



Vol. 29, No. 17 GREAT NECK, NEW YORK, WED., JAN. 21, 1959 Price: Ten Cents

Social - Minded Nebbishes Create Dating Agency

Since Messrs. Toynbee, Gibson, Beard and Durant could contribute nothing, the development of the theme "Nebbishes Through History" has been left up to Judi Grossman and Pete Kleinman, co-chairmen of the January 24 Salic and Sammy Hawkins G. O. dance.

So far, their efforts have yielded several innovations, including the school's first dating agency, (consisting of a sealed, confidential box at the Sign of the Nebbish in the G.O. office into which any student, boy or girl, who has not yet gotten a date for the affair may drop his name and other pertinent information), and a system of cards which will be used at the dance itself to make sure, as Pete said, "that the same boy and girl won't be stuck with each other for the whole evening."

Providing the music will be the band of south school's Bob O'Brien with featured singer Steve Wilson.

Dancers may partake of un-Nebbish-like refreshments from a "smorgasbord" which will be stocked, gushes G.O. Treasurer Pete Fidel, with everything from grilled cheese sandwiches, cocktail franks, potato chips and cookies to anything you want (almost)."

In last week's issue, Mr. Eric Nilson, guidance counselor, was reported to have spent a month visiting different colleges to learn more about curricula and admissions problems. Mr. Nilson and the Guide Post regret that the trip in fact took a week, not a month. Further aberrations which occurred in the article, owing to the reporter's clogged eustachian tubes, follow:

a) Paragraph that states "many colleges suggest foreign language study carried through four years of high school" should read:

"In being accepted to many (not most) colleges, Mr. Nilson pointed out that high school record, guidance recommendations, and interviews (often) weigh far more than the college board exams. Another finding was that many colleges suggest foreign language study carried through (the fourth year of) high school.

b) The statement saying a two-year community college often benefited some students more than a four-year college would have and that they always presented the opportunity of transferring after two years, should amend "always presented" to "often presented."

Profs Discuss Math Methods

by Mott Robbins

To keep in touch with current trends in math education, a number of Great Neck teachers attended the National Council of Teachers of Mathematics convention, held from December 28 to December 30, 1958.

According to Mr. Isaac, "teachers were seated upon the windowsills, on the floor, and even on the stage in order to hear prominent speakers discuss modern mathematics education." Mr. B. Rourke, executive secretary of the mathematics branch of the College Entrance Examination Board, was one of the major speakers. He stressed the need for familiarity with the language of math and suggested that more work with inequalities be done. Mr. Rourke also pointed out that the practical applications of math were being used to illustrate math theory. "This should be reversed," said Mr. Rourke. "Math theory should be used as a basis for pointing to the follow-up — practical applications."

Other speakers stated that students should learn to think of mathematics as a science. With this, the importance of the number system, and simpler techniques for the manipulation of numbers and symbols should be emphasized. One speaker suggested that algebra be taught in much the same manner as geometry, with theorems, axioms and proofs.

Mr. Isaac stated that the Great Neck math department had agreed, however, that any of these changes would first have to undergo careful analysis before it could be put into effect. "Even though Great Neck appears to be ahead in modern math education, we must take care to integrate these advances into our program with moderation. In this way the student will receive full benefit of the changes without too radical a change in the nature of the course.

Fonda, James Cagney, Jack Lemmon, and William Powell. A Disney color cartoon will round out the program.

This special service of Junior Player is available only to students and faculty of Great Neck North High, in accordance with a town ordinance. Tickets are 70¢ and may be purchased from Junior Players salesmen or at the door. With the success of this initial program, others will be scheduled in the future.

Win Grand Prize In Essay Contest

Students with scholastic ability, leadership, and creativity have the opportunity to compete in a nation-wide essay contest.

The Thom McAnn Leadership Award contest was announced in last week's bulletin by the guidance department. Participating schools are permitted to choose only one senior boy and one senior girl who plan to attend college. The awards are offered on the basis of academic standing, constructive extra-curricular activity, leadership, and student-faculty respect. In addition to this, each contestant is required to write a 300 word essay, "Why I want to Go to College."

Mr. Jack Guildroy, head of the guidance department announced that Great Neck high school will select its two participants by February 15, using the same criteria mentioned above, on a smaller scale. The national judging will take place sometime before the end of May.

Seniors interested in the contest have already signed up in the guidance office, and Mr. Guildroy will be getting in touch with them soon to explain the rules.

