

The Port Tweekly

Voluminous XXX, No. 3.2

Judgment Day, Gabriel's Horn Blowing

Practically Priceless

Bicycle-For-Two Is Not Too Speedy

War Correspondents Warn Us Of Red Bathing Suits

While spurring his horse down a local boulevard on all four cylinders, your special correspondent was taken unawares by a whizzing figure pumping past him with all fours flying on a vermilion bicycle-built-for-two. Scenting news in the air yr. s. c. followed in the trail of dust.

The fleeing figure continued for several blocks at breath taking speed with the intrepid press right around the corner. Weather reports received en route from the Port Tweekly bored-casting service indicated the atmospheric conditions to be fair and undoubtedly warmer as the evening progressed. Speeding up for an especially dangerous corner the fleeing figure was at last passed.

Witnesses Varied

The accounts of fifteen and one-half eye witnesses definitely established at this time that the man in the flying red bathing suit was none other than the notorious bon vivant Arentyoubald Hutchinon. Tethering his vehicle to a toadstool he proceeded on foot from this point to the estate of the widely known beauty, Ketsy Bearton. The squeaking of sneakers against wood announced that an attempt was being made by the intruder to scale the heights to the lady's boudoir. Suddenly, the lady appeared on the balcony and the raving reporter retreated blushing during the whispered sweet nothings that followed.

Re-emerging from her room with six hatboxes, a steamer trunk, dressing case, four weekend bags, a pup tent, and a knapsack the lady lowered the parcel to her waiting hero. She then stepped forth on the balcony, her shimmering red wig falling down the trellis in snowy cascades of dandruff. A whistle and sneeze and the lady had descended. Gurgling joyously the pair mounted the velocipede and started pumping away for Niagara.

Heavy Shotgun Fire

At this point the night was shattered by the pop of heavy artillery and rock salt. Ducking the parental barrage the staff correspondent signalled the engine room for full astern, executed a masterful right by both and counter marched to safety with the epic story of the greatest elopement since the Morris Chair scandal.

Special Announcement

If you will look under your beds to-night you will find the usual collection of dust.

New Calendar Clocks Track Team As Weitzner Wins 100-Mile Rash

STOOWIT RETIRES!



J. McGlue Stoowit

Editor Stoowit Succeeded By Percival Blip As Thousands Cheer

Upon the sudden resignation of our illustrious edditer, Jackpot McGlue Stoowit, our own notorious fa(c)ulty adviser, Doctor Haitch Hurtis Cerge, announced the appointment of the Rt. Hon. Sir Percival Reginald Aloysius Blip to fill the yawning cavity vacated by Mr. Stoowit.

Although only a member of the Flower Hill Kindergarten at present, Sir Blip has already established his reputation as a go-getter by snatching several of the High School's fairest damsels right out from under the noses of their cake-eating admirers. Of course, Sir Blip isn't the least bit experienced in the ways and means of journalism, nor does he ever do enough work to give a ladybug growing pains, but in a recent huddle between Haitch Hurtis and a demon deporter of **The Port Tweekly**, 'tis said that the good Doctor admitted that this would make things run off about as per usual.

Stoowit Bids Farewell

When asked for a farewell speech, Mr. Stoowit mumbled something about Kellogg's Corn Flakes and Athlete's Foot, but he then proceeded to shut up like the proverbial clam. Dr. Cerge proclaimed a week of mourning for the passing of poor McGlue. The eyes of all the girls on the staff were seen this morning to be red from weeping, as whose wouldn't?

Stuart Takes Kewpie Doll

Patten Wins Kiddie Car Race Without One Mile Lead

by Dorlois Talbutt

On last Wednesday afternoon (or was it Wednesday?) our gallant and brawny track horses defeated the team from Glotzville. The score was 0 to 0. Despite the fact that the day was very warm, the Glotzville team was not so hot.

The track team held a surprise for all, for in ten minutes our boys changed themselves from "a group of 97 lb. weaklings to a heard of the world's most perfectly developed men". Whoa, Emma!

The first event was the Kiddie Car Race, in which Ray Patten showed a burst of speed at the last moment while speeding down the home stretch, defeating Scotty Carmichael, Arnold Eato, and Gerrie Mason.

