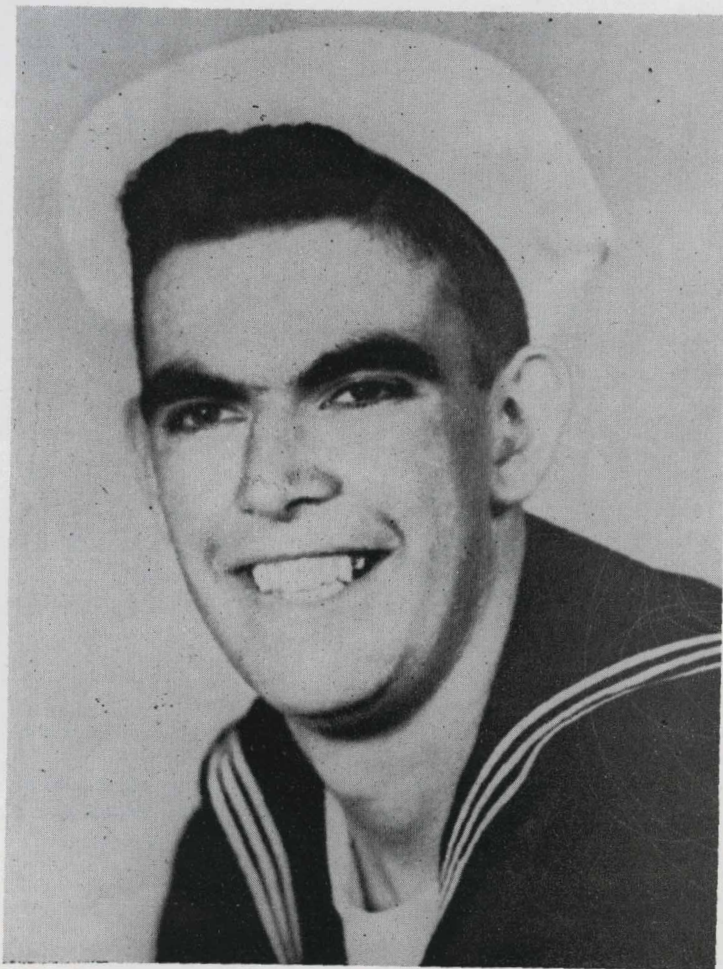


LONG POINTER



1954

„Dedication“



The Graduating Class of 1954 dedicates this yearbook to the memory of Neil Nelson who sacrificed his life in the service of his country.

LONG POINTER STAFF



LONG POINTER STAFF

First row, left to right: Estelle Souza, Joan Kenney, Martha Alves, Thomas Hennessey, Katherine Mayo, Betti Ross, Irene Cook

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EDITORIALS



"WHAT IS AN AMERICAN?"

We, the citizens of the United States, are indeed fortunate. Days, weeks, and months pass without us ever pausing from our usual day's activities to examine at a closer glance what we are really composed of.

Most of us realize that the people in Europe and other countries look up to us as gods. Most of these people would give all their worldly possessions to be able to live in this wonderful place called America. Tales of riches, wealth, and freedom are high in these people's minds. The Land of Opportunity cries out to these humble people, "Come! Come! and live as humans and not be treated as animals."

Are we forever in fear of the hated people's police? Do we sneak through darkened streets and alleys forever living in fear? Are we afraid to choose any religion that we desire and worship God as we see fit? Are we afraid to speak against any government official or write any opinion which we might feel is right? Are we considered guilty until proven innocent? Are our congressmen and senators chosen by us and do they represent the voters who chose them or are our officials appointed leaving us no say in the matter?

Do we labor in the fields from sunrise to sunset day after day to raise huge crops only to give them forth to the government and survive on the remains?

Ask these questions of any American and they will answer "No" to all of them.

Millions upon millions of lives have been sacrificed so that, we, the sons and daughters of the dead might be able to proudly answer "No" when asked these questions.

Many foreign countries, who are jealous of our achievements, have attempted to conquer us. They have failed for the simple reason we all

fought together to preserve this great country of ours.

Now that the battle is resumed, however, it has narrowed down to two powerful forces, "Communism," and "The Free World." Russia is the main artery of Communism and we, the United States of America, their main objective in the free world.

This next war will be the war of all wars. The new weapons of destruction being manufactured show certain signs of this.

However, I am positive that whatever the consequences shall be we will all fight united to preserve our rights.

Ernest Carreiro, '54

TODAY'S YOUTH

In my past four years of high school I have heard considerable opinions about the youth of today. I don't think I could ever count the number of times I have heard adults say, "What's the world coming to when the children are allowed to be out at night running all over the place?" or: "It's a disgrace the way these youngsters carry on now-a-days. We were never like that!" In these few lines, I would like to tell you a few things I consider wrong with the youth of today.

How many times have you seen 7th and 8th grade students out at night until 9:30 or 10:00 P. M.? Rather often, I am afraid. These children average 13 years of age. How can you blame them for what they are doing? It is not their fault. It is the fault of the parents and only the parents. You can't say that a parent can't manage a child of this age. You can say, though, that the parent does not want the management of his own child.

What makes these youngsters want to go out

at night and why do the parents allow them to go out? Is it the home life? Is it lack of love or trust? You also find some 7th and 8th graders outside after school playing and at night home studying. What is it that makes these children who are the same age so different?

If you could see some of these children I think you would agree with me as to what the fault is. They wear silk stockings, long dangly earrings, thick lipstick and all the rest that goes along with this. If some from stricter homes ever attempted to go to school like this they would get the back hand of one of their parents and it would be a long time before they would even look as though they were going to try it again.

If we start our youth off like this on the wrong foot we are bound to corrupt our wonderful nation. Remember . . . the youth of today are tomorrow's adults. I think if we really try to stop this now while it is still in the minority we can prevent it from spreading like an incurable disease.

Estelle Souza, '54

"PARKING PROBLEMS"

For a number of years there has been a crying need for parking and recreational facilities at P. H. S. This problem has troubled the superintendent and the principal for many years.

When the contractors began work on the new elementary school building, I, for one, thought that it would be a good idea to fill in the hollow behind the high school. If this were done, it would be a simple matter to make a parking area and possibly even recreational facilities. I believe this would greatly improve the parking facilities now available to the faculty and students at P. H. S. Naturally, this parking area would be converted into a municipal parking area in the summer. This plan would go a long way towards solving three pressing problems. First, it would provide a municipal parking area for the summer trade. Second, it would provide parking space for the student body and faculty at P. H. S. Third, it would provide a recreational area which might be used for the high school.

However, the question nearly everyone asks before endorsing such a plan is, "How much

will it cost?" In answer to this pertinent question, consider first the fact that the fill necessary for the job is nearby. There is ample equipment to do the job already in the town. Thus, the plan is not so expensive as one might think at first. Needless to say, the plan would benefit a vast majority of the townspeople, since it could serve the dual purpose of a school parking lot and recreational grounds and a municipal parking area which would attract more tourists to Provincetown.

I hope the townspeople will take the initiative and, to quote the adage, "Strike while the iron is hot." Remember, this plan will be difficult, if not impossible, if we wait too long.

Robert Welsh, '55

BASKETBALL FOR THE FEMALE SEX

Today, girl's basketball is fighting for recognition with boys' basketball. That's just what it is, a fight. I hope that you readers understand the situation. Looking for **some** recognition, and I use the word lightly, in basketball is like Elizabeth Stanton, Frances Wright, and a list of others fighting for women's rights.

I believe and I am sure that a great many others do, that girls' basketball is on the same standing as boys! They are just as glad when they win and as sad when they lose as the boys are. We are competing for the self same reason—to win.

Most people come in late to the preliminary girls' game; they talk and hardly pay any attention to it; they very seldom chime in with the cheerleaders but the straw that breaks the camel's back is the "two bit" writings we obtain after a hard fought game. Again the boys excel by getting \$5.00 writeups while we have to be satisfied with so and so beat so and so by so many points and that is exactly what it amounts to.

When we beat a team this year for the first time in sixteen years did we get any credit? Oh no, but when the boys win a game like that it even makes the headlines.

Don't think I'm being selfish because I know women are nothing but women but it's about time men realized differently especially in sports.

There is only one sport for girls in Provincetown High while other schools have two or

three. Why bother using money on a football team that for years has been no good and why not put another competitive girls' sport in the program. Make us feel as if we have achieved something when we lose or win a game. Recognize us and give us as much credit as the boys receive. It takes more than saying "You played a swell game" then forgetting all about it.

For four years I have been a member of the varsity basketball team and for four years we have received nothing but promises and two suppers while the boys are honored everywhere. Girl sports have been discouraged in the school for a long time. Will it ever have a place on top?

Joan Kenney, '54

"WHAT IS THE FUTURE?"

There's a black cloud hanging over our heads. It is a cloud of destruction, a cloud made up of atomic and hydrogen bombs, nerve gas and the many other instruments of death that may be used in so called "civilized" warfare. What is civilized about it? I don't see why we are trying to deceive ourselves into believing we are any more advanced than the crude caveman with his club. Are not all these things instruments of death? Just because they are made of shiny metal and because they work at the pressure of a finger, these facts do not disguise them. Man will never be civilized until he learned the futility of war.

Why do men wish to destroy themselves? If we knew the answer, we wouldn't keep on with this destruction. Possibly selfishness and jealousy are the answer. The first pang of jealousy was suffered by Cain because his brother, Abel, had won favor in the eyes of the Lord. Cain killed Abel, with a rock, the first weapon, the first desire to destroy another man. And so it has continued. In Mediaeval times, knights killed each other with burning oil and flaming

arrows. In the early days of America, bows and arrows and crude muskets were used. These weapons represent only death and destruction.

Closely allied to this physical destruction come those who mourned their loved ones. Wives, mothers, sisters, and sweethearts bow their heads in despair over their loss. The parents of Abel mourned, the proud ladies of the knights mourned, the squaws of Indian warriors mourned and we are still mourning for those who were taken from us during the two World Wars and the Korean War. What and where will the next war be?

Will the next war, and there will be one as long as men are on earth and earth is here for these men, be the last? What will it be like? Will bombs first tear at the landscape and disrupt the water? Will bullets fly through the air like birds? Will the atomic bomb fall and gouge large particles from the earth's surface and use the deadly hydrogen bomb to complete the destruction of the large tracts of land that are not damaged?

Shake this globe on its orbit, tear more and more away with the ferocity of a monster. The few people that might possibly remain among the ruins can be disposed of with nerve gas, torpedoes and more potent bombs. When the smoke clears away, what is left of this great world? Ashes, dust, nothing more!

Is the motto of all being now; destroy your neighbor, more gain for yourself? When your neighbor and his neighbor so on through the earth have the same thought, who is left? No one! Rich or poor, good or bad, none will be spared. Let us hope the instigators of this crime will receive their judgment. But think, are we not all guilty of this offense in some way?

There's a black cloud hanging over our heads and only we, as individuals after peace, can blow it away.

Katherine Mayo, '54



LITERARY



"DUNE THOUGHTS"

The sun was warm on my back as I climbed the dune. The trees and briars at the top made a misty, tangled structure. There, as it was many years ago, ran the path through the underbrush into Indian Valley. And there was the tree with its strange hieroglyphics. I climbed the tree, which seemed much lower now and stood for many moments contemplating. The old sense of enchantment returned and took me back many years when my mother had brought me here. It seems so sad to forget little things and such a relief to remember minute details that bring a warmth to one's heart. Why be sad? For each thing of the past we forget there are many things happening right now that enrich us and bring a sense of enjoyment. We must always go ahead or else life would end. Progress until that day when we will no longer have to struggle and with a sense of relief we lay our heads down for the eternal sleep.

Katherine Mayo, '54

THE DRIVING LESSON

So you'd like to learn how to drive? Well, we can do something about that. If you'll just climb behind the wheel of my Model-A now . . .

First you start the car by pressing on that little button on the floor, like this, Rrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr! putt . . . WHOOF . . . Bang . . . CHUG, chug, chug, chug.

Then you must know how to shift gears; you see this lever is the gearshift and when it is in this position the car is in low, but hold the clutch pedal (the left one) in, while you put it into gear. Then you put the lever into the second gear, which is here, (holding the clutch in while you do it) when you are going fast enough, and then repeat the process to put it into high which is down here.

Now, keeping all the things that I have told you in mind, try to start the engine and get the car moving.

Step on the starter; . . . rrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr, Oh something that I forgot to tell you: you have to turn the key on. Now, try again; rrrrrrrrr . . . PUTT . . . WHOOF . . . BANG . . . CHUG chug chug chug ROAR, TAKE YOUR FOOT OFF THAT LITTLE PEDAL!! Whew! Now shift into low like I told you; GGRRRIINND!! QUICK, THE CLUTCH!! Now let the clutch pedal out **slowly**, Lu-et i-it ou-ut ste-ad-i-ly to-oo! Now push the clutch in and shift into second, then let the clutch out again; that's right, you're doing fi-SCREECH-thunk---- oh that's alright, I only hurt my nose. You see, what you did wrong was to shift into reverse, instead of into second, which of course stalled the engine and stopped the car rather suddenly; see, second is over there, and reverse is up there.

Well, I'm afraid that I-uh-have to leave now, and I'm sure that your father would let you practice with his car because you're wreckin'— I mean: You're doing so well!?

Jon Thomas

LOVE

What is Love? Love — a strong, complex emotion or feeling causing one to appreciate, delight in, or crave the presence or possession of another. This indeed is a definition, but it is not what love really is. Love is something stronger, more complex, more real than ordinary words can describe.

In this world we find some strange creatures, but man, the strangest of all. He explains to us the love that he has for his fellow men. Then he shows us a paradox of his hatred of other men, of his killings, and his wars. Odd that two opposite emotions are so united in one body.

But let us return to our subject. Love is not what two tiny puppies feel when they first meet and rub noses. Nor is it what two six year old children feel when they steal their first childhood kiss thinking no one can see them. And it is not what two youths in school feel when they biologically discover the presence of the opposite sex. Love is something much stronger.

We look around us now, and we see these High School students. We see two here, two there, and we ask them, "Do you love him?," "Do you love her?" They naturally reply, "Yes." But do they really? Can they say they really know what love is?

This world was made by God. He created it and all things on it. He gave life to us. He gave us free will to do as we see fit, to honor, love, and serve Him as the one true God, or ignore all the truths that He teaches. He has made this world according to His plan. He has a book of life and death in Heaven with each one of our names in it. Each of us has one aim and purpose in this book. That is why He put us on this earth. Each of us goes according to the path that He has laid out for us. True, we have free will but still, God knows our every move and He has given each of us our path. One may try to go off it but one cannot wander far and still be in the light of God.

And regardless of race, color, or religion we go according to these ways. Yes, even religion is no barrier in the paths of life. For all of us do believe in one God. We differ, maybe, in interpretations of the Scriptures or we waver in little things but we all are united under one God. Except one, he who does not believe in God, the fool, the only one on the whole earth that does not know love.

But we are all the same, we who believe in God, and so we go along our paths. That which God has meant for her, shall go to her. That which God has meant for him, shall go to him. And so it goes. And these people, in these paths; these are the ones who know Love. Those whose paths cross and those who do not try to change these paths; those are the ones who feel peace, contentment and happiness. Yes they have Love because God gave them Love.

No, I am not an authority or an expert on love, perhaps I may never know love, but though I know nothing of this emotion, still I feel I can express it for I take my basis and

proof from God's own book, the Bible. For Matthew tells us, that, when Jesus was asked by the Pharisees which was the great commandment in the law, He said, "Thou shalt love thy God with thy whole soul, and with thy whole mind. And the second is like to this: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

Yes, this indeed is what we were created for. This indeed is Love.

In one simple statement it is summed up: God is Love.

