

THE PORT WEEKLY

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In Appreciation

High commendations have been given to the organizations of the school which have distinguished themselves through their noteworthy achievements; certainly, some measure of praise is due the seniors who have worked faithfully on this paper throughout their high school careers. They have given their time and energy to provide entertainment and enjoyment for you and therefore deserve your recognition although they have labored in an unglorified capacity.

We welcome the opportunity to express our thanks to Alex Wilkie, who has served admirably as editor-in-chief for the past year; Lennie Romagna, the capable assistant editor; Helen Brock, business manager; Clinton Hegeman, advertising manager; Robert MacCallum and Michael De Leo, sports writers; the music editor, Malcolm Lowry; the efficient and faithful typists, Ethel Mahoney, Florence Whyte, Truly Yetter, Alma Vehslage, Florence Wright and Ursula Show; reporter, Bob Bralla, and any other senior who may at some time have contributed toward "The Port Weekly".

These people have been a great asset in the publication of the paper and deserve the acclaim and appreciation of the student body. It is our hope that they attain even more notable fame in the future enterprises they undertake.

"The Port Light" this year is undoubtedly the finest that has ever been issued in the history of this school! Every member of the staff deserves the greatest credit for the time and effort he put forth to assemble this book. Mr. Scherer has done everything in his power to make the "Port Light" better than ever before, and with the able assistance of Helen Brock as editor and the large staff, he has achieved his goal.

Although many "Port Lights" will equal this in the future, we feel certain that the 1938 "Port Light" will never be surpassed.

Bon Voyage

Once again our glad thoughts of the impending vacation are dampened by the knowledge that another senior class is departing.

Each year we high aspiring juniors resolve to fill the vacancies left by graduating seniors. But, do we? Sometimes we do, but this year it will be very difficult. The exit of this year's senior class will leave a large hole in our school's activities, especially in music, art, sports, and school publications.

Success cannot be prophesied, but if most of you seniors continue on the road you are now following, it is very probable that you will attain those two undefinable things—success and happiness. Now, we must bid you goodbye, but with that final adieu, we also bid you—Good Luck!

Library Campaign Success

During the library campaign that was carried on last week there were twelve books returned, so the campaign was well worth the time and trouble it took. Miss Pelton has stated in an interview that the librarians would appreciate it greatly if those people who have overdue books out and who owe fines would pay them as soon as possible since there will be no more books taken after Tuesday, the fourteenth.

The rest of the year after the fourteenth will be spent in straightening the records and putting the finances of the library in order.

Harried Seniors Flee Autograph Hounds; Writer Reveals "Port Light" As Cause

DUST to DIRT

By THREE SMART GIRLS
All the efforts of the following column are contributions. You asked for them, and here they are:

What out-of-towner threw the great (?) Iverson over last week-end? So he couldn't make up his mind to whom to give the air. (Watch out, Virginia.)

What popular teacher is trying hard to be cupid? Which one of the "gold dust twins" is so hard up that she asks for her dates now?

Who's going to jilt whom first? They're both good at it; that cowboy Romeo from the Park and his glamorous goddess about. (Bye-the-bye, Zoe, does your cheek still sting from the last affair?)

Whom has Ted Gregory just "copped" a new romance with?

It seems that certain well-known studes are always complaining how dead Port is. We think they're laboring under a disillusionment. Where have you kids been the last few weeks, anyhow?

We hear Kenny Iverson broke a certain Douglaston lass' heart not long ago. She's thinking of coming to Port to school next year! Wonder why—

Well, the Junior Prom has come and gone. It was definitely a success financially, as \$120 was taken in at the door. The clever decorations made the dancers (poor fish), appear to be under water. Maybe it would be more appropriate to call them sardines because—boy!—was it crowded! Maybe this was due to the great number of out-of-town women. The orchestra committee discovered all too late that it wasn't necessary to hire Bill Fenno's orchestra—The humidity and humanity furnished enough heat—

After the dance, open house at Hank Hay's produced Mil Lang and Don Mehan, Bunny Calvelli and Bob Paxton, Harriet Umbach and Clarky, the host and Peg Mordt, and the whole doggone stag-line. Zoe Anel and Henry (Me, Myself and I) Frost strolled in to occupy the couch, as usual. (Why, Frost, you don't need an audience, everyone knows your technique).

Eddie Legan showed his former schoolmates how to go to town on the dance floor at the Junior Prom in grand style. Making his first appearance back in Port High School for quite a while, he stepped so fast at times that the crowd stopped to watch him and his date hoof it. Dave Raymond tried his best to outdo Eddie. Who was that dark woman that showed Clark, Iverson, Mallon and Markland a good time in N. Y. at the Savoy Sunday night?

It could be said that some of the boys were slightly under the weather (?) during and after the Junior Prom but you can't blame anyone after they had refreshed themselves with the punch at the Prom. It had an original flavor. Punch drunk, perhaps?

Inquiring Reporter

THE QUESTION

Are you in favor of having a leap year dance; one to which the girls invite the boys?

Ethel Bralla: Yes, it's about time we showed the boys who's who.

David Raymond: Yes, it's a change; give the girls a chance to do the choosing.

J. Duffield: Sure, then the girls could send the boys the corsages.

Doris Fenton: Yes, then the girls could do the cutting in.

Pussy Markland: Sure—it's O. K.—doesn't make any different to me.

Anne Ross: Sure, I think it would be fun.