J.P. Presents Feature Films

Two top-flight Hollywood productions will be shown here Friday night at 7:30 as Junior Players presents "Movie Night". The films are "On The Waterfront" and "Mr. Roberts", both highly acclaimed.

"On The Waterfront" was winner of the 1954 academy award for best picture and Marlon Brando and Eva Marie Saint both received oscar's for their acting in the film. The movie concerning labor corruption on the N.Y. waterfront co-stars Lee J. Cobb and Karl Malden and was directed by Elia Kazan.

"Mr. Roberts" is a comedy about life aboard a Navy supply ship during the war. In color, the film stars Henry

Orange And Blue Cagers Vanquish Portmen 65-46

by Alan Schlosser

Taking their first major step toward another Section One championship, the Great Neck basketball squad crushed Port Washington, 65-46. The battle between last year's section champions took place at the junior high school gym last Friday night.

Coach Morrison started Roger Trupin, Jim Blume, Steve Spahn, Jimmy Cohen and Paul Slayton. The Lions' leading scorers were 6'5" Bill Jessen and 6'2" Gene Simonson. Great Neck fans will remember Jessen as one of Port's stars in their victory over Great Neck in the semi-finals of last year's county tournament.

The game began in the expected fashion, with Spahn and Jessen trading baskets. After another layup by Jessen, Trupin countered with a three-point play to put the Blazers in the lead for the first time. The remainder of the opening period was a see-saw battle, with neither team being able to amass more than a two-point edge. Port led at the buzzer 12-10.

At the start of the second quarter, Great Neck took the lead on successive field goals by Blume, Trupin and Slayton. Port retaliated with a basket but after that the Blazers broke the game wide open on some fine play by Spahn. Steve, who was stationed deep in the corner, made nine straight points on three driving layups and three foul shots. This surge put Great

Neck in a commanding 33-22 lead at half-time.

Spahn's shooting was not the only factor in the second period spurt. Blume's rebounding and

(Continued on page 4)

E. Faust Speaks On T.V. Forum

Ellen Faust, Great Neck North high school senior, joined four other student panelists on the New York Times Youth Forum last Sunday. Along with special guest Sam Levenson, the panel, moderated by Dorothy Gordon, discussed the question, "Where should teenagers seek guidance?" There will be a radio rebroadcast of this program over WQXR this Saturday morning at 10:30.



Photo by Dick Gruen

Informed two weeks before of her opportunity to appear on the show by the school's guidance department, Ellen then spoke to one of the show's personnel via telephone and received an outline containing suggested topics for her to think about before going on the program. The program was completely spontaneous except for a period preceding it during which the participants were given an opportunity to discuss the questions on the outline among themselves. She appeared on the air to express a number of opinions which she summed up for us by saying, "It seems reasonable to expect that at this point in our development we ought to be able to solve at least partially those problems which face us," (dating, cars and allowances were some of the ones brought up on the show) "and if we are not already doing this, we certainly ought to be encouraged to apply our previous experience in thinking out our own problems."

John Appel, president of Agassiz, announced that the club will present another speaker on Friday, January 23, at 3:00 in room 93. The speaker will be Mrs. Lisl Standen, associate public health specialist, Department of Trusteeship Division of Non-Self Governing Territories of the World Health Organization. The meeting will be open to all students who are interested. Mrs. Standen will speak on world health. Following her talk, she will answer questions from the floor.

Tower Workshop Moves To Rm 114

Radio workshop courses have been moved from the Tower to room 114. The move was effected as a safety measure against fire hazards, according to Dr. Mossman.

The Tower, formerly used for radio workshop classes, has only one exit, the staircase. This presented a potential fire hazard. Room 114 has been renovated to accommodate radio workshop classes.

GN Actors Visit Settlement House

North and South School dramatics will be employing every available trick of their profession when they entertain some sixty laughing, crying, screaming children at the La Guardia Settlement House this Saturday, January 27.

The annual children's play, "The Clown that Ran Away," was presented last Saturday to Great Neck children in the high school auditorium. Here the stage was spacious, the lighting modern, and the audience quite sophisticated. "The coming production in New York City will be more of a challenge," remarked Jerry Evans, one of the leading actors. He pointed out that the stage will be only 15 feet wide and will have no curtain. The children, who are not quite as familiar with the theatre as Great Neck's youngsters, demand a more colorful and exciting production. "The play must move to keep them in the room!"

This is the second time Junior Players has been to the La Guardia Settlement; last year "The Wizard of Oz" was presented there. Both North and South school dramatic clubs hope to make this trip an annual affair.

