

The Port Weekly

Vol. IX

Port Washington High School, Friday, December 23, 1932

No. 14

Drama Presented Saturday Evening

Veteran Thespians Play Lead Characters

Soon after 8:30 p. m. last Saturday night the Port Washington High School dramatics department presented its annual production. "Icebound" was selected this year. This three act play by Owen Davis won the Pulitzer Prize for 1922-23.

The Auditorium was not filled. It is believed that this was due to the fact that many would-be theatregoers were "snow-bound".

All of the action of the play took place in the Jordan homestead at Veazie, Maine. The plot deals primarily with a family, the members of which are not on the best of terms with each other, and its avidity towards their mother's money. The mother leaves all her money to Jane, a servant girl, who, in the course of time, turns it over to the youngest son, according to the mother's wish.

The role of "Jane", the servant girl, was portrayed by Eileen Hassett. "Ben", the youngest son and the black sheep of the family, was played by Kingsley Poynter. The prim and proper sisters of the Jordan family, Sadie and Ella, were played by Martha Reed and Berenice Rich, respectively. Henry Jordan and his wife, Emma, were portrayed by Herbert Irwin and

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Christmas Celebrated In Assembly Thursday

The weekly assembly held on Thursday instead of today as originally planned, was devoted to a Christmas program. "The Adoration", part of the Vesper Service held last Sunday, was repeated for the benefit of the students. A skit, "The Toyshop", in which Margaret and Bertram Wood played the leading roles and seven members of the Pantomime Class did a doll dance to the Victor Herbert score from "Babes in Toyland", completed the program.



Cut by Florence Colby

SEASON'S GREETINGS

May the spirit of Christmas be with you during the holiday season and through the year which lies ahead.

May we each help to spread peace and good-will to all in Port Washington. Let us bring joy instead of sorrow, comfort in place of want, cheer where there has been discouragement.

I can offer no better wish for each pupil and teacher in the school than the one which has stood the test of time:

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

William F. Merrill,
Principal.

Celerity Gathers Toys As Christmas Gifts

This year the Celerity, trying to gather surplus toys to brighten the Christmas of a few local children, asked the school in an announcement in assembly to contribute what toys they could. The idea was to get enough to fill ten or twelve stockings. These were handed over to the Village Welfare Society to distribute by Christmas.

The Junior High School started this custom several years ago. Their response was always gratifying. But this is the first year that the Senior High has taken up this custom.

Fratry Sponsors Christmas Dance

Features Include 7 Piece Colored Orchestra

Tonight at 8.00 p. m., the Fratry presents its annual dance. This dance is to feature a seven piece colored orchestra and modernistic decorations. Admission is one dollar per couple.

The Fratry committee for the dance is composed of Bob Lawton, Fred Millson, and Frank Kalinosky, with Don Caldwell as chairman.

"Bobby Jones' Happy Boys" is the orchestra which will play for the occasion. This orchestra, composed of seven colored lads, played for the Junior Prom two years ago. The decorations are to be modernistic. Streamers will be hung to give a dome shaped effect for the ceiling. An illuminated sign, with the letter "F" on two sides, will be hung from the center, and another sign, reading "Fratry", is to be displayed across one of the walls. Lounges will be furnished instead of the usual benches. The orchestra will be surrounded by palms.

Mr. and Mrs. Merrill, Mr. and Mrs. Costello, Mr. and Mrs. Schreiber, and other faculty members have been invited to attend.

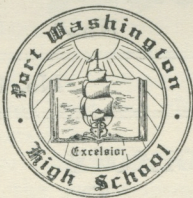
Advance ticket sales have been fairly large, according to Fratry members.

Terrier Puppy Presents Absorbing Problem

Tuesday, the third period French class witnessed the Prohibition sentiments of Port Washington, expressed by Dingy, Rosemary Yetter's Sandusky terrier puppy. Rosemary's "petit frere" brought the pup to school as a "prop" in the telling of a Christmas story in French.

Everything ran smoothly and the "prop" behaved very well, considering its tender age. The story completed, Bob Stewart, in a business-like manner, proceeded to swath "Dingy" in a muffler, while he lay across Miss Stierle's desk. Oops! — "Miss Stierle, le pere Noel will bring you a new blotter!"

The Port Weekly



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Literary In connection with Supplement the Christmas issue "The Port Weekly" is issuing a special literary supplement composed of poetry, short stories and essays written by the various embryonic authors and poets of the school. Although many of the contributors are connected with **The Port Weekly** we are extremely pleased with the wealth of new talent that is herewith making its debut.

One of the main reasons for this addition was the desire to provide opportunity for our unknown writers to express themselves publicly. Much worthwhile, original material written by students is lost to all save a few, because of the lack of a medium of wide publication. We believe that a literary supplement fills in part this vacancy and we hope that the student body will support it with its contributions and patronage.

We would like to reiterate the fact that **The Port Weekly** is your paper and that without your sympathetic support it cannot possibly achieve that purpose for which it was instituted, namely, to provide a medium of expression for student opinion, to assist in maintaining the spirit and tradition so vital to the welfare of our school and to publish a timely and readable account of the various school activities.

Christmas Christmas—what is it? Spirit Technically, it is an annual church festival, kept on December 25 in memory of the birth of Christ, and celebrated generally by a particular church service and with special gifts, greetings and hospitality. Materially, it is the time of year when gifts are presented to family and friends. Spiritually, it is a season for joyous giving, happiness, and friendliness.

More and more the material aspects of Christmas are being stressed, while the spiritual nature is receding into the background. People no longer dare to entertain an old fashioned Christmas spirit. A combination of both types of Christmas makes up a real holiday spirit.

