

Big Playroom and Surveys

GRIME

"COVERS THE NEWS"

MARCH 32, 1958

HEMISPHERE

FOREIGN

Positively Embryonic

Students who will be attending Great Neck South Senior High School, (the North School being opened only to those living on the right side, thus alleviating nasty crowd situations), may be the first guinea pigs of educational color psychology.

This is by far the dandiest innovation since a study of dating problems became a required subject in the curriculum. "Quite astounding!" vehemently commented Dr. John (the grinder) Blacksmith, originator of the new idea. Going glibly onward, the old grinder with the new tricks went on to describe the ids and outs of psychological warfare.

Colored Space: "Absolutely not!" he bellowed with his customary chuckle. "There is absolutely no colorless space in the entire building." To be sure, he is quite right; each room is bathed in penetrating hues, each with its own purpose.

The student will feel a change coming over him the moment the building comes within his vision. Covering what in other schools would be repelling red brick, is an ocean of sea blue green ever beckoning . . . ever calling. Unable to resist it, the over-anxious pupils scurry, scurrying like little ants straight into the jaws of Knowledge.

Once inside the student falls into an indescribable cubby hole of comfort caused by the prenatal characteristic pattern of pink. Pale pinks, pretty pinks and drip pinks weave a schizophrenic pattern into his mind.

Said one student upon his return, "It made me positively embryonic."

Pressure Less. His mind having been rocked into a state of purity, all outside forces eliminated, the student is ready to enter any classroom. Gone are the dreadful pressures, and the tenseness of the American classroom. While at rest, the student's mind has become a veritable sponge.

With an attitude of absolute intrepidity, the pupil enters the yellow room. Mellow yellow, the color of egg yolk, jaundice, infectious hepatitis, and my true love's hair will remind many a careless student to brush his teeth. Brightness enters into the dark recesses of the mind, and the student begins to think of himself as bright. With a weak smile, one product gasped, "My faith was, in truth, restored in an instant."

Opportunities for association games are supplied galore by other colors. Green, for instance, common in huge blotches throughout the science department, serves as a psychological textbook for young American biologists with the constant reminder that all plants contain chlorophyll except saprophytes, parasites, simple fungi, half a symbiant, Spanish moss, and bread mold.

A sprinkling of minute particles of an infinitesimal number of other colors have been sprayed throughout the new school which although harmless by themselves, when put together, are sufficient potency to produce a race of shmerds.

Goals Defended

Always reaching for the biggest and the best, Port Washington has set aside a much inflated 94% of their annual budget for the development and defense of their goal posts.

The big spenders, emerging nicked and scarred from a long and exhausting G. O. budget battle came out on top. Tax-payers are wary but realize the dire need to support their local government — for better or worse.

Destructive Submarines

The money, one third of which goes for spoils to the top G. O. officials, will be spent on amusements and strategists who will work together in defending their alma mater. Plan of expenditure for remaining money includes the following: three ICBM inter-continental ballistic missiles for aggressors Northport and Erasmus, or in time of need, New Rochelle. Also four IRBM (Immediately Released Battle Missiles) for retaliating attacks from Great Neck, Garden City, or Sewanhaka. Being designed now is a custom-made submarine to annihilate Oceanside.

SCIENCE

Deep Down

A homely creature is the streamlined, shell-topped bucketlike new Adventurer. This is the Promethean gift that the physics department aspires to fling against the Elysian Fields of 1958: space.

Day after day, red-eyed, runny-nosed physicists and chemists have been sweating out the problems of top secret issues, while (top secret but able to be here released) LOX has been found in the desk of our most reputable official. His name, of course, cannot here be released for fear his most conscientious cronies would relinquish their zealous classes to attend his top secret snack session in Room 240 at 6:23 a.m., Eastern Standard Time.

Ruining Heredity

Back at top of staff meetings, biology heads and faithful Agassiz have been pondering problems of peaceful radio-active degeneration. High school officials, delighted at the bursts of radio-active heat, look forward to a peaceful and prosperous future with these newly cleansed bombs. Slight dangers from the valuable but unfortunately unsuccessful original experiments are unimportant, the only possible ill effect being damaged genes.

Wallowing around the flotsam left by unconscionable Deweyites, American students and teachers conduct classrooms like Westchester County Clubs.

