



THE PORT WEEKLY
Published weekly during the school year by the students of the Port Washington Senior High School...



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Decide Now!

By this time you have begun to get into the full swing of things, and are realizing that school is actually under way once more. Your schedules have been straightened out you've had a glimpse of the football team and what it's really going to do this year; you've looked at the bulletin board and seen announcements of numerous activities; and now you're being surrounded by students who want you to join the Glee Club, Fraternity, Circle, Celerity, soccer or hockey squad, or make your appearance at a Port Weekly meeting. What are you to do? You just haven't time for them all, and you don't know which to pick.

Extra-curricular activities have begun, and you must decide in which to engage. If you accept every invitation, you will soon find yourself so pressed for time and energy that you will lag behind and, eventually, fall out of line completely.

Now a good thing to do is to sit down and analyze yourself. Are you particularly interested in sports? If you are, which ones? Or, maybe you feel more inclined to go in for the journalistic side of things. There is excellent opportunity awaiting you on the Port Weekly and Port Light. If you are a musical student, then the Glee Clubs are just your meat. Of course there are the various honor societies throughout the school, too, that you may be asked to join.

However, the final decision will be up to you to make, and just remember, reader, that it pays to choose carefully.

More on Parking

In a previous issue of the paper, one of the columns stated that something should be done about the inadequate parking space. It is true that the parking area is small; but, in addition to it there is the street adjoining the football field and Port Washington Boulevard, both of which may be used. Up to the present time it has been used sparingly, and mainly by

those that live in the Park section.

That traffic situation is bad and is getting worse. For those who are able to get into the provided space, just remember that crowding is not necessary, and that sensible parking is imperative to safety.

Several members of the faculty have felt that a patrolman from the traffic squad should be stationed in the lot to enforce the school regulations; however, with the co-operation of the student body, it should not be necessary to have such an arrangement made. Won't you each do your part?

In Sympathy

The Port Weekly, on behalf of the student body, wishes to extend its sympathy to Miss Esther Farlinger on the recent death of her father.

Did You Know That:

Miss Allison was a music teacher and directed the school orchestra at the dances.

Miss Stierle was a well known opera singer in France.

On Saturday afternoons, 43 members of our faculty are students once more, collecting in Miss Bortz's room for a teachers course given by N.Y.U. Can you imagine!!!

Mr. Pickett was a chemist in the U.S. Rubber Company.

Miss Duffy headed a training school for rural teachers.

Mr. Dimmick was a chemist with a fire and water proofing company and did experimental work for the Edison Laboratories in East Orange.



Miss Pelton had good news for all of you "dyed in the ink" book worms, and very good news for you who haven't been converted yet.

Women (and a few of you Casanovas), there is something new and unusual. "Ladies of the Press" by Ishbell Ross, brings the high lights and the thrills of our famous female newspaper hounds. Recommendation No. 1.

Most of you Latin students have heard of the "Golden Fleece". Did you know that there was a "Silver Fleece" too? There is, and it is a very interesting autobiography of Dr. Robert Collis, starting with his college days at Rugby and progressing eventually to his very successful career. Recommendation No. 2.

Golly, have we variety! Here's something for the music lovers. Of course, you've heard of the opera "Porgy and Bess"? The library has it in book form. Just look for "Porgy" by Du Bose Heyward.

Our latest best seller is "The Wind from the Mountains" by Trygve Gulbrannsen, which is a continuation of the popular "Beyond Sing the Woods". It has same characters and setting.

Still more: "Three Comrades" by E. M. Remarque, the author of "All Quiet On The Western Front"; "Deep Summer" by Gwen Bristow; and "Post Stories of 1936".

Hi Lites

By Tom Elliston

Hooray and hurrah!—some kind and aspiring person, finally broke down and contributed some gossip to this pillar of pedigreed portions of gossip... "With much interest," writes the anonymous one, "we watch that very silent and mutual affair between a Soph and a Junior. It seems that they both are waiting for the other to speak but neither will indulge. However, eyes do talk ever so eloquently." ... Why no names, my unknown contributor?

Dick Croucher was the host to one of those affairs for Eleanor Talbot before she left for Rye... Practically everybody in town was there, and from what we heard, it was a swell party.

What local schoolboy won how much by betting against Port last Saturday? ... That certainly is not the right spirit for supporting the team.

