

The Port Weekly

Volume V

Port Washington High School, Wednesday, November 28, 1928

No. 9

Port Steps Into Society

Port Attends Football Dance At Manhasset

TEAMS AND GUESTS ENTERTAINED AFTER FAMOUS CONTEST

A week ago last Saturday night the Port teams and their guests attended a dance given by Manhasset, in honor of the yearly football battle.

Their auditorium, decorated in blue and gold, had goal posts, representing the two schools, at either end of the room. A snappy orchestra furnished the jazz; while during the evening two talented young members of the school entertained with fancy dances. A group of popular songs were sung (?) by a likewise talented male chorus. Behind a lighted screen forming a picture frame, appeared several of Manhasset's best looking girls who illustrated the songs. This formed a very novel diversion from dancing.

Later on in the evening delicious refreshments were served. At twelve the orchestra breathed its last and the reluctant dancers made their way to the numerous cars parked outside. (You would have known Port was there to have seen them.)

We wish to extend our hearty thanks and congratulations to Manhasset, on the success of the dance.

THANKSGIVING MEANS MORE THAN TURKEY

This is the 300th anniversary of the first Thanksgiving when a small band of Pilgrims gave thanks for the successes in the past year. But now we have diverged from the old custom of Thanksgiving Day. Today the symbol of Thanksgiving is football games and raccoon coats. However, there are many things to be thankful for — our friends, our prosperity, and our happiness. We must not let the idea of football games and raccoon coats give way to thoughts of giving thanks.

FRATRY MEETS LAST WEDNESDAY

BASKETBALL SCHEDULE TO BE ARRANGED

At the meeting held last Wednesday night Eddie Gould was elected manager of the Fraternity basketball team. The games are to be scheduled for Saturday nights as the High School team will play on Friday nights with the exception of the Rockville Centre game.

A suggestion was made that the members of the Fraternity each buy a book and these could be exchanged at the meetings, thus providing a small circulating library for its members.

Woodman Scandlebury was made a member.

The discussion about the handbooks to be given to the student body was then brought up. It is expected that these will prove a great convenience as they will contain all sorts of information about the school. Songs, cheers, athletic records and many other interesting things will be included.

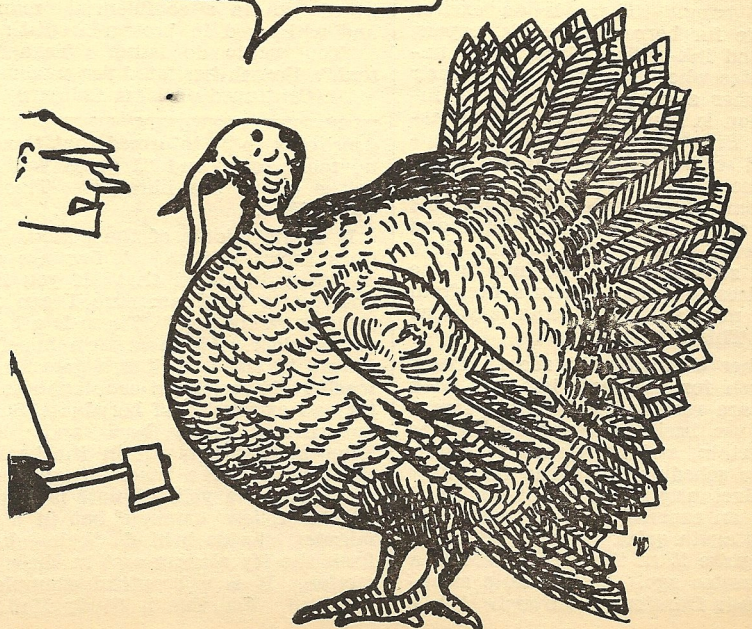
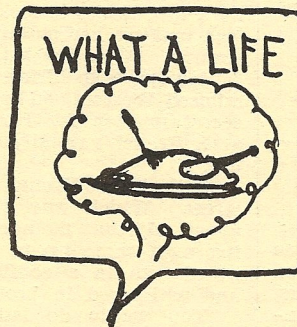
Seniors Hold Dance Last Saturday Night

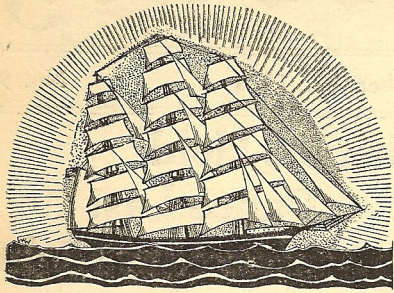
MUCH ENTHUSIASM FROM AFTERNOON'S FOOTBALL VICTORY

All the thrilling joy in the victory of the last football game was carried over to the Senior dance, making it a lively affair. Chambers and Clarkson, two of our stars, both preferred dancing with a lovely lady to "dancing" around the football field with a "husky" from Glen Cove. (We might add that they are extremely proficient in both kinds of "dancing".)

