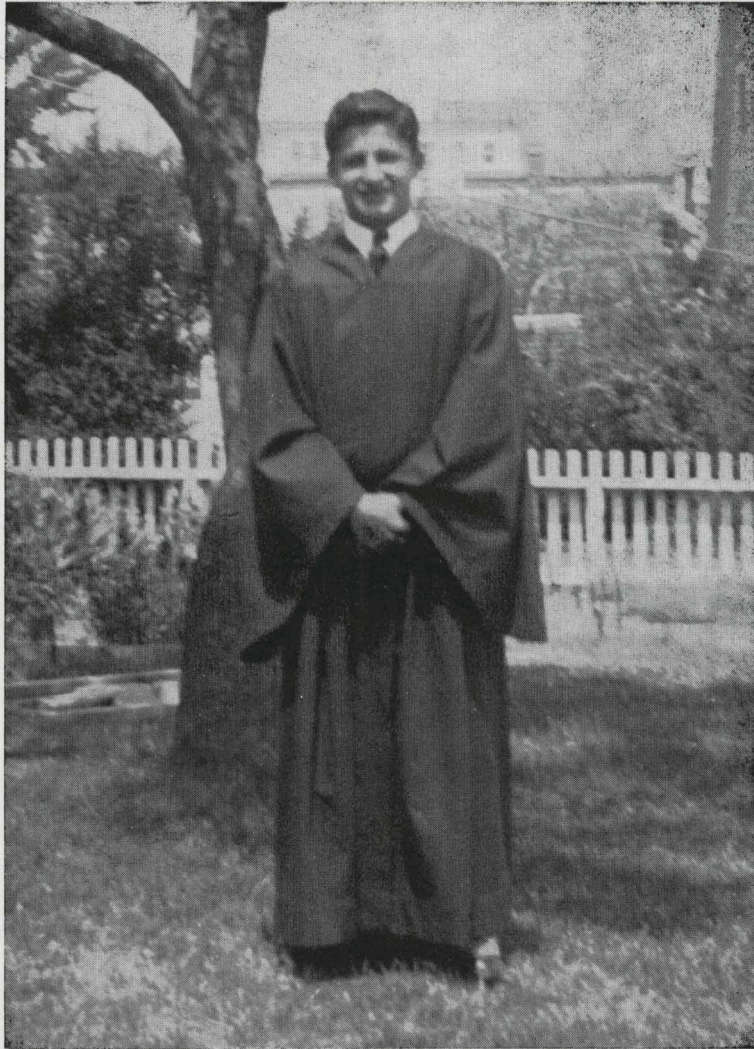


LONG POINTER



1952

„Dedication“



The Graduating Class of 1952 dedicates this year book, with deepest sympathy and sincerity to the memory of a former classmate, Emanuel Jason.

The classes of Provincetown High School were saddened by the death of Mr. Jesse Swett, janitor of the school for many years.

LONG POINTER STAFF



LONG POINTER STAFF

First Row, Left to Right: Yvonne Roderick, Martha Malicoat, Mr. Gregory FitzGerald, Mylan Costa, Linda Jenkins, Margaret Rich

Second Row: Lorelee Drake, Katherine Mayo, Eileen Passion, Roland Salvador, Elaine K. Ferreira, Loretta Steele, Elaine M. Ferreira

Third Row: Robert Welsh, Joseph Patrick, James Ferreira, Joseph Manta, Richard Hopwood

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Sports Editors	Joseph Manta, Mylan Costa
Sports Editor	Yvonne Roderick
Art Editors	Katherine Mayo, Martha Malicoat
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EGIDIO BISCEGLIA
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ANTONE BETTENCOURT, JR.

EDMOND PRASTEK
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Coach

Mr. Delaney

Co-Captains

Conrad Enos

George Gaspa

Paul Cook

Manager

Boy's Basketball

Coach

Mr. Murphy

Co-Captains

George Gaspa

Conrad Enos

Manager,

David Murphy, Jr.

Girl's Basketball

Coach

Miss DeRiggs

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Eileen Passion

Manager

Elaine Silva

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Juniors: Paul Chapman

Elaine M. Ferreira, Secretary-Treasurer

Sophomores: Joan Kenney

Ronald Malaquias

Freshmen: Stephen Goveia

Anthony Lema

Junior High: Thomas Perry, 8A

Melanie Jackel, 7A

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Vice President	Conrad Enos
Secretary	Elaine Silva
Treasurer	Eileen Passion
Advisor	Mr. Malchman

Juniors

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Vice President	Yvonne Roderick
Secretary	Elaine K. Ferreira
Treasurer	Marguerite Meads
Advisor	Miss Medeiros

Sophomores

President	Katherine Mayo
Vice President	Lester Hautanen
Secretary	Janet Gill
Treasurer	Ernest Carreiro
Advisor	Mr. Costa

Freshmen

President	James Ferreira
Vice President	Anthony Lema
Secretary	Avis Perry
Treasurer	Chester Cook
Advisor	Mr. FitzGerald



EDITORIALS



The subject of what to do about the Eastern and Western schools in Provincetown has long been a topic of conversation among the people.

Many of the inhabitants believe that the schools should be torn down and that instead, one large school should be built. Other persons have debated the argument that we should "patch up" the buildings that are now standing.

To patch up these buildings however, would cost half as much as a new school. The heating systems at both buildings are practically beyond repair. People who do not know the conditions that exist should understand that the temperature varies sometimes almost twenty degrees from room to room.

The next thing that must be "patched up" is the lighting system. Then, after that, the ventilation system, and so on. Of course, the greatest factor to be considered is that both of the schools are located on the main thoroughfare where children playing could easily run out into the street and be injured.

I believe firmly that a new school will do away with all these hazards and inconveniences. I also believe those people without children are fighting to "just patch up" the old school, and each time something goes wrong, "fix it later" is the answer uttered. It cannot be the parents of these six and seven year old children saying that. I believe that the parents know of the conditions under which their children are working, and the parents are fighting along with the members of the P.T.A. for new schools.

It is said that the tax rate will go up quite a bit if a new school is erected. This is not true; it will raise the tax rate only \$1.50 over a period of twenty-five years.

This is the argument spread by the people who have no children and who can't see why a new public school is needed.

Unfortunately, there are a great number of these people, and that is why I have written this small editorial; to convince them, not the parents, that a new school is necessary.

Mylan Costa, '52

SCHOOL LETTERS

Every year, the members of the varisty basketball (girls and boys), football and baseball teams are awarded letters for sportsmanship. These letters are earned by members of the teams for playing a certain number of innings, or quarters, etc., or because they have been on the team for two years and have attended practices regularly.

A serious matter has arisen concerning these letters. Many pupils who have not been on the basketball, football or baseball teams, or who haven't been managers of said teams, are wearing school letters on coats, sweaters or shirts. The emblems have been given to them either by older brothers, sisters or boyfriends.

The school letter is an award for participating in a sport and not an emblem of the school itself. A person who has not earned a letter himself should not be allowed to wear one. He should realize the significance of the school letter and refuse to wear an unearned letter for the sake of pride, if for no other reason.

In recent years there seems to have been a lack of school spirit in any sport (except basketball, of course). The overall feeling of "Ah, those guys can't play football or baseball", has affected the desire of pupils to "try out" for the various teams. Consequently many people have lost sight of what the letter stands for and the value of sportsmanship alone (even if you never win).

Pupils should make an effort to participate in sports sponsored by the school. Regular attendance at practices, a desire to improve one's game, and good sportsmanship will warrant them a letter. To possess these qualities, and to be able to exercise them every day is good training for a better life. As one easily can see, a school letter is representative of all these achievements.

Martha Malicoat, '52

THE JUNIOR HIGH

Ah! Here they are, little dears. Bless them! All ready to be big high school kids. How happy they are to get out of school at 2 o'clock. Now they can see a WHOLE cowboy picture at the local theatre and still for only twelve cents. And better still, FREE movies in school.

Clanging bells, homerooms, and seven periods a day must have been confusing and most disconcerting to the seventh graders, at first. But with those understanding junior high school teachers and the willingly helpful eighth graders to straighten them out, they couldn't go wrong.

A bit of advice to members of classes in the HIGH SCHOOL: this is not a warning, or a threat; just morsels of advice carefully weighed and observed to pass on.

Freshmen: don't take advantage of these little people. Remember, they are only a year or two younger than you are. And just because they haven't any idea what the upstairs looks like, and who Mr. Dahill is . . . bear with them.

Sophomores: these are the future Seniors of Provincetown High. Don't peck at them TOO often. Teen-age complexes are most easily formed!

Juniors: A plea . . . have pity on the inhabitants of this section of PHS. When barging down the first floor corridor during recess, take care not to tread on the little people. Look at it from this angle: when you are Seniors, the eighth graders will be Freshmen. And you know that affinity Seniors have for Freshmen. If you maim them now with your big feet and sharp elbows . . . well, do as you choose.

Fellow Seniors . . . Who are they????? Remind the treasurer to buy fly-paper the next time she's downtown. Meanwhile, we'll let the underclassmen mind those little moths, who flutter about a bright light . . .

STOP! We are being a bit sarcastic—a little sadistic, even.

The junior high schoolers are fine kids. They're new at the job, but give them time. They'll make as much of a show as any of the other classes when they get into high school. Meanwhile they are having fun learning to cook

and sew and make neck-tie racks. They are getting their fill of A equals 1w, verbs and nouns, the Himalayas, George Washington, C equals 5/9 (F-32), and so forth. These hundred or more individuals of our Junior High are growing up now. It won't be long before they'll be writing and saying words, similar to these about the classes of '62 and '63.

Martha Malicoat, '52

SCHOOL RINGS

At the end of the school year, it has been the general practice of the Sophomores to select a class ring. There are, of course, many choices; there are black, reds, blues, greens, golds and silvers for colors; square, oval, and round for sizes; there are monuments, schools, Indians, lamps of knowledge, and letters for decorations. Consequently, it seems that every class selects something different from the year before. For the past 10 years or so of all the classes who bought rings there probably hasn't been a repetition of one style. It has merely been a matter of popular choice.

Now, the idea of wearing a class or school ring is to show that one belongs to a particular class or organization, and the ring is the emblem of the membership.

Most colleges have a standard school ring. For instance, the Holy Cross ring is gold with an amethyst stone. A graduate of Holy Cross would recognize the ring immediately. That is the point of a ring. It is a means of connecting oneself to a college, school, or class.

Over a period of years a standard school ring would be easily recognized. A school ring is more unifying than a class ring.

Therefore, Provincetown High School should consider standardizing its rings.

Since the school colors of Provincetown High School are orange and black, it would be not only attractive but representative to have a black stone in a high school ring for our school.

Everyone should realize the preferability of a SCHOOL ring to a class ring as a symbol of graduation from Provincetown High School.

Martha Malicoat, '52



LITERARY



ILLEGAL ENTRY

Now I can tell his story with a clear conscience:

"Theresa," my mother called, "hurry up, we're going over to grandmother's house. One of your cousins from Portugal is here."

When we arrived at grandmother's house a tall sullen man with black hair and brows sat in a chair that he'd tipped back against the wall. He smiled at me shyly when we were first introduced and uttered something in Portuguese. His name was Jaquin.

Jaquin learned the English language quickly. Months passed and Jaquin was working very hard fishing. He couldn't believe it when he was paid, nor could he understand how Americans took so much for granted. His family was poor, so every week, when he received his pay, he would go out and spend his earnings buying presents to send them.

As the months passed and he began to confide in me, I couldn't help pitying him when he told me his story.

It had begun five years ago in a small fishing village in Portugal, then ruled by the Salazar. At the time many young men and boys were taken from their homes and families and forced to go fishing on large vessels. They went on long voyages for months at a time to dangerous and foreign waters, suffering many hardships.

Aboard one of these ships was a young man named Manuel Santos. Poor Manuel was discouraged with this hard life and, seeing no future for himself, longed to be free to work as he pleased. He wanted to do the things he liked, not what the Salazar dictated. These thoughts preyed on his mind constantly.

Oh, if he could only be free to go to America, the wonderful country about which he had so often heard his friends speak. They had told him of the opportunities in this wonder-

ous land. So deep was his desire to come to America, that without realizing it, the thought had become an obsession with him. How would he get to America? Who would help him? What contacts could he, a poor fisherman, make?

He heard in the village one day that another fisherman, Jaquin Joseph, had relatives in America who were trying to get him into the country. This was his opportunity! He immediately contacted Jaquin Joseph and asked if it were possible for him to be included in the plans. After Jaquin had agreed, Manuel told him that the *St. Anne*, a fishing vessel, would be cruising near Nova Scotia on its next trip during the month of March. This was to be their means of escape. It was planned that Manuel would see to it that Jaquin would be a member of the crew of the "*St. Anne*" during the trip. In return Jaquin was to contact his American relatives and plan a rendezvous in order to assist the two men across the border, and into the United States.

The "*St. Anne*" left Portugal on a cold morning in March, and after many days of hard labor, little sleep, and a bread and water diet, they finally anchored off the coast of Nova Scotia. Jaquin could not explain to me the mixed emotions that he felt at his first glimpse of America's shores. He had never been so happy. His eyes glowed with enthusiasm.

They had been told of the punishment they would receive if they were caught, but they still went through with their plans. They knew that these warnings were well founded, yet they were bound to this challenge with their bright desires and dreams of freedom.

With the last of the dusk the two lifted the dory over the side of the vessel and rowed quietly ashore to a new life—a life he has found truly wonderful in his new country, America.

TWENTY YEARS AFTER

As Jessica Bainbridge hurried through the winding, narrow streets of Bakersfield, her thoughts turned back to the day's happenings.

The snow was falling heavily now; she loved snow, it always seemed to make her forget her troubles, and feel warm and happy inside. But, today was Jessie's, as her friends called her, 43rd birthday, and strangely enough she felt no pangs of regret; today she was completely happy. You see, her boss, Mr. Endicott, had asked her for a date. Their first!

"Old maid," the disenchanting thought crept into her mind.

"If she isn't married by this birthday, she's surely missed the boat," that was what she'd heard Emily Barker say to the other office girls, a few weeks ago. How embarrassed she'd felt when Mr. Endicott walked in and heard her quarreling with Emily for her unkind statement. When he had asked what the trouble was, Jessie remembered how she'd shrugged her shoulders, and with a toss of her head, now noticeably streaked with gray, started for her office. She remembered that sudden sharp pain which seemed to tighten like a knot and hold her in its grasp. In a few moments it was gone. She had passed it off as one of the little aches and pains about which women often complain. Come to think of it, she'd had that pain quite a few times, like the day Mrs. Atkins' little boy nearly choked to death on a piece of roast Jessie had given him, and the time when the old hobo, who hung around the corner near Jake's Bar, which she had to pass on her way home from the office, was struck by a truck and killed instantly. She shuddered as the horrible incident passed through her mind and she relived every unforgettable moment of the disaster.

Yes, there had been other times, too numerous to mention. As the inner office phone on her desk jangled sharply, she came down to earth again.

"Will you come into my office." It was HIS voice, strong and clear, "I'd like you to take some dictation." That was how the day had begun

. . . . From the moment she had tumbled out of bed that morning and saw the sun streaming through the windows, Jessie knew today would be a wonderful one for her. It was a crisp winter day outside, and as she walked through the streets of Bakersfield, there was a new spring in her step . . .

