

Big Flop Predicted In Cafe-Teria

Institute Institutes Three Courses To Curriculum

Chamberlaine, Ralasolomyso, Jordansky Will Conduct Special New Subjects

Starting this week this institute will add three new courses to its regular curriculum. The main new course is called the arts of being a good housewife, directed by Miss Kathlumbrella Chamberlaine. In her course Miss Chamberlaine will demonstrate the arts of dishwashing. It really is an art, sweeping, window washing, and many other things connected with keeping the house clean. Miss Chamberlaine will do all the demonstrating as she certainly needs the practice. Cooking will also be on Miss Chamberlaine's list. Cullernarium is what she calls it.

Cooks Original Cake

In this division of the course Miss Chamberlaine will introduce several original recipes, and she has kindly consented to lend us her recipe for angel-devil may-care cake (guaranteed not to cut or rise). Here is her recipe: Take one large mixing bowl, several aprons, cement mixer, spoons, 1 cup of lard (melted), 2 pounds of sugar, 1 dozen eggs, 1 can baking powder, 1 cup of flour, 1 pound of liquid cement. Mix ingredients in order, pour into greasy pan and bake in over for 2 hours. When cement is hard cover with chocolate sauce with pebbles. It's not bad but have pity on John Thomas, he'll use an axe to get his dinner.

Jordansky Directs Bugs

The second new course is under the direction of Professor Clark Gable Jordansky. Professor Jordansky will have complete charge of directing the jitterplugs in new steps. The professor is very used to working with all types of bugs and plugs and he believes his new class will be a tremendous success. The dancing or pugging will be done to the accompaniment of croaking frogs and creaky grasshoppers. The Professor says nature is the only one who is able to provide the paper atmospheric pressure. Slap high, knee curve, waltz trip, Jordansky special; these all just a few of the new steps and very worthwhile learning. The courses will be sold every week by Montuedieddhufo of the week at (Continued on Page 4)

Former Week's Honor Square Cuckoo: New List Made

We are very sorry to announce that the Honor Square that wuz printed in last week's issue of the "Sea Monthly" wuz all one big mitzake. Before the list reached us, according to Will Merrill, it got mixed up with the ineligible list so here it is.

Pussy Markland, Dave Raymond, David Mullon, Bob Finlay, Charlie Beckwith, Frank Fassano, Jimmy Watkins, Odd Hope, Eddie Kraft, Andy Sprague, Ray Finlay, Carol VanZandt, Allan Raymond, Virginia Hansen, Irene Hope, Billy Shawcross, Harvey Withe-
rell Bill Ames, Warren Baker, Dale Bosworth, Charlie Hewitt, Bill Effertz, Dick Bohn, Tom Kidney and Ernie Mazur.

We couldn't fill in the space, so we present Dr. Ooglewitch. We don't like him, do you?



2d Batch Of Dopes On Firing Squad

The Traffic Squad under the unable direction of Miss Lucretia Lucinda Bortz is to be revised.

Because of this obvious fact, it has been suggested that new candidates be accepted in the near future. The squad has entered the following qualifications into the Traffic Squad Charter: (1) The candidate must have received at least two U's on his or her report card (preferably in Chemistry and Physics). (2) The Candidate should have been kicked out of at least three classes and sent to the office at least seven times. (3) The pupil should have to have dated at least one member of the faculty on two occasions. Last but not least, the candidate must be of the noisy type because the members of the faculty suffered from the quiet. This fear is truly justified because Mr. Kenneth Iverson, our Clark Gable Physics teacher, was recently sent "away", because his pupils were extremely quiet in his experimental classes.

Lucretia, pardon the familiarity, hopes that all eligible students will answer her earnest call and will sign up with the captain of the Squad—Mr. William Effertz.

Jailbirds Shot At For Port Blight Morgue Collection

On the fateful Ides of March within the bright and cheerful walls of our town penitentiary, some of the reform group pictures were taken for the Morgue collection. The warden, Warren Kunz, more often called "Chubby", will include these family portraits in his yearly report called "The Port Blight." Saul Scherer, up for life for attempting to establish a dictatorship government in the United Sstates, was in charge of the picture taking.

Those who were photographed were the orchestra, consisting of those in for a stretch of 75 years or more, the staff of the jail birds' weekly paper, the members of the History Club, famous for its weakly discussions on the main personages of the underworld, the various Glee Clubs and Choir, the chain gang traffic squad, and the staff members themselves of the Port Blight.

A subscription crampain will be started on April 17, and will be followed in two days with a "nutty" assembly to help push over the sails.

Off-Key Notes Hit Dolefully As Band Shags To Boston

Maestro Ban Vodigravski Plots Jam Session At Rivethead's Sour Note Festival

Because of the many requests for the spice (and there was plenty of it) accosiated with the recent band trip to Boston, the following rather late gossip has been written.