John McHugh (Schnozzle) Stuart captured the rosy-cheeked Kewpie Doll by pushing a peanut with his nose running faster and further than any of his competitors. If he continues in his present form, John will probably go abroad for the peanut-rolling championships next summer.

The surprise of the afternoon came when Danny Weitzner placed first in the 100 mile rash. Don Carmichael, our former tiddlewinks champion, was a poor second.

In the shot-put events, Albert Brown (complete with horn) hurled Audrey Carpenter over the school to capture first place. The runner-up was Dana Moran, who threw the bull to Peggy Rinehart.

Sight Of Twisted Toenail Makes Stagecoach Swoon

Coach Leo B. Costello, of the Port Washington High School, fainted here late yesterday afternoon in the boys' locker room of the gymnasium. Mr. Costello's sudden lapse into coma was caused by shock, brought on at the sight of Joe Mallon's bent toe-nail. It was several minutes, and three drinks before the coach could be revived.

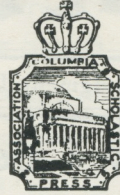
In a special interview with a **Port Tweekly** representative, witnesses said that Mr. Costello took one look at the toe, turned pale, and wilted unconscious to the floor. As a result of the accident, school officials have forbidden Joe to bring his toe to school in the future.

In two special interviews with a
(Continued On Page Phillip Morris)



The Port Tweekly

Published weakly mainly through the efforts of Haitch Hurtis Cerge, throughout the town of Wart Porshington, N. Y. Z. X. Subscription rate —one a week if we're lucky. Printed by the Lord knows who, but he doesn't care much.



LOW TIDE-INGS

Advice For You Saps

What do you talk about? What have you got to say for yourself? When she says "You're the first boy I've ever met that I'd rather talk to than kiss" . . . does she mean that she likes to hear what you have to say or does she mean something else again? In order to remedy the inarticulateness of some of the young dandies of our school, we offer the following:

Give her a line and you'll Hold Your Girl (our theme song).

Flirt fast, and hallways, remember you are the only beings created who are supposed to have even an atom of initiative. Therefore, you'll have to do double duty to get results.

Can you take it? Which brings us to the question of how a fellow should react when she's dishing out her newest, gayest, and fastest line to him. The best way to take it is as it comes. When she speaks of your deep blue eyes, smile. When she says dancing with you is heaven, don't signal the stag-line; when she cheers about your team's last victory, don't ask her if she saw the game.

Be a good dancer and then the other males will think your partner is a good dancer and you'll get rid of her!

When you cut in on someone, give her partner a sweet smile and tell him his line will keep. Don't forget the smile.

When you ask her if you may kiss her good-night and she says "No", for heaven's sake, don't believe her. You'll ruin your reputation!

N. B. Don't think you males are dreadfully thoughtless sometimes. Very often when your date has spent hours dressing for you, in the color you prefer, your favorite perfume, and everything else you like, you wouldn't deign to even mention her dress or her hair or her eyes.

Don't you realize now that spring is here that you don't have to wait six weeks between dances for a date? Just because for financial reasons you can't take her to the movies there are millions of other things to do. Most every girl likes to "faire des promenades". Oh, the telephone, too, will give her a thrill. If you go over to her house she will probably make fudge or turn on Guy Lombardo! If you don't like fudge, you can dance —etc.

Take our advice—don't go stag to the Prom.

Will we be seeing you?

Editor-in-briefJackpot (Horace Greeley) Stoowit
Associate fish friersCatherine de Medici, Blondie of the Follies

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Voluminous XXX, No. 3.2

August 4785, 1776

BEWARE OF THE DOGS

Friends, constituents, and subscribers, now is the time to lend your pink-lobed ears to the clarion cry of Liberty. Harken, harken to the clarion call of emancipation trumpeting forth under the banners of the John Quincy Twimley League for the Promulgation of the Truth About Yeast.