Coming Attractions

Friday, December 23 — The Christmas recess begins at noon. The Fraternity dance will be held in the gymnasium at eight o'clock.

Wednesday, January 4, 1933 — School reopens at 8:45 a. m. The regular club meetings will be held at 2:49.

Thursday, January 5 — There will be Red Domino and Council meetings. The Council will meet in the faculty lunch room. The girls' basketball team meets Hicksville here at 4:00 p. m.

Friday, January 6 — There will be an assembly at 2:20 p. m. Remember to buy your **Port Weekly**.

Gossip In Our Skule

Dear Stewdes,

Hello bois and gurls. Kindli pawz uh moment in your kollum trotting and geev a look att thee following lowdown.

At thee verry encouraging basketball gaim last weak Ernie seamed a little nervus. Wuz thatt blond watching yew, Ernie? (Bee carefull Ernie —R. Patten wuz sean casting eyes in thatt direkshun and pew no Ray.)

Another wurd uf advice tew thee luvlorn. Blond boi, (thatt artist iz making tyme. (Yes, thatt meens yew Jack.)

Kweschun: Duz Jill still sitt on thee arm uf Ken's chair?

And duz Alfeeld still kast roman eyes in Mill's direkshun? Wee wonder . . .

And wee hav lerned thatt thee reezon why Rosemary and Barbara ar such good frends iz thiss: There iz uh compact between them.

Addenda: Haz that gurl dizerted Bob for Jack? After an afturnoon on Richards Road wee kan redily sea whi thee bois tak there gurls slay (?) riding.

Wel as the song goes—sew too bed.
Yore servunt,

S. O. L.

HIGH TIDE-INGS

I thought of writing about "Ice-bound" and its spellbound, snow-bound audience. I thought of writing about the Celerity initiation and all the surprising things that were revealed there. I thought of the basketball game and who was with whom and stuff. And all the time I knew that I owed it to my readers to write about Christmas. So hang the holly, bring in the yule log, light the candles and select a not too conspicuous, but not too obscure, spot for the mistletoe.

Guess we better delve into the mailbag for the rest of this: here's a card from Don Dillenbeck, "I wish you all could cheer." Thanks, maybe I'll try it. And this package looks exciting — "Don't Opun Until Christmas" — why, it's from Mr. Brown! What's in the package? What's in a name? I'll keep your secret, "Will-of-the-Wisp". Here's a Port Weekly envelope, maybe there's a Christmas check in it. Ooh, no check, and double check—look:

Dear Miss Sheehan,

I regret that owing to the depression you will be expected to take a ten percent cut in your salary. This will take effect immediately after the first of the month. Happy New Year.

The Editor.

And a note from a Daddy says that if I wish to find something in my stocking Christmas morning I'm not to take it off at night. And here's a tasty little recipe for "Pun Pudding". What holiday could be complete without one? I can Holly wreath the directions, but this is what I season the first page. Take a little Christmas, there's lots of it cheer. Then add tree spoonfuls of cards Santa Claus you mix it slowly. Xmas the spot where you add a dash of thyme then ribbon some nutmeg greetings. New Year going to have to be careful about the trumpet it in slowly and star stirring. Oh, I'm getting merry tired of all this. Oh, oh, oh would yule log to take a walk? Snow foolin', candle this nonsense be stopped? I'm going to hide in the cornucopia all this stuff into longhand and present it to the editor, because spirit is Monday and mistletoe went to market and this little column went to press. So let's turkey in the door and go home.

I'll be Sheehan you!

Literary Supplement

The Port Weekly

Recompense

By Emma Hutchings

David Williams, Greenville's only lawyer, was about to retire for the night, when there came a terrific and hurried knock at the back door.

"Now who can that be at such a time of night? Why it's past ten o'clock!" he exclaimed. Nevertheless, he hastened to open the door.

Lo and behold—There stood Herman Umpshwagger, who was better known as "Umpy" to the townspeople, among whom he had lived for the past fifteen years. Because of his comical German accent and his quick temper, he was teased and was made the butt of every joke, by the local smart-alecks. He was rather conservative, and therefore few people were really intimate with him. Ever since he had come to Greenville, he had kept bachelor quarters in a little dilapidated shack, on the outskirts of the town. No wonder Lawyer Williams was startled to meet him at the door!

"Why Herman!" he declared, "What's the matter? Won't you come in?"

"Yah, yah," panted Herman, all excited and trying to catch his breath. There was a wild light in his eyes, and he seemed terribly frightened.

"Mister Williams, you got to help me, yah! You got to tell dar people dot it wasn't my fault dot I killed him! Please Mister Williams, I didn' mean to do it—Gott im himmel, I didn'. He made me so mad, Mister Williams dot I chust did it—and ven I seen him shtretched out dere, all full uf b'ood—ach du heb! Please Mister Williams, please, you got to tell 'em I didn' mean to do it!" and he fell into a chair, sobbing violently all the while.

"My good man," exclaimed Williams, "I don't know what this is all about. Will you kindly start from the beginning and tell me all about everything. Now stop your trembling and don't be frightened. Above all, don't omit anything—"

When "Umpy" had recovered sufficiently to permit his speaking, he began.

"Vell, you know, Mister Williams, now it's coon-hunting season, and sometimes me und my dog Heinie, sometimes ve go oud und hunt coons. So tonight, me und Heinie shtart oud to Miller's Woods—dot's ten miles from here, yah, und about half a mile from mine house ve meet Charlie Schmitt mit his car, und he is going coon-hunting, too, und he say to me,

"Say, 'Umpy' vy don't you come up to Gooch's Gulch mit me? Dere's lots of coons up dere—I never go to Miller's Woods, because dem woods is all cleaned oud of coons, now."

