



THE PORT WEEKLY

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Bon Voyage, Graduates !!

Today marks the last day of the fall term. After Regents Week, although our ranks will be swelled by a goodly number of incoming Sophomores, many Seniors will be leaving their High School career behind and stepping out in search of work or higher education.

Although the outlook may seem gloomy for those who have no definite plans, we would like to remind them that there is always a place for those who persevere. Those who are lucky enough to have obtained a job through another's influence should not forget their obligations to do their best. No matter what the work is that you obtain, be sure you do your best; for any job repays you as much as the effort you put into it.

You who leave our classic halls because of graduation to pursue a higher education will find that your work becomes specialized. You will have to work more diligently to keep up with your studies. Students who have gone through high school with little ambition and self-reliance will find that they must learn to do real studying or fail. Colleg professors have large classes and there is little chance for them to rate their students other than by exams.

We extend our sincere wishes of future success to these classmates of ours who are leaving us and trust that all actions will bring credit to them and the Port Washington Senior High School.

Dig Deep, Brother!

This year, as every other year at the same time, The Port Weekly launches its semi-annual drive for subscriptions. Those unlucky people who did not take the advantage of the ten cent reduction in a year's subscription have to renew the delivery of their paper with another fifty cents. But even that is a decided saving from buying your issue each week at a nickel per copy.

Certainly a lame excuse for not purchasing a subscription to the school paper is that you could not find a representative to which you could give your name and money. During the two weeks after Regents, you will barely be able to escape them. Each home room will be assigned a jolly old representative that will even supply the paper and pencil with which to make all arrangements for the ensuing fifteen weeks. When you do so, you also help him to qualify for the prizes which are to be offered again for the representatives-at-large.

Another obviously lame excuse for your not subscribing is that there is too much advertising in each issue. If you were to study the you would emerge a new and reform-financial status of The Port Weekly, ed person and probably take out two subscriptions. This year the approximate cost for producing the printed paper is \$1200; each weekly issue costs about \$35. The income from the student body and faculty per year is only \$725; obviously then you can see that the paper has to balance the budget by referring to outside help, which comes in the form of advertising.

Now that you have been given a thumb-nail sketch of how the paper is backed financially; don't begrudge it a few column inches of advertising. Remember, the quality of the material that makes up the paper has been first class for the last two years.

See your representative and renew your subscription now. If you did not originally have one, take one out now!

Mary Elizabeth Roberts continues

Eccentricities

James Lillis, a Senior, winds and curls locks of hair around his fingers while deep in thought.

Louise Teta has a habit of reversing a pencil in the palm of her hand while reciting or studying.

Emily String has slept with the same teddy bear, the Winnie-Poo, for six years. Keep it up!!!

Bayard Osborne, an industrious junior, snaps the fingers of both hands when he has made an error, and pounds his fist when amused by something.

Anna Westergaard does not tie her shoe laces in the morning until she is ready to go out of the house.

Bob Bralla finds it very comforting to applaud himself after giving a talk. (Remember?)

Nancy Gunther, a junior, when surprised, moves her eyebrows up and down.

Jennie Bonzek nearly every morning about two, creeps downstairs for a bite to eat. (She has something there!)

Mary Elizabeth Roberts continues to repeat the same dream at least once a week. Who's the hero, Mary?

Donald Bachem must like the taste of rubber because he always chews the top of his pencil when he's trying to concentrate.

TIDBITS

By Three Wise Men

We wish to thank Mr. Albert S. Brown, Jr., of Cornell for his letter. It makes us feel good to know that he still condescends to read the Social Column of The Port Weekly. We are sorry that we cannot comply with his request to use his name more often.

Kenny Iverson and Frank Shelton seem to have been attracted by the younger girls of the town. Kenny goes to see Irene Hope (Junior High), while Frank Shelton escorts Paula Read (also Junior High), and Ann Hartell. What's wrong with the older girls, boys?

Polly Perley drove her brother Kimball's car to school last Monday. When she arrived into the parking space she mistook the gas pedal for the brake with almost disastrous consequences to the school building in the vicinity of Mr. Pickett's lab.

