

The Port Weekly

Volume V

Port Washington High School, Wednesday, December 19, 1928

Number 11

CHRISTMAS PLAY TOMORROW NIGHT

FINAL PREPARATIONS ARE CONCLUDED

The Art department and the stage of the auditorium have been the scenes of feverish activity the past two weeks. The reason, as every one in school knows, is the approaching date of the Christmas Festival. New scenery is being painted and constructed, special designs have been made for program covers, and brand new lighting equipment will be initiated.

This program will be the first Christmas Program to be open to the public, and will inaugurate a new custom in the type of program to be given in the future. Namely, one composed partly of music and partly of drama. There is so much Christmas music available that to most of us is a mere name. This music we should learn to know and love. There is also an abundant amount of dramatic composition, appropriate for the holiday season.

So, on Thursday night, let us all come and get in the Christmas spirit.

Following is a list of the members of the Girls Glee Club, who will furnish the carols that comprise the first part of the program: First Sopranos—Jean Bird, Irma Terrell, Irene Johnson, June Erickson.

First Altos—Signe Gulbrandsen, Clara Ciminera, Jacqueline Atwood, and Blanche Kaplan.

Second Altos—Madeline Moore, Constance Richardson, Marguerite Thompson, Adelaide Schlaefler.

Pianist—Jessie Stubbings.

DRAMATICS CLASS TO SEE "MACBETH"

On Wednesday, December 26, the Dramatics Class will see "Macbeth," a tragedy of Shakespeare, at the Knickerbocker Theatre in New York. The part of Macbeth is taken by Lynn Harding, that of Lady Macbeth by Florence Reed, and Basil Gill plays Macduff. The play is under the direction of George Tyler who, in 1925, produced "The Rivals" which was presented here by the Washington Square Players. During the season of 1928-29 there will be presented by Mr. Tyler "The Beaux's Stratagem" and "Jim the Penman."

In the New York Evening Post, we quote John Hutchens, the dramatic critic: "Mr. Harding, by dint of masterful playing of a complex role, conceived an artistically developed, one of the greatest, Macbeths of recent years . . . For Miss Florence Reed, too, must be tallied a triumph."

"Mr. Craig's designs are a constantly thrilling exhibit, a haunting and beautiful background instinct with every stark and soul-tossed mood of the play."

"The Rivals" Presented By Washington Square Players

Richard Ceough Stars

MR. SOMERVILLE SPEAKS IN ASSEMBLY

In the absence of Mr. Merrill the Wednesday assembly was presided over by Miss Hawthorne, who first told us of the coming play, "The Rivals," and urged us to be there Saturday night. Doris Chase gave an amusing interpretation of "A Change for Edward." Mrs. Williamson, a slightly too diligent wife, took her convalescing husband to visit a neighbor and proceeded to embarrass both parties "by being such a darn nuisance."

Then Mr. Somerville, speaker of the day, made his appearance and after describing some of the characters he gave us an interpretation of part of the first scene, which represented a meeting between Lydia, the fair heroine; her aunt, and Sir Anthony Absolute, a quite vociferous, revolutionary uncle.

Mr. Merrill opened the Friday assembly by introducing Julia Hopkins and Doris Chase, who expatiated on "The Rivals" and "Why the Chimes Rang."

Marjorie Carmichael urged all not to forget the game on Tuesday and stated that she hoped to see and hear "a swearing squad" at the game. We trust her wishes will not be gratified.

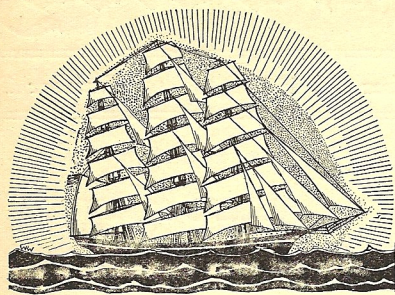
Last Saturday night, those people who were fortunate enough to be in the High School auditorium, witnessed a play well worth the price of admission. The Rivals proved even better than the very entertaining sample given us last Wednesday by Professor Somerville, a member of the cast and director of the play. Sir Lucius O'Trigger, the burly Irishman, to whom Mrs. Malaprop was greatly attracted, was played by Professor Somerville, with even greater skill than we already knew he possessed. No one could have played Mrs. Malaprop, that (Irresistible) "She dragon" with her unsurpassable dictionary language and elocutionary efforts better than Louise Schlichting. The charming heroine, Lydia, and her likewise charming cousin, Julia, were ably played by Mildred Anderson and Judith Knight, respectively.

