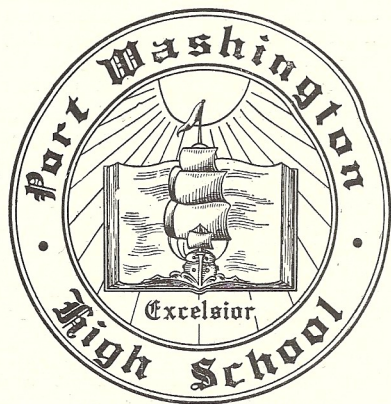


The Port Weekly

Vol. VII

Port Washington High School, Wednesday, December 17, 1930 No. 11, Sec. 1



The Port Weekly

Published weekly during the school year by the students of the Port Washington High School, Port Washington, New York.

THE STAFF

Editor-in-Chief

Winifred E. Croucher, '31

Associate Editor

Louis R. Kent, '31

Circulation Manager

Frank Jenkins, '30

Faculty Adviser

Ethel E. Probst

List of contributors—Mary Elizabeth Richardson, Frances Thomas, Elizabeth Turkington, Mrs. Langdon, John Crandall, Marion Mehan, Frank Jenkins, Caroline Millson, Leo Lanman.

Member of Columbia Scholastic Press Association

Editorial Comment

A week from tomorrow will be observed throughout the whole world as a day of gladness and rejoicing. It is the one day which makes the whole world kin. On this Christmas Day, in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred thirty, let "every heart rejoice". —P—

The staff of the Port Weekly wishes to thank those students who submitted material for the Literary supplement. We regret very much that all of it could not be used, due to lack of space. This response encourages us to issue another supplement next semester. —P—

It is interesting to note that Port Washington High School is the first school in New York State except the New York City schools, to have a special class for the deaf. This is quite a step in the advancement of education, and we are proud to think we are of the pioneers.

Port Enters The Press Contest

Notice was received that the annual Columbia Scholastic Press Association Convention will meet March 12th, 13th, and 14th, 1931. This is many moons hence; nevertheless, the dates are important ones. The actual date for the closing of the contest is January 15th, 1931, at which time all contesting papers must have submitted three issues.

It is the seventh annual contest and convention of the Columbia Scholastic Press Association. The contest is open to all magazines and newspapers published by secondary schools, and teacher's colleges. Port Washington High School has entered a number of contests, and is again planning to do so this year. It will be remembered that in 1928 the Port Weekly was placed in the third class, in 1929 in the second class, and in 1931 in the.....class. It is hoped that it will be nothing less than the first class this time.

Lip-reading Classes Recently Organized

The Port Washington school system has again expanded in matters pertaining to more diversified teaching. A week ago yesterday, classes for the partially and totally deaf were organized under the leadership of Mrs. Penington, who was recommended for this position by the New York League for the Hard of Hearing.

These classes are composed of pupils chosen as the result of the recent audiometer tests, and are three in number, a separate group being provided for those of the fifth and sixth grades, the Junior High School students, and those of the Senior High school. The pupils will be taught from their own text books and will meet on Mondays and Wednesdays from one to four o'clock.

Mrs. Penington is, herself, totally deaf and has won her A. B. degree at Columbia by reading the lips of the instructors.

This is surely a worthy effort and should prove a valuable aid to many who are partially hard of hearing.

Schedule for Week Beginning Jan. 5

School will close for the Christmas holidays at 2.30, Friday, December nineteenth, and will reopen on Monday morning, January fifth, 1931. The schedule for the week beginning January fifth will be as follows:

Monday, January 5—Commercial Club.

Tuesday, January 6—Chess Club, Glee Club.

Wednesday, January 7—Celerity, Fraternity.

Thursday, January 8—Glee Club.

Friday, January 9—Basketball—Boys' and Girls'—Manhasset vs. Port—8:00.

