



THE PORT WEEKLY

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The Ides of March

Beware, the Ides of March! Many an important personage has met his Waterloo between March first and April Fool's Day. Julius Caesar, the last of the great Roman dictators, was murdered as he sat in the Senate, over confident of his power. St. Patrick died a martyr for his country in this same month of turbulent winds and storms.

And so it is with us lesser mortals. Our New Year's resolutions have dissolved to make way for rebellious thoughts against school and its many evils. School spirit slowly peters out to flicker again only when it pleases us. We develop an appalling lethargy, and a gray curtain of gloom is drawn over the most illustrious of months, March. Following this depressing session comes spring fever, only a shade more enjoyable than the gloom of the month before. What to do about it? Make another resolution if it will help; or better still, go out for some outside activity, the more active the better. Change your monotonous way of going about homework. Make your hours worth-while, and this will almost surely change the curtain of gloom to a rosy shade of enjoyment.

How Do You Study?

There are three ways of preparing homework:

- 1. By getting the most out of classwork and doing homework quickly and accurately.
2. By wasting time in class and "grinding" at home.
3. By wasting time in class and being "in a fog" at home.

Many students are type one; they get the most out of their schoolwork, and have time for many extra-curricular activities. Others are the second type; they are the ones who are always complaining about all the homework they do. You know the familiar saying, "I worked on this 'till one o'clock last night!" Unfortunately, far too many students are classed under the third type, and although they engage in many outside activities, they never seem to have their homework prepared and get low marks as a result.

Students who are in the first class have the most fun and receive the highest marks. The second type may also get high gradings, but they do not have such a good time. The happy-go-lucky group, number three, reverses its mood when report cards are given out; they are the ones who will get the least out of their high school career.

When you receive low marks, do you have the feeling that you've done your best, that you could have done better, or don't you care? Whether you are type one, two, or three has a large bearing on your feelings. Let us all strive to set an example and become "A-1" students.

INQUIRING REPORTER

BOUND TO BE READ

THE QUESTION What have you to say for yourself in double-talk?

THE ANSWERS

Helen Brock, a lovely senior, slyly said, "What's that coming down—the street?"

Ethel Bralla, a sophomore, melodiously murmured, "What do you do with a piano—tuner?"

Townie Jones, that great 5 and 10 cent man, advertised, "What do you do when you're down at Main Street—Woolworth's?"

Violet Levy, a senior, questioned, "What do you play at the International—Casino?"

Bill Griffes, a conspicuous stude, stewed, "What do you do with a girl that drinks—licker?"

Peggy Stephenson, junior, jested, "Why did you leave college—kid?"

Martha Munhall, sighed, "What do you do with a heart—throb?"

Are you getting tired of the same old books, day in and day out? If so why not let us plan a reading menu for you? Here are some suggestions which are easily digested and wholly enjoyable while they are being consumed:

As an appetizer, read Charlotte Bronte's "Jane Eyre". It is very tasty and well salted with excitement.

Next we prescribe a potent piece, well aged in the Cornish coast. The title is "Jamaica Inn". It was cooked up by Daphne Du Maurier. The story is of smugglers and wreckers and is very exciting to all.

For dessert there is "Inheritance", by Phyllis Bentley. This book presents a strong, determined Yorkshire family of weavers, owners and employers through several generations.

TIDBITS

By THREE WISE MEN

We must apologize for the last half of last week's column, but it was not our work. The credit for the copied jokes, etc., goes to the rewrite staff of The Port Weekly. We think that if they want jokes in the column they should not copy them from magazines and also consult the people that write the column.

This column did not care for the remark Mike DeLeo put in his (sports?) column last week. If DeLeo would stop snooping through other columns before he writes his own, he might have a better column. His insinuation that the WISE MEN are prevaricators was not very sportsman like. Let's now bury the past and concentrate on social items.

The population of the Griffes family at Cutchogue, Long Island, was greatly enlarged last week. Their famous cow, "Mae West", has blossomed forth with two young calves. "Bud" is so proud of the new arrivals that he invites any member of the student body to come down and view them. A free meal will be served to every viewer.

Halvor Lacher of Hobart and Elizabeth Brown of William Smith attended a dinner together last Friday evening at Friend's, Geneva, New York. (We wonder what Jean Smith thinks about this?)

The Sophomore dance produced several new couples. They were Jimmy Rensen and Marion King; Jack VanName and Susie Keshishian; Don Lord and Mary Roberts; Buel Kingsley and Mary Nicholson; Lennie Romagna and Peg Mordt (revival). It seems that "Pop" Bangs stood up one local lass to take some out of town damsel. We must congratulate the Sophomore's for their orchestra. After the dance, many couples trucked on down to the SanSusan and to the East Williston Tavern. The dollar and a quarter cover charge certainly surprised some of them.