Senior Sampler

At last college boards, applications, and the first two marking periods are over! Contrary to widespread opinion that one need only sit back and wait, many seniors are finding themselves with a serious problem about how to approach their senior year.

Senior A is still in a panic! He is so obsessed with admissions boards that he barely escapes biting off his fingers. A tenth of a point on his average continues to haunt him, and he resembles a spring that has been snapped too hard. A has got himself into such a muddle that he can't possibly calm down and evaluate the situation.

Senior B, on the other hand, is making an all-out effort to feel free of tension. He made that final surge to the finish line and knows that the outcome of the race is now the judge's problem. He can no longer change fate, he says, and he might as well not worry now. Nothing matters to B anymore — nothing counts! B thinks he can show all those tense sophomores and juniors how above-it-all he is. He drops all his extra-curricular activities, locks up his books in his locker, and goes out to assert his free spirit.

Then there is senior C, who either has been accepted at college or is quite sure he will be. To him, high school represents "part of his childhood" and he feels he looks ever so sophisticated by being bored. C is not putting on an act, though, for he really is bored. He goes through all the motions of working in class and contributing to the school. But since he has convinced himself that only college can satisfy his needs, he puts little sincere effort into what he is doing, and as a result, he gets little personal satisfaction from it. The sad thing about C is that on a college application he wrote sincerely about his desire to learn, to search deeply into ideas and into himself. It seems, however, that senior C lost all his native curiosity and wide-eyed wonder when he popped his application into the mail box.

Finally we see senior D who, we would like to think, resembles the majority of his classmates. He has a little of A's inevitable nervousness, while he also has some of B's pleasant carefree feeling. D knows that the future holds exciting experiences for him, but unlike his friend C, he realizes that it is up to him to make his expectations come through. He sees one hundred more days as a senior and in them he wants to prove that what he wrote on his application is true, for the present as well as the future.

Which category do you fit?

All About Beauty

Beauty is truth, beauty is a symphony, beauty is a modest maiden, beauty is perfume, beauty is a brilliant sunset, and I am so very sick of beauty. For me, "beauty" has come to connote a cloying kind of torture; beauty is best left for the kind of person who would drink honey and have pet peacocks.

Of course, every once in a while a clever fellow comes along with his own startlingly fresh concept of beauty. He brazenly states that beauty is not "sweetness,"—it is "wholesomeness." And so, for a time, he writes prolific verse in admiration of some wizened fisherwoman or lemon trees; then he shuffles off somewhere and dies. The last the world is given to remember of him is the inscription on his tomb. This is generally a bitter, cryptic epigram, prepared by the defunct himself in better times, saying that he who lies here was profound and misunderstood. So much for the malcontents who have tried to revolutionize beauty.

Then too, there are those who never much cared about beauty, but feel obligated every now and then to pass a comment attributing beauty to something or other. This is known as *savoir-faire*. Or, as the French put it, *delicatesse* (oui, but never an American!). Everybody has at one time or another run into a mathematics teacher. He's the fellow who, just to prove how aesthetically aware he is in spite of these many, many years of dealing in absolutes, will profess to find beauty in a well-proportioned polyhedral angle. Upon occasion, he will even venture forth beyond the crust of logic to tell his classes that he can't explain why, but he was just "taken" by the magnolias he saw this morning. "Clearly a man of depth and breadth and stature and perspicacity," think his students. Little do they suspect that it was all planned. Just for effect is what it was.

One thing is certain. Modern civilization having been burnished to its present veneer, it is indiscreet and downright dangerous to own to a boorish lack of sensitivity. One must keep carefully concealed any inclination to eat a wedding

to a fairy castle. One must never, ever, ever look at a sunset and remark that it is getting chilly. But never. Au contraire, it is his duty to remember that it's darker now, — they'll never see his blue lips, anyway — and he must instead proclaim that the jeweled sky fills him with rapture (preferably in some language other than his own, or at least in the words of somebody else. Terribly impressive.)

But I — I will not conform. No siree, I will not pretend to admire all creation, simply because this helps maintain the security and sanity of my fellows. No siree. "Beauty" is a term one must never use lightly. That's the beauty of it.

by Ellen Faust

The A.P. Puts In Another Two Cents The Tie That Binds - Through The Centuries

cake rather than to liken it to the Ancient Philosopher, with dignity and style, ruffled his once new, but now superannuated cravat. He gazed with appreciation at his image in the mirror, and talked to it at the same time. "I haven't worn one of these since the gay days of the French Revolution. Just can't seem to get it right. It needs adjustment, but I seem to have lost the knack. I'm getting rusty at arranging these things. Losing my touch, as it were. It's been a long time since these neck-decorations were in vogue here. When were they revived? It must have been right after my vacation.

