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Friday, May 13, 1955

THE PORT WEEKLY

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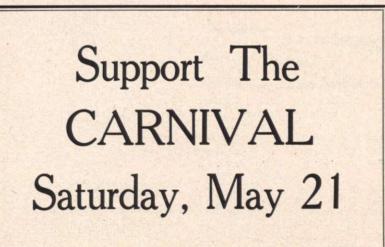


Make Our Carnival A Success

Probably the biggest school event and the one in which most people take part, is our annual Spring Carnival. It has become a traditional happening. In order to be a success, the carnival must have the support of everyone, both before and during the carnival.

Right now, the most important goal to be reached is the sale of twelve hundred chance books. The junior class should be the most active since they will receive the scholarships financed by the carnival profits. But present records show that they are far below their quota. Having profited from last year's carnival, the seniors should also show enthusiasm. They also have a responsibility in that they are the organizers and managers of the carnival. Sophomores and juniors should also take part in the carnival operations to gain experience needed for running next year's carnival.

As a homeroom member, you are needed to help organize your utes to the success of the carnival. Whether or not you help construct booth. Each booth is an important part of the carnival and contribthe booth, take tickets, or spend time running your concession, you will be rewarded in knowing that you have contributed your share to a worthwhile cause.





Clio

Mr. Faneja, an Indian exchange student, studying at Columbia University, was the guest speaker at the monthly meeting of Clio. Mr. Faneja spoke about Indian life and customs and discussed India's form of government and its stand in international affairs.

Clio will take its annual trip tomorrow to West Point.

Chess Club

On April 29, the Chess Club sent six members to Garden City High School. They played six matches with the Garden City Chess Club, winning four and losing two. Members of the club who were sent to Garden City to play were Ed Hoffman, Tom Levine, Gordon Gulick. Tom Wing, Bill Warden, and John Richardson. Hoffman, Levine, Gulick, and Wing won their matches.

Plans are not yet definite as to future meetings, but the president, Ed Hoffman, and the faculty adviser, Mr. Licitra, will contact other schools to arrange more matches.

STUDENT TEACHER

Mr. Charles Danowski of Greenvale, Long Island has been working as a student teacher in our math department for some now. Mr. Danowski is time studying math at Queens College and hopes to be a math teacher after his graduation. When asked what he thought of Port, Mr. Danowski replied, "I like it!" After thinking a minute he made a further notation: "But during 1947-1951 their sports were too good for Roslyn." Mr. Danowski is a Roslyn alumnus.

JUNIOR PROM

Plans for this year's Junior Prom are well into production as the all-important date June 4 draws closer and closer. The theme for the affair is "The Sand and the Sea." The junior class officers, Ray Saulter, Eddie Lloyd, Sue Dorn, and Frank Cifarelli have started the affair rolling. Sirje Helder has been appointed the head of decorations and is working diligently with the help of her assistants Bonnie Besold and Bunny Dervin. Virginia Carimanica is the head of the publicity and Marianne Young is the head of the tickets. So far the juniors have given their officers very good support in preparations for their prom.

Exciting World Of Books

Several weeks ago, I went to one of the great libraries of our nation to do some research work.

After wandering through art exhibits, various washrooms, blind corridors, and empty halls, I finally discovered several small rooms with books in them. I set to work. I tried to get some books but a guard pulled me down when I was almost over the fence that separated me from them. He informed me that I had to make out request slips for the books I wanted.

I finally found said slips, made them out, and took them to the Man at The Desk, symbol of power at the local level. I handed him the slips; he handed them back to me.

"Ain't no class numbers on them slips. Only three slips at a time."

I found the class numbers, took out two of the five slips, and handed him the other three. He looked mad. I had'nt given up. I was making things hard for him. He took the slips and marked them all up with rubber stamps and paper presses. I thought I had beaten him.

I went over to a table to wait for the books. After a while I noticed the man sitting beside me. He was wearing goldrimmed spectacles and had a long white beard. He looked old and hungry.

"You'll never get the books," he said. "I've been waiting for my book for a year now. They keep it from me on all kinds of excuses. First they couldn't find it. Then it had to be rebound. Then they couldn't find it again."

"Must be a shocker."

"It's called 'Roman Sanitation in Ancient Britain.' I need it for my Doctor's Degree."

"What do you think my chances of getting a book are?"

He was about to answer, when the attendant came by with a pile of magazines. I snatched one greedily, opened the cover, and found—a 1910 copy of "Godey's Lady's Book." The old man suddenly jumped on me, and grabbed the faded periodical. The sight of printed matter after so long had driven him wild, like a man fighting for a glass of water in a desert.

He leafed through the thing, cackling over the dim pictures of Queen Victoria, Florence Nightingale, and some very plain women modeling queer clothes.

I left him there and spent the rest of the afternoon browsing through the comic books at a nearby magazine stand. I like the animal ones best.