Festive Assembly Program Under Way

Tableaux To Be Given

Plans are now in progress for a Christmas assembly program, which promises to be quite delightful. The Nativity will be portrayed by simple tableaux. A musical accompaniment to these tableaux will be furnished by the Girls' Glee Club and the orchestra. The orchestra intends to play an appropriate Christmas selection, and the Glee Club to sing familiar Christmas carols, among which are special arrangements of "O Come All Ye Faithful", "It Came Upon a Midnight Clear", and "Silent Night, Holy Night". As a solo, Signe Gulbrandsen will sing an aria from "The Messiah", by Handel. In addition, the chorus from the Flower Hill School, which has broadcasted over the radio, has promised to supplement the program.

By way of a digression, it is interesting to note that Handel composed his oratoria, "The Messiah", in one tempestuous, tumultuous and inspired period, for it was begun August 22, 1741, and completed just twenty-four days later. One of the principals in the first performance of the oratoria, in Dublin, was Mr. Dubourg, of whom an amusing story is told. Dubourg was fond of introducing cadenzas into his music, whether sung or played, in spite of his score. At a special concert once, when Dubourg in his most elaborate manner began indulging in some fantasy of the kind, Handel himself stood up and exclaimed, "Welcome home, Mr. Dubourg; welcome home again, sir!"

This program is to be presented at the last assembly before the Christmas vacation. Inasmuch as this will be the first important undertaking of the Girls' Glee Club this season, it is eagerly anticipated, for they have been practicing diligently ever since the first of the term.

Mr. Jurien Hoekstra Delights Audience

"I saw Esau kissing Kate;
She saw I saw Esau."

Where were these memorable words heard before? In assembly on December tenth, when Mr. Jurien Hoekstra delighted his audience with a program of well-chosen songs. All his selections, those of a serious nature as well as those of a more frivolous character, were thoroughly enjoyed. Mr. Craft, his accompanist, played several selections unusually well. "Rush Hour in Shanghai," musically described the oriental crowd, talking and yelling with their shrill voices.

Both Mr. Hoekstra and Mr. Craft were received with spontaneous applause, due to their own individuality and to the excellence of their program.



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LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

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List of contributors to the Literary Supplement: Frances Thomas, Emma Hutchings, William L'Ecluse, Dorothy Heim, Marie McLaren, Jacqueline Atwood, Ruth Miller, Alva Thompson, Arthur De Meo, June Erickson, William Woodward.

Member of Columbia Scholastic Press Association

Hope

How my soul seems dead,
Where it, but a day ago,
Burned with a living fire.
My whole being throbbled
And worshipped life and love.
Short moments, they which come,
Then fly away so soon;
Leaving an emptiness, loveliness,
And hatred of mankind.

Why live I now to weep?
To the next world, perchance,
That happiness has strayed,
Does it await me there?
I hear a call urge me on
To join it in its flight.
Why do I stay here;
Would it not be better to have gone?

"You shall not leave this earth",
A voice to me is saying,
"Coward, simple human,
Who has no future thoughts,
For your own foolish self.
Kneel down! Pray to your God,
Have hope, you shall not leave this earth".

JACQUELINE ATWOOD

Dido Starts School An Introduction For Scandal To The Aeneid

Editor's Note: This first account, with some omissions, is the actual story as it is given in Vergil's Aeneid. The second is a humorous version, which is drawn parallel in construction and theme to the original.

Venus: Ho, youth! Tell me whether you have seen any of my sisters wandering about, clad in the spotted lynx skin, or clamorously pressing hard the boar's swift progress.

Aeneas: I have had no glimpse nor sound of your sisters. O! by what name shall I address you, maiden? Are you a goddess true, Apollo's sister, or of the race of nymphs? Be gracious, relieve our hardships and tell us on what shores we are thrown. For, as utter strangers, we wander here, driven hither by wind and wave. But grant my request and many a victim, slain by my hand, shall be placed upon your altar.

