

Am. Cancer Society Tries To Squelch Smoking Habit

Since the release of the Surgeon General's Report on smoking last year made only a temporary dent in the sale of cigarettes, the American Cancer Society has taken upon itself the responsibility of a seemingly impossible task: squelching the smoking craze. Youth and adults will participate in a movement designed to bring the hazards of cigarettes within the hearing of all students.

The Garden City Hotel was the scene of a convention of over 90 high school representatives Oct. 2. They took part in a day-long convention consisting of discussion groups. The purpose of the Society's program: to interest and to instill a "revolutionary" attitude in the participation of the convention.

Danger of Nicotine

Dr. Ernest Wynder conducted a question-and-answer session shortly after lunch where representatives asked about the cigarette dilemma. The most frequently asked questions concerned the potential danger of nicotine upon the lungs. Dr. Wynder emphasized the fact that nicotine does enter lung tissues after some period of heavy smoking, and eventually will cause the growth of cancer cells within the lungs. He added that air pollution did not have any effect upon the increase in lung cancer deaths, as the public has previously assumed.

Record Number Hear Band Play

In front of eight thousand on-lookers, H. Frank Carey's Marching Band, Pirettes, and Twirlers participated with fifteen other high school ensembles in the Newsday Marching Band Festival held at Hofstra Stadium Oct. 16.

The brightest spot of the evening was the finale. The bands, 1,900 strong, performed the "Colonel Bogey March" and "America the Beautiful," under the direction of Paul Lavallo. Lavallo is the leader of the Cities Service World's Fair Band of America.

Another celebrity active in the second annual Newsday Festival was B. Mitchell Reed, the WMCA Disc Jockey who informed the audience of the selections and formations of the bands.

Assisting B. Mitchell Reed during Carey's performance was John McDonough who also narrates at our football games. He described the intricacies of Carey's show to the record crowd. The routine that our ensemble used was based upon the five types of weather the band can encounter at football games. The songs were "Heat-wave," "Autumn Leaves," "Singing in the Rain," "Button up your Overcoat," and "Sleighride." The Pirettes did a personal routine to "Singing in the Rain" and the Twirlers spun their flags during "Autumn Leaves."

All the schools received an award from Newsday and also a share of the proceeds from the ticket sale.

Student Representatives

Darlene Romero and Anthony Napoleon were Carey's representatives to the convention; both found the day worthwhile. Darlene was excited about a documentary movie on the cancer question, available to all schools. This will be an essential weapon in the fight to alert all teens of the dangers of cigarettes, especially those in the junior high who have recently been faced with smoking problems. The Society feels that by making films available to all students, they can make a mature choice between nicotine and their health.

Teachers Learn Too

Learning what to teach is almost as difficult as teaching. Just ask two of Carey's science teachers, Mr. Hyman Cohen and Mr. Kenneth Motylinski about it. Last summer the pair took similar physics courses sponsored by the National Science Foundation.

Mr. Cohen studied at Renesse-laer Polytechnic Institute for eight weeks. The course gave him a chance to do actual research. Mr. Cohen worked on the relationship between the amount of energy (in the form of x-rays) a certain object would absorb, and the amount of energy to which it was exposed. The situation was analogous to throwing ten-pins at a juggler and seeing how many he could handle.

This area of investigation can be carried out on a high school level by an interested student.

Mr. Motylinski studied at the University of Maine. He took an Intermediate Physics course — a pre-requisite if he is to teach advanced placement physics.



Stemming The Tide, Stu Lourie, Hall Squad Captain, braves between class traffic.

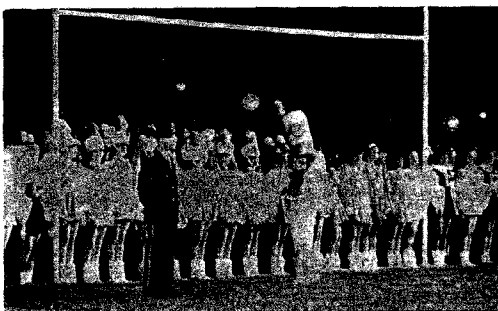
Hall Squad Back Again

Led by Stu Lourie, the senior service squad is attempting to alleviate Carey's many traffic problems.

The 163 volunteers are maintaining a constant watch over Carey's halls. Its main function is to see that the flow of students during the between-class breaks runs smoothly and without delay. The 33 members on staircase duty are allowed 2 minutes before and after each dismissal bell to assume their stations. This will aid them in preventing jams before they occur. Exemption from study periods enables the squad to patrol the corridors during classes.

