



THE PORT WEEKLY

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March 11, 1938

Is Yours The Hand That Cheers?

Our hands and what they do reveal our characters. Is yours the hand that cheers? A hand that cheers you and others? Are you proud of your hands? Are they worthy of you? It is a worthy hand that is among the first to applaud a credited performance, the first to be raised in class, or the first to pay subscription money for this paper. Is yours the hand that draws a good bow in orchestra or the one that fingers valves in band? A good hand will try shooting baskets in the basketball season, catching passes in the football season, and will swing a bat in baseball months. Is it your hand that guides a pencil to write up material for The Port Weekly? These are the hands to be proud of!

However, it is not everyone that has the hand that cheers. The unworthy hand carries an unnecessary number of books home at night following improper study hall usage. Is yours the hand that dogears books, litters the halls, and does not respect the property of others? Does your hand continually reach for a current magazine in the library or is it the hand that takes a well written book from out of the shelves? Is it your hand that is steering the wheel of a recklessly driven car?

There are hands that dislike physical effort and hands that like it. Hands that like to push a pencil and hands that do not. Let your real interests be the guide for your hands. Be proud of what they do.

Possibilities and prospects go with your hand. The hand that cheers is the hand that betrays a balanced mind, a healthy body and an aptitude to gather happiness from life.

Marking Pains Teachers, Too

It's too late to make any fuss about it now; the marks close today. Whether you will greet your report card with a smile, a frown, or tears next week, the marks are final and there is nothing you can do about it. Some of you are waiting anxiously for the reports, perhaps hopefully; others are not so anxious to get theirs at all; even some or impatient. But did you ever stop to think of the teachers' point of view toward the subject? You probably think they take it as a matter of course; certainly some of them must look forward to marking each individual pupil with dread. They wish to be fair, yet it seems such a pity to fail some people they wish to tell the truth, yet do not wish to hurt people's feelings. Not only do the report cards mean a lot of extra work for the teachers, but also a lot of concentrated thought before making a final decision. Their minds must run something like this:

"Should I give Mary M— an S or a U? And should I mark Jack T—, S+ or H? I think that they both deserve the lower, but they have tried and I don't want to hurt their feelings!"

When you are dissatisfied with your mark, think it over carefully before you condemn the teacher. Try to see the teacher's point of view.

Be Boosters!

Of the entire number of pupils in the Port Washington High School, there are a few who can be depended upon to be absent from the entertainments sponsored from time to time by the various groups of the school.

These certain few, although they may not know it, are gaining nothing from their school life, since they are contributing nothing. If they do not attend these functions, they will be ignorant of what is going on in their own school.

Let's all in the future try to contribute not only our financial but also our moral support to these programs.

We can start right away, because tonight at 8:00 in the auditorium, a concert will be given by the orchestra, the glee club and the choir.

TIDBITS

By THE THREE WISE MEN

Next time Clinton Hegeman is lunching with Doris Fenton, he should ask her to show him the pictures that she has in the locket around her neck.

We know she won't tell him who they are, so we will. Now, Clinton, we will enlighten you and the rest of the school. The pictures are of Alex Wilkie, editor of The Port Weekly; and Andy Johnson, last year's graduate. Just remember, Clinton, that these two are lunching in spirit with you and Doris. (How are the meals, Clinton?)

The majority of the youths in this town do not indulge in excessive speed while driving their automobiles. Eddie Kraft, however, makes up for them. Last Saturday night when the Wisemen were escorting their dates home, they were very much shocked by Mr. Kraft's driving. No doubt Eddie was not aware of the speed limit in Port, consequently, he failed to take a turn. Eddie's car, and he, himself testify to the truth of this statement (Are you a member of the safe driver's league, Eddie?)

Saturday night, Mrs. Reid had an informal party for her seven-thirty dancing class. Bill Buchmann and Lenny Romagna almost came to blows about who would take Serena Howland home. In the end Serena went home with someone else, and Buchmann and Romagna escorted Ethel Bralla and Jo Palmer, respectively. (And these boys were the best of friends.)

Simone Watkins had another party Friday night after the Manhasset basketball game. The three most outstanding people were Frank Barrett and Jo Palmer, Eddie Johnson and Ethel Bralla, and closely cropped Willy Effertz and the hostess. The only chaperon was James "Iron Man" Watkins. What a bruiser???

