

KINGSTON HOUSE YEARBOOK



"LION OF THE GODS"

MEMBERSHIP

OF

WHAT A BUNCH OF LOOTS WE TOOK IN THIS YEAR

MICKY KAIL

In the fall, Kingston House due to its unbelievable popularity, was beset with the problem of an increasingly large number of prospective members. Because of this, President Vic Blum decided upon a new idea. In order to help prospectives meet the members a Prospective Committee was appointed. Steve "Woo" Weiser was made chairman due to his excellent administrative and leadership abilities, his all around serious nature, and above all his morality. Appointed along with Steve were Artie "K" Kurlanzik and Mickey "Worm", "Moose", "and whatever else you want to call me" Kail. (Ed. note: a long article could have been made out of names we would want to call him.) Vic said he appointed Artie because of his natural ability to make friends and the way in which he is always ready with a kind word.

At our smoker, we had a record 100 men down, approximately half of them remaining for the entire six week period. After six weeks of smiling, laughing, shaking hands, and hanging around, the voting took place at the house. That day will live forever in our minds, for Vic, seeing that the funds in the Treasury were low, decided to be a bit liberal with fines. After everyone had been fined at least \$10 apiece, Vic quietly explained that this was the only way he could see that we wouldn't have to pay summer dues! Aside from the record number of fines,

the meeting was highlighted by Eddie Brown turning twenty shades of red in a record ten seconds. It was not thought that Eddie, who suffered from high blood pressure would make it through the meeting, so Steve Hazelkorn was ordered to take dear Edward outside and bathe him in cold towels until his face assumed its normal color --- green.

It was the purpose of the committee to help provide a rational, objective way to vote on new members. I am happy to say that the committee was a rousing success because the bases of voting were such objective points as what the prospective's girl friend looked like, whether he played cards, and how the prospective reacted after you stepped on his foot, etc. After all the shouting, fighting and fining, however, the smoke cleared and lo and behold we had 13 new members giving us a grand total of 64 members.

In the Spring term, as in the fall, the prospective committee was continued with Vic Blum being appointed by President Harry Nass. Again the idea was to help members meet prospectives and the committee succeeded grandly. Such activities as member-prospective card games, blind date parties, and softball games were held with excellent attendance on the part of members, thereby making them successes. Voting was held after six weeks. Since the Treasury was filled with the money that had been amassed at the voting the term before, rules were suspended and fining was out. After a 10 to 4 session of more screaming and headaches, the results were announced and eight new members were accepted giving us a grand total of 70 (64 and 8 don't make 70 so what happened?)

SEPTEMBER ELECTIONS

or

HOW I LEARNED THAT BACKROOM POLITICS CAN TAKE PLACE ANYWHERE

P.J. BLUMENTHAL

Don't get me wrong. I don't like politics and I never get involved in them. Therefore, I'm writing this article as a politically uninvolved observer.

Uninvolvedly speaking, the presidential election was really a hell of a lot of fun. There were three candidates, Vic Blum (who in case you don't know won), Richard Branciforte (who in case you don't know it lost), and Steve Berson (who in case you don't know it dropped out). The motto of the election was "dirty politics --- that Mr. B stinks of wheeling and dealing." Of course we all know that this was a run of the mill election. Richie announced himself late, Vic announced himself early and Berson was just there. The day of the big election arrived. The candidates came forward breathing slowly and deeply to make their final speeches. Vic sang lyrically (as is his wont), Richie spoke quickly (as is his wont), and Steve stepped up and between drags on his cigarette stuttered "I decline and throw my support to the better man, H. Victor Blum." Steve stepped down and Vic stepped up --- as president. Richie also stepped down to become president of CWP.

