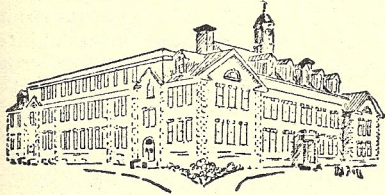


The Port Weekly

Volume III

Port Washington High School, Wednesday, January 5, 1927

Number 14



Collegiates Visit School

Recently a number of former students, here for the holidays, came to school to wish their friends a "Merry Christmas." Bill Greet of Bucknell has made his "debut" as half-back on the Fresh football team. His classmate, Wendell Hamm is a member of a class football team and a fraternity basketball team. From Cornell came Max Bethge, looking happy after a term of forestry study.

Donald Ross and Dick Butler are doing well at Hobart. Ross is art editor of the Echo, Hobart's year book. In addition he is secretary of the Forum and Art Editor for the Dramatic Society. Dick does his bit by playing in the orchestra, managing the cross-country team, and is a member of the Glee Club.

"Jimmy" Jenkins, of the University of Virginia, is a forward on the Frosh basketball team and is the 120-pound man on the Freshmen boxing team. Wilbur Porter is a member of the staff of the "Dartmouth." He is also a member of the "Outing Club" at Dartmouth College.

John Linkfield, of Pawling Prep School has become their star football player. Gervase Border, studying engineering at Stevens Tech, is on the tennis squad and is playing in a dance orchestra.

John Jenkins and Jesse Rycek are both attending the Georgetown University.

Erna L'Ecluse is treasurer of the Athletic Association of the Mary Lyons School. In addition she is a member of the Glee Club.

Douw Fonda, one of the "Plandomers," from Mercersburg Academy and Phoebe Parrot from Cornell University, dropped in for a short time.

Randolph Bruce, a member of the Freshmen Class at the University of Virginia, came around to look us over; Randie, with his ever pleasant smile.

Robert Horowitz and Abie Raff are taking the law course at St. Johns in New York.

Stumpy Smith of Hobart is enjoying himself hazing Freshmen and in his

The Seniors

In the fall of 1922 a class which was rather quiet and backward entered high school. While this class was in its Freshman year, hardly any of the members were seen on the athletic field, in the school plays, or taking part in any of the school affairs. This class, as it was promoted year after year, was seen more in the school activities. However, it was not until this year that this class, the Senior class of today, found themselves the leaders of the school.

There are several members of the Senior class who have done a great deal towards advancing this school to the position which it now holds.

These members are Louise Peterson, Douglas Miller and William Baum. No one realizes the work the editors and assistant editors have done for the weekly publications "The Port Weekly."

Sports have been in the past one of the leading activities of this school. The Senior classes have always had a large representation in athletics. This year's Senior class has upheld this tradition. When the football call was issued many Seniors reported. Those who reported were Donald Mac Vicar, Douglas Miller, Peter Bruce, Ernest Langley, Robert Enscoe, Merrit McBrian, Louie Picardo and John Mange. Again this tradition was upheld by the Seniors when the basketball season opened. Captain Langley, Joseph Marro, Robert Markland, Louis Pic-

Assembly Program

Last Wednesday, December 22nd, the depleted ranks of the high school were entertained during the fourth period by the Glee Club and several high school students.

The program was opened with a song by the entire (?) school, followed by the Lord's prayer. The Glee Club sang two carols, after which Jane McLaughlin recited a poem. The chairman, Fred Lovejoy, then announced that Jane Bird would entertain with a song, "Under the Stars." The local Weber and Fields combination, Bill Leiber and "Seeds" Mallon, then did "their stuff," and very effectively, too. This was followed by another song by R. Romagna, the school's infant prodigy.

Two Seniors, Gertrude Roe and Frances Greene, then read a very interesting article, "What Price Christmas" from the Herald-Tribune. The program closed with a song by the Glee Club.

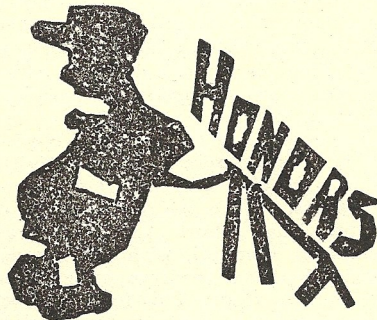
ardo, Robert Enscoe and Douglas Miller reported. In a new Sport, cross-country, Albert Beach, Colby Ardis and Reginald Burdick made out very well in a race held in Van Cortland Park. In all of these sports the Seniors fought hard for their school, not only in the games or races, but also in the practices.

