

# The Port Weekly

Vol. VII.

Port Washington High School, Wednesday, May 20, 1931

No. 28



## The Port Weekly

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

### THE STAFF

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Member of Columbia Scholastic Press Association

## Editorial Comment

This issue of the Port Weekly is somewhat larger than usual, due to the fact that a literary supplement has been added.

The contents of this supplement are of such variety that everyone should find some reading matter that will appeal especially to his own interest. Some of the material was done in classes as regular work, while other material was done individually and handed to the editor. Everyone should feel it a part of his duty, to get some of his original written matter printed, when he is offered such a splendid opportunity as this.

Perhaps as you read the contents of this issue you will wonder how he could write a poem like that, or she could write an essay like that. Remember, this is spring the season when poetry becomes a simple task. Perhaps the person you thought incapable of composing a poem, stayed awake half the night of May 12th, trying to think of a better last line to his verse, or a last word in the fourth line that would rhyme with the last word in the second line.

You might say, "Why, I couldn't write a thing like that in a month of Sundays! I'm not a poetic being." Yes, that's exactly what the other fellow thought until he sat down and tried to write. He found, especially, at this time of the year, that thoughts just come in herds. Just try this and see if you cannot submit your attempt to the next literary supplement.

## Fratry To Show Its Stage Versatility

### Triple Feature Program

On Friday, May 22, at 8.00 o'clock, the Fratry will present its fourth annual show to be given at the senior high school auditorium. The show is to consist of a variety of features among which are two one-act plays entitled "A Girl to Order", and "The Gray Overcoat", comic skit entitled "The Nonsense School", and the Fratry chorus, featuring John DeMeo will also form part of the program. The latter is to be in the form of a radio program with many songs by the chorus. Arthur Hill will be the announcer. Several of the boys will adopt disguises. Frank Jenkins will be a butler, Ernest Jenkins, a girl, William Emmerich, a detective, and Texas Kosofsky, a proud father. The characters in "The Nonsense School" are:

A negro—Bob Lawton  
A Jewish scholar—James Curtin  
A country farmer—Fred Lausen  
The teacher—James Gerisi.

## Junior Prom Swings in Step For Friday, May 29

When the time for Regent's Examinations approach, with all their impending disaster, there is still a bright spot on the clouded horizon. This bright spot is the Junior Prom, the final farewell gesture to the Seniors of an appreciative Junior Class. This year the Prom is scheduled for Friday, May 29th, in the Flower Hill Gymnasium. It will begin at eight-thirty, and, contrary to the usual rules governing school dances, will continue until one o'clock.

The orchestra has not been chosen. There are two orchestras under consideration—the "North Shore Commodores", who are well and favorably known to the High School, and the "Pied Pipers", who play at the Knickerbocker Yacht Club.

Decorating plans have not yet been decided upon. The decorations are in charge of Donald Caldwell, and to judge by the results of the Fratry Dance, should be good.

## Port Turns Journalist

If appearances may be counted as a true indication, the journalism idea has taken a firm hold in the school. In addition to the French newspaper which the French club sent to Oliver Margolin, Mr. Herge's English classes have set up newspapers representing the town of Raveloe, pursuant to the study of "Silas Marner." These papers strive to simulate real newspapers as much as possible.

## Pawtucket Contest Honors Awarded

### Margaret Smith Wins Prize Pawtucket Tech Wins

The Port Washington High School presentation "Boccaccio's Untold Tale," although it did not bring home the cup, made a good showing in the contest sponsored by the Pawtucket High School in Pawtucket, Rhode Island. The medals awarded to the three members of the cast for excellence in acting were presented to Margaret Smith, Robert Fertig, Charlotte Bohn, respectively first, second and third.

The Technical School of Pawtucket won the first prize, an engraved silver cup which is, of course, an honor, for competition among twenty-one schools is keen, indeed.

