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Dr. Graham Speaks On U. N.; Stresses Its Role In Future

A United States delegate to the United Nations, Dr. Frank Graham, spoke to juniors and seniors about the future of the U.N. in an assembly last Wednesday.

Dr. Graham stressed that the U.N. should have as its immediate goal the furthering of economic and social conditions and the guarantee that the world will not fall prey to totalitarian ideologies or other similar philosophies not popularly embraced by the world's masses. The whole purpose, he said, is to channel nationalism and pan-nationalism, now manifesting itself, and to control the murmurings of unrest now being heard by those attuned to world affairs.

He emphasized the fact that the U.N. derives its power from the people of the world and is responsible to them alone.

Long-Range Programs

In Dr. Graham's opinion, the U.N. should emphasize certain of its functions. It should place the elimination of disease and hunger in the forefront and should start planning long-range economic programs. He feels that a U.N. Emergency Police Force and a stronger Atoms for Peace program would be advantageous not only to the U.N., but to the world in general.

The U.N., by the use of a police force, could guarantee the sovereignty of nations as they exist today. Dr. Graham interprets this as one of the U.N.'s foremost objectives. The U.S. refused to join the League of Nations, Dr. Graham said, fearing that this would lead us into war. Now, he feels, we look to the United Nations to prevent a third World War.

Brief Biography

Dr. Graham, a native of South Carolina, has led a diversified and exciting life. He was the first chairman of the Oak Ridge Institute for the study of Physics and received honorary degrees of Doctor of Law from Harvard and Princeton. He is currently engaged in U.S. attempts at offering its good offices for the mediation of the Kashmir dispute between India and Pakistan.

Dr. Graham observed that the eyes of the world are focused on us as a nation and that at this time we must present to the world a "democracy without vulgarity, excellence without arrogance, progress without subversion, a majority without tyranny and a minority without fear." The U.S. and the U.N. should stand together, as bastions of universal brotherhood.

Columbia Awards G.P. First Prize

Braving the snow and winds of Morningside Heights, members of *Guide Post* and *Arista* staffs joined over 4,000 high school journalists from 38 states of Columbia University's annual Scholastic Press Conference, March 12, 13 and 14.

The thirty-fifth annual convention, held last month, included a series of lectures and seminars and concluded with a large banquet at the Waldorf-Astoria Grand Ballroom. A feature of the convention was the announcements of the winners in the annual contest of high school publications. *Guide Post* received a first place award in its division.

"Neither Rain Nor . . ."

Delegates arrived at Columbia from homes or New York hotels on Thursday, March 12, amidst a driving snowstorm. Bad weather had caused the closing of many schools (including G.N. North) but the hardy delegates turned out in numbers only a little short of the heralded four thousand. The conventioners were given free access to the entire Columbia campus and were immediately drawn to the College Book store where the first five hundred curious representatives were presented with a free, full color map of the campus.

The sessions began with an address by Arthur T. Hadley of the Editorial Staff of the *New York Herald Tribune*. Mr. Hadley pointed out that news is what they make it. He also felt that the straight, uncolored fact is a non-existent thing and that the reporter's emotions often enter into writing a news story. After the opening general session, representatives split up and covered a variety of seminars in journalism, led by teachers or high school students. The second day's session opened with speeches by Sam Pope Brewer and Harold Faber of the *New York Times* and followed the same pattern of discussion sessions.

Great Neck representatives were Enid Schildkrout, Ellen Kaplan, Steve Rosenfeld, Matt Robbins, and Richard Gruen of *Guide Post*, and Gary Steindler, Donald Bloch, and Michael Schulhof of *Arista*.

Latin Wizards Vie And Feast

Latin students were busy with books last month as they prepared for the thirty-fifth annual Baird Latin contest at N.Y.U. and a Roman banquet at Oceanside high school.

Great Neck's delegates to this year's Baird contest in the upper (Cicero) division were Ellen Faust, Michael Schwartz, and Donald Bloch, with Steve Rosenfeld as alternate. In the lower division (Caesar) were John Lehman, James MacDevitt, Leo Galland and alternate Bill Friedman.

The contest, held March 21 at the Washington Square College of New York University, consisted of eight prose translations. It was open to any secondary school in the country. The translations of the contestants will be rated on the basis of choice of vocabulary and English expression.

A full four year scholarship to N.Y.U. is the top prize. This may be supplemented by cash grants up to \$1200 a year, depending upon need. Other top-scoring students will also be eligible for lesser scholarship awards. Highest ranking individuals and teams of three will receive gold or silver keys, or certificates of honor.

"Et Tu, Brute . . ."

