

## Faculty Invades New York City

### Metropolis Quakes Under Terrific Onslaught

At nine o'clock this morning our faculty left for their annual sightseeing trip around New York. We, the student body, have given them this trip because of their kindness during the past year in making as little noise in the class as possible, thereby allowing us pupils to sleep in comparative peace. To their great annoyance we selected Jack Wilson, Johnny Anderson, and Ruth Guilford to act as chaperones.

The teachers all arrived promptly at nine o'clock with their lunch boxes under their arms. They left without more ado than Miss Bortz forgetting her rubbers, which was quickly solved by Mr. Dimmick running home and getting a pair of his.

They managed to get all the way to Flushing without more than five hats lost out the window. As a general rule they were pretty quiet until they reached New York (I guess the early morning was too much for the little cherubs).

#### Miss Pelton Loses Resecue

But on arrival in New York Miss Pelton lost all reserve whatsoever. She seemed to have a mania for shouting at all truck drivers. Not to be outdone Mr. Junker seemd to have all he could do keeping the women he called out of the bus. Finally the chaperones made their charges stop their philandering for a while at least. So with comparatively few "Hy babes," etc., they continued their weary way to Chinatown which was to be their destination.

Finally they arrived there and took in

Who was seen where with who, when, going what, why.....and how?

The hoomroom reporters are running us all ragged with their hordes of contributions. Take it easy. We KNOW you will.

And the poet laureate of the Junior High has shelled out with another masterpiece.....just especially for this column. We think that this latest creation of Doreen Dendivial is very much on the good side.

1. We will get paid as teachers do,
2. They will never yell at you.
3. We will have gym four times a week,
4. Whenever we want to we can speak.
5. No books to carry from class to class.
6. Always your grade you will pass.
7. All homework is against the rule.

All work must be done in school.

8. Assembly we'll have three times

the superiority of..... or vice versa. They finally came to a mutual agreement when someone, I think it was Miss Duffy, mentioned Latin.

#### Haitch Cuts Up

All was quiet again until they reached Bayside. Our peace and tranquility was disturbed by Doc Herge's clamorings to be let off as Mrs. Herge was waiting with supper.

Finally, they left him off at Little Neck saying that it was not such an awfully long walk. From Manhasset on everyone began showing a little life. Songs were sung and new talent was discovered, namely Mr. Pickett's baritone. Mr. Van Bodegraven has a nice voice, but he can't seem to keep in the right key, or keep time correctly. Mr. Seeber and Mr. Costello tried to teach him but to no avail.

Upon arriving home mothers, fathers, husbands, wives, and children greeted them.

At last everyone was sent home with many a "See you Saturday." We bet they all fell asleep as soon as their weary heads touched the pillows. And so ends a day in the city with our faculty.

### Boondoggling



MONSIEUR JELLISON UNKER

### Class Honors Him



MR. HAITCH-MITCHELL CURTIS

## Bored of Education Alters Faculty To Meet Changing World Conditions

### Monsieur Jallison Unker And Miss Gerty Stien Are Two New Additions To Teaching Staff

Although the Bored of Education at its monthly meeting held last night did not make public the faculty set-up that will become defective in September, it was learned from reliable sources that several major changes will be made. It is also understood that various courses will either be altered in content to meet changing world conditions or be substituted by more modern subject matter.

Among the list of new faculty members to be added this September are the Boondoggling and Creative Verse teachers, Monsieur Jallison Unker and Miss Gerty Kitchell-Meza Stein, respectively.

Monsieur Unker comes highly recommended from the University of Paris where he has studied for the last twenty years. In 1937 he finally graduated with a B. S. in Boondoggling; his minor subject is knitting. It is understood that our boys are planning a reception for Monsieur Unker that will rival a LaGuardia ovation in Berlin.

The Creative Verse teacher, Miss Stein, visited our institution this morning where she was immediately interviewed by several "Reekly" reporters. When asked what her impressions of our institute were, she readily responded:

"Listen, you! The other day upon the stair, I met a man who wasn't there. He wasn't there again today. Gosh! I wish he'd go away."

All the reporters present were awed by the deep intellect of Miss Stein. Mr. Merrill has already been besieged with students' requests to enter Miss Stein's class which will be known as Poetry 1,2,3,4,1,2.

(Continued on Page 4)

### Test Tube Conducts Disease Experiments

Bugs Fly Johnson, President of the School Science Club, The Test Tube, announced today that the Club's laboratory workers had made some startling discoveries.

"We have discovered," Johnson said, "that the sleeping habits of mosquitoes have a peculiar effect on the kind of diseases they carry."

The President explained his interesting statement with the following remarks: "The Test Tube bought and furnished several models of modern houses which they leased to several eminent mosquitoes. We gave each mosquito identification tie clips and then we let them bite us to see what our reactions would be.