"Yah-h-h," I say, 'but dar Gulch is twenty miles from here, Charlie, und I'm a old man, yah, und I can't walk so far like I used to, ain'd it?'

"So chump in dar car," he say, 'und I drive us over dere.'

"So I say 'Yah' and me und Heinie get in dar car und ve ride for maybe ten miles. Den Charlie, he come to dar

(Continued on Page 5)

On Climbing Mountains

By Martha Messenger

"I never loved your plains;
Your gentle valleys,
Your drowsy country lanes
And bleached alleys.

I want my hills!—the trail
That scorns the hollow,
Up, up the ragged shale
Where few will follow.

Up, over wooded crest
And mossy boulder
With strong thigh, heaving chest,
And swinging shoulder.

So let me hold my way,
By nothing halted,
Until at close of day,
I stand, exalted."

I know of nothing which gives the same feeling of attainment and exhilaration as reaching a mountain's crest after a steep and arduous climb. That one exalted moment when you stand on the highest peak and look down upon the panorama of rivers, lakes, fields, and forests is worth the difficult ascent many times over. Your aching muscles and gasping breath, your parched throat and bramble-torn hands—all of these are trivial things, forgotten in the elation of reaching the top.

Now use your imagination and climb with me to the top of a certain mountain from which I have enjoyed the view. A great part of the climb has been a long, easy incline along a well marked trail, but now it slopes steeply upward, whirling around boulders and ledges of rock, causing our breath to come short and our foreheads to become damp with perspiration. Suddenly the trail ends and there looms before us a precipitous wall of rock. On approaching, however, we find it scalable, for footholds have been hewn out. After a difficult climb we scramble over the last ledge of rock and panting, breathless, we stand at last on the crest.

Far below us a serpentine river winds around the bases of the mountains. With the growing dusk the lights of that arching bridge across the river have twinkled on. They are looped against the darkness like a necklace of brilliants, and their reflection dances in the waters below. The pure sweet notes of taps echo from a camp far down the mountain side.

"High on my hills of dreams—
Dear hills that know me!
And then, how fair will seem
The lands below me.

How pure, at vesper-time,
The far bells chiming!
God, give me hills to climb,
And strength for climbing!"

—Arthur Guiterman.

Mr. Wimble

By Robert Gibney

Mr. Wimble was a happy man in spite of the fact that he, himself, was not aware of it. He was the extremely successful executive of the Katz Kandy Kompany, producers, as everyone knows, of that delicious, nourishing and vitamin-rich confectionary, Katz's Krispy Krunches. Mr. Katz's sudden demise having been mourned by all and sundry a few years before, the business passed into the competent hands of Mr. Wimble.

Being now a "captain of industry" he was seldom seen either in the marts of trade or the spacious office vacated by his predecessor. Consequently he had more time to devote to his two primary interests—his golf game which he was constantly striving to improve, and the long malodorous cigars which he alternately smoked and devoured. There were, it is true, other factors in his life, including a wife, three children and dyspepsia.

It was the latter that indirectly caused his metamorphosis from an honest, upright and God-fearing citizen to one of the more objectionable, although pitiful, forms of humanity, a self-appointed symptom-hunter. All as we have said, because of something that could have been easily remedied by paying more attention to the magazine advertisers and their claims. (Our hero was well acquainted with the art and finesse of advertising and he looked with frank incredulity at the delineations of a man smiling as he ate corned-beef and cabbage, hamburgers and mince pie.)

He had come to his Nemesis as a humble suppliant presenting votive offerings of bicarbonate of soda, and he had called down upon it, with not a little invective the wrath of God, all the lesser dieties including Satan, and the singularly ineffectual curses of a man tyrannized by his own digestive system. He had now rather vaguely decided to enclose the iron hand within the velvet glove, in short to approach the problem from a scientific standpoint.

To do this he enlisted the aid of a time-honored family institution, "The Home Doctor", a volume of heroic proportions inherited from the elder Wimble. Under the inclusive heading of "Dyspepsia and Similar Complaints" he found many interesting facts and edifying remedies, and had he stopped there all would have been well, but being a man with more than his share of curiosity, he began idly at first, but soon with increasing and morbid absorption, to turn the pages of the hitherto disregarded treasury of information.

At the end of one hour he realized that he was a good deal sicker than he thought, at the end of two he knew that he ought to have competent medical care in a hospital, and by the time the third passed in its way he felt himself already embalmed and reposing

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"And The Fates Smiled"

By Norma Uttal

"Goodbye everybody! I'm sorry I have to leave you. I did my best." A big man sobbed into the microphone, sending his message to the people in the crowded hall and then hobbled out of the room.

The master of ceremonies explained, "That was Harry Brenner, folks, who just left the marathon dance floor. This is the seventy-ninth day and the four remaining couples—"

* * * *

On April 14, 1890, Harold Brenner, noted financier, was born. He was a perfect baby, born into a perfect setting, given perfect gifts by adoring but not so perfect relatives. The Fates smiled tenderly as they fitted a gold spoon into his perfect mouth. As the years went on the promises of his birthday were fulfilled and he became one of those oddities of nature — a well liked rich man's son. There was one small thing missing, however, in his make-up, but this lack was hardly noticed, namely, the fact that with his baby set of a gold spoon, no pusher had been bestowed to furnish him with any ambition.