The first couple which struck the reporters roving eye was the smooth and sober Don Ricardo Johnson shadowing the glamour girl of Junior High, Miss—
THE FOLLOWING 30 PARAGRAPHS DID NOT PASS THE CENSORSHIP — THE LAST LINE PASSED WITH AN S - - -

The future activities of the musical organizations are numerous. To-morrow the band and orchestra will participate in the county Sour Note Festival and Contest held at Riverhead. That our notorious band and orchestra will keep up their reputations as "S.N." champions is absolutely unquestionable. The orchestra alone has attained the record of 57 varieties on the tuning note, "A"

During the month of April, all the school music groups will give a concert. John Sebastian Smith will play a flute solo standing on his head to demonstrate the simplicity of playing that instrument. Kravitz will hold the music for him. Other similar demonstrations will be given, including that of June Rivers, who will show how to hit a drum on the head without hurting it. Dr. Daltroff will assist just in case—

Among the more serious numbers will be the blue-robed choir's rendition of "Swing It, Bach" by Ludwig Von Brahms, better known as the "Three B's". During this piece the audience will be requested by Maestro Van Bodegraven to 'hold tight' or 'get out of town'.

'Square Moon' Is Howling Success

Mr. Hedy LamEhre Credited For His Able Direction

Amid tears and roars of laughter the Black Checker dramatics organization presented its Fall production "Square Moon" on next Saturday, March 25. Much credit is due Mr. Hedy LamEhre for his able direction and guidance.

Ellie Bestone had the lead and certainly proved her Thespian ability in the third and sixth acts. Bob Vessel as Mrs. Rimplegar was the serious minded diligent mother who earned a lot of money for the family. Marry Church was wonderful as Kenneth, the son just graduated from the nut house. Ethel Umbralla as Doctor Stevens fell in love with the maid, Herald Johnson. Boob Brat, Jack Freezee and Adelaide Crawling sang "Hi, Ho" beautifully as they portrayed Happy Jumpy, and Peter Pan. Hoeyard Stephenson, as Kitty, knocked the audience in the aisles.

Back Talkers & Speedies Give Racket On Cafe Dance Floor Tomorrow Night; Dischord Stooges Ork Will Play

Exhibition Rhumbas And Adagios Given By Prominent Faculty: Sulphur And Bromide Cookies With Hydrochloric Acid Served To Suffering April Fools Who Attend

The Back Talkers and the Kiddies Sorority will have their annual Ring-Around the Mulberry-Bush game the night after tonight. The Discord Stooges Jamble are playing their dirges for the boring affair, The aggregation, composed of eight drums, a tuba, and a Jew's harp for the melody, is a mighty experienced corpse of players, having performed in various opium dens throughout the country; it is felt that they will be quite at home.

SLUMMING DETRACTIONS

Saturday, April 1st—Celery-Retart Prance, Harmony par crander de swing in Cafe Teria at 30:8

Melody jubilation et brawl a la Ricerpate avec tuneful trailers.

Wednesday, April 5th—Honorable academy terminates for eminent Bunny.

Monday, April 17th—Upright institution of wisdom starts afresh after cessation.

Sub-Zeroes Take In New Dumbbells

Nineteen Swell Lotty Ranks Of High-Class Imbeciles

On Tuesday, March 28, the sub-zero club (Coicle to youse guys) grabbed dere new member nuts and put 'em tru de toid degree.

Membership to dis stupiditous organition is given dem guys what beg, borrow, or snitch a double zero wit'a straight stick in front of it. De dopes what had de century de ting I already mentioned above, plus de initiation fee are as follows: Boobies Brock, Clark, and Dieter; Coalboin Davis; Jiggs Duffer, Ellen Nancy Gunther, typists Gustavson, Harry "Baboon" Helfrich, Nellie S. Keshishian, Susie Kesh., Jean "Srew" Lewis, Bootch Montfort, Lena Piconi, Ping Pong Roberts, Gordon "Bird" (L'oiseau to youse French guys), Ross, Mannie Scrofanina, John "Pocahontus" Smith, Foldinand Turrill, and Peper Hewett.

Professor Mead Swings Brawl On American Folk Songs

On Tuesday last the final Clio Forum will be given—I mean was given. Professor Mead of Haystack College will speak—I mean spoke on American folk songs and swing. The unusually small audience of five hundred students, shaged, and drooled, to the syn-campations of the Haystack light.

Last wink Kirrel Lightweight was tried behind the members of Antony's love in court of lies and was finded guilty of a grave crime. She in accordance with the typical womandriner starie, knocked over (?) and ran down (oogywoogy) Lord Donnel who in accordance with the practice of many well known high school students was cowboying on a b i-cycle. After much debating by the shewred shyster lawyers she was found guilty. However she was brave as she faced the Hick Kunz who after clearing the cobwebs from his foggy brain enough to debut the verdict, read it.

Amusement for those not interested in jumping around the bush will be in the game room in the form of a series of rapidly spoken lectures by Theophilus (Floyd Gibbons) Dimmick.

Some of the rank renditions provided by the Stooges will be "Ivan Was A Russian" and Minsky Coursehiccough's "Flit On The Bumblebee" or "War On The Insects", both of which are entirely new.

Novel Feedbag

Refreshments as announced by Stench the President of the Back Talkers will be Sulphur and Bromide, mixed cookies with a delicious warming drink of Hydrochloric Acid to wash them down. Stench also said that Mr. Allen would have a hard time keeping the floor clean of constantly falling junk. The Speedy Club of fast girls bought these decorations with the money collected in the Black Check Drive.

