

Why are this year's
Seniors
top hops?

The Carey Clipper

We don't know. But
they must be doing
something right.

Vol. 9—No. 8

H. Frank Carey High School, Franklin Square, N. Y.

Thursday, June 17, 1965

Carey Performs At World's Fair

by Lynn Feinstein

Carey's music groups, Pirettes and Twirlers, performed at the New York State Pavilion at the World's Fair, June 2.

Under the direction of Mr. James Kepple, scenes from the musical, "Carousel," were performed. Jeanine Ebaugh, Gary Cheshire, Joanne Santora, and Gail Glaser again performed such numbers as "If I Loved You," "Mr. Snow," "June is Busting Out all Over," "You'll Never Walk Alone," and "This Was A Real Nice Clambake." Alan Fellner accompanied them on the piano.

The Senior High Orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Vincent LaMarr, played "Didon," "Bristolavia," (a collection of national folk tunes), "You'll Never Walk Alone," and "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." They were accompanied by the Senior High Choir during the last selection.

The Senior High Band, straight from the New York State Music Association, and a 5 "A" rating, played "Man with the Golden Arm," "The Minute Man Concert March," and "The Folk Song Suite." They also accompanied the Twirlers with "Put on a Happy Face," and the Pirettes with "Hello, Dolly." Mr. Charles Hubbard directed the Band.

The Choir sang the same songs as they did at the New York State Music Association Competition, where they received a 6 "A-plus" rating. Mr. James Kepple directed them as they sang "O Magnum," "Mysterium," "Creation," "How Lovely is Thy Dwelling Place," "Crucifixus," and Brahms' "Motet."

The concert began at 6 p.m. with the Orchestra's performance. The Choir sang from 6:30 to 7 p.m., and was followed by the Dixie Land Band. At 7:20 p.m., scenes from "Carousel" were presented. Next, the Band performed. The Twirlers and Pirettes came next. The concert was concluded by the Dance Band's performance.

Sixty Five Join Nat'l Hon. Society

Sixty five juniors were inducted into the H. Frank Carey Chapter of the National Honor Society in a recent ceremony.

Mr. Thomas J. Portela, the Deputy County Executive spoke on the necessity of youth in government. Student speakers included John Ramahlo, president, Virginia Brown, Douglas Freely, Chuck Sabel, and John Meyer. Mr. Blum and Mr. Manning, the advisor of the Carey chapter, also spoke.

Ginny spoke on character, Doug spoke on scholarship, Chuck spoke on leadership, and John spoke on service. At the conclusion of the ceremony John Ramahlo received a standing ovation.

The new members of the Honor Society include: Anthony Barre, Jeffrey Berg, Nancy Behrens, Carol Berk, Ronald Callaghan, Janina Capria, Diane Castro, Debbie Clark, Karen DeSonne, Stephen Ehrenberg, Barry Eisenberg, Arnold Elieser, Yvonne Ericson, Karen Fishelson, Barbara Giacketti, Judith Godin, Mary Grayson, Fran Greenberg, John Hills, Valerie Hilton, Lorette Ili, Judith Jablon, Susan Janowitz, Randi Johnson, Pamela Johnson, Denise Kaplan, Sheri Katz, Cheryl Kligler, Nancy Krasner, Cheryl Lamparter, Leonard Lang, Leslie Levee, Randy Marcus, Carol May, Joseph McCullough, Helene Nachemson, Wendy Neuman, Harry Organk, Yvette Osmer, Denise Perez, Carol Pollack, Lorraine Pozarycki, Larry Price, George Quintero, Peter Richardson, Laura Robinson, Phyllis Rosen, Susan Rosen, Barbara Scherg, Joan Schiffman, Janet Schneider, David Siktberg, Virginia Smith, Melanie Sollog, Steven Stopek, Lexie Stoppenbach, Richard Strassberg, Thomas Tranchina, Jessica Ushan, Lorraine Villez, Kathleen Waldron, Jason Wanger, Joseph Zito, and Stuart Zuckerman.

Elections of next year's Honor Society officers were held last Thursday. Peter Richardson was voted President, David Siktberg was elected vice president, Yvonne Ericson will be next year's treasurer. Secretary will be Debby Clark.



