

# Davis and Company

By MARY BUTTERWORTH

(Continued from Page 2)  
 in plenty of time for you to get acquainted with her."  
 "That's swell, Dick. You're a man's best friend! But listen, I've got to be going now. I've got plenty of homework to be done besides an editorial for Ye Olde School Paper."  
 "O.K. Oh, by the way. A bunch of us are going over to the rink tonight; and, if you'd like to come, we could pick you up around eight."  
 "You supply the women, and I'll go. Or do we get them when we get over there?", questioned Ted.  
 "No sir. No women allowed; but, if we see any worth looking at twice, we may make an exception. I'll see you about eight o'clock and for Heaven sakes forget about Judy."

Anxious eyes peered into the Davis' refrigerator and a sun tanned hand was edging its way toward the leftover turkey when Jerry sang out, "There's someone on the telephone for you, Ted. P. S. It's a woman, and if I'm any judge of voices I'd say it was—"

"Stop letting off steam and give me that receiver," interrupted Ted. "Hello, oh hello, Judy. Well, this is a surprise. What? Yes, I know there's a football game tomorrow. It's the biggest game of the season. Oh! He's playing in the game and you have no way of getting there? O. K. What time do you want me to call for you? All right, see you then."  
 "Well, if you aren't the number one sucker I'd like to know who is? Believe me I wouldn't let a woman do that to me! Oh, by the way, Ted. Will the rumble seat be occupied tomorrow?"

"What do you want to know for? I thought you were too busy trying to prove that if two parallel lines intersect, they're not."

"Well, you see it's this way. Emily didn't have any way of getting to the football game and—"

"And you offered her a ride in my car, didn't you?"

"Yes, in a way, but I didn't think—"

"You never do, but—I-guess—I'll be able to accommodate you."  
 "That's swell of you. I'll do the same for you someday."

It was a clear, crisp December day and the stadium was filled to capacity with people anxious to see Emerson and Stone Valley clash for the championship. Oh yes, Ted was there, and so was Judy looking colder than the thermometer although she was knee deep in a blanket and up to her neck in her polo coat.

"This is what I cold cold weather," ventured Ted to the silently shivering Judy.—No answer.

"Boy, I hope we win this game." ing Judy.—No answer.

"Oh, I give up", Ted said in decidedly disgusted tones.

"What do you give up?" stuttered Judy coyly, her teeth clicking like a busy stenographer's typewriter.

"You wouldn't understand, dear," retorted Ted sarcastically.

They both lapsed into silence until the starting whistle let out a feeble note. Great excitement overcame the Emerson students when Emerson's eleven threatened its opponent's goal.

Bob Caldwell was playing fullback.

He received the ball and seemed to be in the clear when a roar of disgust from spectators told as clearly as words that a fumbled ball had been recovered by Stone Valley. They rushed the ball up and down the field in a desperate attempt to score. Snow, falling gently at first, was now sweeping and swirling through the grandstands and down on the already white field. The scoreboard blared out the disheartening results of the first half. Emerson, 6; Stone Valley, 14. There it was in black and white and long faced Emerson students filed out of the grandstands to revive their shattered spirits with a frankfurter or a hamburger

It was definitely snowing when the two teams resumed play. Back and forth, up and down they went but Emerson seemed to be getting nowhere. Ted had been sitting, musing and not paying much attention to the game when a poke from Judy and an excited, "Look!" made him sit up and take notice. Nixon, one of Emerson's star players, had received a well placed pass from Bob Caldwell and was half running, half sliding down the snow covered field. He was over—and the fans, a minute ago half frozen, were now crazed with excitement. Then the try for the conversion and it was good. Now the scoreboard read, Emerson, 13, Stone Valley, 14.

Two minutes later, the spectacular game was brought to an unwelcome finish, by the referee's gun. The score remained unchanged, and Emerson had lost its big game of the season.

