

THE PORT WEEKLY



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The Jolly Good Fellows

"Get a good lead and your story is half done." It's an old journalism term, and after searching around a bit, we find it's very true. Sometimes, however, that lead seems to hit a commanding or scolding tone. The article continues, and by the time we have reached the end we realize that we have been thoroughly scolded. Not in harsh or naughty-naughty tones, but there is that underlying feeling when it's all over, that we certainly are a mighty bad crowd after all, but we've had a pretty good time, and so why pay attention to some old fogie, who just wants to criticize anyway.

Congratulations are what we all really crave, and there's no time like the present to do a bit of praising.

It's hard to tell where to begin for running over in our minds, we find a lot more things than we've ever given much thought to, to be on our list.

Don't all the people that turned out for sports stand pretty close to the front? They didn't all make the various teams, but what of that? They had the right spirit just the same, and few, if any, let their losing out on one team daunt their attempt at another... then our friends that did come in under the line. They deserve recognition, and plenty of it... sports brings into mind the cheer leaders. What's a game without someone there to pull out the shouts, and cheers of the spectators... to all of you athletes... congrats!

Music—it's a big field to cover in this school. The honors all the organizations have brought to us this year are remarkable. As yet, we don't know the results of the national contest, but even if defeat is met, aren't those fellows deserving of a big hand? They went out and served the school. They've all worked hard to put Port on the map, and so thanks to you, too—the musical minded.

What about our janitor system? It's a pretty nice school to come into after all, isn't it? And that's because of the work that goes on after we are all tucked in bed, sound asleep dreaming of the French exam tomorrow. The janitors are to be congratulated for all that. We do appreciate it... and speaking of appreciating, the cafeteria supervisors follow right along. Good meals every noon, and our banquets or sports lunches. We don't realize how much we are getting after all.

Aren't the teachers to be included in this list, too? Most certainly they should be. We'll be thanking our lucky stars in a few short weeks that we had the ones we did, who pulled us through those exams. How they've been able to put up with us some times is a wonder, but they did, and came out smiling, and so thanks to our faculty.

Congratulations to our senior class.

Thanks also to our advertisers, who have made it possible for the school's publications to be brought out. Thanks to the subscribers and workers on the staffs... and the dance committees, and attenders, and class officers, and assembly directors, and the clubs, and the bus drivers, and theater groups, and office staff, and library helpers, well, just thanks and congratulations to all of spirit, and hasn't this been a year full of fun for all of us?

We students seem to grow old learning something new every day.

DUST TO DIRT

BY THREE SMART GIRLS

Scoop!!! Jack Bandfield, that heart rending Soph, escorted Marjan, of the Beacon Hill Harpers, to the Mineola Skating Rink the other day. The long and short of it, if there ever were any.

Here's a contribution, word for word! We don't know where it came from, or how we got it, but here goes: Quote: "We wonder what Senorita Singer is doing to Uncle Jackson Campbell's heart?" Unquote. Are you impressed?

We hate to think of the indignation of whoever owned that onion sandwich. Last Thursday and Friday, a sort of an odor, as t'were, permeated the 208 atmosphere. We suppose that the sandwich didn't like being left alone and decided to do something about it. (It reminds us of an undated femme on the night of the Junior Prom.)

It seems that Kathleen Murray always bets on the baseball games in favor of Port if Walt is pitching. She has some collecting.

This column seems to bore poor Townie Jones terribly. However, we think this will make him sit up and take notice. Jane Cole informed two of our Smart Girls that she was an early bird and had caught the worm. Buck up Townie. Don't let it throw you!

Here it comes, Don. So Don Mehan never gets his name in the column! Tsk-tsk!

Cheer up, you're not totally neglected. Mil will tell you that! Speaking of Mr. Mehan, his mama says that the chief reason for his occasional (?) lack of what it takes is because the girls are always phoning him. He hasn't a chance to do his studying. Oh, my!

With the Junior Prom looming on the horizon, we've been snooping around for sompin' new and different. Here are some couples that will struggle with the light fantastic: Pussy Markland and Ilse Senn (Nice work, Senn.). Betsy Franklin and Charlie Hewitt. (After eight invites, too!) Phyllis Warren and Duck; Anne Riggs and Jarvis Adams; Rene Stephenson and Barbara Kerby; Ernie Mazur is looking around for a senior who will be kind enough to drag him in gratis. What a man!

The weekend was a pip, what with everyone taking advantage of the perfect weather, and really going out for a good time.

We shall begin with Friday night. (After all, didn't everyone else?): Seen at the Great Neck Skating Rink: "Muffin" and Bud Wick, Elly Beston and Lloyd Kiernan, Jack Bandfield and Ina Campbell. They all said that the music and floor was terrifically terrible, but everything else was grand.

Saturday: After the disastrous conflict with La Salle in the aft, the local color decided to make the most of the two "third" places, won in the track meet, and dance into the wee sma' hours. At the Stewart Manor Country Club, Peg Mordt was truckin' around with Hank. Dotty O'Day with Wes Jarvis, Midge White with the wonderful "Mickey," Ted Minich with his sunburn, and (wow-) Don Mehan and Audrey Jones. (Have you seen her lately?) The Plandome Club was well attended with Tommy Neulist and Ethel Bralla, Anne Riggs and Bob Bralla. (Here's another one of those people who find it hard to decide—Bob is taking "Muffin" to the Prom tonight.)