On the preceding Wednesday, four other Latin students attended a gala Roman banquet commemorating Caesar's death on the Ides of March. They brought bedsheets with them which they transformed into togas. The gym of Oceanside high school was filled with togas, slaves, citizens and senators. Entertainment included skits, wrestling matches and group singing. Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Osborn accompanied Iris Fierst, Amy Tretler, Jo Ann Lesser, and Kathy Simon.

The announcement of the winners of the Nassau-Suffolk Classical Association Art Contest was a feature of the banquet. The contest, designed to increase interest in Latin, involved the decoration of a scripture. Entrants from Great Neck were Sue Morris, Kenneth Bardach, and Geraldine LaMonica.

Four Great Neck students will become TV celebrities this month when they appear on a Sunday evening panel discussion, "Between the Lines," aired Sunday at 6:30 p.m., on channel 13. The panelists will be Sue Bernstein, Steven Sharfstein, Bruce Wolff and Beth Silverman (of the junior high). They will discuss an issue of importance to American teenagers.

G. O. Candidates Begin Petitioning For Office

G.O. Elections

The student body will once again go to the polls Friday to elect General Organization officers for the year 1959-60. Elections are being held early this year to enable the officers-elect to go through a period of preparation for their positions.

After a week of petitioning, the ten G.O. candidates will deliver their campaign speeches to the entire student body. Immediately after registration on Friday, simultaneous assemblies will be held in the auditorium, and boys' gym. Each candidate will give his speech twice. The voting will take place in the boys' corrective gym during periods two through seven, and after school until 3:15. Students may vote during study halls, lunch periods or between classes. The voting machines will be used again this year. Run-offs, if necessary, will take place on Monday, April 13.

Michael Schwartz, current G.O. president, commented, "the G.O. officers wish to impress upon the student body that it is

Delegates Debate At UN Meeting

The U.N. returns to Great Neck tomorrow when representatives from both junior and senior high schools meet to take part in a mock U.N. Assembly. Each delegation will take part in discussions covering the Hungarian issue, disarmament, and the admission of Red China to the U.N. Some countries have also been chosen to be on the Security Council.

Three students from social studies classes constitute a nation's delegation. They have done research on their country and must be ready to debate, keeping its point of view in mind. Some neighboring countries have met and formed blocs.

The General Assembly will convene in the auditorium at 8:20. At 8:32 the meeting will be called to order by Mike Silbert, Secretary General. He will introduce Bruce Wolff, delegate from the Philippines, and President of the General Assembly. Bruce will address the Assembly and then introduce Dr. C. Y. Shin, former Nationalist Chinese Ambassador to the U.N. Delegates will be given an opportunity to ask Dr. Shin questions about the admission of Red China to the U.N. Another speaker, whose identity has not yet been disclosed, will follow him. After the speeches, the Assembly will separate into four groups: the Security Council and three special committees.

General Debate

The Security Council will meet in the Audio-Visual room to discuss the current Berlin crisis. The library will be the scene of the meeting concerned with the Hungarian question. The special committee on the admission of the People's Republic of Red China will meet in the boys' corrective gym. The last committee will remain in the auditorium to discuss disarmament.

At 1:30 the General Assembly will reconvene in the auditorium. The Security Council and each committee will report, presenting the resolutions that have been debated and passed by a majority vote. After the General Assembly has heard all the suggested amendments, they will discuss and vote on the resolutions. A two-thirds vote is needed to pass them.

The Assembly will adjourn at three o'clock.

most important to listen carefully to the campaign speeches and to exercise its right and duty by voting.

The candidates for president are Donald Bloch and Stuart Mossman. Donald is currently copy editor of *Arista*, chairman of the G.O. club investigatory committee, member of the club committee and Boys' Hi-Y. Last year he was president of the Forum Club; he is on the Math and Tennis teams. Stuart is a member of Key Club, Fire Wardens and B.A.A. and was a class council representative and co-chairman of the decorations for the Junior Prom. He plays varsity soccer.

The four candidates for vice-president include Larry Akey, Susan Segal, Steven Sharfstein, and Vic Zinn. Larry is a Key Club member, a member of Junior Players and on the G.O. Student Relations Committee. He is also on the stage crew and the Varsity Wrestling Team. Sue is a G.O. representative and salesman, and member of Girls' Hi-Y and Junior Players. Steven is Vice-President of the Bridge Club and Sports Editor of the Junior Class Newspaper. He is in Boys' Hi-Y and Science Club and has written for *Insight*, *Victor* is a G.O. representative on the coordinating council, was a committee chairman for both the Junior Party and Prom. He writes for *Arista* and *Guide Post*, is a member of Boys' Hi-Y and plays varsity baseball and J.V. Basketball.