Stopping to catch a breath in the whirlwind Nantucket and joining the stampede for the punch and cake table, the guests were horrified to see Dead-Eye Dick advancing in their direction! All fear subsided, however, when it was discovered to be George Crandall. Terrell was there, too, in spite of his injuries. These signs of

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The Port Weekly

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In Study Hall

The buzzer rings once. Books close with a bang. There is an excited scramble for borrowed pencils, papers, pens, and ink-wells. Those poor unfortunates who have not finished their work utter a groan. Last minute information is given, received and questioned. Slow writers quicken their pencils and scribble furiously at the belated home work.

Another class fills the room. There is a rush for the seats in the back which are readily filled. Timid freshmen pause, hesitatingly, at the door as if uncertain, and then enter. Pupils who are scheduled regularly for Study Hall reluctantly fill the front seats and resume an expression of self pity. The room is again quiet. One would hardly recognize it as the same place of a few minutes ago.

A STORY WITHOUT A NAME

READ IT—AND FURNISH IT YOURSELF

The reporter sat looking dejectedly out of the club window at the throngs of people passing on the street beneath. The group of men surrounding him were talking, gesticulating wildly. "Have you heard that the Jamesons" — "So he left for Japan with" — Into the midst of this excited crowd walked the calm and urbane Weston.

"What's all this rumpus?" he demanded in a supercilious tone. "This club is supposed to be a place for rest and recreation not—"

He was interrupted by the reporter himself: "Stop criticising and put your mind to work. They are trying to save my position on the paper."

A gleam of light crossed Weston's face. "You mean," he started.

"Yes," snapped the reporter, "I've been fired again. That is, I will be if I don't have some startling bit of news in by tomorrow. You fellows got me into this damn mess; it's up to you to get me out."

"Enter the hero," murmured Weston sardonically. "A bit of news for you, Princess is in town!"

"You're crazy, man. She's in a German prison!" gasped Reporter French.

"No, French, I'm not. She's here, arrived on the Majestic incognito. It's a fact, got it from Sheridan. That should be enough."

"It is," said French. "Hey! Look! That's she now." He pointed excitedly at a tall, majestic looking woman who was making her stately way down the avenue. "Give me my hat!"

"Always take Uncle James' word," advised Weston. "They say she's on a secret mission for Russia," he yelled after French's rapidly disappearing figure.

By that time French had reached the street. Which way could she have gone? At that moment a foreign looking man came up to him, leaned toward him in a confidential manner and whispered in broken English: "You wants de lady? Taka this taxi." French hesitated for a moment,

(Continued on-Next Column)

door, only to be informed that there is no more room and "I guess you had better go to the library." This is Study Hall.

It is the middle of the period. The class grows restless. A few are sarcastically informed that "If you have nothing to do I am sure I can find some work for you." There is a knock at the door. All faces turn hopefully toward it, but, alas, it is a note for the teacher. Disappointed countenances betray an expression of boredom. Someone sneezes, lustily, loud and long. Someone else gets hit in the back of the head with a piece of an eraser and lets out a yell. A note is thrown. Others follow example but in a few minutes subside behind their books from the icy glances cast in their direction. It is a beautiful example of boredom. For this is Study Hall.

"Boys"

(Written By A Girl)

Boys to me are the queerest things, With pockets all full of marbles and things.

Their hair never tidy, for they don't care, A hole in their stocking, or a brand new tear.

All boys, of course, have a time when they grow

Into a silly young man or somebody's beau.

They take much pains to keep very clean

And never have time to try to be mean.

On Saturday nights it's the usual thing For all those boys to whistle and sing

In a nice, warm bath all scented it seems

With sister's bath salts, perfume and creams.

And when they've finished they look like a king,

With hair slicked down and everything. With trousers so wide and ties so bright

You can be sure, there's a date tonight.