"What a vacation! I travelled to Paris. To keep pace with certain Americans (who submerged under the North Pole), I went under barber poles when I took a guided tour of the sewers of this healthy city. Was I clipped! This trip was made in order to do research for my thesis: The Night Life of the Sewer Rats and How They Help to Keep Our City Clean."

Fascinated with his words and with his reflection, the A.P. continued to gaze at the mirror. He glanced at his shoes and socks. He studied his shirt and trousers. Something was not in order. In one deft motion, he neatly untied his tie, and carefully placed it on the bed.

Has this happened to you recently? You are walking past an open field when all of a sudden your attention is attracted by a most curious sight. Seemingly adult individuals are scattered about in a variety of postures, and with the greatest concentration are tossing small platters into the air. If you have witnessed this, you have seen a sport which has swept the land and is known as frisbee.

No Gewgaw, Frisbee

In the past few months, I have come to notice that the exacting science of frisbee has been constantly criticized by the maliciousness of many tactless practitioners in scattered cities throughout the country, especially the East, and also has been derogated by our nation's press. A popular newspaper, generally famed for its unbiased opinions and interpretations, had the intrepidity to associate the sport with such playthings as "gew-gaws that talked, walked on the ceiling, opened beer cans, and did everything but cheat at cards." I have found it impossible to hold my righteous wrath in check any longer; we must study the fine art of frisbee, in its whole sense, in order to

clarify any misunderstandings or questions in the conditioned minds of possible future enthusiasts.

It is frivolity to date frisbee, for its antiquity embraces the discus thrower of the ancient Olympic game, and the adroit, inventive Greeks who discovered that by scaling their shields when their supply of other battle instruments was exhausted, they could sever and eventually defeat their antagonists. However, in the modern era, about the mid-twenties, small lots of savant personalities, who had learned of the game's mysteries from patriarchal ancestors, began fumbling for a new supreme term to dissolve the imbroglio. They finally came up with the name "Ritz" in honor of a flourishing cracker business whose tins seemed to be quite sufficient. The banquets, balls, and what have you, which followed were not perorated until another startling uncovering was made: pie tins used by a Mother Frisbee of Boise, Idaho for her pastries. These proved to be far superior to the others and showed many technological advances. Thus, the birth of the name. The eventual paragon in aerodynamics was actually achieved

by some forgotten soul only ten or eleven years ago. He developed a crude polka-dotted plastic saucer, intending it to bring joy to those not yet teenaged. It is incredible that such a man, not even remembered today, could create out of his own ingenuity this object which has so greatly benefited the American sporting public.

For the last year and a half or so, the market places of the Eastern seaboard have literally been filled with such atrocious counterfeits as scalos, mars-platters, plutoplatters and even platterplatters. Let me iterate that only frisbee has been highly esteemed and commended by the WWDAFOGHSA (We Who Do Approve Frisbee And Other Games Of High Standards Association).

Frisbee is played with teams somewhat vague in size. When the call "All grunsters please take the fleckant," is sounded over the public address system, the grunsters assemble with their prospective teams, one of which stands on the sparty and the other on the splernty. Taking the plamper, a grunster thrimps it toward a member of the opposing team. The object of the game is gravely oversimplified, to cause a member of the opposition to miss the plamper, thus resulting in a gruddle (advantage) for the team that made the thrimp. The first team to reach a score of 27 gruddles is announced victor by the mird, who acts as the final authority on all matters.

The Invisible

It is the ardent desire in every grunster's heart to effect an invisible plish, in which the plish is made with no noticeable exertion and in which the plamper is daintily entrapped between the thumb and pinky. However, the grunster does not come of age artistically until he can boast the accomplishment of the trindi, the zenith of finesse in the invisible plish; in this the grunster leans at a sharp angle with the ground, having one leg fully extended delicately behind him. When the trindi is performed, only limited comment is allowed in the gallery. A slight murmur of "Jolly good plish!" or "Capital thrimp!" is often heard.

