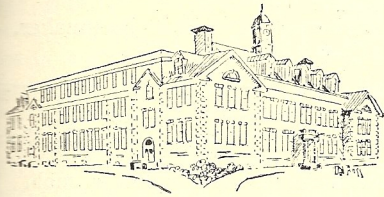


The Port Weekly

Volume II

Port Washington High School, Wednesday, March 24, 1926

Number 20



Public Benefactor Dies

Mr. N. Skool, resident of Port Washington, passed away Tuesday evening of last week at approximately eight o'clock. He is survived by his wife Faculta, and only child Studentia. Mr. Skool's malady was a complication of misunderstanding and fear of taxitus. It is also rumored that the climate of his Flower Hill residence contributed to his unfortunate collapse. For many years Mr. Skool was the promoter of better conditions for his fellow townsmen. He was ever active in civic welfare. Like all great men we fear his efforts were not fully appreciated. The extent of his work will not be realized save by posterity. This staff wishes to go on record as one of those who truly mourn the loss of their beneficent villager, and we wish to extend our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved family.

An Acrostic

P is for Port Washington
the subject of my theme.
O is for the Old High school
in condition not supreme,
R is for the Reason which
I shall now write down.
T is for the Tax-payers
the voters of the town.

W means the Wisdom
with which you cast your vote.
A means Alterations
on the present school you'll
note.
S is for the Safety which
a new High school insures.
H is for the Handicaps
a pupil now endures.
I is for Ideal
something we all possess.
N is for Necessity
of a new school, no less.
G stands for the Gratitude
for this new school we'll show.
T means Tangibility
of a new school, you know.
O is for Opponents who
if they would come to see
would know the school was
Needed, so tell them so for me.

The following suggested itself after listening over the radio to a recitation of Rudyard Kipling's celebrated poem, "Boots."

School! School!
That's what we have five times a week,

Seats! Seats!
Those are what we hopefully seek,
Room! Room!
Give to us a helping hand,
There should be relief for us
Who stand.

Halls! Halls!
Were not made for study or talk,
Halls! Halls!
They should be a place to walk,
Room! Room!
That is what we hope to land,
There should be relief for us
Who stand.

Books! Books!
We have these day and night,
Study Study!
Without sufficient light.
Room! Room!
Form a persevering band,
To obtain relief for us
Who stand.

Vote! Vote!
Over and over and over again,
Vote! Vote!
Obtain a result, sensible and sane,
Room! Room!
Give the school a chance to expand,
And relief will come to us
Who stand.
—Constance Thompson.

Subscribers

PLEASE — PLEASE — PLEASE
pay for your subscriptions if you have not done so already. It was due almost entirely to this fault that the PORT WEEKLY was not successful in the financial end last term. In going over the accounts, it has been found that those who have subscribed by the month are the ones who are particularly delinquent. Kindly see to it that you pay up immediately.

"Listening"

I hear a bim
I hear a boom
I hear a shout,
"We need more room"
Uptown and Downtown,
Wherever I go.
So just cast a yea vote
For the new school, you know!

Can we use it, well I guess,
A new high school. Yes! Yes! Yes!

There looms upon our horizon
A spectre of weal and woe!
And it ain't no use in surmisin'
What's done can't be undone; so

Chorus
Back to our stuffy old classrooms,
Packed thick as sardines in a can,
We're hordded and rushed,
And trampled and "skwushed,"
Each one for himself, cries the van.

At present a scene of confusion
Wreaks havoc in classroom and hall,
'Till, by Jove, tis a striking illusion
That work is accomplished at all.
Repeat Chorus

It's shocking,—incursions distracting,
Our library's forced to endure,—
Of students all wildly conflicting
Where quiet and peace should allure.
Chorus repeated at lucid intervals

For facing a crisis of moment,
There's no time like the present,
you know,
Why, how can this town lie so dormant?
Their own children are raising the row.