Venus: No claim do I have to such honors. It is the custom for Tyrian maidens to carry the quiver and tie the purple hunting boot high up the calf. You see the realm of Carthage, but the territory is inhabited by a race invincible in war. Dido is their queen. She fleeing from her brother, left her fatherland, Tyre. Long is the story of her injuries, and many are the details, but I shall relate the most important of these:

Dido had a husband Sychaeus, the wealthiest landowner of the Phoenicians who was loved very deeply by his unhappy wife. Pygmalion, her brother, influenced by his love of gold, murdered Sychaeus before the altar. However, the ghost of her unburied husband appeared in her dreams, revealing the hidden crime of the household, and to spur Dido on, Sychaeus told of the buried treasure. Dido, disturbed by these warnings, prepared for flight with her comrades. They sailed to the land of Carthage and there, Dido bargained with the king to purchase the amount of land covered by an ox's skin. Cleverly, she cut the skin into strips and placed them on the ground at wide intervals, thereby gaining the land. She then became established as Queen of Carthage.

Venus: Heigh ho! Everybody! Could you give a little girl a hand? I have several kid sisters dressed in riding breeches romping about the woods. I think they are making it hot for a wild boar.

Aeneas: No, lady, I haven't laid my peepers on them; in fact, I haven't even heard them. Say! by the way, where do you hail from; what'll I call you, Miss—you certainly throw a ritzy line—a debutante perhaps, or someone of the race a night-club hostesses? You need help? Say, give us a hand yourself. My men and myself are quite in a fog after the storm which just washed us up. Madame, if you'll only do this we'll plug the heart of any man found annoying you.

Venus: Big Boy, you sure do pour oil. You ask me where I got these glad rags, It's just an old Spanish

I sing of arms and a hero, Aeneas, that lunatic Roman, Father of Roman race, the cause of all Latin classes:

Born in the city of Troy, died in the land of the Romans,

Where in years to come, Caesar was to learn the language

For which we slave to-day—studying idioms and grammar.

Pestered was he at sea by deities cruel and hostile,

Juno and other abstractions, dwelling, 'twas on Olympus.

Controlling the world from this perch, a quarrelsome, meddlesome family,

Meddling forever with man, and what is none of their business,

Causing trouble in heaven, on earth, where men dwell, and in hell.

Pursued incessantly was he, by interfering immortals,

Till he a city should found, where Cicero, Caesar and Vergil,

Should set their pens to work, to worry students thereafter.

The city imperial exists, but not as the home of the Caesars,

Rulers at home and abroad, kings of the terra marique,

But the language exists today, full of inane complications

That students may learn just wherefore, proud Juno forseeing the future,

Attempted by various methods to exterminate the first Roman.

WILLIAM WOODWARD '30

(Published with the permission of the writer.)

custom for us girls to wear these riding boots. Where are you? Sure, you're in Carthage, inhabited by some pugnacious hicks called Libyans.

Dido, an-ex-Zeigfield girl, checked out of Tyre in a rush, when threatened by her brother, and started things stepping over here. She has had a life full of shady details. I'll just run over a few of these.

First of all, when living in Tyre, she had a parasite named Sychaeus, a real sugar daddy. But little brother Pygy (he was a pig—and how!), whose weakness was gold, conceived the brilliant plan of stabbing the Daddy and grabbing the sugar. He stabbed the Daddy all right, but a spectacular seance, which Dido threw with Sychaeus' spiritual attendance, thwarted Pygy's plans.

Now, it would have been all hunky dory if the spirit hadn't blabbed all about the murder, and a certain hidden nest-egg of his. Dido didn't wait for any mourning robes, but stepped into some sailor pants, collected her admirers and loading the gold, set out like Cara Bow, "True to the Navy". When she arrived here, she got this land by swindling a poor old Libyan, and founded Carthage.

And that's the tale of little BoPeep Who set out with a shipload of gold; Transporting her flock

And a lot of live stock,
She enclosed them safe in the fold!

WILLIAM L'ECLUSE 12-1

A Nightmare

How many times have you gone to bed with your homework for next day unprepared? I am sure that all students have done this, at least once, and will readily sympathize with me.

You retire and lie awake trying to think of some alibi for not having done the assignment. Many ideas flit through your brain, and presently you find yourself in the school room. The teacher orders the homework papers to be passed to the front. Her command is obeyed by everyone but you. She inquires as to whether there is anyone who has not handed in his paper. Diffidently you raise your hand and confess to the awful deed. The teacher's countenance changes from one with a benevolent expression to one that makes you shudder with fear. She comes toward you; she seems to have been transformed into some awful creature—a grotesque dragon, or perhaps, a dinosaur. She comes nearer, nearer. You try to shrink down in your seat, trembling and quaking. She is ready to pounce upon you—nearer, nearer! Oh, what a relief to be in your own bed.

