.



GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Front Row—Kathleen Segura, Anna Chapman Inez Smith, Cpt. Mary Roderick, Theresa Rosa, Carol Alves
 Second Row—Manager Louine Janopolis, Paula Raymond, Yvonne Flores, Ruth Enos, Marion Cook,
 Coach Mrs. Stevens

We were host to Yarmouth and turned them back 88-15.

In the return engagement with Wellfleet we routed them 55-23.

A game was arranged with the Navy and we played the Navy All Stars. Again the Navy fell before our well trained team, 40-13.

Harwich High was again added to our list of the conquered when we blacked them out 78-19.

A new challenger, Edgartown, entered our domain. They also learned that P'town could not be stopped. The score, 56-19.

Playing the last Cape School on our schedule, Provincetown administered a decisive victory over Yarmouth, 62-29.

Because of unexpected circumstances we were unable to play return engagements with Barnstable and Bourne.

The team received an invitation to play in the Brockton Tournament, and readily accepted it.

In our first tournament match Marshfield was easily eliminated 54-10.

Avon also fell victim to the high scoring team from P'town. The game ended 55-24.

The semi-finals found us playing Bourne, the only team to mar our record. Both teams gave a thrilling exhibition in a hard fought game. Provincetown came through 43-36.

The Class B cup and title was clinched when Hanover, a team favored to take the title, was whipped 40-21.

Provincetown's chances of again winning the

South Shore Championship next year are very high, for only two members of the team are graduating.

In a benefit game for the Red Cross and the Provincetown High School Sweater Fund, Provincetown played the "Schenck" once more. Spectacular passing enabled the "Schenck" to keep close all the way. P'town subdued this powerful aggregation of former college players 41-38.

The summary of the games is as follows:

| | | We | They |
|---------|-----------------------------------|-----|------|
| Dec. 13 | P'town vs. Naval Training Station | 53 | 13 |
| Jan. 5 | P'town vs. Boys' Club | 49 | 18 |
| Jan. 9 | P'town vs. Schenck | 42 | 29 |
| Jan. 12 | P'town vs. Wellfleet | 93 | 24 |
| Jan. 16 | P'town vs. Orleans | 72 | 31 |
| Jan. 19 | P'town vs. Barnstable | 64 | 16 |
| Jan. 23 | P'town vs. Bourne | 39 | 43 |
| Jan. 26 | P'town vs. Harwich | 52 | 31 |
| Jan. 31 | P'town vs. Alumni | 52 | 12 |
| Feb. 2 | P'town vs. Orleans | 52 | 41 |
| Feb. 6 | P'town vs. Yarmouth | 88 | 15 |
| Feb. 13 | P'town vs. Wellfleet | 55 | 23 |
| Feb. 27 | P'town vs. Navy All Stars | 40 | 13 |
| Mar. 2 | P'town vs. Harwich | 78 | 19 |
| Mar. 3 | P'town vs. Edgartown | 56 | 19 |
| Mar. 6 | P'town vs. Yarmouth | 62 | 29 |
| Mar. 23 | P'town vs. Schenck | 41 | 38 |
| | Total | 988 | 414 |

Brockton Tournament

| | | We | They | | | | | |
|---------|-----------------------|-----|------|---------|-----------|----|----|--------|
| Mar. 10 | P'town vs. Marshfield | 54 | 10 | Jan. 26 | Harwich | 18 | 27 | (away) |
| Mar. 15 | P'town vs. Avon | 44 | 24 | Feb. 2 | Orleans | 16 | 15 | (away) |
| Mar. 16 | P'town vs. Bourne | 43 | 36 | Feb. 6 | Yarmouth | 52 | 9 | (home) |
| Mar. 17 | P'town vs. Hanover | 40 | 21 | Feb. 13 | Wellfleet | 19 | 19 | (home) |
| | | — | — | Mar. 2 | Harwich | 28 | 38 | (home) |
| | | | | Mar. 6 | Yarmouth | 10 | 10 | (away) |
| Total | | 181 | 91 | | | | | |

Maurice Ferreira, '47

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

The Girls' Basketball team closed the season with a total of six victories, two ties, and two defeats. Under the coaching of Mrs. Josie Stevens they continued the display of good sportsmanship for which Provincetown High is noted.