In the Vice-presidential election (objectively speaking as is my wont) the candidates danced onto the platform singing "I'm Mintzes, I'm Weiser, I'm Al Parnass, We are the Veep candidates; We've come to ask for

THE WIZARD OF "R"s

On Dec 18, 1965, Kingston House and Dew Drop Inn became the first House Plans ever to win Delta Phi Epsilon Pollies---except for the fact th t we didn't even place at all. Due to the benevolence of one demented judge we placed fourth. However, in the minds of the audience and the Phoenix reviewers---we did win.

The skit was headed, naturally, by those two all around greats, Vic Blum and Stan Bleiman. They played the good Jannies and the Wizard. They were rare in their performance. Also Harriot Stahl as ~~Adolf~~ Dorothy wasn't bad. The skit had an unreal score and was a total role. The movie, that only cost \$250 to make, was the hit of Pollies. All in all we were tough.. So next year we will finally see our dream come true as we attain our true place in Pollies results---namely second as Kingston House never comes in first in anything.

WESTWARD*HO-----TO QUAKERTOWN AND TRAYNORS

Just ask Vic Blum where we should go to eat dinner and naturally he would say, not Villaa, not White Castle, not the Snack Bar, but rather Traynor's in Quakertown. This is the start of one of the three trips that KH had this year to this garden spot of the world.

Of course Owen Reingold will never return but it has become a Kingston tradition to go there and to feast. Along the way we might stop and see crazy Alice and ask h r how she is but if not we can depend on Eddie Brown to get us to meet all sorts of friendly ~~people~~ people. The trips also give Beeze an opportunity to sharpen his marxmanship. Of course we almost lost Hazelcorn to the War on Poverty. All n all, Traynor's has become a part of the Kingston House tradition---long may 't live.

THE STAG PARTY

REMY KURILAN or "Patty" to
his friends and enemies.

The subject of this article is the stag party
held in the spring of 1966, remember. This was the
official stag party. (They get harder and harder to
distinguish from the unofficial ones held every
Friday night.)

It all started when Gross and I finished off
the first bottle of Vodka, that was before anyone showed
up. After that first bottle things began to look up
because about two and a half hours later the other guys began
to arrive.

Remember:

1. We didn't play, lead for the arrival of the
sister (He later asked girls)
2. G. was lying on the couch and having a Greek
sandwich on his mug.
3. T. did time religion rendition R "Sir" Kushner I.
R. Jack Fere, and Del "Bronchitus" Morganbesser.
4. Steve Weiser infamous answer to the question:
"What are these?"
5. O. G.'s trying to get to the glove.
6. S. G.'s limmericks
7. D. G.'s "ility act" and "no tits".
8. P. G.'s \$ 5.00 check father
9. T. G.'s bedroom - ugh-
10. T. G. SO you got sucked into paying for a
party that I can't remember more than nine
things about.

A SCIENTIFIC STUDY:

THE HOUSE - SPONTANEOUS GENERATION
OF FIITH-

Dave Mintzes "crusader
for cleanliness"

I don't care what Saster says, the House does not look shit. It hasn't looked that good in months. Thanks to the undying devotion and strength of Dave Mintzes (of writting fame) and Bob Gross (of dirty fame) the house has changed greatly.

The red door, made famous in last years syndicated yearbook article, has disappeared, and it is sorely missed on Saturday nights. Will the person who took it please return it, all is forgiven. The Morty Ellis bump is gone, but then again so is Morty. The "Scotch Tape" on the ceiling from the New Year's of 1964-5 is gone. The dirty basement is gone. The Pensil machine is gone. The broken windows are gone, so are 3 radios, 4 televisions, 7 turntables and 35 records, along with the lock for the record cabinet. (By the way, whoever took it, the combination is: R#35, L-38 R-37) I have calculated that we have spent this year 25 Dollars on new equipment and 50 Dollars to protect it. A total of 75 Dollars worth of equipment has been stolen.