"Buzzy Brown, the young Romeo, who has a curious habit of sleeping with his hands on his heart, gave a curious disease called love at first sight. Love Bug, a cute young femme, who sleeps on a piece of wedding cake, seemed to give a disease which is is commonly known as true and lasting love. Sally Bite, who sleeps with her mouth open, gives her victims laryngitis. Oscar Itch, who writes in his sleep and tears his bedclothes, is a versatile fellow who gives either measles, chicken pox, scarlet fever, or poison ivy."

Eminent President Johnson closed the interview by stating that "The Test Tube" was going to sell baby mosquitoes carrying disease to those who wish to avoid engagements.

## Brilliant Students On Honor Roll List Necessitate Raise Of Qualifications

It has been discovered that there is a particularly brilliant group of students enrolled in this school. Because they are so clever and do their work so easily, it was necessary for the school to raise its qualifications for the honor roll. The required eligible average for the roll was raised to 93%. However no obstacles were too great for these master-minds, and these students maintained their high ratings.

The highest average in the entire school was obtained by William Effertz, the perfect pupil. His average, 99.4949, was only .0002 of a point better than that of Charles "Bookworm" Boller-man who must be content with being

the second best inmate of this institution. Charles, of course, received 99.4947.

The other members of the school who deserve recognition for their scholastic achievement by qualifying for the honor roll are:

Robert Lang.....	96.6543
Brenda Rich.....	96.2222
John Hooper.....	95.2345
David Kravitz.....	95.2246
Susie Borkowski.....	95.2123
Stedman Gregory.....	95.1111
Marjorie Wheeler.....	94.9876
Warren Thomas.....	94.8765
Robert West.....	94.7654
Jacqueline Voute.....	93.1000
Charles Lincoln.....	93.0000

## Annual 'Port Light' Dedication Made To 'H.' Mitchell Curtis

### Copy Of Book Is Bestowed By 'Keatsie Weatsie,' 'Reekly' Nutitor

#### 'HAITCH' IS OVERCOME

### Autograph Hounds Besiege Nutitor Johnson, Faculty

In bestowing the copy upon Mr. Haitch-Mitchell Curtis, Keatsie Weatsie very fittingly read the dedicatory inscription in the frontispiece and then recited his parody of Kipling's "Fuzzy Wuzzy" which ended with the touching tribute, "Here's to you, Haitch-Mitchell Curtis!" Everyone swallowed including Haitch himself (all but struck dumb by the surprise) who then thanked the class and the staff and expressed his emotion as "overwhelming." So overwhelmed was he that four haspirins were needed to underwhelm him.

#### More Than A Gallery

The annual this year is more than the usual Rogues Gallery of graduates. Nutitor-in-Chief Andrew Johnson, his co-nutitors, and the faculty revisers are to be congratulated for the finesse of its compilation and the loose pages. Distributed through the eighty-six pages are several new and interesting features such as the pictures of the Bored of Education, the class horoscope, some tickling jokes, and an unusually large page devoted to autographs.

Following the distribution of "The Port Light" on Monday afternoon, several hundred fair coeds and gallant youths besieged Nutitor Johnson, the faculty, and one another for autographs. Dr. Daltroff reports that a contagion of writers' cramp has broken out in our midst.

## Juniors Plan Parting Treat For Seniors

Howdy folks! I got a little inside story for yah; hot off the press—so gather, gather round and listen.

That bunch o' rough necks that are about ta leave our school says they wants a dance that they can git into free on account o' they's paid fer too many dances in the last three years. So, the Junior Class say "We'll do it," and are goin' to! Its goin' to be on June 4th right after we put the pigs and chickens to bed and git the wimmen. That's about nine or so—but they don't have any plans made for refreshments as the dance is all of a week away.

But a few ideas are known: there is more than enough shappyrones; the money is that peasy amount of one smacker and fifty cents either stag or wimmen; the dance will terminate (Webster's Distionerry page 112578, column 2, line 93) at about 9:30 on account of the truck meet the next day; and there's probably gonna be some of thet —punch.

A few of the peachy pears (heh, heh, heh) that are expected to touch the dance floor at times (I say thet on account of some of them don't bother to touch the floor) are "Estates Beach" Lincoln and Mildred Occhipinti, Elizabeth Brown and Maurice Ulrich and Virginia "Farmer's Daughter" Utz and Paul Harrison.

So, everybody drag yerself and yer clothes out the moth balls and come ta send the Seniors off and—oh, there's maw. So long keeps—see yah later at the dance if I can get the danged horse G.ert to get up from sleep a little earlier. Merry Christmas to all—A Good Night.



THE PORT REEKLY

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The Spirit of Fun!

"The Reekly" staff wishes to make plain that this issue is dedicated to sheer nonsense. If we are able to cause but one fleeting moment of amusement by our efforts, we shall feel that we have been successful. Be assured that nothing in the issue is intended to be deprecatory.

Time Marches On!

