

Provincetown Portuguese

FESTIVAL 2013



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HIGH SCHOOL
CLASS OF 2013

SHARING THE HERITAGE

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The 2013 Festival Booklet honors the closing of Provincetown High School. Writers from the Portuguese Community share their experiences and in doing so paint compelling "coming of age" portraits of an important time in their lives. The 2013 Festival Booklet is nostalgic, humorous, heartfelt and bittersweet. A memorable record of how important Provincetown High School has been to the lives of so many.

Our cover photograph taken by David W. Dunlap is of the last graduating class of Provincetown High School: (front row, l-r) Lydia Legnine, Bezie Legnine, Arianna Martinez; (back row, l-r) Catie Adams, Salena Smith, Mairead Hadley, Molly Nelson and Katie Silva.

Thanks to Beau Jackett, Brenda Silva, Dorothea Santos, Marguerite Vasques, Gloria Taves Burhoe, Beverly Ferreira, Sally Rose from the Banner, PHS Superintendent Dr. Beth Singer, PHS Principal Kim Pike for photos, memories and inspiration.

Provincetown **Portuguese** *Festival 2013*

The 2013 Provincetown Portuguese Festival Team

Susan Avellar, Liliana DeSousa, Beverly Ferreira, Kathleen Gribbin, Maureen Joseph Hurst, Susan Leonard, Chris King, David Mayo, Donald Murphy, Jeffrey Perry, Paul Silva

Provincetown Portuguese Festival
Commemorative booklet design Ewa Nogiec

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Remembering Our Fishermen

"Vaia Com Deus"

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Thomas F. Jackett

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Arthur C. Reis, Sr.

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Twin Lights

Jean Frottier



Ross Moffett mural at Provincetown High, 1940

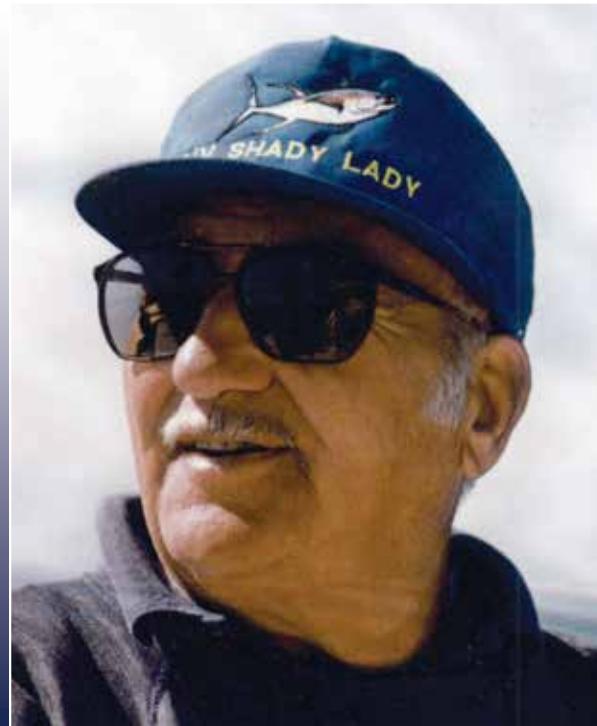
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Flyer, Class of 1932

INTERVIEW WITH FRANCIS A. SANTOS

In memory of **CAPTAIN MANNY PHILLIPS**

February 19, 1918 -
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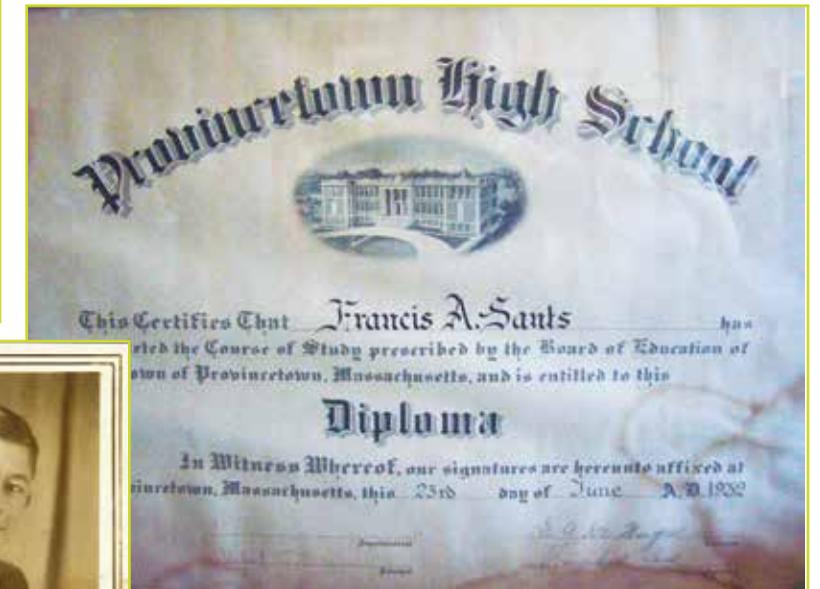
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At ninety eight years old, “Flyer” (Francis A. Santos) is the oldest living graduate of Provincetown High School – the class of 1932. When he first went to elementary school the teachers changed the spelling of his last name to SANTS. It remained that way until a person at the licensing bureau in Rhode Island, where he was working on the production of PT boats, asked if he was Portuguese and if so, why he didn’t spell his last name Santos. From that day on he was Francis A. Santos again.

“Flyer” has a vivid memory of going to school without any breakfast on two occasions. His father was a Grand Banks fisherman and was at sea weeks at a time. The family was large and at times went without food. He made the decision that he would never go without again. His life has been one of hard work and he thrived on it. As a young man his mornings were devoted to selling fish to local

restaurants and neighbors, afternoons and evenings working for Manuel Furtado, repairing and building boats. Hence the nickname “Flyer”, always flying from one job to another! At one point he became quite interested in playing baseball – the neighborhood boys would collect ten cents to buy a used ball and take to the fields near the former Galeforce farm. The principal at the time, George Leyden, encouraged him and gave him a uniform to wear. Even though he enjoyed it and was good, Manuel Furtado told him that he had to quit if wanted to keep his job. There is no doubt about his choice!

“Flyer” graduated from Provincetown High School at age 16 and has had an extraordinarily rich work, family and political life in the Town that he loves. Today he lives surrounded by photographs of his family and friends, citations for all of the honors that he has earned and images from his life on Provincetown harbor. ↩

"The place that so many generations have called home..."

BY KATIE SILVA, CLASS OF 2013

Growing up in Provincetown I am constantly surrounded by my family, my friends, and my heritage. The Town of Provincetown is filled with history and the stories of different people coming from different places for different reasons. A big part of what I experience comes through my relationship with and connection to Provincetown High School. For me, Provincetown High School acts as a connecting point between my youth, my community, and my heritage. Provincetown High School also has acted as a bond that connects me with all of my family. My family has been part of this community, as well as Provincetown High School, for generations. My great grandmother, my grandparents, parents, cousins, aunts, uncles, and sisters all graduated from Provincetown High School. As a matter of fact, my great grandfather, William "Bill" Silva was on the Building Committee for the present High School! My history and a huge part of me is associated with my attendance at the School. I am not the only one, however. For generations graduates of Provincetown High School have experienced the ties and connections that PHS has provided for us. The School has acted as a home and has been our point of reference. As the Class of 2013 begins to celebrate our last classes and graduation, we see PHS once again bringing everybody back together. We see the families all coming together, and friends being reacquainted. Even with the closing of Provincetown High School we can see that it will always be home. It will always be a common point that draws people back. We may no longer have "Provincetown High School" but we will always have the memories that make up what Provincetown High School was.

Being a part of the last class at Provincetown High School is an honor. I have been given the opportunity to continue my family's legacy and to be the last. My class, the last class, a group of eight unique girls, has been the "last" for so much. We



are the last Provincetown High School students, the last ones to wear the orange and black school colors, the last ones to walk the halls and the last to march down the pathway of the Amphitheater to Pomp and Circumstance as graduates. Although we are the last class, I believe that we have embraced that fact and have also had the chance to be the first. We are the first class to share the High

School with the elementary school kids. We are the first class to be able to say that we are the last. We have had many opportunities being the first of the last and we have made the best of them. We have strived to make our experience like all other Provincetown High School graduates – sure to have a prom and a yearbook. However, our experience isn't like the others, ours is rare. It is one of a kind and I treasure that.

Being part of this last class has come with an immense amount of pressure and an important sense of responsibility. This sense of responsibility and pressure has helped me to realize the place that I fit into the history of Provincetown High School. The last class and the last graduation is the end of something great. It is a sad time but it is also a time to look back on history and remember how fortunate we have been to be a part of it. Thinking about what it means to be part of the last class I see that I am joining the ranks of the alumni. I can, along with seven other girls, say that I graduated from Provincetown High School, that I stuck it out and made it through. This last year is bittersweet but it is also a time to rejoice in the community connection that Provincetown High School has given everyone. Although Provincetown High School will be missed, it will always be a point of reference for our Town, the place that so many generations have called home. ❖

Photograph by David W. Dunlap

Music... Music... Music...

BY MARLENE CARREIRO SAWYER, CLASS OF 1954

My paternal great grandparents, Amancio and Mary G. Almeida, immigrated from St. Michael's Azores to Provincetown in 1881. He was 33 and she 22 years of age. He was a Grand Banks fisherman as were many of the young fishermen in Provincetown. My grandmother, Mary C. Almeida, was born two years later in 1883 at 19 Montello Street where the newly arrived couple lived. My grandfather, Joseph M. Carreiro, arrived here as a young boy from St. Michael's, Azores. Soon after Mary C. Almeida and Joseph M. Carreiro were married, my great grandmother, Mary G. Almeida, who was a widow, bought the property at 152 Commercial Street for the young couple. I live there to this day.

Joseph was a barber who also owned an ice cream shop at 1 Tremont Street (now Perry's Liquors). In 1929 he built a barber shop at 152 Commercial Street. He loved gardening and turned his back yard into a vegetable garden where he grew beets, potatoes, saffron, kale, rhubarb and more. He sold the vegetables to grocery stores and to the people of Provincetown. He also raised and sold chickens and eggs along with



linguicia and chourico made by Furtado's of Fall River. I helped pick many a vegetable, plucked chickens, gathered eggs and strung salt cod out to dry. He also had sheep and goats that I rode. A real farm on Commercial Street in the midst of Provincetown. It now serves as a parking lot.

Only Portuguese was spoken at home because most of the people who lived here were Portuguese; English was their second language. It was not surprising that my father, like so many other children, spoke no English when he started school.



Music, music, music was everywhere at Provincetown High School in the 1920's, as well as sports. My father, Francis J. Correiro, was involved with both, but music was his first love. Playing instruments, singing, and participating in musical plays were the center of many students' lives, my father's included. Afternoon practices became social gatherings. My father started

playing violin in High School and went on to study under Robert Ott at the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston. He graduated from Provincetown High School in 1927, not from the High School as we know it. The present building (erected in 1931) replaced the High School that had burned to the ground in 1930. His class was the first to wear caps and gowns at graduation.

My grandparents saved enough from the farm and barber shop to send my father to such a prestigious school as the New England Conservatory of Music. Personal and financial tragedy struck my family and my dad was not able to finish his last year, but his musical life did not end. He taught violin in Provincetown and formed his own music trio "LET'S DANCE".

Our childhood was filled with music. It was our entertainment after dinner. My dad played his violin as we sat around listening to the sounds he interpreted from the pages of music in front of him. His children went on to play instruments, taking part in the PHS Orchestra and Band and joining the Town Band.

With the coming of the Depression and World War II, many people became involved with the WPA and some left Town to work at Pratt and Whitney in Connecticut. Most of them returned home to fish, do carpentry and work as clerks in the local stores.

I have good memories of my childhood growing up in this special Town, the closeness of its Portuguese people. No one went hungry if they had a bucket and could walk down the Town wharf. A toast to those brave and generous fishermen who were the backbone of this great Town! ❖

Prom: The March Heard Around the World (or at Least Town Hall)

MATTHEW ENOS, CLASS OF 1993

Junior year. 1992. After a pre-prom dinner with classmates, my two buddies and our dates are rolling slowly toward the town hall in our limousine. Def Leppard's newest single is blaring on the car's radio; the result of a broken tape deck. At least it's not commercials, I think to myself as the car comes to a halt, and our driver gets out. Opening the back door, he announces each couple loudly as we exit the vehicle. The crowd roars its approval. My date, Andrea Zeman, and I pose for a few pictures, and then hurry inside. It's as close to a rock star as any of us will feel.