"FRIENDLESS"

The street was crowded on this particular night, as I wandered through the cold and lonely city. I had just moved to New York from Portland, Maine, and had only been here one day. As I walked through the city, looking at the skyscrapers and large department stores, it seemed as though I was the only one in the world. I had no relatives or friends in New York, so it made me feel even more alone. As I kept walking I could see all the people hurrying to the movies or night clubs. It seemed so different from my home town, where I would walk down the street and say hello to almost everyone I'd meet. But of course I had to work and it was here I had my job. New York is a great city with always something doing, but not when you're alone. I used to sit home and dream of what I would do when I came here but a dream is so different from the real thing. I continued my walk, then approached Central Park. I kept on walking and passed several people sitting on benches.

After my walk through the park I stopped at a drugstore, before going to my room. I had a hamburger and a coke. The waitress seemed very nice and kept talking to me when she had a spare moment. I told her my name and where I came from. She told me that she had lived in New York for three years and loved it. I guess we talked for about an hour, then I decided to leave. As I was leaving, she asked me if I would like to take in a movie with her because it was her night off. Just at that moment I realized I wasn't alone. I had made a friend. The feeling that came over me, I could never explain. I realized I had been scared and didn't want to make any friends. But now I seemed to belong in the city.

Two years have passed now and I have more

friends than I can count. But I shall never forget the girl who showed me what New York was really like, and that I could make friends there.

Avis Taves

I FOUND MYSELF

In the protecting crook of the harbor lay Provincetown, houses crowded along the shore and fishing boats crowding the harbor. It paints a pretty picture, doesn't it, but I loathe it! I loathe the narrow streets and, most of all, the artistic groups, loafing in summer, starving in winter. They have never a care, no worries as long as they can mooch from influential friends. What is so strange, my family and myself are a part of this group.

I'll never forget my early childhood and how I never was like the other children. When I went to parties, my dresses were never the lacy visions the other little girls wore. They were castoffs our friends had sent us, and never fit correctly. Many times we would eat fish for weeks when a fisherman would have a large catch. Rebellious by nature, I defied my parents' will in every way possible. Many of the things I did make me sick with shame and disgust but now it is too late. The people here labeled me for my eccentricities and still do. It seems as if their voices follow me wherever I go.

"There goes that Johnson girl. You know about her, of course."

"No, I haven't heard."

"She's one of the artist crowd, you know what I mean."

"Oh, yes, paupers, every one."

It was with much deliberation that I decided to leave. I made up my mind to prove to these people that I could be ordinary, if that's what they wanted. No family ties held me back as we weren't a very closely knit group right now because of my actions. It was still a big step to take to leave the place I had lived in all my life and go heaven knows where.

Boarding a bus and actually driving off the Cape incited a feeling of adventure and I loved adventure. When I reached New York the milling throngs of people held me entranced and I was caught up in the bustle. Finding the nearest taxi, a great extravagance on my purse, I was taken to the respectable woman's hotel a friend had suggested.

How lonely is the first night in a strange place. All was complete, blank despair as I sobbed into my pillow feeling that I had made a hideous mistake. I couldn't go back now and admit defeat and so I had to carry on. How wonderful, also, is the first friend in a strange place, who proved to be an elderly gentleman at a lunchcounter. I guess he could sense my loneliness because he fixed me an extra special lunch and very kindly asked me questions. I poured out the whole story to him while he listened attentively. When I had finished, rather ashamed, he reassured me that I hadn't bothered him at all and invited me back to talk to him any time I felt the need.

The next two weeks were very difficult. Endless miles of walking in search of a job until at last I found one in a department store selling books. I had no experience in selling but my knowledge of books was better than average so I had little trouble. Weeks passed uneventfully. My job and the sightseeing I did in my leisure hours kept me pretty well occupied except in the nights when loneliness would surge over me until I thought I could no longer stand it.

Finally, quite by accident, one of the girls in the hotel told me of night art classes. It seemed a marvelous idea and I decided to go with her the next evening. It was exactly what I needed and here I also learned that artists can be as respected and normal as anyone else. One in particular became very dear to me. His name was Philip and although he wasn't handsome, he had such a great love of life and human beings that I envied him. He was very enthusiastic about my work as my talent proved greater than his. Soon we began to see each other on Sunday afternoons and we took glorious walks through Central Park. We visited many places that he knew in the Village, and went to concerts and stage plays. It was so wonderful to be with someone who could enjoy everyday things. As time wore on I found myself caring for him a great deal and he for me. I guess it would have seemed pretty commonplace to me to want to start a home and raise a family a few months ago, but not now.

As all good stories go, we were married. Not a fancy wedding; my parents knew nothing of it, but his family was there. They were such refined people; God-fearing and ambitious. I liked them but felt very ill at ease for a long time because of the difference in our back-

grounds. You see, I had never told Philip, nor did I tell them the way I felt about my parents. I made up a tale about their being old and sick and not being able to help me.

Years seemed to fly by and I was blessed with a son, Timmy. Although we were not wealthy, Philip had a job which kept us comfortable and for the first time in my life I knew security. My son would be able to go to college; a thing I had always wanted for myself, and my husband and I would have enough to be comfortable in our old age.

I guess most people would now classify me as a typical housewife, but I still was able to paint and even write. I saw to it that my son had an appreciation of the fine arts but also made sure sports and other activities found a part of his life.

My life followed this routine pattern for fifteen years. When people get older and wiser they think of things more rationally. For the first time I began to realize that maybe part of my early life was so unpleasant because I did nothing about it myself. These thoughts went through my mind over and over again until at last I suggested to Philip that we take a trip to Provincetown during his vacation. He seemed surprised and pleased and consented immediately. Then I told him everything about myself. I hadn't realized how this deception had weighed upon me until after I had confessed. He was a little hurt because I hadn't had faith enough in him in all these years to tell him, but he forgave me. He told me he knew some day I would want to go back after I had grown up in my mind—you see, I was but eighteen when I left home.

It seemed strange to enter the town of my childhood again. There were so many new houses and so many old memories all crowding together at once. I was rather afraid to ask for my parents, fearing them dead, but finally did so. They had changed their place of residence and I walked slowly up to the door, leaving Philip behind for the time. They looked so old when at last I saw them through my tears. Worry had increased their burden. They were so happy to see me, so happy it made me feel low and selfish. After I had told them my life for the past twenty years, I called my husband. He was so kind and helpful, knowing the strain of our meeting. I realized now how they must

have felt when I left them, how I would feel if my son left me.

The mistakes people can make are frightening when you realize their true significance. I did. As for my position in the town now—Philip and I come here every chance we can find; it is quite changed.

“You remember the Johnson girl, don't you?”

“Yes.”

“I always knew she'd turn out to be a fine woman.”

“She certainly has a wonderful family but then I always said she would.”

Things like that don't bother me anymore, but for my son's sake I wouldn't return there to live. I have too many memories of a miserable childhood. This is the cross I must bear for my early mistakes.

Katherine Mayo, '54

A SCHOOL BOOK

I am no ordinary book because my life span is much shorter than the average. Some of my friends have humans using them who are much rougher with them than the one using me is. My life is generally one of travel because I usually go to my master's house every night. I am getting rather old now because I have been here for three years. I suppose next year I shall be replaced by a new edition. Well I guess they will put me in an old book's home. I certainly envy those dictionaries. Some of them have been here for ten years and they look as good now as they did when they first came here.

Paul Mayo

THE PLAYHOUSE

The sand was cold as we stood on the hill watching the sun bring a new day. It was going to be a good day too because the sun came up brightly. We could tell; we watched it every morning.

“Hey, Mart, do you want to go to the playhouse or Indian Valley first?”

“Let's go to the playhouse.”

“O. K. Maybe I can sneak into the house and get something to eat; I'm hungry.”

“Good, so am I.”

Down the hill we ran, across the street, and

into a small grove of scrub pines which protected our playhouse. I nearly always procured some food and we would sit on the chairs inside and have a grand feast for ourselves. Inevitably the question came up as to who was to play the "father" for that day and inevitably it would be Martha, as she was more of a tomboy than I. Our dolls acted as children and our dogs as the horses we rode. My name was then Mary and hers Jim.

"Mary, one of the children is dying. What will we do?"

"Hitch up the horses, Jim, we'll have to go over the swamp for a doctor!"

The dogs very patiently allowed themselves to be fastened to a wagon and we "mushed" them over to the old cranberry bog which acted as a swamp. The healing waters of the swamp always did the trick after the children had been sent out on rafts and had their clothes washed in it. The sunlight made everything glittery and the various plants and trees around gave a fairyland like appearance that I shall never forget. Back we would go to the playhouse after our feet got wet enough. "Mary" and "Jim" would usually have to go to their respective homes for lunch.

When the weather was exceptionally good, we would picnic out there and very importantly care for our family. The trees offered wonderful places to roost while we ate or even the fragrant pine needles which covered the ground.

There were so many repairs necessary on the house. The tar paper on the roof was always coming loose and had to be nailed back on and the molding usually needed tacking down. Inside curtains had to be hung and rugs kept clean enough to distinguish the pattern. One repair—or addition—was our pride and joy and took many days to complete. An honest-to-goodness flagpole. We felt very carpenterish as we hammered and sawed the thing into place and were very hurt when my father suggested he straighten it for us.

One day "Mary" and "Jim" decided the dogs must marry. Mine was a dachshund and her a plain old mutt but we were positive the match was the most wonderful since the beginning of time. There were many preparations as we wanted everything perfect.

First, the playhouse was scrubbed from ceiling to floor and smelled quite strongly from the

soap which streaked the walls in places; next we borrowed flowers from the neighbors' gardens, positive they would be thrilled to donate their bit toward such a wonderful cause. The bride's veil was a piece of green lace, which I will never forgive myself for ruining and the groom was provided with an antique tall silk hat and cane. Martha, representing the clergy, wore a resplendent but antiquated evening wrap and I was equipped with a rather dilapidated evening gown for my part as maid of honor.

The playhouse was scented delicately with flowers and the curate was sitting sedately behind his orange-crate-covered-with-sheet pulpit while I dragged the dogs up to the marked spot. The ceremony was long and trying and the bride shook so much that all my snapshots of her were blurred. The couple started out on their wedding trip in a wagon with a fantastically spelled "just married" sign trailing behind.

Now in the animal kingdom, customs are much different than for "homo sapiens." Our canine friends must have seven weddings to our one (it started out to be five to one but we added two because it was so much fun). For seven times we repeated this ceremony and for seven days the flowers in the gardens of our neighbors were reduced quite visibly.

"Mary" and "Jim" resumed their normal tasks and began a new project. Deciding that it would be wonderful to have flowers all our own we bought some seeds and planned a garden. And what a garden it was—or rather, would have been. The blueprint showed intricate patterns and daring color schemes. Much to our dismay, none of these plans materialized because the soil was very sandy and we invariably forgot to water the frail shoots that did appear.

Our next venture was Bantam chickens. Martha gave me two for the playhouse and we had a great time caring for them. Every time they would lay an egg, a moment of silent prayer was rendered. They were such small eggs, no larger than golf balls but seemed like gold to us. Things were fine until one of the poor little hens became ill and refused to lay eggs. We spent many hours searching for the cause of her illness and finally Martha unearthed, in an old medical book a plausible reason. The little chicken was probably crop-bound, which would involve a delicate opera-

tion. Of course we couldn't very well have a "vet" so Martha offered to do the operation.

The day was gray and cold when we carried the small white hen up to the playhouse. A pan of hot water, razor blade, needle and white thread, towel and small glass of whiskey were present. With great deliberation Martha operated—a thing I will never forget—and sewed the bewildered hen up. The next few days were anxious ones for us, but the hen lived and after her stitches were taken out and she was fully recovered, she laid eggs again.

Many times I think of that operation now and marvel at the intelligence and skill of Martha. It was not an easy thing to do when all you had as your guide was a rather technical medical book.

The playhouse was then turned into a detective agency. We had reams of what we thought were official looking documents. There was one poor man who lived a short way up the street whom we suspected of being a spy. He had a foreign accent which proved his guilt to us at once. We would leave threatening notes on his doorstep telling him to confess his crimes or else—and followed him closely to get footprints and other incriminating "clues". He must have thought us odd children, to say the least, but treated us very kindly. This struck terror to all the other things, this phase passed in time.

The separation from our beloved playhouse began when we first used it to divulge secrets to each other concerning that mysterious group of humans called Boys!

"Martha, guess what! **He** asked me to play baseball with him today!"

"He did? Well, guess who asked me?"

"You mean—."

"You're right."

"Martha," in a whisper, "do you think he likes me?"

"Yes."

"I think Bill likes you too."

"Yes? Gee!"

We didn't go to the playhouse to play "Bill" and "Mary", or to marry our dogs, or to operate on chickens or to do any of those things anymore. Even our whispered conversations were now carried on in a different place because, you see, the playhouse had gotten small in these past years. It became uncomfortable for us to stand erect in it and, as all things seem to do, it had lost its great attraction.

This is rather silly, I imagine, but the other day I went up there to look at it and see if I got the same feeling. It looked so beat up and shabby, not the magnificent place I had once imagined. The pine trees looked small, gnarled and dirty, not luxurious and tall as before. The pine needles were no longer soft, but one thing remained and that was the odor of the pines and the spicy odor reminded me of everything that I used to know and love so much.

Katherine Mayo, '54

"LOBO"

It was winter, and the silvery snow,
Was lying thick upon each hill,
And the trees that filled the forest
With their whispers—now were still.

And as I gazed across the land,
Across that barren sheet of white—
I saw you—Lobo—with your band,
Running swiftly through the night.

And yet it seemed you heeded not,
That pack that raced along behind
Before you ran a stag—you sought,
And this was foremost in your mind.

Then when the stag—at last—lay dead,
The pack rushed in—you thought too soon,
And standing on the snow—blood red,
You howled your triumph to the moon.

Dawn Ormsby

WHAT DOES MY COUNTRY DO FOR ME?

What does my country do for me?
It gives me hope and liberty.
It gives me rights to speak with ease.
Let's me write just what I please.
What other gifts from it are dear?
It leaves me free from want and fear.

But do I show some gratitude
While others starve in multitudes?
Why, no I live in luxury
While they suffer in penury.
I realize now that someday near
We may suffer, starve and fear.

Paul Kane

TO A DEAR ONE

We stood in the cool rippling water
And spoke in so youthful a strain.
Of destiny and of life's problems
With hearts all untwinged by life's pain.

We smiled and you jested so gayly
My dear one so fine and so fair
Your thoughts seemed so happy and gladsome
And dark was the gleam in your hair.

Do you ever recall in your dreaming
That morn in nature's great gain
We two in wanted solitude
In most confidential view.

I strolled by that way last evening
My heart reminiscent and sad
The stream forsaken and lifeless
No lovers to make the birds glad.

Still the years as they pass, cannot rob me
Of memories I treasure so fair
Of that splendor of magical beauty
The gleam on the dark of your hair.

Avis Perry

EXAM

A. M.

- 6:32—Awoke from sleep feeling like nothing
at all.
6:33—Wished to be back in Hawaii.
6:34—Wished I could go back into the third
grade.
6:37—Washed up, getting soap in eye.
6:42—Collar button didn't button so I ripped
it off.
7:00—Said good morning to family.
7:05—Ate a good breakfast, one piece of
toast and a cup of coffee.
7:20—Walked out slamming door.
7:25—Walked down street looking at every-
one.
7:39—Went into Adams.
7:45—Bought a root beer.
7:48—Tried to think of what Thomas Jeffer-
son did and why he did it.
7:51—Opened math book.
7:52—Closed math book.
8:10—Left Adams.
8:15—Walked in silence with classmate to
school.

- 8:20—Arrived at school.
8:30—First bell rang.
8:31—Looked at clock.
8:33—Asked friend the time.
8:35—Wondered what time it was.
8:40—Went to exam period.
8:45—Stared at figures of classmates.
8:47—Talked to myself saying everything was
all right.
8:48—Began to tremble.
8:50—Resolved to do a lot of studying next
term.
8:55—Received exam paper.
9:00—Looked over exam feeling sick.
9:01—Wondered if I had appendicitis and
should be excused to go home.
9:07—Coughed.
9:07—Began exam.
9:45—Looked out window and envied child in
baby carriage.
10:20—Tried to think of answer.
10:30—Guessed and wrote answer.
11:05—Handed in exam.