Running for treasurer are James Balassone and Bruce Wolff. Jim is a G.O. representative and treasurer of the Junior Class. He was chairman of the G.O. ticket revision committee, G.O. salesman-at-large; he plays Varsity Soccer, and is also a member of Key Club. Bruce is a G.O. representative and salesman, is on the co-ordinating council, and the ticket revision committee. He is on the editorial board of *Insight* and was recently elected president of the mock U.N. Assembly.

Vying for Secretary are Rina Chagy and Carolyn Tufts. Rina is currently secretary of the sophomore class, a member of TAPI, and a G.O. salesman. Carolyn sings in Treblettes, is a member of Girls' Hi-Y, and G.O. salesman. She is a junior class council representative and was co-chairman of the refreshment committee for a G.O. dance.

NYU Announces Art Scholarships

Gifted high school art students will soon have an opportunity to apply for New York University's Scholarship Painting Workshop, being offered by the University's School of Education. This tuition-free program is open to all students who will be seniors during the 1959-60 academic year.

Supervised by University art professors, the workshop resembles the studio course offered to N.Y.U. students. About 20 students will be selected to participate. Applicants must submit a portfolio of six recent drawings or paintings unframed and without gloss, between 9 and 10 a.m. on Saturday, April 18, in the fourth study hall, room 102, of N.Y.U.'s main building, 100 Washington Square East. The student will fill out a scholarship form when he submits his portfolio. All portfolios must be picked up between 4 and 5 p.m. the same day at the same place. Selected students will be notified by mail.

Lament

Traditionally, this issue of **Guide Post** is marked by a double masthead naming the newly elected editors who would have written this editorial as a tribute to their weary and wiser predecessors. Now, we aspirants must wait until our turn on the election schedule (May 12) to discover what the lives of editors are really like.

We wonder if we'll ever be able to compensate for a wispy-haired Enid Schildkrout making converts to Sarah Lawrence while doing, incidentally, a bloody good job of running the works? For an Esta Diamond listening soulfully to her sponsor's poetry recitations — the very least any good woman would do? Or a Barbara Milman or Joan Schloessinger reaching frenzy pitch in the midst of headline counting, or searching grimly for man-bitten dogs and truth, at 6:30 p.m., Thursday? How, given no time to learn our work, can we produce another Ellen Faust, staunchly refraining from throwing in an old creative piece, (most of the time), and occasionally lapsing into English? Afforded no time for apprenticeship, we cannot be expected to develop the high class, literary-type third page provided by Maddy Magzis and Linda Friedman. We could never learn the trick of shooting baskets and writing copy at the same time, without the help of Dave Katzman and Al Schlosser. We certainly could never handle a pencil as nimbly as enigmatic Judy Gozan, or spend half as much time in such vociferous ecstasy. (And all this under the benevolent eye — occasionally too sharp for comfort — of Mr. Jack Fields, who delivers erudite lectures on the relative merits of Mumm's and Peiper Heidsick, nibbles cookies, reads copy and mumbles an occasional "sacramento".

For this year of cookie crumbs, coffee dregs, wild and wonderful artwork, frustrations, fixations, and sinus troubles, these people deserve the very highest praise. Even with a training period as new editors, we would feel queasy about trying to take their places. Without the experience of learning the ropes under their guidance we have grave apprehensions about G.P.'s and our own futures.

When we are finally, according to our new status on the club totempole, elected, **Guide Post** will have stopped production of all but one last issue. While this procedure may prove efficient in the general running of clubs, we feel that the special problems involved in running a weekly newspaper, should exempt **Guide Post** from this requirement — that is, if an efficient newspaper operation is to be maintained.

Don't Bank On It

Diocletian J. Guzba added just a drop of sage honey to his large mug of warm milk and trudged from the kitchen to his bedroom — from one corner to another of his one room luke-warm-water flat "warm milk stimulates the good old cerebellum," he thought, easing into his well-worn arm chair.

From the left-hand breast pocket of his coveralls he drew a folded scrap of paper, on which he had written the following words during his lunch hour: "Point to Ponder Tonight—Why should the world remember Cleeshie Guzba after he's gone?"

Precision Worker

"Now to analyze the situation," thought Diocletian. "Firstly, I am a highly skilled workman employed by the Sharpe & Pierce Needle Manufacturing Corporation, Incorporated. Nobody else at the plant can handle the drill that makes oblong holes for needle eyes as well as I can. I hold the unofficial production record, 12,684 needle eyes drilled in one day. But who will remember this? Certainly not the countless women who turn purple in the face from holding their breath while trying to force a big, fat, ugly thread through the dainty, petite, superbly drilled orifice which is the product of my talented effort. Certainly not my fellow employees at S & P. In addition to being jealous of my unofficial production record, they blame me for the removal of the Coke machine. Just because I tried to get my dime back

by jamming a crow-bar into the slot when the coin return didn't work was no reason to have the machine taken out. I must go outside the scope of my job to benefit the masses. That sounds nice, 'Diocletian J. Guzba, Benefactor of the Masses!'