Three well-known capable judges selected the winning play which was "Our Lady of Pain", a play which had been produced by the dramatics class in Port Washington a few years ago. As the contest took place last Friday and Saturday, the members of the cast of "Boccaccio's Untold Tale" were unable to witness the performance of the winning play, for they arrived in Pawtucket on Saturday afternoon.

Although Port did not win first place this time, better results are hoped for next year.

## Circle Banquet Contents Guests, Also Appetites

Last evening, May 19th, the members of the Circle and a large number of the Faculty met in the small lunch room for the annual Circle banquet. After a very delightful turkey dinner Mr. Dimmick recounted his experiences while working in the Edison Laboratories in New Jersey. His talk proved most interesting because of the fact that he discussed a few of the questions which appeared on his entrance blank. Some of these were quite similar to those required in the recent scholarship contest conducted by Mr. Edison.

The initiation of Tom Luey, and dancing occupied the remainder of the evening.

## P.W.H.S. Enters Oratory

On Saturday, the twenty-third of May, local high school students will attend the Interscholastic Speaking Contest to be held at Glen Cove.

Members of Miss Hawthorne's dramatics class have been giving much attention to the learning of some unusual selections. Together with several non-members the group will be judged at a preliminary contest on Tuesday, May nineteenth. At a special assembly on the following Wednesday, from the winners of Tuesday's contest representatives for the North Shore Interscholastic Speaking Contest will be selected.



## Fratry Column

We think this one is pretty good:  
A man was once driving in rural Vermont on an icy, rainy fall night in a Model T Ford. He had been going for some time in utter darkness, save for his headlamps, when suddenly he espied a red light waving ahead of him. He put on his brakes and came to a stop, wondering what sort of highwayman would be out on a night like this.

The man with the lantern opened the door of the car and stuck in his bewigged face. "Let me see your license," he demanded. The driver of the Model T banded it over in wonderment. "But what does this mean?" he asked impatiently. No answer. The man with the lantern compared the license with the plate on the front of the car, scrutinizing them carefully in the light of the lantern.

Finally the indignant driver burst out, "What is the meaning of all this?"

"Wal, there was a car stolen in these parts, and I'm looking for it," was the reply.

"What kind of a car was it?" asked our hero.

"Minerva coupe," was the laconic reply.

—P—

We thought Herbie Irwin knew how to take pictures, but we sort of lose our respect for him when none of the really good ones come out, for instance, when he took a flashlight of the notorious "Fat" Lawton and Miss Margaret Brown indulging in infamous moonlight sports.

—P—

Flo Tresilian thinks Air Mail letters are written on fly paper.

When is Clote Polk going to stop flirting with girls and take one out?

It is no wonder that Emily Haeckel can't get her typing done without mistakes while Bill Shanahan is sitting on her desk billing and cooing.

What the 10B English class needs is a couple of more good Indian Stories reported by Eddie Volpe.

—P—

We'd be good all the time if all the teachers were as thoughtful as Miss Stierle in keeping us composed. There's that adage, "A man's stomach is the seat of his affections"—and lollypops—well—Um—Um—

—P—

The sophisticated juniors would like to know who let the kindergarden out to see "Boccaccio's Untold Tale?" These cute little girls thought only those of higher intellect were able to appreciate such a drama.

—O—

The lure of the sawdust trail triumphed over the faculty. Messrs Mason and Dodds were seen strolling the midway of the Walter Main circus. They were vigorously debating whether or not to go to the side-show. However with many backward glances they went on their way.

—P—

Miss Stierle—"Name a country in Europe whose name is feminine gender."

Charlotte Bohn—"Australia".

## Enscoe Stars For Tennis Squad

### Sewanhaka Wins Match

Last week the tennis team was unable to play off any of the scheduled tournaments on account of weather conditions. The tournament with Manhasset may be played off this week but, since the second round of the North Shore Tournament has still to be played, the Manhasset game may have to be postponed until late in the season. So far, in the North Shore League, Enscoe won the singles; Williams and Lafferty lost the doubles in the Westbury game. This means that Enscoe will play Manhasset and the winner will play Stringham of Roslyn, who won the singles last year. Roger has been making a very favorable showing against some of the best players in the League and it is hoped he will be able to meet Stringham once more and give that gentleman some sleepless nights.