The downstairs is beautiful. The gold carpet, stained in one spot by Bob Goldstein, was made uniform by the second stag party. The green carpet, which now belongs in the Smithsonian, was once the proud possession of George Washington's slave, Jazbo. The kitchen floor was washed last month; the mop is still standing in the pail of dirty water. Forget the bathrooms; every rotation committee since December has. The basement would look good if it was cleaned, but its off the beaten path so no one bothers with it.

THE YEAR PASSED
OR
HOW I SPENT A YEAR WITH 65-71 CRAZY
MEEN IN A DIRTY HOUSE

R. Kushner I

Since last year we've come a long way
We've grown in spirit day by day
The House has bloomed just like the spring
With new additions and other assorted things
Until now in intramurals we had no fame
But this season, in volleyball, we finally earned a name
We bypassed Pamboo, Knight, York and Random
And each time WE DID THE III
In baseball we'll go just as far
With all our heroes an all-stars
With twisted knees and benedd joints
All for the sake of color points
In Follies we were ranked just as high
But then there was the shaft and AEPi
In Frolics we thought we had it laced
But there was the shaft and in second we plac'd
In the MGC with G Nick we were tough
But Gamma Sigma Sigma was just too rough
But in each one we lost there was a lesson

"We allways know how to come in second"

(Afamous R. Kushner quote)

Remember that Halloween party, what a dig
When Woo got stuck with the party pig.
And at three A.M. everyone returned
To sing the dirty verses w they had learned
There was no mercy that fateful night
The ranks were flying left and right

Part Two of this exciting poem is below

Why are you reading this?

And what stag parties, not one but two
With Wernick dying before the stripper was even through
Old time religion was at its best
With me, Morgan and Pers makin' the jests
And at 5 AM with no one bothering to stop
In hopped' old Berson's pop
And Krompner's films during the first
After that I saw where people get the idea to curse
Or how about the rock garden and other such crud
When we built it you should've seen Gross rollin' in the mud
Or the poker games. man what a crime
Was it the same year that the stakes were nickel- dime
Or how about the New Year's Eve party, was it the end
With that famous triangle of Gross, Kurlantzik, and the
bottle hitting it off again
With Harry and Blum sharing this year's Presidency
And our famous star Richie Branciforte as- head of CHP
And fighting during the meetings with Engel and Peez
collecting the dough
Rumor has it that even Don Schecter is beginning to show
With school ending and the summer drawing near
All I can say is: IT'S BEEN A FUCKIN GOOD YEAR ----

Signed,

Mug, Zip, and other affectionate
phrases

IT IS PARTY TIME???

SMUG EDDIE BROWN

People say that the job of Mayor of New York is the third hardest job in the United States. The only jobs which have proven to be more difficult are that of President of the United States, and the Social Director of Kingston House (I say this because I want to calm the fears that we do not have a Social Director---sorry Gene). All kidding aside we ~~have~~ have had a few very good parties --- I remember one back on October 10, 1964. We have had many complaints about our parties from many of the girls who attended them. One of them complained that there were many boys sitting around and conversing with each other --- if she had been patient I am sure ~~that~~ that Steve Bloch would have danced with her or Hazelkorn would have pinned her. Then there was another girl who complained about an unfounded statement about card playing which she said was going on upstairs --- I'm sure if she had waited she would have been able to get a seat in the game (maybe she could have bought one from Beeze); or maybe in a few months we will be able to provide Bingo on Friday nights. Another visitor to our abode one Friday evening believed that it was wrong to have a party on the same night that we were presenting a Beachboy Concert (how's that for a compliment to Stan, Bonzo, Wheeler, and Spook). There was one girl who had a strange complaint about a girl who kept asking her 'where's Eddie, where's Eddie, where's Eddie (for his sake I hope she didn't find him)."