Finishing his last drop of milk, Diocletian removed his shoes, flicked out the light, and drifted into a deep sleep still pondering the nature of his proposed great deed.

Early the next morning, which was Wednesday, his day off, Diocletian awoke with a gleam in his eye, donned his shoes, and dashed out of his cubicle, skipping his breakfast of wheat germ with sour cream for the first time in fifteen years.

Diocletian J. Guzba was the second person to enter the Third National Missouri River Bank after the doors opened at nine o'clock. Slowly he ambled over to the long row of tellers, nonchalantly taking a folded paper bag from his right-hand breast pocket. Shaking the bag, in order to open it completely, he approached the first teller's cage.

Several minutes later, walking hurriedly toward home, Diocletian guessed at how many white deposit slips he had taken from the little rack near the teller's cage and stuffed into his paper bag.

Diocletian J. Guzba was the first person to enter the Third National Missouri River Bank on Thursday morning. Nonchalantly he removed 126 white deposit slips from a paper bag and placed them on the little rack near the teller's cage. Retiring behind a potted palm he visualized what would happen next. "Soon some poor, hardworking soul will come in to deposit his meager savings. He will take a deposit slip, fill it out, and hand it to the teller. The teller will count the money and turn the slip over to stamp his initials on it. Then he will see my note 'If you do not give me a large sum of money, you and I will both be quite unhappy' and thus one hundred and twenty-six people will be blessed with wealth. All I have to do now is wait."

Stick'em Up

Five minutes later half a dozen men walked into the bank with guns and masks over their faces and started to rob the bank. "What'cha doing behind dat tree," one asked, pointing (with a shotgun) toward Diocletian. "I'm waiting to see one hundred and twenty-six deserving people receive the blessing of wealth" he replied.

"You a nut, or something?"

"I, sir, am Diocletian J. Guzba."

(Continued on page 3)

Introducing Simmy Lou Dubofsky: Yodel - ayhee — oooooo . . . !

Her real name, they say, is Simmy Lou Dubofsky, but to her intimate friends, to her acquaintances, to those who misuse her name, she is Sim, Skimmy, Slimy, Simala or Simona, and if there be any other Simmy Lou Dubofskys in the world, one can tell this one apart for there is no one quite like her.

Every once in a while, Simmy is overcome by a strong

notes throughout halls, theatres, locker rooms, churches, and public rest rooms. Unfortunately she knows only one yodeling song composed of two lines and some rather strange howls: "Down the mountain side, there's a stream that flows, Un dee yodel ai dee thoo, yodel, odel, at eee hoo!" This past summer she filled the wooded valleys with her calls, and studied the fungi, algae, lizards and lichen as nature and pioneer counselor of Camp Mikan.

Here at school, Simmy reveals her more serious side as president of Tapi, one of the largest clubs in the school. As a result of her work with the Henry Street settlement, she has decided to pursue a career in social work. She said of Tapi, "I wish that every person in the school could have the opportunity to go on a trip, if only to walk through the streets of the East side, to look up at the tenements and see the faces of the people. It's quite different from whizzing by them in a sleek car."

At home, Simmy Lou pals around with her mother from whom she inherited her philosophy of naturalism. Together they wear holes in each other's shoes, share their clothing, and clip their French poodle Zsa Zsa who kept the family in an uproar by having false pregnancies every two months until someone discovered she was sterile. About once a year, Simmy packs her bag and migrates across the United States to visit her favorite aunt, a T.V. writer in California. Three years ago her aunt got her on a quiz show where she easily lost a trip to Hawaii for no other reason than that she mumbled! "It was very exciting," recalled disillusioned by the whole Simmy, "but I was completely disillusioned by the whole thing. They told me to say I wanted to be a model and I would have said it but at just the right time a very attractive woman came out, smiled, and yanked me off the stage. I can't figure out why — un dee, yodel ai dee hoo!"



Photo by M. Schulhof

desire to be like other people. She tries to put on black and make her cheeks pale and force her lips down into a frowning smirk, but somehow she can't get through the day without smiling; she can seldom get through it without bursting into peals of wild, happy, meaningless, glorious laughter which usually evoke distant stares of pity from those who don't know her and which cheer up those who do.

Simmy has been an outdoor girl ever since she cut her long, black braids, and her mother stopped calling her Gretchen. Several years of hiking, farming, rebuilding kitchens at Putney Work Camp increased this love for the outdoors.