It's wierd in a town of so many,
Such a crude state of things should persist:
When you very well know,
That your town cannot grow,
Unless you from your dogma desist.

If you wish in the years that are coming,
A symbol of justice and fame,
As a torch to the pathway of learning,
Then build a new school, in God's name.

An Appeal From a Student

Awake! Arise ye taxpayers; know ye not of our disaster for which we now mourn? Defeated—New school proposition. Mournful are we, the students of the Port Washington High School!!
Defeated—by five votes.

Oh! ye taxpayers, see ye not our conditions in this High school? We, the pupils, must we go through these terrible conditions for years to come? No! You taxpayers will, I am certain, arise to the occasion in the near future so that the school proposition will become a reality.

So, arise! Awake ye taxpayers, vote for this which will benefit the present and future generation.

Oh! taxpayers, even though the class-rooms are crowded, we try to

The Port Weekly

do our work well. The library is so crowded that we are unable to use it for reference work.

Oh, ye taxpayers, rise to the occasion and back up the school board which embodies the ideals of education which you wish your future citizens of Port Washington to enjoy.

—M. E. E.

His Majesty, The Queen

As we arrived late, the ball room of the Waldorf-Astoria was all ready packed with delegates, Columbia students and other important personages. However, we had no difficulty in locating our group—they were in the last row.

Presently the lights were dimmed and that remptorious, expectant hush that always precedes the rise of the curtain pervaded the audience. Then the curtain rose. Bravo! The setting depicted the royal garden of the purely mythical kingdom of El Zaza, situated, so they say, somewhere in the Pyrenees. The Queen, from whom the operetta derives its name, was a diminutive Senior of 5 feet 10, George Fanning by name. She, he (we never shall know which to say) well, she was a sporting old girl planning the marriage of her daughters with two youthful noblemen, Alfonso and Miguel. Her husband, an "interested spectator" to all his wife's affairs was quite in sympathy with this plan.

The Royal Injantas, Conchita and Mercedes, two strapping brutes, are perfect examples of virility, and that's not all. Mercedes, the leading lady, had a charm of manner, a chic in dressing, an appealing baby stare that few women really have. Quelle femme!

Dolores, the Royal Chamberlain's niece, was a languorous dark-eyed Spanish maiden, well designed to captivate.

Perhaps the cleverest feature of the play was the pony ballet, composed of six footers and up. The "Chorines" were well trained, performing many intricate steps with muscular ease. It was delightful to see seven huge pedal extremities rise in the air with force enough to punt the entire length of the field.

The costumes were truly wonderful. Dainty, creamy laces, lustrous satins, sumptuous velvets, metallic clothes of many hues, frivolous shawls, concealed the brawny manliness of the ladies in waiting.

The music was not very contagious, but it was pleasant and the lyrics amusing.

The only place we sensed a bit of "rah rah" play was the incident in which George Pease taught the noblemen to play football. We all know Pease is the best player Columbia has and really that too emphasis unnecessary.

In conclusion, we enjoyed the operetta without reservations and felicitate the Columbia University Players on their excellent production.

Banquet At the Prince George

At six-thirty Friday evening a most enjoyable banquet of the Columbia Scholastic Press Association was held in the Prince George Hotel. Owing to the fact that there were nearly seven hundred delegates present (twenty of which represented Port) three dining rooms were engaged for the occasion. Excellent food, together with the congeniality of the guests, made the affair a very pleasant one. Delegates from the various schools became well acquainted with each other in even this short time and at every table there were spirited discussions as to school activities, especially of magazines and papers, and above all the hum of conversation and laughter, school yells resounded from time to time. Each guest was presented with a Waterman fountain pen as an incentive to journalistic effort. An informal after dinner address was delivered by Dr. Clifford Smyth, Editor of The International Book Review. After this affair was over, the delegates were divided into several parties for the trip to The Times or The Herald Tribune buildings.