Richard "Chico" Croucher spent a delightful weekend with Eleanor Talbot at Rye, New York. Knowing Croucher as we do, they must have had a jolly time!!!

Bruce Cooks and Bob McCallum have combined their funds and have bought Lee Mehan's 1919 Model T business coupe. They had a race with Kimball Perley and his Model T, and according to Benny Peterson, another owner, beat Kimball by at least half a mile. Benny said that it is only a conservative estimate at that.

Zoe Andel has come back to school. Zoe had a very bad attack of pink eye. The disease seems to be contagious because Howard Smith suffered from the same affliction at the same time.

Some of the student body went down to the Griff's farm to view the new calves. Those who went were Dwight Cushing, Bainbridge Lewis and Pete Davis. They did not receive the free lunch that Bud promised. Dwight wanted to slaughter one of the new calves to get a meal, but "Mae West", the mother of the calves, kicked Dwight right out of the barnyard. We asked Dwight what he thought of the calves. Dwight said, "The calves were nice but the mother was rough". (Contribution.)

We are sorry to hear that Helen Brock is ill at home. Helen has always been nice to the Wise Men, she gives a lollypop to each of us every week. So, Helen, hurry up and come back to school, because when we don't get our lollypops, we print things that you don't like.

It seems that the student body enjoyed the Faculty-Varsity basketball game so much that another battle will be staged tomorrow night for the benefit of the Varsity Club. This game promises to be even better than the two previous conflicts, because the faculty had some practice in the last game. We'll see you ALL there.

Do You Remember?

1931—The Port Weekly entered its eighth consecutive year.

1932—"Doc" Herge was made faculty adviser of The Port Weekly.

1934—A blizzard in February kept all but thirty pupils from attending high school.

1935—"Under the Gaslight" was produced.

1936—In the thirty-fourth year of the high school's history, The Port Weekly won first place in national competition.

1937—The Orchestra and The Port Weekly both won a First Place in national competition.

"A Young Man's Fancy—"

By JOE SOPHOMORE

When an English teacher begins to read poetry, particularly blank verse, to an average class, the procedure on their part is generally one of relaxation. Unless the piece being read is an anti-war poem, in which case the belligerent pacifists agree both heartily and audibly, the words flow softly past students without any attempt being made by them to reach out and grasp their meaning. However, if in a fettle mood, the class finds amusement in at least the first ten or twenty lines. In some cases, isolated and otherwise, pupils affect an air of being deeply moved while the poem is being read. Their intent is to put themselves into that appreciative class with the teacher, which is affected by the poem's beauty. As for the others, "Oh well, they're just bores."

In varying degrees, the desk occupiers really concentrate to "get" the poem, try but, if it's really deep, sigh and look out the window, or at the mention of poetry, allow a glaze to slip over their eyes and gradually descend in their chairs until they are parallel with the floor. They mentally lapse.

But these rest periods aren't all that the poetry brings. Sooner or, preferably, later, the teacher announces that having been exposed to modern verse for this time, the students are now expected to turn out some themselves.

Writers And Non Writers

The class is then divided into two sections: those who do write, and those who hood thin consciences with a plea of the advantages of a "U" over a nervous breakdown.

Now a subdivision of the class into three parts this time, should be made; those who seriously attempt to write free verse, those who attack the same subject, but with a gleam in their eyes, and finally, those who go back to rhyming.

We'll leave the last to the romantic greeting card boys, who write material often similar to high school students' efforts. Cleverly written burlesques of blank verse are hilariously effective. If very numerous, they are deadly, suffering from similarity. The half developed satirical poems are worse than the downright bad. They stimulate the audience, at first, but finally leave it annoyed at the poor development of a good idea.

Rhyming, Burlesque Poems

Novice but serious poets have as a pet topic, war; and they certainly get indignant about it. Their writings are deep: so deep that when they get down in the hard-to-grasp-but-powerful territory, they often become incoherent and are lost. It gets too deep for them and slips from out their hands. They then spoil it for anyone following their original thought, which they have lost, by turning from the real thought to a mere attempt at drama. The poems are sometimes tragic in more than one way.