Ahhh yes!!! Remove the brew from their reach you say? By all means, my firriends, cut off the supply. Very easily said, but first allow me to unfold my tale of SCANDAL. Rank, ripe, and rotten SCANDAL seated firmly in the very lap of our Alma Mater. Let us follow one of these poor creatures to find out where he guzzles in this poison. See, he heads straight for the hall drinking fountain. He pressed the tap. And what comes out? Water, WATER, my noble people.

Can any state, nation, or educational system long endure which allows such a condition to exist? Let us turn for aid to the tender, sweet, little yeast cell, working away in that divine nectar BEER. This little Yeastie is only too ready to rally to our rehabilitation.

Gentlemen, we demand, for the sake of civilization, that without further delay the foul water be driven from our halls and the fountains repiped to supply RUPERSCHLITZE'S Ice Cold Beer On Draught.

KEEP DRY AND BEAUTIFUL

The voice of the student body asks that this, their last request, be granted. This plea is to have all the water in the fountains turned off. They feel it is a decided waste of the taxpayers' money since nobody ever uses them except to lean on. They greatly obstruct traffic in the halls and so many pupils bump into them that we are all getting quite black and blue. As a final argument against these unnecessary evils, we offer this: you can lead a horse to water, but you can't make him drink.

NO FISHING TODAY

The day of judgment is at hand! Last week we were told in a dead secret that unless we treated the water fountains as we would have them treat us, they wouldn't be allowed to treat us anymore! What to do? My unworthy colleagues have expounded their suggestions, but I have it all in a nutshell. With a total of five of these tasteless, colorless, odorless, kickless, fountains of youth in the building we are going to invest in five stimulating, invigorating, breath taking and stimulating liquids to quench our thirst

LATEST VIEWS OF SCHOOL CELEBRITIES



FRATRY KOLUM

Just Between Us Nuts

Your Fratty correspondents and their colleague, Walster Winchell, announce their desire to assume no responsibility in the outcome of this column.

Our favorite poet, The Herring, has contributed the following poems in commemoration of Regents Week.

Think My Noodle

Regents papers come to town,
 Riding in a mail train.
 Locked inside the office door
 To drive us all insane.
 Oh, think my noodle . . . keep it up,
 Mind your commas and your dates,
 And keep your text books ready.

The Prisoner's Song

Oh, I wish I had someone to help me—
 Someone to answer this test,
 For I have a sad story to tell them—
 It's a story well-known by the rest.
 Oh, if I knew the sines of an angle,
 Out of that prison door I would fly,
 And I'd rise up in arms 'gainst the Regents
 And there I'd start killing or die.
 —The Herring

—P—

The favorite dance piece at the Prom is expected to be "Love Is Love Anywhere". You know the one that goes something like this:
 Silvery moon, a garden nook,
 Tonsmeire and Regina Brooke.

—P—

The very latest news of the week seems to be that Mavis and the inimitable Gordon Lewthwaite expect to trip the light (?) fantastic.

Principal Promulgates New Pedagogical Fashions With Sailor Suit

As we enter the nursery of Milliam Werrill, we bespied him rather neatly attired in a petite sailor suit "Delinger-ly" licking one of Woolworth's best 3 for 5c suckers. We sat down beside him and willingly assisted him in constructing a house of ABC blocks. For several minutes we sat in awe of his benighted presence and tried to muster enough courage to ask the little rascal of his doubtful Past.

A maidenly blush suffused his delicate countenance as he deposited the stub of his cigar in a nearby cuspidor, and laid before us the facts that were destined to make the world tremble.

An Upper-Squash-on-the-Hudsonite

He was born on Upper-Squash-on-the-Hudson, where holes for doughnuts are manufactured. At an early age he professed a desire to play the "Phfumphf", but owing to unavoidable circumstances, he was forced to play that most melodious of instruments, the Zhwovstrytz. When he played his first concert at the age of 84, Suchaninny, the great jazz band leader, heard him and proclaimed him a great virtuoso. Although he had a great future before him, he sacrificed all to become a member of a smokeless tobacco firm, whereupon he wrote his theme song, "Smoke Gets In Your Eyes". Three years after his marriage to Lucretia McShort, he was kicked on the head by a canary and passed through the pearly gates.

