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WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1932

## TARDINESS

Teaneck High seems to be afflicted with a rather tired student body. This does not mean or insinuate that you are tired as far as your brain work is concerned, but this little matter of reaching school a few moments after the eight o'clock bell has rung.

This may seem a trivial matter until you look into the delay and work it causes and also the reputation cast upon the school, also yourself. This tardiness interferes with the precision with which a school must be managed and impedes the daily progress, inasmuch as it makes work for all concerned. Slips, record and lists of daily attendance have to be made out, which increases the work of school routine, not mentioning its potentialities of becoming a school problem.

Work takes time and time is money.

Of course we realize that outside interest must be taken into consideration. The chief problem of modern society seems to be that of disposing of leisure time, but why let outside interests interfere with our punctuality?

We grant you that sleeping is a wonderful form of recreation. In fact, one of the best but why be a glutton? You can sleep for the rest of your life, but school lasts only a short time. Maybe you feel you do not get enough sleep, maybe that is the cause of some of this lateness; well why not start saying good night a little sooner, this would give us extra five minutes of sleep that is so nice to have.

It has never occurred to us that five minutes of leisure was a fair exchange for over an hour of confinement in a class of detention.

As a word to the wise, we would say this: tardiness causes unnecessary work, and unnecessary work causes a decline in one's usually good spirits, and this is a discomfiture all around. So why not make school a pleasure by saving all this trouble and at the same time improve the school and our own scholastic records.

As a remedy for this tardiness, why not start our days just ten minutes earlier. Try it!

## The Innocent Bystander

If you're interested in seeing an almost infallible test of who has a crooked streak and who is honest through and through, just watch a boys' gym class for half an hour or so.

In the gym classes they play a game that has an uncanny way of showing up the under-cover gyppers. The class is divided up into two parts and sent to opposite ends of the gym. Then they bombard each other with basketballs; as soon as a player is hit he's supposed to quit, and the game goes on until one side is wiped out.

With 80 or 90 howling kids prancing and cavorting, and basketballs filling the air, one boy is lost in the shuffle and it's mighty easy for him to gyp if he's the kind who wants to. And it's also easy for a sharp-eyed watcher on the side-lines to pick out most of the gyppers.

If you want to detect some of them, just watch closely what goes on in the territory up against the wall, where the mob is thickest and everyone is so intent on dodging balls that he pays no attention to what anyone else is doing.

If you watch for very long you'll see a flying ball touch somebody; and then you'll notice that the fellow who was hit glances around to see if anyone has noticed, and then goes on playing. That is, if he's one of those who isn't troubled by a sense of ethics or fair play.

And often you'll observe this: somebody will be hit when he's out in the open—and everybody sees that he's hit, so he quits. But watch him as he stands on the sidelines; after a while, when he thinks no one is looking, he'll sneak back into the game.

He's the one who gets a higher mark than you do on the test because he cheats when he doesn't know the answer; who finds your lost textbook and doesn't return it; who breaks open your locker or steals your bike. He's one of those who will be a little crooked all their lives.

And while we're on the subject, we think it's about time somebody warned the faculty advisers against a certain student who for years has been active in the business management of several organizations. This fellow makes a business out of dipping into club treasuries to which he has access.

What prominent upperclassman is always allowed by tittering and slapping of wrists among the junior high kids as soon as he turns in back?

Don't think, just because you never hear about them, that there aren't lots of students in the junior high school worth reading about. They have just as colorful personalities down there as they do up in the rarefied atmosphere of the third floor.

There's Red De Blasio, for instance. He's one of the best basketball players in the school, junior or senior. Gingery, fast as a flash and a lead shot for the basket, this halfpint is going to be the big star of this season's junior high basketball team.

Someone who's interesting in a different way—a certain kid who has an Irish face and a Polish name, and who usually wears a bright green sweater. He may get his face pushed in soon. His favorite pastime is taunting and mimicking every senior he meets. No verbal retort can quell him, and more than one upperclassman has been driven wild by this gadfly. Several actually have taken weak punches at him, but they usually miss. However, we wouldn't be surprised to see some dignified senior explode soon and really go for the kid.

## HEARTS and DARTS

By LARRY MC GRATH

Often, in the past weeks, have dreams of the heart been discussed in this—this—what shall I say? O yeah! this "column" (apologies to Walter Winchell—Mark Haltinger—Louis Sobel and J. W. Gothard, Jr.). They have been read (I hope), commented upon, and forgotten by many. Forgotten because no particular importance was attached to the fact that the people in question had gone the way of all flesh and fallen in "love"—as the village baker would put it. But, ah, gentle readers, ah! An occurrence has occurred that the less-broadminded of your number might deem revolutionary. The mighty Monroe has fallen! Veeeee! Wee! taken, the bait! And the line and sinker as well. And for no less a person than a little bit of blond. He throws kisses at her every day when he waits by her classroom. Monroe—your old monovogun! I won't tell the girl's name this time, but if he keeps on—

We've quite a few tickle lads in school. "Buddy" Riebach was hairy about Mookoo for a couple of days, and then decided that he could care more for Virginia Reeves. Now he's jags about Rita (red head) Hatch. "Brod" Burgess whispered sweet nothings to June Renton for awhile—quit—resumed—and quit again. Or late "Brod" has been paying attention to Beverly Phillips. But, on the other hand, we have one really consistent lover in Johnny Amelander. Catch him even so much as looking at any girl other than Claire Yetter—or better, let Claire catch him.

