

The Por-Tweekly

Volume XX

Por-Twashington Dry School, April Fool's Late, 1930

Wet Number

PAMPINELLI ELECTED RUBE

Port's Punitive Punishing Puns

It Is For You to Laugh

Which all reminds us that our school song should be entitled "Merrily we roll along, roll along!" That's Purdy good, aren't it?

Talking about sagebrush, hawthorne and Neusel's beard, we might recommend side Burns as an attraction. Woodn't do, ward it? But then, Anita can Englemann, also.

De Lyons either Walker Croucher do someting in Duffields. And therefore we quote the Chinese, "Amelican children, she like to Studley hard and drink hot Toddy's when it's Raymond and poring outside."

And as Frances Cornwall said to Billy, I just don't believe I Otto go, for that old adage, an eye for an eye and a tooth to pick. Ice already picked Jack.

Oh, John, the Doris open. What? Did you say that it was Neary a Hiller a job to close? Border me, I'm so sorry, I thought you were trying to Kidney.

Pass the potetas, boys, Alexitch is coming.

If Catherine D,
should brake her knee,
the staff suspect
she would have to Renee.

Oh deer, doe hold the rein tighter!
Amos fell out!

Detective Agency Started

Listen, my chilluns, and you shall hear, of the wondrous deeds of our famous dectative corporation that is enclosed within our fair walls, the "Caldwell-Thompson Detective Agency." Our advertisement will be found on another page of this issue and this is merely a pathetic appeal to those whose trials and tribulations prove too much for their weary shoulders. (Just sixty-two words.)

Staff Is Not Responsible

The staff of "The Port Weekly" wish to announce that they are not responsible for any of the articles that they wrote in this issue. They know nothing about them.

There will be not less than four more issues this term. These will be edited by next year's staff. The present staff claims no association with them, period.

"Kosky" Kurewjo Checked Enscoe Chosen To Office

CAST VACATION PLAY SELECTED

After a boring, but otherwise delightful, tryout, the next to the final cast for "S. O. S. (Sew Our Socks)", our school play, has been laboriously chosen by lots of nerve.

Dob Dertig, our pruspiring, striving, and otherwise young, local artist, who has been given the leading role, said in a recent interview: "Don't blame me; I had it forced on me. My only regret is that I am not triplets so that I can play three parts instead of one (apologies to Nathan Hale).

"The big moment of the play," he continued, "is when I, foaming at the mouth (Foam furnished by the Foam-ite Co.), and with bloodshot eyes, roughly grasp the cringing villain and hiss in my deep, supiano voice: "Monster, you have wrecked my home—but you can't, you can't do this thing! Give me, oh gve me back my holeless socks! !"

We are sorry to say that Mr. Dertig died soon after this tirade.

"How Goss Eet By You, Meesus Haffen?"

Halloo, Meesus Haffenbeyer. Noo how goes eet yat by you, und how ees de liddel beby? Meesus Haffenbeyer—listen wot I should tell you yat de latest stories wot I hoid about Meester Schniblnck (pe careful und dont tell ha seengle sull) rund hoff wit ha gress viddo en got merried. Oy, Meesus Haffenbeyer, what ees dis place comink to yat, I ask you? Chust tink, soon ve vill see Meesus Schniblick valking down de strit vit honly ha gress skoit on yet—she vas ha gress viddo you know. I betch choo ha hole dollar dot she's ha Huloo-Huloo goil mit der shimmyinks und her shakings mit her gress skoit yet! Oy, Meesus Haffenbeyer, eesn't eet hawful?—Oops, I smell de honions burnding! Oxcuse me, pliss!

Cross Crossing Carefully

Platforms Reliable No More Reliance

Candidates Refuse Positions



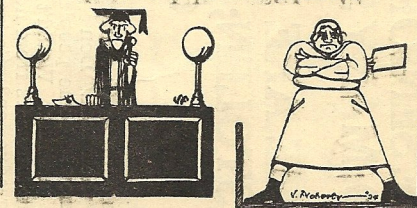
Supervisor of Elections and General Nuisance, Mr. E. Ralph Spindler, Holding High the "Torch."

