

Celebrity - Resort Engineers 313th Annual Prance

Duffield Resigns, Runs Amok As Starkweather Slays Self

Port Blight Co-Editors In Sorry State As Miss Stark Slaps Selk's Back Silly; John N. Stricken

John Neanderthal Duffield, premiere ballerina of the 1940 Port Blight, announced shortly after the tempestuous council meeting Monday that he has resigned from the Port Light staff. This was the fifth time this ultimatum has been delivered this year. It was occasioned this time by the withdrawal of the Port Light from the lists in the struggle to obtain the concession to vend candy at the home baseball games of the Port High nine this spring. The withdrawal was made in an unctuous speech before the Student Council by Miss Jean Starkweather, who ranks with Jon N. in coeditorship of the Blight, before she had consulted him.

"Lay on MacDougle, but spare the neopolitans", muttered Duffield as he strode down the hall stamping sophomores to the earth. "I'm coeditor of this project, and I demand the right to sculp its policies. I'll be a nasty word I never use if John Neanderthal Duffield is going to tolerate this." And he didn't tolerate it, but reached for his cask of hard water and set out for the hills of Italy.

Miss Starkweather, famed for her left wing tendencies in Port High politics, was the third speaker listed, in the pleading of cases before the assembled intellects that are the council. First came Martin X.X. Lewis, who emulated his uncle John L. in contradictory rhetoric as he presented the puny claims of the Port Weekly.

The second speaker was Douglass D.D. Donald, who rose, removed his teeth and sat down again. "And that is why we fellows of the Fraternity believe that we are owed the pop bottle concessions at the games," concluded Donald.

The climax of the meeting's futility was reached when Coed Starkweather rose, smiled very graciously, and launched her soothing address. "We of the Port Blight are the flower of mankind; we need the money to be garnered from the sale of morphine, cocaine, and such sundry snuffs at eh ball games . . . but as I said before, we are benevolent, gracious, generous, benign, berserk, philanthropic . . . yes, our picture is on our bureau. There is no doubt but that we are the juice of the earth, and that the council would have voted us the concession had we anted it. Therefore we instruct our delegates to vote to award the concession to the good old Port Weekly." Then, smirking gently, Miss Starkweather sighed and after floating around the room several times, swooned gently in her appointed seat.

Then came Santa Clause all in a clatter. "It's a dirty lie," was screamed from the back row, and Duffield ran forward. That advisor whose name the Reekly dares not mention placated things then, but only temporarily.

The real excitement came later after the two attending council members had buried the quorum and departed.

These words won't mean a thing.
One thing I will repeat—
You'd make my life complete.

The Circus Is Coming, Friends!!!

Mr. J. Ehre Hoople entered the sanctum sanctorum of the Port Weekly, situated near all the conveniences, Thursday to announce that he is seriously contemplating production of an Amateur Hour for presentation in a future assembly period. The audience will as usual occupy the school auditorium, situated near all the conveniences and the principle's office, while the performers will be served lunch in the cafeteria. A rigid time schedule will be enforced.

Another exciting announcement of the week was Julian Moss's, who last Tuesday confided as president of the Retort, school debating society, that all male members of the organization are necessitated by amendment 27 to escort members of the Celerity. Since there are more females in the Celerity than males in the debating society, several selected officers will be requested to drag three Celerity girls, but with celerity.

Those expected to appear in the Amateur Hour include J. Henry Hansen, X. Leo Murray, and Q. Grayski Masonovich, a novelty quartet. The four (J. Hank Hansen is Siamese twins) will also bubble dance at the dance.

The Legion American Post of Port Washington has requested us, the fourth estate, to announce that they are sorely in need of pulchritude for their coming presentation, "The Legion Will Be Served", subtitled, "Make ours deleted."

All maidens desiring to appear in the coming tragedy should knock on the director's noggin before Tuesday, the deadline; the gentleman holding this position is Admiral John X. Floharty, of the Honest John Floharts.

Yet to be casted are three skits, entitled—but not respectably—"The Fall of Home", "HAMlet," and one yet to be written.

Brass Blaster Awarded

The brass blasters of Hog Wash low Spool Band officially awarded a two beat cigar (plus fire-cracker inside) to John Geomocio Antenies Medalla Venjenco Secondo Cherchez La Femme Bimbo Villain for being the only blow hard in the gang who can miss three out of every two notes. The ran-upper was Scoop "You know ME" Finlay, the celebrated corn player.

Bimbo At His Best

A certain pretentious young man by the monicker of J. Bimbo Villani ventured into the realms of poetry at a recent date. The result clearly shows the amazing student ability present in this establishment of learning.

"With every step you take,
My heart you also take.
Each little word you speak,
I will forever keep.
I lock all my thoughts of you,
In my treasure box for you.
Though soon wedding bells will ring,

Continued

Attractions In Review

Saturday:
March 30—Celebrity-Resort Mistake.
Monday:
April 1—Squeakers and corner's programe.
Friday:
April 8—Kiddy Hour Amateur.
Monday:
April 15—Tuna Pan Amacaroni Dey Programe.

Q Ray Machine Empties School

Port Wash Not To Assume Damage Claims

Flash! Scores of pupils disappear from Thursday's classes! Teachers teach to empty school-rooms! John Schaeffer was the first one to notice the difference; he let out a shriek which brought Lieut. Finlay to the scene Sherlock soon found the missing persons' in the cafeteria held at bay by a fiend operating a small black machine which scientist Julian Ross identified as a Q. Ray machine. Three days later, the local police discovered the fiend was merely taking pictures for the annual, "the Week's Wash."