Numerous Changes

The organization has undergone many changes in its three year history. Since 1962 the squad's membership has been limited strictly to seniors. Since the school operates on one bell system, at times close to 2,800 students have to be coped with. Mr. Stoloff, the organization's advisor, has been happy to hear reports of mutual cooperation between students and the service squad. Any offender whose schedule card is taken, faces office detention. Badges mark the guides.



Waiting for the whistle, Ensemble performs weather report at Hofstra Festival.

Ranking System Revised

An innovation in the system of determining class rank was established throughout our district this fall.

The changes occurred in two areas:

- Gym, health, phys. ed. theory and other partial credit courses were considered in the calculation.

- Marks earned in honor classes were given a greater point value than the same mark earned in an average class. Thus, an "A" in an honor course is worth 4.4; in

an average class, it is worth 4 points.

There were 2 reasons given for the weighting of honor classes. The first being that the student in an honors class is asked to do more work than this amount required of a pupil in an average class; therefore his grade should reflect this added achievement. Secondly, colleges, when looking at student transcripts, did not necessarily consider whether a mark was earned in an honors or in an average class.

Thespians Guild To Stage Comedies; Isaacs, Keple Supervise Production

If the members of the Thespians Guild, Carey's theatrical Society, are acting big, it's because they have finally found a director. Mr. Ralph Isaacs will continue the supervision of props, lighting, and sets.

Mr. Keple's decision climaxed a frantic two month search for an advisor. The post was left vacant as a result of the absence of Miss Leonard from the Carey faculty this year. President Joanne Santoro commented, "In Mr. Isaacs and Mr. Keple we found two very willing and able advisors."

To Stage Comedies

The names of the two plays being produced this year will not be disclosed until casting begins. This is done to insure all participants of an equal chance for a part. The Clipper learned that the Senior Class play will be a comedy. The guild feels that the school possesses such a fine group of senior comedies that it would be a shame not to put their talents to use. The musical, which will also be a comedy, will be one of the Rogers and Hammerstein shows. The choir and band will be backing up the thespians for this extravaganza.

Competitive System

A very interesting sidelight of the guild is the idea of working under a competitive system. Each time someone performs, or helps behind the scenes, they receive a certain amount of points. Their goal is to acquire enough points to be admitted to the National Thespians Guild.

"With the great amount of enthusiasm shown by its members, and advisors, the Thespians Guild should have a very fine season," said Santoro.



Mrs. James Keple, Thespians advisor

Keekner Presents Flag to Mr. Blum

Linda Keekner, one of Carey's politically active seniors and our representative to Girls' State, was one of two girls chosen from New York State to attend Girls' Nation at American University in Washington, D. C. For our school, Linda had the privilege of purchasing a United States flag through Mr. John Wylder, our representative in the 4th Congressional District. This flag, which once flew over the capital, was presented by her to our building principal, Mr. Gilbert Blum.

Girls' Nation is a convention of about 100 girls, two from each state, who meet for a week and learn how to operate a government. This is actually put to use, for the girls are divided into two political parties and hold conventions for the first two days. Then the girls act as Senators and formulate and pass their own bills on matters of current discussion.

Meets Senators

Linda spent an "exciting" week meeting many important government personalities. During a luncheon at the Senate, she had the opportunity of meeting Senators Margaret Chase Smith, Hubert Humphrey, and Jacob Javits. She also met Speaker of the House McCormack and Secretary of State Rusk.

Only seniors are eligible for the program.

Careytes Assist Favorite Parties

Democrats and Republicans are being assisted in the coming election by dedicated Careytes who are devoting much time and effort to the party and the candidates of their choice.

Both the "Young Democrats for Johnson" led by Linda Keekner and "Young Republicans for Goldwater" headed by Jeff Cropsey are working diligently to keep their candidate's name in the limelight and to promote interest and votes for their man.

Name Klein, Sabel Merit Semifinalists

Seniors Robert Klein and Chuck Sabel have been named Semifinalists in the 1964-'65 Merit Scholarship Competition. They are two of the 14,000 seniors in the U. S. to attain this status.

"Semifinalists are representative of our country's most intellectually able young people," said John M. Stalnaker, president of the National Merit Scholarship Corporation. Semifinalists are the highest scorers on the National Merit Scholarship Qualifying Test. To become Finalists, the chosen students must repeat their test performance on a second examination, be endorsed by their schools, and fulfill certain routine requirements.