Then they get married and settle down And become prominent members of some country town.

They seem to forget their numerous pranks

When they become wrinkled old cranks.

(Continued from Column 2)

then shrugging his shoulders entered the cab. It started immediately and followed roads leading to the poorer section of the town. Poverty everywhere, what a peculiar place for a Princess. Suddenly Weston's last words came to him, "They say she's on a secret mission for Russia." Was it possible that she was planning to meet someone in Russia's employ? While these thoughts were racing through his mind the car gave a quick turn up a side street and stopped. One other car was parked there, possibly that one which had conveyed the Princess.

"You folla me," the taxi driver informed him in guttural accents. By this time French's reporter's instinct was again at work. He followed. They entered the door and went down a long flight of stairs and into a dark, damp room lighted only by a weirdly flickering candle. There stretched out before his horrified eyes lay the Princess!

He knelt before her in fascinated horror. Blood, blood, everywhere. Lifting his hands to the light he found them, too, covered. He shuddered and started to rise. He had reckoned without the taxi driver, who was standing over him, gun in hand. "Stay right where you are, Buddie, or you'll find yourself in trouble."

"But"—started French.

"There ain't no buts about this. One more word and I'll sock you one."

French subsided, speechless, but his mind was rapidly forming one plan

(Continued on Page Four)

Port Humbles Glen Cove 8-6 In Last Game of Season

PORT MAKES TOUCH- DOWN AND SAFETY

GLEN COVE SCORES LATE

By beating Glen Cove 8-6 on its home field last Saturday, the Port eleven brought its football season to a successful close. This victory ended Glen Cove's reign of supremacy which had lasted since 1924. Of the fifteen games between the rival schools, Port has won 6 and lost 8. The 1921 game resulted in a tie.

Captain Charley Evanosky, playing his last game of high school football after 4 years of service, was the outstanding star of the game. Charley hit the tackles and ran back punts as only he can but with his usual modesty he gave credit for the victory to his forwards who opened up such gaping holes in the Glen Cove line.

Many other members of the squad played their last game Saturday, Neusel, Crandall, Ryeck, Chambers, Clarkson, Leyden, Sullivan and Allen. Several have bruises and scars which will serve as reminders. "B r u d" Terrell withdrew from the game late in the last quarter with a cut in the palm of his hand, Crandall ended up with a gash over his eye, and Ryeck with a badly sprained thumb. Tom Williamsen lost a final crack at Glen Cove, being laid up on the side-lines with a case of water on the knee.

Port completely outrushed Glen Cove, making 14 first downs to their opponents 3, "Dap" Sullivan, Port's quarter-back, used off tackle, played time and time again for big gains.

Port Starts Fast

Port lost no time in making the first touchdowns. Jack Leyden got off a nice kick to Glen Cove's 30-yard line. Glen Cove was unable to gain an inch and punted. Charley Evanosky made a spectacular run-back, going out of bounds on the 40-yard line.

Charley made 12 yards off tackle and was within an ace of getting entirely free. An end run by Polk brought the ball to the 15 yard line. From there Charlie Evanosky carried the ball over in five plays, every one of which was good for from 2 to 5 yards. The try for the extra point was a failure.

Another scoring chance was offered when Glen Cove fumbled the kick-off and Terrell recovered on Glen Cove's 40-yard line. Port was unable to gain and Leyden kicked to the 10-yard line, where tGlen Cove again fumbled and

Dave Clarkson recovered the ball. A pass into the end one was incomplete, however, and Glen Cove received possession of the ball on the 20-yard line.

Chambers Blocks Kick

Glen Cove punted the ball out of immediate danger but soon had their backs to the wall once more. Polk and Evanosky made 5-yard runs for a first down on the 35-yard line. Port was set back 5 yards for offside but Evanosky reeled off a nice end run which gave Port another first down on the 18-yard line. Polk gained 5 yards on a crossbuck, Evanosky added 5 more off tackle with but 4 downs to make the remaining 6 yards. Glen Cove braced and took the ball on downs about one foot from the goal.