Donald Langley

I.

Softly speaks the wind;
Gently blows the breeze;
Although my heart is doubtful,
"He" puts my mind at ease.

"He" speaks to me through sunshine,
And birds that fly above.
I know that He will guide me,
To the one I love.

Betti Ross, '54

II.

The man I see is a stranger here.
From some other earth, but have we no
fear?
For we have many bombs atomic,
And many planes, so supersonic.
But should this day of collision arise,
Would our H-bomb be such a prize?
The inevitable, some say, shall never come,
But fear is dominating the minds of some
I for one, have faced the proof—
That life exists far above our roof.

Betti Ross, '54

TERM TESTS

Oh horrors! Oh shivers! Oh sadness! Oh gloom!
The term tests are nearing the time of our
doom!

We tremble, we mutter, we quiver, we shake,
As we think of exams that we must soon take.
Our smiles disappear, our hearts drop to our
shoes,

We're not gay any more, we're singing the
blues.

Our parents have threatened, to flunk we don't
dare,

We feel like a prisoner awaiting the chair.

If ever I happen to be in charge of a school

The first thing I'll do is wipe out this rule.

The kids in my school will have permanent rest

From the dreadful, the awful, the wicked Term
Test!!

Amy Williams, 8A

DECLAMATIONS

Months before that date is solemnly declared,
The mighty Juniors seek their plots.

Down to the library heavy in thoughts;

Taking down books; as many as we dared.

Looking brave: but oh so unsure!

Finally after many arguments with our brains,

Pick out subjects, and with strain

Proceed to memorize. What a bore!

Thinking of many things of better interest

And lay our declamations to rest,

Soon as time creeps slowly by,

We realize that time is drawing near,

And pick them up again with fear.

Orations, ballad, poems of earth to sky.

Then with much angered motion,

We begin our coaching: onward we must go

If we desire the valued prize.

And so, the day is here and with the shakes

We stand before the elite of schools

And with remorse, begin to take—

The sentence of fate, and feel like fools.

But then it's over so quickly,

And we feel rather sickly.

Though really it wasn't so bad.

For now it's finished and are we glad!

Rebecca Morris

LOOK INSIDE

Ah indeed, she's very pretty;

Fragrant as a tiny flower.

Golden locks, and head so witty,

Dreaming beauty every hour

Go to her, and look inside.

The outside true, is very rare,

But have you looked around?

Search inside, my friend, please dare!

Men before, have found

Evil wicked thoughts, that hide;

Go, my friend, and look inside.

Her beauty true, might be skin deep

And you'll awake to find,

Taunting thoughts, enclosed in sleep.

Although she may act kind,

If her evil rides the tide,

Please, my friend, look inside.

Her beauty seen, might not compare

With others here about,

But others have it over her,

And so again I'll shout,

"Before you pick her for a bride

Go to her, and look inside."

And when you've found, what I have seen,

You'll come to me and say

"Thank you father." Now I'll dream

To find another day,

And then I'll know, my son, my pride

Has gone to her, and looked inside.

Carol O'Donnell, '55

ETRE SEUL

She's gone I know for up above,

To live forever in Thy love.

To be alone is my destiny,

So now I live with my memory.

But though my heart is all alone,

For each sin I will atone.

I love you, God, with all my heart,

Please dwell within me ne'er to part.

Fill my soul with Holy grace,

That one day I may see Thy face.

And then how happy I will be,

For, oh my God, how I love Thee.

Chester Cook, '55

"A PRAYER"

Father above, please hear my prayer
 Watch over him while he's up there,
 Protect him and guide him for at last he is free
 Please ask him to always remember me.
 I know he is peaceful and resting now
 And I must go on without him;

Please show me how.

I know he is watching, looking down from the
 sky.

I keep this thought and I will not cry
 For someday we'll meet again up in the blue
 And until then dear Lord, I trust him to you.

Toni Williams, '57

"PHANTASY"

Shadows dancing lightly
 upon the garden wall
 were only small reflections
 of the trees so tall.

As I gaze upon the shadows
 I recall a boy so dear
 and remember all the dreams we shared
 When he was here.

Janet Gill, '54

Did you ever wish that
 Tomorrow
 would lightly brush away
 your sorrow
 of Today
 and whisk you into
 the joyous land of Yesterday?

Judi Boogar, '56

"MEDITATION"

Dancing waves on a blue-green sea
 seem to softly beckon me,
 But when I roam from shore to shore
 they seem to whisper more and more,
 And when I gaze beyond their reach
 to some far off and sandy beach,
 They slowly swirl about my feet
 with patience I shall always seek,
 For they will always wait for me,
 My dancing waves on a blue-green sea.

Judi Boogar, '56

"MEMORIES"

When I was young and in my prime
 I'll tell you how I spent my time,
 Lying in a soft, pink bed
 People, who admired, often said
 She's cute. She looks like you.
 Funny how time has changed.

When I was older and still in my prime
 I'll tell you how I spent my time.
 Men? I treated them like boys,
 I thought they were only toys.
 Funny, I've changed a little.

Now I'm old, no longer in my prime
 But I can remember how I spent my time.
 If you can do as well as I,
 You'll have no fear of getting old
 Because you'll hold within yourself
 Memories of wealth untold.

Joan Kenney, '54

JUSTICE

Oh God, my God, my only God,
 Oh truly I'm so lonely Lord;
 My broken heart, once light and gay,
 Longs for the one you took away.
 I know that you are right my God,
 So I am happy with you, my Lord.

Chester Cook, '55

CAPE COD

Have you ever been down to the tip of Cape
 Cod?
 Through its woods, on its beaches, have you
 ever trod?
 If you have it's a feeling you just cannot
 forget—
 Those hours you have spent there you'll never
 regret.
 The smell of the pine, the tang of salt air,
 There's no place quite like it around anywhere.
 The people are friendly, they'll do all in their
 power
 To make you feel free to enjoy every hour.
 The narrow streets of Provincetown, their
 artists and crowds,
 The little hills of Truro, the sunsets, the clouds,
 They make you forget every trouble and care,

Your sorrows just vanish; your dull moments
are rare.
In the morning a fishing trip with the captain
and crew,
As you watch that old sun rise it does something
to you.
The men are all jolly, though at work they're
full of fun,
Together you laugh and are merry 'till their
fishing is done.
After lunch you may swim and this is true,
Take a dip in our waters and you'll feel born
anew;
And after you've left this dear Cape Cod of ours
You'll remember that visit and those happy
hours.
You'll just long to return—of this I'm quite
sure—
That desire to come back, you can not endure.

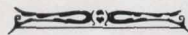
If it is at all possible, back you will be
To the hills and the breezes, the fresh air and
the sea,
Mere words can't describe it—you just have to
thank God
That you're back once again to this dear old
Cape Cod.

Toni Williams, '57

THE NEW SCHOOL

First a man came to survey
Then a tractor came to plow away
The land that there so long had lain
The soil that withstood both storm and rain
The building will be too good for words
And the roof may shelter a nest of birds.

David Hautanen



SENIOR SUPERLATIVES

| | | | |
|-----------------------------|------------------------------|---------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| Best Girl Student | Estelle Souza | Biggest Appetite—Girl | Betti Ross |
| Best Boy Student | George Bowley | Best Girl Prospect for Marriage | Nancy Paine |
| Class Artist | Betti Ross | Class Pest | Robert Morris |
| Class Actor | Ronald Cabral | Personality Plus | Estelle Souza |
| Class Actress | Janet Gill | Class Favorite | Joan Kenney |
| Class Acrobat | Raymond Alves | Class Flirt | Janet Gill |
| Class Musician | Estelle Souza | Class Politician | Ronald Cabral |
| Class Clown | Ronald Cabral | Woman Hater | Robert Morris |
| Girl with the Most Poise | Nancy Paine | Man Hater | Beverly Silva |
| Most Subtle | Janet Gill, Ronald Malaquias | First to get a Bay Window | George Bowley |
| Most Athletic Boy | Henry Hautanen | First to get Married | Shirley Perry |
| Most Athletic Girl | Martha Alves | Laziest Girl | Mary Youngren |
| Best Girl Dancer | Nancy Jason | Laziest Boy | Lester Hautanen |
| Best Boy Dancer | Ronald Cabral | Girl with Best Figure | Nancy Paine |
| Boy Most Likely to Succeed | George Bowley | Million Dollar Smile—Girl | Betti Ross |
| Girl Most Likely to Succeed | Katherine Mayo | Million Dollar Smile—Boy | Leland Morris |
| Done the Most for the Class | Katherine Mayo | Most Bashful | Beverly Silva |
| Most Attractive Girl | Nancy Paine | Wittiest | Patricia Kane |
| Best Looking Boy | Leland Morris | Most Original | Patricia Kane |
| Best Dressed Girl | Betti Ross | Biggest Drag with Faculty | Katherine Mayo |
| Best Dressed Boy | Ronald Malaquias | Most Dignified | Philip Silva, George Bowley |
| Boy With the Best Physique | Henry Hautanen | Best Disposition | Nancy Paine |
| Biggest Appetite—Boy | Steven Perry | | |



SENIORS



SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

Left to right: Ronald Malaquias, Vice President; Ernest Carreiro, Treasurer; Katherine Mayo, President;

SENIOR CLASS HISTORY

Freshman

After eight long years as "children" of the elementary schools, we, the "Class of '54" finally on a bright morning in September of 1950 trudged up to that red, brick building on the hill where we began the first of our four final years in secondary school. A few weeks after school was in progress we were allowed to hold our first class meeting and to decide who, in our class, were to hold the executive positions of President, Vice President, Secretary and Treasurer. Those elected were Kay Mayo, Steve Perry, Lester Hautanen and Ernest Carreiro. Mr. Dahill was also chosen to lead this amateur group as our class advisor. Joan Kenney and Ernest Carreiro were elected to the Student Council.

Before the end of September we "juveniles"

were given our "Freshman Reception" by the Almighty Seniors; which officially welcomed us into high school. The remainder of the year was spent quietly collecting class dues and dreaming of our future years at P. H. S.

June came quickly, however, and we retired for the summer, eagerly awaiting September when we would re-enter P. H. S. as Sophomores.

Sophomores

The morning of September 6, 1951 found us hurrying up that familiar street, feeling much bigger and more important than the previous year. After our first class meeting we again found Kay Mayo leading the class as President with Lester Hautanen, Janet Gill and Ernest Carreiro to help her as Vice President, Secretary and Treasurer respectively. Once again

(Continued on Page 23)



MARTHA NEILA ALVES

Ambition: To know all there is to know
 Pet Peeve: Undisciplined children
 Hobby: Reading, music, sports
 "Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
 Deeply buried from human eyes."



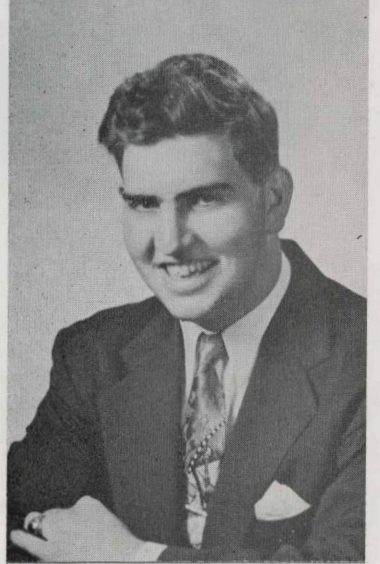
RONALD TAVES CABRAL

Ambition: To be successful
 Pet Peeve: The long ride to Truro
 Hobby: A certain Truro lass
 "A little nonsense now and then
 Is relished by the wisest men."



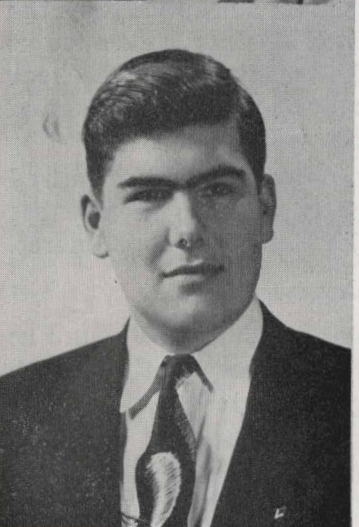
RAYMOND STEVENS ALVES

Ambition: To own a new Mercury Convertible
 Pet Peeve: Conceited people
 Hobby: Taking things apart
 "Every man is a volume,
 if you know how to read him."



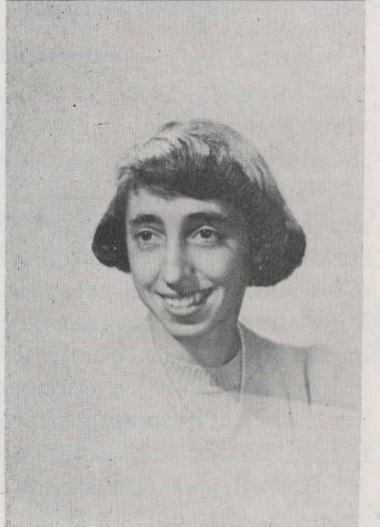
ERNEST LOUREIRO CARREIRO, JR.

Ambition: To survive without being the fittest
 Pet Peeve: Life Adjustment
 Hobby: Woodworking, sailing, women
 "And when a lady's in the case,
 You know all other things give place:"



GEORGE ANDREW BOWLEY

Ambition: To be as successful as my father
 Pet Peeve: People who should know better
 Hobby: Amateur radio, electric guitar,
 audio engineering
 "I will sit down now, but the time
 will come when you will hear me."



MARLENE JANICE CARREIRO

Ambition: To own a blue streamline convertible
 Pet Peeve: Two-faced people
 Hobby: R. A. H.
 Seen—but not heard



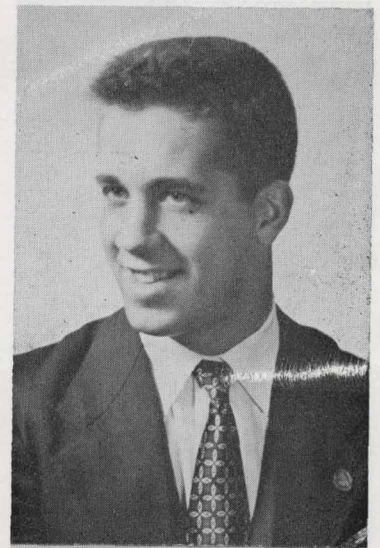
IRENE JOAN COOK

Ambition: To accomplish the goals which I have set for myself

Pet Peeve: People who judge others by themselves

Hobby: Writing short stories

"Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more
Men were deceivers ever,
one foot on sea and one on shore
to one thing constant never."



LESTER IRMER HAUTANEN

Ambition: To lead a merry life

Pet Peeve: A. M.

Hobby: Sports, P. O'D

A star athlete
but afflicted with modesty.



JANET JOYCE GILL

Ambition: To be an airline hostess

Pet Peeve: Certain boy in the Senior Class
who says "You'll never learn!"

Do you know a young and beautiful woman
who is not ready to flirt—just a little?



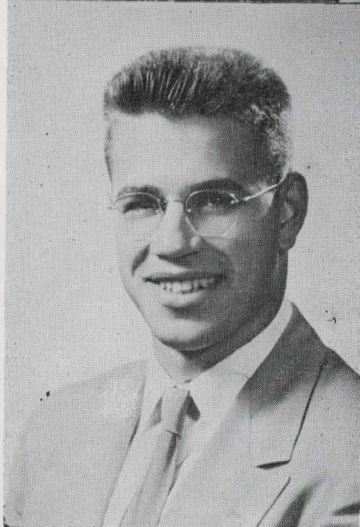
NANCY CAROL JASON

Ambition: To live a happy and contented
life with Francis

Pet Peeve: Two-faced people

Hobby: That certain sailor in Italy—
F. A. C.

Laugh, dance, and be merry
but also be innocent.



HENRY HAROLD HAUTANEN, JR.