There must be many people who think that there is many room for improvement in this school.

For many years, we have been thinking this selfsame thing. We have several ideas of which we are sure everyone will approve.

We see fit to enumerate our ideas as idea no. 1, no. 2, no. 3, no. 4, no. 5, no. 6, etc. to make it easier for all to understand. The only trouble is that we can't remember so many ideas, ourselves. Therefore, the first thing we all will do is to chit down ideas no. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 to one ida. It doesn't make any difference; they're all practically the same thing, anyhow. Now that we think of it, all of the rest are about the same thing, so we'll cut them all down to one, too. Looking at the two ideas we have left, we notice that they are exactly the same. Therefore, we will reduce them to one idea. We know that no-one wants to hear one dinky little idea; consequently, we quit.

If anyone wants another timely topic discussed, kindly write to "The Port Reekly" in care of the nutitor, Keatsie Weatsie, and he will see to it that you are properly squelched.

WE AGREE HEARTILY!

Dear Editor:

I have but one criticism of your paper and yet, this fault is one which has often led to the downfall of many of the great newspapers of the country. This over-sight on your part has started you on the road to ruin. People are rapidly becoming more and more hesitant when they see your sheet. It has born in them a feeling of repulsion and at the same time a sense o' fear and dread. They squint their eyes and take short glances at the printed page only to turn their heads away and utter startled cries. They rub their eyes and wonder what could have caused you to venture this dire deed. In my mind I have pondered over it and attempted to discover your motive; but, alas it has proved too much for even my brain to fathom!

Please, for the sake of all the poor fear-stricken members of your public, I beseech you to do all in your power to correct this terrible mistake.

Very hopefully yours,

Chess Nutt.

A Reel Profile

- May 24, 1900 - Flash-Flash- Jane "Somthin" Potkins breaks first date -with the stork. Finally arrives in Birmingham, Alawaii, "the Pittsboig of the South." Yeh, man! May 24, 1920 - Jane moves to Port Washington to slay masculine hearts. Goes to tenth grade. Breaks date with milkman. May 24, 1930 - Nothing exciting happens. Still in the tenth grade. Breaks date with the iceman. May 24, 1935 - Learns archery from Cupid. Decides to use it in future. Has sudden desire for crepes suzettes and horseback riding. Advances to the eleventh grade, and goes South to take up forgotten tongue-Hi yawl. No broken date, yet. May 24, 1936 - Now known as "Deb" Jane Came out in a navy blue dress. Takes up directing school plays; eating whipped cream, and writing notes to some dark haired blonde in English class. Wears size 16 dress; 6 1/2 shoe; 9 1/2 stocking; and 5 1/2 ring (but accepts larger or smaller). Breaks date with the Fuller Brush Man because he didn't brush up his line. My 24, 1937 - "Deb" Potkins breaks all-time tiddle wnik record. Says she'll rest on her laurels. Bogart %Scholarship awarded her for nearest figure to Mae West. Claims she goes for Mr Scherer with all of her 240% pounds. Breaks date with blonde to go out with darcy; the brute. May 25, 1937 - Splash-Splash- Jane's latest words, "S'long boys-Look me up some time. Ahm goin' back to Alawaii to root for t he good ole' M-I-N-S-K-Y, Rah, rah, the Hawaiian in me calls"



- Question: "If a rich uncle suddenly left you \$10,000, what would you do with it?" Walt Rundle- "Think of the blondes and the beer.....oh boy.....!" Lenny Romagna- "I'd donate it to the reopening of Minsky's." Sue and Jimmie Lee- "We'd buy a car-load of flutes." Charles Lincoln- "I would take pity on my classmates and buy them each a bale of cotton apiece for their auditory organs." Question: "Do you think girls should wear lipstick?" Bud "Barren" Smith- "A girl looks undressed without it." Zoe Anel- "I feel undressed without it." Chet Jasinski- "A girl is undressed without it." Question: "What do you think of Traveling Salesmen?" Sue Milholland- "It depends on the Traveling Salesman!" Tony Keaney- "I haven't gotten a decent one yet." Betts Shontz- " I like them-a lot. Why, the other night I had the cutest one in, etc."

Theophilousivitch Kezar Discovers Stand-in For Shakie's Masterpieces

The Glass Eye

J. Pierpont O'Hara

Ah Ha and another ha ah! Messrs. Lang and Voegelin were seen perched on the curb in front of Woolworth's, sucking lollypops and making faces at all of the pretty coeds that passed, last Saturday.

Flash, crash \*\*\* The flute section of the orchestra will not attend the Junior Prom en masse. Both Jim and Suzy will flute along with someone else.

Question Mark (?) The major problem of the week is how come all the local lassies have dates to the Junior Prom, yet all the local lads have rejection slips? Are they (the lassies) going stag?

