

The DIBBLISK

Official Muffler of the 211

Volume 1, Number 1

Friday, April 18, 1958

WAGNER ELECTED PRESIDENT OF 211

Irving Wagner, affectionately called "Clod" by his classmates, has been elected to the presidency of the 211th class. Although there were some rumors of nefarious dealings it is certain that the election was a fair and honest one. The overwhelming plurality of 219 votes given to Chuckeringino by the 198 members of the 211 gives an example of his classmates confidence in him. An illustration of Chuck's intelligent grasp of the situation is his answer to a question posed by this reporter. When asked, "Chuck, what can be done to strengthen the class into a closely knit organization?" he replied, "Huh?"

Runner-up in the election was Leo Braudy. Leo, as runner-up, receives the office of vice-president, which is commonly referred to as the booby-prize. As vice-president he is kept quite busy helping President Wagner do nothing.

Class Treasurer is Ira (Demosthenes) Brind, who once said, "An impediment like that would never do on the B. B. C." Although busy polishing his new red Chevy Corvette, Ira took time out to announce that class dues were coming in in quite a gratifying manner.

CLASS COMMITTEES and CHAIRMEN

Arbor Day - Ben Pickler
College Entrance - Bill Labkoff
Freshman - Rich Moldofsky
Newspaper - Howie Sanders
Pin - Sylvan Gross
Prom - Bob Simon
Record Book - Cleon Yohe
School Service - Jack Ostrov
Social - Al Carpel
Special Events - Steve Lavor
Tutors - Murray Schacher

Alan Lerner, who was elected 211 class secretary, has faithfully promised this reporter to carry out his pre-election campaign promise to learn how to read and write. Proudly showing this reporter a sample of his handiwork he said, "Daddy Laddy, did you ever see anyone make better X's."

by
Chuck Wagner:

(President of the 211th Class)

Although I realize that most, if not all, of the other articles in this paper are humorous or satirical in nature, and that in order to conform my column should have the same characteristics, I shall invoke the right of being different, which is inherent to all members of the 211, and write a serious article.

Our class has organized; officers were elected, committees are functioning, and dues are being paid. However, one thing is lacking--SPIRIT. This lack of spirit may be in part due to the fact that until now there have been no results from our efforts. Perhaps with the printing of this newspaper, with the distribution of the class pin, and with the advent of the HI-LO Hop, some spirit will be generated.

Something should be done to help promote class spirit. To that end, I am adopting the World War II expression of Gung Ho (Work Together) as a class motto in the hope that it will create class spirit. Use it as a term of greeting and as a password and you will see, I hope, our class spirit grow.

Gung Ho!

PERSONAL NOTES

To Miss Lokoff: It's nice to be Miss 211, but it's much nicer to be Miss 211.

To Joel Browndorf (???): The 211 wishes good luck to Joel Browndorf who quickly passed (or flunked) through our class.

To The Bearcat: Watch for an expose on 211 finances in the next issue.

To Alan (The Tongue) Bennet: On Harry Shayne's scorecard Buzz Beitchman is trailing by two in English.

by
Howie Sanders:

(Editor-in-Chief of The Obelisk)

The Obelisk is proud to be the first class paper in Central High history to be officially authorized by the school administration. Other previous class organs and yo-yo's were published without official consent. This paper has been completely censored by Mr. Levin, who received his training on many other notable publications, namely: Playboy, Nugget and Confidential. (These magazines were procured from CHS students who have a strange desire for good literary matter in preference to dry mathematics textbooks).

However, this corner would like to thank Mr. Levin for his liberality and cooperation in the production of The ~~Staff~~ Obelisk.

Volume 1, Number 1 April 18, 1958

T H E O B E L I S K

Published by and for the members of the 211th graduating class of Central High.

Editor-in-Chief
HOWIE SANDERS

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Bob Rubin
Hyman Myers
Steve Hoffman
Art Sklar

Staff: Richard Boroach, Al Carpel, George Friedman, Sylvan Gross, Tom Hoerber, Milt Horowitz, Norman Label, Bill Labkoff, Al Lerner, Rodger Lowenthal, Bob Miller, Jay Nisenfeld, Jack Ostrov, Mal Polis, George Ralston, Steve Robbins, Harry Shayne, Mike Silverman, Ed Spenser, Charles Wagner and Howie Weisz.