The best way of identifying Simmy is with the ear: she learned to yodel at Putney and ever since has been indiscreetly, immodestly echoing her joyous

The Decline And Fall Of The A. P.

The other day, this reporter had the rare privilege of having a personal interview with the Ancient Philosopher at his home. He received me cordially: "I hope you realize what a rare privilege you're getting. I don't normally do this. But I felt that I just had to do something about the bad press I've been getting for the last few hundred years. And there are so many impostors. It's about time the world learned the truth about me," he paused to take a pinch of snuff. He motioned to me to follow him into a huge room whose walls were covered with portraits depicting people belonging to every age of recorded human history, and a few from prehistoric times. But all of the faces bore a striking resemblance to the Ancient Philosopher.

He sneezed and continued. It's not that I have anything against the human race. I fully realize its potential — that's why I have three bomb shelters in my house." He sneezed again. "Ah, but I have strayed, I have strayed, my trouser cuffs are frayed. You came to hear about me and not my bomb shelters. Well, in the beginning I sprang full grown from the forehead of my father . . . about 50,000 years ago. He pointed to a picture of himself clothed in a bearskin. "The first years of my life were sheltered ones — I lived in a cave — yes, that's right, 50,000 years ago — don't ask foolish questions. I owe my longevity to clean living — I lived in a cave. One day I painted some pictures on the wall of the cave. In recent years, archeologists have rediscovered these paintings and appreciated them. But my parents didn't appreciate them. They thought I was maladjusted. They told me to go out and get a job." He stopped, lost in reverie. He took another pinch of snuff.

"But I suppose you want to hear about more recent times.

Recent Times

"I'll never forget the thrilling days of the Trojan War." He paused in front of a picture showing him robed in a toga, holding a spear in one hand and an olive branch in the other. "Why, it was my wise counsel which saved the day." The Dead-Beat scrolls, found only last month, fully corroborate the sage's story. The text of the scroll follows: "In a speech to the people of Troy, the Ancient Philosopher astutely observed, 'The Greeks are beaten. No harm lies in accepting their equine gift. One must not look a gift horse in the month.

The Ancient Philosopher

sneezed again. "Yes, those were the good old days, and I was very busy then. I remember helping some chap called Ozymandios with architectural plans of a very big and important monument that he was building. And I remember the run-in I had with that heretic Socrates. But public opinion was on my side, and Socrates was forced to drink the hemlock. For a while, I was the patron saint of music — I gave Nero violin lessons.

Scholarly Pursuit

"I'll admit that the Middle Ages cramped my style a little bit, but I managed to pass the time in scholarly pursuit. The Royal Academy of Shridu appointed me Librarian Emeritus in recognition of my one point book burning plan: 'If it burns, we'll burn it.' I was a pioneer in the field of alchemy. I discovered a way to transmute gold into mud. From alchemy I delved into the occult, having secured the position of Secretary of Witch-Hunting. I was so efficient that I was often able to burn both witches and books at the same stake."

"But I've spoken too much about myself for now. Perhaps at a future time, for a reasonable amount of money — we philosophers have to eat, you know — I'll tell you the rest of my memories. Things have really speeded up in the last few hundred years. But some other time."

He reached for the snuff box. "But let me tell you about my uncle Christopher. He was the first man to prove conclusively that the earth was flat. He sailed too far away from shore one day and fell off the edge of the world — hasn't been heard from since, poor fellow . . ."

GREAT NECK GUIDE POST

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Minus Midas

I am a minus Midas.
Everything I touch turns to rot
Once I took a Solid Geometry Regents
It was solid, man.
It crumbled and fell to ashes before my very touch.
Once I took a special physics course —
It taught me to think.
I can't think.
I can't think very well because My subconscious has absorbed all of the formulae
That I was told I shouldn't memorize.
I don't know a single principle — just formulae.
I am a minus Midas.
Everything I touch turns to rot.
Once I listened to Mr. Watson talk about revolution;
But I lost my copy of the Communist manifesto,
And now I can't follow Mr. Watson.
Once I took Driver Education,
But I can't anymore;
The dual control brake is all worn out.
And besides, I broke the power steering.
And I couldn't stop while going down Vista Hill Road.
And I drove through Mr. Sinclair's favorite oil tank.
I am a Minus Midas: Everything I touch turns to Rot; I used to play piano,
But one leg was shorter than all of the others.
And so I got out my saw to even them up
And now the piano is too close to the ground to play at all. . . turns to rot.