Captain Mary Roderick, Anna Chapman, Chickie Smith, and Kathleen Segura will be graduated this year. The ability of the remaining members of the team promises a bright future next year.

| | | We | They | |
|---------|------------|----|------|--------|
| Jan. 9 | Alumni | 52 | 24 | (home) |
| Jan. 12 | Wellfleet | 62 | 40 | (home) |
| Jan. 16 | Orleans | 58 | 28 | (home) |
| Jan. 19 | Barnstable | 24 | 23 | (home) |

BOYS' BASEBALL

This year, as every year, Mr. Murphy has turned out a good baseball club.

There were many regulars who turned out for the first practice session and were quickly molded into a fighting baseball team.

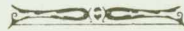
The first game with Orleans ended in a defeat for P'town 5-3.

Chatham also handed P'town a defeat, sweeping over our team 5-1.

The first victory over Harwich brought out the latent power which Provincetown possessed. The game was a walk-away as we crossed home plate to win 10-0. This was the first no-hit, no-run game in Santos' pitching career.

The rest of the season holds much promise thanks to Coach Murphy's patience in teaching all he knows to the team.

Maurice Ferreira, '47



WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT FIGURES?

A year or so ago an article in the "Saturday Evening Post" caught my eye as I was glancing through this magazine. It gave a very practical stunt that Insurance companies find useful: if you subtract your age from eighty, multiply the result by seven and divide by ten, you can find the length of your future life. (I hope this isn't true because I expect to live longer than forty-five years.) Another queer trick is the following: take your house number and double it; add five;

multiply by fifty; add your age; add the number of days in a year; subtract six hundred fifteen, and the result is your house number and the last two figures are your age! (I can vouch for this as I have tried it and it came out right; the only difficulty about it is the fact that most people become tangled in the figures.)

Mathematicians say figures don't lie, but don't they do some queer things?

Betty Ann Lusk '46



ALUMNI NOTES

1940-1941

Marguerite Cook—Working in Connecticut
 John Silva—U. S. Army
 Arthur Roderick—U. S. Army
 Francis Mooney—U. S. Army—Missing in action
 Elizabeth Martin—Married and working at Marcey's
 Ernest Adams—U. S. Army
 John Farroba—U. S. Coast Guard
 Warren Roderick—U. S. Army
 Anthony Rego—U. S. Coast Guard
 Lucy Bent—At home
 Elizabeth Gaspa—At home
 Mary Jason—Married to Raphael Merrill
 Barbara Cross—Bookkeeper at Chevrolet Garage
 Verna Rose—Married and living in Truro
 Manuel Packett—Married to Bernice Dutra
 Eugene Perry—U. S. Army Air Force
 John Rose—U. S. Army
 Dolores Mooney—Truro Ration Board

1941-1942

Frank Alves—U. S. Navy
 Shirley Atwood—Working in Manchester, Connecticut
 Matilda Avellar—Married to Raymond Souza
 Insley Caton—U. S. Navy
 Ruth Costa—Telephone Operator
 Josephine Crave—Married
 Edwina Crawley—International College, Springfield, Massachusetts
 Barbara Crocker—Married
 Mary Hanson—Working in Boston
 Paula Jette—Married
 Anthony Joseph—U. S. Army
 Dorothy King—Bookkeeper at Cape Cod Garage
 Germania Lopes—Bookkeeper at Atlantic Coast Fisheries
 Irving Malchman—U. S. Army
 Elizabeth Moffett—University of Vermont
 John Morris, Jr.—U. S. Army, wounded in France
 Isabel Menangas—Married
 Eleanor Noons—At home
 Edward O'Rork—U. S. Navy