She straightened her skirt and smoothed back her hair, pausing to look into the mirror of her compact. Reassured, she shoved it into her pocket and reached for her notebook. With that, she strode quickly into Mr. Endicott's cheerful office.

"Take a letter, Miss Bainbridge," he said, without looking up from his desk.

"Yes, sir," she replied, and hurriedly made the shorthand signs she had grown so familiar with over the years. He rattled on, stopping a minute to light a cigarette.

Jessie stared at him; the fine set jaw, deep set hazel eyes that always seemed to smile, and that wavy hair, now almost completely gray at the temples. My, he was nice looking for a man now crowding 50!

"Ready, Miss Bainbridge," he said "Ready . . . ah-hem, MISS BAINBRIDGE, I'M READY!" he shouted.

"Oh," she stammered, "I'm terribly sorry," she apologized, jumping up. Something fell to the floor with a crash; her compact. It lay there, the mirror broken in little pieces. He stooped and helped her pick them up.

"Do you know what day this is?" he asked.

"Why, why, it's my birthday," she stammered, "b-but, h-how did you know?"

"Well, congratulations," he smiled, "I didn't know it was, but happy birthday anyway. I was just going to tell you that today is Friday the 13th and I'd hoped you were superstitious."

"Oh, it is, isn't it," she replied nonchalantly, trying to hide the uneasy feeling that crept over her. She'd always been superstitious about that certain day. She didn't have time to think about it any more for Mr. Endicott was in the midst of asking her for a date.

"Why, I'd love to," she retorted, "I'd love to."

"Fine," he said, "Pick you up at 9, will that be alright?"

"Why, yes, that's fine, Mr. Endicott," said Jessie, trying not to act excited.

The remainder of the day just breezed by, and mixed feelings of delight, happiness and nervousness gnawed at the pit of her stomach.

Tonight would be her first real date in 20 years. Oh, of course there'd been others, but she'd never let them develop into anything for she'd never get serious over a man again, she'd promised herself more than 20 years ago, almost to the day. It was the night of her 23rd birth-

day and she was to be engaged to Jeff, but that evening Jeff had run off with her best friends, Michelle Condon. They'd said that Michelle was "no good", that she'd lied to Jeff, so he'd had to do what he did.

Then there was his note:

"Jessica, Darling,

"Forgive me for being such a heel, I'll never forgive myself for hurting you so.

"Try not to hate me. Some day we'll be together again.

Always,
Jeff"

She remembered how she'd loved Jeff so, how a part of her seemed to have died after he'd gone and how she lost all desire to live. His last words in the note had stayed with her, "Some-day, we'll be together again". . . . No matter what he had done, she would never stop loving him. She believed that Jeff had had a good reason for doing what he did.

But, all that was 20 years ago. "Forget the past, live for the future," her thoughts seemed to say

"What shall I wear; today is payday, I'll have time to stop off at Handler's and get a new dress. I haven't bought one in ages."

Jessica hummed softly as she trudged happily up the snow-white streets, her heavy galoshes seemed to delay her. She shouted cheery "Hellos" to all the passersby, who smiled and nodded back obligingly. She finally reached the old brownstone rooming house, Number 781; tonight it seemed like a palace. She squeezed the bulky package from Handler's held tightly under her arm.

She showered and dressed quickly, anxiously awaiting her boss.

The new dress did things for her; the gray in her hair, shone like polished silver and her eyes, now displaying a new lustre, were clear and blue. She glanced at the clock on the night table: 9:03; he'll be here in a minute.

A knock on the downstairs door sent her scurrying for her wrap. "Just like Mr. Endicott, always on time," she thought to herself.

She heard Mrs. Atkins' quick footsteps and the sound of the door opening. Now she heard voices. There was Mrs. Atkins', squeaky, high pitched, which somehow irked her, and ah, yes, there was Ted's, clear and mellow, and another, which sounded rather familiar

"Your gentleman friend is here," Mrs. Atkins called up the stairs.

"Be right down," was the quick reply.

As she descended, Jessie noticed how handsome Ted looked in his evening clothes.

"Did I hear anyone else down here with you folks?" she inquired, buttoning her glove.

"It was him," Mrs. Atkins said rather sarcastically; Ted nodded "said he'd been looking for you for a long time, finally found where you were living."

Jessie looked over to the farther corner of the hallway, into the sitting room. Someone was walking toward her.

"Hello, Jessie," he said, "Darling, I've come back. Jessie, I've searched for you for so long!"

"JEFF!" she cried, and staggering, fell limply to the floor.

". . . someday we'll be together again . . . together . . . together AGAIN" the words were but a hoarse whisper.

Jessica Bainbridge was DEAD!

It was the night of Friday the 13th, and outside in the streets of Bakersfield, the snow had stopped falling.

Elaine K. Ferreira, '53

THE SEA'S GIFT

Sept. 19. Today was such a beautiful day, that looking up at the clear, blue of the sky and stillness of the sea, one would never suspect that only two days ago earth, sea, and sky clashed in the most terrible hurricane, that this town has ever witnessed. It was late this morning when I decided to take my usual walk, but today I felt something strange within me. After walking along for a few minutes, I happened to notice a package wrapped in oilskins and half buried in the sand. It was the sea's gift to me. One hundred thousand dollars! Ten times ten thousand dollars! One hundred times a thousand dollars. It's all mine! I'm rich! I had always known that my love of the sea, the glorious sea, the enchanting sea, would be rewarded in the end. Three cheers for the hurricane! I know I won't sleep tonight because I am so excited.

Sept. 20. Last night I was greatly elated over my new find, but I began to wonder what to do with the money. Should I keep it? Shouldn't it be reported to the proper authorities? What's that you said, mother?

"John, never take what is not rightfully yours."

But, mother, I didn't take it. I found it on the beach. I've struggled so hard to get along. Think what this will mean . . . I want to get married. I want children, a home, a car. I can get these things now. I've always wanted them, all my life.

"No, John, it is not rightfully yours."

"Oh, Ma please, don't say it!"

Sept. 21. Oh, God, why can't I feel about it as I did when I first discovered the money? I must report it immediately or life will become more difficult as the days pass. A hundred thousand dollars can buy so much! My father was an honest man, but did we ever own a house? Did any of his children go to college? Did we ever have many new clothes to wear? We've always had to work, work hard, the honest way. What and where did it get us? Lord, I'm so tired.

Sept. 22. Another sleepless night. I feel as though I'm floating through a great maze. My head is whirling and spinning. I can't think clearly. I must decide what to do today or I will surely lose my mind . . . I didn't ask to find the money. It was just there . . . I wouldn't have gone out that day if fate hadn't meant for me to do so. I think this money is rightfully mine . . . I know it is. The sea wanted to repay me for all the attention I have given its every mood.

Sept. 23. I hid my money today. At first I was going to deposit it in the bank, but they'd ask me too many questions. Instead I put it under the third floorboard near the fireplace.

I've reinforced the door with some planks I found on the beach. There are new locks on the windows and on the door also. No one must find out that I have the money. I don't think I will leave my shack to go to church or the club again.

Oct. 15. Yesterday I caught two boys playing near the shack. One of them had a hammer in his hand. The other a saw. I scared them away. I think I will have a telephone installed here.

Oct. 30. The telephone has been installed. It is such a relief to order my few groceries and have them delivered here. The delivery boy has been instructed to knock four times in rapid succession upon my door. I have developed a new habit. I am learning to recognize the fishermen as they go by. Their footsteps are very different from one another.

Nov. 23. I turned down a Thanksgiving invitation to eat dinner at my cousin's house. If she

only knew. Why, I can buy a thousand, a million Thanksgiving dinners. I'm not her poor cousin any longer. I'm not poor . . . Tomorrow I must count my money.

Dec. 24. I don't know where the days and parts of the nights have gone. A whole month has passed and I have not written in my diary until today. I have changed the hiding place to the middle of the floor. The third floorboard was too close to the fireplace. I've made a little peep-hole in the door in order that no one may enter without first coming under my surveillance.

Tomorrow will be Christmas. I think I'll put up a Christmas tree and on it I will hang all my money. A thousand paper bills. I'll hear those confounded whispers again tonight, trying to tell me what I should do with all my wealth.

Jan. 3. I have bought a shotgun. There are too many prowlers about lately and many strange fishermen pass by my doorstep early in the morning. I went out to get a breath of fresh air. Joe Michael came up to me and stood there watching me suspiciously. I asked him what he was looking at. He asked what had been wrong with me. He hadn't seen me for a long time and wanted to know if I was or had been sick. I looked thin and haggard he said. He told me that I looked like a thief—"Unshaven and hollow-eyed" . . . If the whispers would only leave me alone! What shall I do? I'm exhausted.

Cape Cod Standard Times, Jan. 5

The little town of Provincetown is in the news with the suicide of James Ellis. Patrolman J. J. Clement, taking the census for the town, knocked on the door of one of the many shacks on Peter's Wharf, where Ellis lived.

"The peep-hole in the door opened and terror-stricken eyes peered out, and then suddenly disappeared," reported the officer.

The next thing the patrolman heard was a shot-gun blast. He ran to get help and later with the assistance of T. F. James they knocked the door down. They found Ellis in a pool of blood, with the shotgun beside him.

"In his hand," exclaimed the officer, "was an oil skin package containing one hundred thousand dollars."

Boston Post, Jan. 6

**\$100,000 OF BRINK'S MONEY FOUND IN
PROVINCETOWN SHACK.**

Joseph Manta, '52

THE HAT

The rain slapped the pavements in buckets-full and the wind moaned and shrieked until it drove one to pulling his collar up a bit more. The streets were deserted, save for a few lone pedestrians who splashed hurriedly into nearby doorways.

Kent Street was completely desolate, except for a hobo, who slowly slouched up the street cursing the rain and the world. He stepped into a doorway and in disgust, threw his rain soaked hat into the corner.

His thoughts drifted back to a day 15 years ago: he shook hands with his college companion and vowed that in 15 years they would return for a reunion, but he had flopped miserably in the medical profession and now he was a bum.

Two tiny dots flashed into view and he watched them grow larger until the costly looking car pulled up to a stop in front of the doorway.

"Pick me up in an hour, Joseph," instructed the neatly dressed occupant as he emerged from the vehicle. The car drove away as the man stepped into the doorway occupied by the hobo.

"Nasty night, isn't it?" the new refugee from the rain greeted. The tramp eyed the intruder suspiciously and uttered a single word through the side of his weather beaten lips.

"Yeah."

The well attired man pushed back the sleeve of his camel hair topcoat and glanced at his watch. "Eight fifteen," he murmured. Then turning to the tramp he asked, "Been here long?"

The hobo shot a rain soaked butt into the darkened street and turned to the stranger. What's it to ya, who are you anyway, a copper?"

"No, I'm not an officer," replied the stranger. "I just asked because I was to meet someone here." He paused. "I know it must sound strange, but I'm to meet someone with whom I made an appointment 15 years ago. I know it sounds fantastic, but it's true." He lit a cigarette.

"Fifteen years ago, when I was in college, my room mate and I made sort of an agreement, we called it a 'sacred pledge', to meet here at this very corner of Kent and Abington. We vowed that nothing would stop us from meeting, no matter where we lived, or what we worked at,

we'd meet this day, at 8 o'clock. Last I heard of Jim, he was an important surgeon in California. Then the war came and I lost track of him. I always knew that good ole' Jim would make something of himself. He just seemed to have it in him. He was voted most likely to succeed when we graduated from college. Yes, good ole' Jim, I just can't wait to see him. I know he won't go back on his word, he's not that kind of a man. I guess I sort of made good too, but it came easy for me. I had more than my share of good luck, and before I knew it, I was a rich man."

The tramp said, "That's a mighty pretty story, stranger, but it doesn't do my stomach any good. Do you think I'd be putting a big dent in your bank roll if I asked you for a two-bit piece?"

"I don't blame you for thinking it a crazy story. It does sound like something you'd see in a movie, but for playing the part of such an attentive listener, I guess I owe you something." He smiled, reached into his pocket and withdrew a bulky leather wallet, stabbed blindly into it and handed the ragged tramp a bill. The ragged fellow examined the bill and let out a low whistle.

"A fiver, huh? Thanks, buddy, I'd better go get some grub in me. So long, Mac, I hope your pal shows up." With those few words, the tramp turned up his collar and stepped out into the night again.

"Guess I don't know how fortunate I really am," the well attired man muttered to himself, as he watched the darkness and intermittent rain swallow up the tramp. "Poor guy. He must have been hungry; he even forgot his hat." He murmured softly as he picked up the old hat. "Soaked clean through, poor wretch."

As the tramp plodded along he tried to wipe away the salty tears that had mingled with the rain on his weather beaten and aged face; tears which the stranger might have noticed had it not been raining.

"A fiver he gave me, good ole' Jeffrey, that's just like him, always helping someone."

His thoughts took wing and soared back into the past; to college days . . . diplomas . . . handshakes . . . well wishers . . . promises. "but, I didn't go back on mine," he answered as if accused. "Of course he'll never know, but I was there . . ."

As Jeffrey Burns' car purred on its way home, he too, gluded at the lump that had risen in his

throat as he fondled the battered old hat which he had picked up in the doorway. A tear slid down his clean shaven cheek and dropped to his camel hair coat. There, on the sweat band of the battered old fedora, stamped in what had once been bold, black letters was the name, JAMES JACKSON, M. D.

Barry Carreiro, '53

MYTH OF BARCELONA

Long ago, in Spain, there was a beautiful girl who lived on a high plateau near the coast.

The day was stormy, the waves splashed against the rock-bound coast. There were few boats abroad that day and many of the superstitious Spanish fishermen said that when the girl came down, the sea would become calm again and they would have years of fishing success.

From what was said, I gathered that she was called a sea goddess. Then, suddenly all conversation stopped and the eyes of all the fishermen were drawn to the high plateau; then I decided that I would see what the matter was. I looked up and saw a beautiful girl standing at the edge of the plateau looking down at the sea, her brilliant black hair blowing in the breeze. She was clothed in a sea green gown, with a golden crown resting on her long tresses. Her complexion was as delicate as candle-light, touched with deepest rose. As I glanced at my watch I remembered suddenly the picture I was to take. When I looked up again, she had disappeared.

From then on, there was much excitement in the small town about the goddess paying them a visit. For weeks the newspapers and magazines published the story of the goddess' appearance. "A Sign from Heaven" was what the headlines had said.

That night, I could hardly sleep, just thinking about her. I must have fallen asleep, for about two hours. Later I was suddenly awakened by the pounding and shaking of the earth, the terror and the shouting of the horrified people running blindly for shelter. When I had heard this, I hurriedly put my clothes on and snatched up my camera to get a picture of what was causing the disturbance, but when I reached the street everything had stopped. The people had ceased running and were staring at the sky for a ray of light was coming from the plateau. When the

vision came closer, we could see the outline of a woman, then as suddenly as this strange light had come, it disappeared.

We all ran to the wharf's edge and peered into the water and behold, there were thousands of fish swimming and splashing about!

I listened closely and heard a lovely voice say softly, "May God be with you all."

Soon everything was back to normal, but the one thing which seemed different was that all the fishermen, women and children got on their knees and thanked her for their fishing success.

Katherine Gavin

A LETTER FROM KOREA

I guess everyone has a hero; mine was a very special one.

At night when I retire it's just as though I still hear his understanding and comforting voice. The message which comes to me is almost as if he were near me trying to make me understand. That is not easy for an eight year old boy.