Once inside, the boys and girls separate to either side of the town hall. Nervous, excited chatter is not uncommon--until the prom's theme "Set the Night to Music" by Roberta Flack and the CIM Orchestra starts to play and Anson Avellar, the class President, begins his walk to meet his date, Evelyn Shaw. Being class Vice President, me and my date are announced over the PA next and we meet up with Anson and Evelyn at the center of the elaborately decorated town hall. We lock arms and the class of '93 grand promenade has begun. (This is not normal. I've talked to other people about their proms, and not one had a grand promenade, or march around their town halls/gymnasiums. We did eliminate the king and queen positions, and as for food "chicken or fish" was something ordered for dinner hours ago.) The total choreographed stroll features classmates walking arm-in-arm in rows of about four or eight, and a single file follow the leader portion. It takes between 15 and 20 minutes.

When the promenade ends, it's time for another uniquely Provincetown Prom tradition: the dance with your parent. That's right, the entire production has been watched from strategically placed tables around the town hall floor by Mothers, Fathers, Grandparents, and other assorted relatives. (My own Grandma slipped me some cash, so I could pay the official prom photographer, which turned into a life saver.) Anyway the chosen parent/student song,

"A Pirate Looks at 40" by Jimmy Buffett, seems even more astute now as the entire class of '93 will be looking down the 40-year old barrel before the end of the year.

Soon there after, all the parents and other relatives leave and your average high school dance breaks out--or at least Provincetown average. The dance floor floods with students of all ages. Slow dances are awkward. And fast dances are done in groups. I honestly can't remember a single tune that our (I'm assuming) over-priced, over-paid deejay spun. Music from the early 90's was dominated by grunge and hairband killers like Soundgarden, Pearl Jam, and Nirvana. Some of which maintains its listenability today, but is virtually impossible to dance to.

The end of the prom is a ghost town with the majority of prom-goers leaving around 9:30 pm (the prom itself is scheduled to end at 11:00 pm) to go to after prom activities (the Party). Those that remain are the dedicated, hardworking teachers without whom the prom would've never taken place. They bat cleanup, putting away some of the chairs and tossing streamers aplenty into the garbage. They're no fools and leave the heavy lifting for the Junior class the next day.

The Prom party goes off without a hitch. Always hosted by some of the "cooler" parents, and attended and supplied by other "cool" parents--it is no one's first rodeo. When the police make a third drive by at around 1:30am the party is still in full force, and it's deemed necessary to kick the youngest patrons--10th grade and below--out. You grow up fast in Provincetown.

The next morning, the class assembles again at Town Hall for final cleanup. Some with swollen heads, and some are just dog tired from last night's revelry (I fall into the latter). It is a beautiful, warm spring day. The class works together well, and within two hours the tables and chairs have been put away, the remaining streamers, and other



Prom '92 (L-R) Amie Previe, Suzanne Lopes, Tanya Freller, Matthew Enos, Bill Stark

decorations have been taken down and disposed of, and the only evidence of the Prom at Provincetown Town Hall is the memories.

By now our grumbling stomachs will soon give way to another Provincetown tradition: the class breakfast. Cooked and served by a classmate's parent (in this case it was Brenda Costa, Mark Costa's Mom and the school lunch lady) at their house (we ate outside at a row of picnic tables), the meal soothes swollen heads, and fills empty bellies.

My grandmother cooked the prom breakfast for my mother's class. Most likely, a more daunting task given the sheer number of mouths to feed--probably around 40 as opposed to our 20 (some people having left already).

After breakfast was eaten, and plates and such were cleaned up, thank yous were said, I embarked

on the five minute walk home to my room, and more importantly my bed. Another successful Provincetown Prom come and gone.

One private joke: For the extremely hungry, Fruity Pebbles were served first thing in the morning outside the party.

Author's Notes: I realize that the Provincetown High School class of 1993's prom was over two decades ago, and that some of my recollections may be a bit hazy or different from my classmate's. Let's chalk that up to the fog of time. If I made omissions or changed the truth as you remember it, I am sorry. This was based on my memories (or lack there of) and I'm sure that portions of it are far from correct. I do hope that we as a class can agree that a good time was had by all (or at least some). ←

Thanks to our SPONSORS, in recognition of their valued support and dedication, for making it possible to continue to SHARE THE HERITAGE.

School Days

BY BEATA COOK, CLASS OF 1941

No longer will students graduate from Provincetown High School. Due to declining enrollments and spending constraints, it was deemed impossible to maintain the High School and its teaching staff. Future generations will have to travel to a school of their choice up the Cape. This is a sad circumstance to those of us who have shared the pride and school spirit of “good ole PHS” through the years. Since I, among others, happen to be one of those students, I was asked to share my memories of high school days in Provincetown during the years I attended school there.

I spent the years of 1936 and 1937 attending the 7th and 8th grade, known as Jr. High, before moving up to High School. There wasn't far to move because all these classes were conducted in the same building on Winslow Street. With the ascent to High School came a subtle transition in our outlook and attitudes. We were maturing into young adults.

The schools of my childhood were segregated by neighborhoods. The Western school educated kids from the West End while the Eastern School served to educate the kids from the East End. The Central School was located in the middle of town and accommodated kids from the center of town. Not only were the schools far apart geographically, West Enders and East Enders were far apart in our attitudes and perceptions. Provincetown, in those days, had a mainly Portuguese population with the majority of the men involved in the fishing industry. Though Portuguese families lived in both ends of town, most lived in the West End. Or so it seemed to me, a West End. To us, the Portuguese in the East End were “stuck-up.” They were the men who owned the boats while the West End men only worked on them. There was a large contingent of artists, actors, and writers who had moved into town and largely settled into the East End also.

We remained segregated physically and mentally until we became integrated in High School. These differences gradually evaporated and we became unified when the young population all attended the same school. Lunchtime dances in the gym with



Matilda “Tillie” Avellar and Marguerite “Beata” Cook

music supplied by a phonograph found West Enders and East Enders dancing together and enjoying it. When the Seniors hosted our Freshman Reception, an introduction to our life in High School, no one asked their partner what part of town he came from. In a couple of years followed the Junior Prom, then the Senior Prom. Though none of us would ever qualify for “Dancing With the Stars” it was all great fun and we enjoyed it as one. It was the last gown I put on this body! West End vs. East End, Portuguese vs. summer boarder was a thing of the past. The cast of the Senior Play was a homogenous group who lived in all parts of the town and several had migrated from the city. The highlight of our Senior year was a class trip to New York City, chaperoned by Betty De Riggs. Restaurants and clubs in the Big Apple considered 18 yrs. to be a legal drinking age for alcohol. And did we



1941 Class Trip, Rooftop of Rockefeller Center

Row 1 (L-R): Betty De Riggs, Elizabeth Gaspie, Mary Jason, Lucy Bent, Elizabeth Martin, Barbara Cross, Verna Rose, Marguerite “Beata” Cook, Irving Malchman, Francis Mooney;

Row 2 (L-R): Ernest Adams, John Edwards, Jack Rose, Warren Perry, Eugene Perry, Leona Silva;

Row 3 (L-R): John Farroba, Manuel Packett, John Silva, Warren Roderick, Arthur Roderick, Chaparone, Dolores “Dodo” Mooney

feel all grown up and like big shots when we ordered our first drink!

There was one common denominator, during that time period that united the entire school and the town as well. Basketball involved students, parents and friends, as everyone followed our games up and down the Cape. There was a girl's team as well as a boy's team. Those of us who were on the teams took our games very seriously, spending long afternoons at practice. Parents faithfully attended our games and cheered us on enthusiastically.

Those were carefree, happy days at P.H.S., and I think we learned an important lesson to carry us through life. We learned that the things we can share with each other and enjoy together far outweigh our differences and false perceptions. I am so very happy that I was privileged to be a part of another time. ➡



Champions of 1940

Principal Elmer Silva

CAROL LEONARD-LADUKE, CLASS OF 1976



*“School’s out for summer,
School’s out forever,
School’s been blown to pieces.....!”*

It blasted through the rooms and hallways of P.H.S. The brick building, normally stoic, erupted like a prison riot. Like a mutiny overtaking the military order in Mrs. Rogers’ English Literature Class, the chaos that rocked her room would have caused Hemingway’s “Old Man and The Sea” to capsize his dory. Mr. Dahill, standing in front of the chalkboard in the middle of an equation, dropped the white chalk he was holding. All eyes were raised up high to a square box located in the corner of the room near the ceiling. The P.A. system, to the horror of teachers, normally reserved for the delivery of daily school messages and tame lunch menus, wailed powerful screams from what seemed like ten Alice Coopers.

*“No more pencils
No more books
No more teacher’s dirty looks”*

As the anti-establishment school message rang through the building’s hollow halls and spare class rooms, the student body cheered and raised their fists in cheers of celebration. Principal Elmer Silva, much loved captain of the PHS helm, had in a weak moment, agreed to let the seniors play Alice Cooper’s “Schools Out For Summer”. He breathed a heavy sigh, quietly prayed for the mayhem to finish,

and with an air of good sportsmanship smiled at the rock star’s last few words:

*“Well we got no class
And we got no principles
And we got no innocence
We can’t even think of a word that rhymes!”*

Mr. Silva had allowed a surreal scene to take place within the walls of Provincetown High School. It was the last day of school June 1976.

Mr. Silva was not the stereotypical, stern administrative figure behind a locked office door. His door was always open. Students describe him as fair, caring, and respectful. His relationship with them was more a family member than high school principal. His care and support resonated with the undergraduates. He was a paternal mooring for teenage students with adolescent angst. He would not be fully appreciated until his students reached adulthood, started families, and tried raising teenagers of their own.

Mr. Silva’s role was one of father and friend. He would put his hand on your shoulder when he thought you needed assurance or were feeling misunderstood. Like a generous grandfather, he loaned money without a second thought and with an easy smile to lessen a student’s embarrassment. He once loaned a large sum to a panicked, forgetful student to pay for a class ring. He was the understanding father who willingly handed his car keys over to a trusted senior needing to go home to change clothes because another student wore the same outfit to school that day. He understood adolescent quirkiness and hormonal rollercoaster rides with its dips and hills with quiet patience.

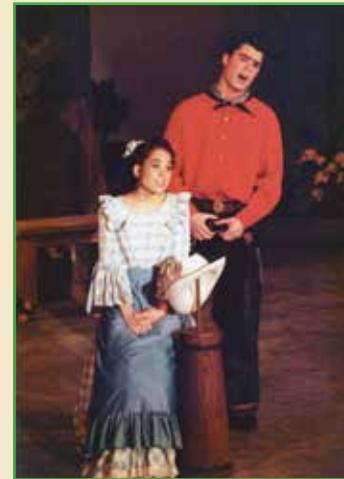
Being sent to Mr. Silva’s office was a quiet “time out”. Several chairs were reserved outside his office for this task. If you were sent to his office, it was a relief to be able to chill from a teacher who had it out for you on a particular day. Without attitude, Mr. Silva would calmly ask the reason for your visit and you would plead that a certain teacher didn’t like you.

He listened, he understood. He knew that acting out may have nothing to do with the subject at hand or the teacher, but was part of a deeper more complex issue of family frustrations, or pending boyfriend/girlfriend troubles. Without lecturing, he remained calm and knew you would do better next time. He rarely called your parents. Just knowing you may have disappointed him was discipline enough.

He may have secretly believed that the most outspoken students, the questioning, verbally defiant ones, the ones that wore out teachers were perhaps

practicing; someday they might become world leaders, protesters for peace or equal rights lawyers.

He was humble and patient. He believed in second chances, and that growing up was hard to do. He knew mistakes were part of learning. He believed in his students and knowing Mr. Silva had their backs, the students believed in him. He provided empathy when empathy was sometimes nowhere to be found. Most of all, Mr. Silva was a guide in our passage to adult hood. I admire him to this day. ←



*Brianna Caton’s and Beau Jackett’s
duet in 1994 production of
“Oklahoma”*



Brianna Caton, Casey Sanderson and others in “Hello, Dolly!” 1995



*Lucas Colavecchio
performing in
“Hello, Dolly !” 1995*



Beau Jackett, center stage with the cast of “The Music Man” 1991

Provincetown Vocational High School 1960 to 1964

PETER R. COOK, CLASS OF 1964



Clockwise: Peter Cook, Peter Leonard, Bob Weiser and Ray Cordeiro

After I completed grade eight I realized that I had a decision to make. Our Guidance Counselor, Mrs. Max Berman, advised that I enroll in the High School. I believed that the best decision for me was to attend the Provincetown Vocational High School. After eight years of learning in a classroom setting I was ready for a change. In my own words – “The smartest thing I ever did was to go to the Provincetown Vocational School.” I cannot take full credit for my brilliance in this deci-

sion however. My close school friends David Dutra, Ray Cordeiro, Peter Leonard and John J.B. Browne and I spent our lower and middle grade school years in the same classes together. We all wanted to attend the Voke School and decided to keep together as pals throughout the rest of our school years. I can also say that I went to the Voke School because my big brother, Joey, went there. I looked up to my brother and wanted to follow in his footsteps.