The masculine lead, Jack Absolute, played by Richard Ceough, was well deserving of any praise we could offer. Those who attended "The Old Soak" last year will remember the enjoyment they received from Mr. Ceough's wonderful portrayal of Clem Hamley, the old soak. Mr. Ceough in his different roles shows extreme versatility for he can play both youth and age convincingly. The role of Jack's tyrannical, hot tempered father, Sir Anthony, who desired Jack to marry a lady of his own choice, Mrs. Malaprop's niece, was dramatized by James Kelly, who played "Al" last year. It is impossible here to mention the personal abilities of each of the cast separately, but each one had true talent and originality in his or her role and should receive our hearty congratulation on their work. However, we must mention Bob Acres, that humorous social aspirant, who contributed much to the laughs, giggles, roars and claps of the audience. The three servants also deserve credit for their fine work.

The English accent in all cases was as genuine as a cast of that kind could hope to attain.

The plot briefly ran as follows (for the benefit of those who could not attend): Jack Absolute is in love with Lydia Languish, who knows him as Ensign Beverly. Sir Anthony Absolute and Mrs. Malaprop, Lydia's aunt, have arranged a marriage which is distasteful to the two young people because of mistaken identity. Finally the mistake is righted and they all lived merrily ever after (at least till the curtain fell).





The Port Weekly

Published weekly during the school year by the pupils of Port Washington High School, Port Washington, N. Y.

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Member of Columbia Scholastic Press Association

The Feeling Of Christmas Spirit

What will Christmas be 100 years from now? One thousand nine hundred twenty-eight years ago the first Christmas was celebrated, not by the whole world, but only by Three Wise Men from the East, who brought gifts to the little Child, whose star they had followed. So was the custom of giving and receiving instituted.

Today, at Christmas time, in the stores of the great cities, there are throngs of people crowded around heavily laden counters of Christmas goods. When Christmas Eve comes everyone settles down with a sigh of relief, looking forward to the next day of joy. In the dreams of children there is pictured the face of Saint Nicholas or Santa Claus, who is the deliverer of all gifts on Christmas Eve. He comes with a sleigh and prancing horses, and slips silently down the chimney to the fireplace below. There he fills all the stockings of the faithful children who believe in him. Saint Nicholas is not a myth but he is the Spirit of Christmas, although most people think of him as being a character invented to delight the minds of children.

Everyone is learning to bring joy on this day set aside for only happiness, into the homes of others who are not so fortunate. Newspapers are serving as charitable organizations, such as "The New York Times" and its "One

Axel Pumpnickel's Christmas List

Little Axel had been busying himself about the house for the past two weeks. This, in itself, was strange enough, but the fact that he had washed his elephantic ears eight successive mornings was little short of a phenomenon.

Pumpnickel, Jr., hustling here and there, meant well but his motive stood out as plainly as a four-alarm fire; it was the two weeks preceding Christmas.

Axel was a chubby, playful, lovable little fellow. He was sincerely liked by his playmates and was always elected captain and general in all their games. Only the other day the little rascal broke a horse's back because the brute unwittingly stepped on a paper sail-boat which little Axel was sailing in a clear, sparkling mud puddle. On another occasion he had swatted one of his little playmates gently and had broken his arm. Axel was sincerely grieved by this accident so he saved his pennies and bought the little fellow a crutch. Probably these were some of the things that prompted his companions to let him be general but we'll trust that little Axel meant no harm.