During the past week end those two young intrepid explorers, Lincoln and Mac Callum, were observed parked on the town dock with their tandem partners, Eleanor Jenkins and Nancy Gaignat respectively. This is the first week they have not been at Estates Beach.

Extra, Extra! George Keates Resigns As Editor. Sob sister and libelant C. Balvelli slappd his wrist when he chucked her under the chin. Shocking! Police Chief Buschmann is holding the ex-editor on a salt and battery charge.

The truth finally will out. After all these years with Kunz, Marjorie admits that her one and only is the gentleman who recently learned to shave.

Just a bit of advice to the two most unpopular girls in the school-Peggy Short and Eleanor Malbott. If you really wish to be invited to school dances parties, and church festivals, you had better realize that you must use Nogood Lipstick-guaranteed to peel off.

What, what? Last week-end, Jack Wilson voluntarily signed a paper before a Notary Public to the effect that he will not so much as look at a dame until he is thirty. (He should.)

It is rumored that several 12B studes have waited all week for what they would call real art. The corridors are filled, according to them, with too much still life.

Next Friday night the Junior Class is playing host to the Seniors at the much-awaited-for Prom. In fact, some blades have waited for it so long they've lost ther appetites. The class will feature some of its celebrities who have hidden their talents under a bushel during their high school careers. President and host-in-chief Michael Le Deo has arranged entertainment between the swings. Pete Rudenti and Wobert Rest will sing "My Wild Irish Rose" as a duet; Suzanne Shearer and Leslis Lee will give their interpretation of the balcony scene after the dance is over; Burna Deane Rand will bonce down the staircase during her Bubble Dance with John Fanderson seeing that everything is under control, and Milliam Werril will demonstrate how to shoo chickens at one o'clock in the morning.

You've heard it said that people get to look like the people they live with-husbands like wives, vice versa? Well, the most interesting case, brought to our attention, may be seen in "The Port Light," page 56. You see Mr. Seeber and Mr. Costello have worked together so long that even the editors couldn't tell them apart; therefore, the error.

A man is a worm-he crawls around on the earth for a short time and then is gobbled up by a chicken.

- A Paradox: Corn on the cob is better off. Diary of a Stude: F-ailed in math. L-aughed at the wrong time. U-nexcused absence. N-ever was on time. K-icked out of class. E-xcuses had fake signature. D-idn't give a whoop.

Romeo & Juliet Disguised By Satirical Stude

After attending the motion picture "Romeo and Juliet," students were required to write their own modern vibrations of the tragedy, and Mr. Theophilousivitch Kezar received the following contribution:

"There once was a traveling salesman named Romeo, whose life was most uninteresting. It so happened that one day a fellow was giving a party in honor of his daughter, Juliet. Romeo and a few of his friends were not invited, so they decided to crash the joint. They entered successfully, and when Romeo got to the dance floor, he lamped a dame that tripped him up. She was dancing with her future spouse, but Romeo cut him out, Boy! Did they truck!

Romeo Stops Flowerpot

"After the big feed was over, Romeo bade Juliet farewell. "Good night" was said for half an hour, but Romeo finally quit when his head stopped a flower pot from the second story window. Papa Capulet had been awakened by the racket, and he didn't like traveling salesmen anyhow.

"Our fair hero got himself into trouble over that juicy Juliet jane. He met up with one of her beaux who objected to being cut out by Romeo's cutting in, so they settled the dispute then and there. The result was that Romeo flattened his rival with a crushing blow from his brawny arm. He was then forced to take a powder 'til things cooled down. However, Juliet couldn't trust him. A passing bum helped her out by giving her dope that would keep her on ice for forty-eight hours. Unexpectedly, Romeo returned before the dope came to, I mean the dope wore off, and grief stricken from the belief that his Juliet kicked the bucket, he committed suicide.

"Now Juliet came out of the fog just as Romeo stiffened. Believing herself unable to continue life without her traveling salesman, she also bit the dust."

Reservations for September Admission May Be Made Now

Reservations for September

99 Livingston St.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK Telephone: TRIangle 5-6920

John's ersity HALL DIVISION

d SCIENCES

GUMMING EVENTS

May 21 at 11:30 p. m.-The Port boys meet the Vassar girls in their third annual knitting contest in the Port High Grill.

May 22, at 1 p. m. in the Gym-Mr. Seeber's Cosmetic class. The lawn mower will start its racket at 1:15.

May 24 at 8:45 a. m.-School will open as usual and all those who are not caddying, playing hookey, attending some conference or other will cram for Regents.

May 25, at 9 a.m.-The lawn mower will run up and down the lawn intermittently until 12:09. The lawn mower will resume its chatter at 1:05.

May 26.-If the day is clear, most of the boys will visit Minsky's. If it rains, all students will begin to be frightened by the proximity of Regents.