The Vocational School was located in the East

End of Provincetown on Bradford Street. The United States Navy built the large two story warehouse, but after the war they decided it had no practical use for them and it became the property of the Town of Provincetown. The building opened as the automotive trade school for boys – the Provincetown Vocational High School - in 1949 and remained in operation there until 1963.

In the early 1960s a large addition, built onto the present Provincetown High School building located on Winslow Street, included a new Automotive Shop and class room for the Vocational School. In 1963 we students moved the contents, from the old building on Bradford Street, into the new addition at the present high school location where it continued to operate as a Vocational School until the 1970s. Cape Cod Technical Trade School, a new school in the Mid Cape area, opened its doors in 1974. The opening of this new modern Technical Trade School caused the phasing out of the Provincetown Vocational High School.

The closing of our Vocational High School was a great loss for many Provincetown boys. Some local young men looked forward to attending a trade school here in their own home town, but with the Vocational School no longer an option for them, many boys quit school at 16 years of age. Some of the students that dropped out chose to work at sea on the local commercial fishing boats. Others worked as mechanic’s helpers in the local garages in order to learn the automotive trade or became carpenter’s helpers or worked as apprentices in other trades. Unfortunately they had to do this without a high school diploma.

Fortunately for us, as members of the graduating class of 1964, we had the chance to attend our own great trade school right here in Provincetown. This school taught young men the basics of both automotive and marine mechanics. We also learned practical arts connected with the trade such as the art and skill of electric arc welding, gas metal welding and metal fabrication, tool making, and other skills. PVHS provided a good solid education in all phases of the basic fundamentals of automotive mechanics. Students were provided with both class room theory and hands on experience. Those of us who attended this trade school gained the advantage of a practical education that carried us successfully through-

out our lives. We graduated from Provincetown Vocational High School with both a High School Diploma and a Vocational School Certificate of Completion.

My friends and I were all about 16 years old. How could we not know what is best for us? We knew everything! We all liked cars, and girls and we knew the two went together pretty well. The guys with the cars are the guys with the girlfriends. If you were not a football or basketball star you surely will not be dating a cheerleader. If you were not a sports star you had no team sports sweater, with the orange and black letter P, for Provincetown to give your girl. But! If you are a “Vockie” with a nice car, a hot rod or convertible, it’s a given you had a cute girl sitting next to you in the front seat.

Another serious consideration to attend Voke School was the fact students only attended classes at the high school building every other week. We alternated spending the opposite week at the “shop” where we did our mechanic work and hands on learning and training. Mr. Kendall Knowlton, our shop teacher, taught us the greatest of all gifts, self-confidence, and that lesson stayed with me throughout my life. Each time we students faced a difficult mechanical roadblock he would say “a man built this machine, surely a man is able to fix it.”

Thank you Mr. Knowlton.

So, one week we were in shop class with Mr. Knowlton and the opposite week we were at the High School in our home room class sitting with Mr. Anton Koltz Jr. He taught the Basics of Automotive Theory. We learned Automotive Mathematics, Automotive Science, Related Geometry, and Mechanical Drawing. He was a great instructor. He taught us that we could learn and taught us in a way that we were able to learn. Mr. Koltz was more than a good school teacher. He was a leader, advisor and friend. He was there for “us” and respected us and in turn he quickly earned our respect. We all looked up to him.

Our High School schedule consisted of 7 major subjects a day with no study halls. No time off for good behavior. Other subjects, English, Science, and History were taught to us by the teachers in the high school. Although these subjects were professionally taught they were, unfortunately, unsuccessfully learned. --> more on next page

We were Vockies! Part of the experience carried a stigma of being punks and wise guys, greasers and motor heads, hoods and troublemakers. After all, we needed to protect our image. An elderly lady English teacher, or a fresh out of collage Mr. S. was no match for us. Also, the vocational school carried the stigma of being a “dumping ground” for juvenile delinquents! Perhaps we were a little bit of all of these things but first and foremost we were kids and in the USA we were entitled to an education. It is difficult for me to believe that 2013 will be the last class to graduate for Provincetown High School and the doors to high school education in our little town will close for the last time.

We truly enjoyed the good old days. School days at the shop were not all play, but a comfortable mix of work, fun, and education. In shop class we played practical jokes on one another. We kept our old style black lunch pails on the wooden steps that led to the upstairs of the warehouse. At 3 o'clock, the end of our school day, everyone hurried to leave and grabbed their lunch boxes on the way out of school. But, if it was your turn to be the victim, your plastic lunch box handle would snap off and be in your hand and your lunch pail would be securely nailed to the steps.

Shop tools were kept in a store room enclosed with a wire cage. Students rotated the job of being tool man. All students had 8 large flat washers with their own identification number on them. We used the washers as barter to obtain the tools we needed for the job we worked on. Give the tool man a washer with your number on it, get a tool you needed for the job. If you were silly or naïve enough to place your hands onto the wire enclosed cage you got the sting of an electric shock! The tool man wired up the spark plug testing machine to the wire cage and zapped you for a good laugh.

When it was time to learn we learned the old fashioned way with repetition. Our instructors explained the theory of how things worked and showed us how they wanted things done. We students did things over and over until we got it right. We learned to consult our mechanical shop manuals to find what we needed to know. We were taught how to learn by our great teachers and we were taught that we could teach ourselves. We learned how to do things the right way and to do them the

best we possibly could. If you do not fix the automobile correctly it isn't going to start.

Mr. Koltz and Mr. Knowlton were complete opposites in appearance, but they both had their students best interest at heart. They expected us to do the best we could do while in their care. They wanted us to be the best we could possibly be after we left high school and went out into this uncertain world. They wanted us to “know the trade” and they did their absolute best to teach it to us.

Mr. Koltz dressed very sharp in a tailored suit, bright white starched shirt, French cuffs with fastidious cufflinks. We joked with him about his chest hair that peaked up from behind his perfectly knotted necktie. He sported a big diamond set in a wide gold band on his ring finger. The ring he always removed while at work in the shop. No rings or jewelry worn while doing automotive work.

In Mr. Koltz's class our day began the same every day with a spoken prayer, a moment of silence and a Pledge Allegiance to the Flag. He spoke with us about the important things in life. Love of God, family and country were frequent conversations in his classroom. He taught us to be trustworthy, but not to trust everyone. He taught us to examine the source of adversity. Mr. Koltz served our country in both the Navy and in the Army. He knew each and every student very personally and tailored his teaching to fit each individual. He truly cared.

Thank you Mr. Koltz

Mr. Knowlton, our shop teacher, wore a dirty white shop coat covering a rumpled suit with no necktie. A necktie isn't something you want to wear while working on machinery with many moving parts. His shop coat was grease and dirt covered because of the type of work that constantly went on in shop class. The shop always had cars, trucks, or the school bus being worked on. The Vocational School shop was equipped with a complete machine shop of metal lathes, milling machines, metal saws and all these things had a caution while in use. Safety First!

I admired Mr. Knowlton and loved his attitude although we made fun of him mercilessly. He always had Vicks cough drops in his mouth and he spoke in mumbles.

“Boys” he'd say. “Mankind created the machines you work on, and if man created the machine, then



(L-R) Ray Cordeiro, Bob Weiser, Peter Leonard, John Brown, Peter Cook and David Dutra

a man most certainly can fix it.”

Mr. Knowlton could fix anything, he had the knowledge along with skill and determination and fortunately for we students those are the things he taught us best.

Thank you Mr. Knowlton

One of the highlights of our day at shop was to watch Mr. Knowlton start up and run the three big diesel engines inside our shop building on Bradford Street. He really enjoyed starting all three of these marine engines at the same time. The engines had no exhaust systems to quiet them down nor exhaust pipes to vent the exhaust smoke to the outside of the building. Mr. Knowlton would mumble “OK boys it's time to start the diesels, hook up the battery chargers and we'll start up all three engines.”

His eyes gleamed as he engaged the starter on #1 to get it cranking over. White smoke billowed out the open ended exhaust manifold. The white/grey smoke spilled out of the exhaust manifold pipe and filled the shop. Soon the first big diesel engine started to belch thick black smoke and burst to life with a deafening roar! Next, the same pattern followed and #2 came to life in the same fashion,

and then #3 and all engines were up and running. Mr. Knowlton's grin widened as he stood there in his dirt stained white shop coat with his hand on the throttle control. His sagged jowls vibrated as he raced the engines to the near breaking point. He looked like a mad scientist in his white coverall coat and uncombed black wavy hair. His black, thick plastic framed glasses cocked slightly to one side slipped down his nose from the engines vibrations.

The boys backed away from the engines just in case they blew, but everyone stayed inside the building. We didn't think of going outside into the fresh air. Health was not on our minds. We had an appetite for smoke, noise, excitement and trouble. We lit up our cigarettes. The smoke in the shop was so thick we could hardly see each other, surely Mr. Knowlton wasn't watching us.

Once Mr. Koltz came in while we were running the engines and caught us smoking inside the building. The very next day we attached three long flex pipes to the exhaust manifolds so they could be placed through an open window to vent the exhaust outside. No more smoking inside the building Mr. Koltz put a stop to that. --> more on next page

Vocational boys were easy to recognize. A black leather collared up motorcycle jacket with a lot of zippers and a good luck rabbits foot attached to one. We wore blue jeans, black engineer boots with iron taps on toe and heels to make plenty of noise when we walked. Every one of us wore a wide black garison belt and knew how to open beer bottles with the big square buckle. Add big wavy hair with a greased slick back hairstyle, and you have a Vockie. Of course, in order to be complete, add a pack of Lucky Strike cigarettes, a Zippo lighter, big deal attitude and a lot of "Cool!"

The fun part we pushed to the limit. Back in the day, there were still Model A cars around. People used them as beach buggies to drive on the beaches and sand dunes. A few of teachers had these cars and let us do their service and repair work at the vocational shop on Bradford Street. Mr. Knowlton sent us to the High School building on Winslow Street to pick up the Model A and bring it to the shop. Our fun was to leave the high school and drive the Model A to Race Point Beach and into the sand dunes. We drove across the dunes and exited out of Snail Road and drove on to the shop on Bradford Street. This took a little longer to get from point A to point B but it sure was a lot of fun.

While attending classes at the high school we found plenty of fun as well. Ray Cordeiro and I were the students that ran the 16MM movie projectors for all school assemblies and we enjoyed the fun of doing it. If the film broke we spliced it right away

and the show went on. We Vokies were called on for all sorts of reasons. If a teacher's car didn't start in the morning we were sent with another car and a set of jumper cables to get it going for them.

At times, I was called to the office to find that one of the girl students was ill and in need of a ride home. Our school nurse would say, "Peter, Linda isn't feeling well will you give her a ride home?" The same day a little while later another call to the office. "Peter, Karen isn't feeling well will you give her a ride home?" Once in the car Karen says to me "take me to Linda's house and in a little while you will get another call to the office to drive Mary home just bring her to Linda's house too."

The good old days, yes of course, and as I said before, school days were not all play, but a comfortable mix of work, fun, and education. What I learned by attending Provincetown Vocational High School did just what it was intended to do. I've worked in the mechanics trade all of my life. During a number of years when called to sea I worked on fishing vessels and always became the ships engineer because of my mechanical background and related skill. I've always been able to make a modest living. I raised my family in Provincetown. Thanks to my late wonderful parents, Joe and Grace Cook, I am still able to live and remain in our 21 Mechanic Street home in Provincetown. Thanks to my attendance at Provincetown Vocational High School I've been able to get by and still continue to learn after all these years. ←



Best wishes for another successful Provincetown Portuguese Festival!



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Operation Recognition

BY RACHEL WHITE, CLASS OF 1951

At the onset of World War II, some young students felt the call to defend their country with admirable youthful inspiration. In so doing, they forfeited completion of High School. My own husband, Bob White (before I knew him,) went into the Navy at seventeen years old. He begged his parents to leave school for the Navy and they reluctantly signed for him. Bob was in the Normandy Invasion, the bombardment Squadron at Hiroshima, and participated in the Invasion of Japan. As they waited to attack, the Peace Treaty was signed in Tokyo harbor. Bob returned to Provincetown and managed to make his lack of a diploma and more formal education, work for him. However, he insisted that all five of our children had to complete at least their High School education.