"Gee, I've got to go now," he said, "it's time to hear Skippy."

Books Missing From Library For Ulterior Reason

After a long vacation from school I returned one fine morning eager to settle down again to the quiet ordinary life I had once known. Ah, woe was me! No longer was the school the businesslike place I remembered. Instead I was greeted by a huge purple and red sign:

"See Our Library — Admission 15 cents"

"School Library Remodeled"

In fear and trembling I crept up the stairs and down the hall to the room I had once been so fond of. It was most disconcerting to discover that instead of the usual glass windows in the doors, they had been remodeled and only a small sliding panel, which opened when I knocked three times, revealed that anything lay behind.

Miss McClellan came to the little peep-hole when I knocked and after looking quickly to left and right and seeing my card which read "Eddie Sent Me", she cautiously opened the doors and bade me enter.

The changes were many, and I was so startled that I was quite speechless, for once!

"We haven't any books," said Miss McClellan with a grim grin. "That is for the benefit of the parents so that they will think all the books are in demand and that the pupils are receiving a literary education."

The door revealed rows of busy students who were looking up words in the French and English dictionary. It seems that they were all trying to find enough words so they could understand some of the new French novels in the teachers' library!

Caterpillar Kills Donald Carmichael

Flatfoot Berges Narrowly Escapes Death

Very early yesterday morning, a body was found lying prostrate under the spreading chestnut tree on The Boulevard of Broken Dreams. The tall, brawny, handsome figure was discovered at 4:44½ a. m. H. Klein on his return from His Thrill's home on Just a Little Street Where Old Friends Meet. Lazybones Floyd Arthur Everett Thompson, while making his Last Round-up on the ice cold lemonade route, galloped up a few minutes later. Suspecting Klein guilty of the murder at 84 degrees (Fahrenheit), Thompson drugged him with a shot, of cream, and called the police.

Despite the Stormy Weather, Detective Berges was at the scene of the crime in the square root of a second. He immediately arrested Klein and Thompson on circumstantial evidence and began an investigation of the corpse. A love note signed The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi identified the murdered man as a certain Donald Carmichael. Deciding it was Time To Go back to headquarters with this valuable evidence, Berges suggested removing the body to a nearby house. Thompson cautioned him, though, that the House Was Haunted; so the body was dropped on the way home.

Markland Conducts Autopsy

After an autopsy, Coroner Markland reported that death had resulted from a fractured skull and trying to find the instrument which was used to commit the dire deed was like Reaching For The Moon.

The next day Detective Berges found the girl who had written the note Underneath the Harlem Moon and escorted her to the scene of the tragedy. "Here Lies Love," he told her, pointing to the fatal spot where the body had been discovered. "Oh, Say It Isn't So," she cried as she wept Too Many Tears.

"I've Got To Pass Your House To Get To My House, so I'll take you home and we can have Cocktails for Two," suggested Detective Berges.

Berges Cracks Collar Bone

Suddenly, as they were walking under The Old Pine Tree, something struck Berges' right shoulder, three degrees south of the collar bone. When he regained conscientiousness he looked about him. An expression of horror spread over his face as his eyes fell upon a squashed, but wriggling, reptile on the ground beside him. "I Can't Believe It's True," he exclaimed, "but that must have been the cause of Carmichael's death. Fortunately, it didn't fall on my head!" and The Wonderful One echoed his sentiment.

He rushed to headquarters as fast as the Wagon Wheels of this airflow wagon would permit him and released Klein and Thompson with a promise that they would be good; they then went Flying Down To Rio and Berges, seeing that it was After Sundown, decided to Put Out The Lights And Go To Sleep.

Prices Of Report Cards Drop As Cost Of Ink Is Cut

Another victory!! No sooner had the band and orchestra triumphed than a nation-wide victory was won by the entire school in obtaining the lowest general average in the United States in the last 14 years. In honor of the occasion red is to be immediately added to the school colors and hereafter no passing marks are to be given. The judges in awarding the prizes announced that the record of 3.2% seemed to indicate that this school would do its part in the great national institutes, especially Sing-Sing. Bill Berges was awarded a tin plated baseball by the NRA for the most active reduction. Berges was lowered from 98c to 46c. While Bugs deBlois with a 10c average has been offered a position as general manager of the Woolworth chain stores.