Merit Scholars are selected from the group of Finalists. The final phase of competition encompasses the scores on the tests, high school grades, creative accomplishments, leadership qualities, extracurricular activities, and school citizenship.

A four-year Merit Scholarship to the college of his choice is awarded to Merit Scholars. Finalists receive a Certificate of Merit in recognition of their outstanding performance in the national program.



"Will I still be manly and cool if I give up smoking?"

Half A Loaf

Some new wrinkles have been added to the system by which seniors are given their rank in class. And some of the new wrinkles rankle.

Under the new system, grades churned out in honor classes will be worth slightly more than equivalent marks earned in regular classes. And grades in gym and health were considered in the overall average for the first time.

The weighting of honor classes is a sound idea. It's about time that students in these classes received more for their efforts than a small and often overlooked "H" on their college transcripts.

Having taken a large step forward by halting the short-changing of honor students, the district took a small step backward by including gym in the ranking system. The problem: what does a grade in gym indicate?

In some cases it is a measure of athletic ability, but even embattled Giant Quarterback Y. A. Tittle would fail the course — if he forgot his sneakers. For boys it is often an index of showers taken or push-ups pushed. A good mark in gym usually consists of a dab of ability, a pinch of preparedness and a heaping plate full of cheerful attitude.

We do not question the place of gym in the school — a place secured by tradition and insured by state law (a student can not graduate without passing four years of gym). What we do ask is that next year's computations be made sans gym grades. It hardly seems fair to judge everyone by a standard that is standard with no one.

Indifferent Americans

Careyites are as comely as most, so they literally can't be called Ugly Americans. When it comes to the way they support the school's foreign exchange program, though, the title Indifferent Americans fits rather nicely.

Yes, Carey does have a foreign exchange program. Thanks to a West-Hempstead based organization called The Open Door, Carey was able to send Jeff Cropsey to Bogota, Columbia last year. Now it's our turn to reciprocate.

One or more Latin American students will soon be arriving to spend up to 11 weeks with families in this area. And thereby hangs a problem. Despite the fact that nearly 3,000 people attend this school, only 6 families have thus far volunteered to house the visitors — and Jeff Cropsey's family was among those that took the trouble to step forward. Figures can be juggled in many ways, but no numerical gymnastics will make this statistic look good.

Community apathy is certainly not the only lynch on The Open Door. Giving and getting exchange students is currently the responsibility of the Junior Board. And under the leadership of President Fran Greenberg, they are doing a fine job. But even though a junior will be selected to go abroad, we feel that this is not right. The whole school ought to have a part in anything as important as the exchange program deserves to be.

And Speaking of Apathy . . .

. . . we might say a word about the sale of G.O. cards. About 1450 of the cardboard tickets have been sold thus far — an excellent total for a school half Careys size.

Despite a lackluster sales campaign, the G.O. deserves better. Membership in the G.O. is worth \$3 and then some. If you won't buy a card out of charity, buy one out of greed. Mr. Richard Adach, the G.O. advisor, is selling them at the organization's second-floor office every day after school.

We don't predict dire things if you don't join the G.O. Football games will still be played, and the world will probably still revolve. The only things that won't be around are the little things that make Carey more than just a place to go to school. Three dollars isn't too much to pay to turn a house into a home, is it?

The Frying Pan

by Chuck Sabel

Mr. Gilbert Blum talked turkey recently about the Thanksgiving Day Parade. In an impromptu speech before the Senior High Student Council, the Building Principal cited the reasons behind the cancellation of the infant tradition.

What Mr. Blum had to say was full of sense and dollars. The March on Sewanhaka, he noted, was expensive and dangerous. The combined cost to both schools was to the not-very-cheerful tune of \$1500.

The danger was loaded on the back of every truck that carried a float the 2½ miles between Carey and Sewanhaka. Because of the laws under which truck renting firms operate, it was impossible to insure anyone on the truck besides the driver. This meant that if anyone else on the vehicle were hurt, the district would be open to law suit — a thankless prospect.