A long time ago I took chemistry
But I made T.N.T. and singed Mr. Stadler's mustache;
And now I can't take chemistry at all.
I used to eat in the big cafeteria
But one day I left my books on the table and didn't use a tray,
And Mr. Burggraf told me that I would have to eat in the little cafeteria.
It's lonely in the little cafeteria —
Nobody else seems to eat there any more.
Specially since I locked the windows (open)
Heck, it doesn't get very cold these days;
But I guess that I'll just go on being a minus Midas,
Having everything I touch turn to rot.
Maybe I can sell some cocktail napkins and rubber images of myself with
Ridiculous sayings tagged onto them . . .
I don't know.

by Wes Richards

The Mail Box

Fortunately for the students of this school, there are many diversified extra-curricular activities available. Students can participate in sports, class and G.O. committees, and clubs of all types. This situation, instead of being an advantage, can also present a serious problem. Take, for example, the predicament of a student who is interested in social work, journalism, and dramatics. Instead of being able to join all the clubs he wishes to, this person can only join a limited number of organizations. This is due to the discouraging fact that he can only be in one place at one time. Can't there be something done to prevent three or four clubs from holding their meetings at the same time?

Eileen Goldwyn

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"Mother died today or perhaps yesterday; I can't be sure. The telegram from the home says: YOUR MOTHER PASSED AWAY. FUNERAL TOMORROW. DEEP SYMPATHY. Which leaves the matter doubtful; it could have been yesterday." So begins Camus' *The Stranger*. So it begins, so it goes, so it ends.
The Stranger was indeed strange to me, perhaps especially so, for I am highly emotional and sensitive, I cry big tears and laugh with great bellows; my relationships with others are confusing, sad, happy deep; I love tenderly and I hate bitterly. Meursault, the stranger, is indifferent to his mother's death, to the love of his girl, to his promotion, and finally to his own threatening execution.

The Stranger

by Albert Camus

Reviewed by Esta Diamond

He is excited only by physical sensations. The stranger was convicted of murder in court, not because he killed a man but because he did not weep for his mother or pray for himself. Somehow, he never learned to follow the narrow path of morality which man has forged. I have been quite well-trained on this path; I have learned when one must cry, when one must be embarrassed, happy, heartbroken, contrite, angry. Meursault did not, so society could find no place for him. There are times when I inwardly rebel against these rigid morals but I have been taught also to pretend, to shed false tears, to say empty words; in a sense, I have been taught how to lie without being detected. Meursault was intensely

honest; he found life meaningless, could not weep for his mother, and could not pretend to save even his own life.

When asked by his lawyer if he felt grief over his mother's death, he could say very little: "I answered that of recent years, I'd rather lost the habit of noting my feelings, and hardly knew what to answer. I could truthfully say I'd been quite fond of Mother, but really that didn't mean much. All normal people, I added as an after thought, have more or less desired the death of those they loved at some time or another."

I find myself a bit confused by the use of the word "normal." Perhaps the stranger was right in what he said. Perhaps we are so well covered up by our outward actions that we have forgotten what it is we are trying to conceal. But that is not important. Meursault will always be an anomaly in this world because he is too honest. He may be typical of us all but we will never admit it. We are uncomfortable in his presence perhaps, because we are afraid that someday we might laugh at a funeral and forget to look ashamed.

Disconnected Scenes

Camus tells the entire story in the first person and makes no attempt to explain the meaning that there really is no story builds up toward something, yet at the end I get the feeling that there really is no story to Meursault's life. It is simply a series of unconnected scenes which have no meaning except by themselves. I believe the stranger realizes this himself as he awaits death in his cell. . . . I laid my heart open to the benign influence of the universe, to feel it so like myself, indeed so brotherly, made me realize that I'd been happy, and that I was happy still. For all to be accomplished, for me to feel less lonely, all that remained to hope for, was that on the day of my execution there should be a huge crowd of spectators, and that they should greet me with howls of execrations."

The vision of such a man as Meursault frightens me; I do not want to recognize the existence of someone so like a mannequin, so helpless in life, as I believe Meursault was, that without a sigh, a sob, a pang, he is led to murder and then to death. I want to see people struggling against their fate; I want to see them screaming and moaning and laughing — not with a whimper but a bang.

Boards Decision

Tapi's Executive Board felt that new members might run the risk of losing interest in the organization if they delayed their first trip past the mid-year, thus denying themselves the rewarding experience of participation and service. Being realists, the Executive Board was also well aware of its membership's natural preference for warm weather outdoor trips. When the children of Henry Street find their need for Tapi just as strong during the cold, winter months, who could let them down?

It should be evident, with this clarification of policy, that this sponsor considers it a pleasure to have worked with Tapi's intelligent and conscientious Executive Board.

G. L. Price

DON'T BANK ON IT

(Continued from page 2)

ba, Benefactor of the Masses, and the fastest driller of eyes in needles employed by Sharpe and Pierce."