Carolyn Patrick—Married and mother of a baby girl
 Velma Perry—Working at Atlantic Coast Fisheries
 Constance Phillips—W. A. V. E. S.
 Louis Rivers—Fishing
 Mary Roda—Married and living in Fairhaven
 Marion Roderick—Married and living at home
 Warren Perry—U. S. Coast Guard
 Helen Rogers—Working at Seamen's Savings Bank
 Frank Rosa, Jr.—U. S. Navy
 Alma Rose—Married
 Elmer Rose—U. S. Navy
 Basil Santos—U. S. Navy
 Isabel Santos—Working in Connecticut
 Beatrice Segura—Bookkeeper at Paige Bros. Garage
 Herman DeSilva—U. S. Navy
 Louise Silva—Married
 Norbert Silva—Working in South Boston
 Manuel Simmons—U. S. Navy
 Lucille Snow—Married to Warren Perry
 Marguerite Costa—Living at home
 Barbara Dutra—Married and working for Town Treasurer
 Anthony Dutra—U. S. Army in India

1942-1943

Austin Banks—U. S. Army in Australia
 Frank Costa—U. S. Navy
 Matthew Costa—U. S. Army in France
 Joseph Reis—U. S. Navy
 James Simmons—U. S. Navy, Newport, R. I.
 William Souza—U. S. Navy
 Francis Ventura—U. S. Navy, wounded in France
 Bernard Viera—U. S. Navy
 Reginald Cabral—U. S. Navy
 Robert Oliver—U. S. Navy
 Barbara Alexander—At home
 Joseph Cabral—At home
 Barbara Cabral—Edgewood Park Junior College, Briarcliff Manor, N. Y.
 Eva Cook—Married and living in Newport
 Kathleen Cordeiro—Married and living home
 Jean Days—Married and living home

Shirley Davis—Living in Boston
 Katherine Hill—Attending Nurse's Training School in Boston
 Arthur Joseph—U. S. Army
 James Meads—U. S. Navy
 Richard Roda—U. S. Army
 Priscilla Sants—Working in New Bedford
 Isaiah Snow, Jr.—U. S. Navy in California
 Esther Stone—Working in Boston
 William Sylvia—U. S. Army
 Edith Sawyer—At home
 Gertrude DeLuze—Living in Harwich
 Philomena Holway—Working in Columbus, Ohio

1943-1944

Leona Joseph—Clerk at First National Store
 Miriam Bright—Married
 Jeanne Allison—Attending nursing school in New York
 Mary Hackett—At Swarthmore College
 Carol Whorf—Rhode Island School of Design
 Shirley Veara—Working at Harbor Vanity Beauty Shop
 Clifton Perry—U. S. Army
 Kathleen Joseph—Massachusetts Institute of Physiotherapy
 Eleanor Patrick—Married and living in Tennessee

Lurana Higgins—Working at Hotel Statler
 Elizabeth Perry—Working as bookkeeper at Cabral's Market
 Margaret Ventura—Married and mother of a baby boy
 William Perry—U. S. Army in Phillipines
 Jane Enos—Bookkeeper for Lands End Marine Supply Co.
 Gilbert Martin—Working in West End A & P
 George Rose—U. S. Army in Florida
 Bernard Robinson—U. S. Army
 William Joseph—U. S. Navy
 Arthur Ventura—U. S. Army in Italy
 Edward Turner—U. S. Navy
 Manuel Souza—Defense plant in Cambridge
 Richard Packett—U. S. Army in Florida
 Joseph Bent—U. S. Army in Oklahoma
 Robert Higgins—U. S. Army
 John Fields—U. S. Army Air Forces in Mississippi
 Elmer Silva—U. S. Navy in Virginia
 Joseph Francis—Working at Duarte Motors
 Bernice Dutra—Married to Manuel Packett and living in Hyannis
 Mary Baumgartner—At home
 Victor Ferreira—U. S. Navy