One day a telegram came and Mom cried as she tore it open; I guess she already knew what to expect before she came to the part "killed in action".

I cried my heart out but that is not what he'd expect or even want me to do. It made me feel like a coward but without him I felt as if I wanted to die too. I'm sure that part of me did. I can't imagine growing up without hearing his hurried step on the stair, or seeing his cigarette ashes on the floor near his favorite chair. Mom used to get angry at times, but I'm sure she'll miss cleaning them up every morning. Every night I look at his slippers on the closet floor, especially that one with the heel turned in just a little. His leather jacket still hangs in the hall where he put it before leaving, and all the pipes are on the small table near the radio. I can even recall how he looked with that lop-sided smile, and the millions of freckles. Golly, I even remember how Mom used to tease him about them.

I even remember the day we spent at the beach. I didn't know how to swim but he "ducked" me just the same, and I lay there splashing and kicking in the water. He laughed then. All the picnics and motorboat rides when I snuggled up closely between Mom and Dad while salt water sprayed in our faces.

I'll always keep and treasure the last letter to me which I received just a few days ago. Funny how I remember every word.

"Dearest Jimmy,

"It was so good hearing from you. Thanks for your new photograph, I keep it with me always. I've been kept busy, as who hasn't, fighting this war. Korea is a mighty tough place; don't let anyone fool you about that. I think about you constantly, as you know. How I love you, son. Some day soon this will be over; I'll come home and we'll have lots of fun again as we used to.

"I haven't much time now as we are leaving on a mission immediately, but I felt I had to write you before I left. No matter what happens, son, you know I'll be thinking of you and Mom. Be a good boy always and remember me.

Yours,

Dad"

I still can't believe it, my Dad dead on a far and distant shore. I guess he knew he wouldn't be coming back this time, but no matter what the future brings I'm proud of him. Goodbye, my hero.

Constance Pavao, '55

THE CHARMED FLUTE

The night was dismal and silent as it nestled upon the long rambling farmhouse in Alabama. In a corner of the living room the farmer's wife stood playing a musical instrument. It was a flute!

Her husband and brother had retired after a long day in the open fields and she was alone.

She had been playing for some time when she discerned a shadow moving back and forth across her music sheet. She slowly turned to face a huge black cottonmouth, one of the South's most deadly snakes.

Drawn by the melodic strains, the snake had found the open door and silently slithered along the floor toward her.

The sudden shock stunned the woman, and a strange shriek echoed from the hollow reed, but in a few seconds she regained control and resumed playing, for she knew what would happen if she were to stop.

The slender black body was erect, with its

evil head waving dreamily to the rhythm of the charmed melody.

The woman, realizing her dangerous position, began to plan a mode of escape.

The door, yes, the door. If she could only reach it, jump out, and close it in time to trap the huge snake inside.

The journey to the door seemed an eternity. As she approached her goal she found herself faced with another problem; for to open the door she would have to swing it around and thus surely strike the snake.

She halted, hesitant to lead the snake out on the veranda where her husband lay sleeping. There was no alternative. She began the journey of death!

This trip was accomplished without mishap. She reached the open doorway, still followed by her deadly companion.

The veranda was in complete darkness except for a dim light peeping through her brother's door. No light was shining on the veranda where her husband was resting. As she passed him she increased the pitch of the music, but no answer came out to her.

When she entered her brother's room she found him in a deep sleep. Because his bed was three or four feet from the wall she would have enough room to circle the bed so that the snake could follow her.

The second time around she managed to give him a light touch, but this did not disturb his slumber.

Meanwhile her husband, whose sleep had not been so deep, had stirred. His wife's music seemed strange. Something was wrong. He got up silently and opened the door.

The sight sent his brain whirling. Frantically he seized his shotgun and leveled the barrel at the far corner of the room, which was the only spot where he could hit the snake and not injure his wife.

As she passed him, his finger tightened on the trigger and a loud blast roared across the room. The head of the snake vanished.

The woman slumped to the floor. He rushed into the room and gently carried her onto the veranda. The darkness was soon shattered by the hustle and bustle of the curious neighbors who naturally wanted to know what had happened!

Yvonne Roderick, '53

Kiss me, wind of a thousand seas
 But do so, gently;
 Sing to me great forest of trees,
 But do so, softly;
 Hold me, waters of the great ocean,
 But do so, tenderly;
 Hide me, shadows of the towering mountains,
 But do so, kindly;
 For I am tired.

Patti Boogar, '52

"UNDECIDED"

Shall I do it, shall I not?
 Gosh, I sure am overwrought!
 Let me see now, what'll I say?
 Would you like to—no—may—
 May I have the honor—thrill—
 Ugh, I'd better just keep still!
 Why, oh, why must I be shy?
 I'll regret it 'till I die!
 Am I man or am I mouse?
 Now they're playing my favorite Strauss!
 Here I go—this is my chance—
 "May I have the pleasure of this dance?"

Katherine Mayo, '54

BATTLEGROUND

Only the wind heard the sighing
 That mingled with its sound;
 Only the moon saw the dying
 That lay upon the ground.
 Only the earth felt the flowing
 Of blood now growing cold,
 But other hearts are knowing
 Grief that can not be told.
 Though those quiet forms did the fighting,
 Those stilled souls felt the pain;
 In their hearts there's no requiting
 For revenge would give no gain.
 Their tortured bodies lie stiffened
 In snows that are lying deep.
 Don't disturb them where they've fallen
 In tranquility let them sleep.

Only the wind heard their sighing
 That mingled with its sound;
 Only the moon saw the dying
 That lay upon the ground.

Loralee Drake, '52

NIGHT

The night has come,
 With phantom tread
 To cloak the crimson sky,
 And far above the silent sea
 I hear the seagulls cry.
 Voice of night
 I hear you call
 Deep from the shadowed dune;
 I know your song of loneliness—
 A sad and dismal tune.
 I feel your tears
 I hear your sobs,
 That echo from the sea.
 I also see the light of dawn
 And know that you must flee.
 Farewell my friend,
 We have to part;
 For day is dawning bright,
 And I shall wait with heavy heart
 Until we meet tonight.

Patti Boogar, '52

NATURE'S GIFTS

As I stood beside my window clear,
 And viewed Nature's wondrous treasures—
 The valleys, hills and fields of grass
 Filled my dreams and hopes with pleasures.
 The caressing wisps of the sweet spring breeze,
 Fluttered each leaf with a sigh;
 And the soft murmur of the little things
 Seemed to rise, then whimper and die.
 I watched and listened with eagerness
 And realized how beautiful it was
 To live and enjoy Nature's gifts
 That God had made for us.

Yvonne Roderick, '53

THOSE SENIORS

Those mighty Seniors, as they are called,
 Come strutting every morning down the hall.
 They come down the stairs to the Junior High,
 Snobbing everyone as they go by.
 Their noses are lifted high in the air,
 As if there were poison everywhere.
 Down to Mr. Leyden's office they strut,
 High and mighty, but really like little pups.

Shirley Salvador, 8A

NIGHT SANDS

The blowing sands across the dune,
 Ever changing with the moon,
 The sand of palest yellow and brown
 Covering a world so wide, so round.
 How I love the drifting sands,
 Sifting gently through my hands;
 The yellow grains that fly so light,
 Through the long and darkened night.
 Sweeping the dunes so clear and wide,
 Gently brushing by my side.
 I roam the dunes with heart alight;
 To hear the sands, echoing in the night.

Betty Ross, '54

PROVINCETOWN

1.

The waves that dash high on the barren shore,
 The seagulls in flight in wild effort soar,
 The fresh salt sea air with its wonderful zest,
 The flaming red sunset far off in the west,
 The fisherman gay, on his face not a frown;
 There's no place on earth like Provincetown.

2.

On frostbitten days when it rains and snows
 And the perilous force of the North wind blows,
 No matter how raw the cold wind and the
 weather

The fishermen brave all stand together,
 No better a group deserving a crown
 Will ever be seen, but in Provincetown.

3.

At dawn they set out for a hard working day
 And many a problem they meet on the way,
 At dusk you can see, with the flaming red sun,
 These poor weary men when a day's work is
 done:

The boats on the moorings, their sails hauled
 down;

There's no place on earth like Provincetown.

4.

You can take your city with its wonderful sights
 And the noise that continues through the night;
 My thoughts do not wonder, my thoughts do not
 roam,
 My thoughts are to stay in this place known as
 home.

As my memory starts on its journey down,
 There's no place on earth like old Provincetown.

Carol O'Donnell, '55

The night is shaded and unfeeling,
 It's lights wear a cheerless veil—
 A dreamer's fanciful image—
 Absorbed in a sleep serene.
 From the quiet trickle of the lonesome brook,
 Hear the noisy conspiracy throughout the
 nook.
 Then the snows tucked under the darkness of
 night,
 Are wakened at morn in the bright dawn
 light;
 And when the chirp of the birds is pronounced
 alone,
 All animals out of their dwellings come,
 To welcome daybreak with pleasing joy
 or sadness.

Inez Macara, '53

THE WARNING

Oh, I wish that I'd known
 What it was that they meant,
 When they told me to beware,
 Of the sea and the sand,
 And the darkness above,
 And the thing that might happen out there.
 For the sea tried to claim me,
 The sand tried to hold me,
 But the darkness just whispered, BEWARE.

But the sea lost its fight
 And I lived through the night,
 Though it seemed for a while I would not.
 For the sea's call was strong
 And the night was so long,
 And the shore was so far out of sight.
 No, the sea did not claim me,
 For I listened to the warning, BEWARE.

Marguerite Meads, '53

WE FORGET

They fight in Korea,
 While we in peace
 Laugh gaily. While they die
 We go to parties
 And laugh and sing,
 But we forget to pray for them.
 Yes, he lost his leg for freedom's sake;
 But we forget, we of little faith.

Elaine M. Ferreira, '53

Etched upon the sands of time
 With a misty sword stained red,
 Is the endless tale of man's fate
 Written by the hands of the dead.
 A mournful song sung in pain
 It rises from the depths of Hell
 And those who suffer there.
 But deaf to it we mortals be;
 Through vacant eyes we stare,
 Deaf and Blind, life seems sweet,
 No room for grief and care.

Patti Boogar, '52

THE ANSWER

My anguished soul to Reason cried:
 He hasn't gone, it hasn't died.
 I know because a star just fell,
 And it's true, it's true that stars can tell!
 Reason laughed in scorn and said:
 He's gone, but what care you that love is dead?
 For what care stars, they are wise,
 They dream no dreams that die and rise.
 But the wind is high and the world is wide,
 And tell me what is foolish pride,
 When wild winds breathe his name, his name,
 And sweep my burning tears to shame?

Linda Jenkins, '54

JIMMY

Jimmy's lazy, so they say.
 Jimmy dreams the livelong day.
 Jimmy's apt to run away,
 When there's scrubbing, errand running or baby
 sitting.
 Jimmy knows:
 How the chipmunk comes and goes,
 And how the pine tree sprouts and grows.
 One day Jimmy will arise,
 He'll be a man in soul and size.
 Then they'll say in some surprise,
 How came he so strong and wise?

Loretta Steele, '53

SMALL PRISONER

Words, words, grating, leaden words,
 Dull gray mirrors for a thousand silver birds;
 A thousand soaring thoughts, singing wild
 desires,
 Dipping in the surf of the sun's cool fire.
 Swept on moon-washed tides of silver liquid
 light,
 Drinking of the moon, drunk with wild delight;
 Elusive as a snow flake whirled across the snow,
 And of only swift, vague, shadows does the
 blind glass know.
 But in a fleeting second, a smaller weakened
 thought,
 Plunges through a ray of light
 And in a word is caught.

Linda Jenkins, '54

Dull, thundering splash,
 Black water beats the beach—
 Licking over the iced sands,
 Then sliding back—out of reach.
 Tangled in a frozen net,
 Struggling to rise and fly
 As death rolls closer,
 Licking its wing—a cry.
 Above, the moon like a tarnished coin
 Flecks the water with leaden light.
 Greenish mist drifting through
 The darkened, chilling night.
 Black, brittle grass—so still,
 Etching a web in the silver sky—
 Shaken and bent by an ocean wind,
 Twisted into a rustling sigh.
 A breeze shadowing the dunes,
 And ruffling the dying gull,
 Beckons another wave . . .
 A cry—a heavy splash—a lull . . .
 Undulating water crawls toward the creature
 And clutches its prey in the iced hands of death.
 A feather dances away—over the grass,
 As the lifeless form is swirled away in an eddy
 churned by an ocean breath.

Martha Malicoat, '52

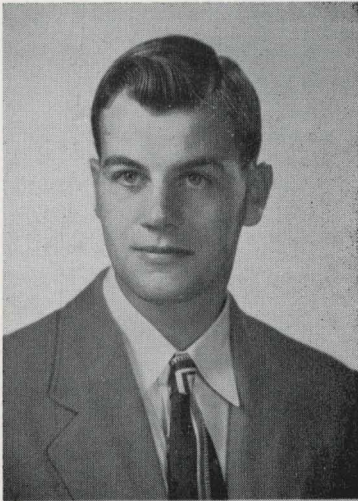


SENIORS



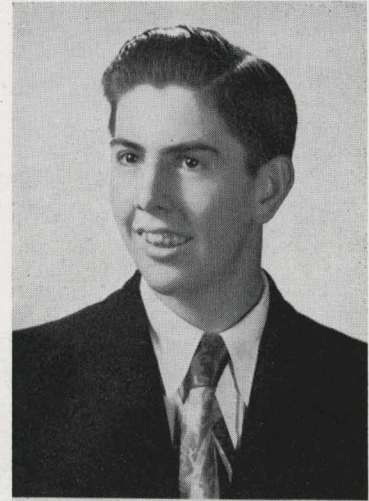
SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

Standing, Left to Right: Conrad Enos, Elaine Silva, Roland Salvador
Sitting: Eileen Passion



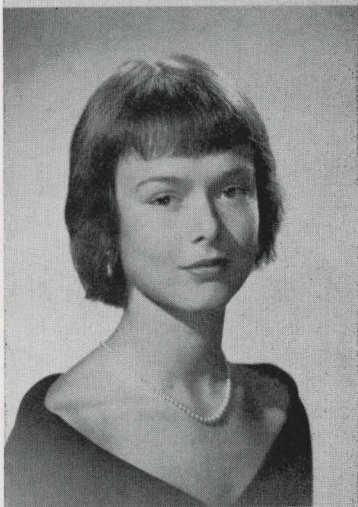
THOMAS O'DONNELL ADAMS

Hobby: Hunting and Fishing
Pet Peeve: Army
Ambition: To be successful
12 years have elapsed since I first took a view
Of my favorite field and bank where they
grew.



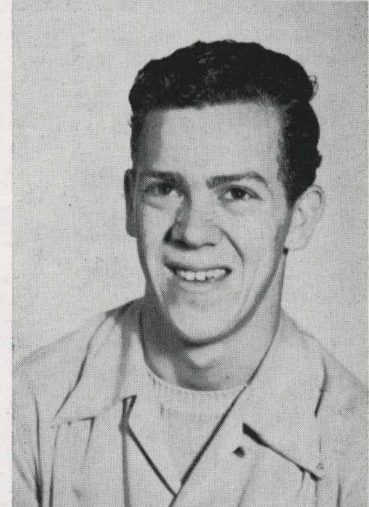
DENNIS ARESTA

Hobby: Sports
Pet Peeve: English
Ambition: To live a long and happy life
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought.