READY MAESTRO . . . The Choir and Orchestra get ready to perform at the New York State Pavilion at the World's Fair.

Fran, Tony Attend Girls', Boys' State

by Susan Stern

Fran Greenberg and Tony Barre, two juniors, have been chosen to represent Carey at Girls' and Boys' State this summer. The convention will be held June 24 through July 2.

These two students were selected from among the junior class members on the basis of their interest in government and their leadership capability. Fran and Tony will join other New York students in forming their own government and in participating in political activities at all levels of government.

Each state has set up this mythical 51st state to encourage intelligent, informed participation in government processes and to instill in youth the firm conviction that such participation is vital to maintain the ideals of democracy. At this citizenship workshop there is a course in practical civics. It is taught through instructional sessions led by recognized authorities and political office holders. The course includes actual experiences in campaigning, electioneering, public relations and participation in the excitement and intrigue of political caucuses and conventions.

This program is sponsored with the hope that there will evolve within each of the participants an acute awareness of the privileges and responsibilities of citizenship, of the need to take an active part in government, of the importance of being fully informed on both local and national issues, and of faith in the future of the democratic form of government.

It is the request of Girls' and Boys' State that the representatives return to their respective communities and report on their experiences to the school and local civic groups. It is also hoped that they will evoke the same desire that was emphasized at Girls' and Boys' State in the people they come in contact with at home. In this way, the organization hopes to cultivate the active American spirit within United States citizens.

"I'm looking forward to participating in Boys' State very much. I hope I will acquire a better insight into governmental procedures as a result of this convention," said Tony. Fran said, "This year as junior class president I have learned a great deal about government. I hope to increase this knowledge through my experiences at Girls' State."

Regents Schedule

Friday, 9:15 a.m. —
Comprehensive English
Typewriting I
Friday, 1:15 p.m. —
Math Regents
Monday, 9:15 a.m. —
Social Studies Regents
Monday, 1:15 p.m. —
Bookkeeping II
Language Regents
Tuesday, 9:15 a.m. —
Biology, Chemistry
Shorthand II & Transcription
Tuesday, 1:15 p.m. —
Business Law
Earth Science, Physics

Joe McCullough To Head Council

The election returns are in. Here are the results of the schoolwide and class elections.

The Student Council will be led by Joe McCullough, president, Monica White will be 1st vice president, Bruce Bonivissuto 2nd vice president, Fran Greenberg treasurer, Bart Badalucco recording secretary, John Guigliano corresponding secretary and Lois Tunison historian.

Denise Perez will be president of the Senior board. Rosemarie Bailardo will be 1st vice president and Diane Castro will be 2nd vice president. Valerie Hilton will be treasurer, Linda Olson recording secretary, Chris Rendazzo corresponding secretary and Denise Kaplan historian.

Graduation Set For June 27th

Commencement exercises for the graduating class of 1965 will be held in the courtyard, Sunday, June 27.

The class has chosen the theme "Toward New Frontiers." The program will include speeches by Chuck Sabel, whom the class chose, and Karen Anderson, whom the faculty chose.

Four hundred sixty seniors will receive their diplomas. Various academic awards will also be presented.

The choir, under the direction of Mr. James Kepple and the orchestra under the direction of Mr. Vincent LaMarr will perform.

President of Junior board will be Diana Mason. Vice president will be Diana Waldron. Steve Sherman will be treasurer, Linda Mas recording secretary, Connie Rizza corresponding secretary, and Steve Enseider hist.

Sophomore board officers will be Angela Crescimano, Joanne Scaduto, Debby Bloom, Phyllis Hayes, Sandy Kornberg and Louise Castro.

G.O. Acknowledges Outstanding Activity Awards Certificates

The annual awards assembly was held May 27 in the auditorium. To facilitate the presentation of the activities awards, it was decided to recognize only medal winners at the assembly. The Clipper would like to announce the unsung certificate winners now.

Phelaine Gutman, Gary Cheshire and Mark Penchinar received certificates for outstanding performances at their Hall Squad posts throughout the year.