Although frisbee is not quite as dangerous as football, the risk of injury is still great. Many prominent grunsters continually have blisters. But this is all unimportant, for frisbee's significance lies in its building of character and of mind, rather than in its development of muscle and physique. Without this great pastime, America's sporting public would lose its good spirits, its power of reasoning and most significant of all, its self-preservation.

by Dick Freed



Est
us
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GREAT NECK GUIDE POST

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any rate he prophesied that any man who could free the ox from the cart would become the ruler of Asia. So then one day a young lad, Alexander the Great, came to town. He promptly cut the knot and claimed his reward. Gordius refused and sued for defamation of purpose. Anyway, you know how slow the courts are, and thus the case has just been put on the docket. But Alexander had a controlling interest in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. When the next issue came out it stated that Alexander the Great was the ruler of all Asia. It is a known fact that school children, when making a report, copy straight from this reference. The result is that students have been learning the wrong material all these years. But just remember the world is flat. If it were round . . . but don't let these thoughts bother you."

These thoughts decided the A.P. He had a speech to prepare. This was to be delivered before the Good and Welfare Club that very afternoon. He would be a revolutionary and preach advanced doctrine. Slowly he began to write his historic words:

"Title — The Old School Tie First paragraph: It is time that students were concerned with good grooming. I'm for ties . . ."

by Mike Lewis

Spoon River Anthology

by Edgor Lee Masters
Reviewed by Julia Miller

It is almost impossible to relate my reactions to *Spoon River Anthology* without first explaining the manner in which the plot of the book is presented, for it is unique in that the whole book is written in poetry. The poems are presented as epitaphs of the people who lived in the town and were buried in its cemetery. Through these grave-stones the history of the town, the gossip of the town, the comedy and drama in the lives of its people are disclosed. Not only does the book contain some very fine and profound pieces of writing, but it is also a shrewd portrayal of human motives and drives. There are many stories that are interlinked and interwoven. The high and low classes of the town, their sentiments toward one another, their relations with one another — all are prevalent in the anthology of *Spoon River*.

Of all the poems in the book, the one I remember most vividly is the story of Walter Simmons, the town's "inventor." My parents thought that I would be as great as Edison or greater. . . . But then at twenty-one I married. And had to live, and so, to live I learned the trade of making watches. . . . Thinking, thinking, thinking, thinking. . . . Not of business, but of the engine. I studied calculus to build. . . . but it never worked. And a few kind souls believed my genius was somehow hampered by the store. It wasn't true. The truth was this: I didn't have the brains.

This poem, in its entirety, is one of the most touching and truly dramatic that I have ever read. When I had read it once I found it imperative to read it once again, and then again. And each time I was left with that same inexplicable "sinking sensation." In this one-page poem Mr. Masters creates such a feeling of horror, that I find it difficult to record on paper. Here was a man, who all his life had been continually reminded that he had potential scientific genius in him. And so he set out to fulfill his alleged capacity only to find that this so-called genius was not within him, simply waiting to be freed upon the opening of a door.

Spoon River also had its share of racial prejudice of which the citizenry of the United States of America is now being so piously reminded. Mr. Masters presents it to his reader in quite a different way. His amazing reserve, so to say, that conveys the true tragedy of the situation. It is the story of the death of Yee Bow:

They got me into the Sunday-school
In *Spoon River*
And tried to get me to drop
Confucius for Jesus.
I could have been no worse off
If I had tried to get them to
drop Jesus for Confucius.
For, without any warning, as
if it were a prank,
And sneaking up behind me,
Harry Wiley,

The minister's son caved my ribs into my lungs,
With a blow of his fist.
Now I shall never sleep with my ancestors in Pekin,
And no children shall worship at my grave.

Then there were those who hated *Spoon River*, who wanted to escape. One of these was Barney Hainsfeather, who said:

If the excursion train to Peoria
Had just been wrecked, I might
have escaped with my life—
Certainly I should have escaped
this place.

But as it was burned as well,
they mistook me

For John Allen who was sent
to the Hebrew Cemetery
At Chicago,

And John for me, so I lie here.
It was bad enough to run a
clothing store in this town,
But to be buried here — ach!

Mr. Masters allows his reader the privilege to "read into" his poems their "hidden" meaning.

The impression Barney Hainsfeather gave me was one of a man with a tremendous amount of vitality, and yet with a certain feeling of being outside — away from his people — a man whose plans never worked out — and even in death his plans were spoiled.