During his school career, young Brenner was nourished on such stimulating phrases as "Wow! look at that boy go. That's the third year he's won the hundred yard dash," or, "What a perfect swan dive." He passed his studies by the breadth of a hair and the grace of his teachers, whom he flattered or bluffed, according to the sex. He was always the "life of the party", and excelled in the sports he liked. He did not attempt the others. It was essential to his happiness for him always to lead. If he could not outshine everyone he left the field free to his competitors and tried the next easiest thing.

When Harry graduated, as a matter of course he was taken into his father's business and made an executive immediately. His duties apparently consisted of walking into the office some time before noon, greeting the secretary familiarly with a "Hello Beautiful", asking for his mail and walking out. His days, however, were crowded. He played hard at polo, tennis, and swimming, a typical carefree and lighthearted son of the rich.

Then the impossible day came when the senior Mr. Brenner's entire gilt-edged fortune was swept away in the turmoil of 1929. Harry was left to shift for himself, and the Fates smiled uncertainly as if wondering whether he could fight the tide and win by the strength of his warm personality. He secured a creditable position in the firm of one of his father's friends. The novelty pleased him and he performed his work easily and quickly. After a few months, however, the routine bored him, and since he was not immediately lauded as a huge success in the business world, he felt he could do better elsewhere, and so betook his talents to the streets and looked for new land to conquer. His former position with a noteworthy firm stood him in good stead and he was soon placed at the head of a minor department of a smaller business house. A year later found him look-

ing for a new job and dissatisfaction was again the prime agitator.

Knowing a vaudeville executive, he determined to see if his extraordinary diving could help him attain a position. He started in an undesirable position on the bill, but with an excellent troupe. His position did not satisfy his craving for leadership, and so he merely stepped down one step on the theatrical ladder. He went on the road as a headliner, and while he was enjoying himself, he incidentally did quite well. It seemed that he had found an anchor and would raise himself to the peak. For a year and a half he traveled with a vaudeville troupe, seeing lands "from the outside of the gate" of his wealthy patrons.

During the last week of performance, Harry seemed nervous and excited. He had invested his small savings in an uncertain venture. The night that he was supposed to hear about the money came and during the show he was preoccupied. He took his place on the high diving board, scarcely calculated the distance, and jumped! His jump was too wide and he missed the small tank. He was rushed to the hospital with two fractured ribs, a broken leg, and a broken collar bone. Six months later found him destitute, looking for a job, and eleven o'clock, on a cold November night, saw him sleeping on a park bench.

"Hey! there! How would you like a private apartment in the hoosegow? Get offa that bench and get movin'." A burly policeman rudely interrupted his dreams and he was forced to move on.

None of Harry Brenner's friends would have recognized him as he paced the streets of the small New Jersey town, ragged, unkempt, an apparent hobo who had never known refining influences. He stopped by a signboard, to strike a match and light his last cigarette, when the flaring letters caught his eye. DANCE MARATHON * * TRENTON, NEW JERSEY * * STARTING DECEMBER 15 * * He entered his name and was paired with a young girl, Patsy, and given number 45. Patsy was rather pretty and wholly self-centered.

The contestants were allowed fifteen minutes' rest each hour. Between the rests and the times that Harry rested on Patsy, or more often when Harry carried Patsy, Couple No. 45 lasted for seventy-five days. Then the rests were changed to three minutes every hour, and Patsy's strength began to fail. Finally, on the seventy-eighth day she collapsed, unable to bear the strain any longer. According to the rules of the contest, Harry could only solo for twenty-four hours, and if, within that time, he did not find a partner, he was automatically out of the running. Sixteen hours! Seventeen hours! Eighteen hours! and none of the men seemed to be lagging. The Sweetheart Couple, the Mother and Son, little Irish Kitty and her partner, all were going strong. But Harry's constitution, weakened by his fall from the diving board, could stand no more three minute rests and rebelled. He collapsed on the floor and was taken out by the doctor, who allowed him to come back and say a few words.

"Good-bye, everybody! I'm sorry I have to leave you. I did my best,"

Soliloquy On Beauty

By Robert Forbes

As far back in the depths of history as the learned chroniclers can tell us anything of man, we know that he loved and appreciated the beauties of the earth. Perhaps such specimens of humanity as the Neanderthal or Cromagnon man did not have an opportunity in their efforts to keep alive to notice the glorious gifts of nature but at least in the earlier civilized people there was recognition of these wonders. There was the Egyptian of six thousand years ago who saw in the sun a most wondrous and important part of his particular section of the universe and promptly made it a god. Later in ancient Greece we know of the blind bard, Homer, telling of "the rosy fingered dawn", while in old Rome there was no lack of gratefulness for pretty landscapes and marvelous panoramas.

So we come down through history to the present day when this great enthusiasm for the beauties of the earth has not abated in the least. Poet's masterpieces are often the result of the contemplation of a blade of grass or a golden hearted daisy, while essayists reach their prime in compositions containing their thoughts on life's principles seen in commonplace objects of nature.

I bear these ardent admirers of nature no grudge, for I also marvel at the sight of a distant mountain range and feel my spirit surge when I behold the milky way on a clear night. There is, however, within me a certain fiber of feeling, a chamber in most inner self which responds and opens only to the sight and sound of machinery. There is nothing that stirs me more than to stand beside a monster electric generator and feel its pulsations as the great rotor within whirrs around. Its high pitched hum, reaching almost the proportions of a roar, penetrates to my soul like the music of an organ. It is the anthem of the machine age. This massive thing enclosed in a glistening steel jacket seems to have a beauty unparalleled.

I have stood on the station platform amid the smoke of a great railway terminal and have been entranced with the scene. Powerful steam engines were at the heads of long shiny trains of cars. They were engines with great driving wheels under tremendous black boilers. Sleek greyhounds of the rails emitting clouds of hissing white steam.