On Saturday the team journeyed to Floral Park to meet Sewanhaka. Enscoe was the only one to win his match 6-3 and 6-4, all the others being lost to that aggregation. That means two defeats from this school in one week, having lost to them in baseball the day before.

To date Port has won two meets and lost three which isn't bad for the first year at tennis. The coming tournaments ought to turn out more favorably since the experience the boys have gained will go a long way toward helping them to win.

This coming Saturday the team journeys to Great Neck for their second tournament with that school. At the previous meet Great Neck took the honors, 3-2. Not so next time, it is hoped.

—O—

### Maidens Of The Court Net A Good Score

On May 11, the Friend's Academy tennis squad journeyed to Port for a tilt with the local girls.

In the first singles between Mary Reed and W. Fell, Fell won the first set 6-3 but lost the last two to Mary by scores of 6-0, 6-3. In the second round Janice Martin defeated Florence Krage 7-5, 6-4 in the first and third sets, while Krage won the second, 6-14.

In the doubles Krage and Martha Reed defeated Pell and Martin 6-4, 7-5. In the second doubles Gillies and Fetter of Friend's Academy overcame Smith and Kidney, 6-2, 6-3.

The following day the Port girls went to Hempstead where Mary Reed defeated J. Granderman 6-4, 6-4. In the second set of singles singles Port was again victorious as Jackie Corrigan won from R. Whately by 6-1, 6-1.

Again in the first double Port came out on top. Florence Krage and Martha Reed defeated Doorly and J. Granderman 6-2, 6-2, but in the second double Port bowed to Hempstead. Monfort and Alexander won the first set 6-3, while they were defeated by Watley and Keawey in the second and third to the tune of 6-3, 6-3.

## Port Nine Loses Fourth Contest

### Conlin And Ananicz Star In Hitting

The Port Washington baseball nine lost to the Sewanhaka team by the score of 8-1. Heavy hitting by Conlin and Ananicz of the winning team helped to push the eight men across the plate. Port's run came in the seventh inning as DiGiacomo was called safe at home plate when the Sewanhaka catcher dropped the ball. The next game will be played against Mineola on the latter's diamond next Tuesday afternoon, May nineteenth.

Port, Wash.	AB	H	R	E
Curtin, l. f.	2	1	0	0
Terrell, s. s.	3	1	0	0
Salerno, 3b	3	0	0	1
Yorio, c. f.	3	0	0	1
Bronner, r. f.	3	0	0	1
Polk, 1b.	3	1	0	0
Kosofsky, c.	2	0	0	0
DiGiacomo, 2b.	2	0	1	0
Walker, p.	2	0	0	0
Paddock, p.	1	0	0	0
Gerisi, c.	1	1	0	0

### Sewanhaka

Fisher, s. s.	4	1	2	0
Donawske, 2b.	4	2	1	0
Wilken, c. f.	2	1	1	0
Ananicz, c.	3	2	1	1
Conlin, 1b.	4	1	1	0
O'Keefe, r. f.	2	0	0	0
Dwyer, l. f.	2	0	0	0
Bocercherl, p.	3	1	1	0
Johnson, 3b.	2	0	1	0
Doyle, c.	1	1	0	0
Wider, r. f.	1	0	0	0

—O—

### The Four Horseman Ride

"Boccaccio's Untold Tale" has served a double purpose for Port Washington High School. Not only did it afford an opportunity for Port High to compete in the Dramatics Contest, but it also afforded some real sport and some fine recreation for a few of Port's honored students. Robert Read, Frank Jenkins, Larry Ryan, and Robert Greig felt the need for a short "buggy-ride", so they took Bob Read's Ford and pointed her nose for Pawtucket. They left on Friday morning, and remained in Pawtucket until Sunday, which gave them an opportunity to witness the plays.