The Visit to the New York Times

One of the many privileges extended to the delegates of the Columbia United Press Association Conference was that of being conducted through the New York Times building. It was indeed an interesting and enlightening experience for everyone but it must have been especially so for those with journalistic aspirations. To see the many processes of turning out a large city newspaper and the great amount of organization required for the daily paper.

The group was guided through the "news" room where each reporter has a desk with a typewriter on which to type his story. Farther off was a circle of desks at which sat the copy readers who cut out what they do not think necessary to the news stories. There was the radio room and it was said that the New York Times was the first newspaper to use radio for newspaper work. Any number of reference books, encyclopedias and magazines were in a library and the composing room was filled with busy employees. The lights in it were of that brilliantly illuminating kind which is supposedly similar to daylight. As a matter of fact, they shed such a charming hue of greenish purple on human flesh, that not only the young ladies but also the young gentlemen became concerned for their appearance. The machinery was located in the basement of the building and very closely resembled the engine room of an ocean liner.

The immensity of the business made one recall that all this great work can be bought for three cents.

Many of the girls of the younger set aren't as black as they are painted, or even as pink.—Louisville Times.

An FM Production

Why Port Washington Needs a New High School

Presented by

Harold Tins, Sylvester Hutchinson and Thomas Moore

Composed by Sylvester Hutchinson
Title by Harold Tins

Printed by Thomas Moore

Cast: Us Three.

Censored by Miss Schoonmaker.

Permit No. 13000000013.

Moore—Holy yumpin yimminy! Here comes a cyclone up the hall.

Tins—Oh, no it ain't. It's only Hutch comin' through the crowd.

Hutch—Holy Gee! What a mob. If the taxpayers don't give us a new school the faculty will have to use dynamite to blow the congestion up.

Tins—It's worse than a log jam.

Moore—All right, boy, it's about time we got to Mr. Hill's room.

Hutch—Backs in line! 21-48 Shift! 29-55 Center rush!

The Three Musketeers go through the center of the crowd.

Heard from the multitude: "Omit Shovers" — "Get off my feet!" — "Some dignified Seniors!" —

"Where in X!?! are you going?"

Second Act

Scene: Mr. Hill's Room

Hutch—It's kinda hot in here.

Mr. H.—Well, open that door.

Girls—Oh, that makes a draft.

Mr. H.—Well, this room is very poorly ventilated. It's too hot in the front and too cold in the back. I guess you'll have to make out the best you can.

Third Act

Scene: Outside the school

Everybody—Phoooooo! It's good to get some fresh air.

Hutch—I guess the taxpayers will give us a new school if they come down and see what we just went through.

Mock Trial

The judicial abilities of our school have been recently very well portrayed in the mock trials given by Miss Talmadge's civics classes. The vicious prisoner of the third period class, Doris Chase, was ably defended by one of our rising young lawyers, Jane Bird. The prosecuting attorney with her numerous questions lent a touch of reality to the scene. The sheriff, the dainty Laura Morrison, dragged in the prisoner. The verdict was "not guilty," the case thereupon being dismissed by the judge, Dorothy Burgess. Several visitors who attended the trial were said to have expressed their approval of it.

Hopkins Initiated

Milton Hopkins, former Editor of the Weekly, who is attending Amherst College, was initiated into the Phi Gamma Delta Fraternity a short time ago.

Editorial Comment

Citizens Fail Students

I appeal to you so-called citizens of this town to look into the future. Pray,—if the capacity of the school is now overflowing, where are the future additional students to study? You have rejected one solution to this problem, but in turn, you have generously suggested the alternative of running the school on part time. Believe me, there is no greater menace to the welfare of students, both mentally and physically, than working under the handicap of a part-time schedule. I do not make this statement from hearsay, but from a sad experience.