Other entertainment will be Irna Stierle's and Don Carlos Seeber's presentation of a Rhumba during one of the quarters. Also Senyoureata Peltem (with spitballs) will adagio with Senyou Edwardo Pickett (Van Bodegraven).

Sunrise Couple

Some of the suprise couples which we have discovered in our own individual way are as follows: Duck Swan and Beverly Lawrence, Bud McQuade and Jeanne Smith, Warren Kunz and Niny Cox, Jack Duffield and Barbara Levy, Percy Markland and Nellie Keshishian, Gordon Ross and Betsy Franklin, and there are many, many more which cannot here be printed.

Remember, go anywhere but to the funeral tomorrow night.

As a notice for the sponsors of this thing, there will be no marihuana smoking allowed except in the halls, and all stags must come alone.

Engineer Puts Resmack Kids Into Ant-Like Holes

One day during a week in a month of the twentieth century, a man spoke to a group of people on a subject.

The man was Senor King, a resident engineer. This man has been in charge of the construction of many ant-like tunnels, including the Midtown Tunnel.

The Retart members followed the advice they had received and the town is now undermined with various tunnels. For instance, there is one from Doris Fenton's house to the reserved seats at the play; also one from Frances Stenh's to Carol Van Zant's.

Miss Lightweight's teeth chattered as she handed over the fine of one dixie cup cover (Clark Gable, too) to the judge.

THE PORT WEEKLY

Annual nut issue of The Port Weekly, Published annually by the wacky Wigglers of the Port Washington Institute for Mental Defectives. The price is two ear twitches plus a pie-eyed walk, payable after the absorption of alcoholic beverages.

Linotyped and printed by Grizzlepuss-Woodinch Publications, Inc., Glen Cove.

- Big Shot** Pansy Leafy

Little Big Shots: A. Tete Tete, Barley.

Little Big Shots: Nanny Gunpowder, Sea Loose Weight, Flow Brook.

Knows For Noose: Sticky Marquis

Feetsure Hurt: Whatta Quake

Copy Cat Cut-up: Sherlock Wet-foot.

Jive & Swing Maestros: Little Nell, Gin Swoon.

Chief Swapper:Glory Bull

Stuffed Shirt: Orisdan Erton Fay

Public eye-catchers: Bay Osborne, I leanon Dugans.

Ventilation Distributor: Silly Alice.
- Rob'em Right Racketeers:** Coppers' Moll, F. Katnapper, M. Lank.

Calisthenics: A. Goo, N. Gay-Nut.

Sporteurs: How old Stephen'son, Devilina Scrapperella.

Imitation Desk: Nelodie Bird, Elie Bestone, M. Loose Teetotaler, Genius Cowvarlley.

Hand me downers: Vieil Eel, Slim Kunz, Hurry Helpfritz, Ross and sister, Make Hehn while the shoe shines.

Faculty Adversus: Pappa Zekar Buffalo Bill

Vol. XV—No. 17 Freeday, March 31, 1939

Let's Be Audience-Minded

This editorial should be read while hanging by the toes from a mango tree.

Death and taxes are overrated. And even Deadlines and Regents are not implacable. The first time you smoke a cigaret or wear long trousers are not anywhere so devastatingly important as everyone claims. Why, the Flower Hill School is filled with Brooks Brothers blatant billboards bellowing their origin, which is what Brooks Bros. wearers want them to do. We might, too, did we buy such expensive names. But we prefer habiliments of more character . . . Barney's for us.

But back to the step which people say is very important, which people we agree with.

That is selecting a college.

You can go to Harvard or Yale or Dartmouth, or Vassar or Princeton and hope to meet dozens of millioned roommates. You might, and you might meet counterparts.

You can go to MIT or RPI or CCC and sweat your eyebrows off and be a very good engineer.

You can go South and pass with a 30 average.

You can go to Gehenna for all we care.

Why doesn't someone endow the Port Light and get its staff members off the streets and out from the money markets?

We also would like to be endowed, but we have more character anyway.

We would buy some of those listless Brooks pajamas and the "Queen Mary" and put out a nut issue every day until we got tired. Then we would relax.

Define Semantics.

Copywrite Samuel Goldwyn (K was ate by a pigeon).

(continued on page three)

Weather's Report

Remember when baking soda on chewing gum instead of sugar was supposed to be as vile a trick as could be played on any unsuspecting April Fool, when telegrams were sent collect to your friends, and "Kick Me", pinned on the back of a sweater, was the funniest thing ever?

Ah, they were the good old days. . . .but, alas, gone forever, or, maybe, like prosperity, just around the corner. But as someone told me the other day—Port is not looking in Fool jokes. After every and any occasion, the boys of, shall we say, Syracuse, go "Hellzapoppin'" in the neighborhood of anywhere from Ivy Way to Hilltop Drive. And the damage those five, or twenty-five little boys can do! Can these blasphemous actions continue? You say "no", but they do. Something must be done, it's getting so that a party can't be a success these days unless crashers show up, followed a few minutes later, by the police department or at least one police. We appeal to all those studes with a sense of good parties, stop these marauders, or else—.

