



THE PORT WEEKLY

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Your Privilege

Have you ever stopped to figure out how much time you spend on actual studying? Only one seventh of your week is set aside for school and its activities. Make the best of that small part of the day earnestly and wholeheartedly devote yourself to your education. Start class immediately after the buzzer sounds and continue your work up to the last part of the class. Don't waste the first fifteen minutes of class and wish away the last ten. Use fifty minutes of each fifty minute period.

Education is a privilege which is generously granted to all people of this free country. By means of education, the standards of this country have been raised to the highest in the world. Use, do not abuse, the privilege.

Care of Books

Books are the key to knowledge. They should be revered and loved. The students and even some of the parents have a few bad habits concerning books. These should be corrected.

Some simple things to remember are: first, don't put the books face down on a flat surface, for this cracks and breaks the bindings; second, don't turn down the corners of the pages, because this creases them and they soon break off and third, don't eat candy or anything sticky while reading.

Remember the books in the library do not belong to you; therefore, they should be taken care of. When all of the school learns this, the library will become a much better source of interest and reference.

We Due Mean You

You have no doubt heard that old refrain, "Please Pay Your Dues" at almost every club and class meeting that you have attended. Many students are very lax about paying their club dues and let them run on for weeks until the amount rises to quite a large sum, then they complain about the large amount they must pay.

All students could readily keep up with their various financial obligations because their negligence in paying is usually due to carelessness or inability to resume responsibility.

There are a great many clubs and organizations in our school, and many students feel that they want to belong to most of them. Students should belong to only those which they can fairly support by regular attendance and payment of dues.

Make an effort now to budget your finances and get your dues out of the way.

INQUIRING REPORTER

The Question

Do you believe in making New Year's resolutions?

Owen Thomas, a Junior, stated, "Sure, if they're kept!"

Pat Turrill, a Junior, emphatically remarked, "What's the use of making New Year's resolutions? Resolutions are just as good any other time of the year."

Jane Cole, pulchritudinous Senior, coyly replied, "Sure I make them so that I can have the fun of breaking them!"

Bob Brock, titian-haired Junior, advised, "Yes, New Year's resolutions don't do any harm, and they might do some good."

June Mullon, philosophic coed, said, "Yes, it starts you off on the right foot for a whole year."

Howard Stephenson, Peggy's Sophomore brother, enthusiastically suggested, "Yes, I think New Year's resolutions are splendid! They teach one self-discipline."

ECCENTRICITIES

Lennie Romagna has a habit of sketching pictures whenever he does any writing. O Doodler!

Owen Thomas says "Look" each time he speaks to a person. His favorite pastime, while engaged in homework, is humming a tune and beating his feet to keep time.

Several ardent admirers of the camera are rarely seen without their pet toys. Among them are Kimball Perley, Gene Calvelli, and Everitt Hehn.

Violette Levy is a "Catcher." She catches habits.

Art Duffy has a habit of traveling through the halls at great(?) speed. Harry Helfrich crosses his arms before each oral recitation.

Peggy Stephenson insists on wearing the same two bobbie pins. They are almost ready for their first birthday now.

Kenny Iverson makes a business of sleeping in school, but his favorite spot is sixth period history class.

TIDBITS

By Three Wise Men

The New Year has come and gone leaving most of the high school with big heads. An example of this is "Killer" Kirby and Pete Davis walking into the lunch room and ordering a Bromo Seltzer. (They are real Men.)

The college men certainly tore the town wide open. Examples: Dick Jost reviving the Jost-Shontz combination, Jimmy Lee and Suzanne Trussell (Old Faithful), Sam Shiley and Bernice Calvelli, John Henry Osborne and Ann Edgar, Jack Wilson making high school boy Griffies lose ground with Russell Sage Guilford. Doc Lacher didn't do so badly for himself either (I's that right. Mr. Paxton?).

The Y.P.F. Dance was a big success. Those who attended were Lennie Romagna and Mary West, Don Mehan and Audrey Jones, Howard Smith and Phyllis Warren, Kenny Iverson and HIS Peggy from Manhasset, Clark and Cox (What no Levy?), Warren Dares and Elizabeth Brown, and Dana Moran, the only stag.

The dance was over at 2 o'clock but couples started leaving at 12:30 for the Estates Beach and Monfort Hills, Manohaven Beach and other interesting places. (We wonder why.)

Jim Shakespeare and Bob Hunter have been seen in the Great Neck movies with a couple of strange women. (That was a dull weekend for you, wasn't it Peggy?)