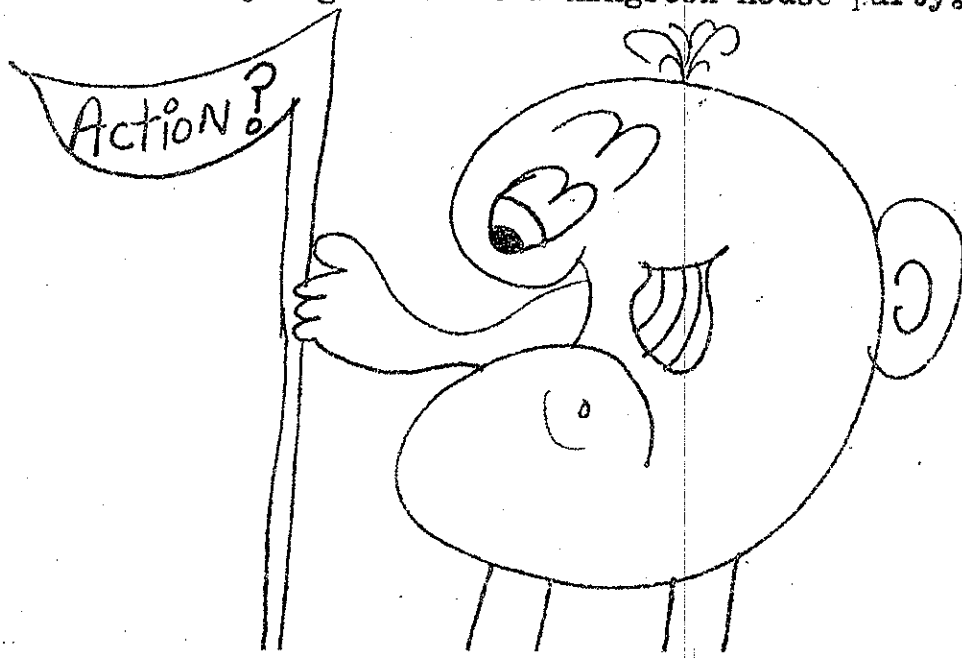
Still they come, junior high, high school, and college (this group is usually very homogenous -- some of the girls from Dew Drop and other frequent visitors); still we sit (some of us very smug), play cards, listen to Steve Pollack fixing one of the many record players--- still he is dancing.

The evening usually continues at this feverish pitch until some time around time around 11:30 when it is time to retreat to the medca of Italian cuisine

(don't forget to stir your ~~stir~~ soda) ---the VILLA. This chore usually takes an hour and a half; according to the disposition of the waitress, and the size of our entourage (that means crowd in Follies jargon).

By the time this first shift returns, the scenes are basically the same, only some of the faces have changed. Now we have people from other house plans (males) who have come to talk politics, play cards or engage in what we do best --- ~~ball~~ conversation. By this time the real fun of the evening begins because we all try to guess what time New York's finest will make their weekly visit.

The crowd slowly begins to dwindle (very slowly), everyone seemingly attempting to drag the evening out (sometimes it isn't very hard). On a whole it may sound very dull, but there is always a Kurlanzik or Morgenbesser quip or a Pers story, a winning hand, or, believe it or not, a girl you met. We must be doing something right because ~~there ain't~~ there ain't no other way to spend a Friday night but at a Kingston House party.



The Spirit

Saturday Night With the Boys
A Pulitzer Prize Winning Essay by Spook

The entire vicious cycle starts off early Saturday morning. The usual gang is just sitting around Kingston House (better known as "the house") when a brave but rather shaky voice asks, "What are we going to do tonight"? That immediately starts off the chain. Well Morganbesser, (better known as Morgan) immediately says, with a rare reverence and assuredness typical of a man of decisions, "I don't care". With my usual quick thinking, I (better known as Spook) say, "Let's go bowling."

This brings on an immediate chorus (in perfect harmony in the key of E) of "BOOO...." Larry Heller (better known as the Hair) suggests that we should go to play pool (better known as pocket billiards) Steve Berson (better known as Steve) immediately agrees to this but is soon discounted from the discussion when he remembers that he has a date. (See you later Steve).