—O—

### Schedule For The Week

Following is the schedule for the week of May 25th-30th, 1931.

Monday, May 25th—Girls' Tennis—Westbury at Port. Boys' Tennis—At Manhasset.

Tuesday, May 26th—Retort

Wednesday, May 27th—Play Day at Great Neck La Tertulia.

Thursday, May 28th—Girls' Tennis—At Friends Academy.

Friday, May 29th—Baseball—Manhasset at Port. Junior Prom.



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LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

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## A MOUNTAIN LAKE

The grey phantom mists rose slowly  
from the crystal lake,  
Twisting and curling over the tops of  
the mountains,  
And the lake, unsheathed from its  
grey blanket,  
Shimmered and sparkled, reflecting  
the blazing glory  
Of the great red disc, as it climbed  
slowly above the mountain.  
The wavelets, breaking on the shore,  
made a soft gurgle  
To the accompaniment of the rhyth-  
mical splash-splash of a paddle,  
As a canoe glided swiftly thru the  
iridescent water,  
And slipped silently into the shad-  
ows.

Martha Messenger, 10B

## DREAMS

Oh! as I stroll 'neath the skies of  
blue,  
The robin warbles forth his joyous  
notes,  
From the treetops on the hill;  
My heart is filled with a gleeful  
song,  
And I sing as I march along.

So I stroll as the hours go by  
I climb the mountain high and wide  
And watch the sunset on the hills,  
As it goes down with the dying tide.

At last the day is o'er,  
The night is coming fast;  
And I find myself at the open door,  
As my dreams come true at last.

Catherine McLaughlin, 10B

## A POINTER

Erect he stood, long, graceful,  
slim, standing on the tips of his  
paws with leg muscles trembling,  
sniffing the delicate scent of the  
quail. His tail was pointed and  
all was quiet. The silence was  
broken—shots rang out—  
The quail dropped dead.

Dorothy MacVicar, 10B

## THE SUN

It rises in the morning,  
And gets me out of bed,  
It sets in the evening  
And sends me back again.  
When it's dark and dreary  
It runs away and hides;  
But when it's bright or cheery  
It laughs and rides the clouds  
Which endlessly go by.

Walter Miller, 10B

## DEAR DIARY

(Editor's Note: This page from the  
diary of a girl during the time of  
the Civil War was supposedly written  
on November 15, 1864 about the  
time of Sherman's March to the Sea,  
and came to us by way of the Amer-  
ican History classes.)

Friday—Dear Diary, I awoke at  
daybreak to the squawking of chick-  
ens and the squealing of pigs. Peer-  
ing cautiously thru the curtains I  
spied several Union soldiers darting  
violently thither and yon in the hen-  
coop. The soldiers (not the ill-fated  
chickens) were in most excellent con-  
dition, sleek and well filled out.  
What a contrast to our own unfortu-  
nate brothers!

They were shouting boisterously in  
the thrill of the chase, their joyous  
cries of victory as they swooped  
down upon a scrawny hen comming-  
led with the lusty complaints of the  
victims, when suddenly an ominous  
silence fell. I craned still further  
at the risk of falling out and behold  
three officers wrapped about each  
other's necks advancing over the  
nearest hill and singing, or rather  
murdering, a song which had some-  
thing to do with John Brown. Evi-  
dently the rascals had descended  
even to raiding the cellars.

The officers found neither hide  
nor hair, only an unusual amount of  
feathers. This struck them so funny  
that they spent the day giggling in  
the hencoop waiting for the chickens  
to come to roost. Poor creatures, I  
fear they now cluck at the heavenly  
portals, waiting for St. Peter to let  
them in.

I feel that I too shall be tapping  
there soon if something more sub-  
stantial than feathers—Oh well, I'll  
not complain. At last I begin to lose  
that annoying avoir du pois which  
made it impossible for me to fit snug-  
ly into the very daring frock aunty  
sent from England.