The Port Light's dropping into our school whirlpool last Monday made a big splash. That splash was not forgotten in a few hours; it, like Splashed, had far reaching after effects. The strongest of these ripples regaled the Seniors, many of whom were not yet fully recuperated from the Prom. Immediately after the annual's issuance most of the school's upper classmen were forced either to go into hiding

A Port Profile

"Maize" Promoter Reveals Past, Present, Future

She was tall and stately as she stood beside her teacher, speaking in a manner which emphasized her dignity as a Senior.

When asked timidly if she would submit to an interview, a sudden change was apparent and she responded in a lackadaisical manner heightened by her amiable bronxy swang, "Sure thing, Keed!"

This "twang" continued throughout the interview, and from her breezy discourse sprinkled with typical Blanchard-Landemuth, Inc. phrases the following facts of her life were gleaned.

Ruth Blanchard was born in Evanston, Illinois (Peggy Mordt's from there too) and came to Port Washington at the age of four after stopping at Upper Darby, Pennsylvania for a while. She couldn't seem to remember much of her pre-high school days; but her high school days have been full of numerous activities. She is treasurer of the Celerity, member of the Book Club, soprano in the choir and went out for basketball. Piano and harp keep her busy outside of school.

Next year she plans to enter Mount Vernon Seminary, and when she's all through being educated, she hopes to become a stage costume designer. She designed the "Light" costume used in the "Bluebird" performance two years ago.

Her main and pet hobby is sailing which she does all summer long in addition to tennis. She has won many trophies in Meteor class races and last year won second place in the big Manhasset Bay race; Lennie Romagna was first. She expressed a strong dislike for poor sports, homework, and subways and mimicking is one of her sub-hobbies.

As one of the promoters of the "Maize" dialogue, Ruth revealed the fact that it all started when an innocent blonde telephone operator used it in the musical comedy called "Big Broadcast of 1937".

Who Is It?

Color of hair: Blonde
Color of eyes: Blue
Sex: Male
Class: Senior
Weight: 163 Pounds
Height: 5 feet, 11 inches
Often seen: Smoking a Camel
Seldom seen: With a Girl
Chief characteristic: Running his fingers through his hair
Favorite expression: "Oh Lord, I don't know"
Noted for: Being in a hurry
Pet aversion: Outside reading
Favorite sport: Tennis
Chums around with: No one in particular
Favorite food: Hamburgers
Favorite orchestra: Guy Lombardo
Got it? If you're not conscious of this individual's presence, or if you're not acquainted, well—you should. His name may be found at the bottom of Column 5.

Regents Notice

Regents examinations in the Senior High School will be given during the week of June 20-24. Morning examinations begin at 9:15 a. m. and close at 12:15 p. m. Afternoon examinations begin at 1:15 p. m. and close at 4:15 p. m. Proctors and pupils should be in the examination room assigned fifteen minutes in advance and have all preliminaries completed before the time to start. Any pupil who has more than one examination in subjects scheduled for one-half day should be sure that the teachers of the subject know the fact in advance.

or to run the risk of serious disability. This resulted from the fact that as soon as the books were issued, the customary mad rush for autographs commenced. This is the nearest point in most people's lives to that of movie stardom.

Writer's Cramp

After a few hours of signing "right here," the average Senior's hand becomes quite fatigued; the holder of office really begins to wonder how long he'll last; and the class tycoons berate themselves fiercely for not having had a rubber stamp made. After a while the extending of hand on sight of a year book becomes a habit.

A situation of the year book problem might be the including of a page or two in the year book made up entirely of the signature of every person in our school. It would save wear and tear on the books, which after a few hours' mailing often resemble a pair of year old "sharpie" shoes.

After a few years have passed, do you suppose that we'll be unable to recognize our likenesses in the book? It might be wise to emulate The Daily News by putting a circle around our photographs. But perhaps in a few years, we won't want to know what we look like now.

In Years To Come

At any rate, the year book will certainly be used by someone in this manner: He'll be looking through it — "Well, well — here's Joe. I must look him up next week and see if he has enough insurance." A graduate becoming a police officer might say the following in the same circumstances: "Well, well, well — here's a picture of Oscar. I must look him up sometime."

Yes sir—the Port Light certainly is a good thing!

SALT and PEPPER

Dear Pepper: Girls don't seem to like me as much as they should, according to my looks, charm and personality. I've tried everything, but I seem to either lack or overdo something. Bewildered Frankie.

Dear Mr. Parker: You are undoubtedly inclined to overdo things. Be friendly and complimentary to all, but refrain from the vulgarity of slapping them on the back, embarrassing them by yelling "Hi Babe," and making too personal remarks. Pepper.

Dear Salt: My steady date has the most nauseating habit of singing in an awful tenor voice while dancing with me. I was embarrassed to no end the other night when somebody yelled: "Shoot that yowling cat!" What can I do without offending him? Hopelessly, Lucy.

Dear Miss Bullard: Find out his weakness and embarrass him. If this doesn't work give him the works! Salt.

Dear Pepper: Last night I was at my girl's house for dinner. While cutting a piece of tough steak my knife slipped and my whole dinner went flying across the table, upsetting a glass of water on my girl's new dress. In a panic, I tore out of the house. Now she won't speak to me, and I can't understand it. Perplexed—Bobby the Brat.

Dear Mr. Brett: Lack of space prevents me from fully advising you. However, I will send you my complete booklet on etiquette if you write to me enclosing 10c in stamps or coin. Pepper.

Salt and pepper want to be spiced up some more, so send in your letters now.

The answer to the "Who Is It?" column is: TOMMY NEULIST