Other arguments which knocked the stuffing out of the Turkey Festival:

- Teachers had to be hired to stand guard overnight in order to protect the floats, a practice Mr. Blum labeled "unprofessional."
- Many of the parents who drove trucks did so for the first time during the parade — hardly the place to become proficient.
- The parade attracted home-grown vandals and their vacationing counterparts from other districts. What they tore down — which was plenty — the custodians had to pick up. The decision to squelch the affair climaxed a day-long meeting Sept. 22 at Sewanhaka between officials of both schools. "It was not an arbitrary decision," Mr. Blum said.

Solutions Proposed

There were obviously valid reasons for halting the march, but that doesn't obscure the fact that one of our few traditions has been snuffed out. What can we do about it?

First, we might do well to shelve our quasi-rivalry with Sewanhaka. That school was in existence long before our cornerstone was dedicated. And, understandably, they resent a Carey-come-lately.

In its place, we might look into reviving the Carey Night custom. Another suggestion: an athletic rivalry with a school that is in our district and our league — New Hyde Park, for example.

Traditions are built, not born. And it's about time that we began construction.

Parents are people. And sometimes they forget To do important things — like vote.

Remind them. Tell them how purple your History teacher turned when She Mentioned people who didn't vote. Tell them Johnny's parents are Voting. Be polite, but firm. It's your job to take out The garbage. They have to vote.

The Editors

FORTE

by Les Auerbach

He wasn't as funny as Will Rogers, he didn't have the voice that Al Jolson had, and he could never grace the dance floor like Fred Astaire. And yet, Florenz Ziegfeld thought enough of Eddie Cantor to give him top billing in his all star show during Broadway's golden era, when names such as W. C. Fields, George Jessel, and Jimmy Durante dominated the entertainment pages.

Cantor's story is the romantic kind. It's the one about the kid who was born in a crowded tenement in New York's lower East Side, who always wanted to make the big time, to see his name in lights, and to stand in front of thousands of music lovers. He made it.

But Eddie Cantor was more than the local kid who made good. Eddie Cantor was an era, a legend in the history of entertainment. Only he could skip, clap his hands, and roll his big eyes while singing "If You Knew Suzi."

Only he could sing about his wife Ida with the affection and warmth that comes once in a thousand years to a stage.

What a thrill to have seen Eddie Cantor in 1909 as a singing waiter in a Coney Island bar with the accompaniment of a big nosed piano player named Durante, or to see him on the same program with entertainers such as Burns, Jolson, and Jessel.

But I can only read about his success in books, can only be told by a member of another generation about his personal warmth, and can only capture his bulging eyes on a movie screen.

Cantor hit his highest note, however, with his help to charities around the world and his humanitarian deeds. "I just want to help the unfortunate," he used to say.

The unfortunate people of the world and music lovers alike lost a friend this month. A fellow who was born on the East Side died.

The Young New Yorker

by Miriam Goldenberg

Contradicting the idea that things mellow with age is Greenwich Village — a vintage paragon of diversity. Here, a slice of the old battles with the new, and the conservative struggles with the extreme. The Village is the cornerstone of New York's individualistic culture.

Thriving on non-conformity is no easy thing, but the Village does it easily for the tourist. The romanticized conception most outsiders have of this Bohemia is only reaffirmed upon a visit. Contained within this seemingly contented Quarter of the city are two conflicting interests — history subsisting side by side with the "New Generation." This generation is a disillusioning evolution of society.

A nostalgic revival of the banjo parlor came about this year. A fine example of this is Mickey Finnegan's Banjo House at 266 Bleecker. Checkered tablecloths, red brick walls adorned with old engravings, and Tiffany lamps produce the atmosphere. The sounds of the banjos and player piano seem to re-awaken the past. And another good point about Mickey's — the good food is cheap. Further down the street is what might seem out of place in a cultural center — Trio French Bakery. It is possible to just stand and watch the bakers make the bread and the rolls individually by hand. The tempting aroma causes one to linger a long time before being able to open the creaking door and leave . . .

At 122½ Seventh Avenue South is an unusual enterprise — the Queen's Pawn Chess Emporium. The small, inviting room consists

only of tables set up with boards. Coffee is served by the sympathetic proprietor. Across the street is the Liberty Book Shop, where only old books are sold at a minimal cost. This can certainly be beneficial to students.

A walk up McDougal Street proves to be quite colorful. The essence of the entire Village is contained up a flight of steps in one small shop: the Folklore Center. Within this long, narrow, pantry of food for the soul is a potpourri of every imaginable folk album, song book and strangled instrument accessory. And upon the wall are such community announcements as ads for lute lessons and "Ears pierced cheap next door."