Clarice Joseph, '45
 Gloria E. Silva, '45



CLASS OFFICERS FOR 1944-1945

Freshmen

| | |
|----------------|-----------------|
| President | Harold Brown |
| Vice President | Joseph Santos |
| Secretary | John Lambrou |
| Treasurer | Ernest De Silva |
| Class Advisor | Mr. Murphy |

Juniors

| | |
|----------------|----------------|
| President | Hilda Noones |
| Vice President | Louise Souza |
| Secretary | Selma Robinson |
| Treasurer | Carol Alves |
| Advisor | Miss Martin |

Sophomores

| | |
|----------------|------------------|
| President | William Costa |
| Vice President | Creighton Morris |
| Secretary | Erlin Hogan |
| Treasurer | Elinor Lopes |
| Advisor | Mr. Dahill |

Seniors

| | |
|----------------|----------------|
| President | Matthew Steele |
| Vice President | Anibal Oliver |
| Secretary | Mary Roderick |
| Treasurer | Rudolph Santos |
| Advisor | Miss Medeiros |



HUMOR



Miss Courtney: "When is the dash used?"

A. Oliver: "I use it when I see Mr. Leyden coming down the corridor."

* * * * *

Chickie: "I think a certain senior boy is super!"

Louine: "Oh, he'd be all right if he had gold braid."

* * * * *

Mr. Leyden: "What do you girls find so interesting in this harbor?"

Lorraine: "Contemporary history is taking place out there!"

* * * * *

Clarice: "Why do you study so much?"

Dot: "What else is there to do in a metropolis?"

* * * * *

Mr. Leyden (angrily): "Get rid of those jive records."

Gordon: "Then what'll I do with the Victrola?"

* * * * *

Mr. Dahill: "A skeleton is a man with his inside out and his outside off."

* * * * *

Chickie: "Why wouldn't you like to join the WAVES?"

Jeanne: "I wouldn't enjoy it; it's noncombatant duty!"

* * * * *

Bob: "A king touched my grandfather with a sword and made him a duke."

Eddie: "That's nothing. Once an Indian hit my uncle over the head with a tomahawk and made him an angel."

Rudolf: "What do you do when a person forgets his change?"

Matt: "I tap on the counter with a dollar bill!"

* * * * *

Kathleen: "True love is friendship set on fire!"

* * * * *

Bernice: "When are you going to get married?"

Lorraine: "As soon as he asks me."

* * * * *

Matt: "We're all through with wimmen—
They cheat and lie;"

Anibal: "They prey on us males
Till the day we die."

Matt: "They tease us, torment us,
And in the end they win—"

Anibal: "Say who's that blonde
That just walked in?"

* * * * *

Miss Courtney: "Give the comparative degrees of bad."

Elaine: "Bad; very sick; dead."

* * * * *

Anna: "Kiss me once more like that and I'm yours for life."

Charlie: "Thanks for the warning!"

* * * * *

Mr. Leyden: "Where do you spend all your time? Certainly not studying American History."

Bernice: "It's a military secret!"

Alberta DeSilva, '45

Elaine Gaspa, '45

FRANK O. CASS, M. D. CH. B.

PROVINCETOWN, MASS.

OFFICE HOURS

1 to 3 and 6 to 8 P. M.

Sundays and Holidays by Appointment

No Office Hours Tuesday and Thursday Evenings

Telephone 60

Think well when you think,
Think twice before you plan,
Think thrice before you act.

D. H. HIEBERT, A. B., M. D.

322 Commercial St.

Telephone 75

"A cheerful letter from home helps to boost the morale of the the boys in Service.

"How about writing to that chum of yours today?"

WHITE BROS.