Written By Slaves — Read By The Common People

# Port's Loonier

Bugsy McQuade  
He's Toasted

## HOME ROOM HAPPENINGS

Some fun in assembly last week! Pete Aspinwall was first in the line-up and Effertz backed him up by swishing his paws on the old spinet. Two or three reels of the gals moving around the May Pole were leisurely. We liked them backwards best. Briggsy murdered Venice on the horn, but Mrs. Christopher certainly did swing on the old baby grand. Jean Dettori pumped away on an accordion, and sooooo, we all went back to classes since Mr. Haron had nothing better to offer in the auditorium. Slug No Questions Asked w

That thar "Community Sing" last Friday night shure had an audience. That thar auditorium was packed and, would you believe it, thar be about a hundred people standing. Why? No place to set down. Our junior high school chorus jest open up thar mouths and sang for dear life. Pa Christopher, he jest led them like a major. And was everyone surprised when Ole Massa Johnson jumped up sudden like and sang "Minnie The Mocher"!

All council members are requested to wear ear muffs at the next meeting. "There's entirely too much confidential information which finds its way into the waste basket," said Cap Bessell when someone asked him when he was going to get his hair cut.

Miss Farlinger is working like mad on the 9B schedules. She's so sweet about it, but why doesn't someone tell her that they'll never be used. Mr. Merrill is going to let Bert Schauer and his gang go to any classes they want next year.

We've found out the reason for last Friday's May Festival mooving pictures runnig backwards. Whe the flums were taken, the camera was upside down.

Miss Malone was oh so very much surprised when all of her classes let her have the old "happy boithday" stuff one week ago today. She promised to give everyone "second columns."

Who was seen where with who, when, doing what, why.....and how?

The hoomroom reporters are running us all ragged wth their hordes of contributions. Take it easy. We KNOW you will.

And the poet laureate of the Junior High has shelled out with another masterpiece.....just especially for this column. We think that this latest creation of Doreen Dendivial is very much on the good side.

1. We will get paid as teachers do,
2. They will never yell at you.
3. We will have gym four times a week,
4. Whenever we want to we can speak.
5. No books to carry from class to class.
6. Always your grade you will pass.
7. All homework is against the rule.
8. All work must be done in school.
9. Assembly we'll have three times a week,
10. No speakers are aloud to speak.
11. Teachers must never get angry at you, But will smile at everything you do.
12. There'll be escalators for the stairs,
13. We're going to have nice comfy chairs.
14. None of the teachers will ever say, "I'll see you after school to-daay."
15. We'll have no tests the whole year through,
16. We can learn what we just want to.
17. School will start at half past ten, We will leave at three, right then.
18. At two the teachers will serve us tea, And maybe a cookie, two or three.
19. Then for an hour we'll sit and talk.
20. Then out of school we'll slowly walk.

wel...--a EAOIN SHRD ULEAOI SLRH

## Junior High Pupils Discuss Social Problems The Story Of A Magazine Peddler Who Just Couldn't Take Gingerale Straight

By Buddy McQuade

Let me relate the sad predicament of one innocent little semi-cherub type on a fetid day of summer. This innocent young thing was walking down Main Stret when he espied a sign—in fact a number of signs—in a window of a quaint little shoppe. The sign attracting his attention read "free ginger ale." Now as I mentioned before, it was a very warmish day and our hero's pores were reacting profusely. He was sweating. At the sight of the sign his parched (boy, was it hot) throat gurgled. Gasping, he read some of the other signs. Surmounting the rest was one reading "THE ELITE SALOON AND TEA ROOM — imbibing joint of conny-sewers."

### It Was Hot

Remember now, it was hot. (Dat's Africa for you). Would our hero go into such a place if it weren't hot? Sure, he would. Our newsboy hero struggled with himself. Well maybe not "newsboy," but he sold Sat. Eve. Posts on Tuesdays. As I was saying before I so rudely interrupted myself, he struggled with himself . . . finally he won. Just barely making it through the door, he was about to ask for the ginger ale when BANG, darkness descended on his

brain!! It must have descended awfully hard for he didn't regain consciousness until hours afterward.

Where was he??? Who had hit him??? What is the fastest selling gelatin desert in America today??? Continue this soul stirring, hair raising, dead serious, unbelievable, guaranteed for six months, epoch making klieg light of literature Continue it where? Why don't be a goop, in the next paragraph of course.

### The Solution

1. He was on the ferry bound for New Rochelle. 2. Oh quit your kidding, you know who hit him. The bartender hit him. He always does in stories. 3. Now, you know why he was hit. The crew of the ferry boat jumped ship and Oswald (that was his name) was shanghied. The free ginger ale was just a bait. 4. I dunno, ask Jake Benny or Rudy Vallee. What has all this to do with the original problem? Oh, stop these foolish questions.

And the moral of this is, if you haven't guessed it already, "Never tell a waiter that the chicken you are eating must be an incubator chick . . . because no chicken with a mother could be so tough. Never do, because the waiter is liable to hatch one right on your eye."