These great wonders of our age have a singular beauty which has never been known before. It is a sort of cold beauty of steel workmanship. Curves and points and a sharpness of outline combine to make an unequalled physical beauty. There is something else in these giants, however, that stirs one. It is the realization that within these machines is represented the greatness of the age in which we live and that they are all the productions of man's hand.

Harry sobbed into the microphone, sending his message to the people in the crowded hall, and then hobbled out of the room. And the Fates smiled cynically as they watched the prodigal son leave the limelight.

Mr. Wimble

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under the sod with his friends and admirers above ground stating in various ways what a great feller ole Henry had been. In reality there was only one thing wrong with him, he did not have falling hair (he had none to fall) and if a spark of humor had been left to him he would have appreciated what a stroke of wit it would be to tell that significant fact to the boys over at the club-house. But he only sank down into his chair until he was resting upon the mediary portion of his spinal column and there rose from the depths of his despair the single word, "Gosh!"

His hypochondriacal reverie was interrupted by the advent of wife, Emmaline, just returning from the "movies" of which she was an assiduous student. Usually Mr. Wimble was the equivalent of the square in her imposing presence. (Many competent authorities suspected that there was an Amazon lurking in her ancestry.) Knowing that he was as good as a dead man he replied to her shrill, "Henree", a sullen and rebellious, "Umm-whatinhell d'you wan'?"

This amounted to mutiny and she recognized the fact. There was ample proof of his preoccupation in the fact that it was not until the end of two minutes that he was reduced to the silent and shapeless jelly to which she had been accustomed. When he was answering "Yes m'dear," to everything she said, he was informed that what he needed was a nice, restful vacation in the mountains.

To be merciful, we will pass quickly over the vacation. Let it suffice to say that he encountered there, as does everyone else, a bevy of damsels in that stage of life when they have acquired enough operations to discuss them expertly. While he had had no operation more serious than a tonsilectomy, he had so many other ailments that he became the chief figure in their little circle. They gave him many brands of sympathy and introduced him to the philosophy of Author Schopenhauer, the novels of Dostolovsky and a few more equally funereal novelists.

When he returned home he donated his golf sticks and cigars to the local garbage collector and finally began to wonder over the advisability of seeing a doctor. So, one smiling day in In-d'an summer; such a day as those when budding, young lyricists rack their cereb-ums to find a new rhyme for "love", or a new way of saying "I wanna go back", Mr. Wimble dragged himself with a heavy heart to the office of the family physician. This worthy leach proved entirely too optimistic to suit Henry and as a result he lost almost all his faith in the medical profession.

For the following week the Wimble outlook was a solid and unbroken gray. On a Saturday evening a week later the family was gathered for a convivial evening at home. The three children were amusing themselves with books ranging from "Peter Rabbit" to the "Rover Boys". Mr. Wimble was presenting for the approbation of no one in particular his now habitual imitation of an introspective cow. Mrs. Wimble was perusing a magazine and it was she who broke a prolonged silence.

"Henry", she said.
"Huh"

"Henry, I want you to look at this." "Wha, Wassermat?" her spouse made answer, only partially recalled from the realms of high blood pressure and diseased organs. By the time he was in full command of his faculties (?) he found himself holding an open magazine. He saw a picture of a large ocean-liner, under which artistic effort the caption, "Are you in ship-shape condition" met his eye. It was the advertisement of a well known life insurance company, urging that all middle aged men should be examined periodically.

"Emmy," he said, "wa's this?"

"Don't you think that you ought to see them", said Emmy with the adamant ring in her voice that should have warned him.

"No, I don't, those doctors couldn't find a thing wrong with you if you died in front of them."

The examination took three days. The blood test showed that his kidneys were in a bad way. A complicated electrical device showed that his heart was built on the lines of a sponge. His arteries were hardening at an alarming rate. His teeth were practically a hot-bed of infection. His thyroid gland was remarkably deficient in iodine. His gall-bladder might very possibly start producing gravel. He also had flat-feet. These were the only parts intelligible to the laymen; there were seven typewritten pages of highly technical language.

When he received it he was strangely satisfied for a while, but soon the proverbial nightmare of the tripe eater was as nothing to the inferno of symptoms in which he lived. His sleep was a long array of cirrhotic livers, delicately hued in green and yellow; digestive organs dissected to show the most intriguing congestion; veins and capillaries swollen to the size of garden hoses, hearts feebly struggling with large pieces of fat; kidneys in the most advanced stages of degeneration; and arteries as hard and inflexible as glass tubing.

Exactly one week from the day he received the report, Mr. Wimble drank one fluid ounce of bichloride of mercury and then shot himself.

Nativity

Long years ago when Christ's birth was at hand,
Three learned men foretold the great event,
And gathering gifts, set out in caravan;
Before them myrrh and frankincense were sent.

Across the desert sands the wisemen swayed
On camelback. The guiding star shone bright
To lead them on to where the Christ was laid,
In lowly manger barn one wintry night.

Now through the seeming gloom of earthly woes,
The path ahead lies straight and ever clear,
Illumined by the light that Christ's word throws
Dispelling lowering clouds of doubt and fear.

—Robert Forbes.

Recompense

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edge of a lot of trees, and he shtop de car und he say to me,

'Come on, "Umpy", ve valk now.'

"I say 'yah' und me und Heinie und Charlie valk und valk—and valk, und ve don't see no coons.

'Charlie', I say, 'dere ain'd no coons in dis place.'

'Vait awhile, "Umpy", he say. 'Ve ain'd in dar good shtop, yet.'