Now we see him puttering diligently about the house helping his mother and scampering from behind her apron with little chortles of delight as he playfully tore a storm door from its hinges. He shrunk sheepishly away from the scene of disaster with his thumb in his mouth (I hate to think it was raised to little Axel's nose) and repentant tears welling up in his great big tobbace colored eyes. He picked Tabby, the cat, up for solace and absently stroked out handful after handful of fur from the contented cat's back. A playful scratch from Tabby led plump little Axel to shove him furtively up the chimney, which all reminds us that there is a Christmas carol to chant.

In previous years Papa Pumpnickel had been very, very generous in his gifts to his beloved (? ? ?) son Axel, having given him a new oil burner to play with one year, again a double barreled shotgun, once more the front wheel off his trusty steam roller, all of which Axel had done away with in a few days, the fun-loving little fellow either breaking new teeth on them or throwing them through store windows.

Hundred Neediest Cases." Many people are made happy not only at Christmas but all the year because of the thoughtfulness of their fellow-men.

Was Christmas 100 years ago the same as it is today? If it was, will Christmas be different a century from now? That question can only be answered when that time comes. As far as we can, I think the present generation will try to keep the old customs and meaning of Christmas as it should be and as for the Christmas of 1928—let us share our joy with others and on Christmas Day be able to truly say "Merry Christmas!"

Last year Pe're Pumpnickel was going to play absolutely safe so he gave Axel a perfectly harmless whisk-broom on which to lavish his over-abundant Christmas spirit. This Axel promptly fed to the setting turkey, handle and all, and the next morning Senor Pump awoke to find a brood born with straw hats and wooden legs. This totally exasperated the proud father of the bouncing baby boy so this year he determined to take no chances, therefore he was going to buy Axel absolutely nothing for a Merrie Noel. He was round from his reverie, however, by a plump form bouncing playfully onto his neck, promptly breaking his collar bone and the four legs of the chair. A Christmas list was shoved under his bulbous nose and you could have knocked his eyes off with a stick as he beheld this list written in a childish scrawl:

Mine Dollink Tsenta Cluss:

I dunt weesh plizze wot you should sand me niddier fire Hengines, keedy cozz, ruller skats, bop slats, skizz, pug-go steecks, seelk scoffs, nacktize, tsigar liters, tukking dolls, battrubs, steelts, end chuklit kendy.

Also mine dollink Meester Cluss you shell sand gradually mine modder beck wot she's hentitled.

Her Hoccupation: She is the vife off my fodder.

Description: She is tull, stonnink, chommink, end a gudgeous lady.

Plizze tsenta by me you shouldn't forget to send.

Huppfully by you,

Axel Pumpnickel.

p. s.: Plizze tsenta you oxcusse mine spallink, becuz I nefer by the skools hav learnt much.

Babba Bumbernigel regained consciousness two days after Xmas, went out for a little walk and was promptly knocked cold by a five ton Mack Truck with the mischevious little Axel at the wheel.

Seraphine & Santaniello.

SENIORS HAVE MOST HONORS

Every month report cards are issued. Every month there are honor marks and failures. December's honor students have much to be proud of, especially the Seniors. To maintain an average of 90 percent or more in four or five subjects is something to boast about. Out of 15 honor students, 7 are Seniors. Here they are: Milton Ryeck, Evelyn Avery, Dorothy Burgess, Marjorie Haynes, Julia Hopkins, Lois Lewthwaite and Wilfred Sensemann. William Woodward and Sydney Maynard were the only Juniors, and the remaining Sophomores and Freshmen consisted of Walter Morris, Fred Golder, William Johnson, Louis Kent, Frances Thomas and Robert Birchall.

Congratulations! Keep up the good work and get honors in the midyears!

Port Makes Good Showing

1,323 Entries, 46 Schools at Stuyvesant Meet

Last Saturday, Coach Seeber led a team of 11 boys to the 102nd Regiment Armory to compete in Stuyvesant High School's 24th Annual Indoor Track Meet. Port did not have Lovejoy to earn any points but certainly did as well as could possibly have been expected for a team that had only 11 of the 1,323 entries. Eight of these eleven were getting their first taste of the stiff metropolitan competition. Forty-six schools competed, Great Neck, Lawrence, Patchogue and Port Washington being the only ones from Long Island.