"THAT CREAMY MILK"

Compliments
of
Jesse Rogers' Bowling Alley

MARY A. SNOW

Groceries, Candy, Cigars
Newspapers, Magazines

Phone Wellfleet 176-4

Guilherme M. Luiz & Co., Inc.

BANKERS and STEAMSHIP AGENTS

Remittances to Portugal, Madeira, Azores
and Cape Verde Islands under
U. S. Treasury License

101 Rivet St. New Bedford, Mass
Telephone 3-2296

Compliments
of
GALEFORCE FARM
Grade-A Milk

JOSEPH ALVES

Snowie's Shell Station

Truro, Mass.

Compliments
of
JOHN GREGORY

Class Photographer for 1945

Tel. 655

THE MAYFLOWER GIFT SHOPS

THE CORNER GIFT SHOP

250 Commercial St.

THE MAYFLOWER GIFT SHOP

317 Commercial St.

THE PROVINCETOWN INN GIFT SHOP

1 Commercial St.

Books—Greeting Cards—Gifts—Stationery—Toys

MEET

TREAT

TRADE

BROWNELL'S PHARMACY

224 Commercial St.

Telephone 120

SEAMEN'S SAVINGS BANK

PROVINCETOWN, MASS.

Incorporated 1851

To Our Depositors:

**YOUR ENTIRE DEPOSIT IN
THIS BANK IS INSURED**

IN THE INSURANCE FUND OF THE MUTUAL SAVINGS CENTRAL
FUND, INC., IN THE MANNER AND TO THE EXTENT PROVIDED
IN CHAPTER 43 OF THE ACTS OF 1934, COMMONWEALTH OF
MASSACHUSETTS.

THE CUTLER PHARMACY

Purveyor to the Public of:
Fine Cosmetics
Dependable Drugs
Reliable Service for your Prescriptions

The B. H. Paige Gift Shop

Gifts — Souvenirs

284 Commercial St. Provincetown, Mass.

Compliments
of

H. J. ROBINSON

Look Your Best
The Cut of Your Hair Counts

A. E. Souza's Barber Shop

Results—not Excuses

291 Commercial St. Provincetown, Mass.

Compliments
of

SIVERT J. BENSON

**Everything For the Fisherman and
Small Yachtsman**

Lands End Marine Supply Co.

303 Commercial Street
Provincetown, Mass.

**Fish Net
Accessories
Fishing Tackle**

D. F. MUNROE CO.

289 Congress St., Boston

PAPER MERCHANTS

George Gibson, Chatham

COMPLIMENTS

OF

CHEF'S LUNCH

THE CHOWDER BOWL

PROVINCETOWN'S FINEST
RESTAURANT

A. P. GOFF, M. D.

COUNTY HEALTH OFFICER
Barnstable County Health Department

Hyannis, Mass.

ALLEN & ALLEN, Inc.

Commercial St.

Provincetown, Mass.

Compliments

of

PRISCILLA GIFT SHOP

Opposite Post Office

B. H. DYER & CO.

Commercial St.

Provincetown, Mass.

Compliments

of

Josette's Beauty Shoppe

Prop. Mrs. Josephine S. Enos

Compliments

of

Provincetown Shoe Hospital

James Matenos, Prop.

COMPLIMENTS

OF

JAMES J. PERRY & SON

H. S. HORNE & CO., INC.

STATIONERS and PRINTERS

Boston, Mass.

PILGRIM PAPER CORPORATION

PAPER MERCHANTS

Boston, Mass.

LIGHT

HEAT

POWER

PROVINCETOWN LIGHT & POWER COMPANY

104 Bradford St.

Conveniences for the Modern Home

The Electric Range

The Electric Refrigerator

The Electric Water Heater

PATRICK'S NEWSSTAND

Commercial St.

Provincetown, Mass.

Cape Cod Fishnet Industry

Shopping Bags and Accessories

North Truro, Mass.