"So ve valk some more, und pretty soon ve come to a field und in dis field dere ish pumpkins, und I say to Charlie,

"Look at dem pumpkins, Charlie, I would luff to take home one, yah."

'Vait 'till ve come back,' he say. 'Den you can take home two!'

"Yah, sure," I say, and ve valk some more und pretty soon ve come to a potato field, und dere ish potatoes in dot field und dey ish all fixed up in bags.

'Charlie,' I say to him, 'dem ish nize potatoes. Py golly, I could use a bag um dem, yah!'

'Vell, chust vait 'till ve get back to dar car, "Umpy" und you can take dar potatoes und dar pumpkin, too!' he say to me.

"Dot's all right mit me," I say. So ve valk a couple miles more, und himmel! I'm getting tired, already so I say to Charlie,

'Say Charlie, ve must have valked maybe ten miles, und ve didn' see no coons, und it's awful cold und my feet ish hurding me like anything!' but chust den Heinie shtarts to yellup und Charlie say,

'Shh, "Umpy" und look over dere behind dot big tree, where Heinie ish yelluping. See dem eyes? Dere ish a coon, "Umpy"!

"Yah, yah, yah, dere you ish, mister Coon," I say, und I pick up my big shtick und I club dot coon between dar eyes, und den reach down und pick up my coon und I put him in my hunting coat. I can't see him because it is dark like pitch, but dot coon is a heavy coon!

"So den ve valk some more, und pretty soon Charlie say to me, 'Say "Umpy" do you smell something?'

"No Charlie, I don't smell noddin'," I say.

'Dot's funny,' he say, und den he say to me, 'Holy Shmoke, "Umpy" smell your coat!'

"Ach du liebe Gott! I smell my coat und I find oud dot dot coon vas no coon—dot coon vas a shkunk! So Charlie say I should trow away dot shkunk, but I vant dot shkunk—so Charlie say he tink ve go home now, und dot dumkopf valks ahead of me—vay ahead of me, und even my liddle dog Heinie don't valk mit me!

"Anyhow, ve valk und valk and ve come back to dot potato field, und I say to Charlie dot he should help me get dot bag of potatoes, but he chust keeps on valking und I hafta pick up my potatoes, along. Again ve valk some more und finally ve come to dot pumpkin field und I pick oud a big pumpkin. It ish heavy, dot pumpkin, but dot pumpkin ish a good pumpkin, und I carry dish pumpkin und dem potatoes und dey ish very heavy.

"Charlie, where ish dot car?" I ask him.

A Final Plea

By Emma Hutchings

"— and, dear God, please, please don't let her shop in more than fifty-seven stores, because she always compels me to act as a human moving van, and you recall what happened last year. For a whole week after, this humble being was bedridden, suffering from bruises inflicted by the multitudes. You must recall, also, that I was unable to earn my daily bread by the sweat of my brow—and I was also hindered from earning money toward paying that horde of bills that always arrives on January first."

"Too, Lord, permit her not to entertain in her little head, the thought that she must buy me ties, shirts, socks—or even suspenders! Remember, Lord, she is but a frail female being, lacking that much to be desired quality—good taste. She knows not that my inner being strongly resents such a combination as an orange shirt and a green tie, for each year she favors me with such atrocities."

"Therefore, Lord, cause her to forbear doing such a drastic thing, year in and year out. If she simply must go in for colors at all—well, I've always liked peppermint striped pajamas!"

And in conclusion, dear God, I ask that you forsake not the plea of this martyred husband, nor of the husbands of other women who persist in doing such illogical things. As man to man, I ask you to do something about the situation. Amen.

P. S. After all, Lord, how would you feel if someone sent you some red socks and purple suspenders?

Christmas

1918

A box from home,
Some mulligan stew,
Laughter and jokes,
And maybe a song or two.

The shelling has ceased;
The night is calm and clear
As over the trench hovers peace,
And a catholic Christmas cheer.

1932

Lines of men without homes
Shuffling along two by two,
Uniforms gone, chilled to the bones,
Jobless and broken—the luckless few.

They are the heroes of yesteryear,
Starving ghosts without hope or cheer.

Give more than your looks at pity
To these legionnaires of our city.

—John Stuart.

(Continued from Page 5)

"He say to me, 'Chust ahead uf us, 'Umpy'."

"Ve valk a couple miles more und dem potatoes ish hurding my back und dot pumpkin ain'd light neider, und again I ask where ish dot car und again he say to me dot it's chust ahead. But ven ve valk anudder mile und dot *——!!* car ain'd dere, I open dot bag uf potatoes und I chuck dem on dar ground. Den dar pumpkin ish getting too heavy to carry, und I ask

Night Before Christmas

1932

'Twas the night before Christmas and all through the house
Not a creature was stirring who wasn't a souse.

The bottles were placed on the tables with care

And there wasn't a full one left anywhere.

The couples were nestled in corners apart,

At every queer noise they would part with a start.

Mom and Pop had gone off for a spree,

Leaving the house to my pals and me. As out on the lawn there arose such a clatter

The dumb ones all wondered what the — was the matter.

With one nervous hand I clutched at my throat

And wondered what poor dame was playing the goat.

Light shone from the porch on the new fallen snow

And I suddenly knew things had reached a new low,

For my Mom and Pop had returned from the dance

And then I knew there wasn't a chance.

I hid all the flasks in under a chair, Desperately hoping they would stay hidden there.

Quickly the couples withdrew from their nooks

And all settled down to read kiddie books.

Their tempers were not at all calmed by the drink,

"Oh, blinkety blank and blinkety blink,

Not very tactful of them, do you think?

