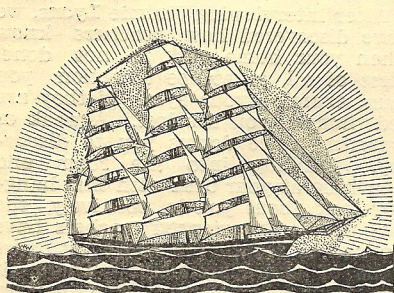


The Port Weekly

Volume VI

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The Port Weekly

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Why Not Support "Port Weekly"?

Where are you going to spend Easter? What little thing happened at the dance last Saturday night that made it amusing? Or wasn't it amusing — was it only another dull, drab affair? It wasn't? Why?

All year long, complaints come from the school body that the paper, **THEIR** paper, isn't what it ought to be. But that's as far as their criticism goes. The question "why" never enters their minds.

This, then, is "why". All the incidents spoken of above and those jokes sprung in the regular classes and amid the regular routine never reach the school. They are all confined to perhaps one or two people. After all, isn't it these local incidents that make a paper interesting, that add that element which attracts the eye?

Yes, call this a plea, if you like—a plea to support your paper, to contribute these everyday articles, for small though they seem in themselves, together they mean a finished publication.

Annual School Play Presented

Last Friday evening a crowded audience witnessed the annual spring production of the High School play, "The Torchbearers," a comedy by George Kelly. It was a play in direct contrast with "Prunella," last year's presentation, and it proved that the dramatic talent in our high school is capable of handling any roles — from severe tragedy to light comedy.

The play was especially well cast. Bob Fertig, who made his first appearance in this play as Mr. Fred Ritter, made us realize the actual hardships of the husband of a talented actress. Mrs. Paula Ritter, the talented actress, played by Charlotte Bohn, was exactly true to type. Ruby Fletcher, as Mrs. J. Duro Pampinelli, created a sensation, and Agnes Purdy, as Mrs. Nelly Fell, made herself a delightful nuisance.

The rest of the cast brought much hearty laughter from the audience. Much credit is due to the able direction of Miss Hawthorne.

"CELERITY" HOLDS SPRING DANCE

About 150 students and friends turned out last Saturday evening for the annual Celerity Dance held at the Flower Hill Gym. The North Shore Commodores furnished the music, which was full of the kind of pep that turns everyone into the perfect partner. A great bowl of punch which never seemed to run dry was found by many to be refreshing. Dainty little cakes were also served. The brilliant lights of the gym were softened to a warm glow by tasteful red paper shades. Mr. and Mrs. Merrill and several of the teachers were among the chaperones. It was one of the most successful dances of the year.

A successful picture of the dancers was taken that will appear in this year's Port Light.

Man Talks on Aviation

Last Thursday, the Society for the Promotion of Aeronautics had the pleasure of hearing a speech by Mr. Malcolm Sibley who, himself, saw service in the World War. He was presented through the efforts of Mr. Dimmick.

Mr. Sibley described four ways by which a person may get into aviation and also some of his personal experiences as a war flier. The talk proved so interesting that many members remained to ask him questions and discuss other lines of aviation.

Woodward Earns Highest Average

Proclaimed Valedictorian

The averages for the members of the Class of 1930 have been computed. They are obtained by taking the pupils' Regents examination marks (or the final examination marks in those subjects which do not have Regents), adding them together, and dividing by the number of marks.

The pupil who has earned the highest average up to the last term of his Senior year is valedictorian. This year William Woodward has won that award with an average of 95.93 per cent. Hillard Swede, who has the second highest average, 90.42 per cent, is salutatorian.

Besides the valedictorian and salutatorian, seven in the class: Clara Rolando, Virginia Ryan, Margaret Neary, Barbara Maddren, Mildred Teta, Ruth Thompson, Stuart Choate, have averages over 85 per cent. Of the sixty-three pupils in the Senior class, there are forty with averages over 75 per cent, twenty with averages over 80 per cent, and only two whose averages are below 70 per cent.