After about three hours of careful thinking I again say, "How about let's go bowling, huh?" This time Well Morganbesser uses all the influential power at his command and comes up with the startling answer of, "I don't care". By this time Artie Kurlanzik (better known as Artie) has joined the conversation. He is not much use however since he plans to stay home and study for a chem quarterly.

Someone asks if anyone knows what Jeff Metzger (better known as Onie) is doing tonight and a hush falls over the crowd. From the back a weak voice is heard to stutter "Who is Jeff Metzger" This human being whose name shall remain anonymous was quickly expelled from the proceedings.

We finally ask Rob Gross (better known as Rob) what he intends to do tonight but he simply mutters something about a tall girl and Steve Pock (better known as Steve Pock) and something about a bedroom and everybody being in it with him or her or something.

Well as anyone can see we have reached a deadlock as to what we should do this fine evening. Jack Pers (better known as Jack) is heard suggesting something but we know that this is impossible because we all know that Jack is working his load at the library. Besides he was out last night so that he won't be allowed out tonight anyway. Someone says that we should all go home and meet back at the house about 7:30 to decide what to do.

By 8:30 most of the guys have arrived so that we feel that there is enough of a majority to decide 'What's happenin' (better known as Munnythe K) We deliberate for hours with the only intelligent words being spoken coming from Mael and Heller (you already know what they're better known as) Mael says, "I don't care" and Heller says, "Why don't we play pool for a change."

Suddenly like a lightning bolt from the sky, we realize what we have to do. There is a mad dash for the cars and in less time than it takes to tell we are at that Mecca of public enjoyment, The Utopia Bowling Alley, (better known as the Hole). There is an unexpected visit from Jack Levy (better known as that color rating man himself), Jack, who swears by all that's holy (say it in Spanish Jack) that he will not bowl a game. After two heated contests a quick glance to the alley on the right shows Jack (better known as Leever, but not very often) working on his fifth game claiming that he only wanted to see what it was like to bowl by himself.

The evening continues until we have amassed a total of \$50.00 worth of games at which time we reluctantly

THE HALLOWEEN PARTY :

A SCARY REAPPRAISAL

by Steve Weiser

On the eve of October 30, 1965 those dashing and handsome vampires of Kingston House met those irresistible witches of Drip Drop Inn for a blind date party. It was truly one of the most successful social events of 1965; in fact it was one of the only social events of 1965.

The KH men looked outstanding in their colorful costumes. Among the best ones were Jack "Baseball" Pers, Mel "Robin Hood" Morgenbesser, Steve "Pope" Berson, Count Greggory Roy Von Phantom and this writer's favorite Steve "Frontier Palace" Weiser. Particularly horrifying were Mark "the Hulk" Bernstein, and Arthur Kurlanzik, who didn't really need a costume.

Some of the most tremendous romances since David and Goliath began that night. Pers met that charmer Swirsky only to surrender her three months later for a baseball glove. That lover S. Berson met Swinging Harriet only to have that romance end up with a lollipop in Berson's mug when he asked the passion flower for a goodnight handshake. The greatest mismatch of the evening was the pair of Too "Pretty Roy" Weiser and the girl who helped him win the Pig Prize. These love affairs were in progress while Zippy and Arthur J. Kurlanzik looked on.