These pictures were filmed under much difficulty. First, the cameraman fainted when the picture of the Port Reekly staff was taken with its editor. The Fresno Kid in the front row. He had to be revived with a pintful of milk. Mr. Duffield killed the rest of the bottle and could not be controlled. As the picture of the Retort was taken, he insisted that he was a butterfly and kept flitting before the cameras. Prices for this picture have gone sky high. Bill Ames has even offered his G-Man badge and his water pistol for it. Any other offers will be taken in room 506.

Two or three stubborn pupils persisted in sticking their feet before the cameras. When the pictures were developed, their feet obscured their faces (which might not be a bad idea!).

The cameraman had to assume all kinds of angles to include the great number of bow legs and amateur Mae Wests.

Another problem concerned
(Continued on page 6)

Banged-Up Drivers Have Safe Session

The Safe Drivers Club held a meeting on Tuesday last. Because of unforeseen events the meeting had to be held in the Mineola Hospital for the injured.

Bill Ames opened the meeting by banging a piece of his leg that had to be amputated the day before. He accidentally (so he says, fact is that's what they all say) forgot to put on his brakes on entering the school parking lot. Mr. Pickett for the next few weeks will conduct chemistry classes in another location as soon as the remains can be located, and identification made.

Mr. Dodds made a suggestion from the adjoining cot to the effect that henceforth new members should attend at least one meeting before trying to drive a car. He had spoiled the safe-driving record of a new junior

Cafe Teria Honored Locale For Funereal Assemblage

Buggy Squawker, His Musty Musicians Provide Prison Bars From Famed Music

Tomorrow night, Saturday, the 313th annual Celebrity-Resort Prance will hold itself, as it lacks any supporters, in the Cafe Teria, Seventh Avenue and Seventeenth Street, in the heart of Joisey City. The featured disseminator of warcries and jitterbug's-itch will be Buggy Sfuawker and his Musty Musicians. This distinguished ensemble has just completed a long-term engagement at Sing Sing Hotel (LOWEST RATES IN NEW YORK STATE:—adv.),

where its ranks were swelled by the editon of Devilo Manzo, fiery expert on the toy trumpet, and Freed Smith, just recaptured after a prison break, who specializes on the jew's harp.

Cream Puffield, manager of Squawker's ocarina foursome, has informed us that some of the popular numbers to be rendered by the gang will be "In The Food", "Little Brown Hug", "Dress Suit Crossing", "Under The Boarder", "Swampy River", "The Vittle-Fed Fox", and "In-jun Slummer."

Skuawker Squawks at Bacon
The popularity of Squawker's Orch was greatly increased at its recent engagement at the Bacon Theatre, where the ham on the screen plus the corn on the stage plus the vegetables from the audience made an excellent meal for all. For this reason the door contribution has been set at \$100, payable by the male element regardless of the number of females drugged along.

General supervision over the dance will be taken care of by Jelly Beston, Celebrity top-knot, and Jewel YAnneRoss, chief bathing-beauty of the Resort. Moo Reel van der Built, Celebrity in charge of the game room, promises that there will be plenty loose stags. Hairy Hell-frisk will handle publicity in the Resort manner.

Dress will be formal, in the new striped uniforms equipped with bullet-proof vests, that were recently presented to all the inmates by the Bored of Education.

Marry At Church will supervise the crepe-hanging and other decorating, and she specifically requests those who wish to jump for balloons do so in such an anner that they bring down *only* the balloons. Tell'em More Merrill, in charge of the pauses that refresh, has promised much good drink, with plenty punch in it.

Pelten in Floor Show
There will be a floor show consisting of two exhibition numbers. Our one and only Miss Peltem will joins with that canny Scot, Jock Mac Intosh, in a Brooklyn schottische, and Mile. Zasu Zammiz and Mon-sewer Edouarde Picquette will perform an adagio number.

Teachers Sleep In Meeting

Three hundred big studies teachers fro mschool districts all over Long Island took a day off last week to visit the hot hofstravarious College. Brand new methods and practices that were used by schools all over Long Island were discussed by the association. Can't you imagine those beauties dozing off to sleep.

That big he-man, Frank K. Wassuerd, chairman of the program for the School Superintendents' Association, arranged the meeting.

(Continued on Page 8)

Cream Puff Tans Hunting Sharks

Jack Coughlin, cream puff of Room 101, is now in the sunny southland down in Florida. Confidentially, he's down there for his grandmother's health. It so happened that Jack's grandmother couldn't go there, so he went instead. He expects to bask in the sun on the sandy beaches, to sip ice cold lubricating oil under the palm trees, and to take arsenic powders for an occasional headache. He hinted that he might go hunting hammerhead sharks barehanded. (In all probability he will wear non-plated armor.) Also another pastime of Jack's is snake-charming. He is practicing down in Florida with a few harmless snakes such as the cotton-mouth, coral, and copperhead snakes. (The latter suggests that he is going into the counterfeiting business.) All in all, he will come back from Florida wither in the personality of a hot dog or a baked potato.