It was a very downhearted crowd that pushed and shoved its way out of the Emerson grandstand. Ted and Judy were slowly walking toward the parking space when they were almost bowled over by a flushed and panting Jerry.

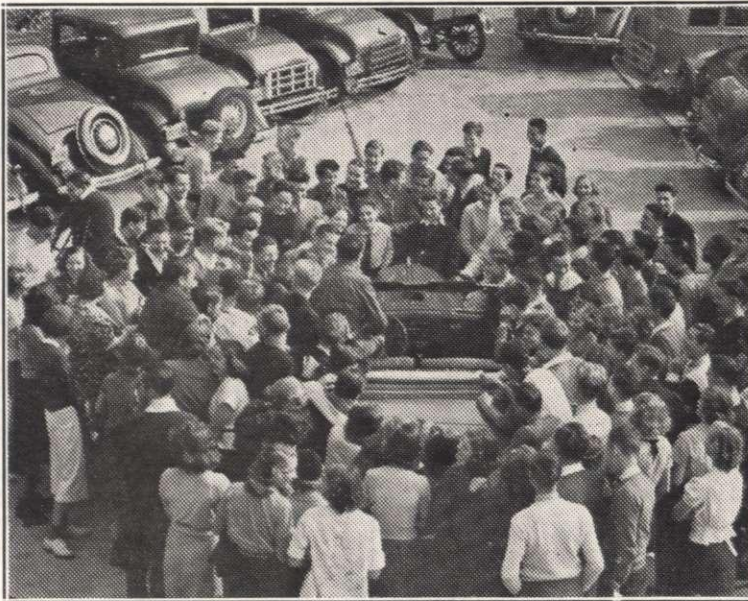
"Ted," he gasped. "I just found out something terribly important!"

"Well, for gosh sakes, tell us what you're talking about!" implored Ted.

"Wait 'til I get my breath. Well, someone sent me in to the locker room on an errand and by mistake I got in the Stone Valley room. One of the players was saying to Dickson, their captain, 'It sure is a good thing you know Caldwell. When you said that he could be bribed to throw the game, I admit I didn't believe you; but you have to hand it to that boy! He's keeping his side of the bargain. He doesn't have any deep affection for the school anyhow. He told me he just went there because he heard that there were a lot of swell dames and he wanted to see how many he could bowl over. And then that big stiff said, 'He sure did make that Judy Marsh girl look like a fool and he was even going so far as to stand her up for the Christmas Dance.' 'Well,' said Jerry, jubilant with the reception of his news, 'I guess I brought you an earful!'"

The game was lost, the championship for 1937 was lost; but, as far as Ted was concerned, with Judy in his arms dancing gracefully to the scintillating rhythm of the orchestra, everything had been won. The Christmas dance was a success.

## Winning Candid Camera Snapshot



Snapshots by Kimball Perley which won the December Camera Club contest. Judges, who were Miss Allison, Mr. Junker, and Mr. Herge, chose this as the best of the many pictures submitted. It was taken at the time when Mr. Floherty was given a safety demonstration for high school drivers.

## DO YOU REMEMBER? INQUIRING REPORTER

**EIGHT YEARS AGO:** The Red Domino presented "Little Women" as the first of the annual school productions. Mary Lou Halsey, Margaret Smith, Doris Hillis, and Ruth Frankfort took the leading parts.

**SIX YEARS AGO:** Plans were completed for the production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" to be held on December 19. The cast and all of the Girls' Glee Club, the orchestra, and the dramatic and art classes are at present finishing up dress rehearsals, etc., in order to have the best and most finished production of all times.

**THREE YEARS AGO:** The Fraternity dance on the 22nd opened the vacation season. This has been the tradition of the past few years. Bobby Jones and his "Happy Boys" supplied the music as they did in 1932.

**ONE YEAR AGO:** The Pantomime classes gave their annual production on the 18th of the month. The plays were "The Juggler of Notre Dame" and "Toy Shop". Hickville beat Port in a basketball game, to the tune of 27-25. Only 2 points. (Too bad they didn't have the same luck this year's team did!)