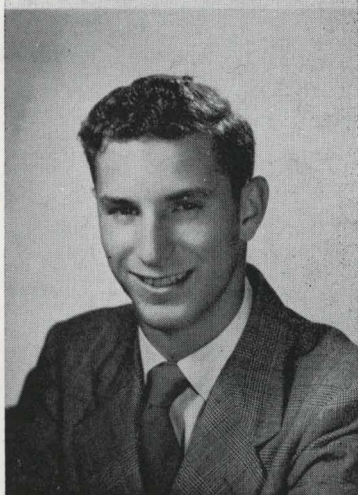
PATRICIA BOOGAR

Hobby: Boxing with Gene, Cooking
Pet Peeve: Other Women, "K.O.'s"
Ambition: To live to see peace in the world
My true love hath my heart and I have his,
By just exchange, one for another given:



JAMES F. CORCORAN

Hobby: Sports
Pet Peeve: Asthma
Ambition: To be a god machinist
Come,, choose your road and away, my lad.



MYLAN COSTA

Hobby: Women
Pet Peeve: Homework
Ambition: To becomea successful playboy
A smile or kiss, as he shall use the art,
Shall have the cunning spell to break a heart.



FRANCELINA CRAVE

Hobby: Writing letters to a certain person
in Mississippi
Pet Peeve: Period I Room 10
Ambition: To be a successful wife to A. J.
Then be not coy, but use your time
And while you may, go marry.



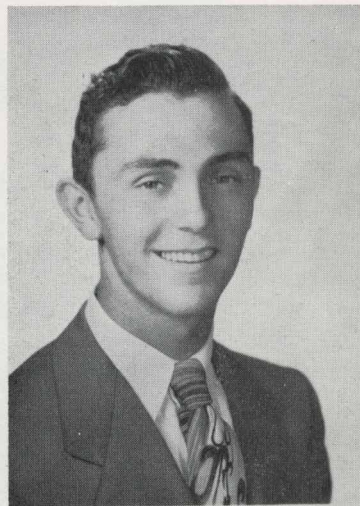
LORALEE DRAKE

Hobby: Art and Reading
 Pet Peeve: Practically everything!
 Ambition: To finish the picture of Mr.
 Malchman I started last fall

When I look into a glass,
 Myself's my only care;

CONRAD ENOS

Hobby: Sports, Eileen, Music
 Pet Peeve: Back Stabbers
 Ambition: To help E. P. make up her mind
 To see her is to love her,
 And love her but forever;



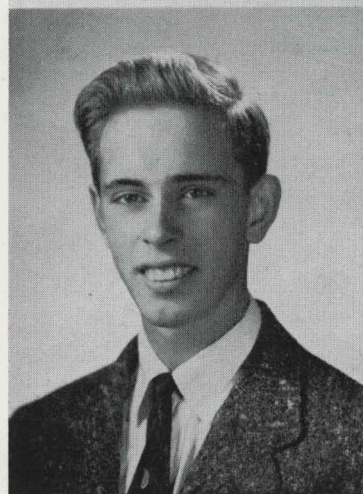
RUTH LUCILLE FERREIRA

Hobby: Sports and writing to D. C.
 (Washington that is)
 Pet Peeve: English IV, Period I and K. S.
 Ambition: To live a happy and successful
 life

Oh why did I awake?
 When shall I sleep again?

GEORGE GASPA

Hobby: Sports
 Pet Peeve: Wise Guys
 Ambition: To be successful
 But oh, good Lord, the jokes you make,
 It gives a chap the belly ache.



ROBERT GROZIER

Hobby: "Them Truro Hills"
 Pet Peeve: English
 Ambition: To become a farmer
 Oh, country guy, the hour is nigh,
 The sun has left the lea.

MARY GUILFOYLE

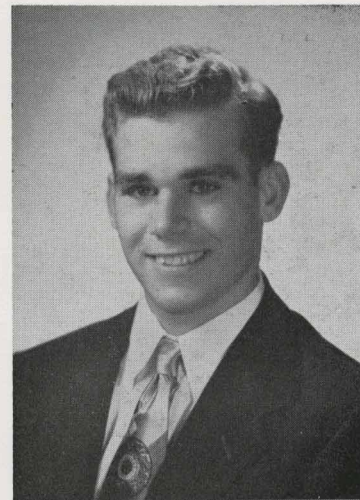
Hobby: Piano Playing
 Pet Peeve: T. H.
 Ambition: To be successful
 Seek'st thou the flashy brink
 Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide;





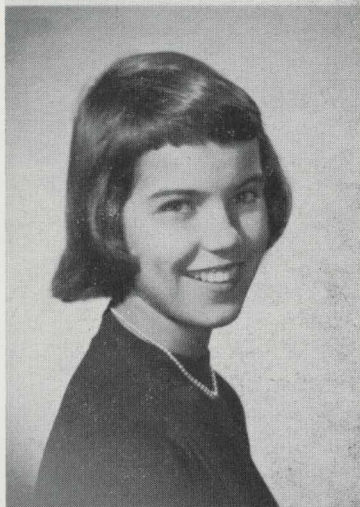
DORRANCE LINCOLN

Hobby: Sports
Pet Peeve: People that lean on other people
Ambition: To be a good diesel mechanic
Then the world seemed none so bad
And I myself a sterling lad;



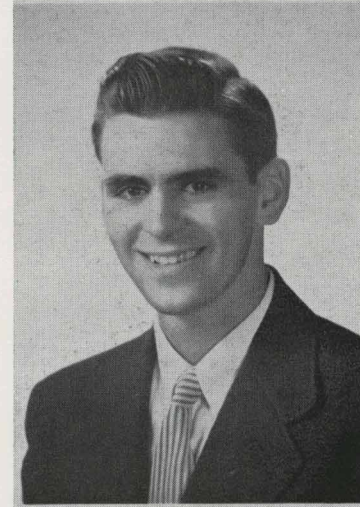
MANUEL MACARA

Hobby: Swimming
Pet Peeve: All subjects pertaining to the subject
Ambition: See the world
My mother bore me in a seaport town,
I wear the sea as others wear a crown.



MARTHA MALICOAT

Hobby: Eating, and Animals
Pet Peeve: J. M., P. B., M. C.
Ambition: To wander and roam around alone
I fill this cup to one made up
Of loveliness alone.



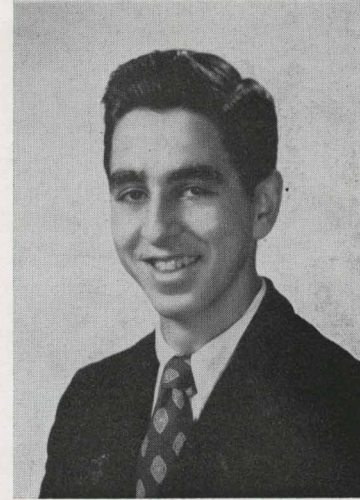
JOSEPH MANTA

Hobby: Guitar
Pet Peeve: Lass with a delicate air
Ambition: To get in and out of the service
as soon as possible and attend college
Her lips were so near
That—what else could I do?



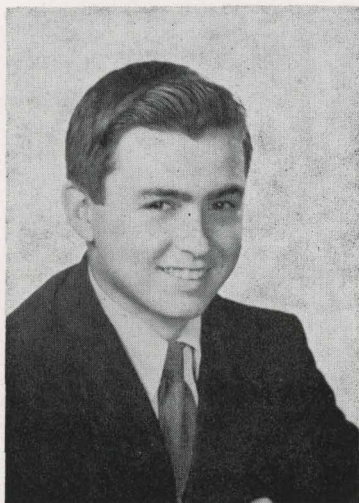
RITA DELORES MEADS

Hobby: Cooking and Dancing
Pet Peeve: Radio and Television Commercials
Ambition: To be happy and contented
There is none
Under the sun
Like to her.



ROBERT MEDEIROS

Hobby: Collecting money
Pet Peeve: Senior Girls
Ambition: To live a very,very,very, wealthy life
'Tis time to leave the books in dust,
And oil the unused armor's rust,—



LEO MORRIS

Hobby: Sports
 Pet Peeve: English
 Ambition: To be an Electrician
 I stay my haste, I make delays
 For what avails this eager pace?

PHYLLIS PACKETT

Hobby: Art and writing letters to C.P.G.
 Pet Peeve: Catty people
 Ambition: To be a success in what ever I do
 The springtime of her childish years
 Hath never lost its fresh perfume.



EILEEN PASSION

Hobby: Music, Sports, that certain party
 Pet Peeve: Being called a shader
 Ambition: To make up my mind
 She doeth little kindnesses,
 Which most leave undone ,or dispised.

PATRICIA ANNE RODA

Hobby: Knitting and Bowling
 Pet Peeve: A certain Sophomore Miss
 Ambition: To be healthy, successful through-
 out life
 I have two friends—two glorious friends—
 Two better could not be,—



PHILBERT RODERICK

Hobby: Swimming
 Pet Peeve: A. P.
 Ambition: To be as good a mechanic as Joe
 Mike, and to make good at
 U. D. T.
 Others, I am not the first,
 Have willed more mischief than they durst:

ROLAND SALVADOR

Hobby: Fishing, Bowling, Dancing,
 Music
 Pet Peeve: People who judge others by them-
 selves
 Ambition: To be able to further my edu-
 cation
 The drug clerk stands behind the counter,
 Young and dapper, debonair





ROBERT JOHN SANTOS

Hobby: Fishing, Bowling, Ice Skating,
Dancing

Pet Peeve: Being late

Ambition: To be successful and enjoy life

What wondrous life is this I lead,
Ripe apples drop upon my head;

LAWRENCE SEGURA

Hobby: Sports

Pet Peeve: Room I

Ambition: To be successful in whatever I
undertake

Give to me the life I love



ELAINE CONSTANCE SILVA

Hobby: Dancing, Sports, and that certain
someone

Pet Peeve: Studying and writing letters

Ambition: To live a long and happy life

Oh then I saw her eye was bright,
A well of love, a spring of light.

KENNETH JAMES SILVA

Hobby: Dancing

Pet Peeve: Getting up for school

Ambition: To own a hopped up Oldzy

He that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,—



ANNE MARIE SILVIA

Hobby: Cooking and writing a letter to
Lexington

Pet Peeve: Being called Annie

Ambition: To find happiness and make many
good friends

If any star shed peace,
'Tis thou that send'st from above,—

LORRAINE FAIRFAX SMALL

Hobby: Rooting for the Boston Red Sox

Pet Peeve: Conceited people

Ambition: To be happy

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace;



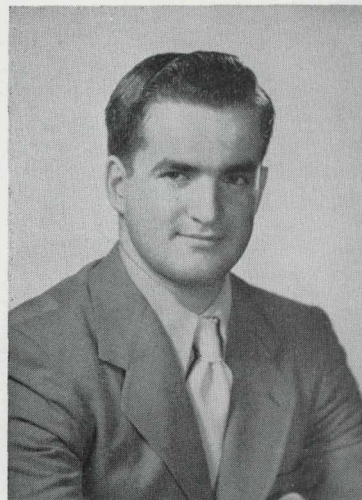


MARGARET ROBERTA SMITH

Hobby: Making new friends
 Pet Peeve: People who think they know everything
 Ambition: To have my picture in Esquire
 Her feelings have the fragrancy,
 The freshness of young flowers;

BERNARD EARLE SYLVIA

Hobby: Driving and Speed
 Pet Peeve: Slow drivers
 Ambition: To be a mechanic
 I only ask that future send
 A little more than I shall spend



CLIFFORD TAYLOR

Hobby: That certain person
 Pet Peeve: Inconsiderate people
 Ambition: To be a state trooper
 In spite of all the learned have said
 I still my old opinion keep.

STELLA AGNES TURNER

Hobby: Sleeping and Cooking
 Pet Peeve: Room 11
 Ambition: To be a successful wife
 Speak now, and I will answer.
 How shall I help you, say?



DANIEL HOWARD WHITE

Hobby: Driving Trucks
 Pet Peeve: Women
 Ambition: To be a mechanic
 The mountains they are silent folk,
 They stand afar—alone;

PHYLLIS MAE WHITE

Hobby: K. R. M.
 Pet Peeve: Waiting
 Ambition: To be a millionairess
 I am monarch of all I survey,
 My right there is none to dispute—



CLASS HISTORY

We began the happiest and best years of our lives in Septmeber of 1948, our Freshman year. Even though we were considered small and unimportant juveniles at this time, little did the faculty realize how ambitious this class would turn out to be.

However, the class of '48 gave us a wonderful Freshman Reception and the welcoming will always be remembered by most of us.

We held our first class meeting and after much struggling in an unorderly class meeting we chose the following class officers:

President	Joseph Manta
Vice President	Conrad Enos
Secretary	Mylan Costa
Treasurer	Kenneth Silva
Class Advisor	Mrs. Silva

Naturally a Freshman isn't allowed to put on any activities so all that was accomplished during this year was to pay twenty-five cents a month for dues and select green and silver for class colors.

We started our Sophomore year with everyone looking forward to our first activity, a cake sale. This was such a huge success that we were given permission to hold another one; a privilege that is very seldom granted. Class officers chosen this year were as follows:

President	Joseph Manta
Vice President	Conrad Enos
Secretary	Rita Meads
Class Advisor	Mrs. Silva

Our Junior year proved one of hard work and many activities, all of which were financial and social successes. The first of these was a Harvest Dance, held in the gymnasium with a large crowd attending. Music was by the best bands in the lands, records. Next came the Junior Prom and the Senior Prom, the two affairs we had looked forward to for so long. Music was supplied by the Top Hatters from Taunton and despite the weather a large crowd attended the Junior Prom. The Senior Prom was also a success and again the Top Hatters supplied the music. Then came the dreaded Junior Declamations. The finalists were Mylan Costa, Roland Salvador, Eileen Passion, Ann Silva, Phyllis Packett, Phyllis White, Loralee Drake, Patricia Boogar, Harriet Paine and Martha Malicoat. First prize went to Patricia

Boogar, second prize to Roland Salvador, and third prize to Eileen Passion. So at the end of our Junior year we had quite a large purse which aided us to go to New York. Class officers this year were:

President	Joseph Manta
Vice President	Eileen Passion
Secretary	Phyllis White
Treasurer	Roland Salvador
Class Advisor	Mrs. Silva

This closed our Junior year and during the summer we got a rest that we would need to face our Senior year.

This year has been our busiest. Every day is spent planning on what to do next because now we have an activity every month. In September we held a Freshman Reception in the auditorium. This was a huge financial and social success. Next was the sale of Christmas cards, stationery and wrapping paper. This activity lasted all of the month of October and part of November. In November we held a chicken pie supper and in December a Giant Whist Party, both of which were successes. The month of January was spent in preparation for the class play which was to be held on February 25 and 26. This activity, though it took much work, was one of the most important financial successes we held.