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Slushpump Silhouettes

The other day the MAN THAT COMES TO OUR HOUSE came to our esteemed joint of education. He was a CHEROKEE Indian and he came from TUXEDO JUNCTION. The first thing he started to talk about was BLUE RAIN. He said that once he did the COMACHE WAR DANCE in the middle of a BLUE RAINstorm. The SMOKE RINGS from the fire had almost died out when all of a sudden WHAM! BOP! BOOM! BAM! PENNIES FROM HEAVEN and BLUE RAIN started to fall. ONCE IN A WHILE a large drop fell on his LITTLE BROWN JUG. When he had finished his MOONLIGHT SERNADE he fell asleep.

The next day he boarded the GLEN ISLAND SPECIALS for New York. On the train he met two be-u tee-fool girls, by the names of MARGIE and DINAH. That evening he tried to MAKE LOVE WITH A GUITAR to MARGIE. Then he got CARELESS and said ANGEL, HOLD TIGHT but she said O! MA! HE'S MAKING EYES AT ME and then she ran for her car.

He was FIT TO BE TIED he was so mad. The next day at noon he was still DEEP IN A DREAM. The WAITER WITH THE WATER came in and awakened him by pouring water down his neck. He was so mad then he turned DEEP PURPLE. That evening he tried the same line on DINAH. But it was to no avail. For that night he watched the SINGING HILLS all ALONE. He thought to himself, I WANT MY MAMA, but soon he got to New York. Meanwhile back on his HOME ON THE RANGE his wife was having a merry time. Doing What? YOU'D BE SURPRISED!

This Should Be

Scanned while cracking peanuts! Why? Because everything read should be taken with a grain of salt.

Why? Well, how would all the salt get used up if nobody didn't ate it?

An' how'd you feel if you was a grain o' salt and had to sit around and wait for somebody to eat you and nobody did and you felt so bad that you cried and then melted yourself up? Anyhow?

Let me ask you a question. Do you think that I'm a Communist? And does it hurt the apple when you bite it???

Well how should we know, but as in 1909 when—what came first the chicken or the egg? was the most popular topic of conversation—Well today—Does it hurt the apple when you bite it? is the popularized topic of conversationalists' conversation.

But really and truly the apple must have a hard life, DON'T YOU THINK????? 'Cause it has to brave worms, tramps, sprays and thieves before it even gets off the tree. So there!! Even if you was a apple and lived in the Garden of Eden you couldn't get away with a thing cause along comes Eve and picks you and—well you know the rest . . .

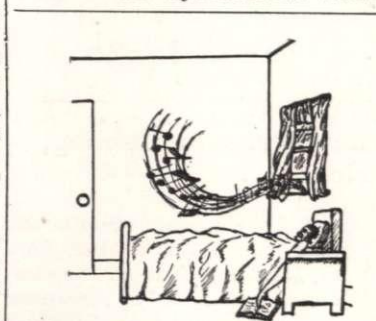
But even if you did survive the growing process and finally did got of the tree, and were about to be eaten—how'd you like it for some nobody to come along and thoroughly masticate you, HUH??

Well now you see why I'm a communist and am sticking up for the rights of the common people. Why? 'Cause I feel very so sorry for the Grain o' salt and for the Apple and that's why I'm here to plead their case and so now I leave you with a cry of

DOWN WITH APPLE EATERS AND UN-SALTEATERS!!!!

Sport For Skrewballs

Diving is a wonderful pastime—until you hit the water. Everyone has his own opinion concerning this sport, and what different ones! Mr. A says that he dives because it is the only practical means of getting into the water. Mr. B doesn't dive—he holds his nose and jumps. Mr. C dives for the plain and simple reason that he likes it. Now Mr. A will be very careful: he will cautiously slide into the water as inconspicuously as possible and hope for the best. Mr. B is apt to take hours to approach the edge, will take a long breath, pause, and, throwing fears to the wind, will leap and make an all-point landing on the ever-receptive billows. It is C who is the daredevil. He just goes right up on the diving board. One type will attract the attention of all bystanders with shouts and rash promises, and



Marg Dumpson at 9:30

Flash! Flash! Although this article has not been positively verified t'is rumoured, however, that that black Buick parked in the Montfort Hills section last Saturday contained no less than six couples, among them Frank Shakespeare and Jose Rusas, George Levine and Ann Reardon, Red Beebe and Lorraine Stevenson, Martin Lewis and—Elbert Knapp and Midge Wight, Paul Williams and Barbara Kerby, Ray Finlay and Eloise Frost, Dot O'Day, Pat Fairbanks, Mary Church, Phyllis Warren, Marilyn Otis, Carol Van Zandt—and so on into the night.

Last Saturday afternoon a beach party was thrown and hard—at Montauk Point by Monsieur David Sprague. The guests of honor were the members of the Port Washington Women's Knitting Club. Also there were: Mickey Finn and Minnie Rooney, Eagle Eye Finkle and Miss Sip Alot, Gin Rick Shaw and C. R. Legs. Post office was enjoyed by all until Postmaster Farrellee came along and threatened arrest for misusing of the males.

Mr. Eddie Bailey of Longview Road is having open house this Friday night (a party to you), and as a special gesture to our high school invites every student. The couples already expected there will be: Shirley Lawton and Loring Strickland, Albert Murray and Antoinette Salerno, Anne Reardon and Julian Ross, Doc Savage and Erika Zerm, Bill Ames and Virginia Hastings.

