



THE PORT WEEKLY
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It Is Better To Give

A big stuffed turkey with pumpkin pie for Thanksgiving dinner plus a vacation from school. Is that the first thought that enters your mind at the mention of Thanksgiving?

That is a very selfish and poorly reasoned thought. There are people alive today that neither know what three meals a day are nor a full suit of clothes. They are those who have never felt the comfort of a home of their own, yet they are thankful and happy with what little they have.

Among the more fortunate class of people, things such as food, clothes, and shelter are too often taken for granted. These same people want more and it is they who consider such luxuries as radios, automobiles, etc., as needs of everyday life. True, many items have gotten to that point where these are considered as everyday needs; but, if you have them, don't take them for granted. Be thankful for all of them. Be thankful that you are not one of the less fortunate people.

Not only on Thanksgiving Day should one give thanks, but everyday in the year, whether he had little or much. There is always someone, somewhere, that is less fortunate than you.

The Celerity Club of this school sponsors a collection of canned food, apples, and potatoes to be given to the less fortunate people of Port Washington. Bear the above statements in mind and donate what you can. Remember, even if it's only one potato, someone may need it more than you.

Mind Your P's and Q's

During the past several weeks, the traffic squad has been doing an extra lot of preaching to students who have been causing unnecessary disturbances. Furthermore, these lectures will continue until the squad receives more co-operation from these particular offenders.

Have you been crooning, whistling, or talking to yourself while passing through the corridors? As most of you should know, there is a time and place for everything. Yes, we recognize your talent and are glad to know you appreciate good music; but when a hundred musicians start warbling, well, that is just too much. In case some pupils have forgotten, let us say once more: Walk QUIETLY to classrooms; Do NOT RUN or JUMP upstairs; and walk SINGLE file. Before ending these instructions, there is one more point that will be well to bear in mind: do not annoy the officers.

X-Changes

"Jam" Factory
 (Tune of "The Moon got in my Eyes")
 Out of my test tube it suddenly appeared
 When we were working in our separate stalls
 There must have been a great explosion
 To blow out both the walls.

For as I poured to my beaker from the jar
 Not knowing what the gosh darned stuff was for,
 I must have picked another bottle
 Than H2SO4.

I saw the angels were in sight,
 And soon that I'd have wings to fly;
 And with the morning's early light
 I was playing on the harp up in the sky.

So now, dear pupils, when taking chemistry,
 Upon the label be sure to look,
 Unless you want your name written
 In St. Peter's great big book.

The Cheltonian

SIMILES

Ray Finlay—"I blush as red as ruby."
 B. Purgett—"Graceful as the swallow's flight."
 Eileen Landy—"Her dusky hair like silver night elbowing the gloom of twilight."
 Bob Brock—"His hair like gold from the furnace."
 Mary Muro—"Speeding like an arrow."
 Arthur Duffy—"He slowly moves, like a cloud of thunder, when the sultry plain of summer is silent and dark."
 Peggy Varley—(one week ago) "Like some sad statue, speechless."
 Bob Brett—"Hairless as an egg."
 Bill Sipzer—"Noisy as a dozen drums."
 Nellie Keshishian—"Her lashes lay like fans upon her cheek."

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Jo Palmer—"Easy on the Eyes."
 Mike DeLeo—"Blow that Horn."
 Shirley Warren—"The Loveliness of You."
 Marion Grumman—"When Love is Young."
 Jane Cole—"Say it with Your Eyes."

Hi Lites

By TOM ELLISTON

Unable to leave well enough alone MacCallum received three letters in one envelope from the North Tonawanda girls in Room 145 of ye ole Onondaga. Evidently our respected faculty advisers, Doc and Bill, made quite a hit because they were both talked about in much detail. Doc told them he was going to Buffalo for the Thanksgiving vacation, and now the three damsels are waiting for him with eager expectancy.

Last Thursday nite, Jim Schaeffer escorted Truly Yetter home at nine o'clock. When somebody went by there at eleven, the 1937 Chevrie was still in front of the Yetter mansion. Friday nite, Jean Vanderbilt came to the Church Fair all by her lonesome and went home with Eddie Johnson and Ted Minich. Saturday nite, Jean was at the Varsity Hop while Jim took in a good show with Ruth Blanchard. Sunday afternoon Miss Vanderbilt went to the service at the Garden City Cathedral with Bob Corrigan. To those whom it may concern, it looks like the end of another teta-tete.

Bernie Mallon our famous pigskin carrier has teamed up with Zoe Andel; this makes quite a combination of athletic prowess. Zoe showed your correspondent the class ring of "37" with the initials B.M., so 'tis of no idle thought when we report their mutualness.

We are very sorry to hear of the Varsity club's misfortune, they are fifteen dollars on the short end of the bill for the evening. Probably due to the insufficient advertising that was given to the affair. Eleanor Talbott came all the way from Rye to dance with Alan Gould while Mary West cut a few classes at Smith to "truck on down" with Lenny Romagna. After the affair terminated, Vera MacFarland saw fit to carry the evening's festivities further with a slight party (?) at her abode. Many of the local Astaire-Roger combines went to San Su San, the favorite bistro for after-dance entertainment.

Those who were at the Book Club Assembly last Monday might have noticed these two very glaring errors on the part of the students answering the questions in the costume contest. Some bright person thought that Ruth Blanchard represented "Mrs. O'Leary's Cow" and then someone thought that Helen Brock was supposed to be "College On Horseback." This column recommends a more comprehensive course in Modern Literature.