Artwork: Mickey Horen and Roy David.
Censored by.....Mr. Levin.

Part I

You've heard so much of Sam, I'm sure;
 But you haven't heard much of his fame and galore.
 Instead of raising him to heights profound,
 I've merely ranked him to the ground.

You all did laugh, and choke, and roar;
 And Sam was not in the least way sore.
 He took it like a real good guy,
 and didn't go out to fume or cry.

Some would gasp, and some would shout,
 But big hearted Sam didn't even spout.
 I don't mean to bring tears to your eyes,
 But to clarify a situation in which deep emotion lies.

Sam has strung along so far,
 Not even giving a care--By Gar!
 So I feel it's just about time,
 TO RIP SAM UP WITH SOME POETIC RHYME!

Sam is a fool who always did drool,
 And not the flash of the school.
 Even when ranked, he didn't cry once,
 Showing his qualities as a dunce.

He may be big--and on the team,
 But to be sure he's no girl's dream.
 I admit the lad tries, and stuff,
 But he's definitely not the type that's rough.

Yes, I've known Sam for quite a while,
 And the impression I've gotten is say-- rather vile.
 Oh yes-- Sam? No offence to you,
 I'll see if I can Cook your goose in a stew.

Part II

Losing by one, two men on base;
 Who would win this public-league race?
 Last of the 9th-- there were two outs,
 "Put in Sam", were the fans' desperate shouts.

Slowly, out of the dugout he came,
 And over the loudspeaker rang his name.
 Yes, at last he was in the fray,
 But not even Sam could save the day.

He picked up three bats and swung them round.
 One mighty swish, and two dropped to the ground.
 He carefully stepped up to the plate,
 Not even knowing his very near fate.

Winning now was just a mere matter,
 For slugger Sam was the batter.
 He placed his eyes upon the mound,
 He dug his cleats into the ground.

(Continued on Page 4)

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(Continued from Page 3)

"Get a hit the fans did chant,
And the nervous coach did pant.
Sam was shaking just a bit,
Mr. Bennett was having a little fit.

The fans in a frenzie, they were all waving,
The bench warmers all were ranting and raving.
For Sam had only to get on base,
And then Bethune, the pitcher would face.

Once again it's up to the big guy.
If you really knew Sam, you could almost cry.
For as far as past experiences are concerned,
of Sam's fate we've already learned.

I realize it's up to me to decide,
If Sam gets on base, or his face will hide.
Well, if it's really up to me,
I don't think a hero you'll get to see.

Part III

The pitcher acknowledged the signal with grace.
Sam showed signs of strain on his hatchet-like face.
The wind-up, the pitch; then there was silence.
Strike One! - The fans showed their real violence.

The pitcher seemed like the biggest of giants,
But Sam just sneered with a look of defiance.
Sam fixed his eyes again on the mound,
In the grandstands there was not a sound.

Say, even though he'd be laid up in bed,
Do you suppose Sam could stick out his head?
Perish the thought! He couldn't do that,
Without the risk of getting blood on his little red hat.

The next pitch seemed to float down the line,
But Sam wasn't going to swing that time.
Oh, he was too smart to take the sucker pitch.
What? Strike Two? --Oh ump, you ~~ph&#amp;#@*!!!!~~

The pitcher let a fast ball go,
The air was smashed with a shattering blow.
The crowd did rise upon their feet,
To see the mighty smashing treat.

And as the little sphere did rise,
It was followed up by ten thousand eyes.
It seemed to float thru the air with grace,
Around the bases the players did race.

But when the bases all were cleared,
All saw that the little ball had been speared.
Oh, nowhere in this native land will you hear a joyful shout,
For yes, GOOD GRIEF! Stupid Sam has fouled out.