Rumor has it that "Denny" (little guy) Averill is romancing it with a girl from Bogota named Gannon. Attie boy, Denny, you showed 'em that you don't have to be big to play football and basketball, show 'em that you're right there when it comes to lovin', too.

Haven't seen my buddy, "Strutt" Anderson in the company of any girls to date. I don't know whether it's because he wants to spite me or—er—or what.

Speaking of love affairs—"Bumpy" Rothenberg decided that she didn't like one of her erstwhile gridders favorites any longer and wrapped a football which he had given her in a package and sent it on its way. But she got it back. The next day it was delivered to her home by the postal carrier. She had put the sender's address in the place of the intended destination on the package. Maybe she wasn't so dumb as that.

I have noticed that there are a few misguided individuals in school who still say "nerds." Now, dear readers—and those who have to have this read to you—the expression "nerds" has long since given way to the more modern "peacans." If you do not like to say "peacans," why not give it that nautical touch—say "knots." Huh? knots so good? Well anything but "nerds"—it grates on the nerves. Yeah, and cheese—that grates, too.

In Central Park in New York there are signs reading—"Beware of Pickpockets." Many a man, upon reading the warning, instinctively reaches for his wallet or roll to see if it's still intact. Thus the pickpocket, who lingers near the signs and who, sometimes is responsible for the sign being there, knows just where to reach for the dough. . . . Soaked throughout the state are service stations about which are posted signs bearing the inscription, "Please do not tip employees." These signs remind the motorist that should tip the worker. . . . These are evidences of the value of suggestion. Now, there are a few lads in this institution who persist in scooting me in the hall, usually a few days before this column is due, and tell me what is going to happen to me if I dare mention them in connection with any "dirt" as they call it. Okay, boys, I'll try to keep you in mind.

"Cholly" Many (the ol' reprobate) is still thinking (?) up those terrible jokes of his and springing them right and left without the slightest regard for our feelings. Here is his latest—the other day the mugs popped into the news room and hollered at the top of his voice—"I've got a new girl. Boys, I call her 'piano'—baby is she grand."

We have a new contribution to our extensive repertoire of songs. It's a corker—"The Mother-in-Law's Song"—"There's a Crowd."

## RAMBLES THRU THE ETHER

## POLLS DISCONTINUED!

We have decided to carry a temporary halt to the Radio poll we have been holding. It isn't because of lack of interest, but in the interests of accuracy and to give everyone an equal chance to tell their choice. You will find your ballot in this copy of the Te-Hi News. This ballot is official, no others acceptable.

It may be of interest to know that Guy Lombardo was piling up an overwhelming lead in the late poll. Next came Jack Benny—To His King of Radio Comics, followed by Ben Bernie, Jack Pearl and Chase & Sanborn's programs.

## Let's Have Your Vote

An Indiana oil company is dickering with 711 Fifth Avenue and 435 Madison Avenue for a splurge of programs that will make Lucky Strike's Magic Carpet look cheap. The intention is to feature Avon (Olivia Opera Revival Company-Gilbert & Sullivan) and Metropolitan Opera Company stars. If they're interested in program ideas, let them see us—we have plenty.

S. L. Rothafel, alias the "Great Roxy," is again beating the other waves on Sundays (1:00 P.M.—WEAF). Roxy's first program went straight to Deutschland (Germany to you). It was a grand exhibition of sportsmanship when Major Bowes, his friendly rival (WEAF—11:30 to 12:30 Sundays) asked his listeners to listen to Roxy. It may interest you to know that a constant stream of letters has been coming to N.B.C. ever since his departure from radio.

Could we tell you of the Brooklynite who thought that our Radio star's picture (Miss Gail's Big Crosby included), "The Big Broadcast" was a story of a man who threw Kate Smith over the mountain.

Ben Bernie declares that he can spot any man four worries and still beat him to a nervous breakdown. He says his new theme song is "Just swooning for you." And it is hoarse that carry Ben along to this end. Horace have—but Ben says that some day they'll give me the last son of Man-O-War. I'll have paid for him by then.

Lawrence Tibbett and Richard Crooks return to the air. Crooks will star in the first two broadcasts starting December over station WSAF. Tibbett will have the honors the third week. They will then alternate Mondays until the series ends. William Daly's concert orchestra is to supply the music.

Morton Downey and Ted Husing will broadcast their Nov. 25th program from a blimp which will navigate over Manhattan (are you drooping? Huh?).

After having heard the Goldman band paying tribute to the memory of Sousa, we wonder why no sponsor has taken it over. This band offers a unique and different program that will attract everyone. The Central Park bowl where this band plays each summer time is filled nightly with eager listeners.

## BURNS &amp; ALLEN:

Announcer: "You look sick, Gracie, would you like a drink of water?" Gracie: "Oh, that's all right, I've only got a headache."

George: "Stop bawling."

Doctor: "Your fever's worse, Mr. Burns. It's up to 105."

Gracie: "Well, George, when it's up to 110 I'd better sell."

Talking about ambitions, Jessica Dragonette's is to be a painter.

(Continued on Page Three)