Further investigation of this famed street finds many of the coffee-houses so typical of the Village. A good example of the less advertised type is Cafe Basement. The very small, completely dark alcove is lit only by scattered candles on the plank tables. The sawdust on the floor must certainly be a hindrance to sandaled feet. Top young Village talent is represented in the poets and folksingers who perform. Every variety of espresso and hot cider is served, some tantalizingly different, others surprisingly odd.

One of the most fascinating shops for me on the street is Pinata Party located at number 129. Authentically colorful Latin American handicrafts, jewelry, and clothing are for sale. The frequent sales on "rare" Peruvian necklaces or the like, are quite upsetting to the collector of unusual art, though.

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What Happened To Black Magic?

by Jack (O'Lantern) Polakoff

Prompted by the stealthy approach of Halloween, the Clipper decided to go trick-or-treating for information about the mystic arts. We found that much of the traditional glitter has been spirited away. Children, thanks to the dubious virtues of plastic models, no longer run from monsters — they build them. And even broomstick sales don't get off the ground during the Pumpkin Festival.

Some vestiges of Black Magic refuse to vanish. "Humbug," you say? Read on!

Mr. Irving Morse opened the door of his pharmaceutical refrigerator and removed a bottle of leeches. Bloodletting may have gone out the window with medieval witchcraft, but the owner of the Kiehl Pharmacy, located near 13th St. on Third Ave., told the Clipper's John Ramahlo that only a few days ago a woman purchased a leech at the nominal cost of 85 cents.

"Leeches are very effective," said Mr. Morse. He added solemnly, "They saved my brother's life." He explained how a European herbalist deftly applied several of the creatures to his brother in an attempt to overcome a serious blood clot. Within an hour, the druggist said, the leeches had done their work, and his brother was no longer in danger.

The pharmacy stocks everything from alspice to ylang ylang, and purportedly has a cure for every disease known to man — and a few that aren't. A list distributed by Mr. Morse includes everything from "Senna Pods — a valuable cathartic, mild and effectual" (economically priced at \$1.25 per pound) to imported "Korean Gring Seng — useful in loss of appetite; nervous debility and asthma" (for a mere \$110 per pound.)

For people who want to get to the heart of their problems, Mr. Morse sells a variety of love charms. One of these, High John Conquerer, looks like a petrified asparagus, smells like a rotten pumpkin and is sold to men who believe it will attract the fair lamais.

A favorite of many customers is Dragon's Blood, an ancient lower extract which dries into a stick. Cased like a sausage, it is primarily used in printing; however, the purchasers at Mr. Morse's wear it as a sort of super Canoe.



At one time, said the pharmacist, he believed that the Dragon's Blood would aid him in his gambling ventures. Much to his chagrin, Mr. Morse discovered that his import from British Malaya (where there is an overabundance of dragons) provided him little assistance.

Compelling Oil, an over-the-counter issue selling at \$1.50 an ounce, is worn externally, like perfume, and is guaranteed to make the wearer irresistible to members of the opposite sex. Morse also peddles Commanding Oil and Lodestone, renown for

their ability to fortify the meek.

Despite the superstitious beliefs behind his products, Mr. Morse insists that he is not the least bit taken in by such foolishness. To verify this claim, he cited the fact that "only a handful of witches visits the store each year." Apparently these witches really flit around — there are 300 stores similar to the Kiehl Pharmacy in New York City alone.

Another person who has thrived despite the pesky discoveries of science is the fortuneteller.

Michele Getman and Gerry Chodak interviewed a local Swani. They almost drove past the meager sign which proclaimed:

MARY

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS

As they entered the small store front on Main Street in Hempstead, they noticed Mary. She was sitting in a tattered rocking chair, carefully cleaning her fingernails with a pair of scissors. "Good afternoon," she said spiritedly, although it seemed that Mary would rather continue cleaning her nails.

"Follow me," she commanded, as she led the couple through a narrow draped opening in the partition which divided the shop into two equally tiny sections. Instead of conjuring up an atmos-



THEN. Monsters were hand-crafted.

phere crowded with spirits, the fortuneteller's chamber resembled the back room of a musty old store which someone was trying to conceal from view.

The room was bare, save for an ancient table, three bridge chairs and a pay telephone on the wall. The walls themselves were covered with a thin sheet of blue plastic, which blended beautifully with the dismal green conveyed throughout the rest of the enclosure.