Ambition: To live a happy life

Pet Peeve: Thumbing to Truro

Hobby: Sports and D. O.

"He cast off his girls as a huntsman his pack,
for he knew when he pleased he could wheel
them back."



PATRICIA ANN KANE

Ambition: Airline hostess

Pet Peeve: G. F. L.

Hobby: Swimming

"It is our kindest and tenderest emotion
that we screen from the world."



LUCILLE MARGARET KELLEY

Ambition: To be successful
 Pet Peeve: Being called "Lucy"
 Hobby: Art work

It is tranquil people who
 accomplish much.

KATHERINE NICKERSON MAYO

Ambition: To have a MRS. degree
 Pet Peeve: Alarm clocks
 Hobby: Reading

"Kay is a girl who's sure and steady
 Like a flashlight she's Ever ready."

JOAN MARSHA KENNEY

Ambition: To become an R.N. and take care
 of millionaires who'll leave me
 their money

Pet Peeve: Senior boy who can't stand to be
 told "he's chicken"

Hobby: That sailor in Florida—R. J. S.

"For if she will, she will, you may depend on
 it;
 if she won't, she won't, and there's an end to
 it."



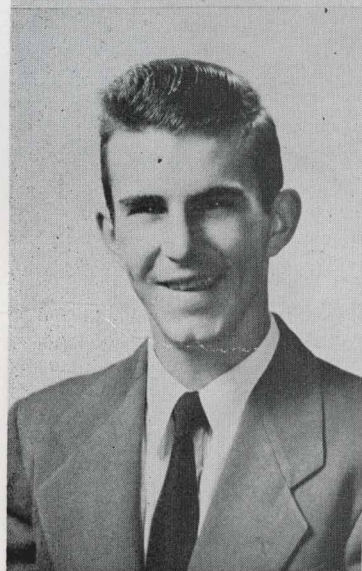
LAWRENCE WILLIAM MEADS

Ambition: To be a Jack of all trades and
 master them all

Pet Peeve: Stubborn women

Hobby: Raising and breeding tropical
 fish

Rather a quiet chap, probably because
 he prefers to do things rather than talk about
 them.



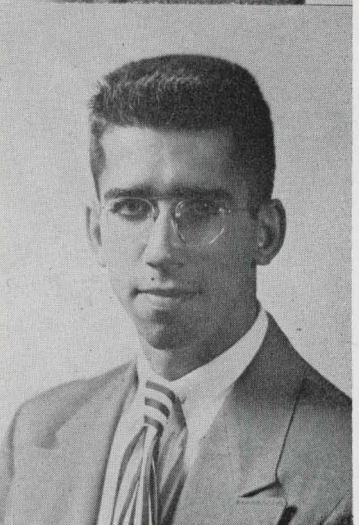
RONALD ANTHONY MALAQUIAS

Ambition: To be a good mechanic

Pet Peeve: Sarcastic teachers

Hobby: Working on my Ford, fishing

"Comb down his hair; Look, Look!
 It stands upright."



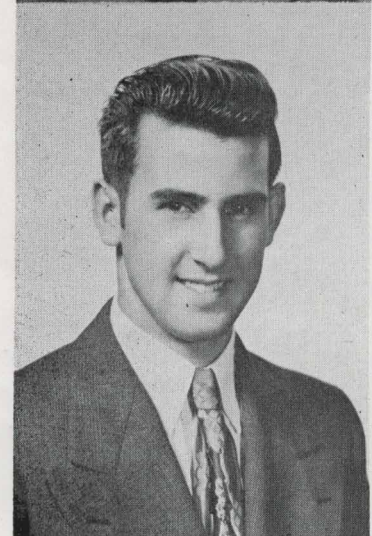
LELAND JACKSON MORRIS

Ambition: To have a prosperous career

Pet Peeve: Fickle women

Hobby: Helping other people

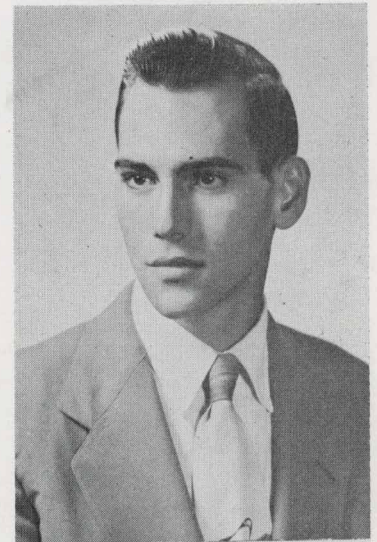
"When he does a thing he does it well:
 When he doesn't, you can never tell."





ROBERT LEE MORRIS

Ambition: Radio-TV technician
Pet Peeve: People that think they know more than they do
Hobby: Radio-TV
"Nonsense and noise will oft prevail when honor and affection fail."



JOSEPH AUGUSTINE PATRICK

Ambition: To live a happy life
Pet Peeve: Those who think they know all
Hobby: Doing what I can to help people
"The man, who I call deserving the name is one, whose thoughts and exertions are for others rather than himself."



NANCY ARLENE PAINE

Ambition: To have a happy and successful marriage
Pet Peeve: Stubborn people
Hobby Sewing and reading
Nancy's a girl who's quite clever
And deserves to be happy forever.



JEANETTE FLORENCE PERRY

Ambition: To lead a happy and successful life
Pet Peeve: Waiting for R. L. A.
Hobby: Ice skating, swimming, driving, travelling
"Time is flying, love is sighing come, for thee a heart is pining. Here alone I wait for thee."



SONYA MARY PASSION

Ambition: To fulfill my dreams
Pet Peeve: Sideburns!!!!
Hobby: Being chauffeured by E. S.
"You think a man to be your dupe: If he pretends to be so— who is the greatest dupe—he or you?"



SHIRLEY ANN PERRY

Ambition: To be a successful housewife
Pet Peeve: Cut throats
Hobby: Writing to E. J. B.
"She that weds will wisely match her love nor be below her husband, nor above."



STEPHEN RUSSELL PERRY

Ambition: What else but, "a farmer"
 Pet Peeve: Some persistent girls
 Hobby: Fixing the "Ford" and sports
 "He who owns the soil
 owns up to the sky."

BEVERLY LOUISE SILVA

Ambition: To be successful
 Pet Peeve: Two-faced people
 Hobby: Reading
 "A shy face is better than a forward heart."



ELIZABETH ANN ROSS

Ambition: To marry a millionaire
 Pet Peeve: Thin wallets
 Hobby: Counting money
 "A more original girl you'll never see
 In art someday she'll famous be."

PHILIP FRANK SILVA

Ambition: To be successful at whatever I
 undertake
 Pet Peeve: Homework
 Hobby: Sports and L. F.
 "Silence is to the wise man
 what speech is to the fool."



EDWARD JOSEPH SALVADOR

Ambition: To be a success
 Pet Peeve: Homework
 Hobby: Truck driving
 "He had talents equal to business
 and aspired no higher."

ESTELLE ROSEMARIE SOUZA

Ambition: To be as sweet as my mother
 Pet Peeve: Stubborn egotistical people
 Hobby: Planning with Jerry
 Love will find the way.





CAROLYN ANN WOOD

Ambition: To become a successful beautician

Pet Peeve: Room 11 and 4th period

Hobby: Writing letters

"A pal, whether times be good or bad,
She is always happy and never sad."

MARY EMMA YOUNGREN

Ambition: To own a convertible

Pet Peeve: Conceited people

Hobby: E. M. R. Jr.

"When boys are nigh, she seems quite shy,
she always has to close one eye."



Joan Kenney and Ronald Cabral were to represent our group in Student Council.

This year proved to be a great deal more interesting than the previous one had been. Our first venture into the social world occurred on December 7, 1951 when we held our first dance which we entitled "The Winter Carnival." A king and a queen were chosen and one of the highlights of the evening was the raffling off of a huge 5 foot candy cane which was won by Miss Rita Meads. This proved to be such a success, both socially and financially that we were soon given the added privilege of selling greeting cards which were bought very eagerly by the townspeople. In the spring of this same year we held a Cake Sale at Robinson's store and once again Spring crept up on us and June found us scurrying round feeling very important as prospective Juniors.

Juniors

The summer had swiftly become the past and once again we beheld the month of cool breezes, falling leaves and the inevitable return to school. One could very easily guess what day it was when, on September 10, 1952, that familiar sight of shining faces, domineering Seniors, excited Freshmen and of course we obstinate Juniors returned to old Winslow Street. By this time we were very sure of ourselves and had already decided that this, the year of Proms, parties and many lucrative activities was to be much more exciting than those in our past or the ones that lay in the future years ahead of us. Before the first month of school had come to an

end we had ordered our newly designed school rings and elected the following officers to preside over us during our third year in high school: Ronald Cabral, President; Ronald Malaquias, Vice President; Edward Salvador, Secretary; and Ernest Carreiro, Treasurer. Mr. Hennessey was elected to serve as advisor of our class. Joan Kenney and Kay Mayo were elected to the Student Council.

Because of several difficulties which we encountered our class officers resigned and those elected to replace them were Kay Mayo, President; Ronald Malaquias, Vice President; Janet Gill, Secretary and Ernest Carreiro remained as Treasurer.

We began making money by selling refreshments at the games and on December 5 we held our second annual "Winter Carnival". Since our previous one had been very successful, it paved the way for our second which was a huge success, in spite of the Seniors' predictions that the rain would keep our customers away. We danced to the music of the "best bands in the land" and elected a king and queen of the dance.

Throughout the winter we collected dues and behaved as all good Juniors should and in March those chosen to participate in the Junior Declamations finals were Steve Perry, Ernest Carreiro, Joan Kenney, Estelle Souza, Kay Mayo, and Irene Cook. The winners were as follows:—First prize, Stephen Perry; Second prize, Kay Mayo, and Third prize, Estelle Souza.

Our next production was the Junior Prom,

which occurred late in May. I think this was truly "our night". The male members of the class looked quite handsome in their formal outfits of white dinner jackets with midnight blue pants. The ladies of the class looked really elegant in their formal gowns of various spring colors. Everything was just perfect including the grand march which highlighted the evening.

On June 5 we presented the Seniors with their Prom which was enjoyed equally by Juniors and Seniors.

Impossible as it seemed, another year had drawn to a close and summer was once again at hand, so the doors of P. H. S. were once again closed and when they reopened we found ourselves on the doorstep of our final year as members of P. H. S.

Seniors

On September 9, 1953 the halls of P. H. S. were once again filled with the eager, happy voices of its students and those voices which were most filled with hopes, expectations and dreams of the future belonged to we Seniors. Those elected to serve as our officers during the last year in school were:

| | |
|------------------|----------------|
| Kay Mayo | President |
| Ernest Carreiro | Treasurer |
| Ronald Malaquias | Vice President |
| Janet Gill | Secretary |

Once again Mr. Hennessey was chosen to be our class advisor and Joan Kenney returned to the Student Council with Lester Hautanen assisting her.

Almost immediately we began the selling of Christmas cards which greatly added to our constantly growing treasury.

On November 4, we held our first Chicken Pie Supper which was a tremendous success and netted a huge sum which was immediately added to the money that would carry us to New York in early spring.

We began our rehearsals for the Minstrel Show which the "Class of '54", under the excellent direction of Mr. Hennessey and supervision of Mr. Causi and Mr. Thorne, presented on November 18 and 19. The school auditorium was filled to capacity and the show was thoroughly enjoyed by all who attended.

At our first class meeting after Christmas vacation we decided that the date for our second "Chicken Pie Supper" would be January 21st.

Meanwhile we began the collection of newspapers which we sold in early spring and again added a "tidy sum" to our funds.

The supper was held as scheduled. This one was even better than the first, the food was de-licious and the townspeople really patronized this affair.

Spring arrived quickly, our treasury is bulging and all 33 members of the Class of '54 are eagerly awaiting our April vacation when we shall journey to the "big city".

Graduation is also approaching all too rapidly and before we have time to think twice we'll be standing on the stage receiving the diplomas which we have strived so hard for in the past twelve years.

IMPORTANT ACTIVITIES THROUGH SCHOOL

Raymond Alves—getting an assembly ready for the month of May, Chicken Pie Suppers.

Martha Alves—basketball '51, '52, '53, '54, Captain, Junior and Senior Prom committees; 2 Chicken Pie Suppers '54; Interclass basketball 4 years; Refreshment and Dance committee, '53, '54; Minstrel Show.

George Bowley—Minstrel Show, Variety Show, Long Pointer Staff, Orchestra.

Ronald Cabral—football, Student Council, Glee Club, Minstrel Show, Band.

Ernest Carreiro—Class Treasurer '51-'52, Minstrel Show, Long Pointer Staff (2 years), Variety Show, Declamation Finalist, Boys' State Delegate.

Marlene Carreiro—2 Chicken Pie Suppers, Minstrel Show, Band.

Irene Cook—Orchestra '51, '52, School newspaper staff, Yearbook staff, Junior and Senior Prom committees, Junior Declamation finalist, sang at graduation '51, '52, Freshman Reception committee, Winter Carnival committee '52, '53, Chicken Pie Supper committee, office work, '53, '54.

Janet Gill—Secretary '52, '53, '54, manager of girl's basketball team '53, '54, chairman of music committee for Junior Prom, Yearbook, sang at graduation.

Henry Hautanen—football '51-'54, basketball '51-'54, baseball '51-'54, Minstrel Show, Chicken Pie Suppers.

Lester Hautanen—Minstrel Show, football '52, '53, '54, Vice President '52, Secretary '51,



YOU REMEMBER

SENIORS ?



THE FIRST CHEERING YOU EVER DID ?

①



THE BEGINNING OF MANY YEARS OF CAPTIVITY

②



WHEN LIFE BECAME INTERESTING ?

③



THE FRESHMAN RECEPTION ?

④



THE THRILL OF BEING A FRESHMAN ?

⑤



THOSE FOOTBALL HEROES ?

⑥



THE ZERO HOUR ?