Last week this was denounced as a terrible flaw in the Great Neck School System. Angered by the liberal conditions Mr. Snide Remarque, science teacher, was on the verge of leaving job; "One great big playroom," he described the high school. Up until last week editorials growled about the lackadaisical policies of American education.

But last week Mr. F. J. What's On tallied the results of his accomplishment examination given to thousands of Russian and American students. This survey revealed that Great Neck students scored three hundred percent better than the average Russian student.

He's Right

Mr. What's On said, "This proves I'm right! Failing to pay attention in class, forgetting to do homework, not taking science, reading Mad magazine, going steady and playing bingo have no damaging effect on the average student. In fact, my survey proves that students who engage in these activities actually score higher on this accomplishment examination than other students."

In fact, his survey did reveal that six percent of the high scorers were found to date every night of the week. Nineteen percent were going steady and four percent were married. All the top scorers were avid readers of Mad magazine and Confidential.

They're wrong

Mr. What's On feels that the reactionary educators, as well as the conservatives are all wrong. "Students should be allowed to chew gum in school and leave classrooms whenever they please." He also supported a student planned curriculum, recommended that the physical science education in the school system be abolished, "I don't think Dewey was wrong at all," he said.

However, he did feel that the social sciences and the logic of Hegel should be stressed without regard to the students' wishes.

Mr. What's On has published a new book on his findings, entitled, "Helping Principals Understand Parents." This tells principals how to deal with problem parents — parents who refuse to let their children conform with the luxurious suburban education policies of dating, etc.

SUBLIMINAL

Magic Voices

Gentle, scarcely perceptible voices now speak nearly inaudibly above the human frequency to students at Great Neck High School throughout their long and tiring school days. Although not consciously heard by the homework-doing students, the voices are immediately registered on the subconscious level.

Designed to brighten the school day and to direct the students into correct plans of action, "Listen to the bulletin," "Don't chew gum," "Happiness is catching," and "Smile" are alternated on the supersonic frequency during the first hour of the day. During the second hour Spanish, French, and Latin verbs are conjugated in stimulating repetition. Later, the voices remind the student "Never forget the heading," "Treat substitutes with respect," and "Silence in an air raid."

"Diffusion Confuses"

Into the cheerless blackboard-lined classrooms every ten minutes, the Public Address flashes for the duration of one two thousandth of a second. Correct spellings of words such as "recognize," "government," "pleas-urable," and "alabi" are repeated. So swift are the sound waves that students are not aware of the flashes. Noticing abrupt changes in thought patterns, one boy wondered why his thoughts turned from the romantic history lesson being taught by his teacher to the spelling of "ie" and "ei" words. In another class the teacher knowing of the subliminal diffusion and being of an inquisitive mind, polled the students to discover what was on their minds immediately following the high-pitched sounds as opposed to what they were thinking about before them. Unaware that subliminal diffusion had been used, the students wrote their answers. The flashes had read "Wash your hands before lunch." Before the flash, 97% of the students had been concentrating upon a dissertation on conformity, 3% had been thinking about Friday night's

party. After the flash, 70% reminded themselves to wash their hands before lunch, 37% were scolding themselves for forgetting to take a bath the night before, two of the original 3% concentrating on Friday night's party had progressed to Saturday night's movie. The remaining 10% were worrying about how to keep their alcoholic parents dry.

Conclusions that this inquisitive teacher tentatively established were:

- 1) Approximately 3% of the population cannot be educated by any means.
- 2) Ninety-seven percent of the population likes history.
- 3) Ten percent of the population have problems and therefore cannot interpret any messages clearly.
- 4) Thirty-seven percent of the population are basically unclean.
- 5) Forty percent of the population is static.



In the spring . . . romance blooms in the hothouse atmosphere of the High School Country Club. Answering the progressivist's challenge to learn by doing, our shy, enthusiastic she, when asked for a date on Saturday, replies, "Oh, gee!"

Photo by Evan Peskin



Photo by Mike LaMonica

ROCKET BLASTS OFF
Getting away from it all

Education

"Sputnik, schmutnik — the guy who invented it probably beats his wife." This statement by the State Department last week sums up our retaliation to their scientific challenge, otherwise known as the "They-may-be-smart-but-we're-a-d-j-u-s-t-e-d" gambit. For while the Russians are acquainting their four-year-olds with nuclear fission, our youngsters are finger-painting away their Oedipus complexes. After all, who ever discusses nuclear fission on his wedding night? Prompted by this intriguing question, *Grime* reporters effected a comparison of the typical Russian and American students (one girl and one boy, just to catch the attention of the American public).