It is very unusual for both valedictorian and salutatorian to be boys. Only once before, to our knowledge, in 1925, when Alan Porter and John Skillman received these awards, did boys win both honors.

"FRATRY" PLANS

SHOW APRIL 25

On Friday, April 25th, all Port Washington is to have the privilege of witnessing a local musical comedy, and, it may safely be said that this show will most favorably compare with current Broadway hits.

The setting of "Yesterday and Today" is on board a private yacht. The songs deal with past and present events, combining them in a most delightful and interesting manner.

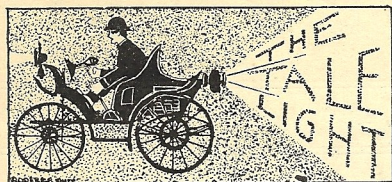
There will be some real hot hoofing by "Toddy" Anderson and "Connie" Caldwell. Eddie Capra and Frank Giresi will be the two comedians who spread laughter and merriment throughout.

So be on hand to witness Fraternity's annual presentation, "Yesterday and Today," the rollicking musical comedy of the year.

"Circle" Initiates Members

Monday evening the Circle welcomed into its numbers two members—Irene Johnson and Natalie Birchall.

It isn't customary to reveal those feats which the initiates had to undergo to prove their mettle. However, let it suffice to say that each proved her worthiness.



Spring Must Be Here

"Yuh know, hon' chile, I'se jus gor-ta feelin' 'twon't be long fo' yo mam-my'l be sayin' — 'Ebenazah, yo' all knows I'se had 'is heah bonnet ev' since yo' cousin Lize died las' Spring, en' yo' all knows it nev' looked right aftah yo' all mistooked it fo' a cooshun, so, Ebeneazh Jones, jus' yo' aixercise 'em big fat han's o' yo's en' conduct 'em on a special tour throo yo' pockits 'till yo' all disrecovahs 'at nice lil' roll o' greenies yo' all cleaned off'n the puples yo' 'all fool aroun' with las' mnight. I kin put 'at money to good use in a hurry; yo' all knows money hates to stan' aroun' jus' wait-in' — en' hon' chile, I'll jus' hafta do as she say, fo', 'side fum her bein' a sweetes' lil' wife in a worl', she migh-ty powahful.

En' speakin' o' spring, 'at bottle o' sulphah en' mollases am gettin' mighty res'less on 'at shelf.

Heah don' yo' all run 'way lak 'at, don' yo' do it. Git back on yo' poppy's knee, 'for long yo' all 'l be trussin' down 'em flowers I planted las' year. Git back heah.

There, 'n did yo' hear a crickets singin' 'way las' night? Thar's quite a concert on down thar. I'se speakin' with a ban' master jus' las' night an' he tole me 'at soon there'd be uncommon lot of competison, yah suh, he say he gotta shine up he feelers real bright so's to bline t' other ochestra so's they caint read their moosic.

Sho' must be Spring. Maimie en' George Washin'ton over there lookin' at each other lak' a couple sick cows. If those two sit there much longer there won't be no seat left, I'm tellin' yuh. Loogit thet! Guess we ain't wanted right in this vicinity, hon' chile, les' hike ovah to 'a main road en' see what gowen' on, eh?

Boy, loogit 'at! Ain't she a peach? 'At boat on' a trailer, chile, not 'at lil' pickininy. Didn' know yo' all was struck with the fever, too. Coupla months en' 'at boat 'll be churnin' up 'a rivah en' we won't hev no peace.

Wha's 'at bump on yo' haid, eh? Hornet! Sho', ain't no hornets yit a while, yo' all jus' lil' off, 'at's all. Uh, oh, yo's right, les' move subsequently. 'Ose apple trees sho' look lak there'll be sumpin' to eat on 'em mighty soon, don' they? En' loogit thar! Pook ole robin on a mat agin' fo' fussin' with 'em straws en' puttin' a house sorta crooked aftah she fixed it jus' so. Yah, suh.

Atmosphere sorta changin', ain't it, hon' chile— Mus' be gettin' Sprin fas' or sumpin'. Boy, 'twon't be long now for I'll — lan' sakes 'live! It be snowin'!"