LEGION LEVEYS

Buy a ticket to the Legion Leveys or we'll put the slug on youse.

3,000 Beautiful Girls *+ Rom Rod*
18,000,000 Beautiful Intermissions

\$8.00 Tickets \$8.00

Bring Your Own Gun

There Is Something That Doesn't Like A Wall
Claims 'D. A.' Phooey In Smashing Attack On
Hedy-La M'Ehre As Communist Threat To Ants

Pickett To Head 1940
Republican Ticket

Why, yes, I'm fairly confident that I'll have the time to head the Republican National Ticket in 1940, retorted "H2S" Pickett to the Democratic head as he threw a smelly hydrogocic acid compound into J. Pierpont Hay's automobile in the parking space. "If the boys need me, it looks as if I'll have to come out of my political retirement, self-imposed after my great semi-victory in '78. Now, people, I remember on the Regents of January, '32 why I—oh, well, that is not what I'm going to talk about today.

"Back in '78 I attained my greatest heights as a politician—why I remember it as if it was only yesterday. Here's what happened. The formulae called for hydro—No—that's not it. The crowds were cheering—I was a candidate for mayor. My opponent, Mr. F. D. R. Jones, was considered as not having a chance but he kept on in the race.

"The crowds were cheering—the bands were playing—it was voting day. My assistants received their proper instructions as how to successfully stuff a ballot box without being detected. I sent them out to make their way and I myself went out with my pockets stuffed with votes.

"When the sun went down that night I and my assistants checked over the situations. We had cast a total of 2,569 1-18 votes for me.

"Well, I turned on the radio, sure of victory. The results came over the radio. I, I am very sorry to say lost. The results were 2,569 1-18 for Pickett and 2,569 1-17 for F. D. R. Jones Roosevelt.

"So youse see, gentlemen, I am fully qualified to run on the Republican National Ticket in the capacity of President of the United States. I can guarantee that F. D. R. Jones Roosevelt will win."

PUBLIC NOTICES

Starting one month from Monday, competition for the title "The Girl of the Day after Tomorrow" will be held under water at the World's Fair Lagoon of Nations.

The schedule:

Monday: blondes

Tuesday: real blondes

Wednesday: red heads

Thursday: brunettes

Friday: bearded ladies

Wear a bathing suit, if you must.

—BILL STINKWEED

- Wanted—one Hedy Lamaar. Pussy Markland

Wanted—One Errol Flynn. Barbara Levy

Say! Why don't you two get together!

Wanted—One Junior high teacher, one night without having to correct homework, one wedding gown, 1 cook book, 1 box of Hipse, i happy home. Kate C.

Wanted—One meeting of Tertulia on next Tuesday at 3 p. m. Must have members. Spacial notice: The members of Tertulia who meet next Tuesday take no responsibility for Miss Saberski or debts encoured by her in anybody's interest.

Wanted—One detective to investigate Mr. Ehre's private life. Address Room 110. Caling time, after and between 8:40 a. m. and 2:50 p. m.

To be incorporated in the nineteen thirty-nine "Port Blight" is:

"MEMOIRS OF MY HOBOKEN STOCK COMPANY DAYS"

By

Saul O. Scherer

We Give You David Oglethorpe
Krajnz-a-Pajnz; A Communist

This week we give you the outstanding life of Dave Kravitz from his cradle to a four-poster. As a baby, he showed unusual signs of being unusual. He sucked his little finger instead of his thumb. As a child, he was better than good.

This gifted tower of strength at the age of five mastered Anthropolgy, Advanced Calculus, and sixteen different languages, including Greek and Haussa.

One day, while shadow boxing, he knocked himself out and everything left him, including the Haussa. His distracted parents sent him to many institutions, and finally in despair, sent him to Port Washington High School. After many years under the expert care of the keepers there it all came back to him, including the Anthropolgy.

One day, in the spring of '39, while still a junior, word came to him that he had been skipped a year and had been pronounced valedictorian of the school, Franklin Markland and Henry Hay coming in second and third.

This gentleman (?) now fifteen, after spending a few years with the Foreign Legion and after many titles and successes had been conferred upon him, finally settled down and became the beloved president, dictator and prime minister of the thriving country of Abyssiniatoniteateight, a large island suddenly sprung up in Manhasset Bay.

Theophilus Q. Dimmick will positively execute an exhibition tango at the Retacht-Celery Hop.

Admission Free to Alumni

Open Letter

K. G. K. Productions, Hollywood.

Dear Censors:

Please censor our next little stinkeroo, "Sizzling Sex," for at least a week please. But it's all platonic, you know.

Yes, you darling censors,

K. G. PRODUCTIONS.

(K. was ate by a pigeon.)

We have been asked by the u. s. government to warn our readers that there are many bogus (phoney) eight dollar bills being circulated in this area.

The following simple test will determine the authenticity of any eight dollar slice of the treasury: burn the bill, if it smells like the gossip column, it was real; if it smells like the Chemistry Labratory does frequently, reach for your Shirley Temple gas mask and vacate the premises immediately, if not sooner.

Say, what ever became of Haile Selassie?