This year the Senior class has shown unusual ability in dramatics. Many Seniors took part in the annual play which was held in the High School Auditorium, December 3rd. The Seniors who took part are Helen Hotopp, Ernest Langley, Douglas Miller and Herman Stuetzer. Also the work of Donald Mac Vicar and John Mange was invaluable in putting across this play.

On November 23, 1926, the class of 1927, led by its able President, Douglas Miller, gave the annual Senior dance. The work of Helen Duer and her assistants in putting the dance across deserves special mention. Credit ought to be given to Helen Hotopp for the work she did in raising money for the dance.

Besides entering into all of these activities, the Seniors, in winning the banner given by The Circle for excellence in scholarship, have kept it in their possession since it was first awarded in September.

In conclusion, it might be well to state that the idea in writing this article is not to "show off" the Senior class, to tell something of what the Seniors have done for Port Washington High School this year.



Designed and cut by Ebert Varney.

odd moments is a member of the Varsity Basketball squad.

Another welcome visitor was Mr. Lyons. He has just returned from South America and has many interesting experiences to tell about.

It is a treat to see the old students back, and we wish they would come oftener.

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EDITORIAL

Advice From a Senior

"He who knows and knows that he knows, is a Senior." These words have been so often abused that verily, I blush to write them down. Yet, with all just criticism, who can deny a senior the right to advise? At least, not the under classmen. However true this may be, I shall take upon myself the liberty to counsel those who may care to heed; to those who heed not, I extend my deepest sympathies and regrets.

Now, to put myself in the vernacular, or in other words, to make myself clear, I shall proceed with my advice without any preliminaries. First of all, I would like to know how many of the twenty-four hours of the day are made use of by us students. I say "us," merely because I find that seniors are also guilty of whatever mismanagement I shall comment upon.

The trouble, it seems, lies in our general attitude; a thing which weakens two-thirds of our energy and interest. In the majority of instances, a student does not particularly feel a passion for his studies; at best he does not dislike them. But he begins his studies with reluctance, as late as he can, and ends them with joy, as early as he can. Such an attitude, unconscious though it may be, sooner or later kills his interest, so that even if he does not waste his hours, neither does he count them. Perhaps a specific example of the way in which this person spends his time would justify my statements.

First, I can say that he wastes very little time before he leaves the house in the morning at five minutes of nine. In too many homes, he gets up at 8:50, eats breakfast between 8:55 and 8:59½ and then bolts for the door. By the time he arrives at the school door, the attendance has been taken and classes have passed. Another day arrives, and the incident is repeated.

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Roman—Find it yourself.
Senior—I'm a Senior from Port Washington.
Roman—Right this way. I will show it to you myself.
Scene II (Roman Forum—trumpets)
Roman Soldiers—One side there.
Here comes a Senior from Port Washington.

Crowd—Back, everybody, back, for the Senior from Port Washington.

Senior—You are very obliging my friends, show me your "Wall Street."

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Roman—Are you really a Senior? If you are, endorse my advertisement for Whiffo Odorless Tobacco and I will buy you seventeen shares of Antony's "Expedition Into Egypt," and double the interest.

Scene III (Caesar's Home)

Senior—I want to speak to Julius.

Guard—To whom?

Senior—Caesar.

Guard—Run along child.

Senior—I'm a Senior from Port Washington.

Senior Christmas Party

After the close of school on Wednesday the Senior class gave an informal Christmas Party. Despite the fact that only a few Seniors "braved the elements" that day, a successful party was held, sponsored by Mildred Raff. Several members of the faculty and a few of the alumni were also present.

Refreshments consisting of ice cream, small cakes and fudge were served. A "grab bag" afforded much amusement, especially the oddity of some gifts.

Now, I would say a word concerning the evenings spent by said individual. On his arrival at home in the evening, he anxiously awaits the announcement of dinner. When he has eaten, he retires to the living room to "tune in" on the radio. Then, his craving for "jazz" having been appeased, he diverts his attention to a new book which someone has just loaned, but finds it uninteresting.

He decides to take a little stroll. He returns and looks at the clock. Well, it's half past ten. Almost bed time.

Then comes the sad realization that his homework has been neglected. Gosh! he'd forgotten all about it. Oh, well, he'd do it in the morning. "Mother call me at six thirty, please, I want to do my homework."

And now my dear fellow students, I beseech you, listen to the voice of experience and heed my advice. And in the words of Miss uh—Shafer, never leave off until tomorrow that which can be done today.