Our spies followed Ernest Allen and Baba Levy into the Beacon Theatre at eight o'clock Wednesday evening. They left the Bingo palace at eleven thirty and immediatel yentered an automobile. The couple, followed by our spies, then proceeded around Sands Point. The car obviously stuck in the mud . . . or something . . . down by the Bath Club, for the two did not reach Montfort Hills until twelve fourteen. At one twenty-two Ernest and Baba were left by our spies at the Estates Beach.

Have you seen Angie? Because if you haven't, you have missed a real addition to the Port Weekly staff—brunette and on the mellow side, if you know what we mean.

It appears that Angie gets (should we say around?) and unwittingly several of the much sought-after glamor boys and girls of hereabouts have revealed all, if not all—then plenty to Angie, and as the saying goes—money goes a long way—you know what we mean? Well, although now financially mellowed from our encounter with Angie we can at last satisfy our readers' baser desires, and froth up a column this week that IS—you know what we mean?

*then execute his version (good or bad) of a dive. The other will go ahead and dive without much ado, and will usually be more successful.

Most divers who have climbed as far as city competition have become accustomed to dealing with the normal hazards of pool bottoms and diving boards. But others never seem to realize this and suffer accordingly. I have accomplished the traditional feats of hitting the board on back jacks and half gaynors, which are stepping-stones usual in the career of a diver. But is isn't everyone who can knock out half a tooth (exactly half, mind you), cut one's chin, lip, and nose on the bottom—after three years of practice! And add to that the experience of attempting to dive 14 feet in a 10 foot pool, and I can vouch that you'll see stars. All I received was four cut fingers and a cut on the skull, but what's that. The wonder of all wonders was the time when I caught my finger in the drain under the board (just for fun, of course), and pulled the whole grating up with me. Try to beat that one!

Diving is a lot of fun, though; don't let these trifles discourage you. The worst you can do is kill yourself, and after all, you only die once.

Here From There

He who lives in a cemetery is a grave man.
—Newtown X-Ray, Elmhurst

ODE EAR

My nose was red
My lips were blue
I got cold feet
Waiting for you.
—Seton Hall Cricket

Why don't you play post office anymore, Mary?
Because my mother warned me about mails.
—Dame Rumor

Mary had a little lamb
It's fleas were white as snow.
—Great Neck Guide Post

Invocation To Insanity

Goreing und Hitler, shees Stalin my stuff. Confucius say bad Czech is better than Stalin food to Goebbel. If youse try Russian me to the Finnish, I'll say Choke Heem, von Ripping-tropp. I'll have Sieg fried in oil, but don't sing another Carol or I'll see Eu Roped.

CENSUS CENSURED!

We of this Senior High School have just been informed by the National Government that a census will be taken here in the near future. It is compulsory to answe r all these questions truthfully and a penalty has been provided for those students who do not. Some of the questions to be given will be:

- Do you own your teeth outright?
- Did you ever get over one hundred in a test?
- (Censored)
- How many wives (or husbands) have you?
- Do you go to school during vacations?
- Do your arches flop early in the morning? Or do they just gradually sink?

- Big Chief Ugh-a-mug-ugh***—Walter Decade, Sr.
- Unsociable Squaws — Aneeray Ossray, Gin Louse, Bird In Hand. Assistant—Nero Endive.
- Lady-Bites-Cat Editor—Gorgon Slush.
- Swapum Wampum—Belle Eaton.
- Head Moccasin Maulers—Naggie Caterpillar, Very Insehn.
- Head Carbon-Catcher — Eggymoprinse.
- Tom-Tom Tuners—Mean Swine, Red Mice.
- Artery Staff—Deceased, Address Unknown, Etc.
- Hokum Yappers—Arthur Murray, Socrates Olson, j'ai Fits, Erreip Boid.
- Deficit Dodgers—M. Lousy Tooter, Lizzie Doggonit.
- Assistant Carbon-Catchers — Wood-Pussy, ImustseeAnnietonight Maxwell.
- Awful Stuff—V. Porch, Yohnny Olson.
- (Censored) — Sunshine, Queenie K*~?!!, Belle Eaton, Boob Talker, Begga-begga-begga MacFooran, Scoop Laffin', Handlebar Villain, January Yohnson, Gargoye Prim, Choice Devil, Kiwanis Tiger, Farrellio Truth Overalls Bergenrose Marrya Bum, Daily Eels,—Aw, who cares?
- Blackboard Backers—Kaiser C. Kezar
- S. H. S. (So Hoos Soused)
- Willem Jallopy Allen
- J. H. S. (Joe's Ham Sandwich)

Vol. XVI—No. 17 Friday, Marsh 29, 1940

This, as you may have gathered, is the annual issue of the Port Weekly in which the staff allows itself to digress even more than usual from the field of even expression. This is all intended in fun. With apologies to all we go back to our little home in the mango orchard.

Thirsting Students Demand Slightly Freer Drink

The recent dryness of the drinking oases in our corridors has prompted 'the inmates of cell one-oh-foo to petition the Foodent Council for more water and less air. It has been charged by the spokesman of the group, who call their plan the "Let's Get On The Water Wagon" movement, that due to the scarcity of supplies of H2O excepting of course those reservoirs of certain brains that would furnish an emergency 2000 gallon reserve, some of the inmates have been force dto bring their own supplies of liquid refreshment in small vacuum bottles.

This in itself might seem fine, in that it might save the taxpayers some cash, but it seems that this liquid that is usually brought in, "Ye result of Borden's Elsie", and though it makes men, Hercules; it isn't like good old H2O. Furthermore, us students like our cocoa, too.