You doze off to sleep again. What a beautiful garden this is. What gorgeous flowers and shrubbery! To whom does it belong? Hark! you hear harsh voices. They do not harmonize with such an exquisite setting. You recognize them as the voices of some of your teachers. Why must they intrude at such a time and such a place? A wild discordant din breaks forth. It seems to become louder and louder. You reach over and turn off the alarm clock. "Ho, hum, what excuse shall I give", you inquire of your tired brain.

DOROTHY HEIM 12-1

HILLS IN WINTER

Hills
Gently roll like foam-laden waves;
Wintry, climbing evergreens
Standing upon their back.

Wind
Playing, blows o'er white-topped hills,
Casting astray flakes heavenly,
In whirlpools of mirth.

Snow
Softly falls on green cap or blue;
The earth waits there silently,
Caressed by each flake.

Sleds
Swiftly run scarlet-painted races;
Youngsters sit on every one
Screaming for delight.

JACQUELINE ATWOOD

RAIN

The skies shed tears to-day
Which fall upon flowers and trees.
Soft tears are they, and gentle,
Resting on the earth which drinks
them deep.
Falling, falling, falling,
From gray skies which hold some
sorrow.

Why do you cry, poor sky?
JACQUELINE ATWOOD

Portraits of A Christmas Eve

If I were an artist, there is one picture that I would paint which would be my masterpiece. A simple picture it would be, portraying a certain Christmas Eve, when outside, the fields were covered with a billowy blanket of snow, while in the sky, the stars would twinkle brighter than usual, as if they were rejoicing over some event, known only to themselves. A stillness unearthly would seem to fill the atmosphere. The houses, and few there were, would be darkened, for it would be nearing midnight.

I wonder if those who looked at my picture could feel the unusual atmosphere and know that it portrayed the story of that blessed event which makes December twenty-fifth so dear to the hearts of Christian people.

EMMA HUTCHINGS 10A-1

The Face That Was Lifted

It is an odd sensation to see one's own portrait displayed in a photographer's window. I halted and stepped closer. Without doubt, it was my photograph.

As I stood in contemplation it dawned upon me that, since receiving the proofs, I had taken almost daily stock of the contents of this window. The point puzzled me. Certainly I had not been prompted by any conscious expectancy; I am the most diffident of men.

"That's the one," remarked the girl nearest to me. "Now what do you say?"

My heart stood still. She was pointing straight at my own portrait!

"You're right, Joan," she exclaimed enthusiastically, "It's perfectly charming—just too sweet".

"I say, I simply must have it!"

My head is not easily turned. Even at this moment, I am pleased to say, my thoughts were far removed from self. Indeed, I was just a little worried. Suppose these young ladies failed in their endeavour?

It would surely be a pity if such a simple whim as theirs could not be gratified. I determined, if necessary, to introduce myself to my admirer and ask her for her address. It would then be simplicity itself to forward a signed copy through the post.

At this juncture I perceived that the panel at the back of the window had been opened. A hand appeared and, hovering for a moment above the central group of frames, descended upon my picture. The next instant a most amazing thing occurred. My portrait was deliberately extracted from its frame and propped against a side ledge! I stood dumb-founded. The panel slid back into place.

The sharp click of the studio door roused me from my abstraction.

"I somehow knew they'd let me have that frame," remarked the younger girl as she emerged and tucked away her purchase. "All I need now is some nice-looking face to put inside it".

MARIE McLAREN 11-B

"The Fine Art of Reading"

Using Professor Rogers' own method of preserving one's reactions to a book as it is read, I have copied bits of thoughts upon a piece of paper. It would be impossible to write all that I thought about, because this whole book rouses a million truths to one's mind. It is full of philosophical and psychological insertions, which make the reading extremely interesting. They are all stated simply enough, however, for a brain not too highly developed, to grasp.