Ides of March, 1940 B. V. D. (Special Firepatch to "The Por-Tweekly"). The latest election returns from Room 109½ reveal that Mr. J. Duro Pampinelli has been chosen the Head Rube (see picture on first column) of the Wort High School, meaning us. Others elected on the same ticket were "Kosky" Kurewjo, Chancellor of the Exchequer or former Check and Double Checker; Roger Enscoe, Chief Femme Game Keeper; and a few more minor positions not worth while to be submerged.

Their platforms have been oft told, longer study halls, reliance group marks anywhere below 75%, more applesauce in the cafeteria and similiar plats.

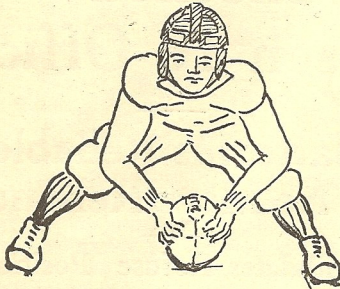
After the electors made their speeches of refusal, they retired for a time to George's Morgue.

OUR TEACHERS — BEFORE AND AFTER THE ELECTIONS



Port Five Knocks Homer Team Scores Touchdowns

No Hits, No Errors Score, Thirty Love



We can just imagine Raymond Smith hurling such a forward pass as shown above, a pass that would find its mark and net two points for the old quintet.

Perhaps "Schavery," Joseph Teta or midget Frank Jenkins would snatch a delayed pass behind the line of scrimmage and convert it into an assist by dribbling down the field to tally on a beautiful angle shot.

Then, too, it may have been that an opposing linesman fought his way to the passer and rammed out a perfectly clean homer.

Picture Cletus Polk (Picadore Pete) faking a pass and then suddenly exhibiting his Salome strut through all opposition, until he finishes by clearing the cross bar of the football standards amid the shouts of the bewildered spectators. Consider the picture above as the beginning of that old Statue of Liberty play. Jumping Bob Lafferty or Blushing Eddie Gould has just received the ball from Captain Stanley Kurejwo at center. Tubby Golder is on his way for a sure touchdown around end. But, alas, Johnny De Meo, his thoughts being those of "sweet Mary" time, accidentally, or otherwise, tackles Tubby, who is playing on his own team at the time.

Let's study the above cut more closely still, stretch our imagination somewhat more, and ask ourselves if we can't say that the figure is an artist's poor conception of Mary Reed jumping at center on the court. She gently taps the ball over the net to Beulah Guilford, who slams it back home to knot the count at thirty love.

Snakes Tamed And Also Domesticated

Arrange Personal Interview

Ladies and gentlemen, we guarantee to tame and domesticate all types of snakes. The wilder the snake, the gentler the product.

We have made this work our specialty ever since our High School days when young schoolmates begged us to tame their zebras, etc.

If you desire further information as to the methods we use phone Port Washington 645; 1267; or write for a personal interview with either Capt. Nellis Bronner, Joe Teta, or Frank Jenkins. All mail is to be addressed in care of this paper.

(Editor's Note)

These three are so wrapped up in their work that they find little time to meddle with other affairs. Perhaps this explains their timidity when they have to deal with (especially the Captain).



Autographs

THE SENIOR CLASS '30 TO MEET IN 1940; MANY STUDENTS ARE FAMOUS SOME ARE LOST, STRAYED AND STOLEN; READ ASTOUNDING CLASS PROPHECY

By Allenburn Karthur

As June again approaches, another group of Seniors go out into the world to try their luck. Don't we all wonder what we will be doing five or ten years from now? Some people can easily be pictured in the future, but others are more puzzling. Wouldn't it be interesting to have a rendez-vous of the 1930 Seniors ten years from now, where each member would recount his experiences since graduation? So imagine, if you can, that it is 1940 with the Class of 1930 gathered together telling about themselves.