It is for these honorable reasons that these upright members of the High body have so petitioned to the Council, and we of the Port Weekly staff see fit to approve their movement.

Jitterbugging Teachers

This is being written regretfully, but as an act of duty py our conscience. It injures us to have to witness such acts of our heretofore worthy pedagogues. We are referring, of course, to our teachers' loathsome pastime of "jitterbugging" in the cafeteria. This utterly disgraceful display of the conga, rhumba, and tango is unbearable. It has even driven the students from the floor. We protest the singing of the killer-diller trio—Madge MacDuffy, Henry Saberski, and Babe Buckley as injurious to the musical future of the school. Schreiber's orchestra, with the magical flute of Bill Merrill, the crooning clarinet of Ken Brown, the tearing trumpet of Angie Corson, and the ivory-tickling of Ed Ehre, the child-wonder, typify a noontime jam session. The exhibition couples—Hendrickson & Maher, Dimmick & Bortz, Ryeck & Chambers—insult the art of dancing. Baron Schoenborn as vocalist is the last straw. Students, what shall we do to check this outrage?

The next installment of our series of editorials on our school's clubs, will appear in the next issue. We thought the subject unsuited to presentation in this particular issue.

File Me Not

Our profile this week is of a student who I'm sure you don't know and if you do you're crazy because there isn't anybody that this resembles either alive or dead or in a double feature movie, or a claimant for a screeno prize. He was born in a little town far away from any other possible place. When he was six he shot himself so that explains why this twenty-thousand word novel is not a twenty-thousand word novel. Novel, isn't it?

Weaker Sex Views

Two prominent of the weaker sex contingent at Port High were interviewed exclusively by this columnist Wednesday. Said Pussy Woodward: "Do I know my Junior men?" Said Jean Lewis: "Do I know my Senior men?" Chorused Pussy Woodward and Jean Lewis: "Do we know those Sophomore men?"

Confucious say: "This has been censored."

The Editor's Excuse For

THE MORNING AFTER

The Night Before!

Subway Slime

By "Get-The-Gossip" Reade

Here 'tis again, everybody—April Fool's day. This week I'm safe; no fair complaining about little blunders—it may be just an April Fool joke (?). Since I have a lot of mud, I won't take up any more valuable (?) space with mere trifles.

Well, here goes!

At a party given recently by RICHARD YOUNG, there were several interesting combinations, among them: ZOE BRANCH and RICHARD YOUNG, SYLVIA STRANGE and BILLY WOODSON, Marie Duryee and LINDY GULBRANSON, BARBARA SOMERVILLE and CHARLES RICE. Several 9B girls admitted recently that they trailed Newcomer BUCK MOODY to his home in New Salem. For his address (and telephone number) why not ask PEGGY SEAMAN????

What goes on there in your heart, dear BOBBIE LOU LYON? What's the matter with the home boys, that you should keep BERNIE LA MOTTE'S letters to you in a heavily padlocked box??? I am happy to be able to report to you, my readers, that the INGER MOLMEN - PHILIP NELSON romance is doing very nicely... at the Red Domino Club... know who the brunette was who told DOLLY DAMSGAARD... BURTIS MONFORT is reported to be very jealous of GENE CALVELL, because of his attentions toward FRANCES KIERNAN... JAKE JACOBSON was certainly enjoying the high school girls at the dance, after the play. Maybe you'll get up there someday, Jake! (or Elvira)...

TED PARMELEE has come out with the startling information that—HE DOESN'T UNDERSTAND HUMINITY!!!... Is there something in this KENNY GLABACH - RUFUS SEAMAN combination???... despite the fact that FRANCES KIERNAN has been waiting all her life for a red-head, she has turned all possible claims to BUCK MOODY over to MARION OGLETHORPE, who also seems to have a weakness for red-heads... BILLY PEPPER (alias MORTIMER SNERD and PARK AVENUE PULVERIZER) caressing a panda which he mistakenly thought belonged to one GINO BROCK... HUGH MONTGOMERY seems to be caring a lot for GENE GIRSTENBERG... Endearing phrases have passed around recently among members of the 8B: NED BULLIS called PATSY LOUIS "darling," MATILDA SCHREIBER called PHIL WYLLY by the same affectionate handle... DAVID ZIPPERLY convalesced early this week from an ailment unrevealed.

WEEKLY WONDERINGS: Who will GINO BROCK and BARBARA SOMERVILLE ask to go to the Leap Year Dance with them, and how many young men's hearts will be broken beyond repair????... Are FRANCES SHAVER's passes toward JOE ZAREMBA accepted or rejected by that young man????... Is ALBERT TYLER nuts over CAROL BULLIS????... Does JOHN FREEMAN want to become JUNE MILLER'S best beau??? Well, that's all for this week. Remember, it's APRIL FOOL (ish DAY)!

Scientist Tests Our Radiation

By FOO THE RAZOR

Here we are, ladies and gentlemen, the bad penny, your roving reporter. This time we're going on a little tour. Yes, a tour around our institute of mo-o-st PROFOUND learning.

Here we are at Mr. Mackle's room... why what is happening HERE... it looks like an experiment—it is an experiment... oh, goody, let's go watch.