The kindly old woman, clad in a dress which she made from a Jiffy pattern, informed her customers that she would gladly analyze their handwriting — for \$3.00. After snatching three singles from Chodak's hand, she began rummaging about the room, as if in pursuit of a misplaced spirit.

"Write your name," instructed Mary, as she thrust a decrepit notebook toward Michele. In a matter of moments the swani had completed her interpretation of the girl's signature. Mary's next command was simple enough: "Make two wishes." After listening attentively to both of Michele's wishes, the swani announced her verdict.

Mary said that because both her wishes were altruistic in nature, she "will have a good life." She then predicted that "there's something in your mind that's bothering you," although Mary failed to

pinpoint the trouble. To top things off, she predicted that "three changes will occur in your life in the next year." Again, the fortuneteller omitted specifics.

Each prophecy was concluded when Mary asked, "You know



CAUSE. John Ramahlo holds up love charm.

what I mean?" This little bit of rhetoric implied that the swani herself did not know what she meant.

When asked how she could predict the future, Mary replied,



NOW. Horrors are cranked out on the assembly line.

"God has given me this power." After a moment of thought, she added proudly, "It runs in the family."

Seconds later, the near-by telephone began ringing. What appeared to be the swani's daughter dashed through the dirty lace curtains to answer the phone. Wearing a black blouse, a green skirt, lavender shoes and a strand of imitation pearls, she looked like a cross between one of the Macbeth hags and a beatnik.

Her subsequent telephone conversation was quite enlightening, at least more so than her mother's. (She spoke with her caller about the virtues of Murry the K.) Meanwhile, Mary was jabbering on, continually inquiring, "You know what I mean?" When the swani's egg timer sounded, indicating that the customers' 15 minutes had elapsed, they were ushered out of the chamber.

The two left the Hempstead oracle knowing no more about the future than when they had entered. As they bade Mary farewell, they were becoming less and less successful in suppressing their laughter. When these factors are taken into consideration, it is not difficult to realize why the fortuneteller is fast becoming an anachronism.

You don't have to be a fortuneteller to predict that pumpkin sales will drop off sharply immediately after Halloween. Never-

theless, it is not likely that the local pumpkin farmers are nearing a depression. Pumpkin sales have leveled off over the past few years, but continue to provide many with a steady income each October.



EFFECT. John Ramahlo holds up traffic.

The Clipper's Jeffrey Berg interviewed some unsuspecting shoppers, attempting to settle the burning question: why do we buy pumpkins?

Most people snarled that it was some sort of tradition, or that they bought the pumpkin to keep the kids happy. There were, however, a number of more thoughtful answers.

One woman with an eerie gleam in her eyes said that it scared away the neighbors. Another said it made a great candle holder. Still another said it gives her someone to talk to. A large, burly man in a heavy coat confided that he was a shoplifter, and considered pumpkins a challenge.

Some customs may have faded with the years, but the pumpkin tradition is still burning brightly. Next was the question: which member of the family carves the jack-o'-lantern? The majority replied that the pumpkins are carved by the father, assisted by the children, who hang around, waiting for him to cut his finger.

Most people remarked that they had no pumpkin disposal problems whatsoever. Every Halloween, there are always a number of teenage mobs more than eager to eliminate it for you.

Some of the customs which haunt us each Halloween are relatively new. Others have undergone change. An excellent example of this is the trend cited by Mr. Leonard Feldman, owner of Partyland, a costume shop in Hempstead.

Mr. Feldman told the Clipper's Sandy Katz, "Many 'non-Halloween' costumes are sold." He added that the biggest sellers, even at Halloween, are beatnik attire and costumes representing the Gay Nineties and the Roaring Twenties.

Mr. Feldman continued: "We have more costumes and ornaments for adults than for children." He explained that the holiday falls on a Saturday this year, and he expects that the number of adults at Halloween parties will outnumber the kiddies who go trick-or-treating this year.

This season, two new faces have been added to the mask department. Mr. Feldman expects his new line of Beetle mask, plus his troll masks, to "be the most popular of all." He declined to com-

ment on the connection between a troll and the Beatles.

Up to now, America has been a monster-fearing nation. Today, part of this heritage is in dire peril. Millions of young Americans have lost their faith in the

supernatural; these heretics now worship the creations of science fiction.

The public no longer cringes when a monster arrives on the scene; instead of frightened screams, only mild snickers can be heard in the audience. Even those spooks who are lucky enough to have their own weekly television series serve only as the butt of some writer's jokes (probably a ghost writer).