J. Mackie, 12B

## The Unknown Knight

Fair dawned the day and singing.  
Singing too  
The heart of beautiful Lorraine, the  
Star  
Of Arthur's court, where many ladies  
fair  
Urged on the knights to greater con-  
quests far  
Than could be won without their  
sweet applause.  
Lorraine, the Star, her golden  
tresses wound  
With silken strands of deepest azure  
blue,  
Her sea-gray eyes enfringed with  
lashes black—  
Embodiment of all fair grace which  
men  
Forever seek, but seldom chance to  
find—  
Sat on her throne, the Lady of the  
Jousts;  
While round her were the ladies of  
her court.  
And as each knight on mighty  
charger rode  
Into the field of later tourney jousts,  
Before the queen he bowed with  
humble mien,  
Received her smile, and rode, en-  
couraged on  
Into the field to prove his worth and  
skill  
Against brave knights as strong as  
he, as swift.  
Lorraine, the Star, as on each  
knight she smiled,  
Found one who when she smiled,  
smiled back,  
A smile of utter sweetness to Lor-  
raine.  
And she, by some impulse unknown,  
untried,  
Tossed him a rose of purest white,  
from out  
The corsage fastened at her waist.  
The unknown knight received the  
pure white rose,  
And fastened it upon his armor,  
where  
It might be seen by all who looked  
on him.  
Then riding forth with rose upon his  
breast,  
Charged into battle with a zest so  
great  
That none could equal him in grace  
or power.  
At last he and one other knight  
alone  
Remained upon the battle field to  
joust.  
And fairly matched were they who  
now fought on.  
The ladies watched with breath in-  
drawn and hearts  
That beat with quickened throb and  
tumult high,  
As clashing, driving, sparring,  
charging on  
The two knights fought nor seemed  
one better than  
The other. But the unknown knight  
was armed  
With more than brand or lance or  
shield; for he

(continued on page two)



## SAILBOATS

Sailboats are like great, white birds with wings outspread. They dip to the sea, only to rise again, flashing their snowy, white wings in the sun. The wind urges them gently onward; as a shepherd gently urges his sheep on the homeward path at sundown. The sparkling, blue water deftly parts before the winged monsters' painted beaks—and meanwhile laughs—a rippling laugh—at the sun, whose brightness it captures—though only for a moment—before it slips into the vast blue sea again—the vast blue sea—which seems to reflect the scene in white cloud-boats in their blue sky-water.

Mary Dobson, 10B

## THE TRAMP STEAMER

Across the far horizon on the bright gleaming sea,  
Steams a dirty tramp freighter with her black smoke tumbling free  
Of her tall, slender funnel and drift-in toward her lee.

And way, way down in her dusky hold below the waterline,  
The ship's heart beats and turns the screw that thrashes the sea of brine  
In a broad white wake of glistening foam that streams far out behind.

Robert Forbes, 10B

## MON JARDIN

Mon jardin, n'est pas grand  
Maise je l'aime beaucoup  
Parce que dans mon jardin  
Se trouvent des carrots, des choux  
Des haricots, des pommes, et des pois  
Mais des mauvaises herbes surtout.

Paul Woodward, 10B

## MON JARDIN

Il est printemps dans mon jardin  
Vois des fleurs le long du chemin!  
S'yvais les compter chaque jour  
Et chaque jour j'en trouve plusieurs  
Quand il pleut et il fait soleil  
Mes fleurs fortes et belles grandiraient

Je suis triste quand l'hiver est venu  
Car alors mes fleurs ne sont pas vues!  
Nancy Lowry, 10B

## GYPSEY SUNSET

In flaming beauty flung across the western sky  
Is trembling all the passion, lust and beauty of  
A gypsy's fond farewell. The softening of the flame  
To pink, then rose, then graying purple holds above  
All the strong exotic vigor of a gypsy's love.