The Basketball Squad did a swell job last Friday night. They were cheered on to victory by the following couples: Donald Mehan and a friend, Robert Bralla and Drina Rich, Ted Gregory and himself, Odd Hope and Astrid Vehslage, Frank Jost and Ethel Bralla, Eddie Johnson and Phyllis Shields, and Bill Buschman and Lennie Romagna, stag.

Dot O'Day gave a victory party after the game. It started about eleven o'clock, and we don't know when it ended. We think that Howard Smith and Babs Noss were there, but they kept coming in and going out all night. During the course of the evening, some of the would-be guests pushed Ben Murdock's car around the block, while the boy that brought Dot was out fixing the motor in his car which was partially dismantled.

Those of us who had the opportunity over the weekend to visit Radio City were much amused to see "Doc" as a lovable dwarf in Mr. Disney's "Snow White" triumph.

If it weren't so near Regents, we'd be bold enough to suggest other faculty members' names for roles in the picture. Wait till you see it; see if the dwarfs don't make you think of our pedagogues.

It is quite apparent that Anne Huethwohl seems to prefer prep school boys to dear old Port High boys. Maybe the Port boys need prep school educations to get acquainted with Anne.

It seems that Emily String has at last gotten over the jilting Andy Sprague gave her, because she is now doing the rounds with Burr Miller.

Nancy Farnsworth seems to enjoy her Sunday night drives in that brown Ford roadster.

Simone Watkins is now displaying to whomever will look at it, a very cute ring, but she won't tell whom it belongs to. (We don't know whom it belongs to, and we don't care.)

Art Duffy took that glamorous tittian, Vera McFarland, to the city Saturday night to the movies and to dinner. What's wrong with the Beacon, Art? This item was contributed by Ernie Tonsmeire, Art's best friend.

Milred Lang told a few of the fellows Sunday that she was not going to leave the house because of the amount of homework she had to do. Later that same night the same fellows saw her in the Great Neck theater. Don't tell us that little Donald did your homework, Mil.

Here is a poem by Shirley Ellice and it's the truth: Little Boy Brett, go blow your horn, Cause Mary Church just aint forlorn!

Arnold Eato is now stationed on the U.S.S. Pensacola, way out in San Pedro, California, and according to a letter recently received from him, he certainly thinks there is no place like the United States Navy. He also wishes to be remembered to the student body here in Port and wants them to know he is still rooting for them.

We hear from another old grad, Stephen Trautschold, who is back home now after completing his course at Coyne Radio School. Stephen was graduated with honors, and now he is preparing to start up an electrical business here in Port for himself. He'd appreciate any help the students might give in making his business a success.

Famous Star Reveals Life To Local Student Reporter

By MARY BUTTERWORTH

I was more than surprised when my eyes beheld the almost empty orchestra of the Forty-fourth Street Theater; there were nearly seven rows filled with journalistic students on the same interview mission as I. It seemed hours before Mr. Alexander Kirkland stepped out of one of the

J. Cole's Aversion Is Boys Date Trepidation

During the terrible blizzard of 1920, when the temperature was down to twenty below, Cuba, New York, was blessed by the arrival of little Jane Cole. Four years they housed the little mite 'til the Cole family moved to Elmira, New York. Here she spent another four years enjoying the pleasures of the Empire State. However, she then moved to Dayton, Ohio where six more birth-days slipped by.

With eight years of education behind her, Miss Cole entered the Port Washington Junior High School at the age of fourteen. There she was candidate for the presidency. This was one of her "big moments."

Upon entering Senior High, she took the job of president of her Home Room. A busy career has led her to membership in the Celerity and Red Domino. She took part in the latest Pantomime ballet, and now is the manager of the girls' basketball team.

Jane was hurrying to a Regents review class when she remarked that her Commercial Course gives her the most aches and pains. Her pet peeve seems to be boys who wait until the last minute before asking for a date.

DO YOU REMEMBER?

Five years ago this week: Port beat Westbury, 12-2, which had previously been unbeaten.

The Fraternity made plans for its initiation on January 26.

Four years ago this week: Edwin Franko Goldman consented to act as the guest conductor at the band's annual concert on February 23.

One year ago this week: The Public Forum Series was inaugurated with a lecture by John T. Flynn.

Andrew Johnson was chosen president of the Red Domino.