"And I'm Tree Fingered Looie, bestest yegg either side of the Rockies. It ain't safe fur nuts like you to walk around loose. Being civic minded and all, I'm obligated to keep you offa the streets. Git a move on."

As they drove off in the low-slung black hearse, Diocletian was busily engaged in teaching Three Fingered Looie and Eelven Finger Pete how to drill eyes in needles.

Thursday is payday at police headquarters.

Thursday is a busy day at the Third National Missouri River Bank.

Friday was very exciting for everybody.

The entire twenty-nine man police force was locked up for attempted bank robbery. How the twenty-ninth one was arrested is unknown.

The eighteen man drilling staff at Sharpe & Pierce was jailed for attempted bank robbery.

Far off in the north of Canada, Three Fingered Looie and his friends have used their loot to start a needle making company, and Diocletian J. Guzba, has decided that bank robbing is much more profitable than benefitting the masses, and as the first step on his road to fame and illegal fortune, he has changed his name from Diocletian J. Guzba to Vespasian P. Amfipolis. "It's a hard change to make," he thought, "but my old name stuck out like a sore thumb, and besides, Vespy sounds much more dignified."

Somewhere in Canada, Vespasian P. Amfipolis finished the last drop of his warm Scotch, loosened his shoulder holster, and drifted off into a deep sleep, still pondering the nature of his proposed great deed.

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Varsity Trackmen Defend N.S.A.L. Division Crowns

Although somewhat weakened by the Southern secession and the annual graduation, the varsity cindermen still retain high hopes of copping the league crown. This season the team will be under new management. With the departure of Coach Ernie Clarke, the mantle of leadership falls upon this year's cross-country coach, Mr. Carl Ring and on Mr. Tom Pierzga, fresh from J.V. basketball triumphs.

Coach Ring describes his track strength as "long on short, short on long." He has a well-staffed dash squad composed of veterans Ed Sussman, Chet Salomon and Mike Charles as well as newcomers like soph Roger Seaman. Juniors Terry Finkel and Jon Siegal are the leading hurdlers. The squad, can count only on Joel Lauchner, Paul Blank, Dick Fried, Adam Bender and James Marshall for strength in the 440, 880, and the mile.

"Past Stars Retire"
Field events, under the direction of Coach Pierzga, are the events that suffered most by the split in schools and graduation. Such past stars as Neil Conover, New York State high-jump champ, Cory Henry and Kenny Brust will not be on the roster this year. The Blazer high-jumpers will include Nate Taylor and Fred Fisher. Great Neck's leading pole vaulters will probably be Bob Panzer and Tom Collins.

G.N. Strong in Weights
Ed Sussman and Dan Brown will be Great Neck's chief hopes at the broad jump pit. The Blazers' greatest strength will lie in the shot and discus events. Bill Merlini and Ken Altman lead the shot-putters and Ronnie Moss will be hurling the discus. Coaches Ring and Pierzga are looking forward to a successful season.

Faculty 5 Foils Boy's Alpha Hi-Y

In one of the most shocking upsets of the basketball season here at Great Neck, an aging faculty team defeated a young, inexperienced Hi-Y squad, 35-30.

Hi-Y Coach Paul Slayton started Dave Katzman, Jeff Ordover, Larry Dougherty, Ritchie Libethson, and Dick Levine. Playing coach Mike Totura had very few men to choose from and unfortunately was forced to start Bob Morrison, Tom Casey, Tom Pierzga, Carl Hedstrom and Bob Burggraf. In a rough first quarter neither team could gain an edge as they played to a 6-6 tie. Coach Slayton, making Casey Stengel type substitutions for the Hi-Y, put in Jeff Seigal, Don Bloch, Bruce Lefkon, Vic Zinn, Steve Beckerman, Richie Ainn, and Joel Paschow and the Hi-Y built up a 16-12 half-time lead.

Totura Coaches?
Coach Totura, not to be surprised by Slayton's strategy, decided to put in Mr. Mike Totura. Along with him were: Messrs. Bob Franke, Al Howell, Gary Price, Tony Tuori and Alphonse Liquori. The faculty then gained a 30-25 third-quarter lead and coasted all the way home to a 35-30 victory.

Katzman with 12 points (eight of them made from 12 tries at the foul line) and Dougherty with 11 were the high scorers for the Hi-Y. Coach Morrison was top-man for the faculty with 12 points.

The game was witnessed by a capacity crowd on Thursday, March 26, in the boys' gym. All proceeds went to the Hi-Y scholarship fund, but it was rumored that part of the money went towards financing packages of Ben-Gay for the faculty.

Solid Defense And Good Pitching Form Nucleus Of Blazer Attack



Coach Bob Morrison breaks through three Hi-Y defenders and goes in for a lay-up in the annual Hi-Y Faculty game.