Certificates were presented to the following Log staff members for their help during the year: David Sack, Sue Shapiro, Steve Baker, Cynthia Goldin, Anita Adler, Karen DeSonne, Lorraine Pozarycki, Sue Weeks, Laura Robinson, Ellen Karpel, and Tom Jablonski.

Helene Flatow, Sue Fishman, John Ramahlo, Sue Friedman, Bob Jacobs and Rita Heller received certificates for their help in the publication of Poseidon.

Senior High Leader Corps awarded certificates to Jean Santamauro, Arleen Asti, Lexi Stoppenbach, and Kathy McCaffrey.

Robert Klein, Chuck Sabel, Vincent Caruso, and Cynthia Goldin received certificates for their performance on the Senior High Mathletes.

Award Artists

Art Publications' certificates were given to Susan Minareick and Janet Gunzenhauser.

The Home Economics Club awarded certificates to the following: Mary Lou Grayson, Regina Thurston, Janet Satter, and Stephanie Kapparoif.

Charles Gunther, Danny Golub, Richard Seyfried and Jerry Preiser received certificates from the Audio-Visual Club.

Certificates were awarded to Charles Fischetti, Jeff Greeves, and Suzanne Leiter for their participation in the French Club.

The following Alert staff members were presented with certificates: Linda Keehner, Joanne Santoro, Eugene Huber, Alice Blumberg, Fred Goodstein, Barry Eisenberg, Anthony Barre and Stu Lourie.

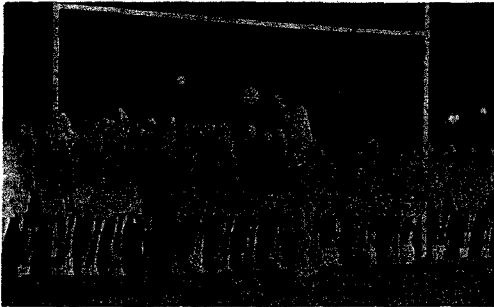
Sue Rosen, John Meyer, and Jeff Berg were presented with certificates for their work on the Clipper.

Recognize Grapplers

The following wrestlers received certificates for their participation in the Wrestling Club: Pete Kleeman, Richard Lowitz, Mark Penchinar, Lloyd Stopek, Gary Rienzo, Paul Kishel, Dennis Franklin, Lewis Rosenberg, Fred Goodstein, and Pete Ragone.

For service on the Senior High Student Council, certificates were presented to Monica White, Marjorie Matsil, Charles Zelenka, Rene Mulman, Joanne Pesce, Diane DeVestern, Nancy Behrens, Dave Rothfeld Charles Fischetti, Jeff Greeves, Janet Gunzenhauser, Chuck Sabel, Fran Stern, and Joyce Kuzr.

or Auld Lang Syne: A Senior Sings



So it's over now, and memory is already casting its crazy quilt shadows over the last four years, obscuring some things and bringing others into sharp relief. Every look back now is tinted with an ever-thickening layer of sentiment that glazes over rough spots and adds a special luster to happy times.

Is Water Wet?

Remember your chem class? Chem was always new and strange, and what did you need it for anyway? And those labs! A pinch of this, a little bit — careful now, this had to be exact — of that. Funny, the way you kept finding exceptions to time-proven laws. (Who says water boils when you heat it?) The chem teachers were stoics, though. When they discussed test failures, it was with the dispatch of a chicken farmer denouncing a neighbor's pellagra epidemic: "Forty-four per cent this time, and I told them at least to look at calcium."

History was different. History you could touch and see and you didn't need a wall full of degrees to become a part of it. History surged around you and even if you only cared about the future of the driving age in the State Senate, it swept you up. The only hitch was that there were some distinctly medieval aspects to American History and the others. The papers for one. Hundreds of them. Hours and hours of them. Did Andrew Jackson gargle? Who is John Galt? It got to be so that you could feel that have-a-happy-Easter-while-you-do-my-paper smile before it even creased the teacher's cheeks.

There were maps, too. Maps of Europe, Asia, Africa. Maps in three colors (it satisfied the creative urge, color) and maps that showed where shoes were made and coal was mined. You made more maps than a million boys scouts hiking a million miles could ever use.