When the men who left school for the military came home, most never went back to school. They felt displaced being in High School with kids much younger. Not too young chronologically in years these young men lived a lifetime in battle in three or four years of service overseas. Earle Chaddock was our local administrator of Veterans Affairs. His office was located in the Town Hall where I worked as executive Assistant to the Town Manager and there was often communication between our Departments. I was out on sick leave and Earle called to tell me there was a new National Program called "Operation Recognition" being coordinated between the Federal Government and the Schools to award diplomas to the men who left school to serve their country. He knew my husband Bob—who was Harbormaster at the time—was one of them. Earle was sounding to see if it was a good idea here, so he could approach the school with it. At this point, seventy schools had already presented diplomas to their World War II vets. Earle contacted the High School and Patricia Sawyer, Secretary to the High School Superintendent, worked diligently with Earle for the participation of Provincetown High School in this program. Pat did all of the research to

identify those who left school for the War effort in order to bring the program to fruition.

On Thursday, November 9, 2000, a very solemn and emotional ceremony was presented in the Provincetown High School auditorium as eight local World War II Veterans graduated with honors and received their long awaited diplomas, handed to them by High School Principal Michael Marino. In addition to diplomas, each Veteran received a Proclamation from our Board of Selectmen acknowledging them for their acts of Patriotism and self-sacrifice. They also received a Proclamation from the Massachusetts State Governor Paul Cellucci, delivered to the new graduate Vets by State House Representative Shirley Gomes. Rep. Gomes pointed out that Provincetown was the first town where the recognition was part of the local school.

The auditorium was filled with tearful family members and relatives as current PHS students presented their elder relatives with their diplomas. The PHS vocal ensemble, accompanied by music teachers Paul Ouellette and Linda Squire, sang "A Candle for Remembering" before the procession of Veterans filed onto the stage. Those receiving their diplomas were more elated than they cared to demonstrate publicly, but it was a sense of accomplishment. A piece of the puzzle in their life that was missing until now. The men receiving the diplomas were: Manual F. Brown - class of 1943, Arthur J. Costa - class of 1940, Frank S. Henrique - class of 1945, Victor E. Pacellini - class of 1941, Manuel D. Rego - class of 1944, Gilbert Rose - class of 1943, Robert E. Cabral - class of 1945 and Robert W. White - class of 1945.



Victor E. Pacellini

Robert White's grandsons, Joshua and Jeremy Peters, gave grandpa his diploma and the French Government award for his service in Normandy. His grand daughter, Cheryl Meads, sang the National Anthem and the PHS Chorus participated with other vocal selections. There was not a dry eye in the house. ←

Coach Elizabeth De Riggs and Her Tournament Days

JUDITH VIZARD RODRIGUES & DOROTHY FRITZ SANDERSON, CLASS OF 1966



1966 Girl's Basketball
Southeastern Massachusetts
Champions

Row 1, L-R: Carol Days,
Yvette Roderick, Coach
Betty De Riggs, Judy Vizard,
Dorothy Fritz; Row 2, L-R:
Cathy De Riggs, Margie
Rivard, Kathleen Joseph,
Yvonne Roderick, Candice
Cabral; Row 3, L-R: Mary
Fratus, Kathleen Kacergis,
Helen Thomas, Susan Silva,
Mary Fritz, Catherine Fritz

Coach Elizabeth (Betty) De Riggs, a Provincetown native, was Provincetown High School's Physical Education teacher from 1940-1978. She coached girls basketball from 1946-1978. In February 1966, for the first time, she and her basketball team were invited to the Southeastern Massachusetts Girls' Invitational Basketball Tournament in Abington. The three days of scheduled play were glory days for Miss De Riggs and her mighty team.

The tournament began with Provincetown beating Scituate 40-36 behind high scoring Yvonne Roderick Oda, who scored 20 of the 40 total points. Isn't that an amazing statistic? Miss De Riggs had us in ready form, coupled with our steely determination, and league of faithful followers. No other town had as much support from family and friends. And boy, could they shake the rafters! We were so lucky, so grateful and so proud to have so many people care for us.

The semi-final was against our arch Cape rival, Dennis-Yarmouth. This was such a tough game,



playing a team of giants both in height and numbers. Miss De Riggs engineered a long and hard battle to win this game. Thanks to our high scoring offense led by Dot Fritz Sanderson with 17 points, Yvonne Roderick Oda with 12 points, Yvette Roderick Freller with 8 points and a tightened defense, we were victorious with a winning score of 40-35. We were on our way to the finals, a dream come true!

Friday, February 27, 1966, might have been our day of infamy. Middleboro caught us flat footed. We trailed by wide margins, 11 points at half time and 12 points going into the final quarter. But the story was about to change. As the team gathered together, we knew we hadn't come all this way to lose and stormed out of that huddle like a



And They Did It Again! The 1967 Southeastern Massachusetts Champions.

Standing (L-R): Mary Fritz, Sheila Oliver, Kathy Kacergis, Roxanne Cook, Mary Fratus, Catherine Fritz, Candice Cabral, Kathleen Silva. Kneeling (L-R): Susan Silva, Yvette Roderick, Yvonne Roderick, Kathleen Joseph and Deolinda Phillips

wild fire. Watch out Middleboro, the Provincetown girls were angry and under Miss De Riggs' direction, staged a comeback to rival all comebacks! We stormed back for 20 points while Middleboro could only score 6. We played a clean but tough man to man defense while Yvonne Roderick Oda went on a scoring tear bringing us ahead 31-30 at 1:34 left in the game. At 0:37 seconds, Dot Fritz Sanderson was fouled. She made it good and it looked like curtains for Middleboro. But this cliff-hanger continued. A Middleboro player scored with 8 seconds left tying the game 32-32. Was this a heartbreaker for the Provincetown team; maybe not. With no time left, the clock reading 0:00 with the buzzer not sounding, Provincetown's Judy Vizard Rodrigues was fouled. It was agreed, after much discussion, that the buzzer would sound in its due time. Then after much pandemonium, Provincetown style, abated, 0:00 was just enough time for Judy Vizard Rodrigues to swish the first shot, wait for the din to quiet down and do it again. Miss De Riggs and her "Cinderella Girls" of Provincetown had their fairy tale win. Judy Vizard

Rodrigues remembers looking over at Miss De Riggs after that first successful foul shot and seeing a usually quietly sitting coach, jumping high in the air with arms raised. It was a tingling sight, you felt so good for Miss De Riggs. As you can imagine, there was much celebration, hugging and kissing going on after the game. It took some time for us and our legion of fans to clear the court.

On our way home and for many days thereafter, we felt like superstars and were treated like celebrities everywhere we went. Our teachers, classmates and fellow Provincetown students were so kind and congratulatory. The Town people would cheer us, honk their horns for us. In Provincetown, we were used to winning basketball championships but this was the first time a big beautiful girls' basketball championship trophy was brought back home. That was very special and to Miss De Riggs credit she did it again the next year, winning her second Southeastern Invitational Girls Basketball Tournament. This was a thrill of a lifetime for all of us.

Thank you Miss De Riggs. ↩



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New School

BY JENNA MORRIS, CLASS OF 2004

New school, old friends; not sure where to begin.

Starting over, new chance; assimilation and metamorphosis.

Locker combinations and new layouts to follow.

What's acceptable at lunch, new social rules to follow.

New elements, rejections and heartaches.

Where do I belong when I am only me?

New millennium and the future is bright.

Stand up against the head and get pushed out of the crowd again.

You must conform or you're out; but real friends come about.

Heart aches still linger but the dreams are getting higher.

Hanging out on the stairs with a destination of no where.

Hatred forms and grows even more.

Stand up and fight through.

Nicknames fade away but the fight is what we'll speak of one day.

Walk outs, sit ins and fighting for our rights.

Learning how to stand up and fight and figure out who we are to be one day.

Losing our way to find a path that fits.

Watching the world break as each plane hits.

Teachers trying to explain the pain and make sense of it.

Working our way through and rework the world.

Rings poured over and picked; each one with a perfect fit.

Stomach aches and emotions take over.

Stress is high when social groups clash.

Notes passed back and forth fueled from hate and anger.

Others get involved and the stakes grow greater.

Sugar and Spice but not everything is right.

Fighting to I can say I survived.

Finding my way through the words I write along the edges of my notes.

School repairs cause long walks in the snow.

Hanging in front of the church before the bell tolls.

Spirit days and licenses.

Prom nights and post party fights.

Publishing poetry and traveling around the world.

Chances open up, my way becomes clear.

Coming into my own and feeling outcast again.

Sports bring insults and slurs but we are never deterred.

College applications and visiting campuses.

So many decisions and not as many chances.

Finish line inst quite in sight but we all have stars in our eyes.

Stringing together the book filled with memories.

Figuring out who I am to be.

Traditions with Freshman, acting and work.

18th birthdays, tattoos and perks.

Basketball games and 1000 point scores.

Lunch on the town and we walk on easy streets.

Clinging to each moment and cherishing every last.

Each day that comes our end at an amphitheater.

On the stage under the sun each award given away.

6 years later and we've grown so much.

College English 1, Room #7, Mrs. Rogers

BY FRANK X. GASPAR. CLASS OF 1964

When I first walked into that massive brick and stone building—a beautiful building, really, on the outside—and I saw its staircases, one for boys and one for girls, and the bathrooms likewise segregated on opposite ends of the long halls, smelled its musty, old-paint smells, gazed down the rows of lockers, saw that swimming pool of a little gym near the cafeteria, and breathed the old school's severe, heavy air I thought—though I couldn't have articulated it then—this is a place where souls are destroyed.

Well, maybe. It was a hard adjustment for me, a raggedy Portuguese kid from the West End with holes in my shoes. Mostly I had no idea what on earth I was doing there. It was just something that happened to you. “Okay, now you have to go this other school.” It wasn't like there were any options. But something quite wonderful happened despite all the dolor and confusion and angst, and it was life-changing. No. It was life-giving. It had to do with books.

I remember Phebe Rogers' room, just off the boy's stairway on the top floor, its windows facing our great stone monument and its wooded hill. And beneath those windows was a counter-top, and one day, suddenly it seems now—though we must have had some announcement that this was coming—here were books, lined up along the entire length of the counter. It was a kind of book fair. The books were for sale!

Now, I should say that by this time, ninth grade, I had discovered the two classes that were my favorites (meaning the only ones I liked at all): Study Hall, and English. Study Hall was just wherever



you sat when you didn't have an assigned class and were given time to do your homework. Sometimes the entire room was the study hall, or sometimes you just sat in the back of a tiny class. It was where I learned Solid Geometry, for instance, without every having to take the course, which I would have flunked. But a cone passing through a plane? Whoa, mind-blowing. But mostly I wrote and read in study hall. Already these were

the two things I just did the most. They didn't seem to have any meaning in life; they were just things I did because they made me feel good. It was a way of goofing off. But then English Class! My God, that was all about reading and writing! I was alive in Mrs. Rogers' room in a way I was alive in no other place in that town, except maybe in the ocean or the woods. Mrs. Rogers was not the typical bleeding-heart, nurturing teacher you read about in sappy stories or see in Hollywood Movies. The only other people I have met like her were the Drill Instructors in boot camp. I mean this as a high compliment. If you **** up something in the military, you will likely kill someone, so the instruction there was intense, with no slack. These folks were consummate teachers, even when they were punching you in the head. Mrs. Rogers never punched us in the head, but she did use a rather comically over-sized red plastic baseball bat to bonk us. No one laughed in her class when she did that. She was a sedulous teacher and took us through every basic chop one would ever need to be a writer: grammar, usage, sentence structure, diagramming, scanning lines of poetry, memorizing poetry, and reading. It was an hour of heaven for me, five days a week. There was

even an angel, but I'll talk about him in a minute.

Lesson number One: Writing is something grown-ups can do, and it's so important that some writers can be dead for centuries and their words are still important. Wow. This is a high calling. Perhaps the highest calling a person can answer to. And I thought I was just goofing off in study hall!

So, anyway, the books. I remember running my hands along them. I can still smell them, ink and paper and binding, the newness of them. I had a paper route then—or maybe I already had started working at the hotdog stand down at the foot of the wharf. But anyway, uncharacteristically, I had some money. I used lunch money too. I bought books. Emily Dickinson, and Walt Whitman, and Bram Stoker's *Dracula* (scared the shit out of me!), and *Ivanhoe*, which we read in class, and Homer's *Odyssey*, which was a class read also. I also remember Thoreau's *Walden* and Hemingway's *Old Man and the Sea*. There were others, but the ones I have mentioned I can still see and feel in my hands, as real as these keys I'm pounding.