The experiment, as your roving reporter understands it, is to discover the cause of the poisonous vapors and extreme heat exuding from the radiators of this noble institute. Now, Mr. Mackle takes a sample of gas from the air around the radiators... he places it in a test tube... he adds a milligram of phosphorus, and places it over the bunsen burner. The pupils are all carefully taking notes... I can see their papers now, over and over again, it haunts me in my dreams... Problem; materials; method; observer... oh, well, you know what I mean... let's look again at the master mind at work. What's this, I smell smoke; I SEE smoke... and FIRE!!! The sink is in flames... there's an explosion coming... ladies and gentlemen, we've got to get OUT of here... BANGCRASHWHIZ... OUCH! Ladies and gentlemen, THAT was the explosion.

NOTE: We guess now that Mr. Mackle will not conduct the research which he intended to; pertaining to the erection of a new THREE - HUNDRED - INCH - TELESCOPE at Friend-o-Mar, California... Our learned professor says that the main reason for this is that this way he can attain his hearts desire... it seems he's always wanted to see the big stars.

7B's Have Fools' Wedding Party

By MARION BRIMM

The announcement has just been made of the wedding of Miss June Miller to Mr. John Freeman. Every one is cordially invited. Some of the special guests are Mr. and Mrs. D. Banfield. Mrs. Banfield (whose maiden name was Margaret Dendievel) will be dressed in mud colored shorts. Her new hair dye will be a deep purple tinted with red dots. Mr. Dick Banfield is thinking of wearing his bathing suit.

Another guest is Philip Nelson (strickly a bachelor). He hasn't decided what he's going to wear yet. It's between his rose colored sport suit and his new Indian costume.

Best man is going to be Gene Epstein, who's going to wear a top-hat and tails with a bright red shirt showing.

Inger Molmen and Huge Montgomery will come as "Baby Snooks" and "Daddy."

Here's hoping you'll all be out at the stroke of 12 tonight. So long.

P. S.—APRIL FOOL!

Guess Who?

By LAMBIE

Age: Two years younger than sweet sixteen.

Sex: A female.

Favorite Expression: When do we eat?

Appearance: Tall, slender and pretty.

Seldom Called: Adrienne.

Often Seen: With Bruce Frost.

Noted For: Her toe dancing.

Favorite Sport: Football.

This is so easy we're not publishing the answer.

My Big Moment

By JOE SEALYHAM

He was so close to me—I felt His breath upon my cheek; He was so big and strong And I so small and weak...

He approached me—closer! I rumbled his silky hair. What ecstasies I felt just then, That moment—ah, 'twas rare!

His eyes came nearer—nearer! My heart to the clouds you sail! And then—oh, moment of moments— My doggy wagged his tail!!!

Personalities On Parade

By MORTY (PEPER)

As I ambled along the halls of this eminent temple of learning I thought my eyes received me as Isaw Edna Mae Oliver strutting down the halls but as she drew nearer I recognized her as only Barbara Reade. But this was not the end of it. This time I thought I was seeing double as I saw two Scarlet O'Haras but they were only Gino Brock and Barbara Somerville.

When I turned the corner I thought I saw Gabby, the town crier of Gulliver's Travels, gayly swinging his lantern, but, to my disappointment it was only Ted Parmelee with a yellow library book. Then to my amazement I saw Tryone Power but it was just Joe Chadow. I wonder how I mixed those two up.

As a mounted the stairs, to my utter astonishment, I saw the late Jean Harlow but it turned out to be the glamorous Inger Molmen. To top it off I thought I saw Clarke Gable but, as I suspected, it was Bruce Frost. I also saw Mortimer Snerd but he turned the corner before I could see who he was. I wonder who it could have been?

Now, folks, you know how my mind wanders.

Minute Musings

By FRANCES SHAVER

"Classes are passing!" "Two minutes more..."

Now you can go—"Open the Door!"

"Send him back" Dropped my book...

Pick it up... "Have a look—! Who's that girl comin' down the hall..."

Cute little face—not bad at all!" Can I borrow a pencil—mine's not here.

Thanks a lot." (See it next year.) Homework missing... no more ink...

"Buy a ticket?" Go 'way, let me think...

"Going to the movies?" Nope, no go.

No allowance—feeling low... Newsmakers; multiplication; Schick test; vaccination;

"Where's your book?" Left it home...

WHY DID I WRITE THIS DUMPELPOME???

Notes From The Underworld

Born with the monicker Douglas Jacobson, Jake, as he is known to his friends, has told this paper that he violently dislikes the name Jake and that he wishes his friends would call him something else. Perhaps "Mousey" or "Elmira" would do.

Bruce Frost, Mousey Jacobson and Billy Peper want it known that they are the three best hitchhikers in this county.

Coach Rogo Devises Strategy To Outwit All Excuse Makers

Junior High Team Will Have No Alibi Under New Provisions, Turtles Employed As Fly Catchers

By ETD EPRELMEA

Tired of the continuous excuses from his Varsity infielders, Mr. Rogo, Professor of the Hit and Run, is contemplating paving the infield with cement to do away with the cry, "It hit a pebble".

Also, to prevent the usual collisions in the outfield he is having the outfield divided into three sections with the aid of cement walls (Heaven help their skulls). As if that was not enough, the ingenious Prof. is having installed stop-an-go lights back of first and third to aid his bewildered runners. All this is to be accomplished by the W. P. A. (we don't need to worry).

Staff Dissected & Taken Apart

By F. KIERNAN

Readers of the Morning After. Dear Sirs (and Misses):

Whereas and if, to wit, etc., etc., etc., and the rest of the fiddle-faddle: This being the April Foo issue, I'll make fools of the staff, the esteemed staff, of this sheet. We will proceed to take them apart and put them together again.