The shocking, the unbelievable, the gruesome, I haven't time to discuss, but I can strongly recommend this book to all lovers of poetry, and more important, to all those interested in the great American literature we are establishing for ourselves. *Spoon River Anthology* is not a long and difficult book to read, filled with unintelligible utterances of many seemingly uninterested and uninteresting characters. It is the story of "Anyplace, U.S.A." This is a story for the young, for they are likely to be most impressed with its morals, its lessons, its messages. It is a story for us, for we are the young.



A Nebbish Dance and we're not invited!

One Score And No Years Ago, G.P. Brought Forth Upon This School

Guide Post was a part of school life even twenty years ago, for the paper dates back to 1928. Things were quite a bit different then: the new wing was a thing of the future, the junior and senior high were in the same building and the G.O. ticket was a modest 90¢. Twenty years ago, *Guide Post* was printed on regular newsprint and was slightly bigger than the average notebook paper. Let's take a look at the January 13 issue of *Guide Post* . . . twenty years ago.

A front page sports story announced in bold headlines that Great Neck's basketball team had topped Chaminade by the overwhelming score 29-24. Complete line-ups and scoring statistics accompanied the story.

Banner headlines told the readers that thirty-eight students, 20% of the senior class, were preparing to graduate in February. On page four a pair of men's shoes was advertised for \$3.95.

The mast head on page two carried the yearly subscription rate of 40¢.

A column reported that members of the junior class were fighting hard for a class organization. The columnist saw this spirit as "another strong link in the chain of school citizenship."

In January of 1940, a year later, an editorial reprimanded seniors for failure to pay weekly class dues of 10¢.

In January, 1948, ten years later, *Guide Post* had not changed much; it was still the same size, on newsprint, and the fourth page was devoted to the Junior High.

Page one carried an article announcing the gala opening of the Youth Center. The next issue heralded a "Name the Youth Center" contest. The winning name it seems, must have been "The Youth Center."

Finally, a columnist urged attendance at the annual combined junior-senior party!

Living Doll

The manager had said "The essential thing is to remain as still as possible while the customers examine the clothes you are modeling. This concept of a 'Living Mannequin' is an exclusive for Mr. Suburban department store." Thus Crawford Beauregard became acquainted with the technique involved for him in succeeding as a living mannequin. This was his first big job and he wanted to please Mr. LeJohn, his boss.

The first day out on the floor, he felt incredibly self-conscious. In fact, he never quite got over the feeling of being inspected by the customers with their hyper-critical orbs. They would squint, for instance, at a charcoal green suit, finger the cuffs and pull at the buttons. If any questions were asked, Beauregard would refer the customer to a nearby salesman. It was against company policy for a living mannequin to speak at any length. "It ruins the dummy effect," said Mr. Stinson, the public relations man.

Snap, Crackle

Every evening at 5:30, Beauregard took the subway to his bachelor apartment, where he had a bowl of cereal and cream. On cold winter nights, he heated the cream and enjoyed his own original invention, steaming hot Rice Krispies. "Sort of like soup," he used to say. Lately, however, he had discovered TV dinners and ate them in front of the radio. Trouble was, he started feeling stiff in the mornings. His arms and legs in particular gave him trouble. Trying exercises, Crawford noted that they did not do him the slightest good. When he found, upon awakening, that his fingers were immovable for about ten minutes, he decided to see a doctor.

At the physician's office, which smelled vaguely of alcohol, Crawford Beauregard once again became conscious of being stared at. "Well, it's necessary this time," he thought during the examination. "Even if the stiffness doesn't hurt, it's a nuisance not being able to grab a coffee cup in the morning."

After finishing the check-up, the doctor said, "Mr. Beauregard, you are a very sick man. You possess a peculiar malady, such that the growing stiffness creeping through your body spreads with ever-increasing rapidity. I unfortunately do not know anything about the

disease except that it is most commonly found among cigar-store indians. I'm afraid that there is no cure available. I'll work on it, though. Don't you worry one little bit. You've probably got the slow variety. On the other hand. . . ." The doctor paused, turned around and reached for his coat. "Mr. Beauregard, you'll have to excuse me now. I have a case of beriberi to attend to. You understand. . . a house call." With that, he left.

"Nothing to do until the Doc finds the cure," Crawford said resignedly.

During the next two weeks, the attacks struck more often. Once on the subway, coming home from the store, he could not let go of the subway strap. He remained unable to disembark until he reached 54th Street.