Lo and behold, the Senior Ball has been postponed one week to October 29... However, postponement or no these twosomes are bound to show up: Bob Bralla has horned in on Teddy Gregory and will appear with June Mullon. Teddy, in the meantime, wasted no time and will dance about to the sophisticated airs of the Club Packard with Alice Palmer... Others who will truck the light fantastic will be Eddie Kraft with Phyll Warren, Charley Hewitt with the other Palmer sister, Jo, and Clinton Hegeman and Susie Keshishian.

Thursday night at the Inter-Class play, Bobby Brett received a nice, shiny razor blade;... however, 'tis of no avail. Poor Bobby has not even peach fuzz on that schoolboy complexion of his... Congratulations to Warren Kunz, Bud Erb, and Bob Brock. They are three of the male sex who can handle their lesser halves... Few and far between are the times when a male wins an argument from the women.

As usual after any school affair somebody has a party... Thursday night it was Simone Watkins... From all reports there were ten people invited but during the course of the evening it seems that everybody in Port was there. Also that evening, we spied Howey Smith and Bobby Clark with the "Goldust Twins," Cox and Levy... Why do four people want their names left out of this column when it comes to Thursday evening? ... Ben Murdock, who was one at the Watkins' party, escorted Ethel Bralla home after the affair... Several of the party at Watkins migrated to Allington's house afterwards and stayed there until the wee hours.

Friday night most of Port Washington went to the Mineola Skating Rink... Towny Jones was rolling around with Peggy Mordt... Eddie Johnson was with that swell gal from the Manhasset Estates, Alice Palmer.

Ethel Bralla was the hostess to a crowd of guys and gals Friday, for what apparently was a dinner party with dancing school at Mrs. Reid's thrown in with the demi-tasse... Sorry we can't say who was there, but you can't know everything.

Several of the alumni have written "yours truly" asking for more of that spicy gossip that everyone likes to read; however, in order to oblige, it takes some help on your part... We have had one contribution during the five weeks in school... that certainly is not a good batting average in anyman's league.

Yes, I almost forgot. There's something "fishy" about the pronunciation of "Ghoti" as indicated in the last "Weekly".

What's In A Name?

There are many people within the ivy covered walls of this institution of learning who remind us, for one reason or another, of certain popular songs. With malice toward none we present:

- John Keane—"Popcorn Man."
Mary Church and Bob Brett—"Danger, Love at Work."
Charlie Neulist—"High Wide and Handsome."
Alice Palmer—"Life of the Party."
Ernie "Stooge" Mazur—"The Whistling Boy."

Radio Headline Dispatches Become More Annoying To A Music Lover

By Bud McQuade

Ah, now for some soothing music. There's nothing like listening to the radio. No sir! The best entertainment in the world is on tap nearly all of the time. Let's try WXXX. Oh, oh... the crisp machine gun words of a news announcer bounce at us. "London, It was rumored in court circles tonight that the Duke of... we mercilessly check this fellow by turning to another station. Words set us on our heels. "And what does this momentous turn of events at Geneva mean to the citizens of this country? This observer believes it to... the spouter is cut down in the prime of his program. Another station yields, "The sign of Messo Extra Service Gasoline presents another timely bulletin of happenings of the World"... that is that, as far as we're concerned. Our weary hands turn the knob to, "The current number on the dial, one more of these strident voiced "newsboys" gives us the dope, "Valencia, Spain: The Insurgents claim... The Loyalists deny, etc." It seems that our soothing music will have to wait until either the announcers or the news gives out.

Spectre Grows

In our mind's eye grows the spectre of a tense man barking staccato phrases at a microphone. He has sheets of typewritten paper and a dictionary of foreign pronunciations before him. Our nemesis!!! Can we find peace and quiet? NO! This rude disturber bursts in without distinction on anything from a lovely G sharp minor flat in A prelude to a gentle lullaby featuring the smooth, sweet, dulcet tones of Berry Snulligan's corny cornet. Must we be told over and over again that some donkey fell down a well in "Illinois" or that, "Siwash University held Alma-Mammy Tech to the score of 87-0 this afternoon? It's very nice to hear those things, but once is enough, so help us!