A new romance has sprung up between Eddie Kraft and Betsy Franklin. Bud Zwerlein asked her for a date, but Betsy said that Eddie was her "one and only." (Isn't one co-ed good enough for you, Bud?)

The favorite hangout before classes in the morning is the bulletin board at Mr. Merrill's office. The reason for this is not to look at the board, but to admire the students coming in. We think the boys could find another place to park than so near the office.

Frank Shelton has forsaken the local girls for Virginia Gale of Manhasset. If Frank takes Virginia to a school dance, it will be the first time he has escorted anyone to a dance since entering high school.

We feel sorry for Art Duffy having two mishaps within a week. The first, occurred on the gym floor where he sprained his ankle. This morning, we noticed that Art was missing a bumper on the front of his car. (You didn't use enough Latin, Art.)

We hear that Mildred Lang objects to Nina Cox's talking to Kenny Iverson in the middle of the cafeteria. There has been quite an exchange of notes on the subject. Perhaps Mildred is just trying to be neighborly.

PERSONALS

What member of the faculty was seen entertaining a bird in his homeroom? What teacher was caught rushing to the school doctor with a crippled sparrow in his hands? What man was advised to set this feeble animal free and pray that mother nature would fulfill her position? Why, Mr. Kezar, of course!

Miss Nancy Shakespeare spent the weekend with several friends, who reside in Northport.

One of the many spectators present at the Sportsman Show was Audrey Tedford. After this exposition she journeyed on to the Hotel Roosevelt where she dined and later got the autograph of Guy Lombardo.

Pat Heller was fortunate enough to attend the opera "Aida", in which G. Martinelli played the lead.

During the past week end, Washington, D. C., was thoroughly inspected by Miss Ruth Blanchard.

Carol Yetter reports that the night life in Florida is very dull. During the past month she took a trip down there and states she was very much disappointed.

Girls Will Be Girls

By BUD McQUADE

A calamity in our school cafeteria was narrowly averted last Monday when a feminine perpetration which might have provided amusement for hundreds and dismay for a certain few so nearly was a success that those particular few are still nervous. The Seniors who have as their domain the two cash registers missed by a very few minutes losing every vestige of "face" they have ever possessed. If this plot had been successful, no longer would those at the cash registers disdainfully accept proffered money; they would be humbled, chastened men.

Taken in chronological order to allow rambling, the story goes thusly: Over the weekend there were in the cafeteria a number of students who had work to do in connection with the Sophomore Hop, which resulted in a tie Saturday night. The tie was between Rollin Receipts and Hugh Expenses. However, all of the dancers, and stags, who were there seemed to have a good time and the committees and Miss Samis agreed that their real goal had been attained. But to get back to the cafeteria Saturday where it happened that a few refreshment committeemen were caught with a few spare moments on their hands. They had been making that pedigreed punch, called so because it contained princely ingredients which, wonder of wonders in punch, could actually be traced and catalogued. The object of most punches appears not to be to delight the palate, but to set the mind working to discover the ingredients . . . or forget them. In those spare moments, while they let their concoction age, the gals looked around for a little of Mephistopheles' underworld joint to raise. They found it when they perchance spied that contrivance which announces in insertable letters the cafeteria's menu. If you don't recall this, or are not a habitue of the lunchroom at mid-day, it's the thing at which the diner who has not lugged his lunch stares ruminatively and conisewer-like checks off in his mind that which he doesn't like, and then, pacing by the familiar food aggregation, shuts his eyes and grabs. The cafeteria is decided on in advance, and the items are set up on the black case in moveable white letters on the day before those dishes are to become enveloped by the studes. The menu for Monday is set up the preceding Friday. This was what the idle puncheers gazed upon. Into their inventive female minds there flashed an idea! They crept into the windowed section in which the sign is kept when not up and there they set to work. While the great work of decorating the cafeteria for the evening was going on; while the gentle sound of unnaturally bursting balloons was being heard; while crepe paper and the decoration committee went up and down, around and around, there did they labor. Not until their noble work was completed did they emerge to taste the punch. It was more than mere punch to them as they toasted the success of their missions.

It's a good thing that they limited their activity to the sign and left the punch alone, for they certainly fixed the sign.

Monday, no one bothered to read it while it was being put up. Not until it had hung for some time, and the Flower Hill School Pupils, who occupy the lunchroom before we do every day, were dining, did anyone bother to scan it.

The first official reader was one of the cash registerites. He read, then staggered back, aghast at what he viewed:

C. C. C. Ladies Invited Cow Men 2c Tax Cob With Green Paper 86c Beer 10c Garbage 1.12c Martini & Dope 34c Small Foo's 8c Why, Hello, You 43c Roll In Batter 01c Stuffed Shirts 93c Hopscoth Desert 01c

Needless to say, the sign was feverishly hauled down and changed. The "face" of the cafeteria squad was saved; the catastrophe was averted. High School lunchers never chortled at it.