⑦

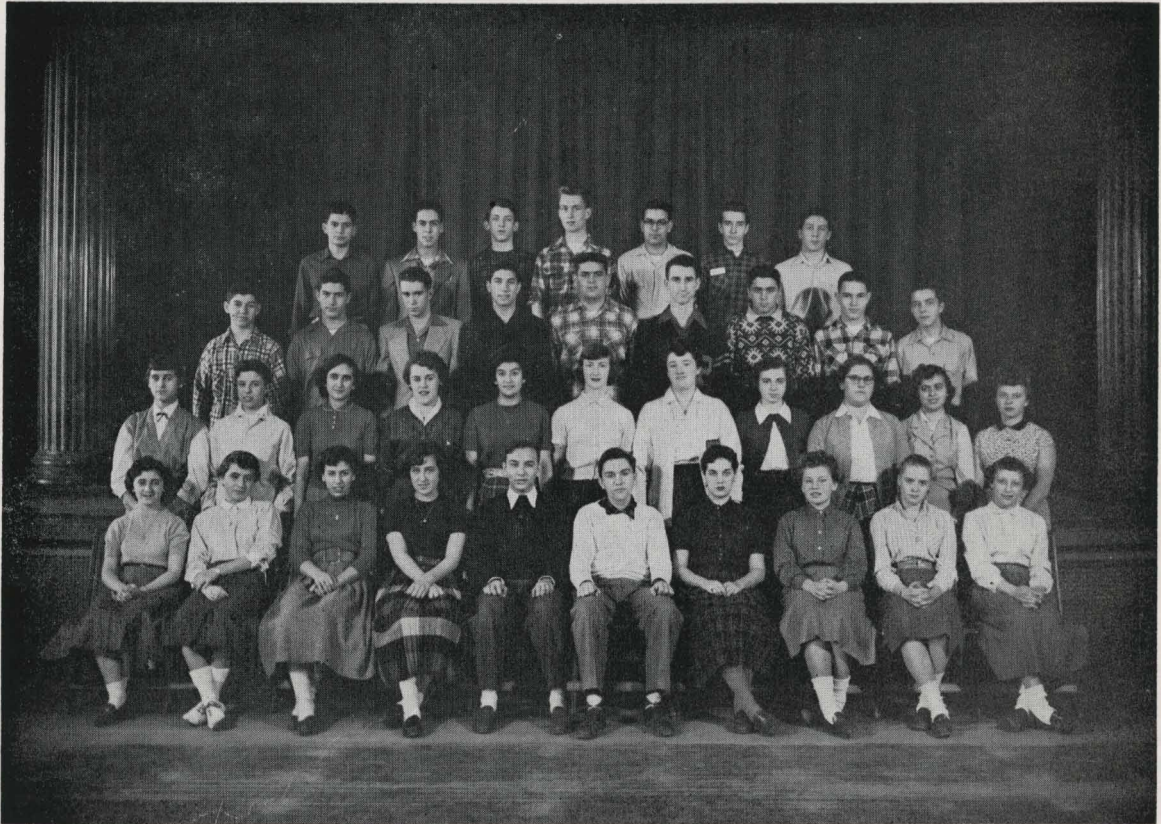


GEORGE FELTON "55"

- Student Council, baseball '51-'53, basketball '51-'54.
- Nancy Jason—Minstrel Show, Chicken Pie Suppers, Junior Prom Committee.
- Patricia Kane—Minstrel Show, Junior Prom committee, Senior Prom committee, Chicken Pie Suppers.
- Lucille Kelley—Minstrel Show, Chicken Pie Suppers.
- Joan Kenney—basketball '51-'54, Student Council '51-'54, Declamation finalist, Junior and Senior Prom committees, sang at graduation, refreshment committees, chairman of decorations, tickets, chairman of Winter Carnival, Yearbook.
- Ronald Malaquias—Student Council 2 years, Vice President of class '53, '54, Minstrel Show, Variety Show.
- Katherine Mayo — Class President '51-'54, National Honor Society, Newspaper staff, Long Pointer staff '51-'54, Dramatic Club, Head Librarian '53 - '54, Declamation finalist.
- Lawrence Meads—Kitchen committee, Chicken Pie Supper.
- Leland Morris—Minstrel Show, Chicken Pie Supper.
- Robert Morris—Glee Club, Chess Club, Minstrel Show, Graduation chorus, Band and Orchestra.
- Nancy Paine—Varsity basketball '52-54, intramural '51-'54, Chairman Senior Prom, Chairman Winter Carnival '52-'53, Chairman Poster committee '53, '54.
- Sonya Passion—Cheerleader, Minstrel Show, Winter Carnival dances, Chicken Pie Suppers, Junior Prom and Cake Sales.
- Joseph Patrick—baseball, basketball, Minstrel Show.
- Jeanette Perry—Assistant on Magazine Drive, committees for Winter Carnival (2 years), Junior Prom, Cake Sales, Senior Prom, Office Work, Long Pointer Staff, sang at graduation, chairman of refreshments of Winter Carnival, selling at baseball games.
- Shirley Perry—Minstrel Show, Junior Prom, Chicken Pie Suppers.
- Stephen Perry—football, '51, '52, '54; baseball, '51, '52, '54; Glee Club, Chorus, Orchestra, Minstrel Show, Chicken Pie Supper.
- Elizabeth Ross—Cheerleader '51-'54, bowling team '52, '53, office work '52, '53.
- Edward Salvador — Minstrel Show, Winter Carnival, Junior Prom, Variety Show, Chicken Pie Suppers.
- Beverley Silva — Minstrel Show, Chicken Pie Suppers.
- Philip Silva—basketball '52-'54, baseball '53, '54, football '54, Minstrel Show, Chicken Pie Suppers.
- Estelle Souza—Minstrel Show, Orchestra '51-'54, Junior Declamation finalist, office work, school paper, Dramatic Club, Senior Class correspondence, Long Pointer Staff, usherette for graduation.
- Carolyn Wood—Minstrel Show, Chicken Pie Suppers, Junior Prom committees.
- Mary Youngren—Chicken Pie Suppers, Minstrel Show.



UNDERGRADS



JUNIOR CLASS

JUNIOR CLASS HISTORY

On the morning of September 8th, 1951, forty-eight large eyed, confused and proud Freshmen entered the top floor of Provincetown High School. We had all been looking forward to this day, and now that it had come, we were looking forward to the beginning and shaping of each and every one of our lives.

At our first class meeting we elected Mr. Fitzgerald as our Class Advisor with the following members as officers: President, James Ferreira; Vice President, Anthony Lema; Secretary, Avis Perry; and Treasurer, Chester Cook. Our Class colors were silver and blue. It was decided that our dues were to be 25c a month, during our first year and 50c in succeeding years.

The Seniors gave us our unforgettable Fresh-

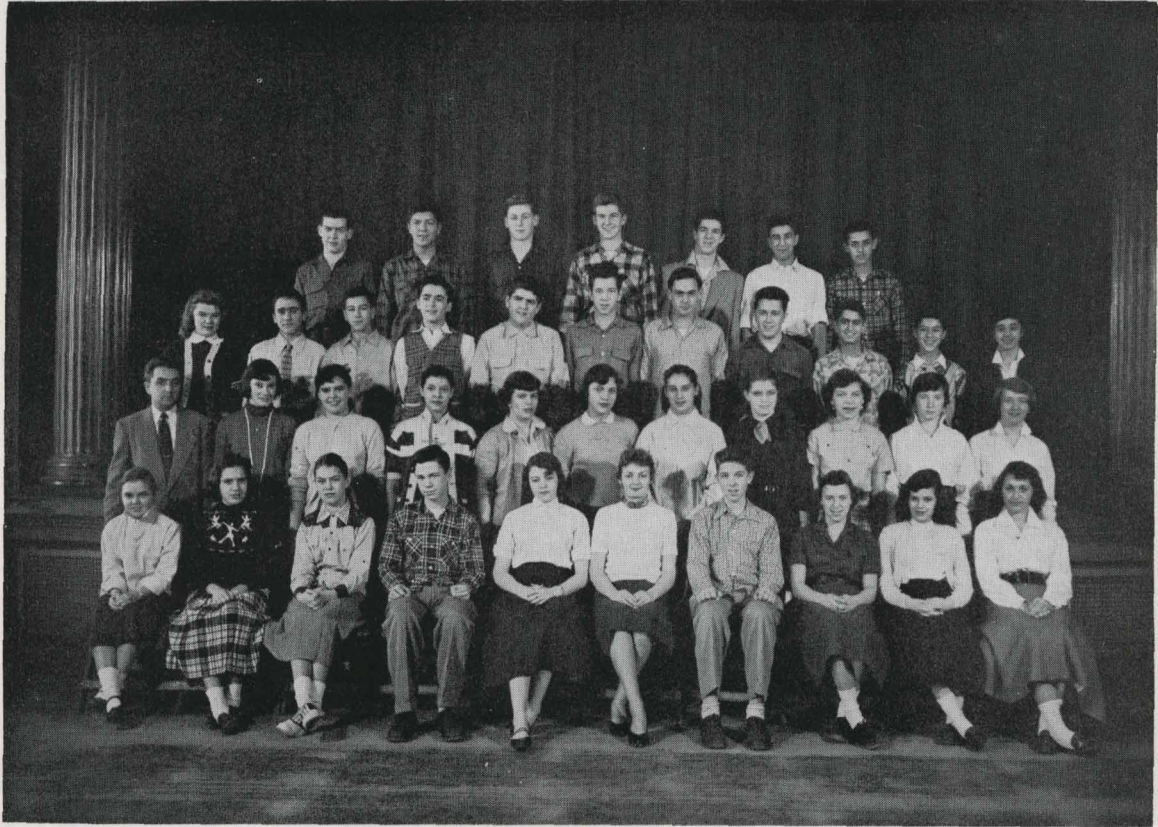
man Reception and from then on we were members of the "great Hall of Progress" taking it upon ourselves to gain recognition.

During our Sophomore year we began to engage in the social side of high school life. Our members were participating in sports, the band and orchestra, and other activities around the school. The Honor Roll was bursting with the proud results of some of us; consequently, we were all a happy lot.

This year we were allowed to hold some activities in the class. In the Fall, we held a Cake Sale and raffled a Mixmaster. Later in the year we sold assorted greeting cards. The class as a whole showed great enthusiasm in these, making them both into thriving successes.

Our class officers this year were, President, James Ferreira; Vice President, Avis Perry,

(Continued on page 30)



SOPHOMORE CLASS

SOPHOMORE CLASS HISTORY

The class officers chosen for our Freshman year were the following: President, John Gregory; Vice President, Judi Boogar; Secretary, Clement Kacergis, and Treasurer, Stanley Rowe. Student Council members elected were Betty Gillies and Philip Tarvers. Mr. John Williams became our Class Advisor and our class colors were blue and silver. We felt lost and unwelcome during the first two weeks but after the Freshman Reception given by the Seniors, we soon felt at home. During April we had a dance at the Veterans of Foreign Wars Hall which profited our class. The school year passed very quickly, and June soon arrived. We ended our Freshman year with a big beach party at Race Point that continued through the day and into the night. Everyone enjoyed themselves and we all headed home to enjoy our summer vacation.

After our school vacation, which always seems to pass so quickly, we arrived at school in September to begin another year. Now we are no longer little Freshmen but big Sophomores. Our first class meeting, as usual, consisted of

the electing of new class officers. For our Sophomore year the following were elected: President, Betty Gillies; Vice President, John Gregory; Secretary, Marie Perry; and Treasurer, Stanley Rowe. This year's Student Council members were Judi Boogar and Philip Tarvers. Mr. Ernest Frechette was chosen as our Class Advisor and our class colors are red and white. We decided to buy a bouquet of flowers for Neil Nelson, a former member of Provincetown High School. During February we aided our class funds by selling all occasion cards throughout Provincetown and Truro. Also during the month of February, a huge variety show was put on in the auditorium of the high school. Since this was to benefit a worthy cause, the student scholarship fund, many Sophomore girls and boys volunteered their services to this Variety Show. Some of these who either performed, acted as ushers, or ran the curtains and applied makeup were the following: Diane Hurd, Joyce Pekowsky, Shirley Salvador, Rachael DeSilva, Estephania Alves, Dawn Ormsby, Bertha Martinot, Marguerite Thomas, David Hautanen, and

(continued on page 31)



FRESHMAN CLASS

FRESHMAN CLASS HISTORY

On September 8, 1953 as the doors of P. H. S. opened wide, the new Freshman Class of '57 entered into the unknown corridors of upstairs. As we sat in our home room very uneasy, the upper classmen came to inspect the "Children" who had ventured upstairs from the Junior High. Of course we thought of ourselves as young ladies and gentlemen.

During the second week of school we held our first class meeting. The meeting was held purposely to elect class officers. The following students were elected: Jane Enos, President; Richard Segura, Vice President; Mary Reis, Secretary; Nancy Burhoe, Treasurer. The two students elected to represent us in the Student Council were: Joseph Lema and John Perry. We chose Mr. John Williams for class advisor. Blue and gold were selected as class colors, and the dues, 25c, monthly.

Of course nothing was more important to us than getting ready for the "Freshman Reception" which is sponsored by the Senior Class. Everyone was excited and all that could be heard was "Gee, I wonder why my partner will be?" Then came the day when our names were

hung on the bulletin board with those of our partners. Everyone was satisfied and in spite of our nerves everything turned out very well including the Grand March. After our Freshman Reception we really felt as though we were part of the "Senior High School."

We Freshmen were not left out in the field of sports. The boys who were on the football team were Richard Segura, Joseph Lema, John Perry, Joseph Cook, manager, and Walter Welsh who could not continue the season because of a broken arm. They played well all season winning their letters at the end of the season. The boys who represented the Freshman Class in basketball and who will prove very successful during the next three years to come are: John Perry, Joseph Lema, Richard Segura, Ronald Motta, and Kenneth Roderick.

When Honor Roll time rolls around at the end of each term we have not been left out. We always manage to include a few names in the space reserved for us. Those who have made the Honor Roll during this year are as follows: Roberta Kane, John Perry, Mary Reis and Jane Enos.

Jane Enos, '57



JUNIOR HIGH EIGHTH GRADE

JUNIORS (continued from page 27)

Secretary, Kenneth Santos; and Treasurer, Loretta Santos. The Student Council Members were Anthony Lema and Malcolm Rose. Our Advisor was our home room teacher, Mr. Frechette.

Thus, we closed our second year at P. H. S.; always looking forward, however, for next year we would be Juniors.

This Fall the Class of '55 was back again, but only with forty-two members now. Everyone of us was quite noticeably changed too from the Summer that we had just left. We were all happy, however, for now we were in the "upper half of the upper half". Everyone realized the full year that we had ahead of us, and lost no time in getting prepared for it.

At our first Class Meeting we elected officers; they were President, Robert Welsh; Vice President, Avis Perry; Secretary, Kenneth Santos; Treasurer, Loretta Santos. Student Council members were Malcolm Rose and Pat Duarte. Our Class Advisor was Miss Medeiros. With these as guides, we set out on our way.

On the first day of school our School rings which we had ordered in the Spring came. Every member of the class bought one and we all showed them off with great pride.

In the Fall we held another Cake Sale and raffled a portable radio. We have been selling refreshments at the football and basketball games also. Our largest activities are still to come however, with the Junior and Senior Proms in the Spring. In addition to these, a cake sale has also been mentioned.

During this year we still showed our individual talents. The sports field shows a multitude of Juniors, both boys and girls; the Band and Orchestra and Honor Roll have many Juniors also. Some of our members have been called upon to participate in talent shows and plays, etc., outside of the class and school.

With this we end our third year at Provincetown High School. We come back in the Fall, yes, as Seniors; and as we look into the future now, we have mixed emotions. Some of us, although it's hard to admit, aren't too sure whether we want to leave or not; time has passed so rapidly.



JUNIOR HIGH SEVENTH GRADE

SOPHOMORES (continued from page 28)

Francis Aresta. This variety show was a fine success, which will go toward a scholarship fund that will annually benefit some lucky Senior. After we had accomplished this we looked forward to our dance which was held on April 30th. This was the biggest success of all our activities.

April Fling

The dance started at 8 o'clock and continued to 11 o'clock. Everyone danced until approximately ten o'clock, then it was announced that the King and Queen would be chosen. Mr. Frechette, Mr. Manning, and Mrs. Perry carefully observed the couples dancing around the floor and after much deliberation chose James Ferreira and Martha Turpin as King and Queen. They took their places on the stage and were crowned by Betty Gillies, president and John Gregory, vice president. Soon, after refresh-

ments had been served, eleven o'clock came and everyone left for home.

Sophomore athletes who performed during their Freshman and Sophomore years are: Thomas Perry, football; Clement Kacergis, football, basketball, and baseball; Philip Tavers, basketball; Paul Joseph, basketball and baseball, and Duane Steele, John Gregory, and Francis Aresta, football. Sophomore girls on the basketball team were: Saundra Carreiro, Arlene Ferreira, Nancy Pires, Patricia O'Donnell, Dawn Ormsby, Margaret Thomas, Shirley Salvador and Estephania Alves. Diane Hurd, Betty Gillies and Rachael DeSilva were all cheerleaders.

The Sophomore Class is represented by many persons on the Honor Roll during the Freshman and Sophomore years. They are David Hautanen, Judi Boogar, Rachael DeSilva, Duane Steele, Marie Perry, Thomas Perry, Thomas Patrick and Paul Kane.



VOCATIONAL GROUP

THE VOCATIONAL SCHOOL

The Vocational School has an enrollment of thirteen students.

Seniors — Raymond Alves, Leland Morris, Lawrence Meads and Russell Holway. The Freshmen are Paul Oldenquist, Emanuel Silva, Wayne Costa, Francis Santos, Robert Gillies, George Frechette, John Avallone, Ronald Cabral and Kenneth Roderick.