## Mountains Made From Molehills Are Too High

By Everitt Hehn

"Making mountains out of molehills," is rather a well known saying, but you have to be careful when you're doing it, because when you're making the mountain you might not have enough room and if you weren't careful you might have mountains all over the place, and wouldn't that be awful? Before you start to make your mountains, you have to have a molehill. When you find your hill, take it someplace where there is plenty of room. Then, you start to make the mountain. How? You've got me there, but you could plant it in the ground and wait for it to grow. If, after twenty years, you have no mountain, go find another molehill. The one you had before was probably not moley enough.

Now, should another twenty years go by, and there isn't any mountain, take a trip to the Alps, take a picture of the mountains, bring it back and show it to the molehill. If this does not produce a mountain, write to the Vice-president in charge of Making mountains out of molehills and enclose your molehill. You will probably get a mountain by return mail.

## 'Art For Our Sake' To Be Exhibit Theme

Miss Hansen stopped daubing the side of a barn long enough to announce in dulcet tones that she is throwing a big art exhibit next Wednesday. (June 2 to you guys).

"If anyone wants to see art for my sake," said Miss Hansen as she chewed thoughtfully on a brush full of purple paint, "just let him shuffle around my art room anytime between 3:30 and 6 o'clock on June 2. Of course, if Pa wants to come too, then let Ma wait and fetch him at night between 7 and 10. We are not proud," she concluded.

The pupils have been throwing paint all over some scenes depicting the World's Fair, sand banks, the new junior high school of 1998 and all sorts of peculiar scenes. It's the modern trend. What can you do?

### Fashion Parades on School Lawns

So come to the Fashion Show, yes? Next Friday, June 4 at 2:20, the most fascinating sub-debbies in the country will prance on the greensward of the school garbed in their "homemade" creations.

## Girls' Sports Council To Furnish Free Eats

It seems that there is going to be a banquet on June 3 given by the Young Ladies Amalgamated Association for the Improvement of Advanced Croquet Players. Although the results of last Friday's match have not been revealed to the eyes of an admiring and expectant audience, it is rumored that the Butterflies are far in the lead. Your reporter will post all bulletins in the village post office.

### The Committees

The Misses Stephanie Kurejwo and Margaret Oates will head a most exciting and confused committee, composed of the town's most lovely and popular belles. The damsels in question are M. Caruso, K. Murray, M. Lagilo, and C. Elliot. They will adorn the town hall with all sorts of novelties which will be brought all the way from a big city. The lovely ladies in charge of entertainment are the Misses C. Gifford, C. Douglas, J. Galloway, and G. Zerm. The town artists, J. Gautsche and E. Zerm will create posters of great beauty and talent. The association will open wide its doors to members at the bewitching hour of 5:30, and the local ladies wishing to be present will please arrive at the cafeteria at 6:30, at which time awards will be made.

## No Questions Asked In Junior High Library

What happened at midnight? Who made away with the library dictionary? Where was Butch last night? Who jumped the hedge, and what happened to The Port Junior? Why did a fellow named Hoffman write "Jerry on Safari?" Who are the great men of science, and why should Wilson know?

If you're a little shy of information, just prance right into the library and shoot those questions at Miss Godfree. She knows all that stuff.

Who wrote this story, Miss Godfree? Try and find out.

### No School On Mondays

It has been announced that there will be no school next Monday because of a celebration of Memorial Day. We laughed when they sat down to play that on the piano because we weren't coming anyway. They's a parade in town and we aim to see it.

## Room 306 Called 'Ideal Homeroom' Of Junior H.

### Room 218 In Second Place; 309 Is Rated Third

Some fun with the contest to find which homeroom needed to have its face lifted! Miss Merriman and Captain Bob (we call him Cap for short) Bessell, Mr. Markle's best girl spent hours racing all over the school, but they just couldn't locate that spitoon that had disappeared from Mr. Johnson's office.

### She's Lost

More fun though. Poor Miss Merriman got lost the first day she ventured up into junior high. She was sure she was in Mrs. Levine's room, and we laughed and laughed because we knew it was Mr. Brennan's room all the time. Poor Cap Bessell was in an awful jam. He spent weeks with a dictionary trying to find out what "Ideal Homeroom" meant and he just couldn't get anywhere because he thought "I deal" had something to do with playing poker. As for Mrs. Markle—she almost broke her leg wading through the paper on the floor. She's not the athletic type, you see, and this hurdling stuff kind of got her down.

### The Winnah!

Well anyway, as we were saying about 150 words back, they all got in a huddle (the judges, we mean) and when they stopped their meanderings, this is what they said, "Friends and fellows and stuff, Miss Reese's 8A, Room 306 is simply divine." They won! We think that Mr. Johnson should hear about this. Are ya listenin, Colonel Johnson? Then they were just all confused about the rooms that were to get honorary mention because Cap Bessell kept chewing gum. But anyway, as we were saying they felt sorry for the poor kids, so they said that Room 218, a bunch of Miss Palmer's were pretty nice because they never put tacks on the seats, and Room 309, that mob of Mr. Brennan's should be mentioned because the view from their windows is pretty awful anyway. So, Mr. Johnson gave the winning homeroom a lovely whiffletree in assembly. You must come up and see those whiffles grow. There are two blossoms on it already.