For one year (I doubt if I could have endured it longer) I attended a high school in New York City. Like all city schools, it was run on part time. I doubt if it would appeal to any one to study from eight in the morning until noon, or from one until five in the afternoon without an interval for recess. In all truth, it is the severest strain and tax on a person's brain and health, and frequently this strain results in a nervous breakdown.

Hurried meals, long hours of dreary study, inadequate exercise, and practically no recreation (to speak of) are bound to leave a disastrous effect on the ability, character, and health of the students. Can you dare to hope to safe-guard these by demanding that school be run on part time in order to satisfy the steadily increasing stream of students that flow in every year!

Without doubt, a very attractive inducement to reside in Port Washington is the fact, that, under the present system, the school is not run on part time. Moreover, I may justly lead you to believe that, with this incentive, my father needed no persuasion to settle in Port Washington. In fact, it had always been his cherished hope that some day he would have the opportunity to place my brother and me in a school whose routine was stabilized by the cooperation of the students and teachers, where there was an equilibrium of work and play, and a cheerful atmosphere of fellowship and comity which is noticeably absent in the city high schools. So far, I have not been disappointed nor disillusioned in the hope of finding these in this high school. But I dread to even prophesy what might ensue if this high school were run on part time. All the nightmares of my year in a high school run on part time rise before my eyes, while my heart is filled with the deepest pity and sympathy for the students who will be obliged to study under such a handicap.

The defeat of the proposed school has been a source of much disappointment to the students and the teachers who are desparing of coping with this dire situation. The people of this town have failed in their duty as citizens and philanthropists. They have neglected to back up the school, which is after all, the greatest and most important institution in the whole community. They have failed to meet this problem with the fore-sight, self-sacrifice, and perseverance which such a reform demands. In general, they have failed the students completely, who, however, refused to give up hope. "Everything comes to him who waits"—probably if they wait long enough, they may get a new high school. Who knows?

—Louise Peterson.

Should the Goat Be Despised?

Consider the goat. How useful he is to us! What would our modern civilization be without him? In every city, in every community, in every school and home there is found the proverbial goat. He it is who carries on his none too broad back the burdens more fortunate men and women shun. And how meekly he bears this ignominious life! No monuments are erected to his courage or endurance; no one ever has even a kind word to give him.

Just how prevalent our modern goats are is best exemplified by considering their number in our own Geography class. Fortunate am I that such a fate was not mine. Far, far better should the goat-like mantle fall on the careless shoulders of Betty Duffield or Basil Hooper than on me.

They are our goats. On them falls the whole scorn engendered in Mr. Lyon's heart by the rest of us. True, their commercial value is negligible. They occupy their tiny niches in this vast scheme of things and on passing there will be none to say a kind word or a fond farewell. Alas, that the day should come when such a condition could be so countenanced! Alas, that the once proud goat should come to be thus despised!

If we were to question the wisdom of despising these friendly goats I should have to admit that I think this to be a most inhuman practice. We need goats. We need them especially in classes. Many and many the time have we been saved from embarrassing questions by the kindly but dumb answers of one of our best trained goats. How M— raves and rails at them! And it is this raving and this railing that consumes time and enables us to sit back and stifle the fear engendered by a poorly prepared lesson. Do we need these goats? The answer is unanimous. Should we despise them? No, No, a thousand times No!

Can we use it, well I guess,
A new high school. Yes! Yes! Yes!

Girls Defeat Great Neck In Semi-Finals

Frankfort Makes a Basket — Boys Drop Opening, 20-18

The Port Washington Girls defeated the Great Neck Girls in the semi-final clash of the North Shore League, last Tuesday afternoon, here, by a score of 25-12. By this victory, they earned the right to meet Sea Cliff in the play-off for the North Shore cup. The boys lost the opening game of the afternoon to the Great Neck boys in a hot contest. As is usual foul shots decided the game. The score was 20-18.