The 1959 baseball season is here, but spring weather is not. That is the situation that has confronted the new varsity baseball coach, Tom Casey, throughout spring training. At this early point in the season, it is time to take a look at the squad.

Although Great Neck was North Shore champion last year, the split in schools and graduation have necessitated many changes. Due to these factors, only seven varsity lettermen are returning. However, many of the ball players from last year's junior varsity, which compiled an excellent 11-1 record, have been promoted to the varsity squad.

The team should be aided by righthander Jeff Spanier. The 6-2 fastballer was a mainstay of last year's pitching staff and is being counted on even more heavily this year. Other hurlers returning to the squad this year are Adrian Meyers, Richard Oshins and Dave Tucker. Tucker, curve-balling southpaw, is also the squad's best hitter. The other pitcher on the staff is junior righty Vic Zinn.

Catchers Vie

Steve Beckerman, another returning letterman, is an excellent defensive catcher. However, he is being pressed by Tony Handel, up from the junior varsity.

In the infield, the only returning regular is Ronnie Poons. Poons is an excellent defensive ballplayer and can play almost any position on the field. Larry Solomen and Jeff Siegel are trying for the first base post. The rest of the infield has not been chosen. Competing for the remaining two starting positions are Mel Barken, Ken Lebline, Barry Levine and Steve Dressner.

Casey on Defense

The Blazer outfield is strong defensively, but lacks experience. Bruce Gitlin, Dick Altman, Bob Markovic, Dave Mandel, and Lynn Gross have all shown up well in practice.

Coach Casey stresses defense; the team seems strong in that department. However, they lack experience and the question remains whether or not this young Blazer nine will be able to retain its North Shore title.

North Shore Notes

Dave Katzman

The Great Neck School system, after winning two North Shore Championships last spring, may once again turn the trick despite the split in schools and heavy graduation losses. Coach Ernie Clarke's G.N. South cindermen loom as co-favorites with Garden City to cop the NSAL track title. However, the Blazer nine, under Coach Tom Casey, has strong aspirations of retaining the baseball crown.

State high jump champ Neil Conover of South is returning for another crack at the North Shore and Port Invitation records held by Jim Brown of football fame. The Rebel standout, who will be jumping for his third NSAL title and second County crown, has unofficially eclipsed the state mark with a leap of 6'4" during a recent practice session. Fred Mletzko, last year's Port Invitation winner, rates as the top half-miler on the North Shore on the basis of his 1:59.7 clocking in the county meet. Others who Coach Clarke counts heavily upon in the big meets, are Stan Kase in the sprints, Steve Rosenbloom in the quarter, Bob Burchell in the mile, and a sleeper, Len Evans in the shot put. The Trojans who probably will not have a single champion, will count on numerous second and third place wins along with a very strong relay team to provide the needed points. John Bailey (440 and broad

jump), Loren Darr (sprints), and Aubrey Raymond (shot put) are the standouts on G. C.'s squad. Great Neck and Herricks are the only other teams capable of upsetting the favorites if the breaks go their way.

Mincola and Hicksville should provide G. N. with its stiffest competition on the diamond. Garden City, Port, and Roslyn also rate watching, while Clarke and North Shore are dark horses. The Maroons, who tied the Orange and Blue for Section One last year, are paced by fast-balling Art Katz (the all-scholastic cager) and hard-hitting catcher Larry DiBlase. The Comets have a veteran team led by Joe Naso, Mickey Anglem, Bill Shrimpe and their ace hurler Harry Restow. Shortstop Ken Giles and Harry Dietz form the nucleus of the G. C. nine, while three year veteran Dick Marino and Ron Girel pace the Portmen. Any of these four teams are capable of upsetting the Blazers and winning the Section One championship. The league is extremely well-balanced, with no team holding a clear-cut superiority, but if any of the top five squads gets hot, it could go all the way. Great Neck, if Spanier and Tucker develop into dependable starting hurlers and the inexperienced juniors come through, should be the team to cop the title in Nassau's most unpredictable sport.

Intramurals

This spring, boys can look forward to two very popular intramural sports, softball and lacrosse. Junior-senior softball teams were chosen March 31. Captains were: Art Wasserspring, Jim Rosen, Dave Dorsky, (seniors), and Jeff Epstein, Paul Wershal and King Harvey (juniors). The games will be played on Tuesdays and Thursdays, at the high school field. Statistics will be kept and extra points will be awarded to the winning team members, to the home run leader, and to the batting champion.

Lacrosse, which the coaching staff so aptly describes as "the game of the indians," will start later in the season. Practice, however, is already underway in the gym classes.

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