It seems that high school poets need laws of punctuation and rhythm to keep them in the bounds of readable thought. Otherwise they lose themselves in mudpuddles of morbid and abstract thought. And oh, they're so intense . . .

INQUIRING REPORTER

THE QUESTION

What questions would you like to have discussed in future issues of "The Port Weekly"?

Harvey Witherell, as a member of the newly arrived sophomore class, wondered why the high school doesn't have a student council. Do we want one?

Robert Dieter, a striving senior, queried: "Shouldn't there be fewer but better organized clubs in school?"

Peggy Morris, a better-than-well-known junior, would like to know what the student body thinks of dances to which girls can invite boys or go stag.

Dot O'Day, that truckin' sophomore, without any knowledge of Peggy's answer, utilized the same idea in connection with the Celerity-Retort Dance. Do we want a "girl-break" dance.

Doris Fenton, another senior, asks "Do the students want short stories and other such literature in this year's port Light?"

Edythe Thompson, a singing senior, seems to agree with the sophomores in that her question deals with a school president. Would the creation of such a position be an asset or a detriment?

Editor-in-Chief Alex Wilkie served as Administrative Assistant of the World's Fair yesterday morning. This was a feature of the Press Conference the staff is attending in New York.

A Port Profile

One of the really good musicians in our school is Virginia Witmer. She was born in Port Washington on October 15, 1920, and has been a resident of this community ever since.

While in high school, she has been most outstanding in the field of music. Besides playing the cello in the orchestra, she is also a member of the Glee Club and Mixed Chorus. Principally through her work in music, she has become a member of the Celerity and the Circle. La Societe Honoraire also claims her as a member.

Virginia, however, is not always engrossed in school work. There is a gayer side to her nature. In the good, old summertime you are sure to find her at the beach, swimming and acquiring a coat of tan.

She was lucky enough to journey to the Chicago World's Fair a few years ago, and her favorite occupation while there was riding on the roller coaster. Virginia believes that the World's Fair here on Long Island will not compare with the magnificence of Chicago's World's Fair.

Despite her many other interests, Virginia's highest ambition is to attend Cornell University and major in home economics.

She is one of those rare individuals who hasn't a definition for "foo", and thinks it is just plain silly. Her other pet peeve is people who think that they know more than others.

Port Washington High School is proud of the record Virginia has made in this school.

SWEET ESSENCE OF SWING

By CHARLOTTE HEWETT

Goodman, Dorsey, Heidt, and Gray
Got together one fine day,
Said, "Let's do away with jazz,
'Hi-de-do' and 'razz-me tazz.'
Let's play music sweet and low
Not too fast—and yet not slow."
They thought and worked upon this thing,

Developed it and called it "swing."
Swing they all did pop'lize
And out of it there did arise
Shaggin', truckin', Susie-Q,
Peckin' and Big Apple, too.
Everyone now swings on down—
Boys and girls all go to town;
Crosby even ceased to croon
And began to swing a tune.
Rudy Valle swang the while
Faye and Martin trucked "down-the aisle."

Folks began to swing and sway
Right along with Sammy Kaye
(Martha Raye thought this too tame)

So she clown'd her way to fame).
The radio, too, swing did receive
And programs now are "Make Believe."

The "Breakfast Club," "Club Matinee,"
All declare swing's here to stay.
Then, of course, swing's good or bad;

Swing adjectives can too be had.
There's one we hear most from the mob,

It's "corny," or "swing on the cob,"
"Tre'ne in the groove" is also new;
But come on folks, lets hear from you.

Do you prefer a clarinet
Like Benny swings; or do you get
An urge to hear a hot trombone
Sound, like Dorsey makes his moan?
Rubinoff his fiddle lends
To swing and its harmonious blends.

Duchin tries you folks to please
By ticklin' his piano keys.
Much enjoyment do they bring
All these advocates of swing.

Tommy, Eddie, Ben, and Sam
For long sessions they all jam.
Night Clubs—Harlem—all would be
Lost without their jamboree.

Two kinds of people swing of late,
Low down and sophisticated.
You'll find them in every spot
Where there's music sweet or hot!

Of opera they soon would tire,
But swing is new and does not inspire

Thoughts of love and of the spring
Therefore, kids, come on "ana swing!"

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