(Continued on page 72)

Shouting that daguerrotypes had no part in our anti-social structure, District Attorney Thomas E. Phooey fiercely denounced celluloid fireplaces and Edward Ere in a little game of stud played in the Port Weekly office last night. "The newly named Dean of Dramatics Port Washington High School is not only a subversive element, the ingrate, but he won't stay subversive after all we've done to him," said the fiery young presidential timber as he laid down his ante.

Eddy Ehre retorted to this gross hyperbole and extemperate remark from Phooey and ripped into the prosecutor's arguments with an eloquence seldom waxed or waned within the offices of the "Twiggie". "The judicial structure of the State of New York," continued earnest Ehre, matching Phooey's ante, "is foul with malicious grafters and ignoramuses of which Tommy Phooey is the perfect type. It has been my observation that the most dishonorable D. A. thinks the numbers racket is a Chinese counting board and the word "hines" refers to the rear anatomical extremities of the animus genus pigus familia. With this fire-like answer, Ehre threw in his jacket and vest in reply to Phooey's royal straight flush.

The D. A. responded to this charge with the terse accusation that rubber-legged chairs, stemless flowers and Turkish Harems as displayed in the "Lunar Tripod" (all rights reserved and copyrighted) was highly unethical and contrary to all good form of dramatic execution, and we mean execution Eddy stripped to his DVB's and corset.

Little Error jumped to his bare feet and moved for order in the office as Papa Zekar lit his unused congratulation cigars (he couldn't even give them away) with dynamite caps. In reply to his request for order, Phooey collected his just-due from Ehre and left him holding an order blank of the national Barrel Makers Inc., Ltd.

Phooey had Ehre where he wanted him and at that point he forced him to confess that he would not dare claim his innocence before a D. A.—R. convention in his present condition. That was convicting evidence and Eddy knew it. He reluctantly gave himself up to Warden Mae West.

All characters in this trash is purely fictitious and any relation to people living, dead, dying, or unborn is purely accidental, unintentional, unplanned, coincidental and generally not meant.

Bacon Theatre

A Scintillating Dump

Monday:
"SIN, YOU SINGERS"
Bingo, dishes, a smile the manager.
Plus second feature, "EXCESS BAGGAGE"
Bring a screwdriver and take your seat home.

Tuesday:
Bring a sieve and take the manager home.

Wednesday:
Time out for bankruptcy proceedings.

Thursday:
"THE ENEMIC WEST"
All ushers will be hanged for atmosphere.

Finally,
Fresh Fish

Red Ink Reekly

April Fool
Dear Readers

EDITORIAL STAFF

Reminine Whip.....Sweet Sal
Everybody's Darling.....
Reverent Wilson
Our Child Prodigy.....Sun Ray
Camera Highlights
Bob Falters, Ted Plegalee,
Betina Edwards
Miss Manager.....Fair Elly
Wanna Buy A Paper?
June Rose (berg)
Sloppy Desk Editor: Clarinet Reed
Sucker List.....Little Shaver
Jean Meesher Peggy's Rank
Dora Thea Pepper Pot
Dear Arabob

My Day

By BILLIE GOAT

From my perch on Mr. Allen's file, I look down on hundreds of his admiring and devoted pupils who come to him for a much needed education.

Daily, I hear Ted Parmelee and Jimmy Roberts commenting on Hitler's doings in Europe. Soon, in self defence, I shall become a Nazi myself.

The other day I overheard a meeting of the Charm Club, so now, whenever Jean Mellor takes out her mirror to powder her nose I look over her shoulder to see if my beard is parted correctly.

When lunch hour rolls around, I get so hungry watching all the delicious, home-made sandwiches slipping down someone else's little red lane. A stomach full of cotton batting is hardly enough to crub a young goat's appetite.

Yesterday afternoon I had two unexpected callers when that nice little boy—what's his name?—oh, yes,—Seymour Donniger brought Oscar Allawishes up for a social chat. Oscar told me all the latest talk from 204. I guess Science classes must be one round of gossip.

Wednesday, during home room period, the one who was supposed to give a play got hit by a base ball so we had to listen to some goffy story which was very boring. This is about the fifth time this sort of thing has happened this term—next time I'm going to butt in.

I was counting on a nice nap this afternoon so I wouldn't be quite so sleepy when the band strikes up at 6 a. m., but I just heard the P-T. A. is going to use this room to discuss their children's problems so I guess I'll have to keep awake.

Monotony

(Written while being bored in Study-hall)

By FRANCES SHAVER

Across the street is the fire department
The policeman lingers near
But never in all my conscious hours
Has there ever been need for him here!

The time has come to question
This just why is our life so boring?

Even remodeling didn't last
And there are no floods a-pouring

About our desks and around our necks,
And even a hurricane
Failed to tear our dear school down
It still stands safely on Main.

But maybe I'd better knock on wood
And cross my fingers well
Because what we might do if one of these things
DID happen—well, who could tell?

Notice To Subscribers

Any similarity to persons living or dead is purely coincidental. Our critics may sue the Bubblegum Company.