The smoky blue of autumn twilight swiftly falls;  
With dainty touch of fingers cool it soothes the eyes,  
While scent of burning leaves wafts fragrant on the breeze.  
The twinkling stars appear,—the moon begins to rise—  
Full and round and glistening it smites the evening skies.  
June Erickson, 12B

## The Development Of Newspaper Chains

The New York World, one of New York's most famous of contemporary American newspapers, has gone out of existence. After struggling through five years, during which time the paper lost money continually, its owners sold it to the Scripps-Howard group of newspapers. It will continue in name only as part of the New York World-Telegram, an evening paper. The transaction took place in the closing days of February. The last editions by the World editors were delivered the evening of the twenty seventh. By the thirtieth the transaction had taken place and the deal closed.

Thus, one of the best dailies has followed the course of more than 300 others since the World War, by becoming part of a chain of newspapers. This chain system has been a subject of much discussion, and the merging of the World with the Scripps-Howard Telegram chain has added more fuel to the flames of the debate.

The loss of the World was felt keenly by all classes of citizens throughout the States. The strength of this sentiment was shown by thousands of letters, telegrams and pledges of money received by the World's employees during their dramatic fight to preserve their paper as an independent organ. The loss of the World is therefore an important trend among present day newspapers.

During the last ten year an important change has been taking place in the field of journalism. This business, like most other businesses, has gone in for consolidation, for larger and larger business establishments. Smaller papers have united to form bigger ones; newspapers in various cities have been linked together under single management and ownership. Since the war the number of newspapers sold has increased greatly while the number of newspaper establishments or businesses has greatly decreased. Where have the rest of the papers gone? Into chains. This is quite a natural solution to the problems of the newspapers. The grocery stores do it, the theatres do it, the hotels do it. Why shouldn't the newspapers?

There are many arguments against the chain system, such as, "Chains of newspapers will enable one group to swallow up smaller papers", or "Chains of newspaper will say anything they please without fear of trouble." However, these are but small arguments in comparison to the good they do the public.

This world is steadily becoming more and more united. The chains are but another step toward world organization.

Harry Bell, 11B

(continued from page one)

Had fastened to his armor in the front

The pure white rose Lorraine had tossed to him.

And it was this that won for him the day

The fight, and, too, the heart of sweet Lorraine.

Eve Cleveland 12B

## DEFEAT

I bare my hands for the fight;  
Silence reigns in the room;  
Near me, my weapons, so frail and light;  
Alone, I wait my doom.

Tussling and tugging with sore blistered hands,  
I struggle to gain control;  
But there, still my enemy stands,  
Stolid, menacing, and ironical.

Baffled and broken, I staggered back;  
Into a dark sea of ignominy I dove;  
With all the strength in the world I lack  
The power to conquer that stubborn old stove.

Martha Read, 10B

## SWIMMING

A cooling sensation—  
The swishing, swashing, and  
Soft gurgling of waters,  
Whose cool and soothing touch  
Purifies one as he surges onward  
Into the deep.

Eileen Hassett, 10B

## GREEK DEMOCRACY

Some of the few short-comings of Greek democracy were as follows. Greece approved of slaves. This seems a great defect to modern eyes but the Greeks viewed it differently. Slaves were treated well and received equal wages with the freemen laborers and having Greek slaves to do the work left the Greek citizens with time to use in the arts, public affairs, etc. Another defect was the suppression of women in political matters. Greek women were generally uneducated although not intellectually inferior. A third defect was their narrow view of keeping inside the city walls politically. However, the city-state ideal was not too strong to hinder their uniting during the Persian War.

Greek democracy had many advantages one of which was direct democracy. This idea would not function well in modern cities, but in Greece it gave almost everyone a chance to hold a public office and at some time schooled them in citizenship and public spirit. Their practice of ostracism prevented anyone from becoming a tyrant or political boss for but six thousand out of one hundred or more thousand votes were needed to exile a man. Their courts with large public minded juries were very unlikely to be bribed. Also no man had a chance to exercise a Spoil System which has not been foreign even to the government of the United States. Greece had modern ideas in that she had in each city certain commissioners of departments, such as roads, water supply and public works.

In general it is conceded that the good points of Grecian democracy well outweigh her faults.

Malcolm Anderson, 10A