"See over there in a corner that imposing little fellow with a cute goatee and doctor's satchel? Surely you remember the aspirations of our flashy little basketball captain? I hope that I get sick because he may give me free treatment for the sake of Auld Lang Syne. . . . There's Margy Ruel in a jaunty sailor's suit, who tells us that "they" (guess who) just anchored in the bay after a Mediterranean tour in Coot's (oops, I let it slip) yacht. And there is the person we always knew would have something to do with money. . . . money coming in but never going out. Yep, that's "Scotty", who just told me that he is a big butler and egg man on Wall Street; but, nevertheless, we still pity the "treasurers that try to collect from him. And there's Ruitfh Withomphthon who got a vacation from The Lipping School. But they tell me that she is a big night club hostess—a second Texas Guinan. Who'd a thunk it? We've just affirmed the rumor that Nancy McGilvray and Barbara Maddren are doing character parts in the talkies. Recognize "Old Father Time" over there? We always wondered which would finally get Swiss, the fish or Mildred. He tells us that both did. Our class president now runs his own fish market from which he goes home every night to a little cottage built for two. We were always pretty sure about Jeanette Mortimer because of the tracks her Chrysler wore between Prospect Street and the station. Whoops. . . . here comes the ever famous Woodman, just back from a rocket trip to the moon!! Al Read has followed in his father's footsteps. Who wants a new 1940 model Buick?

"Doris Hiller? Oh, yes — she settled down long ago, and for the past years has had some poor, unfortunate under her thumb. Well—well—well. There are the famous Guilfords back from their trip abroad, where they won the Davis Cup in tennis. Sure, Beulah still talks and cuts up as much as ever, while Bob still flirts with every girl, leaving them heart-stricken. We have a representative in the Metropolitan Opera House, too — don't you remember Johnnie Dunn? Oh, yes, while along musical lines, I just heard that Peggy Purdy is in that new musical comedy.

"Another three wells. . . . There's Sinky with his ever present skates and hockey stick, just back from winning another match on the old rink. Hughie Gilbert finally got married and left a string of heartbroken lassies behind. Alper is another following his father's footsteps — he's in New York now, running a big jewelry store. Mary Lou and Merritt—oh, yes, quite a while ago. Johnnie Laurence is another big business man—president of a hooge Neo Yawk bank.

The rest of the bunch are either lost, strayed or stolen. Pals and friends have been separated and cast off on the sea of fate, that hard master of us all, to wend their way through the buffeting billows of LIFE. (This magazine may be subscribed to for ten cents a year.)

UNK EQUALS UNKNOWN

- P. W. 1662 (B. F.) calls P. W. 1815 (E. W.)
- P. W. 1232 (H. G.) phones P. W. 2198 (M. A.)
- P. W. 1149 (R. G.) appells Glen C. 1871 (F. P.)
- P. W. UNK. (R. S.) invokes P. W. UNK. (Mrs. S.)
- P. W. 334 (B. B.) llama P. W. 2091 (R. K.)
- P. W. 539 (A. R.) beseeches P. W. 946 (A. P.)
- P. W. 1441 (F. E.) conoco Man. 26 (A. N.)
- P. W. 105 (A. A.) emulates P. W. 1779 (K. B.)
- P. W. 93 (C. B. N.) chats with Sands Point
- P. W. 645 (F. J.) line's busy P. W. 1268 (J. M.)
- P. W. 437 (W. W.) lovebirds P. W. 234 (R. T.)
- P. W. UNK. (R. S.) ditto P. W. 1633 (L. A.)
- P. W. 449-R (C. S.) adores P. W. 1746 (M. W.)
- P. W. 366 (S. K. C.) ditto P. W. 2194 (B. G.)
- P. W. 1441 (F. E.) ditto Man. 26 (A. K.)
- P. W. 419 (S. K.) fancies P. W. 1149 (B. G.)
- P. W. 1267 (J. T.) befriends P. W. 1191 (B. M.)
- P. W. 1435 (A. J.) bepals P. W. UNK. (A. S.)
- P. W. 1228 (R. L.) follows P. W. 614 (M. S.)
- P. W. 277 (T. L.) runs after P. W. (C. B.)
- P. W. 803 (G. V.) likes P. W. 231-W (D. H.)
- P. W. 504 (R. R.) dates up P. W. 794 (B. H.)
- P. W. 238-R (A. P.) also dums P. W. 1091 (C. C.)
- P. W. 1091 (D. C.) another sap P. W. 412 (M. M.)
- P. W. UNK. (W. O.) ho hum P. W. UNK. (F. C.)
- P. W. UNK. (A. W.) rather likes P. W. 872 (W. C.)
- P. W. 197 (T. W.) cherishes P. W. 63-R (M. R.)
- Man. 861 (S. T.) worships P. W. 430 (M. M.)
- P. W. 1200 (J. D. M.) bows to P. W. 1522 (M. E.)
- P. W. 1106-R (C. P.) trails P. W. UNK. (J. M.)
- P. W. 448-J (R. M.) shadows P. W. UNK. (M. P.)