Steve Chambers broke through and blocked the kick. The ball bounded outside, giving Port a safety, which was good for two more points. When the half ended Glen Cove had not once had possession of the ball in Port territory. Glen Cove's first opportunity came early in the third period on a blocked kick. With a score in sight they muffed the ball and Crandall recovered for Port. Receiving a punt on our 35 yard line, Glen Cove first got their offense into working order. With Boyce, their star, doing most of the ball-carrying, they brought the ball for a first down just within the ten-yard line but it was Port's turn to make a goal line stand. Four plays netted only four yards and the ball passed to Port on downs.

Near the end of the game, Glen Cove received a fumble on Port's 25 yard line. A nice pass was completed for a 20 yard gain and Celano went over for a touchdown. The try for the point was thoroughly messed up by t h e Port forwards.

"Dap" Sullivan, who seems to have a mania for ending seasons, carried the ball on for the last play of the game.

The line-up:

Pt. Washington (8)		Glen Cove (6)	
Leyden	L. E.	Brennan
Chambers	L. T.	Grabowsky
Crandall	L. G.	Clark
Neusel	C.	Sparaco
Terrell	R. G.	Christie
Ryeck	R. T.	Dioguardi
Clarkson	R. E.	Burhans
Sullivan	Q. B.	Murray
Allen	L. H.	Boyce
Polk	R. H.	Smallwood
Evanosky	F. B.	Celano

SCORE BY PERIODS

Port Washington	6	2	0	0-8
Glen Cove	0	0	0	6-6

Touchdowns — Evanosky, Celano.
Safety — Chambers.

Substitutions — Port Washington: P. Smith for Terrell. Glen Cove: Westlake for Smallwood, Dallas for Grabowski.

Referee — Girling, Union. Umpire — Mangan, Bucknell. Linesman — Zimmerman, Union. Time of periods—12 minutes.

Hockey Team Ends Season With Victory

DEFEAT MINEOLA 3-0

Tuesday, the 20th of November, the girls hockey team successfully completed their season by triumphing over Mineola by a score of 3-0. This was the third time this year Port had met and held Mineola to a scoreless game. Strange to say, the three goals were scored during the first four minutes of the game. After that Port's forward line was not able to break through Mineola's defense even though most of the struggling took place within Port's striking circle.

At the beginning of the game Zurlis, one of our reliable half-backs, was taken out of the game due to a turned ankle.

In spite of the cold weather, a great handicap to gloveless hands, b o t h teams played splendidly and displayed commendable form. The work of the backfield players on both teams was especially noticed.

The hockey team thus closed i t s season, having won six out of eight games. Port lost two out of three games to Baldwin, both by close scores. It is hoped both teams will have a chance to meet next year and thus carry on the newly arisen rivalry between the two schools.

The line-up for the Mineola game was as follows:

Port		Mineola	
Wackwitz	R. W.	Howell
Haynes	L. W.	Carew
Rice	C. F.	Darling
Dell	L. I.	Schwartz
Cimimera	R. I.	Knoll
Erb	R. H. B.	O'Neil
Zurliss	C. H. B.	MacDonald
Emmerich	L. H. B.	Jones
Carmichael	R. F. B.	Robertson
Williamson	L. F. B.	Zaiser
Lewthwaite	G. K.	Henry

Substitutions — Port: M. Richardson for Lewthwaite; V. Smith for Zurliss; Pierce for Wackwitz; Tjarks for Dell; Purdy for Haynes; Rogo for Emmerich; Krage for Carmichael; Kolonosky for Smith; Alexander for Erb; C. Richardson for Williamson.
Mineola: Sarneg for Jones.
Time of halves—25 minutes.
Referee—Miss Lowe.

HOCKEY TEAM SEES

U. S.—ENGLAND GAME

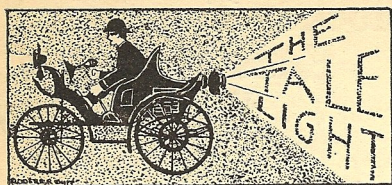
The Girls' Hockey Team were noted among the rooters for the "All American Hockey Team" when they bowed before England Saturday with a 25-0 score in favor of the visiting team.

Read the Home Paper

THE PORT

WASHINGTON NEWS

Now in its 26th Year



BUGGRE ITCHIE

Shoot if you must this old gred bed,
But leaves us bugs to ourselves, they
said.

Bug by bug they tottered on,
Down under the sheets so silent and
calm.

We are the pages between the sheets
Who come out at night to bite and to
eat.

Bite on, ye bugs and buglets brave,
Dig deep into that snoring, kicking old
knave.