Our next activity was a cake sale on March 15 in Herman Robinson's store. Two weeks later we held a ham and bean supper at the K. of C. Hall. Ham, beans, potato salad, cake, and coffee were served to a very large crowd. This was the last activity of the Senior year and now we are ready for our New York trip which is planned as follows: tours of New York, Radio City, etc., attend "Top Banana" and "Paint Your Wagon", see the circus, and have a day and night free. Officers for the year are:

President	Roland Salvador
Vice President	Conrad Enos
Secretary	Elaine Silva
Treasurer	Eileen Passion
Class Advisor	Mr. Malchman

Most of us have enjoyed our school years and ever since we were little Freshmen we have looked forward to graduation but now that it draws near our opinions are somewhat changed and we wish that it hadn't crept up on us so fast.

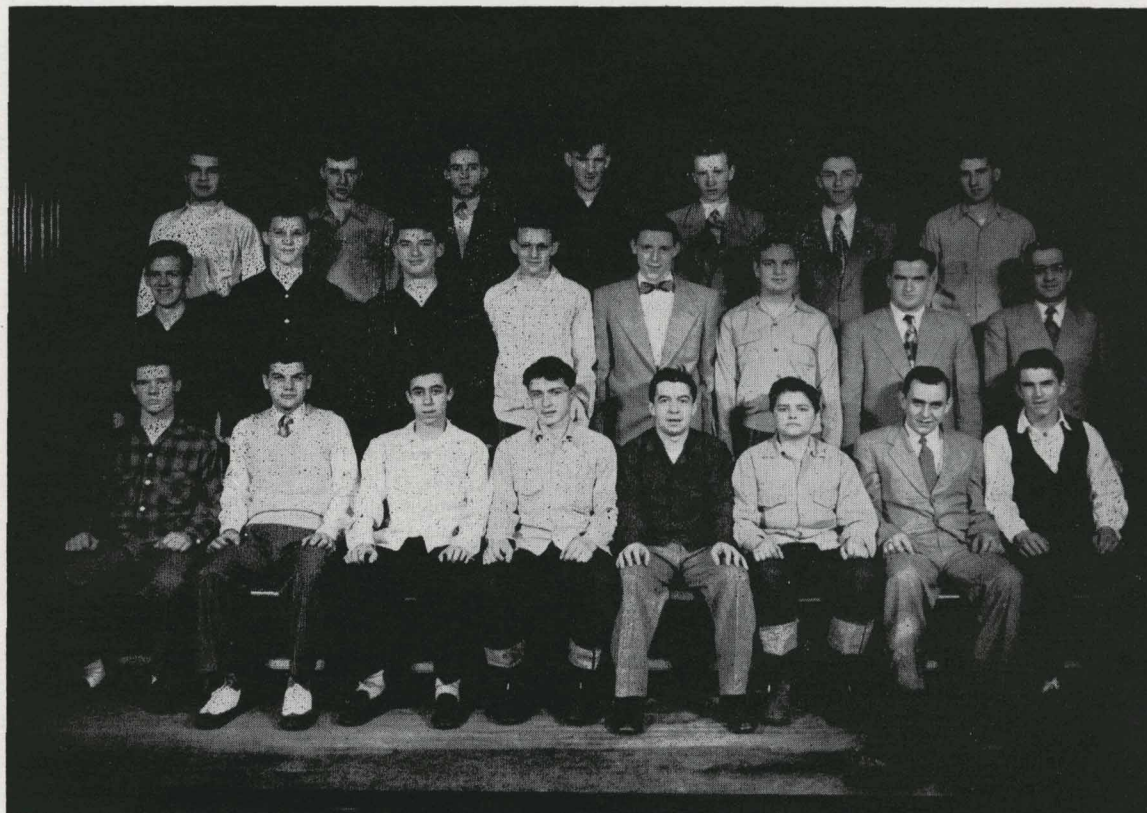
Roland Salvador, '52

SENIOR SUPERLATIVES

Best Girl Student	Martha Malicoat	Most Conceited Girl	Phyllis White
Class Artist	Loralee Drake	Class Flirt	Phyllis Packett
Class Actor	Roland Salvador	Man Hater	Lorraine Small
Girl with most Poise	Eileen Passion	Best Dressed Girl	Margaret Smith
Most Subtle	Lorraine Small	Most Reserved	Lorraine Small
Girl with the best figure	Margaret Smith	Biggest drag with the faculty	Eileen Passion
Most Athletic Boy	Conrad Enos	Class Pet	Elaine Silva
Class Acrobat	Joseph Manta	Most Athletic Girl	Eileen Passion
Most Bashful	Lorraine Small	Woman Hater	Bernard Sylvia
Best Girl Dancer	Eileen Passion	Personality Plus	Elaine Silva
Most likely to succeed	Martha Malicoat	Best Boy Student	Mylan Costa
Wittiest	Robert Medeiros	Most Tactful Girls	Martha Malicoat and Patricia Boogar
Most dignified	Loralee Drake	Most Original	Patricia Boogar
Class Baby	Leo Morris	Best Boy Dancer	Conrad Enos
Done the most for the class	Roland Salvador	First to have a bay window	Daniel White
Most Attractive Girl	Rita Meads	First to be Married	Stella Turner
Best Dressed Boy	Roland Salvador	Biggest Appetite	George Gaspa
Most Conceited Boy	Kenneth Silva	Class Pest	Manuel Macara
Class Musician	Philbert Roderick	Class Actress	Phyllis Packett
Handsome Boy	Manuel Macara	Class Favorite	Stella Turner
Million Dollar Smile	Kenneth Silva	Boys with the best physiques	Lawrence Segura and Clifford Taylor
Class Clown	Robert Medeiros		



UNDERGRADS



VOCATIONAL GROUP

PROVINCETOWN VOCATIONAL SCHOOL

This year, Provincetown Vocational School began with an enrollment of 26 boys. All these boys are eager to work hard and spend plenty of time learning a trade. The boys were divided into two classes, the Senior Class and the Sophomore-Junior Class. The latter was combined because of the small number of boys enrolled in the Vocational School. New equipment has been provided for the boys such as a milling machine, honing machine and some tools to replace those which had been broken. Also, for related instructional purposes, we have added to our library a set of film strips dealing with automotive subjects. The instructors have

adopted a new system in the shop. Every boy has the job of being shop foreman for one week. This system has succeeded admirably.

The work at the Vocational School is largely concerned with practical experience, the remainder consisting of a few regular academic-type courses. Under the supervision of their capable instructors, they've done odd jobs for the fishing fleet and also have taken an important part in boring out wheels for Flyer's new boat railway. Due to the size of the fishing fleet and the number of automobiles here during the summer, there is a great demand for this type of work.

Conrad Enos, '52



COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT

COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT

The Commercial Department at PHS, in the 1951-52 school year, consisted entirely of girls, save for one member of the opposite sex, who decided that girls weren't enough to keep him from earning two credits in typing class.

Miss Kathleen J. Medeiros, instructor in the Commercial Department had an enrollment of eleven girls in the bookkeeping class and thirteen girls in the shorthand class and thirteen girls and one boy in the typing class, all Juniors.

Classes got rapidly underway and several projects were outlined to be completed during the year.

The stenography class made greeting cards for the holidays, writing the verses in shorthand and each week, one member of the class transcribed a newspaper editorial in shorthand for the class to study.

The class also enjoyed several entertaining hours and one of the most unforgettable events was our famous Christmas dinner. On December 18, the class adjourned to the Household

Arts room instead of the cafeteria, where we feasted on the wonderful dinner served at school. The table was appropriately decorated and name cards with verses in shorthand were above each place. Gifts were exchanged and Christmas carols were sung. Several pictures were taken; cakes and other goodies were enjoyed by all.

Mr. Edward J. Dahill, our homeroom teacher, was invited to come in and "eat his fill". Incidentally, he was "snapped" (photographed) while doing so.

Miss Medeiros received a gift from the class and everyone agreed that it was a lot of fun, even though we couldn't move because we ate too-oo much.

The bookkeeping class also took over the lunch room, under the supervision of Miss Medeiros, as a class project. The class kept count of lunch tokens, money and milk tokens for the month of October.

It may be readily said that we really enjoy our studies in the Commercial Department.

Elaine K. Ferreira, '53



JUNIOR CLASS

JUNIOR CLASS

On Wednesday, September 5, 1951, at 8 A. M., approximately 35 sleepy, anxious and bewildered Juniors stalked into room 12, the customary Junior homeroom, where we would prepare to further our education.

Being a class which settles down to "brass tacks", we lost no time in holding our first class meeting. It occurred on September 6 and the election of class officers took place. The results were as follows:

President, Paul Cook; Vice President, Yvonne Roderick; Secretary, Elaine K. Ferreira and Treasurer, Marguerite Meads. Class Advisor, Miss Medeiros. Student Council representatives chosen were, Josephine Marshall and Paul Chapman. Elaine M. Ferreira was selected to replace Josephine who left PHS to attend school in California.

Class rings had already been ordered at the end of our Sophomore year, and their arrival was anxiously awaited by all. On September 19, they finally arrived, followed by much excitement, commotion and I might add, criti-

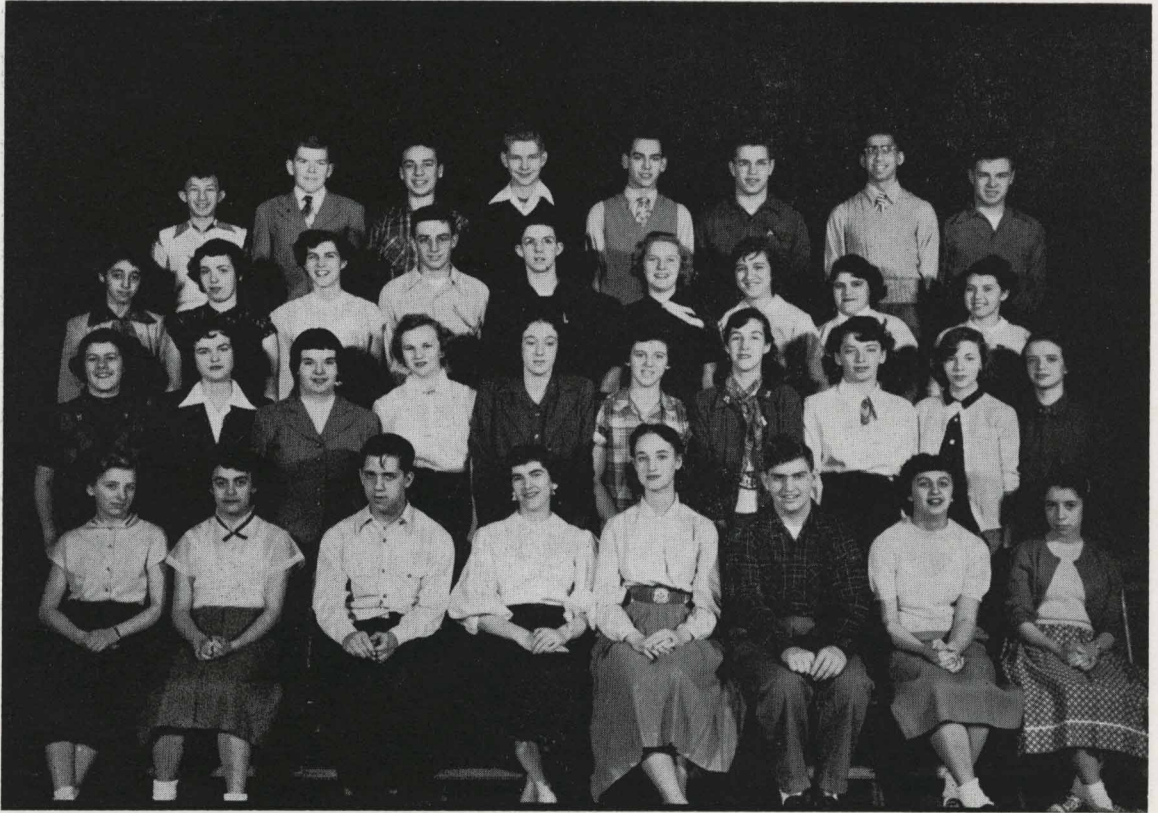
cism. But, this was only another milestone reached in our Junior year of high school.

With further class meetings, plans were mapped for the year's activities, first of all, the selling of refreshments at sports events. Adding the profits from refreshments to our rapidly growing treasury, our next plans were for the annual Junior Hallowe'en Dance, which it was decided, would be called "Hallowe'en Hop". Satisfied with this event, which was highlighted by "real live music", we went on to further our plans for the year.

With the coming of basketball games in Camp Edwards and Boston Garden, it was decided that we would sell Orange and Black "frosh" beanies. Our decision proved worth while, for the hats sold like "hot cakes" and it wasn't long before practically everyone in Provincetown was sporting one.

Our girls' inter-class basketball team defeated the Sophomores 39-24 to win the championship and retire the inter-class trophy to Room 12, where it can be plainly seen, resting proudly on its shelf in a corner of the room.

Elaine K. Ferreira, '53



SOPHOMORE CLASS

SOPHOMORE CLASS

Now we are Sophomores. No longer pampered Freshmen, but competing and being made to fight for our own. The officers we elected this year are: President, Katherine Mayo; Vice-President, Lester Hautenan; Secretary, Janet Gill; and Treasurer, Ernest Carreiro. Our representatives to the student council are Joan Kenney and Ronald Malaquias. Our class advisor is Mr. Richard Costa.

This year meant a lot to us, for we were allowed to put on our first activity . . . a dance.

It was called "Winter Carnival" and proved a success both socially and financially. This dance was presented on December 7th. For weeks before the event, we could be seen industriously making decorations, posters, etc.

The Sophomores were given the privilege of putting on another activity, which is to be a cake sale sometime in the spring. In addition we will soon sell "all occasion" cards.

Maybe we'll make Bermuda on our Senior Class trip!

Katherine Mayo, '54



FRESHMAN CLASS

FRESHMAN CLASS

Our parents are always saying to us, "It seems like only yesterday when you entered school." To us, of course, it seems like centuries. As we are only Freshmen in High School, the Seniors and Juniors look upon us as if we were first graders. It's quite a different feeling than when we were in the eighth grade and could boss around the seventh graders.

Early in September, our first class meeting

was held. The following people were elected to office: President, James Ferreira; Vice President, Anthony Lema; Treasurer, Chester Cook; Secretary, Avis Perry; and Student Council Representatives Stephen Goveia and Anthony Lema. Mr. FitzGerald was elected as class advisor. Silver and blue were selected as class colors, and the dues, 25 cents monthly.

After the Freshman Reception, we feel that we were really a part of the high school.

Robert Welsh, '55



JUNIOR HIGH EIGHTH GRADE



JUNIOR HIGH SEVENTH GRADE

ACTIVITIES



STUDENT COUNCIL

First Row, Left to Right: Paul Chapman, Martha Malicoat, Clifford Taylor, Elaine M. Ferreira
Second Row: Melanie Henrique, Thomas Perry, Anthony Lema, Ronald Malaquias,
Steven Goveia, Joan Kenney

THE STUDENT COUNCIL

This year, the Student Council of the high school has been more active than ever before. Under the excellent guidance of our advisor, Mr. Murphy, the Council's activities have broadened and increased.

In September, shortly after the Council was organized, the cheerleaders were chosen. Four new girls were elected in addition to four who had already been chosen cheerleaders in past years.

On November 27, the Student Council attended the Fall Convention of the Southeastern Branch of Associated Bodies of Student Councils of Massachusetts at Middleboro High School.