What? No Bananas? We Sell them in Study Hall. Inquire Crescino Santaniello

**Announcing
Caldwell
and
Thompson**

D E T E C T I V E A G E N C I E S !

"We found the missing wallflower!"

**Biggest Manufacturers of
Organ Pipes
W. Scantlebury & Co.**

**Slingers of
Hash
Hokum
Other Debris
Hasheesh &
Hasheesh, Inc.
Phone P. W. 234**

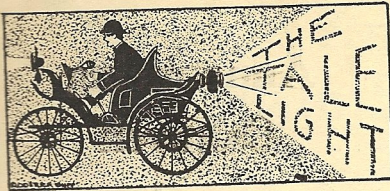
**"THE THRILL OF A
LIFETIME"
Ride Our
Bucking Bronchos
Ray. S. Rancho
Bar 102**

**NOTICE!!!!
DO you smoke when your hands are tired?
DO you keep mouth happy?
Do you pay a trifle more?
ARE you avoiding that future shadow?
ARE you nonchalant?
Then beware of the cigarette ads.
COURTESY OF THE ANTI-SMOKING LEAGUE.**

**AD
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in
"The Por-Tweekly"
It Pays—Us!**

**!!FOUND!!
An Absolute Cure
For
LATENESS!
Wm. F. M.
(Next to Teachers Mailbox)**

**REVIVE
'The Good Old Days'
Ride Bicycles for
HEALTH
See Mr. T. D.
CARE OF THIS PAPER**



The Scene is This Institution

The scene is this institution, the theme, Prohibition. Woodman blows an organ pipe, Smitty rolls a drum; the crowd swells at the sight and totes in the rum. Speaker Sandy takes the stand to take the crowd to hand.

Now be still. Here's the bill; we've something new, a real review. You see Newman M. D. who'll lecture on the cause of Death through liquor on the Human Breath. . . Chorus of Drys— "Oh thrill, oh joy, we're pleased to death. J. Scott McBride so often saith that every ill is tracible to liquor on the Human Breath."

An egg meets Doc upon the nose, off-stage he goes. Representative Hartley appears from 'hind the scenes, mid screams, extensive cheers and ghostly jeers. He carries the Spiro for a still. Virgillia hands him a jug with a whoosis on top that looke like a bug. Woody grabs a Gun to spray the top, Toddy, cute cop, stops him in time as Spiro breaks into a rime—

"Oh work of art and soul of snow, the pure of Hart drink H2O."

"Mid booze and kisses, he exits, throws kisses.

Goggles and gloves the Doc will don, the show is on. The generator is filled with kerosene, gasoline, iodine, a cartridge shell. Doc stirs it well, it boils pell-mell and smells like H. . . All—"Its smell is quite unlawful; we agree its awful."

Hugh swoons, Vallee doesn't croon, Ruth and Barrett don't moon, Leo and Kay don't spoon. A miracle we see; the Wets and Drys at last agree—It's awful.

The conjurer — "Behold what in speakeasies is sold. I fill 3 bottles; there, that's dandy; and mark them whiskey, gin and brandy. There, on the table. The drinker gets his flavor from the label."

Some Guinea Pigs stand straight as pegs upon their funny little legs and shout— "We knew it the Doc is going to do it. Upon his kindness we put no more reliance. When others die for love or hate or home or flag or something great—Why is it that Guinea Pigs must always die for science?"