At least you didn't draw maps in English. You learned vocabulary words. You learned long words and longer ones, until you were sesquipedalian. Then one day your teacher said, "You are prolix, turgid, fustian and, in a word, verbose." So you cried, one eye streaming in righteous self-pity and the other for the fall of Noah Webster.

"To Be or Not To Be"

Say a few lines of Shakespeare. You know a few lines you memorized a while back. "To be or not to be" may have been Hamlet's question; yours was: why did you have to memorize it? That question answered (you want to be cultured, learn it), you struggled more or less manfully to cram the hallowed paragraphs through your skull into your head. Sometimes all of it wouldn't fit, and lines like "Friends, Romans, Countrymen, I got something sharp to tell you" were not too rare.

Grammar was no push-over either. You could write a sentence without even thinking about it — which, of course, was the trouble. The instant you started mulling over what you were about, picking out the verb, the object and the like, you were lost. Like the centipede who had no trouble walking until — bam!! — the ant asked him which leg went first, you were better off on instinct.

Instinct. Animals have it. It's not hard to let the mind wander from instinct to animals to biology. Come to think of it, the mind did some wandering in biology, too. Perhaps the outstanding feature of biology to you was bones. Flowers were nice, you had to admit, but bones, bones were better. Some had nicknames — the funny bone was one — that made them seem quite personable while others were stiff and straight and formal like the femur and the mandible. It wasn't easy

to learn how

If you did individual task ministrators to you called fun

On frosty — home game — and one do-or a thousand del: brightly-colored and magic lan School Spirit game, so that t er! Harder!" w for a ten-yard so shocked to

Anchors

When the ing a collecti whole battali from the cold stepping glory, would crisscro touchdowns, th the tune of "A of notes, the b

Two minu ers moved int first, they we first, they we like: "Boy, sh "Don't you th lips if he wan

When our field in a Cha cortege shuffl step for fear on the rests y of-step march

Soundless

A few m Then, with d the mid-field : to crush the ments, so that like a colony

You gnaw good, the hot yellow mustar how you sens ball game as dining hall (c it lost its app

His Swan Song

Learn how they were interconnected to form a great, rattling web. If you didn't care for bones or books — there's no accounting for dual taste — there were a galaxy of outside attractions that administrators label extra-curricular activities, teachers call frills and called fun.

On frosty Saturday's in the fall, you could watch a gridiron battle some games free with G.O. 75c without. Carey fought a thousand one do-or-die battles on the football field and died, it seemed, unsand deaths. The cheerleaders were there, looking like a flock of fly-colored tropical birds who had been snatched from some warm magic land. They'd be so busy whipping out the last particle of Spirit that they would never quite be in touch with the ball, so that they would set up a banshee howl of "Hit 'em again. Harder!" while the enemy linebacker tripped up the Carey halfback ten-yard loss. But they looked so happy, and they would have been shocked to hear about it, that no one mentioned this faux pas.

horns Away

When there was a lull on the field and the cheerleaders were taking collective breath, you could inspect the pirettes and twirlers, the battalion of them. They sat on the side lines shivering mostly the cold and a little bit in anticipation of their moment of high-ging glory. The band waited with them. Every so often, a bugle duet of crisscross the home stands and on special occasions like Carey downs, the band would belt out the Carey fight song which goes to one of "Anchors Away." But despite the on-again-off-again flurries, the band was really marking time until the halftime show.

Two minutes or so before the end of the second quarter, the troupe moved into position behind the goal posts. If they were to perform they were quick and business-like; when the other band played they were like a bevy of snippy coffee clutches. You heard things "Boy, she has fat ankles and she kicks like Don Chandler," or, "I think that boy ought to at least put that trumpet to his lip if he wants to play it."

When our turn came, the drum major would goose step onto the field in a Charlie Chaplin parody of a storm trooper. The rest of the band shuffled behind, each one afraid to take a distinctive, smart for fear of being set apart. The band was playing, of course, but the rests you heard frightening threats against the life of some out-pumper marcher or tone deaf musician.

ndless Rite

A few more steps and the band reached the center of the field. With drums pulsing, the ranks stitched intricate patterns about mid-field stripes. The wind and the roaring from the stands seemed to push the band's music, collapsing it back into the bobbing instrus, so that from high in the bleachers you saw only a soundless rite, a colony of bees doing their unexplained dance.

