

THE PORT WEEKLY

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The Homework Question

Con: One of the most vital questions to decide is whether or not the students should be given homework over the weekend. My answer is definitely no!!! Should we be given homework over the weekend when we have spent our time and energy in school all week? That is a question that seems to have no answer. The only time for relaxation and out of school activities are the all-too-short two days of the weekend; but how does one have time to do anything else but work when homework is piled on in every classroom. Of course, we realize that Regents are only a few weeks away, but this procedure is not carried on for just eight or ten weeks before examinations, but all through the school year!! This condition is surely one of the worst failings of not only this school, but schools everywhere. -C. W.

Pro: Homework is a necessary and vital factor in the school's preparation of a pupil for the battle and victory over life. Let us forget petty human desires of idleness and look at the situation in its broader, more important aspect. Homework prepares us for the life we are to face and presents this life in its true view. When we embark in this business, educational, and practical world, we shall be confronted by constant, pressing, un-ending work. Let us prepare ourselves for this existence by working each day, as we shall in the future, and thus become suited and accustomed to the world of tomorrow. -W. K.

Ferdinando Throws The Bull

Monday afternoon—the deadline—& i cant seam too pull myself together enuf two even think of a subject to right about i tri putting my mind on some one thing four just a foo minutes but it always pops write back to the same one thing TILLY THE TURTLE let me tel yu all about that sweet girl it was at the maskeraid ball down at estates beech saterday nite TIL i no her that well now was there and oh goodness how i fel four the girl i had sworn off all girls since my upset with effie the eel but tilly was such a sweet delicate and loveable turtle that i wasnt able to resist my friends say its the spring but whatever it is i have it bad and now you see why i cant put my mind on a good topic to right about this weak wait four mee next weak tho for ill be back then and really suply you with informataion you never befor have heard the like or ah spring ah love ah tilly ah foioe Ferdinando again

From The Rack

Booty (a great believer in Santa Claus): "Did you go to College?"
Santa: "Yes, every good boy should."
Booty: "What fraternity did you belong to?"
Santa: "Gotta Baga Toise".
INKSPOTS—Sea Cliff H. S.
The Newtown High School newspaper is now using a streamlined formal which makes it look very striking.
X-RAY—Newtown H. S.
Some folks think that fleas are black. I don't think that's so because Mary had a little lamb with fleas as white as snow.
"The Tattler"—Glen Cove H. S.
A student of Bayside High School has decided that one can make a

few extra dollars if one puts one's mind to it. Therefore, he has started work on a magazine which he expects to be published in the near future. This periodical is to be devoted in the main to Broadway, the theatre, and night life in general along the entertainment thoroughfares of New York City.
THE BAYSIDER—Bayside H. S.
The girls of Bayside High school have started a roller skating club which meets every afternoon at three on the tennis courts. The gym teacher is the faculty adviser.
Here's a good one!!!! Horse sense that everyone talks about once in a while is nothing more or less than STABLE THINKING.
GUIDE POST—Great Neck H. S.

Dust To Dirt

By THREE SMART GIRLS
Bobby Clark and Henry Frost sure are a-feudin' over Harriet Umbach. Altho' Bob was reported to have found a new gal on that memorable trip to Massachusetts (and also here) with Pussy and Nip Mallon, he has Harriet dated up for the coming Junior Prom. Frosty is hoping against hope that Bill Fenno's orchestra will play, as Harriet will then sing. Consequently, no dancing with Bobby.
(Incidentally, the fair damsel seems to have a carbon copy of all her notes to both "faithful" swains.)

The Manhasset Y.P.F. dance last Friday eve was well attended by Port stags and drags, as usual. Seeing Phyllis Warren with Frank Shelton proved to be quite a shock to (Make-up-my-mind) Frost. Another rather startling couple was Nina Cox and "Butch" Mehan. Poor Buzz—out in the cold again. Still more old faithfuls: Harriet Umbach and Bob Clark; Mary Church and that "Wise Old Man" Mr. Keaney; Helen Allington and Townie; Reeve Shelton and Reeve Shelton.

We never knew that the Doctor had such a sense of humor, until the other day when he said, "Take home your Wade and Blossom, and open to your appendix." Ha-ha.