So I read books in study hall and wrote stories and poems, and I wrote my compositions. Mrs. Rogers taught us from the beginning, you own your work. That meant stand up in front of the class and read your composition. Stand up straight. Read fluently. Don't stumble. Enunciate! Enunciate! She wasn't the sort to pat you on the back and tell you how you were doing a great job and what a good fellow you were and all that. But I always got A's on my compositions. When I had to read my compositions in front of class I really felt like I had an angel pounding me on the head to be better, to do it better, to work harder. I liked reading my work aloud, but because it was high school, I had to pretend not to.

And reading: When I read Thoreau's "Pond in Winter", I thought—I know all the ponds, I know pickerel, I catch them. So Lesson Number Two: I can write about this stuff. I know these things. But I noticed something. My pickerel were green and yellow. Thoreau's were emerald and gold. Something to think about. When I read *The Old Man and the Sea*, the top of my head came off. Jesus, I thought, this could be my grandfather. I don't know about Marlin, but I know ALL about this stuff. I can do this, too!

What I am trying to say here is that PHS was the place I discovered who I was, and what I was, on the deepest possible levels. Bruce Benson and I recently exchanged emails, and he also talked about Phebe Rogers, and how much we learned in that room. Really, we had a college education after four years of her. I do not exaggerate much in saying that. So that place that could be so dreary and confusing, could also be a place where, if you were lucky, (and didn't mind skipping homework and not studying for tests), you could find your place in life—or at least learn in which direction it might lie.

I can see that this little memory-piece is running away with me. There is so much to be said about the quality of the education that was available there. Classic, old-school, no-nonsense, full-bore, get it right, do it over. I hope many many others feel the same way. I am not talking about feel-good days of cherry cokes and record hops and football games here. I'm talking about laying a foundation, even if you weren't aware of it. I'm talking about the life-altering power of a teacher's book fair. I'm talking about how something you love to do can be what you do with your life.

So now I write and read and speak for a living. You might say I have never stopped goofing off in study hall and performing for Mrs. Rogers. I am having an amazing life. I will immodestly admit it is not beyond what I imagined. You can imagine your way out of a lot of reality. I learned to imagine at PHS. I still feel like I have this angel that keeps whacking me, trying to hammer me into gold. Poor angel, getting stuck with me. All this life and we have only gotten as far something like tin foil, but he still keeps hammering me. I don't mind. Now I'm sitting here working on a new book. I'm in one of my hide-a-ways in the tamer parts of the Mojave, east of Palm Springs. This sun is going down behind me and lighting the tops of the barren mountains. Between here and there a scattered forest of tall palm trees waves in the desert wind. This is a composition I would like to be able to read in our old English class. Maybe there is still one going on someplace in some alternate universe. "Get to work," says the angel, clearly running out of patience. "Enunciate!" says Mrs. Rogers, that red baseball bat not far from her right hand. ←

Our Dad FRANK IRVING SILVA

Elaine Silva Cabral, Class of 1952

Philip Silva, Class of 1954

Carol Silva, Class of 1959

Teresa Silva Morris, Class of 1970

Dad was born August 1910 in his family home on Freeman Street, part of one of the large SILVA families that settled in Provincetown from Portugal. He was the first child of Frank Silva, a fisherman and Matilda (Davis) Silva a housewife formerly of Truro. Dad was the oldest of four children. Sister Beatrice became a nurse and settled in Brighton, brother Sylvester joined the Army Air Corps and sister Lillian joined the Woman's Army Corps. Sylvester and Lillian served in WWII and never returned to live in their home town of Provincetown. They usually came for visits to see Dad and the family during the Blessing of the Fleet in the summer.

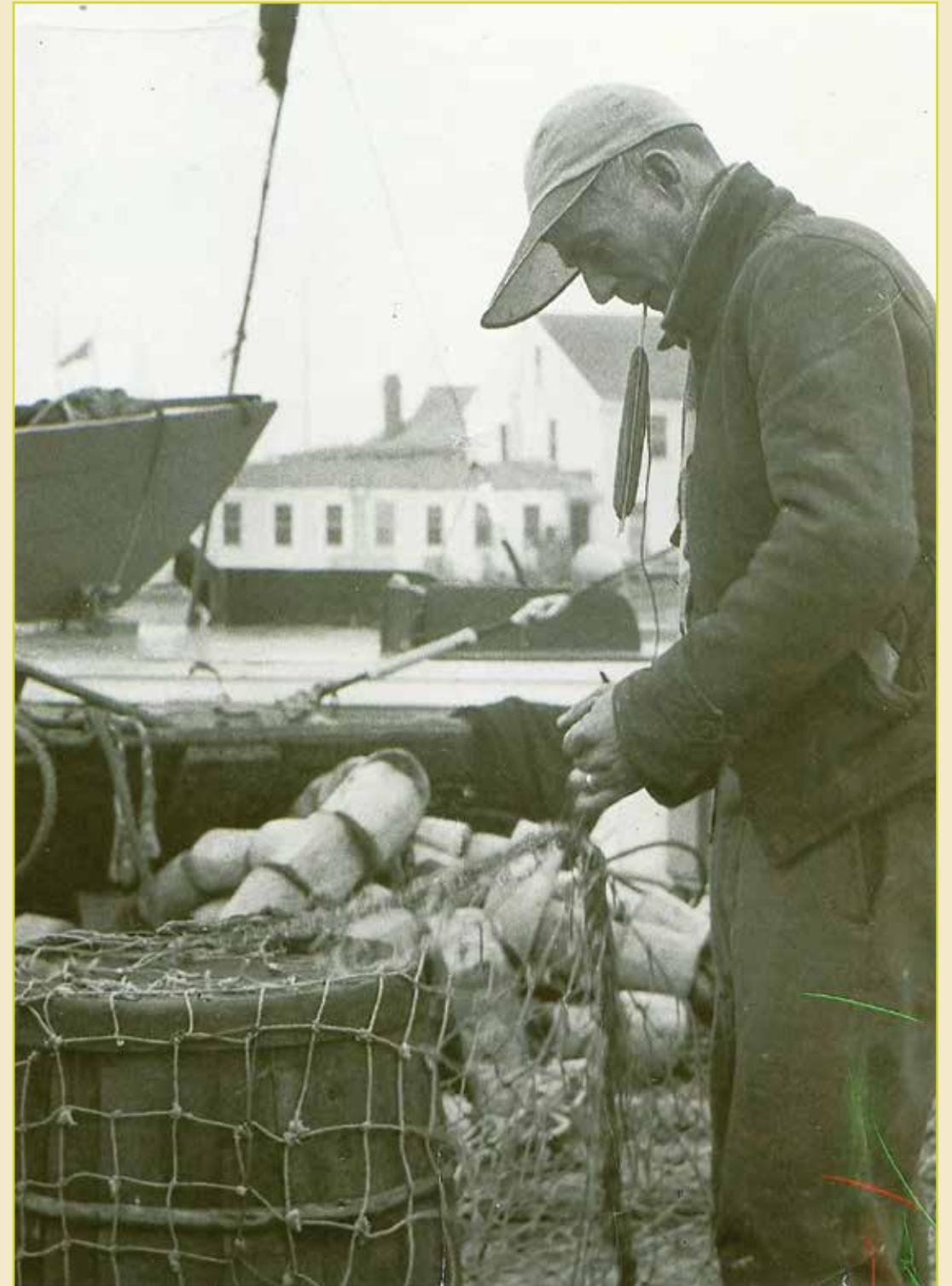
Dad attended Provincetown High School during 1925-1928, in the High School building that burned down in 1930. He excelled in mathematics and was a gifted athlete. He played football, won medals for his speed in track and was an accomplished second basemen on the PHS baseball team. He played on the 1927 Championship baseball team with other athletes of that time. Glory Taves was one and the team was coached by George Leyden. The call of the sea was so strong that sometime in 1928 he left school to fish with his father in his open dory. His love of the sea was well known. The Class Will of the Provincetown High Yearbook of 1927 stated that "Waldo Brown leaves Frank Silva his love of terra firma so that he may have an interest on land as well as on sea"

He continued to fish with his father in Provincetown until he met our mother, Lillian Mitchell. She was a slender woman with brown hair and blue eyes, and was extremely talented. She was visiting her sister, Ethel Thomas, in Provincetown. Ethel was married to Anthony Thomas, also a fisherman. The Mitchell girls were born and raised



in Gloucester where their father, (a lobsterman) and their mother settled. They were both from the Azores. In November of 1931 Dad married the love of his life and moved to Gloucester to start their family.

Fishing out of Gloucester was much different. The draggers were bigger, distances much further and time away from home longer, at times two – three weeks. However, it proved to be much more prosperous. In 1937, on one such trip, a shipmate jumped overboard about 125 miles out. He was apparently hallucinating about submarines below the boat. Dad, not thinking of himself, jumped into the icy waters to save the crewman's life. The turning point in his life came while fishing off of the Georgia coast. Dad came down with "lock jaw" and was taken ashore and hospitalized in a Georgia hospital with Mom by his side. They decided that this long distance fishing wasn't for him. No matter how great the money, the sacrifice of time away from his family was not worth it. Now with two daughters and a son,



Frank Irving Silva. mending nets at Higgins Wharf



Provincetown High School, 1927 Championship Baseball Team
1. George Leyden, Coach 2. "Glory" Taves 3. John Russe 4. Frank Silva

they moved back to his home town of Provincetown where his dream of owning his own boat and being home with his family every night was possible.

In partnership with his mother and uncle they purchased the Elmardo. In 1943, one month after moving back to Provincetown and the day before Thanksgiving, Dad was working on his troubled engine while being towed. The gasoline engine back-fired, sending flames toward Dad. He suffered 2nd and 3rd degree burns all over his body and spent the next six months at the Brighton Marine Hospital. After a long recovery and with a new engine he fished alone. By then, many boats had modern radar and better equipment. This was a great worry for our mother and we would often find her with her rosary beads in hand waiting for him to come home. After two years they sold the boat. With his knowledge of the sea he continued to skipper other boats for owners such as the Liberty Bell and others. He finished his life on the sea as the Captain of the New England with crew mate Victor Pacellini. When the weather was bad and they couldn't fish you could often find him at Flyers or Taves boat yards, playing cards.

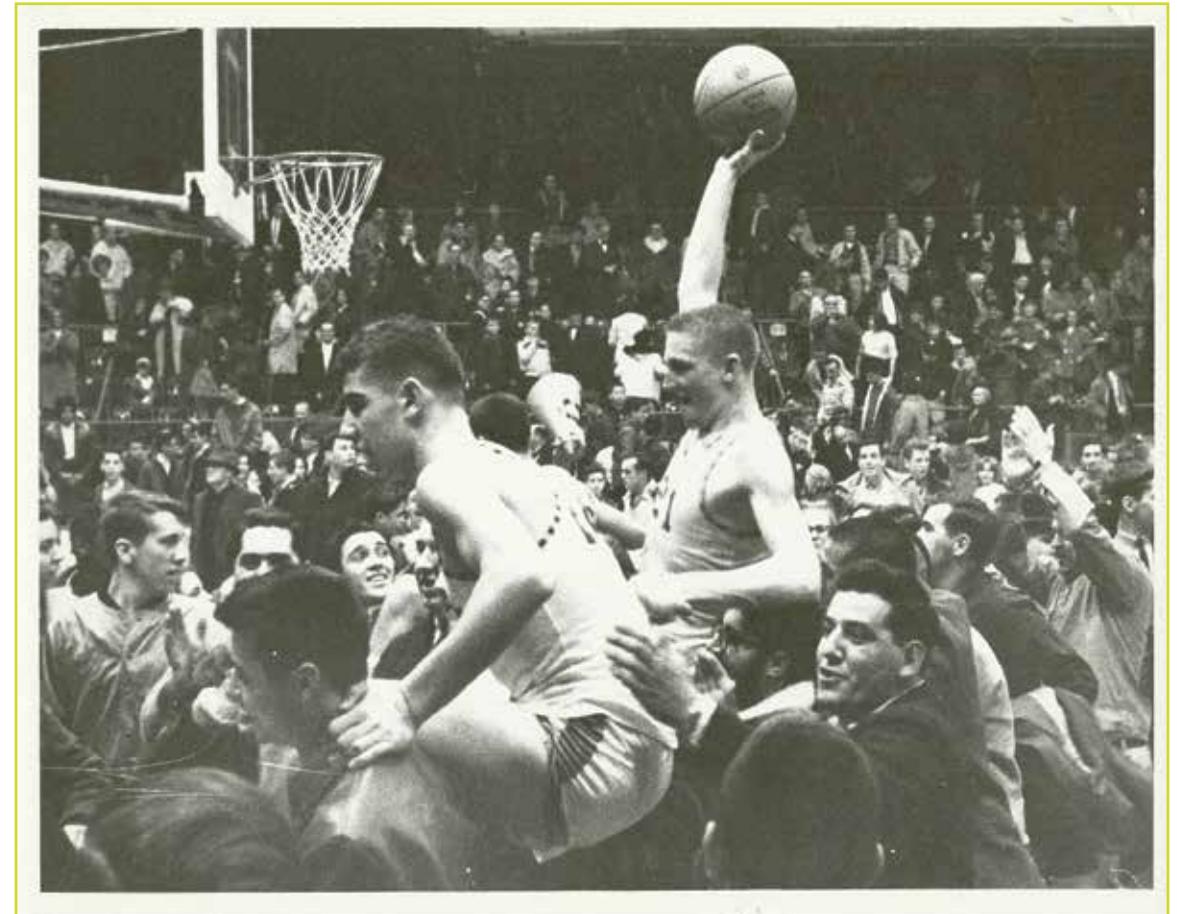
Dad spent his last years working at Cabral's Market for Elaine and husband Philip. Back then a lot of the fishing boat captains purchased their groceries from the local markets and Phil supplied a good portion of the fleet. Phil and Dad would deliver to the boats. The crews, the boats, the water, the pier – Dad really enjoyed that. He did that for a few years and then around 1968-69 Dad and Mom sold 5A Atlantic Avenue and moved to Truro to live with Carol and husband Francis. Dad, now with emphysema very bad, spent the last years of his life with oxygen and was not able to do much. But he always enjoyed a good game of cribbage with Mom, his puzzles and a Red Sox game on TV.