Brief Excursion

On Tuesday, Oct. 7, at 5:25 p.m. Mr. John LeJohn was conducting a short tour for Mr. Stinson, the public relations man. It was a brief excursion out onto the floor to see how things were running. All appeared well. Suddenly Stinson spied a large group of customers gathered about a figure hidden in the crowd. LeJohn recognized it as one of the dummies. They pushed their way through and observed that it was vaguely reminiscent of Crawford Beauregard. It was modeling a new Bermuda style padless cummerbund.

"Appealing as this current style cummerbund is," said LeJohn, "we are compelled to ask you to leave, since it is now closing time. I hope to see you tomorrow, shopping at Mr. Suburban!" The customers filed out.

Thirty minutes later, two cleaning men entered, hoisted the dummy onto their shoulders and carted it away to the dark, cold storage room. It was to be kept there for several weeks, for retouching. Mr. Stinson, the public relations man, thought it wasn't life-like enough.

by Matt Robbins

A Complete Line of School Supplies JAY'S STATIONERY

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For The Best In Drugs

Vars Buick Corp.
"Oldest General Motors
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Varsity Bowlers Defeat Comets In League Test

Blazer bowlers scored their twelfth straight triumph in defeating Hicksville, 4-1, last Wednesday at the Roosevelt Bowlerama, Great Neck is currently leading the league with a score of 14 out of 15 possible points. The squad bowled an average of 163 in their latest victory.

The high score of the day was a 223, bowled by Richard Gluckman. The five men who were Pete Marcus — 168; Richard Gluckman — 174; Ira Koon-del — 166; Steve Gold — 135; and Bill Dinkes — 170. Great Neck topped the Comets by 100 pins.

The J.V. Keglars defeated Herricks, also by a score of 4-1. The box score: Dave Weschler — 190; Fred Ross — 116; Richard Pine — 135; Ira Wolf — 143; Dick Freeman — 128; total average — 135.

GN Leads Trojans

Great Neck, the defending champion, is leading the league by one point. Close behind in second place is Garden City. The following teams in order of rank are Port Washington, Manhasset, Glen Cove, Roslyn, North Shore, Hicksville, Farmingdale, and Mineola.

The Trojans of Garden City have a strong squad and they will be the ones to watch this year. Coach Ring feels that we have a very powerful team and should win out over them in the race for the championship. Great Neck is still unbeaten in 3 league contests, and in several non-league matches. The next league contest will be against Mineola, Wednesday, January 21. One strong point is the great reserve strength that we have. Coach Ring can draw on the intramural club if greater strength is called for.

JV Downs HC, Remains Unbeaten

With the added pressure of a two-year winning streak, the Great Neck Junior Varsity turned in an impressive win over the Holy Cross squad. The game which took place in the girls' gym last Tuesday was the J.V.'s 29th straight victory.

Great Neck's starting team consisted of Fred Branfman, Larry Dougherty, Mike Saphier, Vic Zinn, and Lloyd Harris. The game got off to a slow start, with the Blazers managing to gain a 3-4 lead at the end of the period. The low-scoring quarter can be attributed to the fact that both teams were employing a zone defense. With the start of the second period, Coach Pierzga installed a fast-breaking offense, which enabled the team to open up the tight defense of the Knights. This drive was sparked by the excellent shooting of high scorer Fred Branfman. The 6' 2" forward wound up with 10 of Great Neck's 18 points, as the half ended with Holy Cross trailing by 4.

After the intermission, the home JV began to show its superiority by pulling away from the visitors at a steady clip. The final tally was Great Neck 53, Holy Cross 34. Branfman with 14 points, and Larry Dougherty with 11 were the standouts for Great Neck.

GN Cagers Regain Winning Form Routing Holy Cross And Portmen Knights Defeated

An axiom of sports, that the better team usually wins, was proven in Great Neck's come-from-behind 63-49 victory over Holy Cross. The action took place at the Senior High gym last Tuesday.

This game, though not a league contest, was a great morale booster for the Blazers. Actually, for the first time this season, they proved to the fans and themselves that they were capable of winning under pressure. Great Neck went into the contest as undisputed underdog. Holy Cross had defeated St. Mary's handily, and St. Mary's had easily defeated Great Neck. The Knights were touted as being equally strong on offense and defense, as well as having ample height. In the first three quarters, Holy Cross used these assets to dominate the play. Ahead all the way their halftime margin was 26-22. Led by the shooting of Jim Blume, Steve Spahn, and Jim Cohen, the Blazers tied up the score early in quarter 3 at 28-28. The men from Bayside then put on shooting exhibition as they rolled up a seemingly invincible 42-33 third period lead.