Following is a list of the winners: Bill Berges, 98c marked down to 46c. Johnthomas and Eloise Jenkins, 95c marked down to 53c. (Slightly shopworn.)

Nancy Lowry, Arthur Johnson, Ray Patten, and John Doe (slight imperfections), 90c marked down to 56c.

March Gambols Postponed As Cafeteria Falls

The Junior Prom will be held this 9 a. m. to 1 p. m. and, of course, breakfast will be served as usual. The stimulating menu will include juice of one orange, a small dish of grape-nuts, and a teaspoon of bicarbonate of soda in half a glass of hot water.

The music will be furnished by the North Shore Capradores. The main soloists will be Regina Brooke at the piano and Henry Harrison, doubling for the Paid Piper and the far-famed fiddler. The bid for admission will be three times twenty-two cents subtracted from fourteen cents and twelve dollars. The decorations will be in commemoration of the arrival of the fleet at the suggestion of the girls in the school, who will also do their darndest to hook the honored guests. The dance will probably be the Survival of the Fleetest!

Sight Of Twisted Toenail Makes Stagecoach Faint

(From The Foist Page)

Port Tweekly representative, Miss Gen Curtin shyly revealed that Joe's toenail was severely bent when a flea belonging to Don Carmichael's dog stepped on Mr. Mallon's foot. Miss Curtin said that although Joe's manly form was racked with pain, he carried on with great fortitude, something like Tarzan. The flea, known to the police as "Mickey the Creep", is now in jail pending trial.

In three special interviews with a Port Tweekly representative, members of the boys' track and baseball squad expressed the hope that Coach Costello would recover soon, as the restoratives are nearly exhausted.

H. Klein Is Elected All American Team

Candy Sales Hit New High As Temperature Rises

Coach Costello's famed 'Biting Gentlemen' put over one of the biggest events of the year when the candy sales of the May football game were doubled. The moon shone down brightly on both spectators huddled in fur coats and the gaily lighted field. The temperature, 102 deg., resulted in a rush to the hot beer and pickle stand, sponsored by the Fraternity. The game, coming at the height of the season, found our men in fine trim and "rarin' to burn up the track behind them. May 18, 1933 will, indeed, remain a historical date to music lovers.

The first quarter started with a bang as the starter fired his pistol. Mallon was (had) "IT" and, grabbing the ball, tore around left end, making 18 yards in one bound, breaking the world broad-jump record. First down. Norton served a cannon ball that left opponents speechless while the grandstand roared. Rogier caught it in the rebound and dribbled 123 yards for a touchdown. The rest of the quarter was uneventful, nothing occurring except Klein's 16 touchdowns.

Second Heat Hotter

At the beginning of the second heat the betting was 6 to 1 on "Lady's Man" (Klein), while "More" (not War) Glory" (Patten), and "Pomposity" (Stuart) were close favorites. Our opponents made a beautiful drive 200 yards down the fairway, but Moran, riding hard, put his mallet behind the ball to send it back where first baseman, Eato, took up the ball and carried on with his magnificent Australian crawl. With the helm down hard and skating fast Port bid a no-trump and raked in the pot. "Pomposity" with a back jack-knife from the ten foot board, flew down for a hole-in-one, only to be disqualified for walking with the ball. Coming back strong, the "Biting Gentlemen" scored three more touchdowns before the bell clangd for the end of the third round.

Snaps Shoulder Strap

The rubber opened with a series of casualties; first, Moran broke his shoulder strap and was carried off the field unconscious; then Mallon, unfortunately, disregarding the "Fore" in his eagerness to trump his opponent's ace, was hit by a fast ball with a beautiful slice which, as it resounded in the catcher's mit, proved Watson's ping-pong ability. Mallon was killed instantly, but he pleaded with trainer and was finally permitted to stay out the chukker. Opponents lined out a homer but Erb went over the top to make a new county record for pole-vaulting. Just as our opponents slid in for home, Eato snipped the tape and the candy sale was over.