Sunday: zzzzz-z---zz-zzz

Monday: After the parade, toute le monde took advantage of the hot sun and vanished to the beaches. We hear that there was a football game at Port Estates Beach (in the afternoon.) Incidentally, the girls won. (Ask Jimmy Rinehart.)

The answer to the "Who Is It?" column is: Bob MacCallum.

News Office In Bedlam As 'Weekly' Goes To Press

By JEAN LEWIS

Have you ever thought about going to Mars, an insane asylum, or Walt Disney's studio? If you have, put all your thoughts together, subtract three, add a typewriter factory, and there you have an excellent idea of what happens when the journalism class edits the paper. It would be putting it mildly to say that something like bedlam reigns.

Articles are written as fast as—well as, the 100 yard dash for the train many a commuter makes the "morning after." The vocabulary that is "thrown about" with the greatest of ease would justify putting many of the students in an asylum, and not as orphans. The bang, bang of the Royal's and Corona's that punctuate the noise in an attempt to grind out copy is awe inspiring, indeed. Only a "slew" of machines in a factory could compare with the noise those reporters can get out of three worn writing recorders.

To many of us, "Memorial Day" is a welcome relapse from the "hard" labors of school, but that extra holiday, that boon to civilization, is merely a hindrance to the journalists attempting to get out the "Weekly."

Deadline Friday, not Monday, and the extra rush to have all material in is comparable to New York at Christmas time...

The typewriters are beginning again, bang, bang, bang... familiar surroundings are slowly fading, and the entrance to King's Park loom threateningly in the distance. Oh, for the life of a journalist!

INQUIRING REPORTER

THE QUESTION

What is the first thing you think of when you wake up in the morning?

Peggy Stephenson, our energetic feature editor, replied, "I usually wonder what day it is."

Buddy McQuade, another of the paper's hard-working supporters, stated firmly, "Breakfast."

Beatrice Farrelly, a responsible Junior, answered, "The first thing I think of is how much time I have to get to school."

Marvin Markey, the blonde track star, responded, "I always think that it would be very nice to turn over and go to sleep again."

Clinton Hegeman, that genial Senior, said, "I don't know. I'll have to try it sometime."

Margot Anderson, the girl who just returned from a year's trip abroad, laughed joyfully, remarked, "I try to remember whether I'm in France, on board ship, or in America."

Bob Dieter, a new Junior, whispered (in English Class), "I don't think when I wake up."

24-Hour Day Is Not Satisfactory

By BEE FARRELLY

Would you like an extra hour a day? Well, I, for one, have decided it would be a handy thing to have around. I could catch up on those lost hours of sleep, read last year's best seller, which was too long for anyone reading a twenty-four hour day to read, do that history unit that was due about six weeks ago, or most anything else I haven't time to do now.

But there is the other side, the practical side, and the probable side, that the Board of Education, with a broad grin, would announce that since too much leisure time is a bad thing for growing children, they have abolished the old fashioned five hour day and have instituted a bigger and better six hour school day.

A Port Profile

Dancing Dot Has Swing Fever

Although there are many beautiful members of the fairer sex in Port High, I think you will agree that Dorothy Frost is one of the most attractive of the Senior class.

Dot is essentially a product of Port Washington, for she has gone to the P. W. schools since her first day in kindergarten.

"Blue Bird," "Sleeping Beauty," "Cinderella," and "L" all claim her as a member of the cast, for she has been outstanding in pantomime. She recently received a pin for perfect attendance through the year, and for creating an original dance which will be presented in the forth-coming recital.

Even though she has taken three years of it, French is her "worstes - mostes" hate. She doesn't have any favorites, and admits she much prefers the social life to that of school.

She has taken dancing lessons all her life and is studying at the Hollywood Studios in Great Neck at present.

Like many other lovers of "Sweet Swing," Dot's favorite orchestra is Tommy Dorsey's. She must like the name "Tommy" for her chief interest lies in Tommy Stephens, a lad from Manhasset.

In order to gain experience, Dot is going to be a model this summer. She has received an offer from "Peck and Peck," but has not as yet decided if she will accept or not.

Next September she will begin her first year at Blue Ridge College in New Windsor, Maryland, where she will study merchandising. Although it is a four-year course, she will stay there only two years and then continue her training at a special school sponsored by Macy's Department Store in New York.

Her favorite past time is dancing; soooo, we'll be seeing you at the Junior Prom, Dot.

Who Is It?

Color of hair Brown
Color of eyes Brown
Sex Male
Class Senior
Weight 140
Height 5 ft. 8 in.
Often seen On ball field
Seldom seen In school after 3:00 P. M.
Chief characteristic Teasing women
Favorite expression "What do you say?"
Noted for Never taking the same girl out twice
Pet aversion F. D. Roosevelt
Favorite sport Baseball
Chums around with B. Cocks
Favorite food Ice cream
Favorite song Music Goes Round And Round
Favorite orchestra Eddie Duchin

Got it yet? Well if your thinking power isn't what it should be today, look at the bottom of Column 2.

Cheer Leader Aspirants Report

Next Wednesday, June 8, instructions will be given to girls who wish to try out for cheer leading; the instructions will be given by last year's cheer leaders. There will be tryouts the following Tuesday to select new leaders. The final selections will be made by Miss Maher, Florence Whyte, Shirley Warren and Virginia Brant. They will be judged on appearance and their ability to lead the cheers effectively.