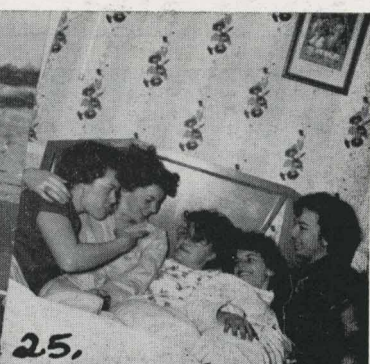
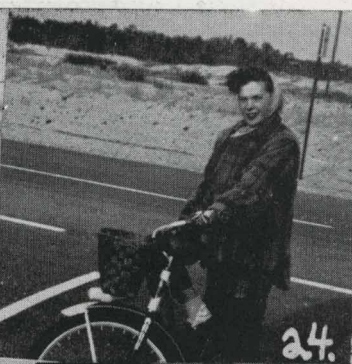
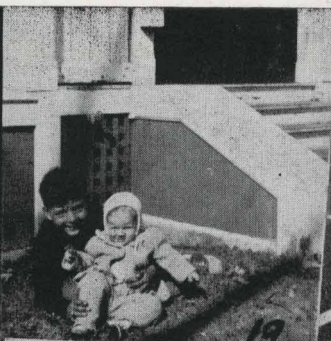
All members of our Council were able to attend. We saw how other Student Councils

operated and learned the extent of their activities. Panel discussions and question periods were held. The entire program was conducted by members of the various student bodies. In the evening a very interesting resume of the National Student Council Convention was held in Boston. A banquet was given for those who attended the convention. Before the banquet, there was dancing. It was a great deal of fun, in addition to being instructive and educational.

The treasury of the Student Council is rather low. The expenses of our trip to Middleboro were defrayed by the individual members. Consequently a money-making plan was begun to raise funds for future conventions, to provide new Student Council pins that have been bought, and to build a foundation for following



1. Seniors' Sunday Afternoon Party
 2. Commercial Department Takes a Breather
 3. Music by Lane Enjoyed by Three
 4. Are We Really That Angelic? (Sr. Girls Slumber Party)
 5. "Gougie"—Baseball Star
 6. "Dolly" and Tommy at the Blessing of the Fleet
 7. No Parking??
 8. Manager and Captain After a Basketball Victory
 9. Those Seniors Again
 10. When We Were Young (Juniors)
 11. Still At It Elai
 12. Mr. Malchman
 13. How Many Pie
 14. "Hold It"—Xm
 15. After a Long D



... K.??
... and Seniors in a Huddle
... es of Cake Does Mr. Dahill Have?
... as Party
... ay in N. Y. C.

16. At Recess in Room 12
17. Senior Girls Saturday Morning
18. Clean Up Committee
19. Our Senior President (Left)—Who's the Dame??
20. Nantucket Bound

21. Miss Los Angeles (Jo Marshall)
22. Grand March Junior Prom 1951
23. A Freshmen Toast
24. Peggy Smith's Cadillac Convertible
25. Will They Ever Shut Up?



P. H. S. ORCHESTRA AND BAND

Councils to work on. Lately there has been a sale of Easter candy. This plan may prove to be a "gold-mine". With full cooperation and whole-hearted enthusiasm from future members of the Provincetown High School Student Council will have the pleasure of attending conventions or invitations to other schools, all expenses paid.

Meanwhile, EVERYONE should be aware of the extreme importance of an active Student Council. It is the liason between the students and faculty. A better understanding of the two elements is essential in our school. A genuine interest in those who are chosen to represent their classes will increase responsibility, and a realization of the significance of the Council's functions and existence.

A panel discussion has been scheduled as an assembly for the whole school on April 23rd. The topics, which the Council has considered of importance to the school are: the rules of eligibility allowing individuals to wear school letters, how cheerleaders should be chosen, marking of school property, and standardization of high school rings.

The members of the Student Council this year

are: Melanie Jackel, 7th grade; Thomas Perry, 8th grade; Anthony Lema and Stephen Goveia, Freshmen; Joan Kenney and Ronald Malaquias, Sophomores; Paul Chapman and Elaine M. Ferreira, Juniors; and Clifford Taylor and Martha Malicoat, from the Senior class. Earlier in the school year, Josephine Marshall, who had been elected as one of the junior representatives, moved to California. She was replaced by Elaine Ferreira who has done a very fine job as secretary and treasurer.

Student Council officers are:

Martha Malicoat	President
Clifford Taylor	Vice-President
Elaine M. Ferreira	Secretary and Treasurer

Martha Malicoat, '52

SENIOR CLASS PLAY

On Monday and Tuesday nights, February 25 and 26, 1952, the Senior Class presented the three act comedy, "Growing Pains" by Aurania Rouval, in the PHS auditorium. The play depicts the problems that a father and mother must face when their growing teen-age children



SENIOR PLAY CAST

First Row, Left to Right: Robert Mederios, Rita Meads, Peggy Smith, Ann Silva, Robert Grozier, Francelina Crave, Patricia Roda, Phyllis Packett, Eileen Passion, Roland Salvador
 Second Row: Phyllis White, Elaine Silva, Martha Malicoat, Joseph Manta, Mylan Costa, Dennis Aresta, Robert Santos, Kenneth Silva, Stella Turner, Ruth Ferreira, Lorelee Drake

face their first emotional upsets. George, a sixteen year old who emphatically states that HE isn't going to "fall" for just ANY pretty face and Terry, a fourteen year old girl who doesn't understand why girls can't ask boys to dances, get themselves into several hilarious situations. The climax comes when George hits a policeman (because of the love of a sophisticated little vamp) and brings disgrace on his family and laughs to the audience. The play was directed by Mr. Arthur Malchman and Miss Kathleen Medeiros; the scenery was set up by Richard Santos and painted by Lorelee Drake.

Everyone did a wonderful job with his own particular part and the play was more of a success socially than financially.

Cast:

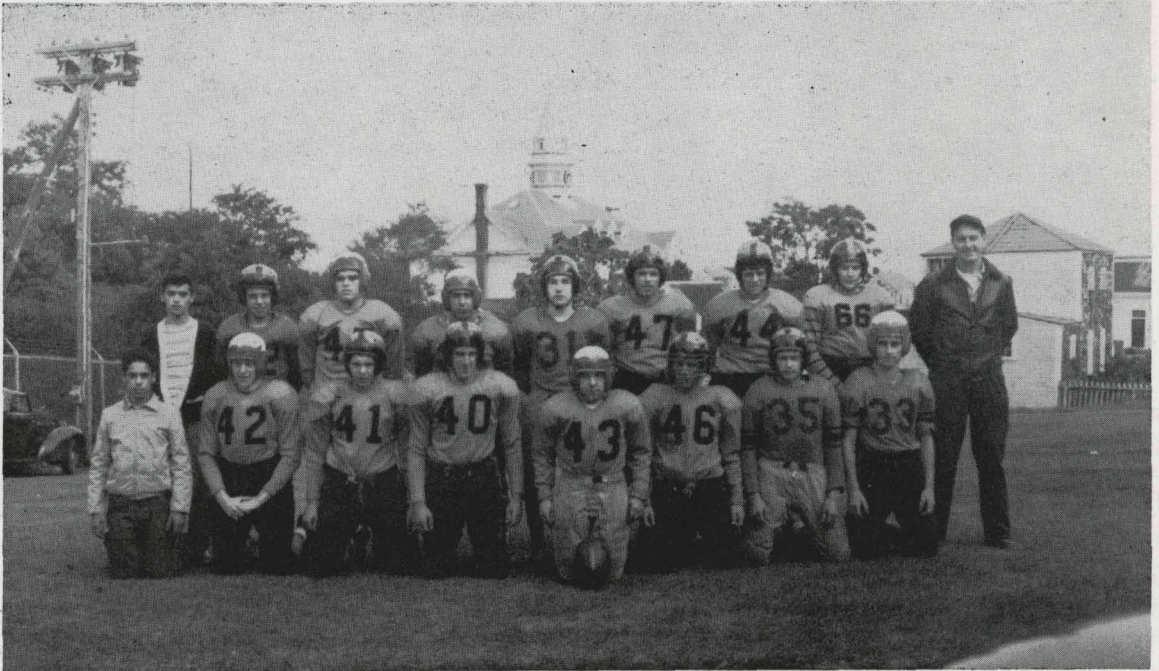
George McIntyre Roland Salvador
 Terry McIntyre Anne Silvia

Mrs. McIntyre Phyllis Packett
 Professor McIntyre Robert Grozier
 Sophie Francelina Crave
 Elsie Patterson Martha Malicoat
 Mrs. Patterson Eileen Passion
 Prudence Darling Phyllis White
 Dutch Mylan Costa
 Patty Elaine Silva
 Brian Joseph Manta
 Traffic Officer Kenneth Silva
 Vivian Rita Meads
 Jane Peggy Smith
 Miriam Pat Roda
 Omar Dennis Aresta
 Pete Robert Santos
 Hal Robert Medeiros
 Extra Stella Turner

Lorelee Drake, '52



SPORTS



FOOTBALL TEAM

First Row, Left to Right: James Ferreira, Ass't Mgr., Clifford Taylor, Dennis Aresta, Donald Morris, Philbert Roderick, Lester Hautanen, Richard Perreira, Anthony Lema
Second Row: Paul Cook, Mgr., Ronald Cabral, Manuel Macara, Manuel Jason, Richard Hopwood, Henry Hautanen, George Gaspa, David Murphy, Jr., Coach Delaney

FOOTBALL

Coach William Delaney returned for his second year as mentor of the PHS football team. The first day of practice 24 eager candidates donned the Orange and Black uniforms and readied themselves for a rough season. Seven of these were seniors with experience from previous years.

Absent from this year's team were Johnny Jason, quarterback; Robert Souza, fullback; and gone from the line were Peter Morris, Vincent Henrique, Neil Nelson, George Ross, James Meads, and Melvyn Enos.

After a few weeks of heavy practice to get into shape, Coach Delaney chose his starting eleven for the first encounter with Falmouth, the Cape's football powerhouse. Starting off

in the backfield were: fullback Henry Hautanen; halfbacks Manuel Macara and George Gaspa and quarterback Manuel Jason. In the line as ends were Conrad Enos and Clifford Taylor, guards Dennis Aresta and Lester Hautanen, tackles Joseph Patrick and Dick Christopher, and center Philbert Roderick. Substitutions were Donald Morris, Frank DeMello, Ronald Cabral, Richard Hopwood, Stephen Perry, Dorrance Lincoln, David Murphy, Jr., and Anthony Lema.

The game with Falmouth was played on September 27. It was a hard fought game, but Falmouth's power and experience put them on top 46-13. The two Provincetown touchdowns were scored by Conrad Enos, the fleet left end, while the extra point was scored by co-captain George Gaspa.

Two weeks later Provincetown played Somerset on the opponent's own field. It was a wild ball game with penalties constantly called on both sides, but again the foe was unconquerable as we bowed 42 to 19. Provincetown scored within the first two minutes with a pass from Gaspa to Taylor for the score and then later another Gaspa to Taylor pass connected for the second T.D. The last score was marked up by Conrad Enos but when the points were totaled they refused to make more than 42.

October the nineteenth, Nantucket invaded Provincetown and took back the fruits of victory. The only touchdown of the day that was tallied by Provincetown was made by Clifford Taylor, the right end. We just didn't have the scoring punch that afternoon and we fell 26-7 to bring our record up to no wins and three losses. So far it had been a poor season but there were still four games left to go.

On October 20th, we played the Barnstable JV's and came closer to winning a game than we had during the entire season. After trailing 14 to 0 at the half, Provincetown came to life and tied the score at fourteen all. With only four minutes left to go, versatile Harry Maddox brought the ball close to the Provincetown goal line. From there Barnstable converted it into the game winning tally. Provincetown had a big break in the game, when Barnstable kicked the ball from near their goal line. It was blocked and Provincetown recovered. But as hard as they fought they couldn't win so the score remained the same.

The next game was played at Bourne. The Bourne squad had a much stronger team than ours and romped to a 33 to 7 win over the Orange and Black. Henry Hautenan scored our lone tally with Jason making the conversion.

After Bourne came our traditional football rivals, Yarmouth. Throughout three quarters of the game, after Henry Hautenan scored our only touchdown, Yarmouth led by two touchdowns. However, Yarmouth intercepted two of our passes in the last quarter and cashed in to make 33-6 the final score.

The last game of the season was played at Provincetown, on a rainy day. This was the best offensive and defensive game played by our team. Their inspired passing and running easily overcame a supposedly strong Barnstable team and we scored repeatedly. Two pass plays,

one to Taylor and one to Enos, put Provincetown in a lead that was never threatened. Two more tallies were scored by George Gaspa and Conrad Enos to freeze the game for Provincetown. The final score ended with Provincetown finally on top 25-6.

It was quite evident that Provincetown's lack of power was due to the forward line. Our backfield was star studded and our lack of offensive power was no fault of theirs. On the defense, the line held reasonably well, but on offense, they seemed to lag. Another factor contributing to our poor season was the shallowness of our bench. Our reserve resources depended largely on nine men.

After the season ended, the imaginary all star football team was picked and Henry Hautenan was chosen as the All-Cape fullback.

BASEBALL

Susbtantially, the same team as last year will be fielded this spring to represent Provincetown High School. This will make Provincetown a lively contender for the Lower Cape league title, along with Chatham.

The big replacement this year will be in the vacant spot left by Robert Souza as catcher. Warren Crawley, Anthony Lema and Lester Hautenan will be battling for the position. Also a first base vacancy left by George Ross will be sought for by Lawrence Segura, Dennis Aresta and Conrad Malicoat. The managers will probably be chosen soon. It is likely that Robert Martin or James Ferreira will be considered as top contenders for the position.