FOOTBALL SPORTS

OR THE LAST STANDERS REVISIT TWO

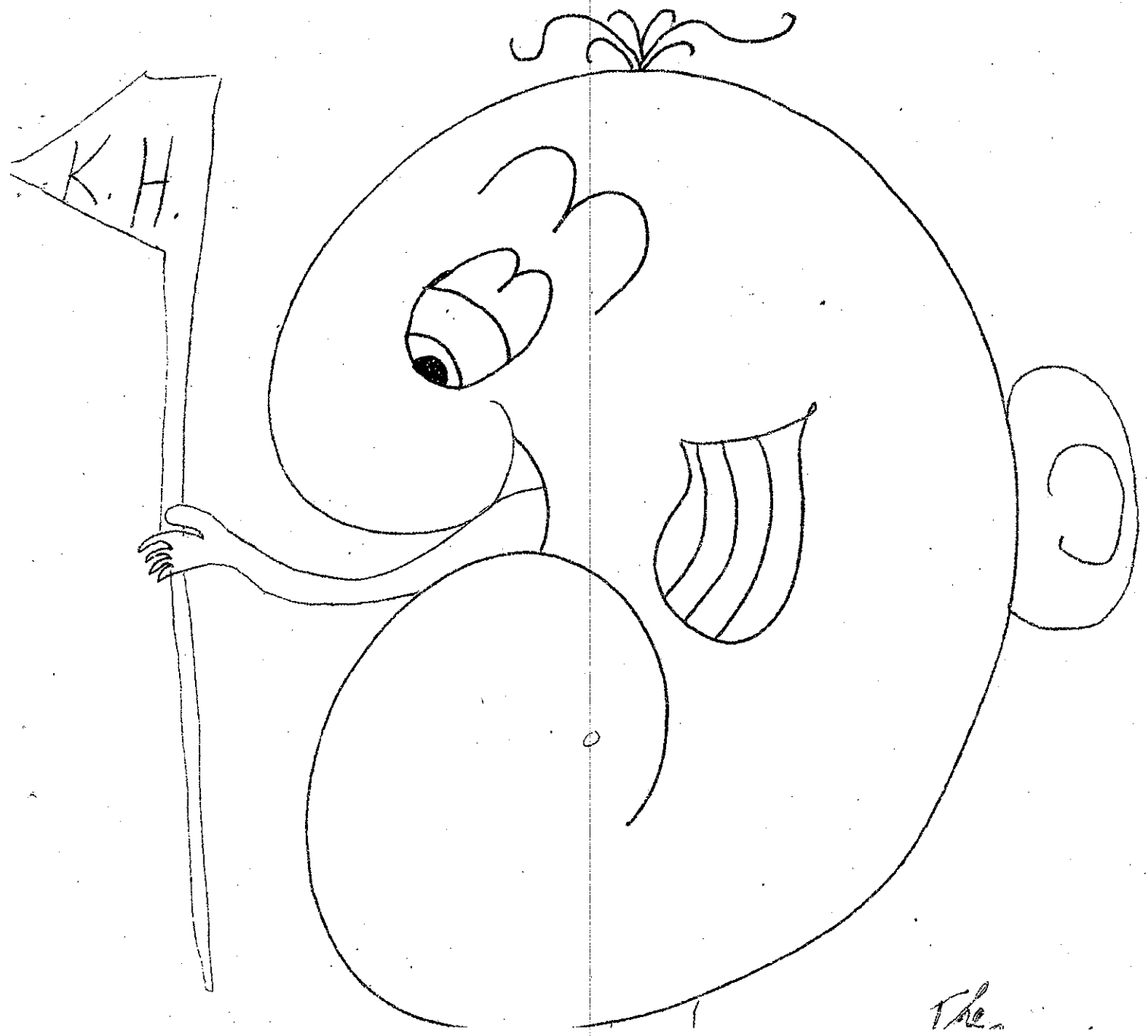
JEFF OTIS RICHLAN

In the Fall 1965 semester, Kingston House as usual showed itself as a formidable (?) opponent (often to ourselves) in intramurals. Football was the first sport at which we showed our great athletic prowess. It became a Sunday morning tradition that Kingston House beat Playboy's Penthouse. Our exhibition record was 5-0, having beaten Playboy's four times, Knighthouse once, and terrifying Crown House into chickening out. Then came that fateful day when the Kingston Bulldogs (chihuahuas?), lead by Mark "Bull" Bernstein at center, Jeff "Otis" Richman and Bob "Dirty" Gross at guards, Mickey "Worm" Nail at end, and Rick "Light Stuff" Kushner at quarterback choked in the face of the opposition of Big House and lost 14-0 in the most unexciting game of the season. Maybe we should have played them on a Sunday morning.