While her fellow students strain at their studies, Irma Sansense displays a detached casualness, aplomb, and sangfroid. Irma is a member of the National Honor Society, is in the upper one per cent of the nation's schools, and is the recipient of several scholarship awards. Radcliffe and Hockaday Tech. have been vying for her favor. Asked which college she will choose, Irma yawned and said, "Oh, I don't know. They're all such a frightful bore. It only takes such a little while to dash off those calculus problems; a girl has to have something to occupy her time. I mean, like thermophysical dynamics is okay, but there's no sex in it." This is the essence of the American learn-by-doing theory of education.



IVAN PETROVITCH, Grind

Meanwhile, chunky, gap-toothed students in Kremlin-sponsored schools labor through the dark Slavic nights to fulfill academic quotas imposed by education czars. Spurning laughter, hot rods and other tools of their capitalist confreres, comrade Ivan Petrovitch spends eight hours a day studying speech for public life,

the folding of babushkas, the unfolding of babushkas, and the art of pre-dating inventions. As the head of the U. S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare was heard to remark, "Dem Reds studies a lot, but what dey studies! Dey ain't got culture. Don't quote me, huh boys?"



IRMA SANSENSE, Percolated

Svelte, bicupid-braced Robert and Betty breeze easily through American schools, minds clear and uncluttered by trivia. Offered courses such as appreciation of basket weaving, dating problems, carburetor hygiene, the psychology of eating, U. S. students are well-rounded, tension-free. No horn-rimmed-glasses wearers they, American youth scorn homework, claim books are distraction.

Explained senior Horace (Honor Roll and four-time scholarship winner) Peters, "I'm well-rounded. I got freedom o' self-expression." Like many of his colleagues, Horace is a member of Finger-Painting Club (first prize in inter-school competition), co-chairman of newly-formed Boy-Girl Relations Committee.

While Soviets bog down in detail, Americans surge ahead in all-important areas of development of personality. Chief concerns in education should be freedom of self-expression, absence of restraint on individual. In *Psychiatry Review* last month appeared testimony from leading psychiatrists that U. S. students are more trauma-free than Russian counterparts. (See *Grime*, March 17). Quipped psychologist Leon ("The Whizz") Snurd, "So what more do you want?"

But (see *Grime*, March 3) not only are American youths all-round examples of swarthy, swash-buckling adolescents, but also examples of clear-minded geniuses. Conclusive surveys have proven (see page 1) that freedom of expression, development of individual hobbies go hand in hand with brilliance. When Americans have their cake and eat it, too, why worry?

Miscellany

Sour Grapes with Pits, Yet: A student research committee concluded their five-month comprehensive study in Great Neck, Long Island, with the following resolution: "If all the parking space in the surrounding vicinity of the high school were put into one big parking lot, they wouldn't let us park there anyway."

Somebody Lovely Has Just Passed By: After a vicious brass-knuckle battle, coaches Ernie Clark and Michael Totura finally resolved their argument by a duel at forty paces; the cause of the disagreement: Mr. Clark criticized Coach Totura for spraying the boys' locker room with "Je Reviens," said he preferred "Arpege."

Gesundheit: In an effort to be a non-conformist, a Great Neck student smiled, washed his socks, and died of embarrassment.

Rub a dub dub, three men in a tub: Neglected yacht owners in Great Neck's swank King's Point requested that the Adult Education curriculum include courses in the interpretation of small craft warnings.

Tally Ho: In Great Neck, Long Island, after county police chased him over a three-hour course of dirt roads, quick-sand, washday worries, men working in trees, 5:00 Sperry traffic, and one way roads during school hours for making rude gestures toward Pello when he (Pello) tried to give him a ticket, Motorist Al Sanders told the judge he was just trying to get home before the chow-mein got cold.

Go To Your: Mr. Judson Lincoln has proposed that left right left be changed to right left right, or better yet right right right, at least until the end of the present administration.

Tha'll Larn Ya: In a stinking, grimy, iniquitous alley behind a pizza parlor, the body of Steve Spahn was found bru-



CLARENCE A. CRUMPET Drip

tally mutilated, fingernails torn off, eyeballs burnt out, back covered with whip-lashes; Coach Milton Hess confessed to the crime, said Spahn had broken training.