## Santa Suggests



this way to send Christmas Greetings. Make a hit with your friends by giving a year round present, a weekly reminder of your generosity. Your Home Room representative will gladly accept a term or a year subscription. The Circulation Department of "The Port Weekly" will mail your friend an announcement that he is the recipient of a gift subscription.

Rates: Including Postage:—  
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 School Year . . . . . .90  
**THE SCHOOL PAPER**  
**THE PORT WEEKLY**

## HOBBIES ARE LISTED

### Students Collect Sugar, Dolls, Other Things

Peggy Morris delights in the fact that she has such a large collection of dolls. Incidentally, the dolls aren't the ones she played with when a child, but beautiful ones which she brought back from France last summer. The exact number isn't known, but when she arrived home she gave several of them away to friends.

Dorothy Latham has a very unusual hobby—collecting sugar lumps from restaurants. Her sugar lumps come from Egypt, Turkey (where she was born), France, Hollywood and New York's gayer restaurants.

Jean Lewis has made a collection of menus from various restaurants. Most of them are from Canada and are written in French. Now we know where her French accent and appreciation of good food comes from.

If anyone should take a peek into Belva Shulze-Berge's boudoir, he would see—horses. Belva knows horses and their history from cover to cover and also collects pictures, books, and miniatures of equine creations. If anyone should be interested in finding out the least little thing about this animal, we're sure Belva would be the best information bureau available.

Ray Finley is very proud of his twenty-odd pigeons, which he raises for no particular reason other than a hobby. Sailing is also one of Ray's greater arts or hobbies, and he is a champion at the sport. If you are interested, ask him about his experiences in racing against the cup defenders last summer. We might also say that we wonder whether getting injured is another hobby of his.

**Y. P. F.**  
**CHRISTMAS DANCE**  
 2 — SWING BANDS — 2  
**St. Stephen's Parish Hall**  
 Tuesday, Dec. 28, 9-2 a. m.  
 \$1.25 Couple      \$1.50 Stag

### DICTIONARY DOODLIN'

"O.K.", says Webster, means all right, and Funk and Wagnall both agree.  
 Just how its derivation's got is difficult for me to see.  
 All three go on to state that "nuts" means "prunes", "gee whiz", "ah fudge", or "heck".  
 The boys just feel like having fun, but me, I'm just a nervous wreck.  
 So "nerts" you three big gruesome "guys" (which they would use to mean a "fellow").  
 Come from behind your books and fight or else I'll think that you are "yellow".  
 I'll "lick" you in a word debate. I'll throw my knowledge all at you.  
 But first I shall interrogate:  
 What is the meaning, boys, of "foo"?

—The Baysider.

### A FIVE YEAR OLD'S CONCLUSION

By EDYTH THOMPSON  
 They can't fool me 'cause now I know  
 That Santa's just a fake;  
 I know he didn't come last night 'Cause he didn't eat his cake.  
 I know that down the chimney He never even came,  
 'Cause I left some wood in the fireplace  
 And it looks the very same.  
 He didn't come through the doorway For some Pots and pans were there,  
 And I know he certainly doesn't Ride through the open air.  
 And I know it wasn't Santa 'Cause I asked him for a chair,  
 And all that was left last night Was a horrid teddy bear.  
 Mother and Dad think they're fooling me  
 Though I've known for quite some time,  
 That Santa isn't Santa  
 And the whole thing's just a rhyme.  
 But even if I do know now I'll keep it secretly,  
 So that Santa can be Santa  
 And the day be "Christmasy".

## Why Not Join Our



Membership Still Open

There is no obligation except to yourself, for YOU are the one who gets all the money back early next December in time to do all the nice things which make Christmas the greatest day of the year.

**A SURE WAY To Have Ready Cash for Christmas**

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 Class 50 Members paying 50 cents a week for fifty weeks will receive ..... \$25.00  
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