The Girls began their game very cautiously and for several minutes seemed to be examining their opponents' work. At last, things began to happen and with Deegan and Ray collecting three baskets apiece, our girls quickly forged into the lead. Great Neck seemed completely outclassed in this half. Bell, the well-known center, contributed the only field goal for Great Neck. At the end of the half, the score was 12-3, in favor of Port.

In the second half the great event of the year took place. Alice Frankfort made a basket. The popular captain noted for her guarding ability, got a chance to play center and hugely enjoyed the prospect of getting within scoring distance of the goal once in a while. Knowing that time was short, she took advantage of every opportunity and at last caged one.

Now, she has the laugh on the merciless males who have been taunting her with the fact that she has never made a basket in her entire career. Great Neck was no better in this half than in the first, and the game ended in Port's favor, 25-12. In the last minute of play, Bell, of Great Neck, fell and was unable to rise. Mr. Seeber gallantly carried her off the floor. At first it was feared that she had been injured, but later no damage was found.

The boys lost a hard game to Great Neck by a score of 20-18. Port led all through the game except for a time in the first quarter. Our lead was never commanding and we had to fight all the way. With thirty seconds to go and Port leading by one point, "Du" Evans got the ball at center and made a mighty heave. There was no arch on the ball and he shouldn't have made the shot (it was the first this year) but it gave Great Neck a lead which we couldn't overcome. While fighting under the basket, a foul was called and the Great Neck man made the throw for another point. On reviewing the score, it is found that each team made eight field goals. However, Great Neck made 4 out of 12 foul shots and we made but 2 out of 12. How Like Port!

The Port Weekly

The Line-Up

	G.	F.	P.
Port Washington (17)	G.	F.	P.
Picone	R.F.	0	0 0
Langley	L.F.	0	0 0
Enscoe	C., L.F.	5	0 10
Raff	R.G.	1	1 3
Jenkins	L.G.	1	0 2
Gilliar	C.	0	1 1
Marro	L.F.	1	0 2

Great Neck (20)

	G.	F.	P.
Meade	R.F.	0	0 0
Fileman	L.F.	3	2 8
Warmuth	C.	0	0 0
Ninesling	R.G.	3	0 6
Evans	L.G.	1	1 3
Murray	R.F.	1	1 3

Referee—Girling. Time of halves—16 minutes. Score at half—Great Neck 9, Port Washington 11.

	G.	F.	P.
Port Washington (25)	G.	F.	P.
Deegan	R.F.	6	1 13
Ray	L.F.	3	0 6
Wackwitz	C.	2	0 4
Petruskie	R.G.	0	0 0
Frankfort	L.G., C.	1	0 2
Baikie	L.G.	0	0 0

Great Neck (12)

	G.	F.	P.
M. Brown	R.F.	1	2 4
H. Brown	L.F.	1	1 3
Bell	C.	2	1 5
Gregory	R.G.	0	0 0
Savage	L.G.	0	0 0
Zapkowska	L.G.	0	0 0
Fardel	C.	0	0 0

Referee—Meyer. Time of halves—12 minutes. Score at half—Great Neck 3, Port Washington 12.

Fratry Notes

The regular meeting of the club was held on Thursday, March 11. Many things in general were discussed and reports were heard from the committees in charge of the Fencing Exhibition. It was learned that a handsome profit was made and that every detail had been worked out as planned.

After the meeting, the Fencing Club, under the direction of Lt. Vial of the 7th Regiment, started in learning the tricks of the trade. We wish them success and hope to see many fine duels in the near future. The music club did a little practicing that was a bit unharmonious. We wish "Dint" Moore had played a C melody instead of an E sharp saxophone. Some boys were engaged in checker games. Jesse Ryeck, after a hard struggle, managed to defeat Tom Williamson, the flying Dane.

The Fratry wishes to extend their utmost thanks to the Girls' Basketball Team for their co-operation and for the profit which they gave to the club.