Locking the Horse after the Stable is Gone: In Hockaday Girls' School, Texas, when Board of Education officials closed the school after finding a still in the chemistry lab, a partially dissected biology teacher in the biology lab, and several page-worn and golden-bound copies of *The Amboy Dukes* in the English literature room, Headmaster Frank Harris denied having any part in the affair, blamed it all on the last headmaster, who was run out of town last September.

Ars Longa: In Great Neck, Creative Writing teacher Jack Fields asked Board of Education officials to grant him a few months in a rest home after he received the following poem in lieu of a research paper from one of his brighter students:

There once was a cow from Calcutta
Who smeared both her ears
with some butta.
When her friends asked her why,
She gave no reply.
(It went into one ear, out the udda.)



SUSAN LACRYMOSE Instant

People

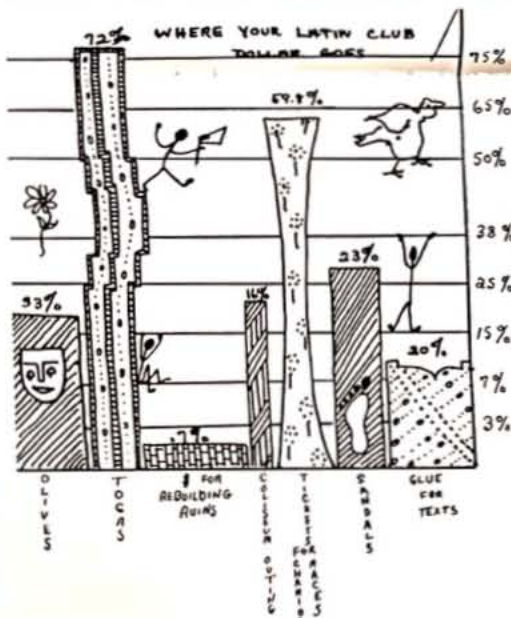
Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

"P2 (2 y10 3xr (14 r3x y2) x3 = m Gosh, I didn't know that," remarked one of our slower learners, Susan Lacrymose. This hesitancy and lack of éclat caused Susan to drop to an A— average. "Prada" insists that the slowest of Russian students would immediately recognize this simple identity from his Comrade Goose nursery rhymes, but this outrageous propaganda has received no recognition whatsoever in the Free World. (see *Education*, *Grime*, April 2, 1958).

In the pink stucco palace of Monaco, behind the baby blue shutters, Princess Grace Kelly patiently awaited the birth of her second child, and Prince Rainier amused himself in the royal zoo. The people swarmed about the castle, making preparation to storm if the royal couple did not this time produce a male heir. "Either a boy or a girl will be welcome to us," Grace announced placidly. "After all, what else is there?" Rainier was still looking around in the royal zoo.

"Now where did I leave the sixth period's term papers?" wondered Clarence A. Crumpet.

Where Your Latin Club Dollar Goes



"I had them with me when I... oh yes, I put them under the tires to get the car out of that nasty snow drift. Well, I guess I'll give them all A pluses; they can't complain about that. I'll just give those two snoots in the last row D's so the class will think I'm on the level." And so the typical Great Neck teacher made another one of the many routine decisions confronting him as a member of a free democracy.

"What is the meaning of life?" Pondering one of the typical puzzlers that Great Neck students pose, Dr. Resnik responded with the well known ingenuity and alacrity of the high school faculty. "I don't know offhand," he replied, "but I'll look it up and bring you the answer tomorrow. Better yet, that's your homework assignment. No more than 5,000 words please."

"Girls, we have six seconds left, still time for eighty-three pushups. Ready, go. One, two, three, four, one, two, three, four," panted the figure in white as she held her hockey stick over sixty squirming prostrate figures before her. "Toads, toads, all of your people are toads." "I'm training to go into slenderella work; leader corps is a wonderful stepping-stone," Edna Pearl. "Look at those ugly pounds of blubber just dripping off. My work is so gratifying! Eighty-one, eighty-two, eighty-three. Well girls, you did that so beautifully I'll let you get up if you'll promise not to run out — we still have two and a half seconds left. Glowing ruddily with the wholesome red of healthful bodily exercise, the students filed one by one out of the gymnasium, ready to cope with exercise of the mind.