You gnawed an occasional hot dog during the game. They were, the hot dogs, steaming and dabbed with that wishy-washy, bright-mustard that appeals more to the sight than to the taste. Someone sensed that the flavor of the hot dog came as much from the game as from the roll. Because when you moved it inside to the big hall (cafeteria was so much easier to say), same frank and all, it lost its appeal.

Maybe that was it. Maybe it was the atmosphere that dulled the taste buds the way rock n' roll anesthetizes the ears. No matter. If it wasn't the spirit of the place it was something else that made the food taste as sturdy and plodding as the cinder blocks in the school's walls. It was healthy, make no mistake about that; and after a few years you could predict such-and-such a meal on such-and-such a day. It was comforting to be able to do that. Hot dogs, then spaghetti with meat sauce. It was like the passing of the seasons; it was something to hold on to.

The chairs in most of the classes were the same as those in the dining halls. Those chairs were comfortable, but they lacked character. The classroom desks had plenty of that. The accumulated wisdom of adolescence was scribbled and, when it was especially profound, etched into the top of the desks. The desks' bottoms gathered bubble gum the way a ship's hull collects barnacles. Oh, for a way to reclaim bubble gum!

The mood changes. Be serious for an instant. There were unsmiling times, you know, times when the beauty of a new idea scared you into sweat; times when new-found maturity made paper dolls out of old emotions; times when understanding was drowned in a flood of your own ignorance. There were such times, there really were.

Tangled up in all that bubble gum and maturity is your first love. Some people have taken to spelling love "luv" — just to show how off-hand the thing has become. But your love, your love was the old-fashioned kind, the kind with an "O." You'd swear to that. Add that first love to the menu as a thing to hold on to.

Incident Hopping

You didn't have to clutch at your school work: it grabbed for you. Language, science, math — these were the avenging angels that pummeled you for every sloppy thought and ill-conceived solution. When you were good at something, you taught yourself; when you were bad, it was a bad teacher reading from an out-dated text. Students find this a fact of nature, and you were no different.

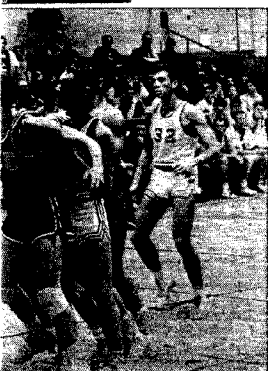
The mind hops from incident to incident the way the feet leap from stone to stone crossing a brook: the auditorium, a yawning cavern, hungry for people . . . the line of kids in the Sr. High Office waiting to argue about cut slips . . . the 10 o'clock call from the Attendance Office: "Do you really have a cold, Johnny?" . . . Sr. hats, \$1 crowns . . . "This is Jeff Cropsey signing off for Alert." . . . the quadratic formula, the law of cosines . . . "The pajama game is the game I'm in . . ." . . . 1963 branded in the front lawn . . . Richie Meyers scoring, scoring, scoring; this year's team losing, losing . . . and more, and more.

You have been immersed in Carey these past four years, and partly by absorption and partly by injection you have taken the school into your system. It is a good school, you know that, offering a sound, meat-and-potatoes education, but somehow cold and factory-like. You have met some inspiring people here for some of the stars in the constellation of teachers are of the first magnitude.

Bon Voyage

In a few days, you'll be officially christened and, tassels flying, you'll roll down the ways. You come from a pretty good shipyard, so that you know that you have the equipment to stay afloat. It's a big ocean, though, as full of icebergs as with paradise islands. And the all-important thing, the course you steer, why that's your business.