First: SNOOPY READE, Editor (or Editress, I couldn't find it in the World Almanac) of THIS. She promotes Baby Weeks, Smile Campaigns, etc., until she runs every one wild. Every week (almost) she takes apart folkses characters, and then won't put them together again.

Secondly: GABBY RANKIN, the orneriest critter that ever slung a feeter together. She gives us some of the AWFULLEST things in creation and then forgets about them (unless their not handed in).

Thirdly: MORTIMER PEPPER, the boy with the numerous girl friends, the Park Avenue Pulverizer, our unaccomplished News Editor who roams about and talks about GINNO BROCK.

Fourthly: SCOOP PARMELEE, the reporter deluxe, who aspires (that's all it is) to being STAR foreign correspondent of the New York Times.

Fifthly: ST. VINCENT MILLAY SHAVER, the poet of the lot, who can think up a poem for any and every occasion. Her latest bit is "My Big Moment."

Sixthly: PIGTAILS REED, a member of the feature staff. She will NEVER let her hair down during meeting.

Lastly: OUR SPONSOR. If anyone has any information about said person, Who he (or she, as the case may be) is, what he does, etc., and will write and tell me, I will write him (or her) up. Until such time, farewell.

Seen At School

By EENIE BOHNEL

Here's an item hot off the wire: Can you imagine: That behaloid beauty PATSY REED unhaloid. PETER DUNN, the master mind, demonstrating how to get an H (?) in Science class? PATRICK INDENCE using Kiss-Proof lipstick and Lady (Esther) rouge? BRUCE FROST displaying the most beaoooooootiful manners for a WHOLE DAY!!! BARBARA SOMERVILLE for getting to flirt with anyone? FRANCES SHAVER making an attempt at poetry. Mr. RUMENS cheerfully sweeping up the refuse of the day's work. ROGER MONTGOMERY wearing a very quiet baby pink shirt. (Why, Roger...). DOROTHY FISHER failing a Latin test (tish, tish. Mr. MARKLE without a voice. TED PARMELEE getting to MISS SCHAUWECKER'S door on time for traffic.

TOO LATE!

First Cannibal: "Is I late for dinner?"

Second Cannibal: "You is. Everybody's eaten."

PERSONALITIES—Seen 'round the diamond — "RED" SEIFTS practicing his boomerang curve. It comes back to him and there will be no need for a catcher.

JIMMY ROBERTS practicing his swing (we thought he was playing golf).

NEW INVENTIONS—An electric eye to take the place of the umpire. This should do away with the cry, "We wuz robbed!" New waxed pads, great for cement, and in conclusion, for those weak hitters, a maganitized bat. With all these improvements and ideas we should have one of the most glorious seasons in recent years. But there is one catch: The W. P. A. might not finish their improvements before 1943 "aint it awful?"

O! What A Fool

By M. DENDEVEL

Oh, what a fool to come to school, Even though it is the rule.

Oh, what a fool to stay awake

When a long sleep you could take.

Oh, what a fool to stand on feet

when you could sit on nice soft seat.

Oh, what a fool to comb your hair,

For all you know, there is none there.

Oh, what a fool to obey teachers,

When all they are, are awful preachers.

Oh, what a fool to wear a shoe

When you could wear a pot of glue.

Oh, fool, you're nothing but a mule,

So all I can say is APRIL FUEL!

Tapioca Obtained By Long Process

Tapioca is obtained from the roots of cossava, a tropical plant belonging to the same family as the milkweed. There are two forms of roots, the sweet and the bitter. The tapioca of commerce is extracted from bitter cossava, and comes chiefly from Brazil and the Straits Settlements.

The roots are first washed, then cut, ground and reduced to a pulp, after which it is strained untill all the starchy particles are separated from the fibers. The moist, starchy mass is placed on hot iron plates, and in the process of drying the starch grains form in the small, irregular translucent balls known in the market as pearl tapioca.

Obituary

Mr. Ogilvy, our history teacher, passed away suddenly, after having lived through three successive fads (baby week, hill billy week, hat week) in succession. Burial will take place Monday in any vacant lot which is not being sold for delinquent taxes.



Where's My Date?

Hehn Tops Honor Roll

The Honor Roll volentiers its regular list. Looking thru those insignificant ? little pasteboards we discovered that there are only four names of pupils who have reached that desirable state of perfection. That of not only obtaining all H's But All H-p-l. Those who have been on this list regularly since kindergarten are as follows:

- Everitt Hehn
- Eurika Germ
- Henry Aldrn
- Calvin (No Head) Leitz

My Heart's In The Junior Highlands

By William Saroyan, Jr.

Scene: the furnace room of P. W. S. H. S. All is desolate; all is bare; all is furnaces.

Enter first student:
That old _____ That old _____ That old _____

Enter second student:
But he does have nice eyes.
Enter three electricians carrying piano.
Enter seven leering freshmen.
Enter dog, spaniel.
Enter elephant, Indian.
Enter Gimmick, Theophilous.
Exit all.

Enter Theodore Farrelly:
I am the spirit of peace. Mine is the call of higher things.

Scag me.
Enter (through floor) two janitors:
'ow you can sy a thing like that, 'arry, is beyond my. . .
Oh, I dunno, George, sometimes them beautiful things sorta creases me soul.