The line-up on opening day could very well be:

P.—Conrad Enos, George Gaspa, Lester Hautenan

C.—Warren Crawley, Anthony Lema, Lester Hautenan

1st B.—Lawrence Segura, Dennis Aresta

2nd B.—Kenneth Silva, Lawrence Segura

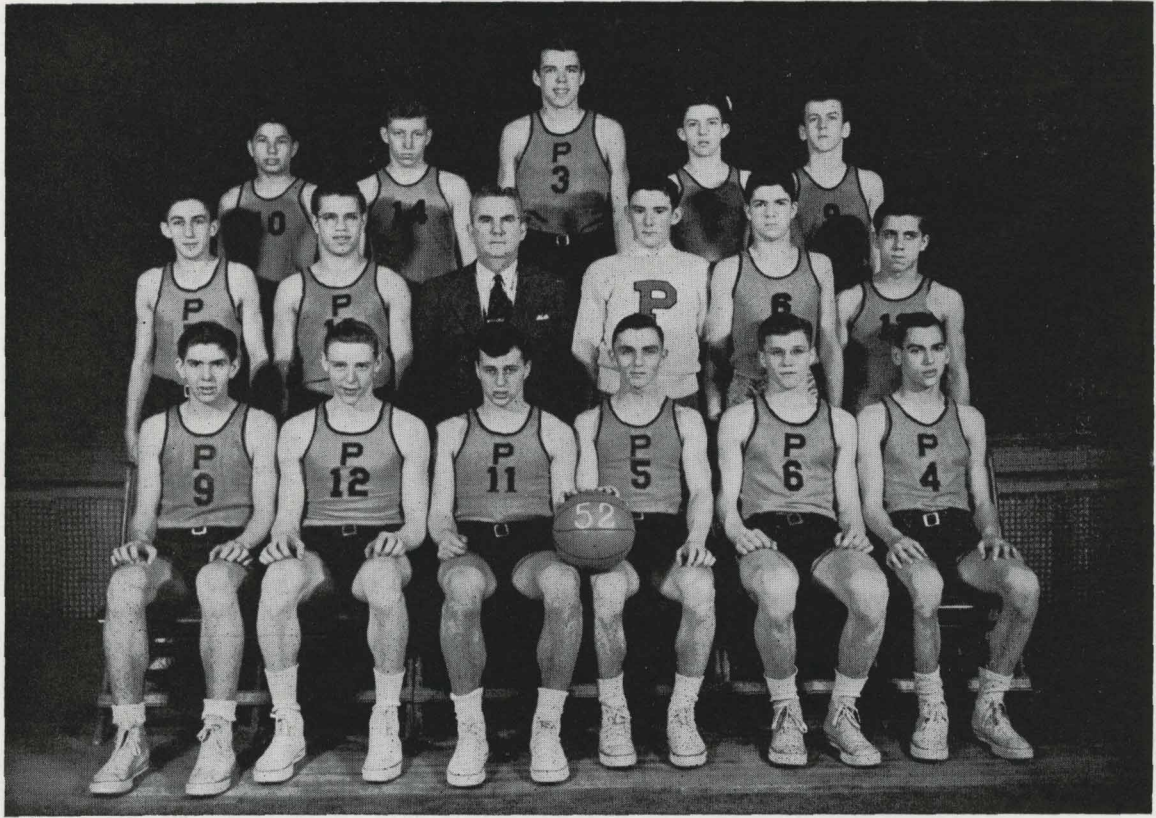
3rd B.—Joseph Manta, Stephen Perry

SS.—George Gaspa

O. F.—Manuel Jason, Conrad Enos, Manuel Macara

So far twenty-seven boys have reported as candidates for the 1952 team.

Joseph Manta, '52



BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM

First Row, Left to Right: Dennis Aresta, Clifford Taylor, George Gaspa, Conrad Enos,
Lawrence Segura, Joseph Patrick
Second Row: Paul Chapman, Henry Hautanen, Coach David Murphy, David Murphy, Jr., Mgr.,
Philip Tarvers, Lester Hautanen
Third Row: Steven Goveia, Kenneth Silva, Conrad Malicoat, Philip Silva, Kent Paige

BASKETBALL TEAM

This basketball team started to sharpen their shooting late in November when Coach David J. Murhpy called his squad for their first practice session.

Provincetown had lost three of the past season's stars through graduation, but the team's loyal rooters were confident that Provincetown would have another successful season.

The team boasted of such proven stalwarts as George Gaspa and Conrad Enos, who were ably supported by Clifford Taylor, Lawrence Segura, Dennis Aresta, Conrad Malicoat and many other newcomers to the squad.

The team, after a few light practices, settled down to some serious play in preparation for their biggest rival, Yarmouth. In preparation for this duel, a game was scheduled with the Alumni. The PHS basketeers wasted no time in disposing of their opponents by a 75-58 count.

The fans witnessed something of what was to come in the future.

Barnstable High School was Provincetown's first schoolboy opponent and many believed that the home team would have to really play ball if they wanted the victory. The two teams played very carefully in the first two periods, but when the third period got underway, Provincetown unleashed an attack that was not halted until the final whistle blew. Conrad Enos and Clifford Taylor combined their shooting talents to score half the number of points which was produced by our team. The game was a 70-40 walk-away for Provincetown.

It was quite evident to most of the fans that Provincetown was a team to keep their eyes on. They were just beginning to go places.

Provincetown's next foe was the Orleans Legion, a group of men who promised to battle our boys right down to the wire as had happened in seasons past. The game from the out-



CHEERLEADERS

First Row, Left to Right: Sonya Passion, Elaine K. Ferreira, Elaine M. Ferreira, Inez Macara
 Second Row: Loretta Santos, Phyllis White, Betty Ross, Ruth Ferreira

set was very fast. Both teams battled to establish a lead which was just attained by Provincetown at the half, 24-22. The teams continued the pace set in the first half, and at the end of the game Provincetown gained a 51-40 margin. George Gaspa was the spark needed, dumping the ball through the hoop 12 times.

Provincetown's next game brought them face-to-face with Chatham in the first league encounter. Chatham, as usual, offered some resistance to the Cape-tip in the first periods of the game, but a 53-38 score was set down in the records with Provincetown putting their fourth straight win behind them.

The tallies were about even between the boys. Conrad Enos had 13 points and George Gaspa and Cliff Taylor had 12 apiece.

Harwich, which was a rather strong contender this year, tried to give Provincetown its first setback of the season. Provincetown, however, had other ideas as to who would be the victor and it became a 73-40 reality. Enos and Taylor were superb for the boys from down

under, with 24 and 21 points respectively, and they spearheaded the attack.

Provincetown next played host to the Yarmouth team of Coach Cox who boasted of a strong trio of Dustin, Studley, and Jason. The home team was not to be overshadowed by such a trio. The Cape-tip, on the other hand, boasted of some lads with basketball know-how in the talents of Gaspa and Enos, two of the Cape's leading sharpshooters, and Taylor, a tall lad who could hold his own under any backboard. Everyone who witnessed the game suspected that it would be a preview of the championship playoff at Camp Edwards. Two excellent teams, but one had to lose. Let's see who it was!

The two teams started out slowly, playing cautiously in an effort to see what was what. Yarmouth jumped into an early lead that can be credited to Jason and Studley. The fans watched the two teams leave the court and eagerly awaited the whistle that would start the fracas going again. In the third period Provincetown couldn't seem to get on its feet

and Yarmouth maintained a slight edge. The action in the fourth period quickened and so did the hearts of the fans. Five minutes to go and trailing by two points, Provincetown had to get rolling. Little Conrad Enos suddenly began to move around the floor as though he were on fire. He cut through the center, from the corners and on well executed fast breaking drive-in plays, he scored the points necessary for Provincetown to capture another victory 45-40. Enos



tallied 17 points to lead both teams in that department.

Provincetown's record of six straight wins was in no way threatened by Wellfleet, their next foe. Enos and crew disposed of their opponents by a score of 73-19 with little effort. Every member of the squad saw action of some sort.

Orleans was easily beaten by Provincetown in their next contest 69-44, netting another victory which put them one step closer to the Lower Cape championship.

The orange flashes next travelled to Barnstable where they received their first setback of the season. Provincetown did not play its usual caliber of basketball and Barnstable took advantage of every opportunity presented to them. Under the backboards Barnstable was not to be matched. Provincetown just couldn't seem to crack the tall defensive wall set up by their foe. Provincetown was highly disappointed with the 43-41 defeat, but passed it off and went on to beat the Orleans Legion once again 59-53. Enos again sparked the team to victory with 14 points.

Next came Chatham, and Provincetown had every intention of making it two wins over their previous opponents. Little resistance was offered to the wild offensive play of our boys as they toppled Chatham 70-24. Enos and Aresta

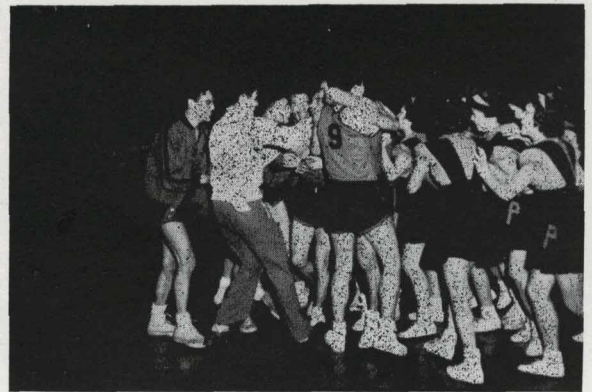
rained in baskets from their respective corners scoring 21 and 19 points respectively.

Harwich assured Provincetown that they would offer strong resistance to their offensive attack and did just that. In the first two periods the teams battled pretty evenly, Provincetown maintaining the edge. Provincetown was able to grasp and hold the lead throughout the remainder of the game. The result was a 68-52 win for Provincetown.

Provincetown next went to the banks of the Canal to battle the top Upper Cape squad. Bourne could not withstand the great pressure put on them by the Cape-tippers and finally succumbed 70-52. Once again it was Conrad Enos who was the big gun for Provincetown, scoring 22 points in all.

Conrad Enos next established an unofficial scoring record of 58 points against a weak and defenseless Wellfleet group. The team simply went ahead and scored at will which netted them 132 points to Wellfleet's 34.

Provincetown, which had won the Lower Cape Championship, once again did justice to their reputation by soundly rapping Orleans to the tune of 66-26. This game marked the end of the regular season for Provincetown which had eagerly awaited its game with Bourne for



the Cape Cod Championship playoff at Camp Edwards. The Provincetown squad and Coach Murphy were confident of the outcome of the contest.

In the first period of action Provincetown immediately swung into operation in an effort to score, but just couldn't seem to hit. Bourne however appeared strong and at the end of the quarter Bourne led by one point. In the next period the story was the same. The two teams matched each other basket for basket and at half time the teams left the floor at 12-11, with



GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

First Row, Left to Right: Martha Alves, Yvonne Roderick, Elaine M. Ferreira, Eileen Passion, Joan Kenney, Loretta Steele

Second Row: Elaine Silva, Mgr., Elaine K. Ferreira, Nancy Paine, Martha Malicoat, Sonya Passion, Helen McGinn, Coach Elizabeth DeRiggs

Third Row: Joyce Silva, Shirley Cabral, Arlene Packett, Josephine Ross, Laurinda Patrick

**Camp Edwards Playoff
Cape Cod Championship**

Bourne	47	43
--------	----	----

Tech Tourney

Plymouth	52	51
Punchard	58	35
Scituate	54	39

Joseph Manta, '52

THE GIRL'S BASKETBALL TEAM

The girl's basketball season opened on December 11th when the P.H.S. Lassies drubbed the girl's Alumni by a score of 41-24.

The next game proved our future possibilities as a championship team, when we tied the Upper Cape Champions during the last minute of play when the tying basket was scored. It was the first time in seven years that the P.H.S. Girl's Team had come close to beating the Barnstable Misses.

However, in the first league game with Chatham we suffered a great slump as they romped over us by 15 points. The final score of the fatality was 38-23.

Our opponent for the next game was Harwich. We ran away with this game winning by the wide margin of 41-16.

On January 18 we encountered the very rough and ready team of Yarmouth High. This game proved itself to be another victory for the P-town Lassies who went ahead to defeat Yarmouth by a score of 38-22.

Our next game was still another gain for Provincetown as we drubbed Wellfleet High School by a score of 27-13.

On January 25th the Orleans Girls were victorious by a score of 28-19. This was a hard blow to the P-town Misses for it meant that we must win the rest of the league games if we wanted a chance to win the Lower Cape Title.

Tuesday, January 29, Provincetown encountered another slump as the Barnstable Misses

defeated us by a score of 45-12. However, this defeat made no dent in our league standing.

We sought victory over our Chatham High opponents for the next league game. We made up for our first loss to them by proving our real ability with another win for the P-town Girls. The final score was 38-11.

On February 5, we faced Harwich High. This game would decide whether or not we would still be in the race for the Lower Cape Championship. We were evenly matched as Harwich took a one point lead in the second and third quarters. But, inspired by our coach and our fellow players we overcame them and racked up a fourth Lower Cape victory for Provincetown by a final score of 37-30.

On February 12, we defeated Wellfleet High School by a score of 37-24. This win kept us in second place and we were eligible to challenge Orleans the following Friday.

On February 15, the P-town Lassies competed against the Lower Cape Champs of the previous year, Orleans High. The tension on both teams was great, for to us it meant a possible tie with Orleans and for them a victory meant clinching the Lower Cape Crown. Well, they went ahead and really showed their true colors as they slowly crept by P-town and ended up with the Lower Cape Championship. The game ended with a score of 32-24.

The season will end with the loss of two of our players and our manager. Eileen Passion, our faithful and well-deserving captain, will graduate along with Martha Malicoat; both have expressed their sportsmanship and team spirit throughout their years of playing for Provincetown High.

We are sorry to say too, that Elaine Silva, who has been the manager of the girl's team for the past three years, will also be graduating.

We hope to fill in the vacancies in our squad with girls that will be capable of achieving the merits and praise that these three girls have won for their school and for themselves.

On March 31, during our last meeting for the season we elected Yvonne Roderick as our captain for next year's team. Here are the team's standings for the year:

	We	They
Barnstable	32	32
Chatham	23	38
Harwich	41	16
Yarmouth	22	22
Wellfleet	27	13
Orleans	19	28
Barnstable	12	45
Chatham	38	31
Harwich	37	30
Wellfleet	37	24
Orleans	24	32

The girls' total number of points scored for the season follows:

Martha Alves	151
Yvonne Roderick	99
Elaine M. Ferreira	67
Nancy Paine	43
Joyce Silva	5
Elaine K. Ferreira	2

Thus, the season has officially closed, but finding the girls with high hopes and a strong determination to wear the crown of the champs next year!

Yvonne Roderick, '53



ALUMNI



1949

Richard Andrews—at home.
LeRoy Atkins—working at the Provincetown Printery.
Frank Cabral—U. S. Navy.
Dorothy Cahoon—nurse.
Kathleen Carlos—married and at home.
George Chapman—U. S. Air Force.
Marilyn Chapman—medical secretary in New Hampshire.
William Costa—U. S. Air Force.
Wilfred Ferreira—married and fishing.
Gertrude Francis—married and living in California.
Jean Kaeselau—living in town.
Anthony Leonard—married and fishing.
Kenneth Macara—U. S. Navy.
Dorothy Mannato—nurse.
Kenneth Martin—at home.
Helen McCaffrey—married and living in town.
Milton Morgan—U. S. Army.
Kenneth Nolet—U. S. Navy.
Barbara Perreira—married and living in town.
Helen Perry—married and living in town.
Marjorie Perry—married and living down South
Norman Rose—U. S. Navy.
Ellen Ross—married and living in town.
Bernard Santos—married and in the U. S. Air Force.
Carol Santos—nurse.
Antoinette Segura—working at Cape and Vineyard Light and Power Co.
Eleanor Silva—Junior at Boston University.
Mary Silva—married and living in town.
Stephen Simmons—U. S. Air Force.
Oscar Snow—U. S. Army.
Robert Snow—U. S. Army.
Ruth Roda Souza—married and living in California.
Rose Steele—married and living in town.
Anthony Travers—U. S. Air Force.
Leroy Valentine—attending Northeastern University.
Russell Watts—Mechanics School.
Thelma Williams—hairdresser.
John Cook—married and working at the First National Store.

