

Spring!!

Spring is sprung; de grass is riz.
I wodder where de flowers iz...
Yes, 'tis spring, and the flowers are in bloom and I saw a robin the other day and don't you feel lazy too? I just want to sleep and sleep and sleep. This is the time of year when little boys get their hair cut short and fuzzy; when girls begin to think about clothes again; when Mom starts cleaning with a bang; when Dad gets out his fishing tackle and old stories. The shop girls smile and the milkman has time to stop and chat a while on his rounds. The bills roll in and the clouds suddenly become fascinating. There is the smell of camphor and of freshly turned earth. Johnny falls out of a tree and Sue is stung by a bee. Young girls wear their flower hats and the city is full of boys in their Navy whites. Down come the storm windows. Granny gets the itch to travel, and Dad can't wait to get home from the office every night. This is really spring ad boat faget to weah yoah rubbas!!

Band Concert Is Well Received

By JULIA ST. CLAIR and JOHN WILKINSON

Success! The thirteenth annual concert of the Port Washington High School Band, Friday night, was appreciatively received by an enthusiastic audience. The main feature was the playing of the stirring "Slavonic Rhapsody No. 2" by Friedmann. A novelty piece which the audience and the band enjoyed was "Pop! Goes the Weasel" in a special arrangement by Cailliet.

The Band saluted their friends and allies by playing a United Nations Medley which included the National Hymns of Canada, Mexico, Brazil, France, China, Russia, and England. Interpolations by Ned Bullis, a senior member of the band, added to the effectiveness of this number. The colorful flags of the countries contributed to the attractiveness of the decorations.

Two of our thirteen graduating seniors were soloists. They were Patsy St. Clair, playing the horn solo "Concerto No. 1" by Mozart and Margaret Ross who played "Rossignolet (The Nightingale)" by Donjon on her flute. Both of these girls have received first ratings in State and National Contests and are respectively President and Secretary of the Band. The other members who will soon be leaving us are: Lois Baker, Gino Brock, Jacky Fenton, Beryl Singleton, Jimmy Malla, Ned Bullis, Tommy Dunc, Babe Imperil, Hugh Low, Hugh Montgomery and D. Pfeiffer. The

Port Profile

After running around a good deal, I finally managed to corner the Miss. Hegarty and get some facts of her life so that you'll know how to live if you want to be Salutatorian.

It seems that she was born in the Big City and from there went to Bayshore. The next thing she knew, she was in Waterbury, Conn. It was here that she made the mistake of going to school.

At the age of eight, she arrived at Port and honored the fourth grade with her presence. Even at that young age she showed signs of being a bright student.

Just like any normal person, Bunty has her favorite classes, History and English, and those she doesn't like too well (which we really can't tell). She is very active in extra-curricular activities, in fact the only club she doesn't belong to is the Fraternity (they don't know what they're missing).

Even though Bunty is a very agreeable person, she does have some pet peeves. She can't bear cold weather and loud noises, and she dislikes all people who call her "Queenie." Her only hobbie is letter writing (now don't be nose!) and listening to music, especially Tommy Dorsey. If Bunty had her choice on what to do for the rest of her life, she would probably spend it eating chowmein and drinking vcdtga (what a life!).

Bunty just can't decide between Vassor and William Smith, but whatever her choice is, we know she'll keep up the good work. After college she wants to enter the Social Service field.

Give

Give to the Red Cross, let's help them all we can
To do their work of mercy
From Europe to Japan
They help our nurses, and doctors too
Where ever they may be
On the land, in the air, and also on the sea
So let us play our part right now
And give with all, our heart
So they can carry on their work
Where ever they depart,
To do their job of mercy
And help, where e'er they can
To aid the sick, the down and out
As help, a wounded man
So come on folks, let's do our best
And help 'em with all our might
Because we know it's doing good
And we'll be doing right.

William Allen

Band will sorely miss these players.

At the close of the concert the alumni of former High School days came back and played with the rest of the band the familiar marches and several encores.

Girls!!!

Patsy Louis is holding a big fashion show in the high school auditorium on May 2. There will be lots of pretty clothes and prettier girls. It is sponsored by Macy. Admission for girls is a 10c defense stamp and for adults a 25c stamp.

Inquiring Reporter

What was the biggest moment in your life?

Joan Wessmann—when "alfalfa" sent me a spicey letter.

Nancy Nelson—When Roosevelt was in the White House and Wallace was vice pres. (you figure it out).

Dick Clark—"We weren't very big."

Carol Neumann—When my hair stayed curly in the rain.

Dick Perly—When I found four hairs on my chin and shaved them off.

Les Keates—When I found that "Lulu" was really the one. (?)

Mr. Kezar—Seeing "Cover Girl"—Whaaat!! And when I met Grace.

Ellen Hansen — Seeing Ann Rutherford—in person!!

Dorothea Farrely—A real "live" present on Christmas.—how tall Dot?

Bill Woodsen—"My moment is yet to come!"

Advice to Love Lorn

Dear Suzy,

I used to have dates every nite, but for the last six months I have been sitting home alone. I have tried everything — Vims, Ipana, Lifebouy, Fleishmann's Yeast, and Drene shampoo. What do you advise me to do now?

"Discouraged."

Dear "Discouraged,"

Indeed, you have a problem. The only possible solution could be to stand on Times Square with a lasso.

Say It With Music

Long Ago and Far Away—Easter Vacation

I'll Be Seeing You—New school officers

I Love You—the cat to the spring robbers

I Don't Know Why—"Daddy" to "Baby Snooks"

Where or When—will the Victory Gardens begin to grow.

There'll be a Hot Time in The Old Town Tonight—April 29th, the Soph Carnival.

He Wears a Pair of Silver Wings—Superman.

You'll Never Know—Spanish Vocabulary.

It Started All Over Again—Lulu and Les

Expressive Expressions

Here's a brand new crop of corn.

Draw up a foxhole and fall in—Take a chair and sit down.

Speak up to the mike—Say it again, I didn't hear you.

That's strictly dude — That's sharp.

For whom does the bell toll?—That's how a teen-age answers the telephone these days.

Take a rope and skip it—Go away.

Put an egg in your shoe and beat it—Go away.

Make like you're rationed—Go away.

Bring a piece of cheese and come to my trap for a rat race—Bring a partner and come to my house for dancing.

I walked with a Zombie—I had a date with a drip.

Hop a freight, I'll take the bait—I'm cutting in.

So long, slug, see you in the slot machines—A new way of saying good-bye.

The pause that re-fleshes — lunch hour.

Pass the drool cup—What a girl says when an attractive boy passes by.

He's a prisoner or war—He's stuck with a drip, cold cut or moth ball.

Who hung that mess on you?—Where did you get that smooth outfit? (it's really complimentary).

Tickle my ear—Call me up.

Strictly for the birds—Not so hot.

Hello, Joe, when d'ya go?—New version of "Hello, Joe, what d'you know?"

Wolf in ship's clothing—A sailor.

Wolf in jeep's clothing—A soldier.

Hi, kitten, what's mewin'?—A new way to say hello.

I'm not a wolf, I just came over to say hello-oo-oo-oo—New way boy to greet girl.

Oh, my battered curves—Oh, my shattered nerves.

You shred it wheat—you said it.

Indood, I dee—Indeed, I do.

Caution blind alley—Look out, here comes a drip. (said on the dance floor when you see a goon heading your way to cut in.)

Who Is It?

...n Clio
...ever alone
...ood friend
...nergetic
...ight on the beam
...abel is her pet name
...n cheering squad
...ois's pal
...akes with the hockey stick
...lected school president (we hope)
...eat kid