New York Welcomes 211

Form #3256-A, City of New York

Issued by Mayor Robert Wagner

CODE OF ENHAYTION

Dear Citizens of the 211th Class:

We, of the City of New York, are ~~pleased~~ ^{happy} for happily anticipating the arrival of your fine group this fall. As you may know, previous classes from Central have built up quite a ~~strong~~ ^{sterling} reputation among New Yorkers. As a matter of fact, I was discussing just that fact with one of New York's leading hotel managers. "When Central High boys leave", he said, "it seems as though something leaves with them. I don't know what it is -- bathmats, towels, soap"

However, it is necessary that I remind you that your New York isn't as young as she used to be, and therefore only the most sedate kind of behavior fits in here. In light of this fact, we must ask you to refrain from such good, clean, fun as: 1) Shooting fire-crackers off the top floors of the Times Building; 2) Sticking Washington Senator Pennants on the roof of Yankee Stadium; and 3) Distributing slingshots to children who live near the U.N. Building.

Also, I deem it important to inform you of certain terms we New Yorkers have for various characteristics of our city, for classes in the past seemed to be unaware of them.

Correct	Incorrect
"Park Avenue Debutante"	"Broad"
"Greenwich Village Philosopher"	"Crackpot"
"Metropolitan Opera Company"	"That bunch of professional ear-blasters"

Because we are sure that you will abide these rules, we are anxious to be your hosts -- in fact, come as soon as you can. Oh, by the way, we've enclosed several travel folders of Washington D.C., just in case you should change your mind.

Respectfully yours,

Robert Wagner,

Mayor of

New York City.

Class
Things:

The 211th class graciously bequeathes a few of her virtuous attributes and worthy concepts to those who will follow in awe of her.

Class Mascot: A pony named after the famed Hollywood star, Cheetah. Cheetah has taught us the difference between a sagging average passing grade and a bragging passing average grade by being seen and not being heard.

Class Idiot: Sign here.

Class Award:The Oliver H. Bair Award goes this month to Wayne Long for his ability to...er.. ah.....yes, his ability.

Class Sign:The one over Record Book Editor Cleon Yohe's desk which reads, "I may look busy but I'm only confused."

Class Mathematics: 210 and 211 are both irrational and unequal numbers. The difference is that the 211 is real, whereas the 210 is, or may as well be, imaginary.

Class Mystery:Why is Mr. Disharoon always telling people where to go?

Class Farce: The Student Association.

Class Saying: If you can keep your head while all about you are losing theirs.....maybe you don't understand the situation.

The Service Committee
DOES Work...Sometimes

The purpose of this article is to acquaint the members of the 211 with the men, well, boys on the School Service Committee. We first see our jovial captain, Jack Ostrov, because it is quite impossible to miss the rotund young man. Jack likes to tell jokes to the boys on the south lawn, but why is Mark Paul always the butt of these cuts? A usual Fat Jack chop is: "Mark, is that your nose or are you eating a banana?"

Talking about the lieutenants of fourth lunch is a very ticklish proposition after a recent occurrence. John Hertzberg and Barry Kelly are a little shy talking about the freshman caught smoking on the lawn who wound up being stuffed into a trash can.

Why do J. Otis Smith and Larry (The Terrible) Kagel of the fifth lunch hide their pins and then flash them as the guy on Dagnet does when a freshman goes by?

Art Sklar of the sixth lunch seems to be carrying discipline a little too far when he requires heel clicking and the shouting of "Seig, Heil!" from the boys when he strolls past them.

Is it any less than a major miracle that with such a crowd on the school service committee, Mr. Levin has any hair at all?

What's Said... By Whom

1. "Ah, well, anyway boys."
2. "Try to sing from your stomach and not from your throat."
3. "Put that hep catty, daddy laddy problem on the slate, mate."
4. "This algebra isn't fit for human consumption."

1. Mr. Finkelstein
2. Mr. Ostrov
3. Mr. Levin
4. Mr. Warshaw

The National Association of Retail Clothiers and Haberdashers recently announced that it has made fantastic inroads with its traditional styled clothes. This fact was released shortly after Al Drozd was spotted (minus sideburns) in an "Ivy"-tailored suit.

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As a result of the recently-received report card, Jack Ostrov may be punished by the loss of his "Impala" convertible, and will probably be forced to drive an old Rolls-Royce, or something. Things are tough all over, Jack.

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The feared "depression" has definitely arrived; Mr. Barsky was seen wearing the same suit twice in one week.

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We can understand Ira Brind trying to increase the treasury by setting up toll-gates at the school entrances during the lunch periods, but a tax on P.T.C. tokens is too much.