Thursday the 18th, after a very interesting business meeting in which we successfully accomplished the

Jazz and Minuet

On Thursday evening a group representing the faculty and the students met at Miss Gaylord's apartment to read over three plays so that the likeliest one could be selected for submission to the N. Y. U. contest. Among those present were Miss Schoonmaker, Miss Young, Mrs. and Mr. Langdon, Mr. Lyons, Mr. Hill, Edith Neilsen, Walter Persson, Douglas Miller, Frank Gilliar, and Doris Alford.

The first play read was "Jazz and Minute." It is a very appealing play because of its being both modern and old fashioned and therefore the majority of those present liked it immensely.

The second play was "Danger," and was probably the most fascinating of the three because of its originality of theme and setting. The scene is laid in a Welsh coal mine and necessitates the stages' being in utter blackness throughout. After much consideration it was decided not to use it for the contest, but not without visible signs of regret. Miss Gaylord expressed the intention of using this play as an assembly feature sometime in the future.

The last but not least play was "The Wonder Hat," and it afforded the most amusement of the evening. Abe Gilliar created a new interpretation of Punchinello by assuming the dialect of a Jewish peddler.

The judges felt that "Jazz and Minuet" is the best play for us to use in the contest.

Tryouts will be held on next Tuesday at 3.15.

Junior High Student Speaks

Our new high school has been defeated

As all of you might know, And now comes the question — Where will the pupils go? They occupy the cloakrooms, Each corner they can find, And there they strive to learn their lessons

In half the given time. The other parts of their periods They use by looking around To see where they shall study In the air or on the ground. They soon will have to use the roof, Put chairs and decks up there. Or even use the basement And have their work down there.

transacting of a good deal of business, including voting on the names of new members and the method of torture we will use to initiate them into the club, we had a lesson in fencing and although a good many of us were stiff from foregoing exercises, we certainly did not "lay down on the job."

Along toward the latter part of the evening some of us got over in a corner and held the first reading of a play to be given by the Fratry some time in the dim future, but maybe not so dim.

Flower Hill

One of the most interesting of the year's programs was given last Monday during the regular assembly period. The entertainment was furnished by two 8B magicians of hitherto unsuspected talent. These two wizards, Adam Ristad and Walter Mullon, showed a surprising number of tricks that they had been holding both literally and figuratively, up their sleeves.

Supplementing this was an exhibition of what can be done with harmonicas by Fioro Grecco and Frank Wallace. The performances of all four boys was so good that the forty-five minutes passed with unusual speed.

Two attractive banners have been provided for the Flower Hill Junior High. The boys' team winning the interclass championship each year will earn the right to place one of the banners in their room.

Each year they will compete for this same banner. The other will be placed in the room of the victorious girls' team. In assembly on Monday, the 8A boys were presented with one pennant and the 7B girls were given the other.

The last game of the girls' series was the most closely contested of this season's conflicts. A substantial lead in the first half was all that saved the 7B victory of 12-9. The 8B five spurred in the last half and more than doubled their opponents' points.

The 8A boys, winners of the Flower Hill interclass games, and 7B, winners of the High School interclass games, are now playing each other for interscholastic supremacy. Two games have been played. The first played at Flower Hill was won by Flower Hill with a score of 19-16. The second game, played at the High School, was won by the home team, 11-10. The third and deciding game will be played in the Flower Hill gym on March 25th.

Head Lines

DAILY NEWS DAILY NEWS
"Kid Slacker Defeats Battling Taxpayer"

In a lively two-round battle, Kid Slacker met and defeated Battling Taxpayer, by a slim margin. The decision of the judges was four hundred-eleven points for Battling Taxpayer and four hundred-sixteen points for Kid Slacker.

It is rumored that Battling Taxpayer is always ready to meet Kid Slacker. The majority of the fans believe, that if Battling Taxpayer gets another crack at Kid Slacker, he will end his ring days forever.

We have an inquiry from a citizen who wants to know where the population of this country is the most dense. That's an easy one—from the neck up, brother.—New York American.