Mr. Pickett: What is a "watt"?
Sandy: What?

Staff Member (looking for dummy
sheet): Where's the dummy?
S. C.: Who wants me?

FEET

Pounding on the city streets,
Feet
Clad in shoes, shined and slack
Feet
Covered by stockings silk and neat
Feet
Supporting people mild and meek
Feet
Girls in summer costumes sweet
Feet
Under all we must have
Feet

From a History A Student: "The
Greeks were people broken up into
many parts entirely different f r o m
each other."

**DEDICATED TO GEORGE
(Not a Senior)**

George Porgie Puddenple,
You kissed the girls, and made them
cry,
But when the boys came out to play,
Georgie Porgie, you ran away.
But George Porgie — I don't think
you're divine,
And I'm sure I don't think you're
sublime,
And I'll tell the world, Georgie Porgie,
I'm glad you're not mine!

Miss Chisholm — "and don't forget
to mention the life of the author of
your autobiography."

Staff Member (typing) — "Gee,
what's the matter with this d a r n
thing — I press an N and it comes
out a J."

English Student (criticising a girl's
description) — "Would you notice a
girl's clothes before anything e l s e?
Maybe a girl would, but—"

**A Story
Without a Name**

(Continued from Page 2)

after and rejecting them almost as
quickly as useless. After ten minutes
of silence a cautious step was heard
on the stairs. The taxi driver cursed
softly to himself. French moved un-
easily but any attempted at escape was
blocked by the gun. In a breathless
moment the door opened and another
appeared. French drew back in as-
tonishment.

"Good Lord!" he burst out. "The
Russian Ambassador!"

The gentleman smiled sardonically.
"There's a few things you newspaper
men don't know." Then his glance fell
upon the man on the floor. "Good
job," he muttered. "And not any more
than he deserved."

"Now be careful," began the taxi
driver. "Even the walls have ears,
you know."

Not paying any attention to these
words of advice, the Ambassador
glanced at his watch. "Five already
and not one of them here yet. My
time is too precious to waste. It's
dangerous for me to be here, anyhow.
You should take these things into con-
sideration."

He would have gone indefinitely but
the door opened for a second time ad-
mitting a group of five men. They
glanced first at the Ambassador and
then at French. The woman seemed
to arouse no sense of dismay.

"How do we divide the pearls?" said
one, pointing to the jewels around the
necks of the still forms on the floor.

"What an insane question!" replied
the Ambassador superciliously. T h e
tone in which this was uttered stopped
further conversation. A heavy silence
descended upon the room. At last it
was broken by one of the men, evi-
dently the leader.

"Well, comrade," he drawled sullen-
ly. "We have as much right to know
as you."

"Shut up, you fools," snarled the
Ambassador. "What the Society says
goes. You must ask them first."

"Damn the Society! We want the
pearls!" yelled the leader. And suiting

actions to words he started toward the
lady.

The taxi driver sprang suddenly into
action. One sharp blow over the head
put an end to the investigation.

Within an instant the room was a
mass of fighting men. French took
the opportunity to attempt escape. A
sickly sweet odor filled his nostrils.
Chloroform! His reeling mind told
him as everything grew black around
him.

Three hours later he was aroused
and looked around. It was the inside
of a hospital.

How had he come there? He rubbed
his aching head and attempted to re-
call what had happened. A nurse ap-
proached him. "Why am I here?" ask-
ed French in bewilderment.

"You were knocked down by an auto
at about three o'clock outside of the
club. You were brought here f o r
treatment," she responded sweetly.

It had been imagination. "Well, such
is life," sighed French, as he adjusted
himself to a position where he could
more easily watch the pretty nurse.

—Dorothy Burgess.

**SENIORS HOLD DANCE
LAST SATURDAY NIGHT**

(Continued from Page 1)

war proved that Port won a hard but
glorious battle on the gridiron.

All the dance committees deserve a
rousing cheer for their fine work. It
was the last dance that the Seniors
will give and they "put it over" with a
bang. After stormy events a rainbow
is always present and Saturday night
was no exception for the syncopated
call of the Rainbow Serenaders was
irresistible.

INTERPRETATIVE DANCING

St. Stephen's Parish Hall

SATURDAY MORNINGS

10 O'clock.....High School Girls

11 O'clock.....Junior High Girls

Register with Miss Hawthorne

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