1950

Shirley Anthony—secretary to Sivert J. Benson.
Barrie Bell—working at Logan Airport.
Deborah Brown—working at Seamen's Savings Bank.
Doris Brown—working at the Patrician.
Phyllis Cabral—Sophomore at Boston University.
Wilfred Costa—studying at St. Francis College.
Marilyn Cote—Senior at Becker College.
James Crawley—U. S. Air Force.
Barbara Days—Eophomore at Salem Teachers College.
Lois Francis—nurse's training.
Thomas Francis—at home.
Patricia Jackett—married and working at Adams' Drug Store.
Margaret Jason—married and living in Falmouth.
Mildred Joseph—married and living in town.
Veronica Leonard—married and living in town.
Charles Malaquias—U. S. Air Force.
Kenneth Mayo—in the Merchant Marine.
Robert Meads—U. S. Navy.
Mary Miller—Sophomore at LaSalle.
Kathleen Nascimento—at home.
Joanne Oliver—nurse.
Austin Rose—working at the Shell Filling Station in Truro.
John Ross—U. S. Navy.
Clifford Santos—U. S. Navy.
John Santos—working at Marcey's Oil Co.
Cecelia Silva—at home.
Gloria Silva—married and living in town.
Marion Silva—dietician in Hyannis Hospital.
Eleanor Small—working in Falmouth.
Alfred Souza—U. S. Navy.
Lewis Souza—U. S. Army.
Bruce Tarvers—at Bryant and Stratton Business School in Boston.
Melvin Thomas—U. S. Air Force.
Betty Volton—Sophomore at Bridgewater State Teachers' College.
Martha Watson—married and living in town.
Warren Witherstine—Sophomore at Syracuse University.
Michael Whorf—U. S. Air Force.
Arthur Mooney—U. S. Marines.

1951

Veronica Alves—married and living in town.
Lorraine Aresta—Fisher Secretarial School.
Paula Bent—working at the New York Store.
Joan Brown—attending Aviation Training School.
Lillian Cabral—Freshman at Boston University.
Ruby Cabral—attending Katherine Gibbs School.
Joan Christopher—working at the Town Hall.
Kenneth Enos—U. S. Navy.
Melvyn Enos—U. S. Navy.
Mary Ferreira—working at the Town Hall for the Probation Officer.
Barbara Frost—working at the Seamen's Savings Bank.
Vincent Henrique—U. S. Navy.
Thomas Holway—working with the highway department of Truro.
John Jason—U. S. Air Force.
John Kelley—Electronics School in Boston.

Carol Lee—married and living in town.
Delores Lema—at home.
Mary Lema—married and living in town.
Agnes Matenos—attending art school in Boston.
Helen Martin—at home.
James Meads—U. S. Navy.
Richard Medeiros—U. S. Navy.
George Miller—attending Tilton Academy.
Joyce Morris—working at Cutler's.
Neil Nelson—working at Nelson's Market.
Diane Passion—cashier at Nelson's Market.
Ann Perry—at home.
Patricia Perry—at home.
George Ross—working for General Electric.
Robert Souza—U. S. Air Force.
Shirley Souza—married and living in town.
Beverly Sylvia—at home.
Gladys Tarvers—married and living in town.
Ronald White—U. S. Navy.
Francis Carlos—U. S. Navy.
Peter Morris—at home.



HUMOR



Among the makers of the new bathing suits,
the thigh's the limit.

* * * * *

DAFFYNITIONS

MONOLOGUE: A conversation between a man and his mother-in-law.

A BATHING BEAUTY: A girl who has a wonderful profile all the way down.

FLIRT: Woman who believes it's every man for herself.

GIRLDE: A device to accentuate the positive and eliminate the negative.

HUG: A roundabout way of expressing affection.

A bigamist is one who makes the same mistake twice.

* * * * *

GOOD GIRL

I never kiss, I never neck,
I never say gosh, I never say heck.
I'm always good, I'm always nice.
I play no poker, I shake no dice.
I never drink, I never flirt,
I never gossip or spread the dirt.
I have no line, or funny tricks
But what the 'eck, I'm only six.

* * * * *

Patty: "I'd like to see the captain of this ship."

Sailor: "He's forward, Miss."

Patty: "That's all right. This is a pleasure trip."

* * * * *

Stella T.: "Cigar's the second bravest man I know. The bravest man was a fellow who smoked a clay pipe while working in a shooting gallery."

* * * * *

DAFFYNITION

"What is a flood?"

"I know," said Danny W. "It's a river too big for its bridges."

* * * * *

E. Silva says that a child is a creature that stands half way between an adult and a TV set.

GUARANTEED PREDICTIONS

No. 1—13,521 papers thrown by newspaper boys on rainy days will miss the porch and land in a mud puddle.

No. 2—There will be a 13% increase on rings left in bathtubs.

No. 3—Nine out of ten people that need glasses will still get by drinking out of the bottle.

No. 4—More taxes.

No. 5—There will be a decline in the amount of gum found under theatre seats. The reason is that youngsters are staying home to watch westerns on television.

No. 6—The use of 1951 calendars will sharply decrease in 1952 in comparison with 1951.

No. 7—There will be 51,234,045 cigarette butts thrown away. The majority will not be picked up again.

No. 8—There will be an increase in the amount of hangovers.

No. 9—2,889 spitwads will be shot in the classroom. Of these 66¼% will hit their target.

No. 10—896,233 ants will be stepped on by the unknowing public as they stroll down their favorite sidewalks. The ants have a busy year ahead as they plan to meet the increase in picnics.

No. 11—The line waiting to join Alcoholics Anonymous will be staggering.

No. 12—George Washington's birthday will be in February.

* * * * *

The meanest and stingiest man I know of is one that gave his children a penny each to go to bed without their supper, then in the morning made them give the penny back to get their breakfast.

* * * * *

SHORT STORY

High chair
High school
High stool
High finance
High hat,
"Hi, warden!"

Conrad: "What's that in your pocket?"

K. Silva: "Shhhh. It's dynamite caps. I'm waiting for Wally. Every time he comes by he slaps me on the chest and breaks my pipe. Next time he'll blow his hand off."

* * * * *

Mylan Costa says he drinks nothing stronger than pop—and there's nothing his pop doesn't drink.

* * * * *

Bobby S.: "Did you kill any moths with those moth balls I sold you the other day?"

Rita: "No, I tried for five hours, but I couldn't hit one."

* * * * *

L. Small says she worked with an actor who developed such a swelled head that he had to pin his ears back to get through the Grand Canyon.

* * * * *

The doctor came out of the bedroom to the anxious wife. "Frankly," he said, to Mrs. Dahill, "I don't like the way your husband looks at all."

"I don't either, Doc," she replied. "But he's nice to the kids."

* * * * *

The old river boat captain was bragging to one of his passengers. "Yep," he said proudly, "I really know this river like the palm of my hand. There ain't a sand bar on it that I ain't familiar with."

Just then the boat ran aground with a sickening lurch.

"See," he said calmly, "there's one of 'em now."

* * * * *

WE'VE HEARD IT

"What's the matter," Pat R. asked, "it's a good joke isn't it?"

"It's a very good joke," replied Lorelee, "The first time I heard it I laughed until the tears rolled down my bib."

* * * * *

GROZIER'S LAMENT

I have a car.
It never skids,
It never breaks down,
It never gets a puncture.
It never falters on steep grades,
It never gets in a collision or accident,
(I wish I could start it though.)

GOOD MEMORY

Officer: "What geat were you in at the time of the accident?"

Mary G.: "A black beret, tan shoes and tweed sport coat."

* * * * *

Roland S.: "Gosh, I had a narrow escape last night."

Anne S.: "How's that?"

Roland: "Well, I woke up in the middle of the night and saw something white moving in the room. So I grabbed my gun and shot it. After I turned the light on, I found it was my shirt."

Anne S.: "I don't see any narrow escape to that."

Roland: "Why, just suppose I hadn't taken my shirt off."

* * * * *

JUST A TOURIST

Visitor: "Can you tell me the name of this school?"

Gougie: "Sorry, I'm just a football player here."

* * * * *

B. Silvia: "Who was that blonde I saw you with last night?"

Lincoln: "She was the brunette you saw me with the night before."

* * * * *

All evening he had wanted to say something romantic to her and at last he saw his chance.

She said, "You're hardly eating a thing,"

To which he gallantly replied, "Sitting next to you would make any guy lose his appetite."

* * * * *

Phyllis W.: "Did the gang like your ring?"

Phyllis P.: "Like it? One of them recognized it!"

* * * * *

THE BRUTE

Way down South, where trains go slow,
Malicoat stepped on Martin's toe.
Martin said with tears in his eyes,
"Why don't you pick on someone your size?"

* * * * *

ABSENT MINDED

My sweetie pie has gone away
And I am filled with gloom;
She said that she'd write every day,
But she didn't say to whom!

THE HARD LUCK KID

Doctor: "You have a case of poison ivy."

Peggy Smith: "Now, isn't that just my luck? Other people get just a touch of poison ivy, but I have to go and get a whole case of it."

* * * * *

Miss M.: "Going around with five girls at once. How can you explain such behavior?"

Kippy T.: "Old cupid must have shot me with a machine gun."

* * * * *

Mr. M.: "What is a prime minister?"

Sponze: "A prime minister is a preacher at his best."

* * * * *

THE VOCATIONAL SHOP

So restful is the junk-yard,
For there, all action cease.
And good ole faithful autos
Are left to rust-in-peace.

* * * * *

POOR, BUT HONEST

Mr. C.: "Have you anything to offer before sentence is passed on you?"

Silva: "No, sir, I lost my last dollar."

* * * * *

PLENTY OF DETOURS

Deciding to have a costume party, some of the ladies were worrying about what to wear. "Well," drawled one, "with my varicose veins I think I'll go as a road map."

* * * * *

Lincoln: "I went to a fortune teller. She read my palm and told me my girl would run off with another guy."

Roderick: "But that happened to you three months ago."

Lincoln: "I know. That's what I told her. She said, 'Can I help it if you don't wash your hands?'"

* * * * *

GIVE HIM AN "A"

Mr. F.: "Take this sentence, 'Let the cow be taken to the pasture.' What mood?"

Jimmy C.: "The cow."

* * * * *

Then there's the one about the observant fellow who remarked to his girl: "Your stockings are rather wrinkled."

"You brute," exclaimed the girl, "I have no stockings on!"

FAR SIGHTED

Mr. L.: "You say you were about thirty-five feet away from the scene. Just how far can you see clearly?"

Chris: "Well, when I wake up I see the sun, and they tell me that's about 93 million miles away."

* * * * *

Miss L.: "Leo, I am ashamed of you. When I was no bigger than you, I could reel off all the Presidents in order without hesitation."

Leo M.: "Yeah, but there were only three or four of them then."

* * * * *

Francelina C.: "I'd like to see a pair of lizard shoes."

Shoe Clerk: "And what size does your lizard wear?"

* * * * *

Tommy: "Do you know that married men live longer than single ones?"

Phil: "You're mistaken; it only seems longer."

* * * * *

C. E.: "What's the difference between a taxi and a bus?"

Eileen: "I don't know."

C. E.: "Good. We'll take a bus!"

* * * * *

RUTH IN N. Y.

Ruth: "Where's the menu?"

Hard of hearing waiter: "Oh, you can't go in there, Miss!"

* * * * *

THERE MUST BE ONE!

Breathes there a man,
With soul so dead
Who to himself
Has not said,
"If I could get rid
Of my loving wife
It would add ten years
To my loving life"?

* * * * *

GREAT OLD GAME

Santos: "Why did Bill get fired?"

Costa: "The boss caught him playing onesy-twsie on the cash register."

Santos: "What's that?"

Costa: "Onesy for the boss, twosie for Bill."

IDIOTIC CREATURE

I think, of all man's customs
This one is the creepiest;
He goes to bed when wide-awake
And rises when he's sleepest.

* * * * *

THE ETERNAL FEMINE

When I was ten and you were eight,
Two years between us stood;
We used to meet by the garden gate—
A stolen kiss was good!

When I was twenty—quite a boy
You still were my heart's queen.
But grown of kissing somewhat coy;
You see—you were sixteen!

When I was thirty, bronzed and tall,
With sweethearts, too, in plenty,
I met you at the charity ball—
And found you only twenty.

I'm forty now, a little more,
Oh, time, you ruthless bandit!
But you—you're only twenty-four;
I cannot understand it.

TOOTHsome TWOSOME

An oyster met an oyster
And they were oysters two;
Two oysters met two oysters
And they were oysters, too;
Four oysters met a pint of milk
And they were oyster stew.

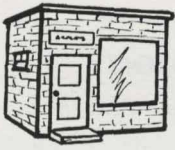
* * * * *

Eyeballs always looking pink,
Dishes always in the sink,
Never do have time to think
Since we got that TV.

No use to say it isn't fair
That I must take the dog for air,
Never getting anywhere,
Since we got that TV.

Oh, I hate to be a pest
But it seems we have no rest
From those dramas of the west
Since we got that TV.

It fills me with a deep remorse
And I for one, detest divorce
But can't see any other course
Since we got that TV!



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Capacity	-	-	-	-	-	-	50 Thousand
Engine	-	-	-	-	-	-	Buda "170"
Captain	-	-	-	-	-	-	Manuel Thomas

Boat's Name	-	-	-	-	-	-	SEA FOX
Weight	-	-	-	-	-	-	35 Tons
Length	-	-	-	-	-	-	60 Feet
Capacity	-	-	-	-	-	-	40 Thousand
Engine	-	-	-	-	-	-	Buda "170"
Captain	-	-	-	-	-	-	Manuel P. Henrique

Boat's Name	-	-	-	-	-	-	JOHN DAVID
Weight	-	-	-	-	-	-	44 Tons
Length	-	-	-	-	-	-	61 Feet, 2 Inches
Capacity	-	-	-	-	-	-	50 Thousand
Engine	-	-	-	-	-	-	Buda "170"
Captain	-	-	-	-	-	-	John Russe

Boat's Name	-	-	-	-	-	-	CLARA M
Weight	-	-	-	-	-	-	19 Tons
Length	-	-	-	-	-	-	60 Feet
Capacity	-	-	-	-	-	-	20 Thousand
Engine	-	-	-	-	-	-	Caterpillar "115"
Captain	-	-	-	-	-	-	Godinho

Boat's Name	-	-	-	-	-	-	SHIRLEY AND ROLAND
Weight	-	-	-	-	-	-	35 Tons
Length	-	-	-	-	-	-	60 Feet
Capacity	-	-	-	-	-	-	40 Thousand
Engine	-	-	-	-	-	-	Caterpillar "135"
Captain	-	-	-	-	-	-	Louis Salvador

Boat's Name	-	-	-	-	-	-	RENEVA
Weight	-	-	-	-	-	-	35 Tons
Length	-	-	-	-	-	-	60 Feet
Capacity	-	-	-	-	-	-	50 Thousand
Engine	-	-	-	-	-	-	Murphy "115"
Captain	-	-	-	-	-	-	Salvador Vasques

Boat's Name	-	-	-	-	-	-	CAPE COD
Weight	-	-	-	-	-	-	35 Tons
Length	-	-	-	-	-	-	60 Feet
Capacity	-	-	-	-	-	-	50 Thousand
Engine	-	-	-	-	-	-	Buda "171"
Captain	-	-	-	-	-	-	Manuel Phillips

Boat's Name	-	-	-	-	-	-	C. R. & M.
Weight	-	-	-	-	-	-	56 Tons
Length	-	-	-	-	-	-	65 Feet
Capacity	-	-	-	-	-	-	70 Thousand
Engine	-	-	-	-	-	-	Buda "330"
Captain	-	-	-	-	-	-	Fred Salvador

Boat's Name	-	-	-	-	-	-	VICTORY II
Weight	-	-	-	-	-	-	35 Thousand
Length	-	-	-	-	-	-	60 Feet
Capacity	-	-	-	-	-	-	40 Thousand
Engine	-	-	-	-	-	-	Caterpillar "135"
Captain	-	-	-	-	-	-	Manuel Macara

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