The classical monster is truly in danger of extinction. Just five years ago, months — even years — of untiring effort were required to produce a first-class horror. This caused a scarcity of monsters, which, as any economist will admit, in turn increased the value of each individual creation. But today, even a child can easily construct his own monster in a matter of minutes.

Mr. William Silverstein, marketing chief of Aurora Plastics, told the Clipper's Susan Katz the saga of the mass-produced monster. About four years ago, Mr. Silverstein thought of adding a monster or two to Aurora's line of plastic models.



The factory is now in operation seven days a week, but cannot entirely fill the monstrous orders it has received. The most sought-after kit is Aurora's interpretation of Frankenstein. When assembled this one-foot-high replica of Frank will adorn any lab.

Some kiddies are screaming for equal time for their favorite science fiction creations. But Aurora stands firm. "The only monsters Aurora Plastics will make," said Mr. Silverstein, "are the classical monsters."

In the years to come, Halloween may continue to undergo transformation. But one thing is certain: each year, a hard core of America's youth will be prepared to ring doorbells and cry out their ultimatum, hoping that they won't be left holding the bag — empty, that is.



ACE. Gerry (15-1) Chodak opens mouth but ball hits racket.

Tennis Players Score 9 Wins; Chodak Stars

Paced by three strong offensive singles men and two new doubles combinations, Carey's tennis team is off to an impressive start. With only a few short weeks gone by in their second season of interscholastic competition, the squad has completed a 9-7 record — good enough for a fourth place standing in South Shore Athletic League Division II.

The fact that they have been victorious in many of their later matches, beating such perennial threats as Long Beach, Berner, Valley Stream Central, and Freeport all by solid margins, has not made them careless. Although their morale has been boosted and confidence is running high, Coach Peyreigne insists that each match be viewed as an obstacle to be conquered.

One man who perhaps has contributed most to the success of the team has been senior captain Gerry Chodak. When not restraining racquets, Chodak, top-rated among South Shore competition, represents Carey in its first singles matches. In the opinion of the coach, last year's recipient of the Most Valuable Player Award "would be an asset to any team."

Also a great boon to the present standing of the team has been the number two singles man, Bob Klein. After a poor start, Klein settled down and is now defending a six game winning streak.

Others in the tennis racket who have helped to spark the team's victory drive have been senior Steve Schnell in the singles, and the doubles combinations of Richard Moskowitz and Fred Iskowitz, Michael Young and Warren Brock-er.

Bootmen's Poor Record Blamed On Inexperience

Inexperience is a difficult weakness to overcome in any sport. This year's soccer squad has not yet succeeded in doing so, as the 1 win and 7 defeats record indicates.

Mr. Ron Lane, Carey's new soccer coach, tried to explain the reasons behind the poor showing: "The losses are attributed to a lack of experience and a general lack of enthusiasm on the boys' part. It's mainly the lack of experience that's hurting us. You can't graduate 18 seniors and expect to have a winning team."

Last year's graduation included the loss of some exceptional soccer players. Lance Brunner made the All South Shore Team and is now starring on Brown University's freshman team. Russ Imbrenda (All League), John Crimmins, Mike Aubel, Allen Plet, and Jerry Cicciari are other sorely missed graduates.

The Seahawks opened their season against a strong Sewanhaka team and didn't fare too well as they lost 4-1. Sal Rampelli, a junior, scored Carey's only goal.

The second game was equally disappointing — Carey was shut out by Valley Stream South, 3-0.

Against last year's league champion, Wantagh, Carey showed some fight but was shut out again 3-0.

Asked about the poor performance of the offense, Coach Lane conceded, "Our offense has been rather weak and we're trying to

develop an offensive punch. But it should be remembered that soccer is, after all, a low scoring game."

The soccer team broke the string of "0's" against undefeated Southside, but still lost 2-1. Sal Rampelli scored his second goal of the season, bringing the team total to two.

The Seahawks gained their first victory at the expense of New Hyde Park, 1-0. Gary Rienzo scored the winning goal. Mr. Lane was quite pleased as he spoke about the game. "This was a well earned victory. The boys out-hustled, out-passed, and outplayed New Hyde Park. Our offense finally jelled and they looked like a team out there. It's quite different from last week." Mr. Lane went on to say, "They're a good bunch of young players. I hope that this victory will give them confidence and determination."