by Chuck Sabel



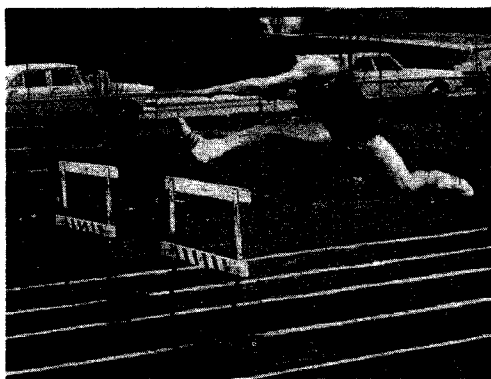
Seahawk Nine Beat Spartans, Escape Cellar

Finishing with a record of 9 wins and 5 losses, the Carey baseball team has just completed a long hard season. During the final week of the season it was more or less a fight for survival. In other words, the Seahawks played Valley Stream North in what amounted to a fight to get out of the cellar. Fortunately, the bats came alive as the team took 2 out of 3 games from the Spartans. Featuring a grand slam home run by sophomore Ira Packer, and solo homers by juniors Joe Bivona and Nick DeFlorio, the Carey 9 passed Valley Stream North who consequently finished as the door mat in the league.

There are 3 players that deserve much of the credit this year. They are Nick DeFlorio, Tom Lander and Lou Fasano. DeFlorio is Carey's all county selection, whereas Fasano and Lander both received honorable mention to the all-league squad.

As far as the team's leading hitters go, Senior Lou Fasano led the team with a .289 average, and sophomore Ira Packer drove in 13 runs to lead the team in that department. Junior Nick DeFlorio led the team in home runs with 3.

Working primarily with juniors and sophomores this year Coach Bacmann expects a more experienced team next year, and hopes to improve on this year's less than sensational record. With 7 out-of-9 starting players returning, it is very probable he will.



PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT: Wes Brooker demonstrates form that made him County Hurdle Champ.

Stickmen Second In League Race

The 1965 Carey Lacrosse season has drawn to a close with the team taking a well-deserved second place finish in its division. The team completed the season with a bold 11-3 record. Two of the Seahawks three losses came under the powerful blows of Berner, this year's League Champs.

The squad, under the fine supervision of Coach Steinhilber went into the Divisionals to crush Carey's arch-rival Sewanhaka, by a score of 7-2, before losing to a strong East Meadow team 12-4.

As far as season scoring went, Fran Postel was high with 32 goals and 12 assists, to set a new record for Carey. Other high scorers this year included: Harry Berner with 18 goals, 7 assists; Bob Anderson, 18 goals, 1 assist; Joe Casillo, 15 goals, 6 assists; Mike Arena, 14 goals, 33 assists, and Johnny Goodman, 6 goals, 4 assists.

SPORTS SHOWCASE



The year is over, but memories aren't. Some day, seniors, when you resort to opening the refrigerator for exercise, you will remember with pride your high school team, good or bad. You will peak of that day you played so well (please don't exaggerate too much). You'll point to a picture of a gangling youth and say, "That's me." Your wife (they come with the refrigerators) will sigh, loudly. Tackle hard. In case you forget some of the details, here they are:

Cross Country had a bad year. When asked about the team and its record, Coach Kelly moaned, "I'm trying to forget."

The football team closed with a 4-3 record. Mr. Martone commented, "Although the record wasn't so good, the team did better than I expected." When asked about the best game, he astutely remarked, "They're all good when you win."

The soccer team had their share of troubles. Coach Lane reflected, "We had a bad season. Then with a sly grin, he added, "The team lost in spite of superior coaching."

The winter was cold and barren for the basketball team (2-16). Coach Holly said, "The season was a dismal one, but I'm proud of the team for not quitting."

Coach Holly, who will retire from coaching because of his new administrative job, added, "I'd like to take this opportunity to wish the new Varsity Coach, Mr. Jack Smith, the best of luck. His experience, dedication, and abilities

made him an excellent choice."

Wrestling Coach Slater commented, "I felt that this year was a good one. The team won the Christmas Tournament. They placed sixth in the South Shore Playoffs and finished with a record of 8-7-1. The highlight of the season came when Don Bruey won the South Shore Championship."

Lacrosse enjoyed an exceptional season. Mr. Steinhilber said, "The team finished with a 13-5 season, the best Carey record ever in the sport." The Coach reflected sarcastically, "We could have gone further, but our lack of depth caught up with us."