Compliments

of

**The William H. Young
Insurance Agency**MYRICK C. YOUNG
ELIZABETH R. CARLOS
Agents**GEORGE S. DUTRA**Meats, Groceries, Liquor, Wines,
and Beer

North Truro Square

Compliments

of

**Pond Village Cold Storage
Company**

Compliments

of

HARBOR VANITY SHOPPE

COMPLIMENTS

OF

THE CAPE COD CREAMERY

HYANNIS, MASS.

WITH THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE

HOTEL VICTORIA

P. J. MURPHY, GENERAL MANAGER

7th Avenue at 51st Street

New York City

COMPLIMENTS

OF

PROVINCETOWN BOOKSHOP

Compliments
of

PERRY'S MARKET

M. Perry, Prop.

Compliments
of

ANYBODY'S MARKET

Meats and Groceries

Tel. 509

31 Bradford St.

Compliments
of

"PROVINCETOWN INN"

Peck and Young, Inc.

Telephone 576

CABRAL'S MARKET

Quality Foods, Low Prices and
Friendly Service

Fresh Fruits and Vegetables Daily

Bonnie Doone Restaurant

Tel. 270

34 Bradford St.

Compliments
of

J. A. LOPES

The Men's Shop

Compliments
of

REVEREND JOHN SILVIA

COMPLIMENTS

OF

MAYFLOWER CAFE

Cherry & Co

NEW BEDFORD, MASS.

**CAPE COD'S LARGEST FASHION
SPECIALTY STORE—FIVE FLOORS**

**Womens—Misses—Juniors—Girls
Boys and Tots Apparel and Accessories**

IN APPRECIATION OF:

GEORGE S. CHAPMAN

Compliments
of

HARBOR LUNCH

Compliments
of

SEA DRAGON CLUB

and

PILGRIM HOUSE

Joseph A. Lewis, Mgr.

COMPLIMENTS

OF

ATLANTIC COAST FISHERIES COMPANY

COMPLIMENTS

OF

CAPE COD FISHERIES, INC.

Compliments
of
CRE'S

J. D. ADAMS, INC.

Tel. 69

Provincetown, Mass.

Compliments
of
DR. GEORGE H. DEARS
OPTOMETRIST

**Watts Socony Service
Station**

Mobilgas — Mobiloil
Mobilubrication

Washing — Polishing

Opposite R. R. Station

Provincetown

Provincetown, Mass.

DUARTE MOTORS

CHEVROLET
Sales and Service

Compliments
of

F. A. DAYS and SONS

Plumbing, Heating

General Contracting

Building Materials

COMPLIMENTS

OF

M. SCHWARTZ & CO.

STATIONERS and PRINTERS

Boston, Mass.

Arnold's Radio & Cycle Shop

329 Commercial Street
Phone Provincetown 318-W

**A Large Selection of Furniture
Radios and General Merchandise**

McCARTHY & SIMON, Inc.

MANUFACTURING SPECIALISTS

7-9 West 36th Street
New York City, N. Y.
Just off Fifth Avenue

**Specialists in
CHOIR VESTMENTS
PULPIT GOWNS
CAPS, GOWNS, HOODS
for all Degrees**

Outfitters to over 2500 Schools, Colleges,
and Churches

CONTRIBUTORS

**COREA'S BEAUTY SHOP
MISS ROGERS' FLOWER SHOP
ISADORE FERREIRA**

**CAPE COD GARAGE
PERSONAL STATIONERY
THE FLOWER SHOP, M. Loring, Mgr.**

L. G. BALFOUR COMPANY

ATTLEBORO, MASS.

Class Rings and Pins**Commencement Invitations****Diplomas—Personal Cards**

Represented by

GENE MANCHESTER

93 High Street

North Attleboro, Mass.

H. J. DOWD COMPANY, INC.**PAPERS and TWINE**

Boston

Cambridge

Represented by Samuel Lombard