## Traffic Squad Undergoes A Major Operation

Maestro Hulbert of the Traffic Squad boys swung into action with a few left jabs when the report cars began to circulate. When the dust cleared away, no one could find Andreason, Calvelli, Kearton, Wiggins, or Christopher. Just disappeared into thin air. When last seen they were sorrowfully chewing up their reports. Georgie Malito, little Harold Clifton, the adorable Emily String, Mikie Cherry and Jackie Ferresi are now big, brave traffic officers. Hey, Officer, can I call a cop?

## Baseballs And Bats Go On Sit-down Strike

Squad games ended on Wednesday when the beautiful precipitation took a hand in the proceedings and drowned out the players. The fight between the teams originally scheduled was called off midst the cheering of the spectators, players, Mr. Haron, and the ball and the bat.

Mr. Haron, not wishing to prolong the agony of the games called them off. Thus, he threw upon Bert Schauer's team the disappointment of winning all their games. The squad will get their "thing-a-ma-jigs" in June.

Mr. Haron threw together the first team on Monday. The ones unlucky to have been chosen will get their John Hancocks in this paper next week.

## Port Team Pepped By Popping Cereal

### Composition Of Cereal Causes Catastrophes

The track team was down, down in spirit and ability. Life seemed sapped from the bodies of the entire group. Each event had weaknesses galore; the 100 was done in only 10 flat, the 440 saw the runners poke in at 45 seconds, while the shot put bounced away at 60 feet.

Then to the Coach came a salesman from the Pound-O-Energy In Every Mouthful Company, selling his company's cereal. So crispy is this cereal that it has to soak in water overnight to preserve the teeth. If milk is added when the cereal is eaten, there is not just a pop, "No Sir," said the salesman, "They take the roof right off'en your house!"

As Popeye grasps at a can of spinach, the Coach grabbed for the cereal and gave it to the team, hoping something would happen. It did!

Eddie Farrelly first showed the effect of the new breakfast food. When he started to jump the first hurdle in the 220 hurdles, Eddie found to his dismay that he was unable to put his feet down between hurdles and after traveling at a terrific speed he met with a sorry accident against the wire fence while trying to bank the turn.

John Carlson next victim of the Energy Food, became careless one day in practice while putting the shot, forgot to let go of the heavy sphere and disappeared over the horizon. The police are still dragging Hempstead Harbor. Another sorry plight is that of Joe Lambert, the pole vaulter. Joe is compelled to wear an altitude outfit and take along his lunch whenever he polevaults. Jack Osborne is forced to carry a piano on his back whenever he broadjumps, so as to land in the near vicinity.

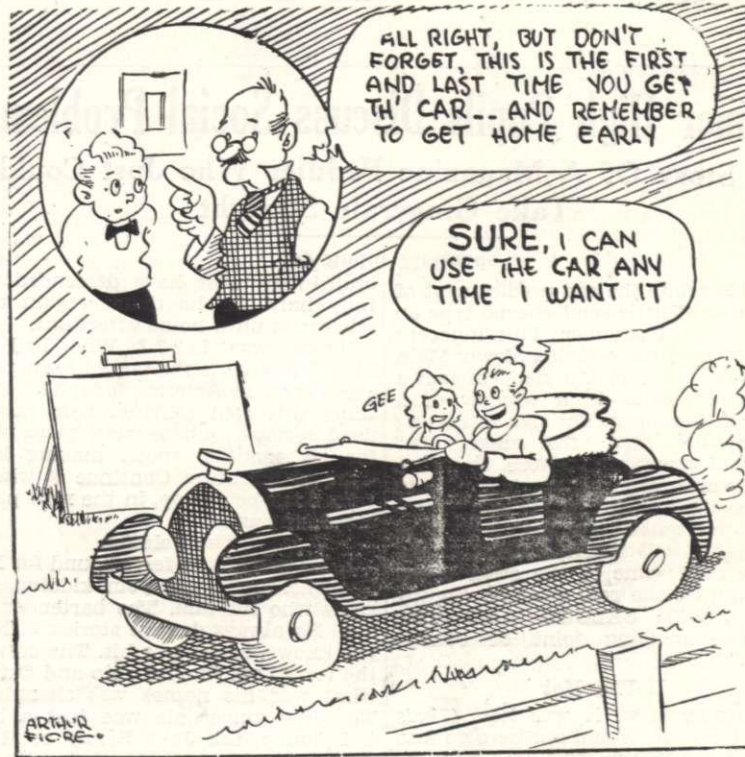
So the team progresses, and now the Coach is really a happy man and advises all athletes to eat a heaping bowlful of Pound-O-Energy In Every Mouthful Every Morning for breakfast.