One statement which aroused my interest was one in which Professor Rogers accuses people who are intolerant of being wrong because they cannot understand the other fellow's viewpoint; yet how does he know that these people are wrong, for he may himself be intolerant. This is a rather far-fetched conclusion, yet it shows that the book does arouse one's perhaps too little-used brain to work, trying to figure out things for oneself.

When I had finished reading this commentary and explanatory epistle, I felt as though I should start at the beginning and read it all through again. There is so much material in it that it is impossible, for me at least, to have absorbed it in one careful reading. So, I might go on commenting for a long time, but read, "The Fine Art of Reading" yourself, and learn better how to read the books worth while!

JACQUELINE ATWOOD

Seen In A Hearth-Fire

Did you ever sit alone before a hearth fire, dreaming? There is no place I can dream with more ease. Dreams pass before me in the flames; old friends, old haunts, old events, followed quickly by new faces, new places, and new happenings.

A child's nursery appears in the flames. What memories of good times that room must keep within its walls! In one corner of the nursery is a box of toys literally overflowing. The wall paper is a myriad of Mother Goose characters, Little BoPeep, The Old Woman in the Shoe, Little Boy Blue, they are all there. A child is bending over a box of playthings. Clutching in one arm a very worn rag doll, and a nondescript bunch of clothes in the other, the little girl deposits herself in the middle of the floor, where she begins to dress the doll. Absorbed in her task, she does not heed the call of the other toys.

The scene changes. The girl has grown up. She is a senior in high school now. No longer do dolls or playthings interest her. School—history, Latin, English, French—, football games, parties, dances, boy and girl friends, all pass in review. There are so many things to occupy her time. Would that she were a little girl again with so little to divert her mind!

RUTH MILLER 12-1

An Air Show At Roosevelt Field

When we arrived at Roosevelt Field we had to wait in line an hour before we could get inside the gate.

The air festivals at Roosevelt Field are always a breath-taking sight. A large crowd is always on hand to witness them. On this particular Sunday, the show was better advertised than previous shows had been, partly because a number of celebrities of the air were to be present, and partly because the endurance plane had now been up for two weeks, nearing the record set up in Chicago.

Inside the wire fence enclosing the field, we saw planes warming up, planes flying overhead, and planes landing. We gazed around trying to find some man or woman famous in aeronautical circles. We saw quite a few, and then turned our attention to the field, because the first event was to go on.

The first event was given by army pilots. Twenty-four planes went up and flew in regular combat position. There were eight planes in a squadron forming "V's", one behind the other. They certainly looked as if they could do a lot of damage in case of war. The next event was stunt flying. The flier did "tail spins", "outside loops", "barrel rolls", and the "falling leaf", all very dangerous flying. He gave the crowd a great thrill when he came roaring madly down to about fifty feet from the ground, and then zoomed up into the air again. This pilot received a great ovation when he landed.

There were all kinds of remarkable flying stunts. We saw a girl stand on the top of the wing of a plane while in flight, parachute jumpers, racing planes tearing through the air at three miles a minute, and all kinds of planes flying about. Some of these were so peculiarly constructed that one wondered how such things could fly.

The thing that I enjoyed most was the contact between the endurance plane and the sister plane. All other activities of the show stopped when the contact was being made. In order to make a contact between the two planes the sister ship flew about one hundred feet above the endurance plane, and then dropped the fuel line. The endurance plane's relief pilot then grabbed the hose, and gas was sent down when the signal was sent from the other ship. While the gas is going down both ships must fly at the same rate of speed and keep on flying on a straight level all the time. Both pilots must be very skillful in handling their planes when this is going on, because one false move will make the result very dangerous to both planes.

When the show ended all the spectators rushed for their cars so they could be the first ones out. We finally got out of the field with little difficulty, and went home very much satisfied with the show we had seen.

ARTHUR DeMEO 12-3

A Philosophy On Good Books

I always have held very strong ideas on certain subjects. One point on which I am almost a fanatic, is the idea which some people have, that the so called good books are good for every body. It is my firm belief that any book, no matter how trivial or cheap, from which the reader gleans some truth, or obtains a mental satisfaction, or even derives some amusement, is worth while.