Fishing is a very difficult and dangerous life as those who have answered this call know. As destiny would have it, Dad had his share of hard times. His love for our mother and for us far surpassed any difficulties he encountered. His legacy of love of family, generosity and hard work helped mold his family to who we are today..... **See you around Frankie!**

Your loving children: Elaine Cabral, Philip Silva, Carol Silva and Teresa Morris

AMAZING!

BY DAVID OLIVER, CLASS OF 1966



The crowd goes wild! Kenneth Segura and John Colley carried by Provincetown fans!

How could such a small school produce the athletic teams that it has? If you took all the variables and put them into a computer program, PHS just might be one of the more successful programs in the State. The student body numbers, facilities, lack of access to Summer Programs due to distance and having to work along with playing in a league with Division one and two teams. Some of which had more students in one class than we have in our school. Both boys and girls programs had trouble scheduling schools our size due to the strength of our teams. If Provincetown had played in a League such as the Mayflower League Small Division you would have no room for the trophies.

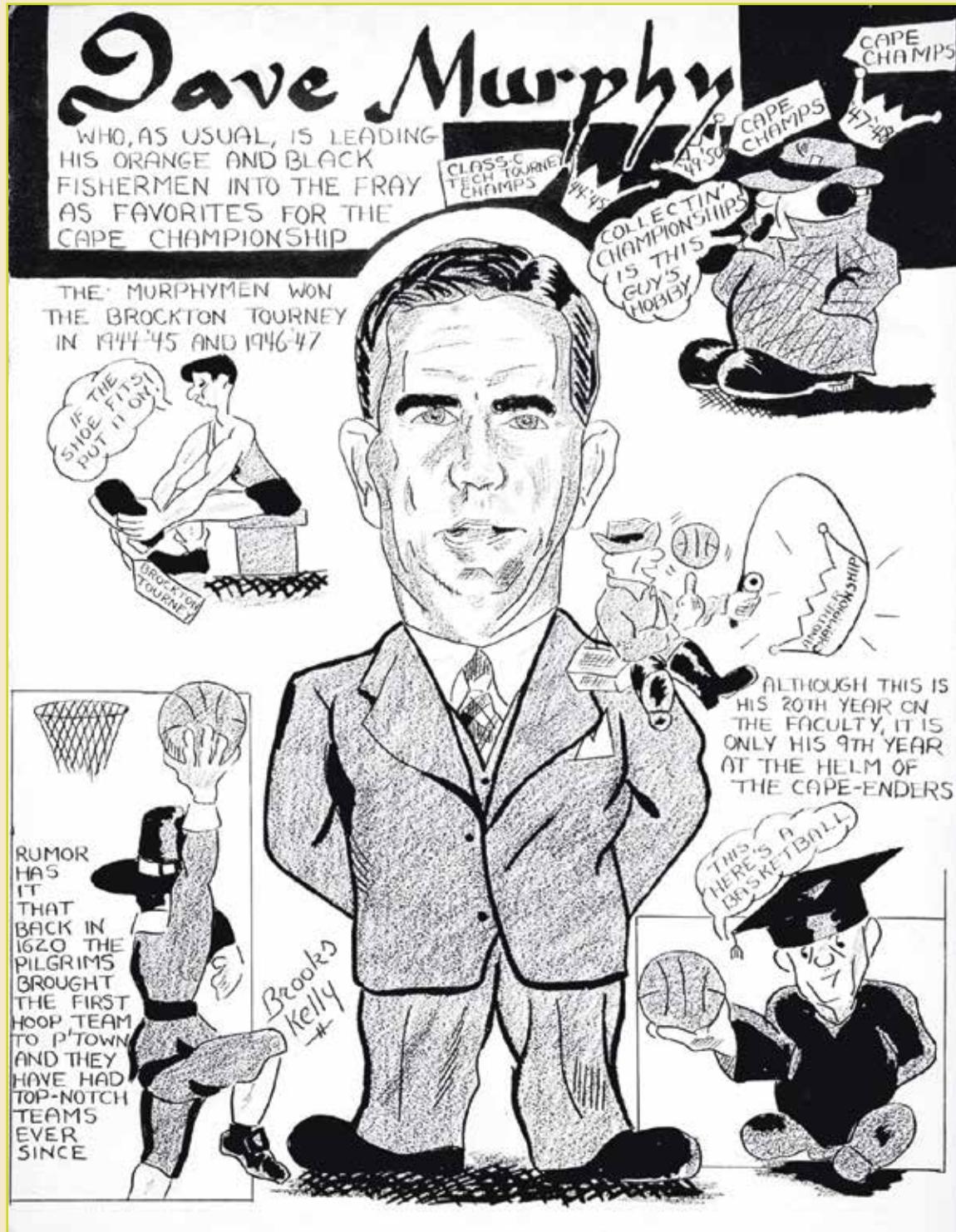
Basketball heads your list in the 50's and 60's, with Dave Murphy and Betty De Riggs leading the way to numerous Eastern Massachusetts titles. Both teams took on all schools regardless of size. Along came Steve Goveia, who along with Paul Seeley, took over the Football and Baseball Programs and brought them to the top of the Mayflower League. The girl's Programs in field Hockey and Softball were dominant, also under the guidance of Betty DeRiggs. In the 90's the Girls softball team played Brockton High School, the largest school in the State and won. The boys were victorious playing South Boston High School in the State Hockey Tournament.

Names such as Colley, Segura, Reis, Farroba,

A Picture Is Worth a Thousand Words ...

Brooks Kelly's Sports Page Cartoon

New Bedford Sunday Standard Times, January 7, 1951



1994 Cape and Islands League Champions/South Sectional State Tournament Semi - Finalist
League Record 10 - 0; Overall Record 18 - 0

Standing (L-R): Beth Fulcher, Denise Russell, Connie Russell, Sara White, Jamie Colley, Lia Kardaseski, Colleen Duarte, Dawn Henrique, Abby Morris, Cheryl Meads, Coach Dave Reinhardt;
Front Row (L-R): Katie Oliver, Adi Rodrigues, Sherry Stefani, Courtney Hurst, Lisa Martin



Tech Tourney 1964
(L-R) #23 Edward Veara,
21 John Colley, #13 Mike Henrique, #24 Kenneth Segura,
#10 Steve De Riggs

Menangas, Hatley, Luster, Meads to name just a few boys. Joseph, Fritz, Ferreria, Perry, Lisbon, Roderick, Burhoe, Oliver on the girl's side. These and many more athletes were not only stars at PHS but were the best of Cape Cod and beyond.

Coaches who moved on from PHS to other schools all say that the athletes in Provincetown were a tough and determined group.

All in all, the last half century was an amazing run for PHS sports teams, something the whole town has been proud of. Where else would you

have to buy tickets in advance for a Friday night game in a town of 3000 people? Half the population would show up for a football game, only in Provincetown. The residents, and especially the alumnae, should be very proud of the school for both its athletes and academic accomplishments over the last 60 years. Maybe it's because at one time many of the parents and students really were from hard working fisherman's families. ←



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Provincetown High School Business Department Room Eleven "KJM"

BY TRACEY (FERREIRA) ROSE

Initials that need no explanation! For whether you were a student of hers or not, she was well known throughout the halls of Provincetown High School, the walls within our homes and within the parameters of our close-knit community. Yes, Miss Kathleen J Medeiros dedicated 42 years of her life to the education of high school business students enrolled at Provincetown High School.

"YOU NEED A RULER, 2 SHARPENED PENCILS, A BLUE PEN AND A RED PEN. IF YOU DON'T BRING THESE ITEMS TO CLASS IT WILL REFLECT IN YOUR TERM GRADE. YOU MUST BRING THESE TO EACH CLASS."

How many of us remember hearing that particular statement and how many had anxiety at the last minute before class began because we instantly realized that we were not prepared? Whew!

Some say Miss Medeiros had a bit of a rough exterior and therefore feared her or disliked her but there were some who knew her 'after' the classroom or outside of the classroom and learned that a smoother and likeable side indeed existed. And there are some who claimed that she played the favorites game with students and siblings within a family. I must admit that she often asked me and my best friend and classmate, Jeanne Fritz, to go to the Bank, to the Post Office or to the Town Hall for her. She used to tell us to, "go and tell Mr. Silva (Principal) that you're going to the bank for me" (we didn't ask if we could leave, we told the Principal that we were leaving school premises for Miss Medeiros). Although the bank was literally 'over the hill' from the high school, Jeannie and I needed



Mr. Seeley's vehicle to perform these errands, which of course took us hours to get there and back! Maybe we were a couple of Miss Medeiros' favorites. I can remember the boys in our class writing a letter and posting it on the hall walls in protest.

Miss Medeiros loved Provincetown, was a strong believer in education and promoted extra curricular activities in school like sports, Plays and school dances. She and her brother were longtime faithful members of Saint Peters Church and were involved within the community. Good-hearted people often possess similar traits as these. I suppose we all have faults, however.

I am a 1981 graduate of Provincetown High School and whether I am at my Real Estate office or my bookkeeping office, at my desk you will always find my ruler, two sharpened pencils, a black pen and a red pen.

**Where would we all be without ROOM 11?
Thank you, KJM! ←**

The following is excerpted from
**RECOLLECTIONS OF GROWING UP IN
 PROVINCETOWN**

BY FRANK E. CABRAL, CLASS OF 1949

From the perspective of a person in his 80's, these are my recollections of experiences in the Provincetown Public Schools:

While attending kindergarten at the West End School (now a parking lot), the teacher would pull the shades down in the afternoon and we would lie down on mats on the floor to take naps. It was during those early years that I met my two lifelong friends, Sumner "Shimmy" Robinson and John "Peacy" Cook.

Our first grade teacher was Mr. DeRiggs. She was very pleasant and well-liked by her class. The following year Mrs. Anthony was our second grade teacher. The following year our third grade teacher was Miss Bessie Corea. I don't recall any experiences in her class except that she did not like me very much. The reason for this was probably some mischievous things that I may have done in class.

Mrs. Enos was my fourth grade teacher and, like Mrs. DeRiggs, she was related to me. We experienced playing the symphonette and also singing in class. One day William "Brother" Costa was handing out a large stack of music books to the class. As he passed by my seat, it just so happened that I had a pin in my hand and I stuck it into his behind. He yelled and tossed the books into the air, causing much laughter from the class. Mrs. Enos, lacking a sense of humor, did not think that was very funny! The next day she went to my house and told my mother about the incident saying that I was full of evil spirits!

The fifth and sixth grades followed and we then attended the Governor Bradford School which was near my home on Atlantic Avenue. John "Peacy" Cook and Sumner "Shimmy" Robinson and I were still very close friends and buddies who hung around together.

We liked our sixth grade teacher, Miss Grace Gouveia, who had a fine sense of humor. She called my friends and I the "Unholy Three" since John Cook was Catholic, Frank Cabral was Protestant, and Sumner Robinson was Jewish.

Miss Marion Corea was another sixth grade teacher.

From her classroom window we could see that a little bird had made a nest in a nearby tree. Two eggs had hatched and we could see the little ones quite easily. Unfortunately, some boys in the school destroyed the nest. No one knew who the guilty ones were, but Miss Corea blamed the "Unholy Three" for the crime even though we were completely innocent.