Cipriani Third in Century

First to perform was Chester Cipriani in the 100-yard dash. He ran a fine race, finishing third, just one position too far back to qualify for the finals. Sellers was less fortunate in his heat, being the last runner to get away from the starting line, but gained so that he finished 5th in the heat. The event was won by Scheimbaum, of New Utrecht, in 10 4-5 seconds.

Edward Miller, Port's only entry in the 440, was put back 3 yards for breaking, but was only a short distance behind the leaders at the finish.

Port had two men entered in the distance runs, Hillard Swede in the 880 and Joe Ciminera in the 2nd heat. Although being last, Joe was badly roughed up at the first turn and had to run wide to get any room. He finished the race with a fine spurt which carried him well up among the leaders.

Port's relay team, composed of Duff, Lawrence, L'Ecluse and Peyser, encountered very stiff opposition and failed to qualify for the finals. "Whiz" Bauer, Bill Peyser and Ed Miller were entered in the high jump. Miller lasted the longest but withdrew after he had run in the 440.

A few members of the party remained to see the basketball game between Stuyvesant and DeWitt Clinton, which was played after the meet. The score was tied at half time but DeWitt Clinton forged ahead in the second session. The spectators were treated to some fancy basket shooting. Clinton had a negro guard who could hold the ball in one hand upside down to keep it out of his opponent's reach.

The next meet is not until January 12. This will be held by DeLa Salle High School and will again take place at the 102nd Regiment Armory.

Read the Home Paper

THE PORT

WASHINGTON NEWS

Now in its 26th Year

BRR! HAVE YOU HEARD THIS ONE?

The door clanged behind me as I stood on the threshold of a common cell in the Conciergerie in 1768. As I surveyed my future home, a qualm of apprehension passed over me for I realized immediately that I was in for a hard time.

The first thing that struck me as I looked about was the sympathetic silence of the inmates. Every sound seemed magnified in that ghastly quiet. The occasional shuffling of a foot seemed like rolling thunder as it was echoed back by the cold walls.

The ten inmates were forlorn and blue with cold, for the tiny fire in the brazier in the center of the room was out.

The four walls were cold and gray, their monotony broken only by several rude wooden benches. Ranged along the left wall were eight or ten dirty straw pallets, all of which, with the exception of that one occupied by a gaunt old man, were untenanted. Here and there on the stone walls some pitiful, self-appointed artist had scrawled with black charcoal a comic picture or a grimly ironical poem.

A few rays of the setting sun stole in through the only window, high up in the right wall. The howling winter wind blew a few dancing snowflakes through the heavy bars of the casement. So cold was the cell that the men's breath hung like a fog upon the air. To top all of this a cold draft came in through the unprotected window, swept along the flag-stoned floor and escaped underneath the iron-sheathed door.

Even the undesirable rodents for which this prison was famous were not evident in this Esquimo's Paradise!

BY WAY OF EXCHANGE

It is interesting to know that although we recognize this year as 1928, the Mohammedans call it 1346, the Jews 5688, the Japanese 2587, and the Byzantine calendar says it is 7436.

To understand these contradictory statements it is necessary to know the historical facts upon which these peoples base their reasoning.—The Commerce Budget.

Did Miss — tell you the one about the student who was asked the principal parts of the Latin verb meaning to condemn, and replied, "Damnino, damnfinare, damnfinavi, damnfinatus." How about that one "flunko, flunkere, faculty, expulsus?"—The Record.

My pet goat is seriously ill from eating a complete leather bound set of Shakespeare—what do you prescribe?

Answer — Am sending Literary Digest by return mail.—The Record.

Basketball, Its Past and Future

Our last football game of 1928 has been played and the field hockey season is over. Port High is turning its attention now to the indoor athletics, such as basketball and track.