Two of our damsels are deserting the local lads for out of town swains. Dot Milstead has gone to Princeton on numerous occasions to be with a young fellow she calls Jim. In the meantime, Eileen Kidney caught the 7:30 for Great Neck, where she had a date with "Dunk" whoever he may be.

Eddie Bangs came down to Port all dressed up in his Merchant Marine uniform, but Madeline had to stay in college for the weekend. Better luck next time Eddie.

Buddy McQuade has a way to put people to sleep. It is very harmless to those with strong hearts, but a person with a weak pump organ will not have the guarantee of coming to. However, Bud will pay all burial expenses. He offers his services for the nominal sum of 25c a sleep. To those who suffer from insomnia, this is a worthwhile investment.

Mary had a little lamb
 But no mint sauce—
 So phooey!

Miss Buckley spent last week in Westport, Conn., visiting some friends of hers that have just returned from China.

Beverly Reid and her brother Tom left Wednesday for Baltimore, Maryland where they shall live until the Pan American Airway Company returns to Long Island.

Sally Baird spent last Saturday afternoon at the Army-Notre Dame Game in New York where she was thoroughly drenched. At the same time Carol Lewthwaite was in much the same condition at the Syracuse-Columbia game. Former Editor J. McHugh Stuart was also in town at the Georgetown-NYU game.

Something To Be Thankful For



Book Of Comic Strips Drives Reader To Melancholy Mood; Loud Protests

By BUD McQUADE

I'm in a most melancholy mood at the moment. Little tears are very nearly rolling down my cheeks. There are as many catches in my voice as there are in all the get-rich-quick schemes ever proposed. Excuse me just a moment please, while I blow my nose. I'm practically disillusioned, what with the strange mockery of the world. Five hours ago I was happy. Just as lighthearted as you are, laughing from pure joy, seeing pleasant things around me. Yes, I was happy and gay. Then someone gave me a book of comic strips. Comic strips, indeed! They have utterly ruined my day.

When I looked at the words "Comic Strips" over the pretty colored pictures on the cover, I thought to myself "Oh Boy, funny papers." Ah, what a fool I was. I actually expected entertainment from those four hundred pages. The first couple weren't so bad—although I didn't exactly break any blood vessels or lose any buttons laughing at the characters' antics.

Flash Rodgers: Hero

Then I hit a whole vein of adventures in the stratosphere, the future, on Mars, and within the Earth. Flash Rodgers carried on in true hero fashion, slaying a dragon with his fingernails one instant and turning around to zoom off into space the next. At regular intervals he stopped to embrace his lady love, whose name was Dalla or Wilma or Aura or Gooper. She was clad somewhat in the mode made popular by the brothers Minsky and did some notable deeds herself. He'd stop to embrace her and then—ZOOMIE—he'd be off to kill some more dragons. You can believe me when I say that although I fainted several times during those pages, I never so much as cracked the most minute grin, or even grimace.

The next stop on my path to melancholia was in the pages about little orphans thrown out into big storms by divers wicked people. The orphans' facility for nearly, but not quite, starving to death was very remarkable, seeing that none of them were old enough to get on the WPA. They were obviously too young to work as hard as the above mentioned corps (pronounced "core", not "corpse," whatever the temptation), but the colossal piles of dirty dishes they washed and shined deserved some recognition—but still as they say at West Pernt: no wife, no hoss, no guffaw.

Comis Gripping

There's something about a book of comic strips. However bad the drawing, small the writing, or starchy any part of it is, there's something that grips you, makes you go on until you've either collapsed or finished wading through it. Maybe it's the morbid element in one coming out, perhaps it's the forlorn hope of finding something funny. Whatever it is, it had me. Although I was in no way enjoying it, I just couldn't tear myself away from the thing.

The police and detective sections could scarcely be termed enthralling—but they could be called a lot of synonyms of the words, monotonous, wacky, etc. "Not a Laugh In

the Lot" seemed to be the motto.

I could go on listing laughless things in the comic book indefinitely, but I'd better stop. This is getting me all worked up again. Wouldn't you think, sob sob, that they would've put one little giggle provoker in it, or they might even encouraged just one little abdominal gurgle.

A Port Profile

Summer Sports Favored By Port's Typical Outdoor Girl

Port's typical "outdoor girl," Dorothy Milstead, was born a blue-eyed, blond-haired miss in Locust Valley on March 9. Several trips to England changed her color scheme to the fairly dark brown of the present. During the year 1936, Dot achieved the highest score in an archery meet, but very unfortunately, an operation was performed on her hand and it appears to mark the end of her archery career for a while.

Secretary-treasurer seems to be her specialty—she holds that office in the Book Club and La Societe Honoraire. She is also a member of the Celerity, the Circle, the Riding Club and was once an assistant manager of the Hockey Team.

Her future is undecided—she may attend Katherine Gibbs Secretarial School in Boston.

For the present, horseback riding seems to be her dominating passion; she claims the wonderful record of never having fallen from a horse. She also likes to take long walks in the rain, climb mountains, watch football games and plays, and the warm sunny-south climate. Recently she attended the Yale-Dartmouth game, and she is still under its influence.

She dislikes anything pertaining to the game of bridge as intensely as she likes horseback riding. Hats and history also come in the group of dislikes.

Warm-bloodedly, she finds no pleasures in winter sports and winter in general.

Her ambitions are to travel around the world and to have a pilot's license which, when put together with Dot's character form the following headline:

"Dorothy Milstead, Famous Woman Flyer, is First of Her Sex to Make Non-stop Flight Around the World."

Well, We-knew-her-when . . .