At the Vocational School, we do all different types of work including welding, machine shop, and automotive work. Automotive repair is the major subject and we are trained by our instructor, Mr. Causi, to do any kind of automotive assembly. Because automotive assembly and repair occupies most of our time we do many ring jobs, valve jobs and internal and external jobs. Front end repairs, rear end, clutch, universal joints, and transmission jobs are done.

Also we do much welding, both gas and elec-

tric. Fishermen bring in different materials to weld, such as scallop drags and chains. The heavy welding is done with the electric welder, and some of the lighter materials are done with gas and oxygen, such as rewelding broken wrenches and valves from an engine that has to be built up on the stem.

Then in the machine shop, we Vocational students work machine steel on a lathe, cutting tapers and threads. Milling machine work is also handled; this cuts steel to a flat surface, and cuts key ways. All of the work handled on the machine is measured in thousandths of an inch.

Every other week, we have our related work up at the High School. At the High School our course of instruction includes Math, English, History, and Gym. During the first four periods of the morning we have shop theory, besides taking up new problems in Automotive assembly and repair.

ACTIVITIES



STUDENT COUNCIL

First row, left to right: Janet Ramey, Lester Hautanen, David Murphy, Joan Kenney, Patricia Duarte
Second row, left to right: Joseph Lema, Philip Tarvers, John Perry, Malcolm Rose, Douglas Lai

STUDENT COUNCIL

This year's Student Council has been the most active of any Council to this date, and due to this advancement it has become respected and recognized in the high school. Students must realize that the Council's task is to help, not to hinder and our job is to see that every pupil is well satisfied in school. Meetings for the Student Council aren't called merely to excuse the pupils from their classes but a place to discuss the ideas of the pupils themselves. We are rightfully known as the middlemen.

In our first meeting in September we elected officers. They are as follows:

President, Joan Kenney, Senior
Vice President, Lester Hautanen, Senior

Secretary-treasurer, Patricia Duarte, Junior
Malcolm Rose, Junior
Philip Tarvers, Sophomore
Judi Boogar, Sophomore
John Perry, Freshman
Joseph Lema, Freshman
Janet Ramey, Eighth Grade
Douglas Lai, Seventh Grade

In November, we went to the annual meeting of the Eastern Branch of Student Councils in Plymouth. At Plymouth, we learned about the other Councils. We found out how they operated, how they raised money, what their position in the school was and just what they considered a Student Council to be.

This year, as in the other years, the Student



1. Some fun
2. M and M
3. M. T. Claims Truro for America
4. Estelle and "Denny Joe"
5. Guess Who!
6. The Line Up
7. This you, George?

8. Farmer takes a wife
9. Shirley Cabral
- 10-11. When we were young Maggie dear'
12. Oh, what you said!
13. Robin Hood
14. Ma, he's making eyes at me
15. He's a rookie

16. Believe it or not it's us
17. Grand March, Junior Prom 1953
18. Always together
19. Man About Town
20. Oh, what a night it was!
21. Bit breezy eh what?
22. About face

23. Dig those crazy knee socks
24. Bye now!
25. Silly Girl
26. Water Rats
27. That's our Ronnie
28. Smooth smoking
29. Senior Class Minstrel Show

30. Toast and toffee in Truro
31. What have we here?
32. "Blackbottom"
33. Saint and Sinner
34. Who dat dere
35. Goo Goo!
36. Our night to have!

37. Out on the town
38. Attention
39. Those Juniors again
40. The Big Four
41. T-E-A-M
42. Ain't he purty
43. Two Truro Toughies

Council served as a welcoming committee for the football games and after the games we served refreshments, the cost of which was borne by the Council and the A. A. A. These things were well appreciated; the schools so greeted showed this by sending us letters of thanks. Also, in November, we held a dance for our visiting Nantucket football team. No admission was charged at this dance.

We supervised an election for Good Government Day which will be held in Boston on March 13th. Donna Hurd of the Junior Class was elected. To her, we gave the amount of \$5 to help with travel expenses.

In the beginning of the year, we elected cheerleaders. This job is one of the many the Council has throughout the year.

During our last few meetings, we have been discussing the idea of donating to the school a banner. This banner will be taken to all of our athletic games. We held a contest to choose a school emblem; Betti Ross of the Senior Class gave us the best idea and to her we awarded \$5. It will be an athletic emblem with all the different sports on it. We have also thought about giving a scholarship of \$25 to a deserving Senior who intends to further his education. We hope to make the amount larger some day, but right now we are not too rich. With the selling of candy this year, we have managed to build up a little bank account. The last item that we discussed was the holding of a Sports Night. The purpose of this would be to honor all the members of all the sports and present them with their awards.

I really believe that this Student Council, along with the help of our able advisor Mr. Murphy, has completed a very successful and progressive year as governing agent for the student body of Provincetown High School.

Joan Kenney, '54

SCHOOL ASSEMBLIES

For the first three months of the 1953-54 School year, the Junior and Senior High have been offered some very interesting, as well as educational assemblies.

School, not being readjusted to the change after the peaceful summer months, was not in full swing until the first part of October, thus the first assembly we had was on October 16th.

Mr. Ernest Shultz, representing the Curtis Publishing Company has addressed the high school for many years now, and although his talk was familiar to many of the students, all were interested in selling the magazines to secure the profit for the school athletic fund, and also to receive prizes of their own.

The football season soon getting underway, the second assembly was a "Pep Rally" held in the Gym; this was a demonstration by the cheerleaders of their ability, and also the entire student body exercising their vocal chords in cheering with the cheerleaders.

The third assembly on October 30th was a series of entertaining and humorous Abbott and Costello movies. The students enjoy the movies because we are receiving a break in the tedious school day.

The first assembly from our school "Assembly Program" occurred on November 6th; a vivid technicolor movie of visits to the "Oketenoque Swamp Lands," which means, "Land of the Trembling Earth," located near Savannah, Georgia. The movie was excellent, very exciting, and enjoyed immensely by the entire student body.

November 13th was the date of our fifth assembly and this consisted of motion pictures, which were a little improvement over the Abbott and Costello pictures. Of the group there was one excellent "March of Time" picture on "Music." It contained some excellent music from well known Operas, and also some tremendous music by various jazz artists.

The last assembly we had before our Thanksgiving vacation was on November 20th; an outstanding pianist, Theodore Ullman, whom Mr. Leyden hired through the Music Foundation Artist Bureau, gave us his interpretations of many familiar pieces by such famous composers as Chopin, Bach, and Beethoven. The assembly was excellent and especially enjoyable to the Senior High, although not so interesting to the lower classes.

All gourmets returning to school from the enjoyable Thanksgiving Holiday enjoyed many short and amusing movies before the closing of another term, and the Christmas Holidays. Time certainly flies! Our Christmas assembly was very enjoyable this year, consisting of Christmas Carols sung in French by Mr. Frechette's French classes. Mr. Leyden also sang a couple of appropriate Christmas selections.



MINSTREL SHOW

Not having a "White Christmas," but still a very enjoyable one, everyone returned to school displaying their various Christmas gifts, some being exceptionally cheerful realizing the school year was half over.

Since Christmas we have seen many amusing short movies of Donald Duck, Mickey Mouse, and Abbott and Costello.

During Fire Prevention week we were shown an interesting and impressive movie on "Smokey the Bear" stressing the danger of fires and carelessness of many people.

Our assemblies have been interesting and quite amusing this year and enjoyed by all.

Betti Ross, '54

THE GIANT MINSTREL SHOW

During the month of October the Seniors became very busy rehearsing for their Giant Minstrel Show. Night after night the lights would burn at P. H. S. while we practiced and practiced during rehearsals trying to smooth out

the rough spots. It seemed as though the time would never come when we would reach perfection.

At last the great day came. We presented the show, first at a dress rehearsal in the afternoon. The elementary grades were the audience. As the saying goes "bad dress rehearsal, good performance," so it was with us.

On the night of November 18, nervous, but full of confidence, we waited anxiously behind the curtain while the auditorium filled to capacity.

At last we heard the opening note which started the show rolling, and from then until the curtain closed the audience rewarded us with their laughter and applause.

On the following evening, before another capacity audience, we took our stands again knowing now that success was ours.

The program was as follows:

| | |
|------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| Medley of Old Time Favorites | Entire Ensemble |
| "Make Believe" | Janet Gill, Ernest Carreiro |
| Novelty Tune | End Men |
| "Old Man River" | Robert Morris |



JUNIOR-SENIOR HIGH ORCHESTRA AND BAND

"Shorten' Bread"
 "Bells of St. Mary's"

"Camptown Races"
 Tambourine Routine
 "Swanee"
 Dance

Guitar Melodies
 "The Villain"
 Songs

Stage Fright
 "The Little Black Phone"
 "Pretty Baby"
 Tap Dance
 "God Bless America"

Ernest Carreiro
 Estelle Souza,
 Stephen Perry

Lester Hautanen
 End Men
 Entire Ensemble

Jeanette Perry, Soyna Passion,
 Lorraine Flores, Betti Ross

George Bowley
 The Kay Mayo Players
 Philip Silva

Joseph Patrick
 Carol O'Donnell

Jeanette Perry, Estelle Souza
 Judy Cochran
 Entire Ensemble

Encores were given to Philip Silva, Robert Morris, Carol O'Donnell of the Junior Class, Judy Cochran of Wellfleet and Joseph Patrick.

Credit should be given to the following:
 Stage Supervision: Thomas Perry, Robert Welsh, Chester Cook.

Makeup: David Hautanen and Francis Aresta.

Usherettes: The Sophomore Girls.

Credit should also be given to Mr. Salvatore Causi who helped us a great deal in putting on the show; Mr. Carol Thorne, pianist and assistant to Mr. Hennessey, our director and class advisor.

Jeanette Perry, '54
 Janet Gill, '54
 Ronald Malaquias, '54



SPORTS



CHEERLEADERS

Clockwise: Betty Gillies, Rachel DeSilva, Carol O'Donnell, Betti Ross, Sonya Passion, Diane Hurd, Josephine Ross

FOOTBALL

With the return of Henry Hautanen, who had been out all of last season and the return of 13 veterans, the prospects for the coming season were bright.

No positions were named at first but those who attended the first practice were: Lester Hautanen, Captain, and quarterback, Senior; Henry Hautanen, halfback, Senior; Clement Kacergis, tackle, Sophomore; Anthony Lema, end, Junior; Ronald Cabral, center, Senior; Tom Perry, Sophomore and Philip Silva, Senior,

Also Pat Hackett, Senior, and George Bryant, Junior, tackles; Ronald Amaral, Junior, Eddie

Ferreira, Junior, Dennis Mooney, Junior and James Ferreira, Junior, all guards; Neil Cordeiro, Junior, center; Duane Steele, Sophomore, guard; Steve Perry, Senior, halfback; George Felton, Junior, halfback; Steve Goveia, Junior, fullback; Eugene Tasha, Freshman, fullback; Ronald Motta, Freshman, Paul Joseph, Sophomore, Jack Gregory, Sophomore, and David Lai, Senior, all halfbacks.

A husky forward wall was expected, averaging around 170 pounds. The backfield had a combination of speed and power.

Provincetown opened the season at home against Falmouth. With the dropping of sev-

eral members from the squad, the starting lineup was as follows: Anthony Lema and Philip Silva at ends; Clement Kacergis and Pat Hackett, tackles; Dennis Mooney and Eddie Ferreira, guards; Captain Lester Hautanen, quarterback; Steve Perry, fullback; Henry Hautanen and Jack Gregory, halfbacks. Coach Manning announced that several of the players who didn't play offensively would be on defense such as Steve Goveia, George Bryant and others.

A strong Falmouth contention, after suffering a loss to Middleboro in their opener took advantage of every break and growing stronger as the game progressed beat P-town 20-0 at Evans Field.

A crowd of approximately 500, the largest in some time to watch a football game here, saw Falmouth cross the P-town goal three times and register a safety for their other two points.

Several times the Hautanen brothers, Lema, Silva and others appeared to get going but the Falmouth line stiffened and held. The Fishermen just couldn't get started against the over-rushing Falmouth line.

The following week, P-town travelled to the Islands and enjoyed more success with Henry Hautanen running roughshod over tacklers and scoring three touchdowns. Provincetown High walloped Martha's Vineyard by a score of 33-20 for their first win since 1950.

With the line opening gaping holes in the Islanders' line, Provincetown paced by Hautanen, marched 65 yards in a sustained drive after receiving the opening kickoff. The next time we received the ball we went 45 yards for our second touchdown and led 13-0. Early in the second quarter we again went 45 yards for the third score. Just before the half a long pass resulted in making the halftime score 26-7. In the second half the Islanders outscored us 13-7.

The P-town line outplayed the Vineyard and that proved to be the big difference. Henry Hautanen and Tony Lema ran very well with the latter scoring one touchdown and had another called back. Fullback Steve Perry scored one touchdown on a 20 yard run but had it nullified when P-town was offside.

In our next outing against Lynn Voke, the Fishermen lost when an elusive fullback, Jordan, made the difference between victory and defeat at Evans Field, scoring twice for the visitors to whip the locals 13-6.

P-town's only touchdown came when Henry

Hautanen intercepted a pass on Voke's 25 and went over for the touchdown.

Several times the locals had the ball within the ten yard line and once on the four yard line but failed to score. Lynn also failed to score its third touchdown when it fumbled on the two yard line.

Among those standing out for P-town in this game were Henry and Lester Hautanen, Tony Lema, Tom Perry catching two passes for good yardage, Phil Silva and most of the line.

One of Lynn's goal line stands came after Henry Hautanen made a 55 yard run to the eight yard line, only to have the attack bog down.

In a game that was marred by poor officiating, P-town was taken 25-0 by Bourne at Bourne.

Fumbles in the first quarter seemed to discourage the Cape-tip squad who, without the services of Henry Hautanen, had to switch to the single wing.

Although P-town didn't threaten too much because most of the play was centered in their territory, P-town's only threat came from the running of Lester Hautanen, quarterback and Captain of the Manning-men, who several times seemed to be on the verge of breaking into the clear.

The following week, the Fishermen travelled to Somerset to meet undefeated Somerset High.

Paced by the state's leading scorer, Bill Burgess, Somerset ran roughshod over P-town 59-14.

The Blue Raiders scored 13 points in the first quarter, 27 in the second, 13 in the third and six in the fourth. Both of P-town's touchdowns came in the final stanza.

The brother combination of Lester and Henry Hautanen accounted for all of the P-town points. Henry raced 50 yards for his first touchdown, then duplicated the feat late in the fourth quarter. In both cases Lester rushed for the extra points. The Somerset strength and great depth was too much for the smaller Cape-tip forces.

An inspired band of P-town gridders, who refused to be beaten came from behind twice in the game and in the final moments of the game repulsed a last ditch rally within their own 10 yard line to upset a favored Nantucket eleven 14-12 at Evans Field before some 400 fans.

Nantucket scored first in the first period but P-town stunned Nantucket in the second period as a result of a long pass from Lester Hautanen to Clement Kacergis who brought the ball to the visitors' two yard line. From there Henry Hautanen went over for the touchdown and also rushed the extra point to give P-town a 7-6 edge.

In the third period a Nantucket pass resulted in their second TD and they led 13-7. Steve Goveia intercepted a Nantucket pass in the final quarter and a running attack culminated in Lester Hautanen going over for the score. Henry Hautanen rushed the point after and that and the goal line stand gave the Fishermen a well deserved victory.

Highlights of the game were the Kacergis catch of Lester Hautanen's long pass, Tom Perry's key block which enabled Kacergis to get away, Henry Hautanen's running, his brother's quarterbacking and the inspired play of the line.

P-town played its best game of the year and held Nantucket's great running game virtually to a stand still.

In their Thanksgiving inaugural against a spirited Yarmouth High, the Cape-enders were beaten by a 24-0 count.

Some sparkling line play, which cleared the way for the rushing of Yarmouth backs featured the triumph. The Cape-tip crew was outplayed by a large margin up front and on offense was never able to mount a sustained drive, despite efforts by their sterling backfield brother act, Lester and Henry Hautanen.