*By the Way*

**17 SHOPPING DAYS LEFT**

**SKATES, SLEDS**

## Believe It or Not S-P-O-R-T-S



## School Bored Plans Revision of Faculty

### September Staff To Have Creative Verse Prof

(Continued from Page 1)

When asked what new courses would be offered in the fall, Mr. Merrill was happy to announce that Mr. E. Dodds will teach a three year course in Weather Prediction; Mr. E. Pickett and Miss J. Pelton, a course entitled, Why Not Dance?; Mr. P. Van Bodegraven, a course for post graduates only called Rote Singing; Mr. E. Hilfiker, Field Trips With A Camera; Mr. K. Brown, How to Be A G Man; Miss M. Griswold, Analytic Geometry for Sub-Normal Students; and Mr. C. Seeber, Adolescent Ping-pong for Mixed Groups.

The Bored has ordered all the remaining teachers to revamp their courses in the light of present trends or getout.

24 pt Annual 12 pt Copy of 10 pt Hatch  
Amid the general confusion created by he inmates of this institution Mr. Haitch Mitchell Curtis tripped down the aisle in assembly last Friday afternoon to receive from "The Reekly" nutitor-in-chief, Keatsie Weatsie this year's copy of the senior annual, "The Port Light," which was then publicly dedicated to him.

### Creative Verse



GERTY KITCHELL - MEZAR STEIN

### Leading Batters

	G.	A.B.	H.	R.	P.
G. Stewer	19	29	18	11	.999
J. Boriotti	19	29	17		.878
Eabe Gregory	18	28	0	6	.444
R. Clark	16	20	9	5	.443
L. Mehan	1	1	1	1	.111

### Wanted

Wanted—June 1937 Regents examination answer book. All Subjects.

Wanted—Date for coming Junior Prom. Blonde preferred.

Wanted—Need six more points to graduate. Will appreciate loan of some honor student. Box 0001.

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## Port Team Downed By Local Industrial Nine

### Home Team Avoids Shut- Out By Half A Run

The Black and Blue varsity won a close fought battle from the Port Washington Clam Digger team on the rough cut Sea Bear Diamond this afternoon. That is, it would have been a glorious victory yesterday if our boys had only made enough runs to win the game instead of just losing by a score of 10 to ½. The home team got into the swing of the game, and Coach Seeber bawled them out while the opposing pitcher struck them out with great regularity.

The longest hit of the game looked like a homer until the center fielder pulled a clam rake out of the hedge and made an easy ketchup by the outfield fence. This feat of the enemy did not go unnoticed as the manager of the high school had a long argument with the umpire who finally conceded half a run for hte Port boys.

The rooters for the Boondogglers claimed that the umpire for the game was inclined to be biased as he gave the first Port socker ten strikes before he called him out.

In the final inning, the score stood 10 to ½, and the home team cheered on by its rooter in the stand put on a spirited rally. This extra effort was clearly apparent by the strength with which struck at the ball. The Port right fielder complained as he walked from the box that he was dazzled by the curves in the stand more than by those that the pitcher offered.

The casualty of the game came when Pablo Harrison ate too many peanuts and was taken away in an ambulance. The rumors ran that there was a scout from the Corn Belt League who was the inspiration behind the team's playing its best game. The above mentioned scout made a quick and accurate survey of the local material and made a date for the Junior Prom with one of the best looking prospects.

### PERSONALS

**CULTURED**, pretty, intelligent coed, 16, desires correspondence with a young man of quiet tastes and active mind, 16-18 preferably an athlete. Enthusiasms: Companionship, books, love letters, sodas, auto rides. Box 7654321.

**TOGUE GUY** would like to correspond with some Dame. Box 957-X.

**YOUNG MAN** out of the way, wary and sly weary and patient, humble and proud, grave and ironical, seeks mental and emotional relief from school books. Box 812-X.

**DON'T SNORE** Small patent device. Prevents mouth breathing while you're in class. \$1.00. Satisfaction guaranteed. Theo. Griffin. Box 12334567.

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## "Rehearsal of Port Cranks!"

Rehearsals of the Port Cranks of 1937, an Inmates' Benefit, will start today, May 28, 1937, in the Senior High School Building at one o'clock with the distribution of "The Port Reekly." Approximately 800 students and teachers are in our most talented cast. Many are particularly talented in music, higher mathematics, and dramatics. Some are English.

From a viewpoint of local production, it is believed that many will react in a peculiar fashion. Sense of humor will play a major part in the entertainment.

This will be a play on words. Some will find it punny while others will find it nauseating. It all depends upon your physical condition.

**KNIT A SWEATER!**  
**THE YARN SHOP**  
142 Main St.