The Circle Writes to The Editor

Some time ago there appeared in the Port Weekly an editorial concerning the membership in "The Circle." In it a suggestion was made to the effect that The Circle would be a much better organization if it had four divisions, with a set standard for the entrance of each class—Freshmen, Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors. It also seemed to imply that the under classmen felt that they haven't a chance to make The Circle. This is a decidedly wrong attitude to take, especially if one is ambitious.

Of course, one must work to gain admission into the society. The present members did not sit back and take it easy. They worked for their counts and were not discouraged at the length of time it took to earn them. They considered the Circle a goal to be attained from the moment of its establishment.

You make mention of a specific example, the senior who made the Honor Society a day before graduation. It is perfectly true to state that she has played no active part in its work, but does that lessen the honor of being a member? Couldn't that senior have worked harder and received her counts earlier in the course? Many others of the same class did. It is entirely up to the student; he may become a member as soon as he qualifies.

Looking at the question from another viewpoint, doesn't it seem to be just as difficult to obtain 25 credits at the end of one's Freshman year as to secure 100 credits as an upper classman?

In addition; if a Freshman were made a member when he had obtained only 25 credits, would he appreciate this great honor to the same extent as if he had striven for four years to secure 100 counts?

At this point it might be well to bring to the attention of all pupils, the fact that a new Manual will be out Wednesday, in which details for the requirements for membership in The Circle are printed.

Again, we feel that a Freshman, even though a good student, is at the end of his first year too incompetent to become a member of a society which probably will, in the future, have a large share in the student government of this high school. A Sophomore is not much more competent, and a Junior—well, the Juniors have sufficient chance to become members of the Circle to drop them from the discussion.

Now if you lower classmen feel ambitious, why don't you organize organizations of your own? You can call them your own honor societies if you wish, but they must be in no way connected with The Circle. It is the unanimous opinion of the members of the honor society, that to break it up into four divisions would be to lower its high standard and prestige.

Sincerely,

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BOOK REVIEW

The Arcturus Adventure

William Beebe

Not quite two years ago the Arcturus, with a number of scientists on board, sailed from New York, in search of scientific knowledge of King Neptune's domain. Many expressed misgivings as to whether the science-seeking ones should ever return, for was not the first destination that fearful mystery of mysteries, the Sargasso Sea? This, however, did not worry the adventurers in the least, and, after picking up the last members of the expedition at Newport News, they sailed straight for that place of Mysteries.

The scientists found a region entirely different from that which popular fancy would have it. The supposed graveyard of ships has ever been the incubator of fancies. The great heart of the Atlantic has been credited with powers which make it almost a sentient monster,—it can draw to it ships and men, can hold them indefinitely, spew

them forth or pull them down to black, soul-crushing depths.

As Prof. Beebe says, "It is a terrible thing to me to destroy beliefs and legends. Knowing, however, that there were no fleets of vessels held captive by the sea of weed, I had nothing to abjure when I found that only the wrecks were dissolute Welsh colliers wallowing past on their unpainted way."

Many believe that this vast Sea covers a comparatively small area. Such, however, is not the case, for it comprises so large an area of the Atlantic Ocean that few mariners could avoid it without going many miles out of their way, therefore, it is traversed regularly by many ships.

After making a thorough study of the Sargasso's weeds and ways, the Arcturus went through the Panama Canal to that part of the Pacific Ocean where the Humbolt current flows. This cold Antarctic current brings about a reversal of conditions caused by the Gulf Stream, and is responsible for many paradoxical facts, such as the presence of those antarctic creatures, penguins, living in the equatorial region. So sharp and defined is the edge of this stream that all flot-

sam and jetsam are caught and held, forming practically a sargasso sea of the Pacific.

The Galapagos Islands were the next stopping place. Since the much discussed theory of evolution, it is interesting to note that it was in these isolated islands of the Pacific that Charles Darwin developed his theories. It was here that Beebe first used his diving helmet, while studying fish in their natural environment. So often did large sharks show their curiosity by examining this strange creature from another world, that Prof. Beebe became quite used to their presence.

From the Galapagos Islands they sailed to Cocos Islands (the treasure isle of Stevenson) establishing many stations for the study of the ocean itself; thence back to the Atlantic, where were studied the waters off New York.

Though this book is of a scientific nature, it is written in a clear, non-technical manner, and romance, of a sort, is far from being absent. The beautiful colors and forms of the inhabitants of the deep must put a child's wildest imaginative dreams of the creatures of Fairyland to shame. It is a long story, but to one who once becomes engrossed in its reading, the end comes all too soon.

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