Great Neck Rallyes

However, in the fourth quarter, the Blazers staged their finest rally of the year. With Spahn and Paul Slayton doing all the scoring, the Blazers drew within two points of H.C., 46-44. Roger Trupin hit on a lay-up and foul shot to put the Blazers in the lead for the first time in the contest. Holy Cross tied the score at 49-49 on foul shots but were soon left far behind as Great Neck refused to give up another point. The final score was 63-49, as Great Neck outscored the Knights, 30-7 in this period.

Spahn, Slayton, and Trupin were instrumental in the final Great Neck surge as they scored an amazing total of 24 points between them in the fourth period alone. Spahn was the high man for both squads with 23. Slayton scored 8, and Trupin pumped in 12. Jim Cohen turned in his usual all-around fine performance and chalked up 11 points. Jim Blume, who was the game's outstanding rebounder, scored 5.



Ed Sussman battles for a rebound in the second period of the Holy Cross contest, won by G.N., 63-49.

GN Downs Port

(Continued from page 1)

defensive efforts were instrumental in holding Port to ten points in that quarter. Slayton's pin-point passing was also an effective offensive weapon.

The Blazers increased their margin in the third period. Spahn was unable to sustain his torrid scoring pace, but Trupin took up the slack. The Rajah scored nine points in the third quarter alone, and Port was behind 48-30 at the start of the last period. The Lions were unable to gain any ground in the closing minutes. Kenny Miller gave the evening a perfect ending by sinking a 40 foot set shot at the final buzzer.

Trupin Excels

The victory was a team effort. Trupin and Spahn topped the scoring lists with 20 and 21 points respectively. Roger's performance was the high point of his high school career and illustrated how much he has improved over previous years. If he can keep up this caliber of play, he could correct one of the Blazer's main weaknesses this year: the lack of a high scoring big man. Blume and Jeff Spanier scored six and seven points apiece, to go along with their fine rebounding and defensive play. Slayton chipped in three baskets and three free throws for nine points.

Blazers in Third Place

Great Neck has a 5-2 overall record, and a 2-1 mark in league play. The squad has a three-game winning streak going, and they have just started to play up to their potential. The Section One standings have Garden City in front with a 3-0 mark, and Mineola in second with a 3-1 slate. After Great Neck comes Hicksville, Glen Cove, Port Washington and Farmingdale in that order. The next game for the Blazers will be an important test against Mineola at the Maroon's home court. An added attraction of the game, besides the battle for second place, is Artie Katz, the Mineola center who is the North Shore's leading scorer.

Westbury Topples Blazer Wrestlers

With many of the boys showing improvement, the Great Neck matmen lost to Westbury, 29-17, in a wrestling match held in the boys' gym last Friday. With this loss the team's record dropped to 0-6.

The Blazers lost most ground in the light-weight classes. This was due mainly to inexperience, since most Blazers wrestling in these classes are sophomores. Rick Vacchio (106), Bruce Mayer (112), Adam Bender (124), Steve Schoenwetter (134), Ken Shapiro (140), Harry Wein (150), and Barry Riggs (180) all lost close matches, many of them by just a few points.

Looking on the brighter side of the matches, Ricky Lane, a sophomore, came through with a victory in the 118 class. Four seniors provided Great Neck with its four other victories, as Sandy Edelman (136), Michael Okin (160), Steve Frank (170), and Adrian Meyers (unlimited) came through with wins. Okin's victory was his third straight and Frank's win his second in a row. Both seniors did not allow their opponents a point during their respective matches.

Though their won-lost record is unimpressive, it must be remembered that the Blazers have been handicapped by the split in schools and by inexperience. There has never been a let down in spirit, however, and the future matches may bring some Blazer victories.

Intramurals

As midseason passes, six of the ten junior-senior basketball league teams are entrenched in a close race. Steve Mitchell's team, with a 5-0 record, is in first, one game in front of Dick Gundy's squad, which has a 4-1 record. Right behind them in third is Charles Gumm's squad, 3-1. Tied for fourth with 3-2 records, are Henry Meltzer's and Steve Bergeson's teams. Bill Stone's squad rounds out the top six with a 2-3 record. Holding up the bottom of the league are teams captained by Gene Hutchinson, Jeff Ordovery, John Evens and Ken Leibline, with records, respectively, of 1-3, 1-3, 1-4 and 1-5.

On January 21 and 22, a wrestling tournament was held with all weight classes participating. Next week, the results will be published in this column.

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