LETTERS

To the Editors:

For the last several months, I have experienced a slightly uncomfortable feeling whenever I read your publication. Although I suspected that my problem stemmed from seeing a familiar name linked with an unfamiliar face, it wasn't until I realized my name was Harlan Groot that I completely diagnosed the problem.

It seems that some impostor has been claiming my name. I will admit that this person, as a member of the football team, home economics club, senior choir, Sophomore Class Council T.A.P.I., W.H.O., and G.O.P., — has been accumulating a distinguished extra-curricular record. Remarkable as this person may be, however, he does not deserve credit for being me. I am the true Harlan Groot! I demand that you account for this oft-photographed fraud whom you continually credit with my name.



Editor's Note: Well, er—Harlan, my boy, — this requires some explanation. After delving into the matter, we were outraged to discover a sneaky scheme — for which, embarrassingly enough, we are responsible. It is not sufficient to explain that Harlan Groot seems to be the name attached to unrecognizable photographs. It is not sufficient to say that we, the editors, are writhing in misery at the thought of this scandal. It is not sufficient to present you with this photograph of fifty furious fellows who at one time have been misnamed Harlan Groot, and much less is it sufficient that as a result of this disgraceful incident, my wife has left me.

To the Editors:

Your editorial! Shocking!
J. P. Bassett

To the Editors:

Hmmm — — — —
Semper Plexed

To the Editors:

Ah! Ambrosia for a shriveling soul!

P. Anna

To The Editors:

With all the recent publicity accorded the Charlie Brown Fan Club, I have been greatly disturbed by your failure to mention one of America's promising young organizations. It is a slur on our democratic system that the Yogurt Society (Ah Great White Dannon, blessed be thy curds, Amen.) — the Yogurt Society of America has been completely overlooked. The voice of the minority must be heard.

Let me make it clear that I am writing this letter merely to inform the public, not to convert it. You must realize that weeks of security investigation precede the initiation of a new member, and therefore the club consists of a select nucleus.

This society has been formed for the perpetuation of democratic ideals and the consumption of yogurt. The outsider looking in marvels at the fact that we are completely free from class distinction. We are all of us equal, — vanilla, pineapple, prune whip, strawberry, orange, plain, and peanut butter. Each member participates actively in the running of the organization. In fact, each member is an officer. At present, we have a president, vice president, chaplain, corresponding secretary, song leader, recording secretary, publicity director, charwoman, and grand vizier.

It is moving indeed to see the ardour with which we, the officers, chant our devotional:

We never saw some sour cream,

We never hope to see some, For yogurt has our loyalty,— It makes us all so gleesome!

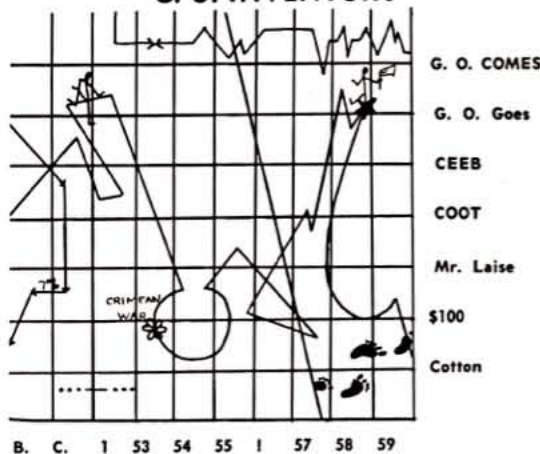
I feel that I have done my duty in informing the public of this great American movement. In parting, may I say — "Sic transit calcium," "Excel-sior mit yogurt," and "Carpe Dannon."

—Marge Hiccup
Publicity director,
Yogurt Society of America

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G. O. INVENTORY



PUCKS TO POTATOES

"Which would certainly indicate a need for revision of the budget," concluded Alfred E. Mewman after a lengthy speech, the topic of which has long since been forgotten.

Popular opinion, however, seems to hint that the irascible, fuzzy-haired slightly cross-eyed gentleman had spoken about money. Professor Mewman, whose political views have always been somewhat socialistic, lovingly unveiled his Mewman Manifesto. This is a pencil-point program designed to subjugate the bourgeoisie, the proletariat, and the senile, thereby elevating most teenagers (although pulling basketball stars down some, he later added.)