INQUIRING REPORTER

The Question

What do you think of dancing at noon in the Cafeteria?

Doris Fenton, coyly replied: "I think it's very nice if people want to dance, but I don't!"

Drina Rich, answered indifferently: "There's not enough time, and it would make too much noise."

Jack Van Name, shouted above the commotion, "It would be good, if you had something besides the phonograph for music."

Susie Keshishian, replied with emphasis: "If enough people would cooperate, it would be fun."

Mike De Leo, uttered: "It was a nice custom, and I think it should be revived."

BOUND TO BE READ

Some of the recent acquisitions to the school library include "The Life of Madame Curie," the discoverer of radium, written by Marie Curie, her daughter. It's a fascinating account for anyone interested in science; but, on the other hand, it is not too technical for the reader who doesn't know much about the subject.

"I Wanted Wings" by Bernie Lay, Jr. will prove to be of interest especially to the boys enthusiastic about aviation. Other books along this line include Howard Pease's "Foghorns."

Books related to art have been purchased for the benefit of the art students. They are "How to Draw Cartoons" by Briggs, "Freehand Drawing" by Everett, and "Finger Painting" by Thach.

The articles now on display from Chile in the library were loaned by Col. Palmer, father of Alice and Joan Palmer. Approximately twenty-five pictures showing views of Chile may be seen. Also included are articles such as breastplates, bracelets, wine, a blanket, and a ring which originally belonged to the Indians in Chile.

side exits and greeted us. Almost immediately questions concerning his life, his start in the theater, etc., were hurled at him. He answered all the questions more than willingly.

If I had to describe this well known actor, I would say that he was about six feet tall, of medium weight, and that he had brown wavy hair and rather strong features.

Tells Early Life

After being asked many questions concerning his early life, he answered that he had been born in Mexico City, New Mexico (he refused to tell what year); and, after attending boarding school, he went to Sargent's Dramatic School for a few months. He claims he got his start by making an absolute nuisance of himself; finally, he was given a job as an assistant stage hand. Mr. Kirkland's first show, "Cradle Song," was on the road for twenty-six weeks. He first started in the theater in 1929 and among those in his company were the now famous Katherine Hepburn, Jane Wyatt, and James Cagney. Writing is one of his favorite hobbies for he has written many radio scripts. Among the many roles he has played was the well known part of Romeo opposite Edith Barrett in the role of Juliet.

He has played in twelve movies which include "Surrender," "Bondage," "Black Beauty," and "Social Register." Among his dislikes, Mr. Kirkland lists his monotonous daily routine and makeup.

Dislikes Drama Critics

He talked at length on the subject of the system of criticism of the press of which he heartily disapproves. These critics are forced to see play after play until they are totally unable to react humanly. His suggestion for the improvement of this system would be to select prominent people from the literary and dramatic fields and women from outstanding organizations and let them see the plays and write their reactions. He strongly advises young people to go on the stage if they themselves feel that they have the ability to act. Like almost every actor, he has experienced many embarrassing situations. He told of such a situation which took place the other night in the play "Many Mansions," in which he is now starring. One of the actors had missed his cue and had failed to show up. After several minutes of "ad libbing," one of the stage hands came in and took the part so well that the audience wasn't even aware of what had happened. The missing actor was later found in his dressing room day-dreaming.

Respects Arthur Bryon

His favorite actor and actress are Arthur Byron and Gertrude Lawrence, respectively. After answering all of the many questions that were asked him, Mr. Kirkland was swamped with outstretched hands containing all sorts and sizes of pencils and pieces of paper for autographs. His attitude during the entire interview was most friendly and obliging. All there is for me to say now is that I sincerely hope I have done justice to this inspirational and admirable actor of the stage and screen.

Perseverance

He enters every contest That he sees advertised. He's always hopeful, though, If he won he'd be surprised.

An optimist forever. He's always going to get A bicycle, some money, A brand new radio set.

He puzzles over puzzles. He writes—oh, simply rams Of paragraphs and opems; The products haunt his dreams.

He doesn't drive a car, But praises every gas. Although he doesn't smoke, Each cigarette's "First Class."

He's said he "uses only Six different brands of soap" It's like that, too, with coffee. Someday, he'll win—(we hope).

—Phoebe Crosby.