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Mr. Disharoon will undergo an operation in the near future to remove a brass rail from his foot.

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We have been informed that Dr. Keynes and his advisory say a brief prayer for the Navy Satellite each morning after the Bible-reading.

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A sensational new quiz game has come into vogue recently. Created by Sam Gershenfeld and Mickey Hurwitz, it is called "What's My Class."

Announcement: All those who wish to obtain fully-paid scholarships to Harvard, Yale, Oxford, etc., will please consult Dr. Newmark----- (marks unimportant).

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Needed; Durable, large-size ash trays for the lavatories.

* * * * *

Is it true that the late Mike Todd was working for Freddie Hirsch's father all along?

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For those of you who have Mr. Soslow and are not doing too well, allow a share of Edsel stock to fall casually out of your pocket while you are reciting.

* * * * *

Overheard at the mobile X-ray truck:

The breakdown of the equipment is attributed to the machine's short-circuiting of itself and finally tilting. This, in turn, is attributed to the (to be

continued on 8)

Central High School has possessed many fine football players down through the years, but none quite as impressive as the mighty array that the 211th class has put forth. Following is this paper selection of the best player at each position.

Quarterback: Otto Braudy: Strong, aggressive, and virile, Braudy is truly the best quarterback outside of the Pro ranks. He holds the record for (1) having the most passes intercepted in one game (37) and (2) running the wrong way most times.

Fullback: Bruno Schumann: Big, powerful, and practically a muscle (?), Schumann shows his talent when he took the ball in the end zone and galloped over 100 yards. However, it was not to get a touchdown, but to get to the Men's room.

Right Half: Murray "Flash" Schacher: three letter man, having won his letters in marble cricket, and hopscotch. He also doubles as the team statistician.

Left Half: James "Bulldog" Beitchman: Beitchman is not a good ball player, but he got on the team after a hard "lining in" session with coach "King Kong" Klein.

Right End: "Crazy Legs" Yohe: Yohe is the holder of many records among them, in a game with Jerkweed High, Yohe dropped twelve consecutive passes in twelve consecutive plays. He is affectionately known as the "rambling record-book."

Right Guard: "Bucko" Flocks: Flocks' bruising blocks have accounted for one broken leg, a sprained back, a dislocated jaw, five broken teeth, and a caved-in chest cavity. It is most unfortunate that it was

(to be continued on 9.)

(Continued from Page 7)

frustration of not being able to penetrate Mr. Veith's rippling muscles and fur-like hair.

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Mr. Stroup, upon finding it difficult to place his chest against the X-ray screen, was heard to remark: "I would have a 58" chest if my neck was not so long."

* * * * *

One attendant to another, upon examining a completely blank X-ray of Mr. Brownstein: "Oh, that must be that guy who insisted on a profile picture."

* * * * *

REWARD:

\$25.00 for any information leading to the capture of a wandering pair of contact lenses.

* * * * *

We have decided on a color for the record book. It is a combination of the shade of crimson Mr. Hort turns while teaching a Hygiene-8 class and the blood red which Mr. Houston sports while the members of the chic "Orontz Diner" set make good their escape, as he waits for the light to change.

* * * * *

Mr. Ostrow is presently composing a popular ballad. He has a great tune in the making, and if he can only think of something to replace "O' say can you see....." He is also supposed to have been a former member of "Danny and the Juniors."

* * * * *

Jekyll into Hyde. Has someone been spiking John Hertzberg's pabulum or is his "over-enthusiasm" a result of his desire to replace Mr. Balen as the "most popular guy in Central."

* * * * *

Secret; MIKE SAVAR is not tall; he is twins and they are dressing him wrong.

* * * * *

Stickers currently displayed on rear windows:

On a Volkswagen; Made in Der Black Forest by der elves.
 On an Eldorado; Help keep Perma-green-bring money.
 On an Imperial; Help stamp out sports cars.
 On an unknown make; Made in the Virgin Islands by _____.

Best Actor; Richie (sunglasses) Glick
 Best Supporter; Jock Ostrov
 Best Movie; And God Created the Great 211
 Best Director; "Chuckerino"
 Best Producer; John Hertzberg
 Richest Actor; Ira Brind

 → On Brigitte Bardot's Linousine; Made in Paris-----by almost everyone.