During World War II my father accepted a job working as a rigger in the Fore River Shipyard in Quincy, Mass around 1942. Our whole family moved to Quincy during my Seventh, Eighth and Ninth grade years of school. That is another story.

When I returned to Provincetown during the ninth grade, I immediately resumed my old friendship with "Shimmy" Robinson and "Peacy" Cook. Provincetown High School Principal, George Leyden, called me into his office to talk to me. Not knowing that we were old friends, he warned me, "you had better stay from those two boys because they are trouble!" Of course, that advice fell on deaf ears.

During this period of time I played left half back on the football team. A few other members of the team that I remember included Ernie Cordeiro, Anthony Leonard, Norman Rose, and Kenny Macara. We were lightweights compared to many of the teams that we played so we suffered quite a few painful hits and some injuries. We were scheduled to play a team from near Boston and were warned about how huge they were. They were big and tough: of course, we lost the game and limped back to the High School Gym.

John "Peacy" Cook was the quarterback of the team so he called the plays. He had the other three in the backfield carry the ball most of the way down the field. Whenever we got near the goal line, he would carry the ball over for the touchdown. John was named to the "All Star Team" on the Cape. He joked about how we had been beat up carrying the football most of the time down the field and he scored most of the touchdowns. Very Funny! Provincetown also had a



(L-R) Kenneth Macara, Mike Janoplis, Frank Cabral, Sumner "Shimmy" Robinson

championship basketball team.

In High School we studied French for two years. The first year we had Monsieur Perry who was quite well liked. The next year we had Antoine Gagnon as French teacher, some of us boys and girls took an almost immediate dislike to him and did many things to arouse his anger. One day a number of us had little metal slingshots. He was writing on the chalkboard when one of the boys shot off a hard little pea which bounded off the chalkboard next to him. He immediately turned around and saw Anthony Leonard with a slingshot ready to let fly another pea. He sent Anthony to the office and he was suspended for a few days. Our High School days and teenage years were very eventful so we were never bored.

After graduating from High School I went to Chicago to attend Coyne Electrical and Radio for ten months. Upon returning to Town I was hired by Coken Electrical Company. They had contracted to do the electrical power line and construction work at the nearby radar station in Truro. When we finished the electrical work there, they had hired me as "stud grunt" to go to St. Albans, Vermont to work at another radar station which was under construction. The crew was made up of rough and rugged older men. I got along fine with them. I was able to do very hard and strenuous work having become very strong from pulling in many lobster pots by hand, plus rowing against the strong tide back on the "Race".

It was during this time that I received my I-A classification from the draft board. I knew that getting drafted into the United States Army was not what

I desired. A friend of mine and I went to Boston to enlist in the Navy. I was accepted but my friend was rejected because he had a slight heart murmur. He was later drafted into the Army and was then selected to go into the Marines. The Korean War had started so he was sent to Korea.

Kenny Macara was another member of my graduating class. Around 1951, during the Korean War, we were both in the Navy and happened to run in to each other in Norfolk, Virginia. Of course, we had to celebrate the event of accidentally meeting so; we went to a dance hall and had a few drinks. The whole event is a little hazy in my mind, but we were picked up by the Navy Shore Patrol and ended up in the brig to cool down!

In the meantime, after taking tests, I was admitted into the very prestigious United States Navy Electronics School at Great Lakes Naval Training Station, Illinois. The difficult schooling was 42 weeks in length. Upon graduating I was assigned to report to the destroyer U.S.S. Corry DD714. That was fine with me because sea duty was my desire since my grandfather sailed on a fishing boat off the Grand Banks. Also, my father had served aboard a ship in the United States Coast Guard during World War II.

My four years in the Navy were a very exciting, eventful and enjoyable time of my life. A six month cruise to the Mediterranean, four cruises to the Caribbean and a trip around the world with seven months of operations off the coast of Korea during the Korean War, 1950-53. That is a story I will save for another time! ←

Begining of a new tradition...

Class of 1928

20th Reunion June 28, 1948



Who are we missing?

We are not able to identify three people. If you know their names, contact Susan Leonard

This reunion took place during the Blessing of the Fleet, begining of a new tradition.

Seated Miss Phoebe Freeman;

Standing (L-R): Cathrine Jacobs, ?, Willard Williams, Grace Gouveia, Elizabeth Meads, Herman Tasha, Viola Silva, ?, Anna Boatman, Vivian Muise, Philomena Jason, Florence Macara;

Standing in the back (L-R): Morris Snow, Joseph G. Taves, Lawrence Swartz, ?, Charlie Mayo

Photo courtesy of Gloria Taves Burhoe ~ Thank You Gloria!

Our Cheerleaders!



First Row (L-R): Theo Cozzi, Shirley Alexander, Claire Macara, Mary Salvador

Second Row (L-R): Virginia Motto, Linda Codinha, Karen Broderick, Cheryl Soultz



High School Field Day Ribbons 1927

Won by fleet of foot Francis J. Correiro

(see story page 11)



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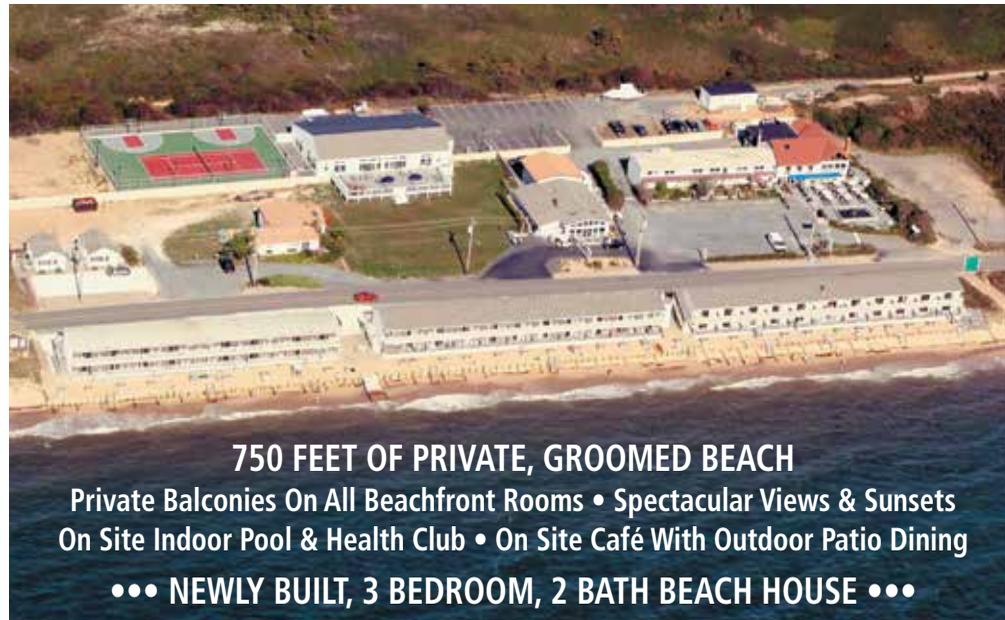
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Café Maria	Governor Bradford	Portuguese Bakery
Chach	Jimmy's Hideaway	Purple Feather
The Coffee Pot	John's Foot Long	Dessert Café
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East End Market	Lobster Pot	Relish
Edwige at Night	Lucky Dog	Ross' Grill
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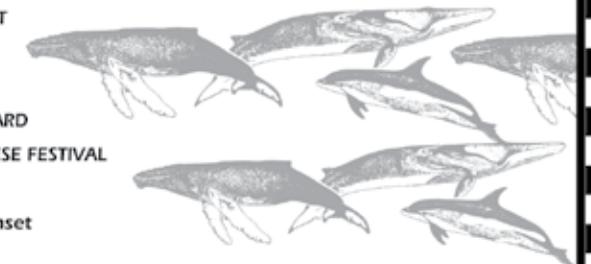
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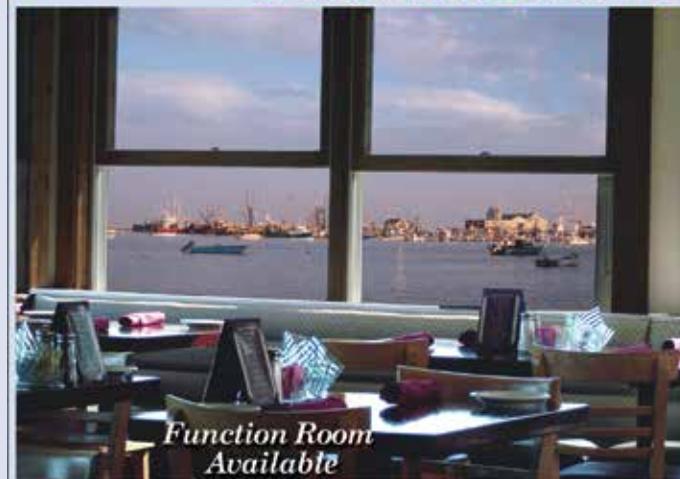
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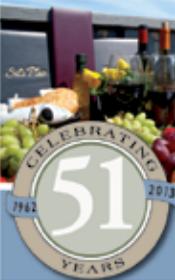
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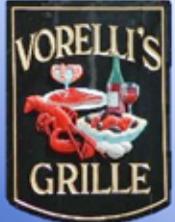


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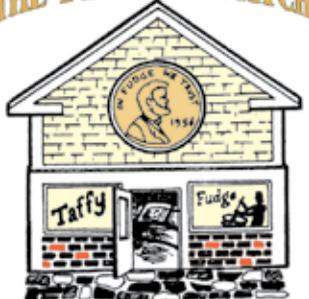