The conspirators certainly should be given medals for their efforts; their intrepid daring and ingenuity are deserving of recognition. However, they would just as soon not be recognized.

One of the biggest photographic jobs on record was recently completed by the Social Security Board, when it reproduced on two 16-millimeter films, more than 37,000 names and social security account numbers.

There is one person who has been coming to the Port Washington Schools for twenty-five years and hasn't played hookey once. This person is Mr. William Allen. Yes, he has been working for the Board of Education for nearly a quarter of a century and hasn't missed a day. He has seen children come and go, and then watched their children struggle through the schools, too. Let's look into the past life of this interesting and lovable man.

A Port Profile

Custodian for 25 Years, Mr. Allen Is Poet, Philosopher

It is needless to say that he was born in London, England, for he still speaks with a cockney accent. He was educated in his native land before he came to America in the fall of 1911. He immediately applied for citizenship. In 1913, he started his work for the Board of Education in the old Flower Hill School. When the new Flower Hill School was built in 1925, he worked there. He has been working in the high school since its opening in 1929 and has attended since all the dances that have been held here. Besides being janitor, he has become known as a poet and philosopher. On various occasions he has written bits of poetry for his own amusement. He dates and states the time and location of each of his poems. Here is one of his earlier endeavors: May 1st, 1913.

My Start with the Board of Education Old Flower Hill School Middle Neck Road, Port Washington. While strolling in the school grounds One bright and starry night, Watching autos passing by beneath the dim road light, I paused to think and then sat down The school steps for my seat, I could not drive my thought away These words seemed to repeat, America I like you It's the best place in the world I love that beautiful emblem, Old glory, when unfurled I'm proud to lie beneath it It fills my heart with pride To be an American citizen These words cannot be denied.

WHOM DO YOU KNOW? Did you know that some of your friends have met very interesting and prominent people (no relatives included)? Eileen Monfort was introduced to Walter Damrosch at an N. Y. U. concert. Frank Jost is one of George Sokolsky's neighbors at his summer home in Massachusetts. A. Louise Teta met Charles Lindberg several times before he made his famous flight. Carol Lewthwaite made the acquaintance of the Prince of Kenya, which is a small country near Ethiopia.

Daisy Gardin gained her truckin' technique after watching Bill Robinson, whom she was lucky enough to meet. Howard Stephenson lived next door to Melvin Sheppard, a 1912 Olympics star.

Dot Latham has been making efforts at becoming another Betty Lou since meeting Tommy Riggs. Patty Fairbanks really tops the list though for she has met, Clark Gable at her home, Al Jolson and Sonja Henie, Benny Goodman, Tommy Dorsey, Bob Crosby, Joe E. Brown, Bob Taylor, Jack Dempsey, Glenn Cunningham and Hendrik William VanLoon, who is a close friend of the family.

Nick Scobbo, Class of '36, and his sister, Olympia, of Junior High School, captured the \$25 first prize at the K. of C. Costume Dance, last Saturday evening.

Frank "O'Shaughnessy" de Bois former sports writer for The Port Weekly, The Port Washington News, and The Bronx Home News, is going places on the Bridgeport Post, writing obits, sermon resumes, and ladies' aid society notes.

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EDITORIAL

Editor in Chief News Editor Feature Editor Sports Editors Bob Walters, Business Manager Circulation Mgr. M. Typists: Janeth St Jackie Gautsche Contributors: Barry Lawton, Connie C Rosenberg, James Montgomery.

Thru The

By George With a shocking d winded openings I rent comments. Bore expense of journals is outlaid in this

CURRENT COMMENT

Rick Renson our may have faults but one of them. Alread ing to put over a p social activities. Am first school dance. All you folks out hoofing it to town weeks from this will feature informa freshments, music and is easy to take. The between 4 and 7 P. M. in the evening be strictly taboo by than Mr. Schriebe which is being give is the possibility of ly excursions into school buses to t Broadway's leading special party rates theatres the cost of would be nominal.

Ever since this the expulsion of ne mances there has takeable underta those who feel the news of the low included in this come dead and un response to this a around to all class room period in the vote will be taken those in favor of the above mentio If enough of you cy of this column want. So make up your another and vote want.

AROUND AND AROUND

Several parties week end and whi on some of them exclude a few known: On Friday eve comb had a bit was enjoyed by girls. They were amoiselles White Kerby, Griffes, the Messrs. Br vine, Rensen, Em The party star broke at 12. B orchids to the who obtained by services of a foodstuffs with May their futu prosperous. In in the dark th perpetrated by crashers who possession of rather not exp dig took its the 26th at the derbilt. The Crawley, Ass Barbara Rigg Marian Smith Anderson and the Man mond of Ye Bond, Rice, Neil) Aitken

WEEKS WITH

The main banquet is Goodbye to week from of the best