They might have stayed later, or sent us a call

Instead of trying to surprise us all." With fumbling hands they groped for the door

And then in a heap they fell on the floor.

With sighs of relief we picked up their junk—

I'd forgotten sometimes even parents get drunk.

We put them to bed and then went ahead

To celebrate Christmas—'tis enough said!!

—Ruth Critchett.

dot vizenheimer where ish dot car und he say to me,

'Dar car ish right on dar odder side uf dot shtonewall, "Umpy", but I don't believe dot dummoxx und I smash dot pumpkin into a hundred million pieces.

"Und den, Mister Villiams, ve reach dar odder side uf dot vall und edre ish dot *——!!* car. I tink of my liddle potatoes back in dot field und I raise my coon club und I hit Charlie between dar eyes. Den I tink of dot luffly big pumpkin dot ain'd, anymore, und I hit him again, und he don't move. I call him and shake him und he don't say nodding! I'm shcared! Did I kill him? Ish he dead? I take oud from my hunting coat my shkunk und I put him under Charlie's nose—und he don't move! So I know Charlie is dead!

"But, Mister Villiams, I didn' mean to kill him!"

Faces

By Mary E. Dobson

"But Lancelot mused a little space;
He said, 'She has a lovely face;
God in his mercy lend her grace,
The Lady of Shalott.'"

Thus in Alfred Lord Tennyson's classic poem, "The Lady of Shalott", we find Lancelot wishing well to the lady of the fair face, who is an absolute stranger to him.

So it is today. We are instinctively drawn to any "lovely face", though we may never have seen it before and may never see it again. Through all the ages, it seems that men, at least, were always drawn to a woman with a beautiful countenance. Helen of Troy, Dido of ancient Carthage, Cleopatra, Mary Queen of Scots — all were famous — or notorious — because of the beauty of their faces.

Just what is beauty? The dictionary calls it "loveliness; that combination of qualities which delights the eye". Yet the features of every human being are completely individual. It is also a well-known fact that every person sees differently; that is to say, every person notices a different thing about the same object. Considering these facts, it seems to me that it must be very unusual features which attract all who look upon them.

But features do not make a person. One may have a countenance perfect in every detail and yet the personality and character behind that face may be repugnant and utterly despicable. Suppose you one day chance to see a very beautiful woman. Several days later you meet that same woman; thereafter you do not consider her as being beautiful. Why the sudden change of mind?

Heritage

"Christ went up to Calvary".
The faith for which He gave His life
Bequeathed to us, by all His strife
That we might know and gain the key
To heaven and eternity.

"Christ went up to Calvary".
The Wine and Bread He left to us
Became our Life and Sustenance
To all who would His followers be
The hope of an eternity.

"Christ went up to Calvary".
The unbelieving chaos formed
A shining, brilliant light that dawned
A creed, for all of those as He
Who saw a great eternity.

—Aimee Wiggers.

Christmas Day

As the world goes on and onward,
As the customs change more and more,

There is always one thought that lingers,

"When Christ lay in the straw".

This day aside from all others
Binds the new world with the old.
Christmas is a century in a day,
With its prayers and stories retold.

Joy rings in the hearts of everyone,
It is a day to be happy and glad.
But spend a short time of the day
Thinking of the hardships He had.

—Betsy Kearton.

PHYSICAL DIRECTOR A WORLD WAR VETERAN

Mr. Seeber's home town is Milford, N. Y. After graduating from high school, he entered Bucknell University to study Chemical Engineering. He joined the Sigma Chi National Fraternity, and played both football and baseball. His World War experiences began when he enlisted in the Ambulance Service, two weeks after the United States declared war.

He trained at Camp Crane, Allentown, Pennsylvania, for one year. He was suddenly called into service, and after two hours notice he embarked on the Guiseppi Verdi for Europe. The vessel left her convoy after part of the trip, and sailed to Gibraltar, thence to Genoa, Italy.

In Genoa the Ambulance Service established a camp. After three months, Mr. Seeber, who was a first lieutenant, led his ambulance unit over the Alps to France. He was in on all the St. Mihiel drive.

Following this, Mr. Seeber had charge of six ambulance units throughout the Argonne drive. Most of his work in the Argonne was with the Rainbow Division, from which he received honorable mention for a service medal.

At the conclusion of the war, Mr. Seeber entered the Savage school, from which he graduated as a physical director.

He came to Port Washington in the Fall of 1921, and coached all the boys and girls sports, besides all the physical direction work. In his first year he coached the only undefeated football team Port has ever had. As the system has increased in size, his supervisory duties have taken more of his time, and some of his coaching duties have been taken over by others. Now he assists in coaching football and coaches indoor track and baseball.

Mr. Seeber has twice been the President of the North Shore Athletic League, and was the first physical director to be elected to represent Long Island in the State Committee for High School Athletics.

We cannot speak too highly of the good will and respect which the student body and the community holds for Mr. Seeber. As a symbol of our good will towards him, our athletic field has been named "Seeber Field".

Bothersome Bus Bawls Up Bobbies

By Emma Hutchings

Aw pshaw! We're all bawled—I mean bound up! Yessir! With great expectations of seeing the local production "Icebound", Saturday, Miss Hansen and the members of her art class visited the Brooklyn Museum of Art, earlier in the day, and after being snow-bound they came home, only to be bound up in blankets!

As usual, old faithful (the school bus to you) was employed, and did he make life interesting for our young artists!

At noon the party started home with a monstrous appetite, but, thinking his passengers would be less hungry if they had something more important to think about, "old faithful" halted on some trolley tracks, directly in front of the path of three trolley-cars. What a situation! But the strange part of the matter was, those pupils got even more of an appetite, because they began to fear that as soon as those trolley-cars got near enough — they felt they'd never have another to eat another meal.