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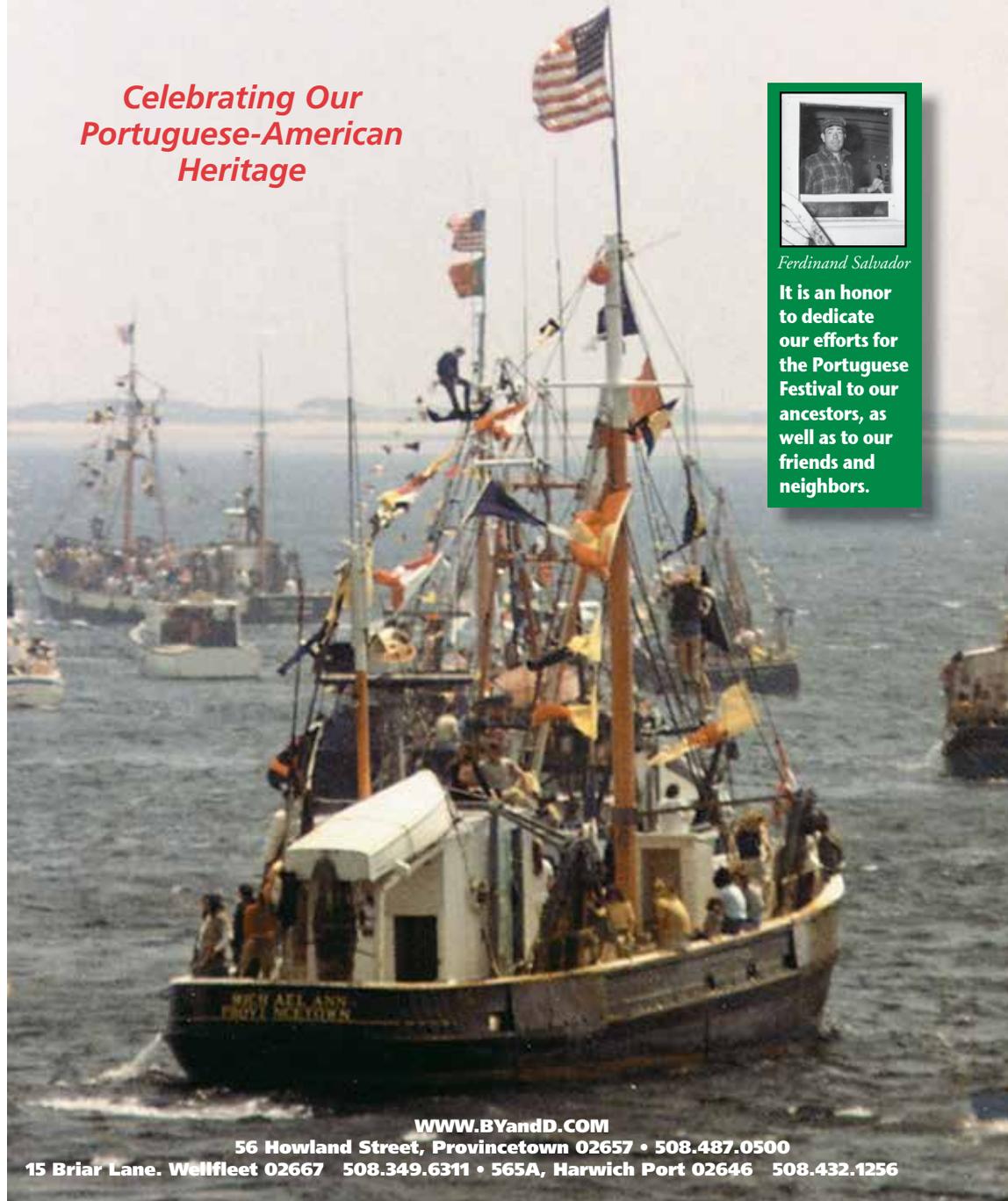
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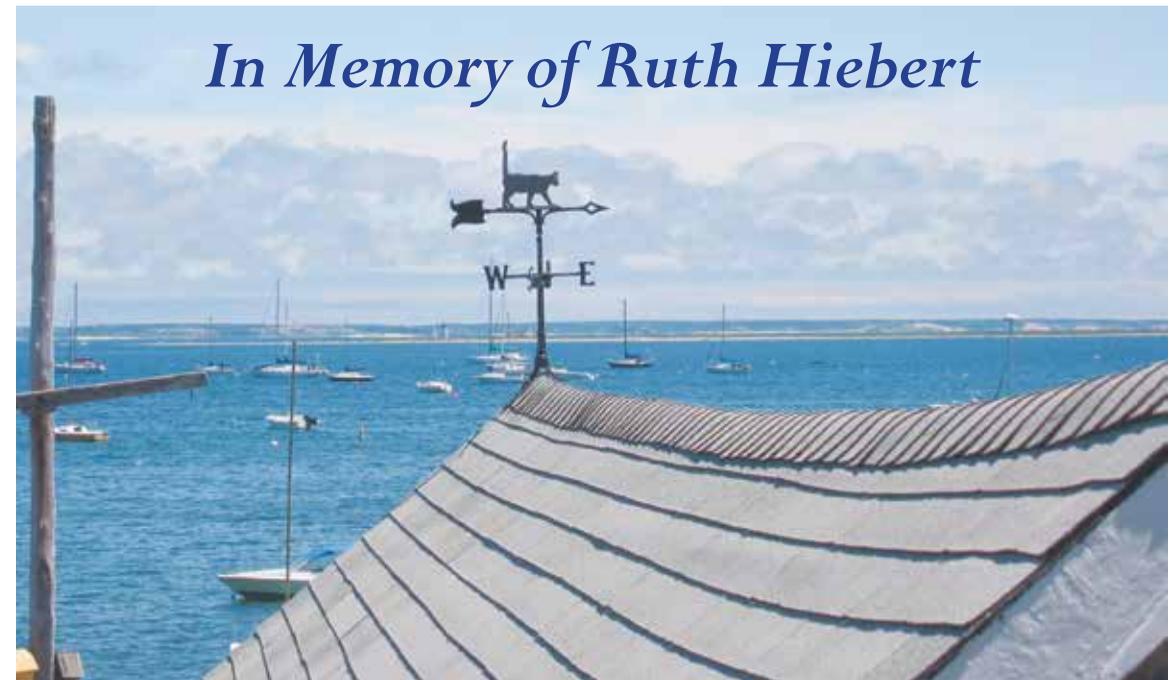
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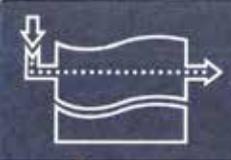
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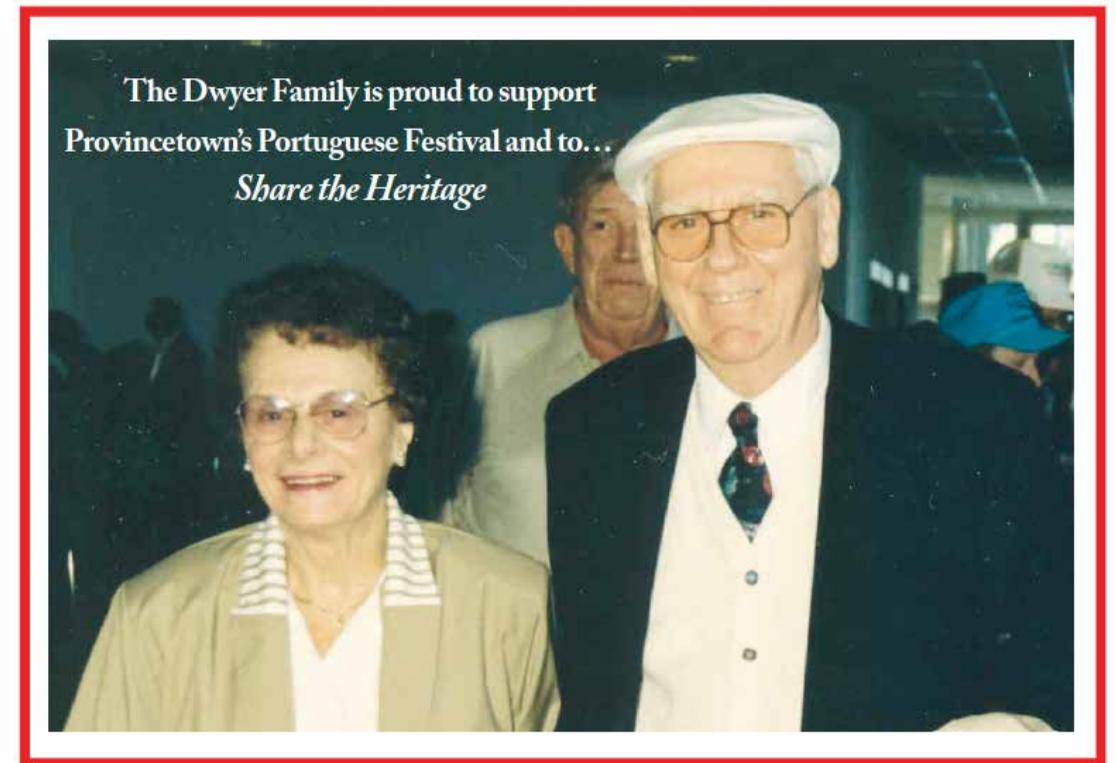
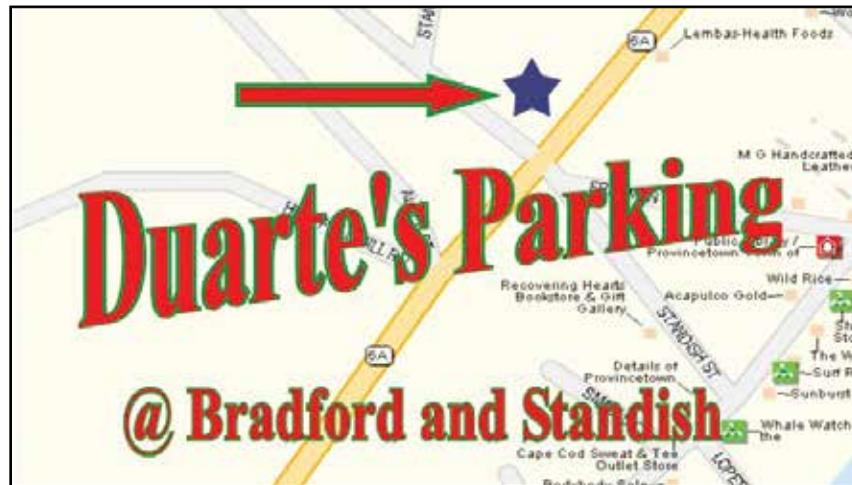
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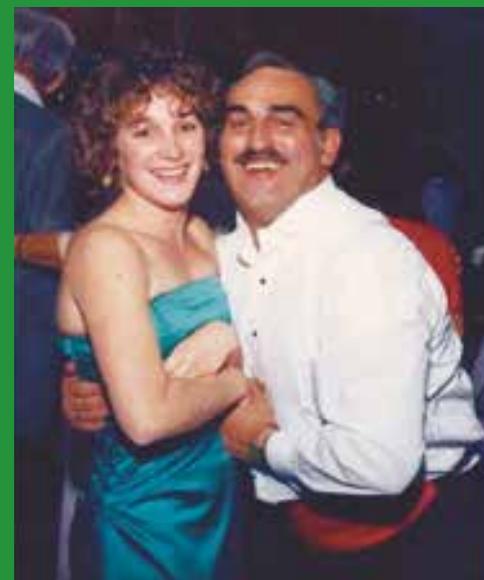
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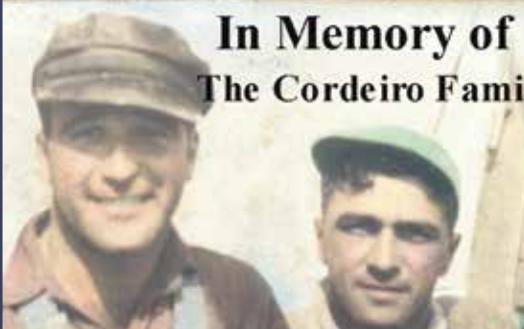
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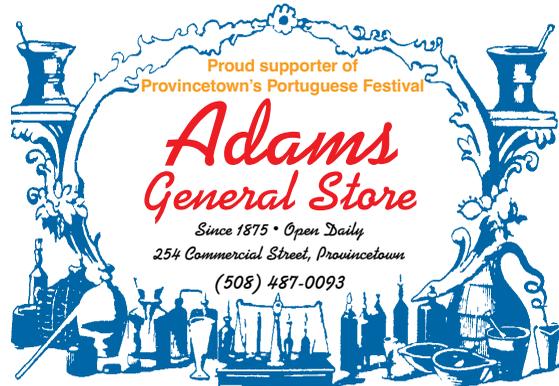
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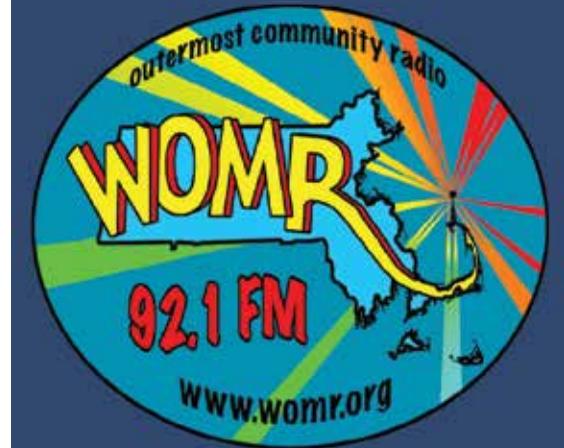
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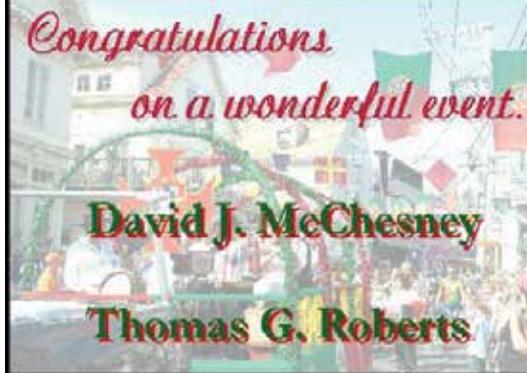
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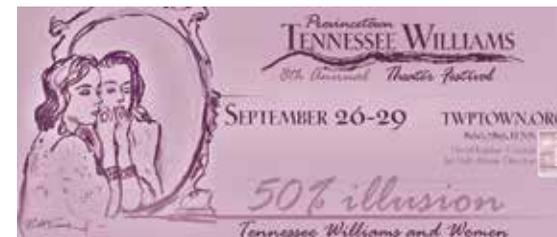
First Row (L-R): George Valentine, Richard Volton, Francis Meads, Philip Cabral, Bernard Santos, Robert Kelly (Manager)

Second Row (L-R): Robert "Chick" Snow, Kenneth Nolet, Wilber White, Bernard Roderick, Joe Farroba, Clayton Enos, Coach David Murphy



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See you all in 2014!



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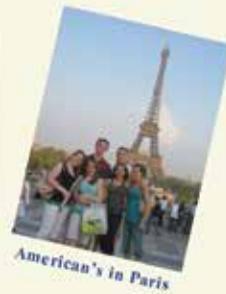
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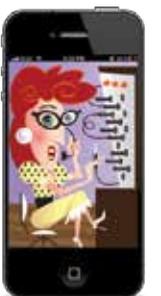
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Photo Sue Harrison

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