Carey lost their next game to Hewlett, but there was a definite difference in their determination. Down 3-0 going into the last quarter, the team surged back with two goals by Johnny Goodman and Sal Rampelli, but it wasn't enough.

Returning this year are seniors Gary Rienzo, Harry Bernet (captain), Frank Maile, Jim Facazio, Fred Ziskin, Phil Guercio, Ken Dillmeier, Doug Freely, John Goodman, and Robert Bracken.

The future will tell whether Carey has overcome its inexperience.



GIVE ME THAT OLD SOFT SHOE. J. Goodman sidesteps opponent.

Pass Protection Key to Grid Victory

Carey's Varsity football team lost their first game to Valley Stream South, 20-6. This was not good. The next weekend they played Southside and defeated them by a score of 25-0. This was much better.

Carey's inexperience, numerous mistakes, and extreme overconfidence contributed to the surprising outcome of the first game. Only 178 yards were gained that day; thirteen yards were lost by rushing. "The line was not blocking and the backfield was having a rough time finding openings" said Coach Martone. Carey's lone score was made by Wes Brooker on a twenty-four yard pass from Randy Mertz. Valley Stream South's quarterback, Chuck Drimal, and half-back Jim La Chare, led the South team in scoring their twenty-six

points. Carey pulled a complete reversal the next weekend. The line and backfield were stronger and the spirit was better. This enabled Carey to upset Southside 25-0. "The line can be given much of the credit for winning this game," said Mr. Martone. The pass protection was good as Randy Mertz completed five out of nine passes for eighty-two yards and two touchdowns. Carey gained 267 yards that day, highlighted by the running of Joe Casillo and Gary Van Dina. These two backfield men scored Carey's four touchdowns.

Ron Riccobono, Andy Chiarelli, and Tom Tranchina were stand-outs on defense. It was Ron Riccobono who recovered a fumble during the third quarter that set up Casillo's second touchdown.

Carey Harriers Tripped by Bad Injuries

Cross country is a demanding sport that brings no glory to the runner. He runs for himself and his team — there are no cheering throngs. It is not a popular sport for spectators or athletes.

Because its participants are few, every injury is a costly one. This year Coach Kelly's harriers suffered repeated injuries, which prevented forward strides for the team. First, Co-Capt. Nick Casale had tonsillitis, then promising sophomore Dom Ortiz was out with a leg injury and junior letterman Ron Callaghan was stopped by an ear infection. As soon as Nick Casale got a chance to run, he hurt his hip — to add another limp to the harriers' running.

Every cloud has its silver lining and the silver on this year's team is Co-Capt. Fred DeRuvo, who is having a good year leading the Carey pack. Juniors Steve Ehrenberg, Al Trippel, and Don Breedon are right on his heels. Sophomores Curt Dudnick and Lou Marino along with freshmen Bruce Raynor, John Hills, and Bob Schoenfeld round out the team.

This season the team has beaten St. Paul's and West Hempstead and has lost to Southside.

SPORTS SHOWCASE

by Howie Honig

A nineteen-year-old Japanese boy named Yoshinori Sakai ran the final leg of the Olympic Torch Relay to open the 1964 Tokyo games. Sakai was born near Hiroshima on the day of the first atomic bombing.

The history of the Olympics is the history of such ironies. In ancient Greece, where the games were born, they used to stop fighting just long enough to hold the festivities. However progressive the Greeks were in mathematics and philosophy, they were certainly backward socially — any woman who chanced along was casually flipped off a nearby cliff.

Perhaps the greatest irony of all, is simply the fact that some rare few can see through the hoopla and propaganda long enough to bring home the real Olympics prize — human understanding.

Robbie Brightwell, a contestant

in the 1960 Olympics, best explains this cherished prize:

"There was one thing that moved me in Rome, and that was at the closing ceremony. I felt, for two minutes, as though everyone in that stadium was human. In other words, that the blacks, the yellows, the oranges, and the whites were one. All of us felt in that split second what a load of bloody nonsense it was to go around chopping each other up and arguing and fighting."

Most of the athletes are not like Mr. Brightwell. They are ravenous in their thirst for a gold medal weighing 2 ounces and worth 7 dollars. Those 2 ounces often act as chains around their necks. It certainly weighed down the Spanish boxer who punched the referee after being disqualified.

But some, like Robbie Brightwell, can see beyond the glitter of the gold.

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