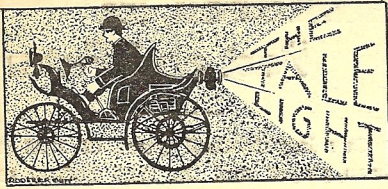
In 1891 the game of basketball was first invented. A man was lecturing on psychology before a large audience of eager boys and men, in the Young Men's Christian Association at Plainfield, Mass. His topic was the mental processes of invention and he proposed the example of a game with its limitations and necessities. The active mind of James Naismith began laying out plans for just such a game, as had been mentioned. The next night he arrived at the Y. M. C. A. equipped with a ball and two peach baskets. He explained the game to the young men, who were naturally eager to try it. Thus began the first game of basketball. It is rather unique in that it was invented by one brain at one sitting. Of course, the name basketball was derived from the peach baskets.

For the first two or three years the game was confined mainly to the Y. M. C. A. Its rules were laid down and passes were developed and improved. Then basketball spread to other societies and organizations. The Amateur Athletic Union made a set of rules governing the game. Soon the colleges and high schools and even the grammar schools took an interest in it and basketball leagues were started.

In the early days of basketball in Port Washington High School both the boy's and girl's teams had to struggle to have successful seasons. Because of the lack of a gymnasium they were forced to practise in Town Halls whenever it was possible. Sometimes their schedules were cut short because their practise quarters were needed for other things. Their schedules were quite different from ours. Port played Jamaica, Friends Aviators, Penn., Station Machine, Hempstead and Southampton.

Upon looking over the old Port Lights I find that more emphasis is placed on good sportsmanship than on the material success of the teams. Whether they lost or won, the teams played their hardest and gave their best to Port High School. The team in defeat was quite as glorious as in victory through good sportsmanship. Let us hope that the teams of 1928-29 will be just as worthy of honor and glory as our alumni of bygone days. Let us, by our support and loyalty, help them to be true warriors of Port Washington High School.

Young wife (at telephone): "Oh, Charles, do come home! I've mixed the plugs in some way. The radio is all covered with frost, and the icebox is 'Moonlight and Roses!'"



Why Santa Claus Wears Red

Down a chimminey none too wide,
Joll fat Santa started to slide;
Had he known of the fire inside—
He might not have scorched his
jelly-like sides,
The bricks were red and you'd be, too,
If you slid down the narrow chim-
ney flue.

Translate: "Hurricane yokum her-
ring tenor twenty ours?"
(Answer at bottom of column)

Wonder why the ice has melted on
Webster avenue sidewalk so quickly?
That's easy, because Bob Fertig and
Emily Wilson keep it hot between 12.45
and 1.00 every day.

Mr. Merrill: "How did you break
that window?"
Window-breaker: "Oh — that was
easy."

Puzzle Number 98765432

Written instructions found by hus-
band on his arrival home: "Put meat
in oven 10 minutes after the potatoes
go in." She forgot to punctuate. What
did he put in first?

Plus: "Why have you stopped swear-
ing?"
Minus: "It's getting too effeminate."

Charles Evanosky: "Do you go to
bed in the dark?"
Doris Chase: "No, in pajamas."

Prof.: "What can you tell us about
nitrates?"
Student: "The only thing I know is
they are cheaper than day rates."

Doctor: "Deep breathing kills
bacteria."
Patient: "But how can I make them
breathe deeply?"

Answer: — Hurry, can you come in
ten or twenty hours?

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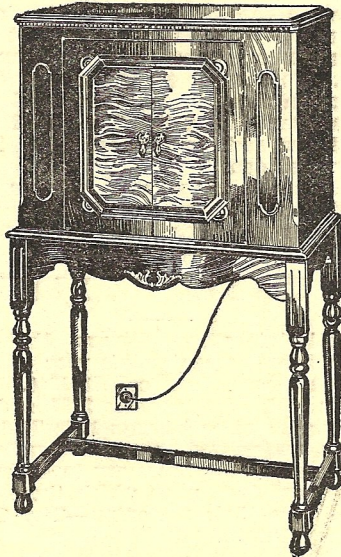
Shields Bros.

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HARDWARE

**Stanley Gerard
Mason**

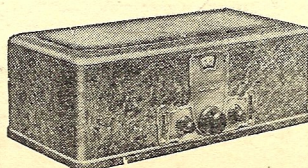
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