* * * * *

This writer's special thanks to Bill Pearson, prominent member of the "Ivy League" faction, for keeping my head out of Mr. DelGuercio's guillotine last week.

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 Since the editors realize that isolated facts sometimes come in hand; and in order not to leave half of a column empty, we print the following articles of:-

RARE INFORMATION AND INTERESTING FACTS

Mistake

His main ~~mistake~~ was in assuming that the kangaroo was indigenous to the state of New York.

Ruler

Lucius Septimius Severus was Roman emperor from 193 to 211.

Funny

It may not seem funny to you as you read this, but it was pretty funny when we reached this part of this column and realized that there were no more

INTERESTING FACTS AND RARE INFORMATION.

* * * * *

In the remaining space, write your comments on this issue of the paper. When you have finished, cut out the paper, crumple it up, and throw it in a waste basket. At least you will feel so much better, and those pent-up emotions will be released. Write here:

Editor's Note - Be careful, this will be censored!

(Cont. from 7) Flocks himself who sustained these injuries.

Left Guard: Leroy "Rock" Leabman: This stalwart failed at every position on his team until he was stuck in at left guard, where he performed admirably. He is also known as the "Red-headed Demon."

We now dip into the past to look at the records of some old-timers. In the sport of baseball, we find such notables as the following:

Philx "Scooter" Warshaw, Pythagorean Bears. He compiled a two year batting average of .097. Though he was not too good as a hitter, he was even worse in the field. He is famous for a remark to an umpire, after being called out on a 3d strike; "You're a pot of cheese."

John D. (Big Slug) Christman: J.D. was the famous power hitter who dominated the American League for fifteen years. Big, barrel-chested John was always ready for a fight, until one day a big wind began to blow while he was on the field. Big Slug has not been heard from since.

Walter C. (the "C" stands for cautious) "Iron Man" Kidney; foul ball chaser (1935-55). He has amassed more foul balls than any other living man. On a clear day, one may see Walter C., on a pair of roller skates, merrily whizzing around the ball park trying to get foul balls.

"Bubbles" Disharoon, chief rejoicer. Since 1928 "D" has made it a point to go out and get plastered every time his favorite team wins. This is a great accomplishment, especially when a person realizes that he is an ardent fan of every team in the National and American Leagues.

"MAN MOUNTAIN" Stroup, announcer. At times you can hear Stroup's deep and powerful voice ringing out across the air waves. The sharp, accurate, and even brilliant manner in which he "calls the plays" is indeed a pure enjoyment for anyone's ear.

When buying our advertisers' products, mention our name. It might get you a very big laugh.