Ted Minich escorted Eleanor Talbott down from Rye for the Y.P.F. hop. At this dance Eleanor went to great trouble to show the Wise Men her fraternity pin from Rye. (Sucker Ted didn't seem to mind.)

Betty Lindemuth had an open house party Christmas Day. She must have had some prominent people there, for a Herald Tribune reporter called to get the details. (We didn't see it in the paper, Betty.)

A group of our home town people spent New Year's at the International Casino in New York. Here are a few of the couples that attended: Eddie Johnson, Zoe Andel, Bill Bohn, Jane Cole, Ted Minich, Ruth Guilford, Harriet Mordt and Rob Guilford. An enjoyable evening was spent at Mil Lang's establishment New Year's Eve. If you wish to hear any more about this get-together consult Bubbles Levy. (But she won't tell.)

It seems that Bud Zwerlein is the next stooge for Betty O'Brien. He took her to the movies New Year's Eve and took her home early by her own request. At one o'clock she was seen at Phyllis Shields' party. (Why wear her pin, Bud?) She was even one of the three girls to whom Bud gave presents.

Peaches (Cornell) Brown and P. G. Betty Allen were seen at Manohaven Beach with Elizabeth Brown and Warren Dares. (It was a warm night, eh boys?)

John Keaney gave the Port women the cold shoulder as he left Thursday to go to Bridgeport, Conn. to be with his "one and only love" Lorraine Hackett. (It looks like the real thing this time!)

Frank Shelton and Lee Mehan spent the weekend at Rye. They drove up in Lee's Love Chariot. The Rye gentlemen slashed the tires on the car. Don't tell us that they are not welcoming the Port boys. The Wise Men are going up there to see if they still slash tires. (And if they do—)

Coming Attractions

Friday, Jan. 7—Chevrolet Movies will be shown in assembly at 2:00 p.m.
Basketball game. Manhasset vs. Port at Manhasset at 8:00 p.m.

Tuesday, Jan. 11—Stanley High, the first speaker of the Public Forum series, will speak on "Where Do We Go from Here?" at 8:15 p.m.

Friday, Jan. 14—Basketball game. Port vs. Glen Cove at Port at 8:00 p.m.

M-O-L-L-Y

by PEGGY STEPHENSON

"Faith and it's a hot day now, isn't it, Mike?"

"To be sure and it is, Mrs. O'Riley. One of the hottest of the summer, I'd be a sayin'. Just the kind of a day that things happen around the hospital."

"Is it now?" questioned the tired old Irish woman, who sat on the park bench facing the city hospital. "Tell me, Mike, has anything been happening this morning while I was away?"

"No, not a thing. The day's been mighty quiet, it has," replied the good natured policeman. "I've been expectin' somethin' to turn up any time, but not an accident the whole day!"

"I was on me way to the butcher's to talk him out of a couple of lamb chops for me and Tommy's dinner tonight. It's his twentieth birthday you know. I wanted to be havin' somethin' special."

"Ay, and you would, you soft hearted old Irish woman," returned Mike. "Always doing somethin' fer somebody else you are, niver givin' yourself a thought. I never seen the like a ya. Can't find troubles enough of your own so ya hikes down here to this hospital every day just to be sympathizin' with the poor devils who gets into the accidents. Ah, you are a true Irishman, Mrs. O'Riley."

Molly lived with her son, Tommy, in a little Irish settlement in the south end of Cleveland. To Molly, Tommy was the world. He was her only son; and, now after the death of old "T. J.", Tommy worked to support her. There were perhaps twenty families in the district, and although it was a decidedly poorer section of the big city, there was an air of coziness and comfort about the place. Molly's house was the same as all the rest, save for the small white fence in front. The house was covered with a fresh coat of paint each spring. A small flower garden bloomed just under the porch. Molly was completely happy and contented there.

Both Mike and Molly had a strange fascination for the many emergency cases that came into the hospital day after day. They shuddered over who the victim was, whether he was going to recover, and what would happen, as Molly so often said "To his poor mither or wife."

Mike would scurry over to the hospital, get the known facts, and then come hurrying back to Molly to relate all he had gathered. Sometimes he would add a bit of adornment here and there.

Now their conversation gradually turned to Tommy.