The P-town gridders could do nothing right and a couple of bad kicks led to two touchdowns when Yarmouth took over deep in P-town territory. Shining for the Cape-tip squad were the Hautanen brothers, Lester and Henry. Lester was particularly good and reeled off long gains on fake-pass and run efforts from a single wing formation.

Henry, who was scoreless and needed only three touchdowns and two extra points to be the Cape's leading scorer finished second with a total of 55 points.

At the end of the season, Lester Hautanen was chosen as the All-Cape and Islands quarterback while his brother, Henry made the All-Cape and Island second team as a halfback. Dennis Mooney and Clement Kacergis, both received honorable mention. Henry and Lester

Hautanen also received honorable mention in an all Class D eleven in a Boston paper.

Credit is due to Mr. Manning, the coach, who worked tirelessly for a winning season.

BASKETBALL '53-'54

In early December, 32 candidates greeted Coach Dave Murphy at the Orange and Black's opening basketball practice for the '53-'54 season.

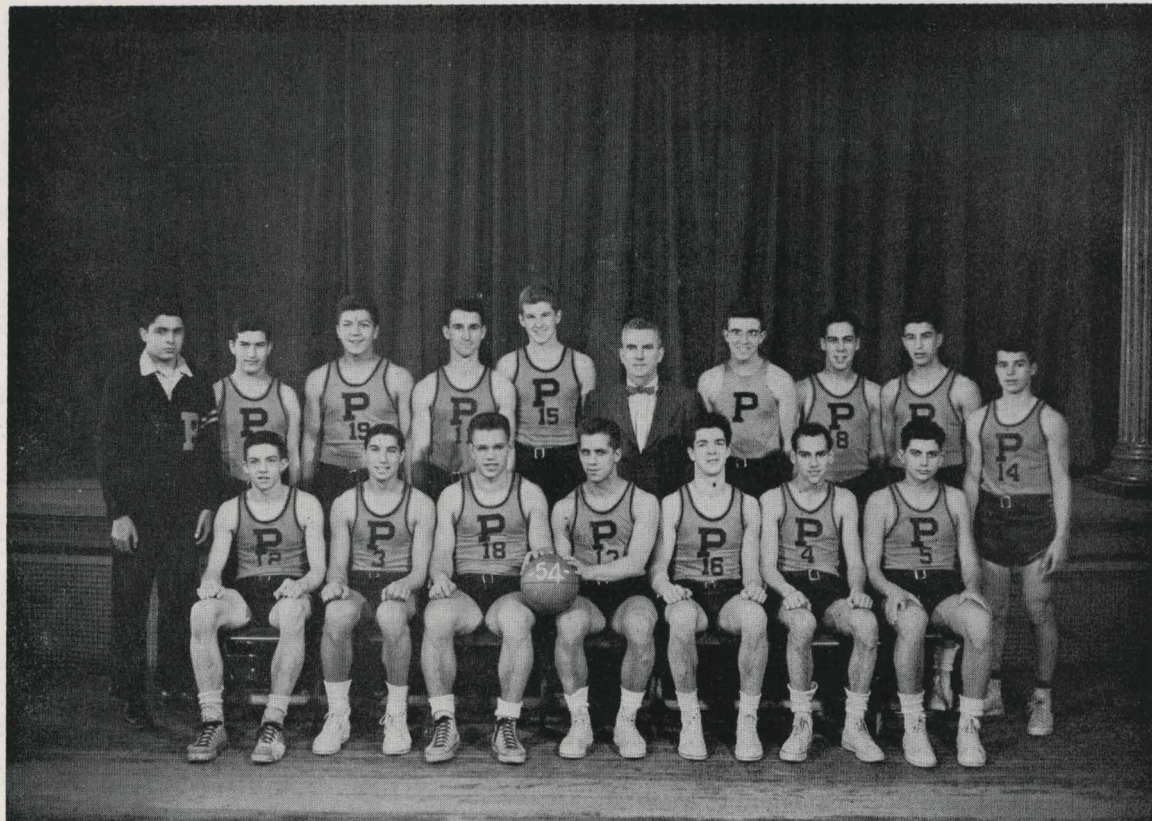
Provincetown had lost three of the starting five of the '53-'54 season leaving Lester and Henry Hautanen co-captains for the coming year.

After getting the youths in shape by sitting up exercises, drills, and fundamentals, Coach Dave Murphy cut his squad to 20. On the squad of 20 were co-captains Henry and Lester Hautanen, Phil Silva, Joseph Patrick, Ronnie Cabral, Paul Joseph, Phil Tarvers, Steve Goveia, Clement Kacergis, and James Ferreira. Others on the squad include Anthony Lema, Eddie Ferreira, Ronnie Motta, John and Thomas Perry, Neil Cordeiro, Richard Segura, Joseph Lema, Kenneth Roderick and Richard Silva, manager.

Our first game on the schedule was against the Alumni. The P. H. S. basketeers had some trouble with the Alumni who had such recent stars as George Gaspa, Paul Chapman, Robert and Oscar Snow and others, but outscored them 48-41. The score by frames was 7-7 at the end of the first, 21-13 in the second quarter, 38-25 in the third and 48-41 at the end of the game. Joe Patrick was high scorer for the Varsity with 15 points and Henry Hautanen with 12 points.

The next game was against the North Truro Air Force Base. After a hard battle the Orange and Black Fishermen swamped the visitors 15-5 in the first period which helped the high school to come through for its second win. In the second chapter the Air Force rally made it at halftime, Provincetown 26, North Truro 25, but the P. H. S. basketeers came back in the third stanza and wound up with a win. Co-captain Henry Hautanen paced the Murphy basketeers with 15 points, while Patrick trailed with 11. Co-captain Lester Hautanen and Phil Silva, each with nine points, kept the ball rolling.

Provincetown's next foe was their long time opponent Yarmouth. It proved to be the Fishermen's first loss in three starts. Superior height



BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Front row, left to right: Philip Silva, Steven Goveia, Henry Hautanen, Lester Hautanen, Philip Tarvers, Joseph Patrick, Neil Cordeiro

Second row, left to right: Manager Richard Silva, Edwin Ferreira, Clement Kacergis, Anthony Lema, Thomas Perry, Mr. David Murphy, John Perry, James Ferreira, Paul Joseph, Joseph Lema Janet Gill, Secretary

enabled Yarmouth to control the backboards against Provincetown, giving them a 63-53 victory with help from Johnson, Sears, and Holmes who contributed 48 points of the 63 Yarmouth scored. The Orange and Black put on a flash of the old time fire in the last stanza by out-scoring the Dolphins 24-16, but it was too late. Lester Hautanen and Phil Tarvers paced the P. H. S. with 14 each. Henry Hautanen contributed 11 points.

The next game, we met the Orleans Cardinals on their own floor. It was our first game away from home. Orleans had a strong winning streak of five victories and no defeats but it soon came to an end. In the first three stanzas, the Cardinals kept up with the Murphy basketekers with the scores of 12-9 first quarter, 28-26 at halftime and 38-37 when the buzzer ended the third chapter. Then the Fishermen five started to spark, out-shooting, out-playing, out-scoring the Cardinals, 20 points to their six, leading them 58-43 to give them their third victory in

four starts. Tarvers had 15 points to lead the scoring and Joseph 11. Contributing to the cause was Patrick 2, the Hautanen brothers, Lester and Henry, with 8 apiece.

Next on the list of opponents was Harwich at Harwich. Provincetown had little trouble in defeating them with the score of 66-39. The Orange and Black started with a bang out-scoring them in every quarter, having eight of the ten hoopmen scoring. Tarvers again was on the top of the scoring department with 21 points, Steve Goveia and Phil Silva scored 12 and 11 respectively for the Provincetown cause.

Provincetown's next game brought them face to face with Wellfleet High who boasted of players like Bedell 6 feet 4 inches in height, Howland, over six feet, and their high scorer Taylor.

In the first quarter, Provincetown overpowered them, 15 to 5. In the next three chapters the Orange and Black saw their lead being slowly cut down but it was not enough, for the

P. H. S. basketeers kept their heads and won 52-48. Many people said that if Paul Tesson, of Wellfleet, who was ineligible, was playing, it might have been a different game. Lester Hautanen with his one hand push shots from the side led the scoring with 21 points. Team mate Phil Tarvers helped the Orange and Black too by contributing fourteen points.

Provincetown next played host to Nantucket. Trailing by two points in the first quarter, 13-11, the Orange and Black came down to earth and outscored Nantucket 22 to 8 in the second period. In the third stanza, the score was 42-27 and the fourth period 61-45 ending the game. Tarvers who collected 24 points proved to be the sparkplug of the Fishermen's attack with his fine jump shots under the basket. Co-captains Henry and Lester Hautanen, with 16 and 10 points respectively, kept the Provincetown attack rolling.

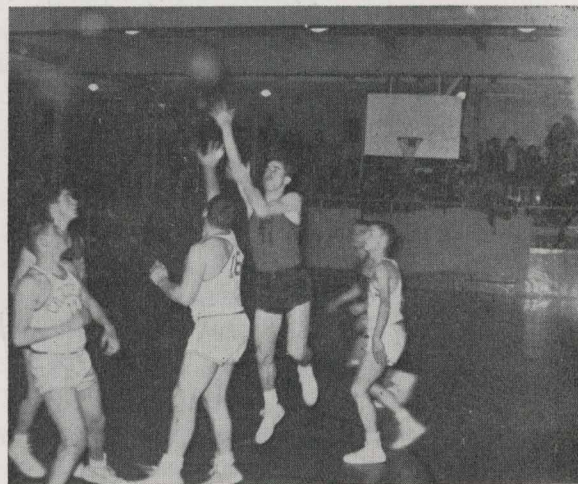
It was January 12, and we were visitors at Bourne High. During the first game the Orange and Black took the lead with a score of 25-33. In the first three minutes of the third quarter, Tarvers, Silva and Henry Hautanen scored five quick baskets before Bourne could stop the attack. The score was knotted at 35-35. During the last five minutes of the third stanza, only 5 points were scored by both teams, Bourne now leading 39-36. Provincetown, knowing that it was do or die, began to use every trick of the



trade trying to out-fox Bourne High. With a minute and a half to play, the Orange and Black took a one point lead and began to freeze the ball. Before the final seconds were played, Bourne had committed a large amount of fouls and the Fishermen five took advantage of it.

The game ended with Provincetown ahead 53-45. This win was the Orange and Black's fifth straight and seventh in eight starts.

During the first quarter, Phil Tarvers started the game rolling with four long set shots, ending the game with 14 points. Henry Hautanen with his drive-in shots was top hand with 17 points for the P-towners. Lester Hautanen



who put in 7 shots from the foul line in the last minute had 16 points to his credit.

We were host to Chatham. It was one of our best floor games we had played during the season. The Orange and Black swept past Chatham, trampling the Blue by a 74-49 margin. Four of the players hit double figures, Henry Hautanen 21, Silva 18, with Tarvers and Les Hautanen 15-14 respectively.

Provincetown's record of seven straight wins and nine in ten starts was in no way threatened by Harwich, their next foe, who hadn't had a win in 11 outings. When the game ended with a score of 79-45, everyone on the Orange and Black squad had seen service.

The date of February 6 won't be forgotten easily because it was the day that the Orange and Black received its worse defeat in many a season. That night the Orange and Black were the guests of Yarmouth High who had given us our lone defeat. The game started and the P. H. S. found themselves behind 12-6 during the first period. At half time the score was Yarmouth 26, Provincetown 10. At the end of the third stanza the Orange and Black trailed 47-19. The game ended with a score of 62-28.

It was one of the worse off-nights that Provincetown had in many a time. The P-towners fought hard getting rebounds and loose balls



ALUMNI



1953

Kenneth Atkins—Working at Marcey's Garage.
Barry Carreiro—at home.
Robert Carter—U. S. Marines.
Paul Chapman—Freshman at Norwich University in Vermont.
Paul Cook—Working in Boston.
Robert Days—Wentworth Institute.
Frank DeMello—at home.
Elaine K. Ferreira—married, living in town.
Elaine M. Ferreira—working in Town Hall.
Lillian Grozier—at home.
Nancy Guilfoyle—at home.
William Henrique—at home.
Richard Hopwood—Freshman at Northeastern University.
Manuel Jason, Jr.—U. S. Marines, stationed at North Carolina.
Inez Macara—Secretary at P. H. S.
Conrad Malicoat—Freshman at Oberlin University.
Robert Martion—U. S. Marines.
Josephine Marshall—working in Town Hall.
Marguerite Meads—working at Light and Power Office.
Donald Morris—U. S. Marines.
Marilyn Motta—Married, living in Alabama.
David Murphy, Jr.—Freshman at University of Massachusetts.
Louise Oliver—working in Boston.
Joseph Patrick—Freshman at Boston University.
Eileen Perry—at home.
Patricia Phillips—at home.
Carol Rego—at home.
Margaret Rich—working at Sivert Benson's.
Jean Roda—working at Arnold's.
Ronald Roderick—at home.
Yvonne Roderick—working at New England Mutual Life Insurance, Boston.
Kathleen Silva—at home.
Loretta Steele—Working at First National Bank.

1952

Thomas Adams—U. S. Navy.
Dennis Aresta—Sophomore at Boston College.

Patricia Boogar—married, living in town.
Mylan Costa—Sophomore at Boston University.
Francelina Crave—working in Boston.
Loralee Drake—working in New York City.
Conrad Enos—U. S. Air Force.
Ruth Ferreira—at home.
George Gaspa—U. S. Coast Guard.
Robert Grozier—at home.
Mary Guilfoyle—working at Hubert's.
Dorrance Lincoln—U. S. Navy Reserve.
Manuel Macara—U. S. Coast Guard.
Martha Malicoat—Sophomore at Oberlin College.
Joseph Manta—U. S. Air Force.
Rita Meads—at home.
Leo Morris—working at First National Store in Orleans.
Phyllis Packett—married, living in town.
Eileen Passion—working at Lands End Marine Supply Company.
Pat Roda—married, living in South Carolina.
Philbert Roderick—U. S. Navy, stationed at Panama Canal Zone.
Ronald Salvador—at home.
Robert Santos—U. S. Navy, stationed at Florida.
Lawrence Segura—Fishing with brother.
Elaine Silva—bookkeeper at Marcey's Garage.
Kenneth Silva—U. S. Air Force.
Ann Silva—at home.
Lorraine Small—married, living in Truro.
Margaret Smith—working at Adams' Pharmacy.
Bernard Sylvia—U. S. Air Force.
Clifford Taylor—U. S. Air Force.
Stella Turner—married, living in town.
Daniel White—working at Ford Garage.
Phyllis White—married, living in town.

1951

Peter Morris—U. S. Army.
Veronica Alves—married, living in Texas.
Melvin Enos—U. S. Navy.
Lorraine Aresta—married, living in town.
Paula Bent—married, living in town.
Joan Brown—married, living away.
Lillian Cabral—at home.
Ruby Cabral—married, living in California.
Joan Christopher—married, living in town.

ball for the Orange and Black basketeers under the expert tutelage of Mr. Murphy.

Season Schedule

| | We | They |
|------------|----------|------|
| Alumni | (48) +7 | 41 |
| Air Force | (55) +7 | 48 |
| Yarmouth | 53 -10 | 63 |
| Orleans | (58) +15 | 43 |
| Harwich | (66) +27 | 39 |
| Wellfleet | (52) +4 | 48 |
| Nantucket | (61) +16 | 45 |
| Bourne | (53) +8 | 45 |
| Chatham | (74) +25 | 49 |
| Harwich | (79) +34 | 45 |
| Yarmouth | 28 -34 | 62 |
| Barnstable | 44 -20 | 64 |
| Orleans | (60) +13 | 43 |
| Wellfleet | (64) +11 | 53 |
| Chatham | 47 -3 | 50 |

Principals' Tournament

| | | |
|----------|--------|----|
| Bourne | 58 -15 | 43 |
| Yarmouth | 39 +17 | 56 |

Tech Tourney

| | | |
|--------|-------|----|
| Sumner | 38 -1 | 39 |
|--------|-------|----|

Individual Scoring

| | |
|-----------------|-----|
| Phil Tavers | 238 |
| Lester Hautanen | 196 |
| Henry Hautanen | 180 |
| Phil Silva | 131 |
| Steve Goveia | 89 |
| Paul Joseph | 49 |
| Joseph Patrick | 38 |
| Jim Ferreira | 26 |
| Anthony Lema | 12 |

Joseph Patrick, '54

THE GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

The Provincetown girls' basketball team opened the season on Janaury 8th by defeating Yarmouth 58-45.