—and is that bus obdurate? Well, it took three policemen and the driver to convince it that trolley tracks are not the hitching-

posts for busses! However, just to show off its spirit of playfulness, "old faithful" took six hours to bring the students home. Off and on he did the most unexpected things!

Speaking of art, however, didst know that the pupils sketched a Cossack? (Well, what if he was merely advertising the new Chevrolet!)

By the time the curtain was ready to rise on "Icebound", our artistically inclined little dears were snuggled under piles of blankets with hot water bottles.

Late Saturday night as they lay deep in slumber, those students had the worst nightmares! Someone dreamed a Cossack was fastened to the front end of a trolley-car, and a new Chevrolet was headed straight for him! Someone else dreamed she was buried up to her neck in snow! Her blankets had fallen off.

Our girls were mistaken for a revue at the Chevrolet showroom, and they saw four Hawaiian players (or mistook four men for them!) But then—"There's no art to find the mind's construction in the face!"

Port's Profiles

This week Port's Profile takes the contour of George Podeyn, a former Flushingite, who now resides in Bayside. George came to Port last year and immediately became an important and indispensable fixture of the school. He became associated with the Port Weekly and turned into a Walter Winchell to give us the gossip of the day. He joined the yacht club in school and became one of its officers. He also belongs to the Bayside Yacht Club and can be seen on many a bright day sailing o'er the briny deep. Sailing proves to be George's favorite outdoor sport and chewing gum is his favorite indoor sport. His pet aversions are Billy Butler's jokes and sions are Billy Butler's jokes.

George likes to tinker with gasoline engines when he is neither reading, studying, or sailing. We don't know how often he indulges in studying, but we do know that in his work he comes up to par.

George won't confess about anything concerning "les femmes" and refuses to tell us if, like the true sailor, he has a girl in every port.

Coming: A Vacation

What interest now has chemistry? Vacation time is drawing near. One finds that French and algebra Do not mix with Christmas cheer. While all the world is having fun With packages and trees Oh! Why must we of Shakespeare learn

While for our freedom we do yearn The extra time we soon would turn To trimming Christmas trees. Heigh ho! for a jolly Christmas day

With turkey, cream, and pie And all the joys of Christmas toys Shared by the world outside.

—Aimee Wiggers.

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Fratry Column

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—P—

The members of the Fratry wish Coach Costello a speedy recovery. This is what we heard our cheerleaders say the other day:

Mildred—"Say, I don't see how football players ever get clean!"

Honey—"Silly, what do you suppose the scrub manager is for?"

Poor Shields always getting it in the neck.

—P—

I tried to keep "Chappie" Miller's name out this week but couldn't. He is boasting so much about "Dot" Talbot that I had to put it in.

—P—

Last Thursday, "Ernie" Jenkins telephoned a certain member in Manhasset at 10 P. M. After an interesting conversation she asked "Ernie" what time was it. He looked at his watch and said, "12:10 A. M." Just think, two hours and ten minutes. But that was not all, — when this was related to "Attorney" Bob Lawton, he said, "What's that — he still has nine minutes to go to beat my record!"

—P—

Mr. Dodds—"Who is a debtor?"

Frank Giresi—"One who owes money."

Mr. Dodds—"And what is a creditor?"

Frank—"The one who thinks he is going to get it."

—P—

Charles (Chalooka) Karazia — "Where were you last night?"

Harry (Fish) De Meo — "Great Neck."

Charlie—"I don't believe you."

Harry—"Vell, vos you dere, Charlie?"

Charlie—"No."

Harry—"Den I vos in Great Neck."

—P—

We witnessed brother vs. brother in last night's basketball game. "Romeo" Ernest Jenkins with 2 hours and 10 minutes of inspiration behind each shot — and — "Doctor" Frank Jenkins, he-man from Alfred. The girls are inquisitive — "Frankie, where did you get such a cute tooth-brush?"

Boys' Varsity Overcomes Roslyn High 30-19; Juniors Win

On Friday, December 16, Port defeated Roslyn in their second encounter. The scores of the first and second teams were an improvement over those of the first meeting. The score of the Junior Varsity game was Port 15, Roslyn 12. The varsity downed Roslyn 30-19.

The Junior Varsity after gaining a lead in the first quarter kept it throughout a hard fought game.

Port's regulars played much better than they did in their first game. After losing De Meo in the first minute of the game because of a fall and after trailing Roslyn 5-2 at the end of the quarter they came through on the long end of a 30-19 score.

It was a fast and furious game, although after Port once started to click the victory was never in doubt.

Palmenteri and Jenkins each chalked up 10 points, while Di Leo of Roslyn led his team with 6 points.

Last night Port played the Alumni at home, in a game especially arranged in order to avoid an extended layoff due to the fact

'Icebound' Given Saturday

(Continued from page 1)

Dorothea Rose. The Jordan family was completed by Genevieve Jasinski as Nettie, and Margaret Wood as Orrin. Bob Stewart played the role of Judge Bradford, Bertram Wood was Doctor Curtis, and William Berges was the sheriff, Jim Jay. Mary Edgar was the house servant.

Miss Hawthorne was, of course, the director. Charles Harper headed the back-stage crew, and John Stuart took care of the lighting. The art classes collaborated on the scenery. Many of the costumes were dug out of old trunks by the actors. The High School Orchestra furnished music between the acts. Jean Curtis and Marjorie Utz handled the ticket sales, and William Berges took care of the publicity end of the production.

that no game had originally planned for that date.

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