Angus Sings Penny Serenade

By Billy Peper

Its a great day for the Scotch to-day, the whole school got 100 per cent but not without the act of nervoisem on the part of thrifty Angus. When the man from the bank came to get the money the precent for the school was 99 and 44/100%. Everyone had banked except Thrifty Angus. He had run home for his \$00.01 and was running lickety-split down Main Street. He passed three red lights and had five cops chasing him.

Here he comes around the bend, oops, he fell, he's up, he's down, the cops are gaining, here he comes, he can't get the door open, he threw his penny in the window, the school is saved. But poor little Angus is in jail. But don't worry because McTavish, MacDoogie and Jones are going to put in a good word for him.

Do You Recollect?

By JEANNE ROSENBERG

Do you remember.....?
When, in September, 1937, we had 6 new pedagogues;
Miss O'Malley, Miss Fett, and Miss Marks?
Mr. Crystal, Mr. Gardener, and Mr. Rogo?

Do you remember.....?
The telephone exhibit in the library?

When Helena Adams and Charlotte Breaznell made a drama and tragedy panel, and exhibited it in Mr. Brennan's room?

When Phyllis Warren was school president and so many male hearts broke when she left?

When Anne Ross wrote "The Adventures of a Fish by a Fish" for this noble paper?

When Helena Adams answered the Inquiring Reporter's question, "What do you think of Boys?" by saying, (quote) "Boys are essential part of everyday life"?

And when Mr. Markle answered another inquiry, "What do you think of girls?" by saying; "Girls rate high in my opinion because my 2 best girls are my mother and my wife!"?

When we had the Hobby Exhibit in the different Home rooms?

When Mr. Brennan answered the ever-insistent reporter's question, "what's your favorite period?" with the wistful; "I like 'em all except English!"?

And Lastly: When the home room contest was dicussed, and pondered upon?

Library Desires Your Exhibits

By JEANNE ROSENBERG

What ho, brilliant ones! This week, the inimitable Miss God-free announces to you-all that any ideas for clever and catch-the-eye exhibits will be gratefully accepted. So, bring on the shows, whether they be pictures or statues, and don't fail to look in on the "World's Fair Exhibit," going on now.

One more tribute to Miss God-free for her clever arranging of these exhibits, which makes the very dullest of them seem exciting and jolly. The whole library looks very sunny and cozy, and extremely un-library-ish looking due to her decorating.

Angus In Herba

(Snake in the Grass)

By SHIRLEY LAWTON

This is the last coulmn that you are apt to read for quite awhile. I know you aren't exactly dying because of it but I though I'd just let you know how long you will have to wait before you can see your name in print again. Maybe the reason will be of more interest to you. It isn't that I'm going to run away from all you brutes or anything like that, it's just that I'm going to take a vacation, and strange to say so are all of you. Easter is coming and we are all leaving for a time. Quite a long time too. Just to fill up space I'll tell you when it starts. Wednesday, April 5 is the day that you struggle home, overburdened with books which you will bury yourself in until Monday April 17, and then you will return-much to every one's dispair-so brilliant that we will immediately give you a job teaching your former classmates.

Are you a Sport's fan? Do you like to see high jumping? Well we have some right here in our own school. Do you know Homer Allington? No, he's not the jump, he does the jumping Honestly you should see him. He jumps things just about as high as his own shoulder. I know, I know that he's only about two feet but think of the comparison.

What were Bob Fitz and Bob Renfrow doing at Roberta Hostage's Friday night. Roberta said they were playing ping-pong You boys better watch out or Bob Walters will get you. My, My such a bunch of Bobs. How do you keep them straight?

A treasure hunt started out at Barbara Knowlton's last Saturday and finally ended up at Posie Van Zandt's I don't know exactly who was there but the report is that they had a lot of fun.

Can you imagine Patsy Indence went to Boston and didn't come back with a new girl. I guess he's still being faithful to "Jinno" Brock.

I wish someone would give me some good suggestions for the column. How about some Letters to the Editor (I love letters—) or an Advice to the Lovelorn (That would be fun—for me—)

That dirt under my feet Everett Wilson keeps telling me that I should put "we" every time that I want to say I". I guess he doesn't want to be left out of things.

And please remember you members of this Junior High School, contributions are always welcome, that is for the paper. Either bring them up to room 308 or phone P. W. 2515 and see what you get.

WE HAVE HEARD THAT...

We Saw Jimmy O'Day, buying twelve bunches of bananas for his pet chimpanzee the other day.

We have heard that Mr. Haron has a secret crush". As he opened his desk drawer to give us some typewriting paper, we caught a glimpse of some clippings of that dimpled darling, Shirley Temple! Incidentally, it was the third drawer on the right, if any of you feel like desk-breaking.

...our most august and revered secretary-treasurer, Roger Montgomery wore a purple and yellow striped bathing-suit to the Masquerade Ball. He said he was going as Miss Osh-Kesh, 1904.

Jr. High He-Men Display Brawn

With the football season almost here, and since almost every boy has been swimming there are 140 he-men out for baseball. There are three boys in the school who can reach home plate from the pitchers box so Mr. Rogo Esquire, is contemplating shortening the bases by about fifty feet. The three boys who can reach the plate are in 7-B so shame on all the brutes in the 9-B. Mr. Rogo is offering a \$500,-000 reward to anyone who can reach the plate from second base.