Baseball collected a 9-15 record. Coach Baumann stated, "Inexperience hurt us badly." Commenting on the 22-2 loss to Elmont, Mr. Baumann said, "This never happened before. With a few breaks like rain or forfeit, it wouldn't have been so bad."

Coach Baumann came up with what has to be the quote of the year at the athletic banquet. He said, "This year was a building year. . . . We built up the ego of all the teams that played us."

Track was 6-11 in league competition and 11-5 overall. "I felt that all-in-all we had a good season. We could have possibly taken the league. The Senior group was a tremendous asset," Coach Baumann said.

That was the year that was. Remember it. It made that gangling youth a man.

Brooker Is Champ

Last week, Seahawk track captain Wes Brooker gained a unique distinction in the field of high school sports, that of County Champion, a title only one other Carey athlete has had the privilege to hold. In capturing the Section 8 crown, Brooker turned in an outstanding performance of 19.4 seconds to take the first-place trophy for the 180 yard low hurdles. Earlier in the day, Wes had placed second in the 120 yard high hurdles. It is no wonder that his teammates call him god.

DeRuvo Second in 440

In the 440 yard dash (1/4 mile), one of the most competitive events of the tournament, flying Fred DeRuvo took the second place medal with a brilliant time of 49.5 seconds, proving once and for all that his track speed does better the speed with which he buys and sells automobiles. By virtue of his victory, DeRuvo will join Brooker in entering the New York State Intersectional Championships at Cornell University.

Carey's only other participant in the county meet, senior Doug Dudnick, placed fourth in the discuss with a heave of 170 feet 1 inch, missing a qualifying third position by a mere two inches.

Team First in Division

The success of these Seahawk harriers in post-season meets is a most fitting finish to an already dynamic 1965 season, in which the Carey squad tied Wantagh for the Division III team title. Both completed their dual meet competition with impressive 6-1 records. If the readers recall, Coach Frank Kiesecker predicted just such a victory in the May issue of the Clipper when he foresaw excellent chances for an upset of Wantagh.

FLASH! FLASH! FLASH!

Wes Brooker wins N. Y. State 180-yard low hurdle championship at Intersectional Meet, Ithaca, New York.

Doug Dudnick places third in discuss at Eastern State Inter-scholastic Championships at Downing Station, Randall's Island, New York.

Fred DeRuvo is fourth in 440-yard dash at N. Y. Intersectional.

The Year in Sports

Muhammed Ali, The L.I. Ducks...

by Stu Zuckerman

Man is an animal, whose natural reactions of running and fighting have been transformed into the competition of sport. The excitement of this rivalry is heightened by the spirit of Olympian adventure and the fine conduct of the true athlete. However, the image of competitive sports took a severe nosedive the night of May 25 in an obscure Maine ghost-town this side of the Andreoscoggin River.

Cassius Marcellus Clay, a Black Muslim and a dynamic boxer (whose ability outweighs his belief in the influence of Allah) scored a one-round knockout over challenger Sonny Liston. The victory was legitimate — the effect of a well-timed anchor punch on an aging target — and yet, cries of a predetermined fix reverberated across the nation. It would be grossly unfair to blame the chaotic aftermath on either of the fighters. Only the elimination of fast-talking promoters, incompetent referees, and gangland bookies from the American scene can restore the image of boxing and competitive sports to their original positions of respect.

On the brighter side of sports, the 1964-65 season has been a year to remember. In short, This Was The Year That:

- the Long Island Ducks won the championship of the Eastern Hockey League . . .
- the Mets reached a high of 6th place . . .
- Jim Ryun, a Kansas City High senior, ran the mile in 3:56.8 (Mr. Mohrman's gym classes averaged somewhat under 9 minutes for the identical distance. Progress?) . . .
- the Seahawks had trouble on the basketball court. And trouble. And trouble. Which should come as no great surprise to anyone who has taken note of their 2-16 record. We won't attempt post-mortems here, mainly for want of space. They tried though. And you have to give them a scoreboard-full of points for that. End of sermon.

• two new dangerous sports became popular at Carey—skateboarding and cheating . . .

• Scotsman Jim Clark won the Indianapolis 500 and \$165,000 in

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