The Eternal Question

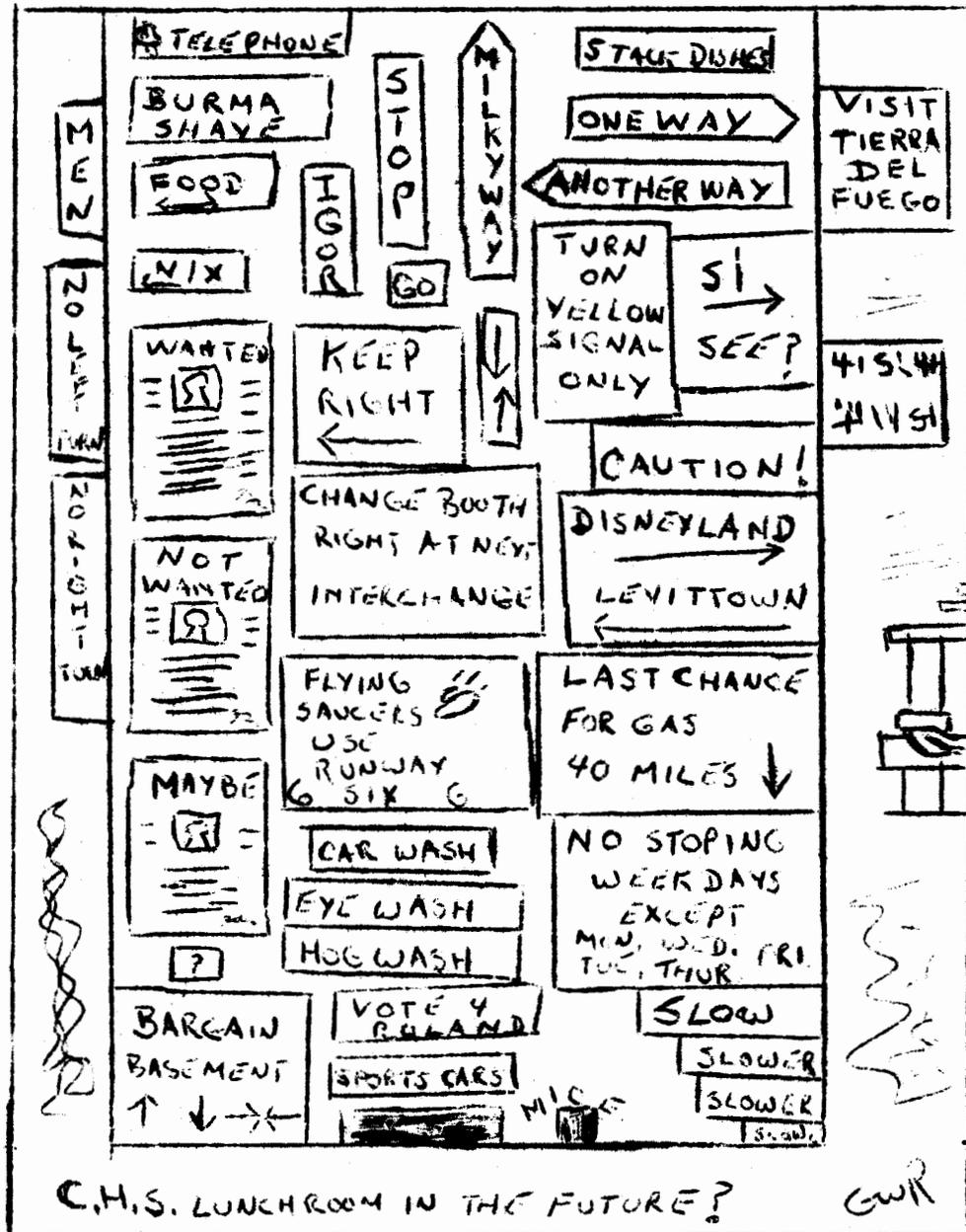
Whom can
I take to
the Prom?



RD

RD

211 Lunchroom Guide



SOMEONE HAS POSTED DIRECTIONAL SIGNS IN THE LUNCHROOM TO TELL THE CONFUSED WHERE TO GO, (ITS ABOUT TIME SOMEONE TOLY THEM WHERE TO GO.) THIS IS A GOOD IDEA, BUT WE MUST PROCEED WITH CAUTION, OR MORE CONFUSION MAY RESULT, LOOK AT THE DRAWING ABOVE, DOESN'T IT CONFUSE YOU?

WHO KNOWS MILTIE??

1

Among those teachers in the upper reaches of our school is a math professor by name - Levin. Known to his friends as Miltie, he is best described as portly, soft-spoken, balding above the nose and waking quite profusely below, and of about 35 years of age. Miltie definitely advocates the ivy-league styles in dress. He enjoys wearing dark, unobtrusive suits, set off with handsome, bright, slim tie. It is on rare occasion that he is seen in public with his tie or jacket off.

Although there is nothing at all wrong with his eyes, he is never seen without his dark glasses. Rain or shine he may be seen stumbling over freshman in the halls of Central.

His stroll is not extraordinary. He has no particular swagger, nor any form of strut. He walks with his back straight and his head held high.

Mr. Levin enjoys 'cool' music played by such all time greats as Beethoven, Tschickoky, and other classical cats. He despises the barbaric "rock 'n roll". On the other hand we find that he is an expert on Errol Garner, Dave Brubeck, and other swingin' jazz musicians. It is entirely possible that Miltie listens to his full allotment of modern jazz.

Miltie's most disconcerting trait is the constant tying of hangman's nooses; an attempt no doubt to discomfit Feldscher, who has the highest average in the room.

Thus we have completed the picture of shy, modest, retiring, sincere, and above all interested sponsor of the 211th -- Uncle Miltie.