Woodman Talks Fifty-Four Minutes

"How to learn the Organ in fifty-four minutes." by Woodman Scantlebury. It is a well known fact that Woody went into the details of all known pipe organs in a successful endeavor to establish a record for a straight line of talk upon the subject.

The scene was Mr. Dimmick's 4B English class of the seventh period. Book reports were the great American for the time and Woodman, not satisfied with fifteen minutes on the subject during the day before talked a steady streak upon his hobby for the entire fifty-four minutes, unaffected by the chuckling and shoveling performed by the critics Hooker and Gould. As yet Mr. Dimmick is endeavoring to analyze the speech in an effort to discover if Woodman had said anything concerning the book he was supposed to be reporting on.

Another of the latest books upon the stands is the following mystery novel "The Lady in the Brown Coat" or what to do during the April Schauers, by Joseph Teta. . . . Speaking of books

. . . Hey, Protested the customer to the owner of the bookstand, You gave me one of yesterday's Edgar Wallace stories . . . Turn on the green light, the man wants a green zuit.

Sport Thoughts are on thing, personal opinions another, Heed, A. Jr.

There's a sheep in Wolff's clothing cried Mrs. Wolff in dismayed tones. E-gad, avoid that future shadow, eat in the cafeteria. . . . Remember the Fraty Show (some weeks off).

You can't throw me of the force. (inspector to the commissioner.) What'll you do about it if I do?

Call a cop. . . . Who was the lady we seen you with at the dance, DeMeo?

. . . Hey, Hey, that wasn't opportunity that knocked at your door last week. That was the census taker. The dry agents motto—Take stock of all Beware of Dog Signs, the guy's still is liable to blow up any moment.

Have you heard that— Galley slaves of old had to wear horse fetters?

You can't get liquor in Philly Sunday mornings?

People who roll stones get asphixiated?

Flit is a meat substitute?

You can pass anything if you study hard enough?

There is no Santa Claus for Gold Diggers?

The N. Y. C. police force is still suppressing Communists riots?

If you have, someone's been kidding you.

Who walked out of Mme K's back door at 3 in the morning? By popular request.

To Whom It May Concern:

I wish to inform the following people that I will gladly accept their kind invitations to the Junior Prom: Roger Enscoe, Pete Paddock, Scotty Morgan, Stanley Kurejwo, Russell Terrell and Ward Duffield.

—Chloe Helfrich

Home-Work Now To Be Finished

Teacher Discovers Secret

After interviewing Jimmie Lyons, we have discovered how teachers know when your home-work is not done. First of all, to escape detection you must examine your eyes. If they are red-rimmed, you are lost. A weak or wavering voice dooms you to discovery. Slinking into the room and slouching at your desk with that hang-dog look about you is, positively, the last word. Experienced teachers have learned to regard the above as sure signs of unpreparedness. There is one young gentleman who neither slinks nor wavers but goes to hockey games. A hockey game is sure to mean no home work next day for him. We also know of a perfect gentleman whose etiquette is assured to cover up a head innocent of all Spanish. Mr. Lyons confided that he is a perfect gentleman nearly every day.

FROM WHERE DOES KNOWLEDGE COME?

From whence does that elusive quality called "knowledge" come? There are many answers; sometimes it comes from our friends, oftentimes from our enemies; it comes by the example of others and by our own individual attempt at learning; yet the greatest amount of knowledge comes from study of other people's store of knowledge, and this learning is to be found chiefly in textbooks prepared for our study textbooks of all kinds and on all subjects. An interesting general list follows of the number of texts used in our courses in high school: English 26, Mathematics 6, Science 4, History 7, Latin 4, French 11, Spanish 11, Commercial subjects 17, Economics 2, Drawing 3, Dramatics 2.

PROMINENT TEACHER DECIDES FUTURE

What would you do with a million dollars if you had it? An interview with one of our teachers revealed the fact that if he or she had that amount the first step would be to stop teaching, the next to take a trip around the world, the next to buy a good horse so that he might enjoy life to the full, and then to place the remainder in the bank. Who? Can you guess?

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