The professor frowns upon, — in fact, virtually sneezes upon — an institution so reactionary as economic incentive. "Stifle 'em all!" thundered he while a thousand dumbfounded spectators oozed in sticky silence. "The only reason," he continued, "we have such unbalanced budgets, children, and seesaws, is that there isn't enough community spirit!"

Professor Mewman's original cure for this situation involves transforming the nation's youth into a brawny bunch of share croppers. "Let 'em grow potatoes in their hockey fields!" he roared.

LOST LEADS

1. Heads were rolling today in the G.N.H.S. as the French club put a guillotine over the main entrance.

2. The new Roosevelt Raceway was completed in less than a year, while the South School started at the same time, is still under construction.

3. Eyebrows were raised today as pony tails were pulled together.

4. A searching party has been sent out to find the gleam of Hi-Y fame; the cry went up "Get that gleam, girls!"

5. The law of averages has just been repealed.

THEATER

WEE BEASTIE

"Androcles and the Lion" (by G. U. Sure?) reached Great Neck after something of a triumph at the zoo. The welcome for the lion was particularly enthusiastic, until the frisky beast decided to rehearse his part and practically caused the ruination of the sets, much to the dismay of the stage crew.

The play tells of a Christian tailor whose love for animals motivates a rendez-vous with a lion whose gratitude for Androcles' delicate remedy for stray thorns knows no bounds. (Imagine what the other lions would say about waltzing with a man!) Androcles' friends, a muscle bound chap named Ferrovius, a mixed up martyr named Spintoh, and a coquetish, cutie named Lavinia, each have their own problems but sympathize with Androcles because somewhere in the past they had met his wife, Megara. Relations between the Christians and the Romans are rather strained, due to the latter's efforts to organize a real live

lion fight, and after various flare-ups and intrusions, the revellers end their revels. In truth, the audience was right when they kept their thumbs up. The play makes soberly clear the sad human dilemma that a lion is the only one to see real courage.

"Sorry Wrong Number" is melo, melo, melodramatic. Treating the whims of an invalid, it drapes the plot round a querulous sensitive invalid who eavesdrops on a wrong conversation and overhears plans for a murder. To complicate the situation, the murder turns out to be her own, the plotter her husband, and the moral never to trust an unwound clock.

"The Dear Departed" spins the tale of two ungrateful, over-anxious children who are overcome with such emotion over their father's death that they can't even divide the loot properly. Alas, the old man wasn't dead, and their plans ruined. The three make a brisk goulash, ready to serve.

FIGHT DIFFUSION

One big fact loomed up like a swarm of locusts during the National Convention of Progressive Educators. The Russian people are doomed to extinction while the Americans will continue to thrive. This none-too startling discovery was revealed when it was learned that the Soviets do not have courses in dating, dieting, body care, necking, and petting. American schools, improving their excellent standards of living, have gone beyond the obvious regulations of pure family living. They can now proudly announce the addition of a course in Advanced Family Togetherness. Members of the convention hoped to have many more togethered families in 1959.

POWDERED HAPPINESS

The health office reported today that morphine will be sold in the cafeteria at \$7,150 a dose. As anyone who has ever had a headache can tell you, the nurse is not permitted to administer aspirin. However, it was found that no ban exists in the state constitution about the sale of morphine.

EUREKA

The short nubby tubular vestige known as the appendix, thought for many years to be useless to man, has been discovered to be the very opposite by Dr. L. Sordly Lumpump. The heavy-jowled, lumpy, Dr. Lumpump, completing one week of intensive research and experimentation, is alleged to have made the statement in

MEDICINE

his hoarse croaking voice, "Eureka."

What beneficial effect can this once-menacing organ have on human health and well-being? Dr. Lumpump reported that once the appendix is removed, an upset in body equilibrium results. The right side of the body is then lighter than the left, which causes such maladies as one round stooped shoulder, and one flat foot. As Lumpump puts it, "Why, our great grandchildren could be deformed!"

SANITY

"We now have it within our power to eradicate from the face of the earth that age-old scourge of mankind: mankind." So said Frace Fleidner, world renowned embalmer in his annual state of extermination address. Said Fleidner as they dragged him kicking from the sewers, "I have found inner sanity."

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It Is Better To
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Than To Be Sorry!
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