Enter chorus, singing:
Oh, ooooO000-O0000iiii-George jean Nathan SAYS!!
MY HEART'S IN THE junior HIGHLANDS . . . stinks
but but but BUT BUT BUT BUT—OOoo BUUUUUU
he's wrong!!! saroyan junior is a genius!!

Exit Chorus.
Enter Doctor Ehre.
Let 'em eat layer cake.
Enter two Professor Picketts: the one we all know—the one no one knows.
No lemon merangue pie.

Ehre
Gad! Double vision; no more of that cocaine for me.
Exit the Professor Pickett we all know.

Ehre
Much better. That coke statement stands rescinded.
Re-enter the Professor Pickett we all know.
Professor Pickett we all know and Professor Pickett no one knows shake hands.

Ehre
Gad! Alternating Ectoplasm.
Short Intermission.
Enter Gimmick, Theophilous.
Exit Gimmick, Theophilous, glowing with inner light.
The end, but not the END

S P O R T S



Jessen and Sugars

By HARVY HELLFISH

Regusted by the corny looks of his spring candid dates Koach Karl Kreeper has started to feed them pop-I Spine-itch in order to circumvate a baseball team that can lick the Oxford Yanks. Last season the Bee and Doubleyoys were shellaxed by "Axferd" 0-100. this half-baked cousin to seaweed has already produced amazing results in some of the boys.

Last year the girl archers (?) found outfielders Izzy Caputz and T. Sanow most delightful and effective targets, never bothering to aim at the upright targets. By eating spineitch these two swaters have been able to pepper the fannes in deep center field with a barrage of line drives. Last Tuesday Miss "Heady" La Marr, archyoureye instructor, was compelled to call off practice due to a ballstorm.

Peewee "Pinwell Morrison became so enivigorated with spin-energy that he rolled the whole infield in 48 seconds flat with Seebers prize chinese rookie "Twinkletoes" Bore-Yoti on the handle.

The greatest change has come in the pitchers who have become so fast (?) that Corporal Wiseguy in the last two days has worn out five catchers mitts or well as his own. Egbert Shower has solved this problem by developing a backspin curve that circles the batter coming back to the pitcher and thus eliminating the need of a catcher. Al "Novascmoskipop" Sillynofeet refused to devower spineitch but has consented to eat broccolitt which has enabled him to develop a pitch that Jitterbugs until it is opposite the batter at which time it drops biting the plate and them bounces into the catchers mitt.

Undoubtably as the season progresses more astounding deeds and feats will progress from Camp Sea Bar where the boys are training. Et si viva l'epinard.

Elindar Skunkins

It's nut that I want to be funny (nuttin like that) but since this is the nut issue I'll nut delay in telling you that nut so long ago the Brazilian Nut team and the Port Pistachios engaged in a terrific game of "Nutton nutton who's got the nutton?". Filbert, Port's mascot, almost got a crack-up when he was doing the Gunga Din act; however, what the hickory? The game was a nuttin to nuttin tie anyway. Cashew beat that?

Just got a flash from Borneo, Chief Jumpin' Jive reports that all work has stopped because the natives are learning to play tisket-a-tasket. Miss Sirena Mar, in search of one good forward, is the cause of all the trouble! C'mon Sireen,—"here I am."

The tweet-tweet of the birds announced Spring so sweetly the other day that all the girls flitted over to the football field for their quilting bee. (Och, that stings.) What a touching picture they made in a circle vigorously exercising their digits. Everything was going smoothly until Pantywaist Kohanska emitted an agonizing scream. That darn needle! At the sight of the blood, Miss Millionairess, the instructress, wilted gracefully into oblivion. At this point she put her brawn to use by dashing over to the gym and back in 5 seconds flat for the smelling salts—pew—I know; it smells.

The kindergarten sextet met with our players on the tiddley-winks court on Thursday; the gardeners knew their onions and conquered the home team with little trouble. From now on the girls are going to take a course on the culture of finger nails, for they realized the lack of these weapons immensely throughout the contest.

Don't look now but Hell-in-Davis won the ice-tong tournament after much to-do. Willy Shakespeare's nearest relative was runner-up.

Weel, from one nut to anutter. S'long. It'll nut be long 'til next week and anutter insane column. Nuttingly yours . . ."

Dying Easter Eggs Poop Chickens

The usual task on the day before Easter is to assist your little squirt of a brother in dying Easter eggs. At first, as I recall, we collected eggs—anything from a hummingbird's egg to an ostrich egg. After collecting a varied assortment of eggs, I dumped them into a pan of boiling nirto-glycerine. This was my bright idea. I figure out beforehand that if I heated nitro-glycerine something might happen. Something happened all right I never saw our kitchen again.

I started over again (while my brother watched) to collect more eggs. I knew better than to use nitro-glycerine again, and since there wasn't any water (because agents of Mayor LaGuardia bought it all), I used alcohol. Later, I discovered that my idea worked our pretty well. The alcohol burned and scorched the white shell. This suited me all right because I won't need to color them. But my brother accept black eggs because they weren't pretty. My brother, a talented fellow for supervising only, told me to get the steel wool from his sheep and to rub off all the black. After three hours of hard rubbing the eggs were white again, but since I had scraped my knuckles, they were all smeared with blood stains. That was the last straw for me, because I threw every egg out of the back door. What startled me was that all the eggs exploded leaving a large excavation in the ground. At least I realized that I had been fooling around with hand grenades instead of eggs. It seemed that I had collected the eggs of men of war birds instead of chicken eggs.

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