We played our next game at Orleans. We saw a little competition for the first time but they proved no match as we outscored them in the last period to win by a score of 67-47.

Our next opponent was Harwich, whom the girls drubbed by a wide margin of 62-45.

On January 19, Provincetown began to show the prospects of a championship team by defeating Wellfleet 67-38.

Next we encountered the visiting Nan-

tucket team. The P-town lassies rolled over the Islanders to win 61-27.

Our next game was with Chatham, a team who had proved to be an even match the previous year, but to the surprise of everyone, they were outscored in the first period and we went on to win 52-16.

We sought a victory over our Harwich High opponents as the prospects of a championship team began to look brighter and brighter. We defeated them easily by a score of 56-29.

The next game was played at the Ezra Baker School in Dennis on February 5. Yarmouth, whom we had overpowered earlier in the season, now had a more confident team and proved stiff competition. Throughout the first half the score remained close but we moved ahead to add another victory to our record. The final score was 59-43.

Provincetown proved their ability to consistently win when they defeated Barnstable at Barnstable by 17 points. It was the first time in a number of years the Provincetown girls had defeated the Barnstable girls on their home floor. The score was 72-55.

On February 12 Provincetown fought a close game against Orleans, but came through to win 47-34.

Our opponent for the next game was Wellfleet. We ran away with the game, winning by a wide margin of 62-33.

The next game, the Provincetown lassies travelled to Chatham, not expecting to win as easily as we had earlier in the season. Winning this game meant meeting them again in the quarter final game at Falmouth for the Cape Championship. We led only by a couple of points throughout the game but during the last period a series of fouls enabled us to gain a lead which we never relinquished; we went on to win by a score of 84-61 and also to remain undefeated.

Tournament

On February 23, the quarter final game of the Principals' Association Tournament, saw P-town meet Chatham for the third time during the season. There was no doubt as to what the outcome would be. Provincetown won 64-39.

For the semi-final game Provincetown met Bourne, the team that had defeated us last year in the quarter final tilt. The score remained close throughout the game but during the last



GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

First row, left to right: Peggy Thomas, Donna Hurd, Nancy Paine, Martha Alves, Joan Kenney, Shirley Cabral, Saundra Carreiro

Second row, left to right: Manager Janet Gill, Shirley Salvador, Dawn Ormsby, Estaphania Alves, Jeanette DeCosta, Arlene Ferreira, Prudence Joseph, Patricia O'Donnell, Nancy Pires, Miss Elizabeth DeRiggs

few minutes of the game Bourne surged ahead to defeat us 71-60. We had met our first defeat of the season to the disappointment of the fans who had high hopes of our going all the way undefeated.

The '54-'55 season will start with the loss of three players, Martha Alves, Nancy Paine and Joan Kenney. The manager Janet Gill, will be graduating. Here is the story of the team's quest for an undefeated season:

| | We | They |
|------------|----|------|
| Yarmouth | 58 | 45 |
| Orleans | 62 | 47 |
| Harwich | 62 | 45 |
| Wellfleet | 67 | 38 |
| Nantucket | 61 | 27 |
| Chatham | 52 | 16 |
| Harwich | 56 | 29 |
| Yarmouth | 59 | 43 |
| Barnstable | 72 | 55 |
| Orleans | 47 | 34 |

| | | |
|-----------|----|----|
| Wellfleet | 62 | 33 |
| Chatham | 84 | 61 |

Tournament

| | | |
|---------|----|----|
| Chatham | 64 | 39 |
| Bourne | 60 | 71 |

The total number of points scored by the players as follows:

| | |
|-------------------|-----|
| Martha Alves | 350 |
| Nancy Paine | 274 |
| Saundra Carreiro | 154 |
| Jeannette DeCosta | 42 |
| Shirley Salvador | 27 |
| Prudence Joseph | 14 |
| Dawn Ormsby | 4 |

Thus we end the '53-'54 season with high hopes that next year the team will pick up where we left off.

We wish to express our appreciation to Miss DeRiggs, our coach, who gave to us the confidence and determination to make the past season such a successful one.

Martha Alves, '54



ALUMNI



1953

Kenneth Atkins—Working at Marcey's Garage.
Barry Carreiro—at home.
Robert Carter—U. S. Marines.
Paul Chapman—Freshman at Norwich University in Vermont.
Paul Cook—Working in Boston.
Robert Days—Wentworth Institute.
Frank DeMello—at home.
Elaine K. Ferreira—married, living in town.
Elaine M. Ferreira—working in Town Hall.
Lillian Grozier—at home.
Nancy Guilfoyle—at home.
William Henrique—at home.
Richard Hopwood—Freshman at Northeastern University.
Manuel Jason, Jr.—U. S. Marines, stationed at North Carolina.
Inez Macara—Secretary at P. H. S.
Conrad Malicoat—Freshman at Oberlin University.
Robert Martion—U. S. Marines.
Josephine Marshall—working in Town Hall.
Marguerite Meads—working at Light and Power Office.
Donald Morris—U. S. Marines.
Marilyn Motta—Married, living in Alabama.
David Murphy, Jr.—Freshman at University of Massachusetts.
Louise Oliver—working in Boston.
Joseph Patrick—Freshman at Boston University.
Eileen Perry—at home.
Patricia Phillips—at home.
Carol Rego—at home.
Margaret Rich—working at Sivert Benson's.
Jean Roda—working at Arnold's.
Ronald Roderick—at home.
Yvonne Roderick—working at New England Mutual Life Insurance, Boston.
Kathleen Silva—at home.
Loretta Steele—Working at First National Bank.

1952

Thomas Adams—U. S. Navy.
Dennis Aresta—Sophomore at Boston College.

Patricia Boogar—married, living in town.
Mylan Costa—Sophomore at Boston University.
Francelina Crave—working in Boston.
Loralee Drake—working in New York City.
Conrad Enos—U. S. Air Force.
Ruth Ferreira—at home.
George Gaspa—U. S. Coast Guard.
Robert Grozier—at home.
Mary Guilfoyle—working at Hubert's.
Dorrance Lincoln—U. S. Navy Reserve.
Manuel Macara—U. S. Coast Guard.
Martha Malicoat—Sophomore at Oberlin College.
Joseph Manta—U. S. Air Force.
Rita Meads—at home.
Leo Morris—working at First National Store in Orleans.
Phyllis Packett—married, living in town.
Eileen Passion—working at Lands End Marine Supply Company.
Pat Roda—married, living in South Carolina.
Philbert Roderick—U. S. Navy, stationed at Panama Canal Zone.
Ronald Salvador—at home.
Robert Santos—U. S. Navy, stationed at Florida.
Lawrence Segura—Fishing with brother.
Elaine Silva—bookkeeper at Marcey's Garage.
Kenneth Silva—U. S. Air Force.
Ann Silva—at home.
Lorraine Small—married, living in Truro.
Margaret Smith—working at Adams' Pharmacy.
Bernard Sylvia—U. S. Air Force.
Clifford Taylor—U. S. Air Force.
Stella Turner—married, living in town.
Daniel White—working at Ford Garage.
Phyllis White—married, living in town.

1951

Peter Morris—U. S. Army.
Veronica Alves—married, living in Texas.
Melvin Enos—U. S. Navy.
Lorraine Aresta—married, living in town.
Paula Bent—married, living in town.
Joan Brown—married, living away.
Lillian Cabral—at home.
Ruby Cabral—married, living in California.
Joan Christopher—married, living in town.

Vincent Henrique—U. S. Navy.
 Thomas Holway—married, living to Truro.
 Johnny Jason—U. S. Air Force.
 Carol Lee—married, living in town.
 Kenneth Enos—discharged from Navy.
 Mary Louise Ferreira—married, living in town.
 Barbara Frost—married, living in town.
 Delores Lema—working.
 Helen Martin—married, living in town.
 James Meads—U. S. Navy.
 Richard Medeiros—U. S. Navy.
 George Miller—Boston University.
 Joyce Morris—married, living in town.
 Diane Passion—married, living in Georgia.
 Ann Perry—Boston University.
 Patricia Perry—working at telephone office.
 George Ross—U. S. Marines.
 Shirley Souza—married, living in town.
 Gladys Tarvers—married, living in town.
 Ronald White—U. S. Navy.
 Francis Carlos—U. S. Navy.
 Jacky Kelley—U. S. Army.

1950

Shirley Anthony—married, living in Washington, D. C.
 Barrie Bell—U. S. Air Force.
 Deborah Brown—married, living in town.
 Phyllis Cabral—Boston University.
 Marilyn Cote—married, living in town.
 Wilfred Costa—attending St. Francis College in Kentucky.

James Crawley—at Fanny Farmer's Cooking School in Boston.
 Barbara Days—Salem Teachers College.
 Lois Francis—at home.
 Thomas Francis—at home.
 Patricia Jackett—married, living away.
 Margaret Jason—married, living in Boston.
 Mildred Joseph—married, living in town.
 Charles Malaquias—U. S. Air Force.
 Kenneth Mayo—U. S. Marines.
 Robert Meads—U. S. Navy, married and living in Alaska.
 Mary Miller—married, living in Boston.
 Joanne Oliver—nurse at Cape Cod Hospital.
 Austin Rose—U. S. Army.
 Clifford Santos—working at Paige's Garage.
 John Santos—working at Marcey's Garage.
 Cecilia Silva—married, living in town.
 Gloria Silva—married, living in town.
 Marion Silva—married, living in town.
 Eleanor Small—nurse at Pocasset, Falmouth, Mass.
 Alfred Souza—at home.
 Lewis Souza—U. S. Army.
 Bruce Tarvers—U. S. Navy.
 Melvin Thomas—U. S. Navy.
 Betty Volton—married, attending Boston University.
 Warren Witherstine—Syracuse University.
 Michael Whorf—U. S. Air Force.
 Alfred Mooney—Boston College.



HUMOR



THE JUNIORS

Avis Perry, the personality kid
Has it over any other bid
She's the one with brains and all
That's why she's always on the ball—

Mooney, is the one with wit
He's also good with a baseball mit
He jiggles around like a group of doves
Did you know that he entered the Golden
Gloves?

Hurd and Turpin on the go
They just can never ever go slow
Hurd's the one with all the jokes
But Turpin's the one who gives with the croaks.

Marcia Russell, the captain's daughter
Knows fish stories her father taught her
Her father, a great fisherman he
We hope that Marcia will never be—

Amaral really is the one
Who knows all things when they've been done
Although he's quite a guy to lose
He simply can't catch up on his dues.

Watson, the hunter of the class
Isn't looking for a lass
They all know when he's around
There they go, that's where they're bound—

Constance Pavao, a musician
Plays the piano like a vision
She can play a "mean" note too
When she plays her trumpet blue—

Felton certainly is the one
Who tries to get his school work done
It seems it never is on time
Now I can't think of a word to rhyme—

Betsy Tinker is quite a girl
She always seems to be in a whirl
Lorraine, just back from the British Isles
Has a face that is full of smiles—

Bryant surely is the brain
But it's vice-versa for Tommy Kane

Bryant knows all of his stuff
But poor 'ole Tommy gives a bluff—

Avis Joseph lives in Truro
Does that mean that she's a burro?
Rose and Berrio live there too
That is why they look so blue—

Eddie and Donald are two shy guys
But they are quick and fast to rise
Eddie would rather just sit down
But Donald is a real gone clown—

Joyce, Arlene, and Shirley tall
Are really a bunch of gabbers all
They are real smart not to get caught
But they have all been wisely taught—

Bobby "Al" is our class president
He is interested in good government
Even Salvador and Roda
Are confused so shut their "motor"—

Carol O'Donnell, with her riddles and more
Jokes and stories, made by the score
She is the one who is full of humor
Is this fact or just a rumor—

Manager of the basketball team
Is our Richard who's on the beam
That Cordeiro is quite a shiek
Now what's that red stuff on his cheek—

Pat's the girl who is newer dull
I wonder if she takes a pill
How she keeps up her vitality
We wish, to us, she'd give the key—

Goveia, Ferreira, and Tony Lema
Are never in a great dilemma
They are the ones who carry us through
With flying colors, red, white and blue—

Ramos with her roaming way
Goes away for only a day
After we give her gifts and a present
She comes back home to be a resident—

Jeanette's the one with all the gum
Dum, da, dum, da, here she comes

Becky, Carolyn and Arline the same
So now that leaves us who's to blame?

Loretta and Josie, cheerleaders loud
We give a posie they make us proud
Although Cook could take their place
He wouldn't be able to keep up the pace

Catherine Silva, third period miss
Has a life of school-day bliss
Although she is our right hand girl
She's on the top, a real white pearl—

Conclusion:—

The Juniors have their light and dark times
But they are ready with their dimes
They'll get to New York and Washington, too
For it is the class that will always do—

Kenneth Santos

* * * * *

When Irish Eyes Are Smiling—Mr. Hennessey,
Mr. Dahill, Mr. Manning
Dancing Feet — Edward Salvador, sing Mr.
Leyden

No Other Love—Estelle Souza
Young at Heart—Mr. Dahill
Side by Side—Nancy Paine, Martha Alves
C'est Si Bon—French II
My Heart Belongs to Daddy—Beverly Silva
Mystery Street—Winslow Street
'Till they've all gone home—Senior Parties
Maybe—Graduation
Everybody Loves Saturday Night—P. H. S.
Bell Bottom Blues—Nancy Jason
Dragnet—G. F. L.
Marine Corps Hymn—Judi Boogar
Lover—Stephen Perry
Crazy Man Crazy—Phil Tarvers
Rachel—Rachel De Silva
Jealousy—P. D. and B. T.

Josephina please no Leana on the Bell —
Josephine Ross

Maggie Dear—Marquerite Thomas
Walking My Baby Back Home — Henry Hau-
tanen

Deep in a Dream—Loretta Santos

Cuddle Me—Marcia Russell

Must I Forever Be A Beggar—David Lai

The Bull Walked Around Olay — Ronald
Amaral

Put that Ring on my Finger—Senior Girls

Come Away with me Lucille—Lucille Kelley

You'd Better go Now—Seniors

Don't Call My Name—Rose Marie Mavrogeorge

Good-night Little Girl Good-night — Donna
Hurd

Indian Love Call—Pat Kane

The Breeze—Ronald Cabral

You're Driving Me Crazy — IV Period English
Class

All of Me—George Bowley

I Don't Know Why—Freshman Algebra Class

The Three Caballeros—Stephen Goveia, Dennis
Mooney, Chester Cook

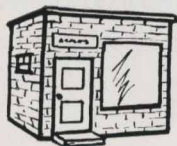
Chester Cook

* * * * *

STATION P. H. S.

| | |
|-----------------------|----------------------------------|
| Dragnet | Search for a.w.o.l. pupil |
| | Excuse for unprepared assignment |
| This Is Your Life | |
| Life Can Be Beautiful | Lunch period in the office |
| Suspense | Called to office |
| Danger | Missing exam |
| I Led 3 Lives | Teacher, detective, human |
| Strike It Rich | Honor Roll |
| Life Begins at 80 | Juniors |
| I Love Lucy | Kelley (?) |
| Inner Sanctum | Room 11 |
| My True Story | Life Adjustment |

Estelle R. Souza, '54



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|-------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|-------------------|
| Boat's Name | - | - | - | - | - | - | JOAN AND TOM |
| Weight | - | - | - | - | - | - | 45 Tons |
| Length | - | - | - | - | - | - | 62 Feet, 9 Inches |
| 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 | - | - | - | - | - | - | 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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