Well, Peggy and Shake are together again. Now we can die happily. Seems she is taking him to the approaching Sigma Sigma Beta dance at the Ritz Carleton.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday—was too much for Mil Lang, so she and Don Mehan have narrowed it down to a once-a-week date. My! Such self-restraint!

Won't some kind soul please ask Bill Ames to draw a rectangle?

If Jack Young's party hadn't been such a brawl, we would have discarded it as old stuff. But what with Ray Finlay taking a walk with some strange woman in Jack's car, and Eddie Kraft's escorting Peggy of Manhasset, we couldn't resist. Guess O'Brien and Zwerlein were the only quiet couple there. Such sport, fun and amusement!

Who is that fourth Smart Girl who doesn't dare to have his name published?

Bob MacCallum had better watch his head and not carry it around with him so much in the future. The other day a very inconsiderate window nearly took it off at the neck. Would you miss it, Mac?

Les Dadas des Professeurs

Dear Inmates,
By somewhat devious method, I've managed to find out some of the things that rate tops with the members of our faculty. You'd really be astonished by the results I received. Some of the things that amused me immensely were:

When it comes to good dance music, the teachers like both Guy Lombardo's and Wayne King's bands. Speaking of music (swing), Miss Pelton likes to sing "The Music Goes Round And Round", and Mr. Costello, "Tippi-tin". Miss Griswold likes to hum "Heigh-Ho", while "In the Still of the Night" is Mr. Scherer's favorite. Miss Pelton's favorite language, believe it or not, is Hungarian. Spanish and the King's English are preferred by Miss Saberski and Miss Allison, respectively.

Spinach is both a vegetable and a fruit to "Doc" Herge; Miss Griswold likes broccoli and oranges; while Miss Work finds her vitamins in asparagus and "just loves" grapefruit.
Well, I guess that's enough for one letter, but another one is on its way in case you're interested (and you should be) in what the teachers like.
Yours very truly,
A. C. Inquisitive

Regents Marks Changed

The revised Regents marks received from Albany and posted on the bulletin board last week reveal the fact that of the 190 tests taken in January, 22 marks were changed. Of these, seven were lowered and fifteen raised by the Board of Regents.

Mad Driver At Bay Beware Of Blue Car

By CHARLOTTE HEWETT
"What kind of a car do you drive?" "A blue one," I replied.
Thus was the extent of my knowledge of automobile mechanics when I first sat in the fatal seat behind the wheel. Following the instructions of my would-be teacher, I finally, after many convulsive jerks of the entire chassis, got the car in motion. Not realizing my own strength, I concentrated all power on the gas. Whizzing past the few defenseless drivers on the road, I was pleased to see how friendly their attitude toward my efforts was; for every time I passed a car, the driver would wave at me. Never before have I experienced such cooperation! My "professor", speechless at the antics of his formerly behaved car, summoned his nerve to the fore and in subdued voice, warned me that I must turn the next corner.
At the entrance to the street there were two parked cars. One was at the left of the street, while the other was parked parallel to it on the right. Forgetting to slow down before turning, I went sailing between the two, barely escaping a thorough bouncing from their innocent fenders. I was so overjoyed at the idea of overcoming this obstacle that I didn't bother to heed "prof's" warning to step on the brake as we were fast rolling down the steep incline that led to his home. Far be it from me to slow down, and at his second command, "Charlotte, step on the gas!"—I merely gave him a happy grin and rolled merrily on! Entirely blissful in my innocent belief that there was nothing to this driving business, I was totally oblivious of the threatening "forest" toward which we were gaily advancing. At the crucial moment, when we were on the outskirts of this orchard of threatening disaster, "prof" once again summoned his nerve, dragged himself out of his coma, and with much variety of outcry (from both himself and the tires) pulled up the emergency brake. Exhausted by his thrilling experience, and from his tussle with the brake, he sank back with a sigh which totally betrayed his relief. Fearing that I must have also been sunk in the depths of an absorbing daze, he turned—prepared to administer to my needs; only to find me delightedly and blissfully fingering the wheel, gazing through the windshield at what apparently was the near future, and joyously murmuring, "Whow!"