Uncle Sympathizes

Uncle Erglesnatch felt this way about news on their air too, so he was naturally jubilant when he finally discovered the radio station minus news broadcasts. After absolutely establishing that it aired no news, in any form whatsoever, he decided to go in and congratulate somebody connected with the place. Entering the station, he approached an official looking gentleman and said, "I've noticed that your station has no news broadcasts, and I would like to..."

He was interrupted by the man, "Ah! You are just the voice we have been searching for. You may have the job."

Uncle Erglesnatch didn't know what the man was talking about, "I just came to..."

Unk Protests

But Unk's protests went all unheeded. He was told, "Here are your flashes. Go ahead now. YOU'RE ON THE AIR!"

Bewildered, Uncle obeyed. "Berlin: Hitler today declared... etc." Unconsciously his voice crisped as he realized that he was broadcasting a news despatch. Yes, Uncle Erglesnatch is now (I shed a silent tear at the thought) a newscaster. At various intervals during the day, on station WXIT, "Wintell Erglesnatch tells all."

Before Unk obtained this position he was a normal speaking, rather decent sort of a chap. Now (horrors), he knows just where to put each accent, has perfect inflection, and is absolutely dynamic. His voice is highly developed; he takes extraordinary care of his throat; he wakes himself up at night mumbling, "Vladivostock, Istanbul, Adis Ababa" and other tongue twisters.

Women Disappointed

Why, women, after hearing him on the air, are actually disappointed when they find out what he looks like. He's just another good man gone astray.

Why should this situation stand? Why must these newsbroadcasts, begun as a simple service to listeners, continue to monopolize more and more the hours of air time? Now, no self respecting radio station presents less than five or six of these diabolic goopers each day. Think what the situation will be five years from now! The announcing personnels of the radio stations will be competing in numbers with the C.C.C.!!!

Let us rise up and put down this insidious monster which dares rear its ugly head in our fair land.

Oh well, we can always rise up and turn off the radio.

A PORT PROFILE

"Outside activities are an essential part of school life," stated Mike De Leo, president of the Senior Class, when confronted by our interviewer recently. "There are so many extra curriculums in our school that everyone should participate in at least one activity."

He claims that pupils not taking part in outside activities are missing the best part of high school life. His most outstanding comment on the subject was that some provision should be made to eliminate those persons who are not conscientious in applying themselves. There is no excuse, in his opinion, for people going out for activities and not giving their whole-hearted cooperation toward the ultimate goal of the organization. Students should not enter such organizations just for the idea of being listed as a member of it.

Mike is an authority on the subject: his record in sports, music, and various clubs speaks for itself. During his high school years he has gone out for tennis, making the first team and earning his letter, and has been a member of the Port Weekly staff for two years, handling the Sports Column. Last year he was Junior Editor of the Port Light, and a member of the Fraternity and Retort clubs. He has been a member of the Band and Orchestra since the beginning of his high school career, and was elected President of the Orchestra this year. Since last spring he has been the proud holder of the National French Horn Solo Championship. Along with all these activities, he held the presidency of the Junior Class last year and was reelected Senior President this year.

Mike has found time during his school years to take a leading part in the scholastic and social life of our school and has set a high standard for other students to follow.



THE QUESTION

What do you think of horn-toting and bells ringing at the football games?

Frank Jost, a Junior, answered: "It's a good idea. It gives the team pep and encourages them. It tends to a more collegiate effect."

Bill Bischoff, that drumming Senior, enthusiastically declared: "I think there ought to be twice as many, and they ought to be twice as loud."

Brenda Rich, a blonde Sophomore, said: (after a friend suggested it) "Drop the horns and keep the cowbells."

Gloria Copp, a Junior, said: "I think they're O.K. when an exciting play is made, but sometimes they are a nuisance."

Jim Lillis, a Senior football player, answered: "I think they're swell! They annoy our opponents!"



Miss Bortz: "Alan Gould and Richard Croucher, stop that fighting!"

Boys: "We're not fighting, only protecting ourselves."

Mr. Mason: "Class—order!" Class (in chorus): "Beer!"

The student's allowance had run out, and so he wrote home for more money. Feeling a bit nervous about the impression it would make, he ended his letter: "P.S., I did not like writing to you. In fact I ran after the postman to get this letter back."

A week later he received the following reply: "You will be glad to know I did not receive your letter."

Vancouver Sun