Down in the gym every few nights you will see two flashes trying to hit a little jigger over some sewed together threads which are supposed to represent net, which is suspended by a couple of beanstalks. These marvels are the cast-offs of the ping-pong tournament who are trying to play a game called mad-minton. The object of this game is to see who can hit the little bird out of the court or under the net first. To win you must get 6.538 points.

Outside on some of these fine rainy mornings you might happen to find two roasted to death young scholars with two by fours in their hands trying to push a little concrete ball over the net. Whether you guessed it or not, these aspiring boys were playing tennis' little sister, paddle tennis. The 9-B's are having a volley ball tournament so I've been told but nobody from any other grade is allowed to enter.

Lost and Found

By BARBARA READE and PEGGY RANKIN

Lost—a traffic squad for half a day.
Lost—Um brella by a teacher with briken ribs.
Lost—30 pupils in a Math test.
Lost—one horse from under a rider.
Lost—one dog by a boy with a red tail.
Lost—appetite by a lovesick boy.

Found—dishwater in a soup bowl.
Found—a book by a girl with a green front.
Found—a baby left over from Baby Week.
Found—a steak for a boy with a shiner.

Have A Date

Monday, April 3.—Alligator fight in Room 204—Admission one pinch of alligator food.

Tuesday, April 4.—Boys charm club (The boys will be taught how to pick the right hair cut.)

Wednesday April 5—Students will test teachers on subjects they have taught them.

Thursday, April 6—Members of the fairer sex will hit the birdie over the fence or will it be the fairer sex going over!

Friday, May 7—Bull fight in the assembly. (Who are they going to use as the fighter?)

We have heard that the 8-B Girls who have been doing all the rope-jumping around school the past week or two have thought all along there was to be a jumping rope contest held here, and they were practicing up for it, poor things. Now, enlightened, and a lso disillusioned, they skip morosely on.

...Jinno Brock has a malicious and snake-like plan to disengage the much-sought after affections of Billy Peper from his present flame, Ruth Lee Seaman. Watch out, Rufus!

Roses Are Red, Violets Are Blue, Sugar Is Sweet, And So Are You.

All amateur gardeners should be preparing their best flowers for the Flower Show to be held in this school. This flower show is expected to be the best one ever held although those who saw last year's show will agree that the coming one will have to go some to beat the 1938 Show. All participants had better get out their garden scissors and garden gloves and go to work very soon.

Local merchants are donating fine prizes for the best cut and arranged flowers. All entries should be turned over to Miss Hansen before May 1. May 1, the date set for this gala event, is appropriately enough, May Day. This show will be absolutely Marvelous, Stupendous, and Beautiful! All you have to do is to display your best blossoms, just anything that grows in the soil.

So, bring on your pretty blossoms, plants, seedings, and in fact, anything that will beautify the exhibit. Until May 1, watch for further news!

Continued Story

The Light On Gray Island

By JOANNE WILLIAMSON

It was two days later. The Erlichts were gone. Their story had been a short one. On the day of Hitler's triumphant entry into Vienna Franz von Erlicht had shot himself. His sons, after trying in vain to adjust themselves to the new conditions in Austria, had stowed away on a ship bound for America. After reaching port they had managed to hitch hike to Barnacle Cove and Gray Island. For a week they had lived on nothing but berries and sea gulls. Then they had been discovered by Lily and Elsa.

The boys were now under the protection of Elsa's father. He would fix everything. He always did.

Now Lily and Elsa lay stretched out on the rocks. The Sun and the salty air had such a soothing effect that the girls were nearly asleep. Elsa sighed contentedly and absent-mindedly tickled a crab with a piece of seaweed. Lily idly tossed pebbles at a solemn procession of sandpeeps marching across the sand.

"Elsa," she said, "I know what you mean about this place. Its heavenly. Why I've even developed an affection for Willie Walters. He always looks so cute and proud of his wooden leg."

"I knew you'd love it in time," murmured Elsa seepily. As for Willie why Barnacle Cove wouldn't be Barnacle Cove without him. He's been here forever."

THE END

Newspaper Boners

These mistakes were made in prominent New England newspapers.

Dishes are washed more quickly when soap is added to the ditch-water.

(a Maine paper)

Scrambled eggs taste better when varnished with parsley.

(a New Hampshire paper)

Corned beef and cabbage should be served with spoiled potatoes.

(a Vermont paper)

Spinach should be placed in a calender before washing.

(a Mass. paper)



WARREN

(Continued from Page 1)

any hours at your convenience. The Professor is always willing to show any of his steps to admirers of the dance. We forgot to mention Professor Jordensky is joining Miss Chamberlaine's course in domesticary. He'll need it.

Last but certainly not least is the class under the direction of Mrs. Balasolomysy, the great dictator. In her class all pupils will learn how to acquire new and without bloodshed. This great dictator, Mrs. Balasolomysy, is even greater than Hitler, Mousoliniso or any of them over there. She dictates hundreds of people every day. She will instruct the class of how dictators should dress; none of those brown shirts or red pants; something very snappy. The rest of the course is being kept secret

Slugs Slug Sloppys Wednesday In 6:30 Turtle Bug Basket

The 10A Slugs beat the 11A Dopes 2-3 Wednesday in basketball. The game was played at 6:30 Wednesday morning on the football field. The Slug had their new uniforms on which consisted of pink donce bonnets, ski-pants, turtle neck sweaters, and beach clogs. The Dopes wore their usual uniforms. During the second quarter a jitterbug contest was held. Each contestant was given a snake for participating. The winner will never be decided. The Dopes played a very good game.