A Port Profile

Well Known Senior Holds Many Coveted Jobs

The student director put down his baton after directing the Port Washington Senior High Band and resumed his seat among the first clarinets. The audience applauded this talented student loudly and justly. This boy, who is student conductor of both the band and orchestra, is John Wilkie.
Born on April 6, 1921 just outside of Philadelphia, John moved to Brooklyn and then to Port Washington. He did not remain long in either of the former cities because he arrived in Port at the senile age of one. His entire education up to this time, therefore, has been obtained in the Port Washington Public Schools.
John began his active career in Main Street Elementary School by skipping two grades. Progressing to Junior High, he was in the Band, Orchestra, on the traffic squad, and managing editor of "The Port Junior" for a time. Among his early accomplishments in Senior High were positions on the "Port Light" staff in his Sophomore year and music editor of "The Port Weekly" in his Junior year. At present he holds some of the most coveted positions in the whole extra-curricular system of our school; namely: president of the Circle, secretary of the Fraternity, business manager of "The Port Light", student director of the band and orchestra, and member of the Retort. In addition to this, John ranks ninth in the graduating class of 1938. Never once since he began school has he been late; perhaps his success can be attributed to this fact.
Having a love for swimming and tennis and a dislike for traveling, John can usually be found during the summer at the Port Washington Yacht Club. There are many social activities there, too.

For Men Only

By THREE SUFFRAGETTES
You must realize that having girls make up this column is very revolutionary, but we think that you would like to see our point of view, too; and after all, women have freedom of speech just as well as the men.
Well, here goes: this is our only chance to tell you boys where to get off; the only time we can get away with it. (We hope.)
The old question "What are you doing tonight?" is getting on our nerves; anyhow, what's it to you?
When should we be taken home? Don't take us home too early because in our own little "hen" sessions the one who got home at the latest hour is conceded to have had the best time. But—if we drop a hint that "Tempus fugit", don't suggest trying another tavern.
We appreciate the Estates Beach for the view—and that's all, see?
Why the bad opinion of "town girls"? We're just as good as the Great Neck or Douglaston girls, only you just don't know it, whereas the Great Neck and Douglaston boys do, poor things. You don't know what you are missing. How's about it? You think that you are stringing us along—actually the fables are turned most of the time. A boycott of high school boys has been suggested. It might take away some of your high exalted opinions of yourselves.
Some things that we like and some things that we hate...
1) We hate boys who talk about other dates that they have had.
2) We appreciate compliments—not the Dale Carnegie kind,—but sincere ones.
3) Why make your lines so obvious? You should at least know how to have them easily swallowed.
4) We hate tactless boys. If one girl can't go out with you, your asking her best friend is the worst thing that you can do.
5) Absolutely the worst error is to kid us along until the last minute before asking to take us out, especially to a big dance.
6) Pu-Leeze, don't date us unless you are sure of the car or can afford a taxi. Making a track event of the evening certainly doesn't send your stock soaring.
7) Sure we care what you look like! Since white saddle shoes (the dirtier the better) have become popular with the girls, we don't mind if you wear them. But—we are wearing our hair longer these days, and can't you take a hint? In other words, we don't think that crew haircuts enhance your otherwise fair faces.
8) You may not like our nails red, but why should we change as long as you continue to have yours rimmed with black?
9) You demand that we dress to perfection—why show up in a suit that hasn't felt the soft caress of an iron in years?
10) There is nothing that aggravates us more than when we are putting on our last curler, to have the doorbell ring and enter a male, come to see us and raid the ice-box; if you are starving, go on relief.
We wouldn't take the trouble to write this column if we didn't think it had some possibilities and you could rate with us if you wanted to.

INQUIRING REPORTER

THE QUESTION

"If you were the inquiring reporter, what question would you ask?"
Marvin Markey, a Junior, replied: "Do you think towels and soap should be provided in the locker rooms and if so, should a small charge be made?"
Bill Ames, a quiet Sophomore, replied: "Do you think junior licenses should be issued?"
"Townie" Jones, a Senior hesitated and then replied: "Do you think Senior Essays should be abolished?"
"Duck" Swan, a Junior, concentrated deeply, and then said: "Should cops clamp down on Junior licensed operators?"
Robert Brock, another Junior shyly answered: "Which is your favorite swing band?"
"Nip" Mallon, a Senior, lowered his eyes and cooed: "Why doesn't Port support the baseball team as well as they do the football team?"

Next September, John will take the next step toward his goal, dictatorship over the world. He will enter the University of Michigan to study engineering law for six years. There, too, as well as here, he may be sure that his forceful personality will long be remembered.