Enscoe fills a beaker, "It's over 1/2 of 1%," he cries and lets each Guinea sip with wrinkling lip. They: "Senator Sheppard is a good old scout; yes he is in a water spout. He emptied the keg and filled the jail, without a purchase there can be no sale. Bring on your Willdcats!" And they pass out. — A Speakeasy. Rat enters to count the votes. "It's crooked as the Digest Poll," croaks an Extra Dry soul. Rat shakes them in a shaker with bootleg hootch. It's a job for the undertaker. A hush descends as music wends its way to end old Eighteenth Amendment.

SUPPOSED HUMOUR BOO—HOO—HOO!

Du biset feriche, mine kin. Listen. You know advertising doesn't always pay, so watch out. Mother warned us about such men — I wonder if she knew about you.

Oh — by the way — did you see Theophilus out riding Easter morning? Riding, you say? Yes, bicycling. Wonder if he did it on a bet or for sheer enjoyment. You see now, boys and girls, get our your two-wheelers and practice up a bit. Wonder if any more of the faculty are brushing up on this thing? Do you think that the faculty could endure a six-day bike race against us young uns???

Have you hear dthe latest song written in honor of Morris Alper — "Mysterious Mose"? Speaking of Mose, what was the joke about the Senior Essay and Morris's unlooked for absence from school? For full particulars, see your own broker or Allison Reade. By the way, maybe Morris would consent to sing his theme song in Assembly today. He tells us that he has always had the ambition to be a singer or musical comedy star. Alas, he is tied to the paint cans, or vice versa, in a hardware store.

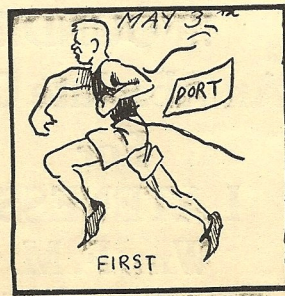
What was that incident concerning Enscoe — something about "Fill up the beaker, boys?" Scotty didn't think it was so funny later.

"Who was that lady I saw you walking down the street with?" "That was no street, it was an alley."

You have heard of absend minded professors, but did you hear about the movie director who had the players go through a scene so many times that when it was over he rushed up and said, "That's fine. At last we have it perfect." At this point he saw someone lying on the ground. "Ah, there you are," he said, thinking it was the star, "that was a fine piece of acting."

"That's the dummy you're talking to," interrupted one of the extras. "Then who did you hurl over the cliff?" howled the director.

Spring Making Tracks On The Trackless Track



MAINLY ABOUT A A BIG MAINE TRIP

A Tale of The Dust-Eaters

And now about that trip to Maine with Kurejwo, Smith, Neusel, Mullon and Newman. Imagine those five hombres in the Maine woods away from their daily dissipation and you have a real picture.

One day we went to a movie. Strap almost got into a scrap. Neusel almost had a date, and we all almost got kicked out of that palace of modern art.

Kurejwo and Mullon caught three big bass. The only reason for it was that the bass were out of season and did not expect to be caught. I believe that Kosky and Buddy ought to be ashamed of themselves for taking advantage of helpless fish.

The lake was rough when the boys tried to land the rowboat and Kurejwo went in for a swim, unintentionally.

Smith, Neusel and Newman, meaning me, climbed a mountain and were lost for half a day. Strap got sick on the way up, so we could not climb all the mountains.

Strap got a letter from his one and only; he was all ready to throw the shot 90 feet. She said that she was "engrossed in Ralph's arms" (gross error, tally-ho the fox).

Neusel acted as cook, and how! The rest kept the fires going and washed the dishes. By all there was a good time. C. B. N.

P. S. Kusky's name is D. D. and we don't mean Doctor of Divinity. Kusky did not even get a glimpse of a wild man this time. He locked his door every night.

Let's have a census.

- Do you drink _____?
- Smoke _____?
- Chew _____?
- Take Drugs _____?
- Are you for Repeal _____?
- Need a new suit _____?
- Study _____?

This is the Truth
Read Your Home Paper
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