After the strenuous game the girls went to Joe's Bar and Grill for Chow Mien.



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ATLETIC WIGGLES

By NANSEA GAY-NUT

Maybe you've already heard about the recently formed boxing class. The "boxeteers" held their first matches the day before a week ago tomorrow. At this time Josephine "Jeepers" Rusas and Alice "Creepers" Grabasky had a fast, furious, and funny fight. "Creepers" kept running under "Jeepers" legs, which confused "Jeepers" considerably. The outcome of this encounter was a tie, since "Jeepers" knocked out "Creepers" and vice versa.

Another match which was held on the same day was that of Betty "Butch" O'Brien and Babs "Sluggers" Noss. This was really an hostile battle, for the two boxers had a 'poisonal' score to settle and they really let loose on each other. Some of the boys in the audience fainted at the sight of whipped cream (from an eclaire which Butch had thrown—don't ask me where she got it) streaming down "Sluggers" face. As a result of this, the boys raised a petition saying that there should be no more such exhibitions of human slaughter in this school. Thus, the death of a peaceful (?) organization!

The spring sports are under way. One of the most popular every year is Ah, chérie. This year it will probably be even more popular, because the instructor will be Mr. Dan Cupid, who is going to teach each girl how to shoot straight so she will 'get her man'.

Another spring sport, one which will make its initial appearance in this school this year, is bar work. This will be taught by Convict 765198, who has very graciously consented to leave his duties at Sing Sing Prison in order to come here once a week.

The members of the riding club have voted unanimously to bring large soft pillows to put on the saddles so that they will be able to eat a meal in comfort on Friday evenings.

Try Our Tasty Tooth Treats For Terrible Tumors

Have you tried our remedy? Well, come, come, don't be bashful. Have you? Ah! We thought not. Have you a fallen arch, an eye with a twisted twinkle, a nail with a hangover, a glassy schnozzola? Then take advantage of this gigantic offer!!! We are prepared to contribute to the health and happiness of your home and personal atmosphere. Try our little remedy. It's yours for a limited time only. Green-Junker & Company.

Do you feel gooey when you get up in the morning? Does your tongue say nasty things? Do your teeth try to bite at you? Does your mirror make scary faces at choo. (Gazootite!) Well! See the Port High English Dept.

WANTED—A new camera plus a few lenses. Everitt H.

By ELMER and BOB

The Joe College Droppers met at the home of "Pearl One" Iverson on Tuesday afternoon at 2:00. The meeting opened with a violin solo by Clementine Clark. This odororous solo was followed by an adagio dance given by Diana Bosworth and Daisy Borriotti who have just completed a tour through Brooklyn.

President Pinkie Croucher opened the business meeting with a report of the achievements of the Droppers. Clementine Clark has just finished knitting his lime-green angora bollera for the Celerity France. We just know that "Clemmy" will look devastating.

Little Agatha Gould has crocheted a shocking pink turtle-neck strappies job to wear under his Tux.

The meeting was brought to a close with a few recipes given by Woo Woo Effertz.

The Shot Put Floogie Club held their first meeting last something or other at the home of Charlie Van Zandt. There were several tables of Tidley Winks (?) or-

ganized by Philip Warren which were patronized by Manuel Oates and Stawkie Lang.

After the kiddies had fooled around with this delightful sport, refreshments were served. They consisted of dainty cement cakes baked by Joe Kirby's own little hands, little bittie cookies which were almost fried in chicken grease and which were put through the process of being cooked by Nathan Cox, and the punchiest punch which was concocted by the younger members of the club—Elmer Fenton, Joshua Lewthwaite, Billie Brooke and Saul Dusinberre. Wow! was that punch hot!

All the little darlings had to be in bed early, so their papas' called for them about five o'clock the next morning.

WANTED—1 Junior High Teacher, one night without haveing to correct homework, one wedding gown, one cook book, one box of 'hipso, one happy home. —Kate C.

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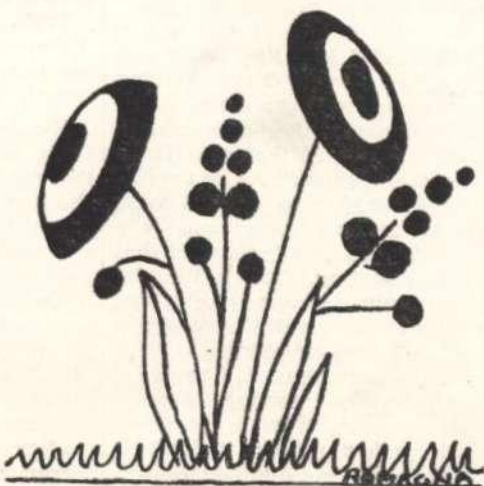
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