In basketball the story was different. Rick "Lands" Kushner lead our boys to the semi-finals in basketball and then finked out so he could sit on the bench of the J.V. basketball team. So we lost our semi-final game to the house of York and then our loser's tournament game to Club House which we had previously beaten. Among the stars were Jack "Brim" Levy, Mel "Fever" Morgenbesser, Richie "Hybrid" DeFiore, Greg "Please let me play" Greene, and Stove "Banjo" Berson.

In the individual sports, Pete Hurtzweil made the finals in swimming the backstroke. Owen Rheingold did

his usual splendid job winning ping-pong (excuse me, table tennis). Not to be forgotten was the marvelous job of Mark Engel and Athletic Director Jeff Richman in forfeiting badminton. And so as the winter snows began to fall and all good kiddies packed their bags and made tracks for the Concord, Kingston House was in a three way tie for tenth place in the fall intramurals.



1966 COLOR RATINGS

JACK LEVY

Ever since Greg Greene fell on his face at the beach while trying to do a handstand, thereby scaring twelve girls away, people have been arguing over who has been most colorful. The 1966 color race is on. So far, the leader, with a color index of 2.96 (the point range is from 0 to 4), is Rick Kushner. Kushner achieved his highest mark thus far into the season when he earned a 3.25 after joining the basketball team with a 1.74 scholastic index (not to be confused with a color index). This gave him 39 total hours a week in school while he attended (?) only 14 hours a week in classes, thereby giving him a phenomenal total of almost 25 hours a week in the CMC, second only to Frank.

Behind Kushner with a color rating of 2.31 is Larry Brewster's mother, who, upon calling up the house, asked if she could speak to Spook!! Right behind her with a 2.29 is an anonymous drunk, who, while walking around at Carnival with a pair of scissors, cut off half of Carl Obut's hair.

However, easily the most colorful move heard of thus far in 1966 was registered by Jack Levy's dog, who locked Levy out of his car three blocks from his house!! The dog received a rating of 4.0 for this move, however, he has gone into semi-retirement and has not been heard from since. Be sure to get all applications into Jack Levy before the tournament closes on December 31, 1966.

FLOOD DRIVE

APO's annual blood drive saw Kingston House winning second place, for a change, (to APO of course) in the number of members donating blood. Well over half the house plan registered the week before and even more came out to give blood. Pandemonium broke loose when we found out we won second place, and it took at least a half an hour for the members to catch him and lock him up again.

MY GARDEN

by Robert Gross

Last year, several choice members of Kingston House dug up the front lawn and made it into the pride of 169th St. In charge of the landscaping was Jack Pers who was hailed by all for his excellent taste and choice of plant life. Paul Plumenthal was director of the wildlife program and the construction of the deer crossing. Sy Iukin was placed on the vigilante squad to make sure that nobody tried to homestead on our piece of land. Unfortunately some of the neighbors thought it distasteful when Mad Anthony and the other kids were found scalped and brutally beaten. The neighbors also complained that our garbage was beginning to ferment and make them woozy.

It was discovered that the dumb idiot that organized the rebirth of our lawn spent over \$20 on luminescent bricks that didn't quite luminess. Mark Engel, known for his frugality, said, "For that price, they should talk." Over the long hard winter, much of the beauty of the lawn was destroyed. A blanket of snow covered the epitome of nature's loveliness and left only a barren desert. This year again, those same brave men will challenge the forces of evil and transform the lawn once again into a place to be proud of.

the funnier matches, we won and went into the finals against Power House.

The final was another story. Power House out-trivialled us 275 to 70. As usual, we came in ~~second~~ second.