"Well do I remember the day the little tyke stood on his own two feet for the first time and took a step," Molly reflected. "Faith but I was proud of my sonny that day. I can tell ya. Ha, and the day he took a spill into the paint bucket, and old 'T.J.' wouldn't scrub him off sayin' 'Twould teach the young scatter-brain a thing or two. An all my pleadin' and coaxin's wouldn't turn that man's ideas for the world. Ah, I'm tellin' ya, Tommy was one to deal with. But he sure was his own mither's pride the day of 'T. J.'s' funeral, he was. You'll have to search far for a better lookin' feller you will, and I'm not one to be braggin', but he is a fine son, Mike a fine son."

(To Be Continued)

Santa Claus' Odd Gifts Amuse P. W. Students

Santa Claus was somewhat of an epigrammatist according to some of the things he bestowed upon the abecedarians, Juniors and Seniors of this co-educational institution of knowledge. By a very devious method this reporter sought out some of Mr. Claus's silly and unique pranks.

Miss Joan Palmer (she is an abecedarian) enjoyed much felicity when she found a dancing Popeye and a Hula Hula dancer among her gifts. Speaking of dolls, Helen Brock detected among her presents Donald Duck and his pal Goofy.

Some unknown person or persons was a step ahead of St. Nick to Mr. Scherer's tree. The party left a streamlined puddle-jumper for him to use when he is not busy on Forums and teaching.

A ten dollar bill was stuffed in Bob Bralla's ankle. This reporter saw nothing funny about that, but Bob stated that he was so surprised that he had to touch it twice before he could actually realize he was at last a millionaire.

The Yogi Speaks; A Mystic Tells All

This week, in an attempt to perform another great service for our subscribers, The Port Weekly presents Yogi Ben Ali Isidore Bel Mir Bist du Schoen, who was left in our Christmas stocking complete with crystal, turban, Ouija board, accent, and a book on reading the stars. He will periodically emerge from his trance to lay out horoscopes, read the future, dust The Port Weekly box, et al. We take pride in presenting Yogi Ben, etcetera! The Yogi speaks!

If you were born in the days from December 29 to January 12, this is your horoscope:

You were born under the sign of "M.D." The Yogi sees in the stars that the kind of life you are fated for begins with a "mo", and ends in "ous". The stars are not very bright so the Yogi cannot tell whether your life is to be momentous or monotonous. You sometimes regret that you were born in these days because people are too likely to consolidate your birthday and Christmas presents. A favorable occupation lies in the field of ventriloquism. Some of the world's greatest dummies were born in this period. Hobbies suitable for you range from carving Totem poles to stuffing and mounting gnats. You are brave, kind, intelligent, and good looking. You don't like to do homework. Beware of blondes and flat feet. You are overly susceptible to both.

All school teachers adore you; but, in the manner of teachers, they are very wary about letting you find out. In fact, rather than let you know that they do idolize you, they may give you frequent "U's". Don't let them fool you when they make you stay in after school; they just want you near them.

And now the Yogi presents a general forecast for the whole student body. The Yogi looks into his crystal and sees a dark threatening cloud slowly gathering and as slowly approaching. The Yogi sees it hovering over the school in about three weeks hence. The Yogi sees pupils trembling in their galoshes. What is this menace; has it a chromium lining? The Yogi will now repair to his Ouija board and next week will be able to tell all.

The Yogi has spoken! ! !

—B. F.

A PORT PROFILE

For a moment it looked as if Japan would be the birthplace of Nancy White, but she was finally born in Boston, July, 1921; and, a year and a half later, she moved to Port Washington. Although she has crossed the Atlantic Ocean fourteen times, visiting England, (home of her ancestors), France, Germany, and Italy, she has faithfully returned to Port. Bermuda has seen quite a bit of her too.

As a student in Junior High, she held several offices, acted in some plays, and brought many smiles to the faces of Port Junior readers with her humor column.

In Senior High she has become a member of The Port Weekly, The Port Light, Circle, French Honorary Society, soccer squad, and is secretary of Clio, manager of girls' badminton and ping-pong teams, council member of her class, representative of the Red Cross in our school, and a student with a high scholastic average. That ought to keep her busy!

After she is graduated from high school, Wellesley will have her as one of its students in Bio-chemistry. "Wacky", as she is called in other parts of the world, has one great ambition—to travel around the world. She lists New York at night, all kinds of dogs, golfing, and swimming as her "likes" and she has a grand collection of seventy-five china dogs. She admitted that when she was younger, she had a great desire for pigtails; and she betrayed to us her intense displeasure for wearing hats, rubbers, and swimming in Manhasset Bay water. The latter, she avoids by spending her summers in the Adirondacks.

It was difficult to make her confess her New Year's resolutions. She said with a grin, "I made many but not for publication." However, one of them is that she is resolved not to break any resolutions she made.