The many different types of readers may safely be classified into two general groups, the intelligent and the non-intelligent. A truly intelligent reader can obtain something worth while from the reading of any type of literature, which gives him a distinct advantage over the non-intelligent reader. The non-intelligent reader does not get intellectual ideas from his readings, although he does get something. The fact that his something is not considered so worth while by the more intelligent reader does not matter.

These non-intelligent readers value their scanty knowledge and enjoyment, perhaps more than the intelligent reader enjoys his. Therefore it must be of some worth, for a man's knowledge is just as valuable as the value which he, himself puts upon it.

To thoroughly understand and enjoy what the world terms the greatest books of all time, one must be educated to that sort of thing. There are millions of people who have never read, and never will read, Milton, or Shakespeare, or France, or Cervantes because they do not even know that these men lived and wrote masterpieces. Why, then should their usual reading be condemned, when it is the only kind they know, and can comprehend?

Then, until people are educated to the finer things in literature, I believe that my point of view, that there is something worth while in any kind of book, is correct.

ALVA THOMPSON 11B-1

DUSK

(continued from page one)

ellers remained at his bedside. Toward noon he became delirious, and hope for his recovery was slight. In the evening, after a fresh breeze had sprung up, Vergilius came out of his delirium, called for his manuscript, and asked to see a certain friend who was on board. He seemed to realize how grave his sickness was, and to entertain little hope for his recovery.

He entrusted the manuscript to his friend, and pathetically requested that it be destroyed, should something happen to him. He said that he did not want to pass on to the world anything which was not as perfect as he was able to render it. The friend consented to the demand of the dying man, only to forsake his promise later, in obedience to the Emperor's wishes.

It was a sorry homecoming, when they disembarked at Naples, with their poor burden. Vergilius was laid to rest just outside of his own beloved Campania, in a quite removed little spot in the hills.

FRANCES THOMAS, 12-1

"The Hoax"

By Italo Svevo

The introduction of this book consists of a brief sketch of Svevo's life. Since Svevo's death, two years ago, the praise that was denied him during his lifetime continues to flow from the Italian press, and the author of "La Coscienza di Zeno," "Una Vita," and "Senilità" is hailed as a literary star of first magnitude. The critics are doing their best to redeem a quarter of a century's indifference.

"The Hoax" is the story of Mario Samigli, a sixty year old Italian author, who, at the age of twenty, wrote a novel which was completely ignored. From the time Mario wrote this book, he had a rather indolent affection for it; it was impossible for him, so he thought, to write another novel which could compare with this one. He went on living his humble sort of life with his invalid brother, Guilo. Though somewhat faded, no longer robust, with few business worries, and a correspondingly small salary, and without incident, his life was made glamorous by his own flattering dreams of a glorious future. The playing of a practical joke on Mario by Enrico Gaia marks the turning point of the story. The climax is reached when Mario is rewarded by wealth, the publication of his novel, and the fulfillment of his dreams.

In short, one might say that "The Hoax" consists of three parts: first, Mario and his aspirations, second, a complication, and third, a happy ending. The third part solves the difficulties, but seems less real than the rest of the book because luck plays so great a part, and, because Mario's glory is so dazzling.

There is nothing hysterical or sentimental about this novel. Its story is simply and plainly told, and although the theme is not new, it is particularly well handled, so that the story of Mario is interesting. It has excellence, but no startling novelty, and the taste of the times is against it. There are no tricks of style, nor is the problem timely. One feels in every sentence how much more suavely the phrase must read in the original. The fault is less the translator's than that of the English language.

Were there fewer novels in the world, this one would probably stand as notable.

JUNE ERICKSON 12-1

TO A ROSE

Oh, delicate one,
How pink you are.
Your sun-kissed lips
No soul dare mar.

Amid green leaves,
Your stately form
Looks up to heaven,
In fear of storm.

The coral petals,
(So 'fraid they seem)
Are carved of ivory,
A fairy's dream.

JACQUELINE ATWOOD