Carnival Harry Nass

Moving along on the energy accumulated in the week after Frolics, we were all psyched up to win Carnival. How could we lose? A E Phi was working very closely with us, we had a great idea, and most of us had overcome claustrophobia in early childhood, so even the tennis courts did not displease us.

Suddenly things started happening. Bob Goldstein, that famed evangelist and physicist descended from his wall, and seemed to take a long trip (faking us all out). Unfortunately so did A E Phi leaving us free to make hasty arrangements with # One Way Inn. (Harry Nass also made arrangements to leave town when several members warned him that Neil-John of House of York, whom One Way Inn used to be in with was after him).

Working feverishly on our seance, Vic Plum turned out a great film looking alot like, you guessed it, our Polli's film, and starring members Vic, Stan, and Boris. The booth was highlighted by the artwork of Arnie Tolchin, the swarming of Harry Nass and Mark Wintner, the electricity of Al Parnass, and the hard work and spirits of Bob Goldstein not to mention the voices of Vic Stan and Harry.

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

Monte Abramson...His own battleship.
Mark Bernstein...
Stove Berson...A heater to warm up his car's engine.
Bob Birns... His first corpses could be a hot one.
Stan Bleiman...A funny thing happening on his way to oblivion.
Steve Block...The right to change his vote.
Vic Blum...A lifetime supply of rash powder and the rash to go with it
Paul Blumenthal... "Youth"
Steve Bock...A stickshift that doesn't get in the way.
Richard Branciforte...The Presidency of IFC.
Eddie Brown...Stop taking that Karp Krap.
Ken Burling...
Mike Chatoff... CHP books that balance.
Richie DiFiore... Flabbyass
Mark Engle...A positive color rating.
Eric Foreman...An MGC time table.
Steve Fuller...A banner that reads "Leader of the Opposition".
Bob Feuer... His monthly poverty relief cheque.
Bob Gursky... A saddle.
Bruce Mandel... Reproduction by Binary Fission.
Al Ganzer... The record, " Breaking up is hard to do".
Eddie Glazer...Kail
Robert Goldstein...The record, "19 Nervous Breakdown"
Greg Green...A book on how to control his temper.
Steve Griff...A fire that burns the CMC down.
Bob Cross...A subscription to Home and Garden.

Stew Hazelcorn...A lifetime supply of pins and lavelier.
Larry Heller...A date with Clair.
Micky Kail...A silver pail to water his dead bush
Don Kataif... A sense of rythm.
Bill Kleinsmith... Clean jeans, mustach wax and a bike pump.
Kevin Kurtzman... A budget.
Pete Kurzweil... 40 small, faded, one armed, upside-down emblmed,
smelly, used State House sweatshirts that have to
be returned because they are the wrong color.
Ed Goldberg...A ~~Rudy~~ Rudy doll, wind it up and it goes, "where's
Edeeee, Where's Edeeee, Where's Edeeee, Where's Edeeee,
Artie Kurlanzik...A stop-watch to better evaluate his term as VP.
Ricky Kushner...A box of cigars to keep his girlfreind happy.
Mark Leibowitz...An anti-bitch pill and his own Concord Blanket.
Ricky Levine...Happiness is AEPI.
Jack Levy...A ride on Carri-back.
Sy Lukin...A Sunday with crushed nuts.
Stan Marcus... Hill 38 doesn't answer.
Stu Mass...A twin brother for Tina.
Richie Meissel... Sloppy minutes.
Jeff Metzger... A lifetime supply of Opi-um.
Gene Levy...A book on the Greek way.
John Thorman...A suit of armor at the Champaigne Ball.
Steve Solomen...Don't go stark raving mad.
Dave Mintzes...This years Don Jeun award, and th record ~~managing~~
surf city (two girls to every gay).
Mel Morganbesser...A case of apple-sauce, asperins and mother.
Harry Nass...The record, " I get around" .
Al Parnass...The dichromatic angle.
Jack Pers...A glass of Sherry and an anti-leech pill.